Summary

“Do you ever wonder about who you would have been if you stayed with your birth family?” Kara asks Lena.

“I used to, but I was so young. It’s hard to remember anything from my first four years.”

“I was 13 when I lost everyone. I remember everything. I was adopted by the Danvers family... 13 years ago today. For the first few years that I lived with them, they were all I had. I still sometimes feel this sense of loneliness for everything I lost.”

Kara Zor-El lost everything as a child. 24 years later, she was given a new life as Kara Danvers. Nearly two years after coming out, Kara has gained her own hero reputation as Supergirl. As a woman that knows more loss than most people can even imagine, Kara tries to maintain hope and compassion. She cannot lose another home. On her hero's journey, she'll discover exactly what and who means home to her. This is a series of stories in the show's episodic format to replace season two starting at "Medusa." Each story arc contributes
to one larger story line as my version of the second season.

Notes

THIS IS NOT A DIFFERENT STORY FROM MY SUPERGIRL SERIES. IT IS THE EXACT SAME STORY WRITTEN IN A SINGLE MULTI-CHAPTER FORMAT. THIS IS THE SAME STORY WITH A LESS OMNISCIENT VOICE.

After receiving several comments about splitting my fanfic into individual stories vs. one long one, I decided to go ahead and do both. For those people that will want to only have one subscription to follow, here you go. The series will be where I post first, and that will also be where teasers will go. I will also be adding a discussion post that I will add the little hints and easter eggs I have been hiding.

Enjoy!

The chapters that are missing scenes of "Supergirl" episodes are names with the episodes: "Medusa," "Supergirl Lives," and "Luthors." All of my original story arcs are divided by chapters. Since this story is canon up until "Luthors," the work will be rather omniscient up until that point to give more insight into the scenes we've already seen in the show. I've written in a Shakespearean style monologue when it comes to their thoughts. After the "Luthors" chapter, character's thoughts will become rarer.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Medusa"

Chapter Notes

There will be several storylines that are missing scenes or added thoughts to episodes: "Medusa," "Supergirl Lives," and "Luthors." Apart from those, the others will be original, but remain true to the timeline of the show, as well as staying true to the characters.

I'm keeping true to a canon timeline up until "Luthors," so that is why it is taking so long. To give more of a time frame of how long all of this goes on for...

Kara and Lena first meet around July.
"Medusa" happens toward the end of August.
Kara's birthday is Sept. 22nd.
Lillian's trial is early October.

These stories are fairly back-to-back, similar to the show itself. Once we've gotten past when they finally get together, there will be more space between stories. As I've said before, it's more or less safe to assume whatever happens in the show through "Luthors" happened in here - minus Mon-El scenes. Hope that clears things up for y'all! I know the burn feels slow, but it's because the stories are all packed into a few months.

Lena, fresh CEO of LCorp and younger sister to Lex Luthor, stands facing her floor to ceiling windows in her office. Past the walls of her balcony, she can see the immense skyline of her new home, National City. Her dark hair falls in loose curls over her shoulders.

A knock comes at the door of her office. With a deep breath, she turns to see the door open to reveal a blonde head strolling into the room. Kara Danvers, CatCo reporter, brightens with a smile at Lena. Lena can only respond in kind.

"Good afternoon, Kara." Lena steps around her desk, and sees Kara scan the room as she walks further into the room toward the chairs in front of Lena’s desk. Lena smirks, watching Kara out of the corner of her eye, as she walks to her drink cart.

"Thank you. You know, for letting me come up. I know it was kind of short notice." Kara sets her bag on the floor as she takes a seat, and pulls out her notepad and pen.

Lena turns to pour herself a drink. “So what is this interview for, really?” Lena finished pouring water, and turns back to her desk.

“Thank you. You know, for letting me come up. I know it was kind of short notice.” Kara sets her bag on the floor as she takes a seat, and pulls out her notepad and pen.

Lena turns to pour herself a drink. “So what is this interview for, really?” Lena finished pouring water, and turns back to her desk.

“Oh, it’s a puff piece. Woman of power, and the mothers who molded them.” Lena takes a seat behind her desk. “Well, I mean of course I’m happy to help Kara. I’m just not sure how interesting my mother and I really are.”

“Oh, I’m sure your mother is fascinating.” Kara insists a little too enthusiastically.

Lena, fresh CEO of LCorp and younger sister to Lex Luthor, stands facing her floor to ceiling windows in her office. Past the walls of her balcony, she can see the immense skyline of her new home, National City. Her dark hair falls in loose curls over her shoulders.

A knock comes at the door of her office. With a deep breath, she turns to see the door open to reveal a blonde head strolling into the room. Kara Danvers, CatCo reporter, brightens with a smile at Lena. Lena can only respond in kind.

“Good afternoon, Kara.” Lena steps around her desk, and sees Kara scan the room as she walks further into the room toward the chairs in front of Lena’s desk. Lena smirks, watching Kara out of the corner of her eye, as she walks to her drink cart.

“Thank you. You know, for letting me come up. I know it was kind of short notice.” Kara sets her bag on the floor as she takes a seat, and pulls out her notepad and pen.

Lena turns to pour herself a drink. “So what is this interview for, really?” Lena finished pouring water, and turns back to her desk.

“Oh, it’s a puff piece. Woman of power, and the mothers who molded them.” Lena takes a seat behind her desk. “Well, I mean of course I’m happy to help Kara. I’m just not sure how interesting my mother and I really are.”

“Oh, I’m sure your mother is fascinating.” Kara insists a little too enthusiastically.

Oh, Kara. What are you getting into? Lena thinks with a slight shake of her head and a smile. “Listen, Kara, you can write whatever sounds good, but the truth is as a daughter I always seemed to
fall short. We could never agree on anything.” Lena keeps a smile on her face through the words.

“What sort of things didn’t you agree on?”

Lena’s smile drops for a moment. She takes a deep breath to respond, but Kara continues talking before she can.

“Was it with the business, or…” Lex. Kara leaves the thought unfinished.

“Oh god, no. My mother couldn’t care less about LCorp.” The smile is back on Lena’s face.

“What about back when it was Luthor Corp? How did she feel when you changed the company’s direction?”

“You mean when I changed it from its murdering world domination direction?”

Kara laughs slightly uncomfortably. She looks down, trying to think of the right words. Breathe. “Ha, you are just… Pull it together, Danvers. “It’s just you said to me once you wanted LCorp to be a force for good. She has to be proud of that.”

Lena lets her practiced, full smile pull through. “Yeah, I would hope so.”

Kara’s smile softens at Lena. How could anyone not be proud of this woman?

That smile. Lena looks down with a sharp inhale. Keeping her eyes on her hands fumbling with her pen, Lena finds a way to end the interview. “Look Kara, I’m a complete idiot.” Lena finally looks up at Kara. “I forgot I had a meeting.”

Kara starts putting her notebook away with an almost forced smile.

“I trust you will do us justice.”

“Yes,” Kara replies instantly. This isn’t going to be enough for Alex.

“It’s good to see you.”

Lena watches Kara go, and turns to immediately grab her phone.

“Mom, we need to talk.”
“Ah, lucky.”

Lena pushed her hair behind her ear as she turned around. “Ha, lucky is Superman saving the day.”

Clark chuckled unkindly. “Not something one expects a Luthor to say.”

“And Supergirl was there too.” Kara added

Lena looked at the young woman standing near Clark. Lena suspected she was meeting National City’s hero. Chuckling, Lena walked past Kara to her drink cart. “And who are you exactly?”

“Um, um. Kara Danvers. I’m not with the Daily Planet. I’m with CatCo magazine. Sort of.”

Lena turned back to them. “That’s a publication not known for its hard-hitting journalism.” Lena started walking to her desk with just the slightest smirk. More like ‘high-waisted jeans? Yes or no?’

“Um, I’m just - I’m tagging along today.” Lena sat in her chair.

Lena barely gave her a chance to finish her cover. “Right. Can we just speed this interview along? Just ask me what you want to ask me, Mr. Kent. Did I have anything to do with the Venture explosion?” Lena began writing in her notebook on the desk.

Clark went along. “Did you?”

Lena paused in her writing, and looked up at Clark. “You wouldn’t be asking me if my last name was Smith.”

“Oh, but it’s not. It’s Luthor.”

Kara looked over at her cousin. Geesh, Clark. That’s harsh.

Lena put her pen down, and rotates her chair a little to smile up at Clark. “There’s some steel under that Kansas wheat.”

The corner of Clark’s mouth lifted in an unfriendly way.

Lena’s smile stayed full and almost predatory. “It wasn’t always.” Lena looked over at Kara, almost speaking directly to her. “I was adopted when I was four.”

Kara tore her eyes from Clark to look at Lena.

“The person who made me feel most welcome in the family was Lex.” Lena looked down in thought. “He made me proud to be a Luthor, and then he went on his reign of terror in Metropolis,” Lena spun her chair around to look out at the skyline. Kara and Clark lower their glasses, and each use their x-ray vision to scan for anything suspicious. “declaring war on Superman, committed unspeakable crimes.” That’s enough time. Lena spun back around, and grabbed a remote off her desk. “When Superman put Lex in jail, I vowed to take back my family’s company.” She pushed a button, and a new logo floated onto the screen. “to rename it LCorp. Make it a force for good.”

Kara looked at Clark.

“I’m just a woman trying to write a name for herself outside her family. Can you understand that?”

Kara found herself nodding along with Lena as she was speaking. “Yeah.”
Clark glanced sideways at Kara.

“I know why you’re here.” Lena looked at Clark. I really know why. Lena stood up, and walked to the shelf on the wall. “Because a subsidiary of my company made the part that exploded on the Venture.” She pulled a thumb drive out of a clear rack. She turned back with her hand outstretched to hand the drive to Clark. “This drive contains all of the information we have on the oscillator.” Clark grabbed it immediately. “I hope it helps you in your investigation.”

Kara walked around from behind Clark to look at the drive. She stayed back a little.

Clark looked over his shoulder at Kara for a moment, and looked back at Lena. Kara adjusted her glasses. “Thank you.” Clark said.

“Give me a chance, Mr. Kent. I’m here for a fresh start. Let me have one.”

“Good day, Miss Luthor.” Clark turned, and walked out.

Kara nodded awkwardly at Lena. “Good day.” Kara followed Clark.

Lena watched the young woman leave.

Supergirl lands on Lena’s balcony, and opens the glass door right away. She walks in, with the door smoothly closing behind her. Lena, who was leaning against her desk on her tablet with her back to the windows, turns to face Supergirl.

She’s quite breathtaking, Lena found herself thinking. Wait, what? Laughing, she greets the superhero. “You know, that door’s not really an entrance.” The smile is more than evident in her voice. Supergirl comes around the desk to stand a few feet in front of her. Lena places a hand on her hip. “You know, actually I..” Lena reaches toward Supergirl, but falters with her hands in the air, and decides to press them together. “I just wanted to thank you for earlier on. Not only did you save the lives of countless numbers of my employees, but mine as well.”

Supergirl crosses her arms. Her face has remained serious throughout the entire exchange. “Now I need your help.”

“Anything.”

“I need help finding your mother.”

“My mother?”

Here we go. “Your mother... is behind Cadmus. She’s their leader.”

Lena’s face drops. Supergirl walks past Lena, farther into the office. “You’re lying.” Lena crosses her arms.

Supergirl turns around, shaking her head, voice softening even more. “I’m not.” Please believe me. “She kidnapped me, and now she possesses a virus that she could wipe out the entire alien population in National City. I need you to help me find her, so that she doesn’t hurt anymore innocent people.”

“You know, I thought you were different. You wear that symbol on your chest, and everyone thinks you’re good.” Lena lets out a humorless chuckle. “How many times did your cousin put on that high
and mighty costume, and come after Lex? My mother’s no saint, but you come in here and accuse her of being the devil incarnate. How long before you come after me?”

“I know what it’s like to be disillusioned by our parents, but I’m a pretty good judge of character.”

_We’re so alike._ “And you are not like your mother. She is cold and dangerous.” Supergirl takes a few steps closer to Lena. “And you are too good and too smart to follow her path. Be your own hero.”

Lena stares at Supergirl with a tight jaw. Lena turns away to pick up the tablet on the desk she’s leaning against. Her hurt is just evident in her voice. “You can leave the same way you came in.”

Supergirl looks at Lena, who focused on her tablet in her hands. The pain on her face and in her eyes is prominent.

Lena takes a deep breath through her mouth.

Supergirl looks away, and walks around and past Lena to the balcony door.

After the woosh of Supergirl speeding off, Lena looks over her shoulder. She doesn’t bother to mask the hurt on her face. _You should stay away from me, Supergirl._

Lena pulls her face away from the empty balcony, and hardens her expression. She puts the tablet down, and walks around her desk to pick up her cellphone.

“Mom, LCorp is empty. Come. Let’s talk.”

---

_Lena’s heels clicked with a distinct rhythm in the halls of LCorp. She came into view around the corner, and strode purposefully with her head held high. She reached the sleek glass door at the end of the corridor, and immediately opened the door with the authority that comes with being the CEO. The door opened to reveal a pristine lab full of shining technology, scientists in white lab coats, and absolute focus. This is the one place I can come to, and not have everyone shocked to attention. Lena nodded to a woman that looked up at her from a microscope, and offered the CEO a small smile._

_Lena paused inside the lab, as the door closed behind her. She watched the scientists go about creating the future of LCorp._

_Lena’s lips quirked into a smile, and she began walking to the far side of the room. She focused her attention on a door on the opposite wall. When she reached it, she held out a hand to the biometric scanner set in the wall. Her fingers found their own way to the indentions, while her eyes stayed on the door. A small series of beeps sound before the unlocking bolts are heard. Lena pulled her hand away from the scanner, and pushed the door inward. She walked in without a look back. The door closed firmly behind her._

_A low blue light at the far wall glows over a newly installed LCorp logo. Lena reached for a lab coat just inside the door. As she put it on over her form-fitted dress, the overhead lights came on one by one. The lights revealed a square room with light grey walls. Shelves on the wall display pieces of technology in various stages of completion. The coat perfectly fit her form. She walked over to a small small safe on one of the two large steel tables in the room. She used her fingers to unlock the biometric scanner, and held her hand to catch the door as it opened. She reached in, and pulled out her alien detection device. Okay, she thought, one of us is wrong, and I’m sure it isn’t me._

_She set the device on the table, and reached for a black pouch across the table. She sat on a stool, and opened the pouch to reveal small, sleek tools. She pulled one out, and used it to open the device with a hidden slot. The top of the device came off, and she saw a scorch mark just underneath it._

_Now that I know I’m right about my only friend around here... Lena reached back into the safe, and_
She looked over the blueprints for the alien detection device. I’m not saying I agree with you, Kara, but I can see it from your perspective. Humans can be dangerous too. Lena pulled a thumb drive from inside the safe. She folded the blueprints, and wrapped them around the thumb drive. She stood up, and grabbed the pieces of the alien detection device. She took everything to a corner of the lab. She knelt down, and slid a piece of the floorboard to the side. A silver panel the size of an ID was revealed. She rested her fingers against the panel, and a click sounded from over her head. She slide the floorboard back into place, and stood up in time to watched a square in the wall in front of her slide into itself. The same silver of the panel below was revealed - this one about three feet wide and tall. She slid one finger down the right side, and the panel swung open to reveal three shelves with various items and papers. She placed the alien detection device and wrapped thumb drive on the top shelf. She ran her fingers over some of the other items, before she reached down for a silver case on the bottom shelf. She pulled the case out, and stepped back. She tapped on the side of the wall, and the safe closed along with the wall. With everything closed, not even a seam in the wall could be seen.

She took the case to the nearby table. She tapped her hand on top of the case, and looked across the room. I can do this on my own. Just like everything else. She opened the case to reveal two tubes glowing with a purple liquid. Lena closes her eyes as she takes a deep breath. With a slight nod of her head, she opens her eyes. Let’s get to work.

Lena picks at her fingers, standing in front of her office windows. Does this actually make me a Luthor? Lena’s face is cold and emotionless. We’re supposed to be distant, hard, deceitful. Lena watched the lights representing different people, each with their own story. Wonder if I’ll see a streak of blue and red. Lena chuckles humorlessly. Right. Get a grip, Lena.

Lena sees a familiar reflection in her window. Here we go.

“Twice in one day.” Lillian Luthor’s voice cuts through the silence of the office.

Lena continues to look out the window.

“It’s almost like we have a real mother-daughter relationship.”

Lena raises her chin, back to her mother. “The Medusa virus..” One last chance to deny, Mother. “That’s why you sent your goon here - for isotope 454.” Lena finally turns to look at her mother over her shoulder. “You’re in charge of Cadmus.”

“Is this the part where you lecture me like you’d lecture Lex?”

A lot of good that did. Lena turns fully to face her mother - face still cold. “No.” Lena steps toward her desk separating her and her mother, the silver case with the isotope resting on it. “What you said before…” Lena takes the last step up to the desk. “There was truth in that.”

Lillian stares at her daughter.

“Ask me for my help, and I’ll give it to you.” Even though that goes against everything you are, doesn’t it? Lena’s face remains expressionless.

“It’s that easy?” Lillian looks skeptical.
Lena spins the case. “It’s that easy.” Without even the slightest twitch to her expression, Lena opens the case toward her mother. Two glowing red tubes are revealed.

Lillian’s mouth opens in wonder, and steps toward the case. Her eyes are glued to the blowing tubes, mouth turned up slightly in awe. “I didn’t think you believed in the cause.”

*She’s never once looked at me like that.* Lena tilts her head slightly. “Then maybe it’s time you got to know your daughter a little better.” Lena smiles slightly.

---

Lena and Lillian stand near a rocket launcher on a cold, dark night. Lillian is turning on the controls for the rocket launcher. The rocket launcher that holds the Medusa virus with the isotope Lena adjusted. The rocket launcher Lillian plans to use to wipe out every alien life form in National City.

“It’s yours.” Lillian turns toward Lena, holding the key to the rocket launcher.

*Is she serious?*

Lillian wears a smile, holding out the key to Lena. “Take it.”

*She will never stop trying to manipulate me to be what she wants.*

“Prove you’re with me. Unleash Medusa, and end Earth’s alien menace once and for all.”

*She just wants to control me.* Lena slowly reaches for the key. Lillian drops it in her hand, and the two women make eye contact. Lillian steps back, and Lena takes the key to the controls. She looks down at the key. *If only you could actually have loved me.* Lena inserts the key into the controls.

Lillian’s smile could freeze Supergirl’s heat vision.

A loud gust of wind comes from behind Lena and Lillian. They both turn to see Supergirl and J’onn J’onzz in his human form. They clearly just landed.

Kara immediately steps toward Lena. “Don’t do it, Lena.”

“Why not? I’m a Luthor.” Lena’s voice only just cracks. She turns back to the control, and doesn’t hesitate to turn the key.

The rockets shoots into the sky. The two aliens watch with wide eyes. J’onn sends Supergirl off after it.

Lena watches her mother step away with the controls, as the Martian Manhunter begins fighting Cyborg Superman. Lena sneaks away toward the truck pulling the rocket launcher. She pulls out her cellphone, and makes the call that will leave her as the last free Luthor. The sounds of fighting reach her.

Lena is unsurprised when her mother and her experiment are taken down by Supergirl and Martian Manhunter. Lena watches Supergirl stare at her alien companion with such great relief.

Lillian looks at J’onn, completely confused. “He should be dead. All aliens should be dead.”

The sound of heels clicking overcomes the stunned silence on the dock. Lena walks right up to her mother, standing between her and Supergirl - even though the distance between the two is significant.
Supergirl watches, still shocked.

“You,” Lillian accuses. “You switched out the isotope. You made the virus inert.”

Supergirl is still too shocked to even move.

Lena gives her mother an almost smug expression. “I did.” Lena’s eyes sneak to the side at the sound of police sirens. Without look back, she adds, “And I called the police.” The sirens come closer, as Lena looks back at her mother.

Lillian turns to see the police cars pulling up.

Supergirl watches, eyes growing wide.

Lillian looks back at her daughter, realization dawning on her. Supergirl shakes off her surprise, and walks to J’onn, who still seems stunned with disbelief. “You’re okay.”

J’onn nods. “We all are.”

Supergirl releases a nervous breath, and looks over at Lena.

“And we’ve got Lillian Luthor in custody.”

Supergirl looks back at J’onn.

“I’m going to speak with them.” J’onn puts a hand on Supergirl’s shoulder, and looks over toward Lena, standing alone to the side. Supergirl looks over at her too. J’onn walks over to the police.

Lena’s face shows no signs of hurt. Supergirl turns to watch Lillian being put into the car. **Lena must hate me. I couldn’t even be in the same building as J’onn when I thought he killed -**

“Guess this is what it means to be your own hero.”

The whisper reaches Supergirl’s ears, and cuts off her thoughts. She looks over to see Lena looking out over the water. Her jaw is clenched, and her arms are crossed in front of her chest. Supergirl walks over to Lena at a human pace. She stops just behind Lena. Supergirl crosses her arms, and takes a deep breath. Lena hears her, and turns around.

“Oh.” Lena looks at Supergirl. She keeps her arms crossed, only half facing Supergirl. “Guess you’re here to tell me about how you were right.”

“Lena, I - no.” Lena uncrosses her arms, and puts her fists on her hips. She looks down at the forced position, and drops her arms, shuffling her feet a little. “That’s not why.”

“Suppose you’re thankful to be alive.”

“Oh, um, ha,” Supergirl lets out a chuckle without humor. “Actually, I’m thankful all of the other aliens are alive. Because of you. The um, Medusa virus - it, uh, it doesn’t kill Kryptonians. But anyways,” Supergirl shakes her head to focus. “Thank you, Lena. And I wanted to let you know that I really do understand. When - when I told you to be your own hero... I didn’t just mean you.”

Lena straightens even more, and lifts her chin. “Don’t beat around the bush, Supergirl. Say what you want to say.”

“I’m sorry. I know what it’s like to need to know for yourself when it comes to the disillusionment of family.” Supergirl stands more confidently, and takes a step closer to Lena. “Being your own hero
doesn’t mean having to do everything on your own. It doesn’t mean that I - that you can’t accept help from others. I do wish that you would have told me about this, Lena.” Supergirl turns slightly to the side, and looks up at the sky, taking a deep breath. Supergirl looks down for a moment before looking back at Lena over her shoulder. “But I understand why you didn’t. I do.” *You probably just think I’m another Super.* “You’ve given me no reason not to trust you. And believe it or not, I do trust you.”

Lena uncrosses her arms, and puts her hands in her pockets. “Look -”

“Excuse me, Miss Luthor,” A police officer interrupts them. Supergirl and Lena turn to see the officer walk up to them.

Supergirl crosses her arms, and looks at the police officer. “Miss Luthor will be leaving for the night. You can contact her assistant tomorrow to schedule a time for a more detailed statement.”

The police officer’s eyes widen slightly. She looks at Lena, who is looking at Supergirl with an unreadable expression. “Whatever you say, Supergirl. Will you be needing a ride, Miss Luthor?”

“No, she’ll be fine.” Supergirl gives the police officer a tight smile.

The officer nods, and turns on her heel to go back to the squad cars.

Supergirl watches with arms still crossed. *There’s no way I’m letting her go with any of them.*

What was that? Lena wonders staring at Supergirl with a tilt of her head. She clears her throat, and Supergirl turns back to Lena, uncrossing her arms. Lena gives her a questioning look.

“Oh Rao, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to overstep.”

“You know, you have a good assistant vibe about you.”

Supergirl’s eyes go wide.

“Maybe if superherointing doesn’t work, you could be some CEO’s assistant. Relax, Supergirl. I’m only teasing. Afterall, you did just turn down my only offer for a ride home from across National City.”

“Oh! You probably actually did need a ride, didn’t you? It’s just that I overheard what they were saying, and I didn’t want to you to have to -”

“It’s okay, really.” Lena takes a deep breath.

“So are we okay?”

Lena looks away for a moment. *She is my only friend.* She nods slightly, as she turns back to Supergirl. “Something tells me Supergirl doesn’t take ‘no’ for an answer.”

Supergirl chuckles nervously, and looks down at her feet. She looks back up at Lena. “Who would have thought? A Super and a Luthor being friends?”

Lena tilts her head, and a smile spreads across her features. “Hmm, that sounds familiar, Supergirl.”

“I think it sounds promising, Miss Luthor.”

Lena chuckles a little, and looks down at her feet. She looks back up right into Supergirl’s eyes.
“So, ha, I think the least I can do to thank you and apologize is to offer a ride.”

*She’s not going to try to take me flying, is she? “A ride?”*

“Yeah, um,” Supergirl points with one finger up into the sky. “No safer way to travel than the girl of steel, right?”

Lena shakes her head, and looks over Supergirl’s shoulders. *What am I getting myself into? “I suppose it would be more efficient to travel with you in case I’m attacked.”*

Supergirl nods confidently. “Precisely, Miss Luthor.”

Lena chuckles. “You make a good case.”

“I try.”

“What the hell, not everyone gets the chance to see National City the way you do.”

Supergirl smiles widely for the first time that night.

“I don’t suppose I would be able to convince you to take me to LCorp instead of home, would it?”

“Only if you let me buy you dinner.” *WHAT? Did I really just say that?*

Lena’s eyebrows shoot up, and a shocked expression flashes across her face, before she settles on a smirk.

“Um, I mean, if you’re going to be working late, you really should have a proper meal?” *Nice save, Danvers.*

“Well,” Lena takes a step forward, so she’s only a foot from Supergirl, “Who would turn down dinner with Supergirl?” Lena smirks even more.

Supergirl nods, staring into Lena’s eyes. Lena chuckles a little. Supergirl shakes her head, and looks down, embarrassed. She looks back up. “Should we go?”

“I think sooner rather than later would be preferable.” *This should be interesting. “So how do we -”* Lena looks from down at herself to Supergirl.

“Oh!” *Didn’t think about that. “Right! So I’ll just um,” Supergirl reaches toward Lena, but stops. “Pick you up. If that’s okay?”*

“You’re the expert.” Lena takes a step closer, so there’s barely any space between them.

Supergirl nods slowly. “Okay, let’s do this.” Supergirl takes a breath, and reaches out to put her left arm around Lena’s back. “Yeah, okay, put your arm across my shoulders.” Lena does as she’s told. “Umm.”

“Should I be worried you forgot how to fly?” Lena chuckles near Supergirl’s ear.

“No, I just, um, can I -” Supergirl gestures with her free arm to Lena’s legs.

“Be my guest.” Lena takes in a deep breath, as Supergirl reaches down to carry her bridal style. “Up, up, and away?”

“Oh Rao, that’s more Superman’s line than mine.”
Lena chuckles.

Supergirl shakes her head, and lifts off from the ground. “Don’t worry, I’ll go slow.”

The flight over is silent, but not in an unpleasant way. Supergirl enjoys watching Lena slowly relax against her - until she can finally start to take in the view of the city around them. “We’re almost there.” Supergirl lets her know. She feels Lena nod against her shoulder. Lena’s balcony comes into view below them. Supergirl lands softly, and lets Lena down. Lena’s legs feel a little unstable for a moment. Supergirl grabs her elbows to keep her stable. “You okay?”

Lena nods, and looks up into her eyes. They stay there for a few moments.

_Don’t do it, Lena._ She tells herself. _Don’t get attached like that._

_Why can’t I move?_ Supergirl wonders. _I must just be relieved to have my friend back. I was really scared for a moment there. Dang, I should say something. How long have we been standing here?_

_Am I leaning closer? No. Is she? What? We should probably -_

“Chinese?”

“What?” Supergirl’s voice cuts through Lena’s thoughts.

“Sorry,” Supergirl chuckles a little, as she drops her hands from Lena’s elbows to her sides. “Do you want Chinese?”

Lena laughs a little breathlessly. “That sounds fine, but you really don’t have to stay.”

“I want to.” Supergirl smiles at Lena. “I’ll be right back.”

Before Lena can respond, Supergirl shoots over the balcony.

Lena lets out the breath she didn’t realize she was holding. “Oh, this will not end well, will it?” She looks out over the skyline. She shakes her head a little, and walks inside to her desk.

_Crap,_ Supergirl thinks to herself mid flight, _I didn’t ask her what she likes._ She pulls out her phone and bluetooth, as she slows down. After she hits dial, she picks up her pace again.

“Hi, yes, I’d like to place an order for pickup ASAP.”

“Ah, Kara, is that you?” The voice of an older woman says with a little laugh through the phone.

“Ha, do I call that much that you recognize my voice?”

“Well, you are our best customer. Will it be the usual?”

_How much do I order from there?_ “Actually, can you add one of every main dish to that?”

“Of course. I’ll have that ready in 15 minutes.”

“Perfect! You’re the best!” She taps her bluetooth to end the call.

Supergirl flies through the window of her apartment, and rolls to a stand in the living room. _Dang, another dent._ Supergirl looks around before going into her room. She super speeds around the apartment, and stops in the middle of her living room with a large purse over her shoulders - no
longer dressed in her supersuit. She tucks in the edge of her cape in the bag. With a nod, she walks out the door. *15 minutes should give me enough time to figure out what to say.*

Kara stood in the LCorp elevator across from a woman in a lab coat with circles under her eyes and cup of coffee in her hand. Kara had two large brown bags in her hands. This woman must think I’m feeding a whole floor. *Kara shuffled awkwardly. The woman looked over at her with a raised eyebrow. Kara managed to push her glasses up her nose while holding onto one of the food bags in the same hand. She offered the scientist a smile. The woman responded with a slight eye roll, and looked to the doors as they dinged. She stepped out as soon as the door opened.*

Kara exhaled deeply now that she was alone in the elevator. When the elevator dinged again, the doors slid open to reveal Lena’s floor. She smiled, and stepped out. Jess looked up at her, as she came closer. The secretary opened her mouth to speak, but shut it without a word. Kara stopped in front of Jess’ desk, who looked up at the reporter with a startled expression.

*Is that how I looked as Cat’s assistant? “Hi Jess!” Kara moved the bag in her right hand to her left hand, and reached into one of the bags. “I know what it’s like.” She pulled out a takeout container of salad. “I was Cat Grant’s assistant for two years.” She set the salad on Jess’ desk with a bright smile. “Have a great lunch, Jess.” Kara said as she turned to the door of Lena’s office.*

Jess only looked at her retreating form through the door with a slightly opened mouth. Lena looked up at Kara, and broke into a smile right away. Kara’s steps faltered for a moment, but she continued walking.

Lena stood up, and walked around her desk. “Kara, it’s great to see you.” She gestured toward the couch.

*Kara gave her a full smile. “I’m so glad you agreed to have lunch with me.”

Lena walked around the coffee table, and sat down. Kara say down on the other end, setting the two bags on the table. The two women smiled at each other. Kara chuckled, and looked down - pushing her glasses up. “So,” Kara said almost too loud. “I got Italian!”

“It smells amazing.” Lena smirked at Kara.

Kara began unloading the containers from the bags. “I kind of ordered a lot. I hope that’s okay.”

“Anything from you is okay, Kara.”

Lena sits at her desk, and opens a folder. *Wait, am I really having dinner with Supergirl? Lena tilts her head, then rests her chin on her fist, elbow on the desk. Her fingers of her other hand twirl her pen. Is she going to pick up an order from some unsuspecting restaurant in her super suit? Will her alter ego pick it up for her before a quick costume change? Shit, I need to focus. Lena shakes her head a little, and looks down at the papers in front of her.*

*Kara walks out of the restaurant with two large paper bags in each hand. It will definitely be easier to*
eat a lot as Supergirl around her than as Kara Danvers. Kara shakes her head with a chuckle. She looks around before sneaking around to the back alley. With a quick spin, she is back in her supersuit. She flies straight up, and to LCorp. She lands on the roof, and puts her purse beside an air conditioning unit. “You can do this.” Supergirl takes a deep breath, and flies over the side of the building.

Lena hears the distinct thud of two feet landing on the balcony behind her. Her heart beats faster. Lena smirks. Oh, you got it bad. She sets her pen down, and turns just in time to see the balcony door open. Lena’s eyebrows raise at the four bags the superhero is carrying.

Supergirl smiles brightly at Lena, and holds up the bags. “I realized I didn’t ask what you liked. So I kind of got one of everything.”

With a little laugh, Lena stands up. “Well, I’m sure I can find,” Lena takes a step closer, and grabs two of the bags from one of Supergirl’s hands. “Something to eat in here.” She gives Supergirl a flirty smile with a wink, and walks past her to the couch. Supergirl follows Lena to the couch after a moment. They settle side-by-side on the couch. But, Kara tilted her head in thought as she started unpacking. “So what does National City’s superhero like to eat?”

“Potstickers!” She replies immediately, pulling out a box-full to emphasize.

Lena chuckles. “Now I know what to bribe Supergirl with if I ever need to.” Lena rests her right arm along the back of the couch, fingers landing inches from Supergirl’s shoulder. Lena watches Supergirl pull out box after box. “So what all did you get?”

Supergirl pauses, and looks over her shoulder at Lena. “Ha, I really did get one of everything.” She pulls out another box, the table now covered.

“I can see that now.”

Supergirl hands a fork to Lena. I know she hates chopsticks.

Lena quirk her eyebrow, as she reaches for the fork, while Kara grabs a pair of chopsticks. They begin eating in comfortable silence. “So I’m curious,” Lena begins after swallowing. “How does the Girl of Steel walk into a restaurant without causing a local news scene?”

Supergirl coughs around the potsticker in her mouth.

Oops. Lena scoots closer, and puts a hand on Supergirl’s back. “Are you okay?”

Supergirl waves Lena off, and grabs a water bottle to take a drink. She nods while taking a drink. She continues drinking, while she thinks of something to say. Lena keeps her hand on Supergirl’s back. She tilts her head with a concerned expression. Supergirl takes the water bottle away from her mouth slowly, and puts the cap back on. “I’m good.” Her voice is slightly hoarse from coughing. She clears her throat, and turns to Lena. She opens her mouth to speak, but is interrupted by a loud buzzing sound. Lena jerks her hand away, and jumps back slightly on the couch.

A bright, swirling light forming in front of them pulls both of their attention. Supergirl jumps up, and moves to the front of the coffee table. Lena slowly stands up behind her. Supergirl looks over her shoulder to make sure she is between the light and Lena.

With a slight pop, the Flash and Cisco Ramon appear jumping through the light. They stand in front of Supergirl. The Flash, Barry Allen, smiles at Supergirl. “Sorry, didn’t know you’d have company.” The Flash looks around, and Supergirl looks at Lena.
What the hell? Lena thinks, and looks at Supergirl with wide eyes.

Supergirl grimaces slightly. *Please don’t call me Kara,* she silently begs Barry. “Umm, Lena…”

“Hey, I’m the Flash, this is my friend, Cisco.” The Flash smiles at Lena.

Supergirl lets out a breath she didn’t know she was holding.

“Um, hi.” Lena offers, still confused.

Barry looks at Supergirl. “We need your help.”

Supergirl steps closer to the Flash. “What is it?”

“We need you on Earth-1.”

Supergirl’s eyes go wide. *Another world? Oh no, what do I say to Lena?*

Supergirl turns to look at Lena, eyes still wide. Lena meets her gaze with a calmer, more composed expression. *She’s definitely in CEO mode,* Supergirl thinks.

“Go be their hero,” Lena offers her a slight smile. “Supergirl.” *Oh, but I’ll have questions when you get back. Earth-1?*

Supergirl nods at Lena. *How is she this put together? I’ll be back.*” Supergirl looks at the Flash, who nods in confirmation. *How do you say ‘bye’ in these situations?*

“Go on, Supergirl. I’ll see you when you get back.” Lena gives her a smile.

“Okay,” Supergirl looks back at the visitors from Earth-1. “Um, let’s do this.” The Flash smiles at her widely.

“Sorry for the interruption! We’ll bring her back in one piece, I promise!” The Flash tells Lena.

“I’m sure.” *Is this the mystery superhero from a year ago?*

Supergirl walks toward the two. She turns back when she reaches them, and smiles at Lena. “Try not to stay at the office to late, Lena. Sorry to cut dinner short.”

“We’ll just have to make up for it when you get back.”

Supergirl’s heart flutters faster. “Bye Lena!” She smiles her full, sunshine smile.

Lena smiles at her, and watches the two men jump back through the portal. Supergirl gives her a little wave before following. The light fades out behind Supergirl, leaving Lena alone.
"Supergirl Lives"

A buzzing sound slowly crackles throughout Alex’s living room. The room is only lit by the fireplace and the TV. No one is in the room. A small blue light pulses near the wall before fading out. The buzzing gets slightly louder, and the blue light comes back. It quickly grows into a swirling circle, and Supergirl comes tumbling out of the light. She rolls to a stop on the floor, and stands up. She looks around when the light goes out.

Supergirl walks around. “Alex?”

The sound of something hitting the floor comes from Alex’s bedroom, and Supergirl turns her head toward the closed bedroom door. A muffled “oh shit” reaches Supergirl’s ears.

“Alex, are you okay?” Supergirl walks to the door. Just before her hand touches the doorknob, the door opens to reveal a slightly disheveled Alex. She only opens the door enough for Alex to slide out, and close the door behind her.

“Kara? What are you doing here? Wait, where have you been? I stopped by your apartment yesterday, and you weren’t there.”

“Oh, um, I had to go to help out Barry and some others. How long was I gone?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I was there for a few days, but if you only noticed I was gone yesterday, maybe time goes by a little differently?”

“Oh,” Alex says without being able to look Supergirl in the eye.

“Alex, is everything okay?”

Alex snaps her head back to look at Supergirl. “Mmhmm, everything is fine. I’ve just been, ah, busy the past few days.”

Wait, what’s that sound. Supergirl tilts her head, and looks over Alex’s shoulder at the closed door. Is that a heartbeat? Supergirl’s eyes go wide, and she looks back at Alex.

Alex’s eyes go wide, and she clears her throat as she looks down at her feet.

“Alex,” Supergirl says calmly. “Your shirt is inside out.” Alex looks down at her shirt. “And backwards.”

“Okay!” Alex looks up at Supergirl, and brings her hands up to grab her shoulders. “Time to go.” Alex spins Supergirl around, and begins leading her to the window.

“Wait, Alex, what -” Supergirl allows Alex to push her toward the window - partially because she’s in shock by what she just realized. “Um, Alex, who? What? Wait! Is that Maggie?” They stop at the window, and Supergirl turns around to look at Alex with her hands on her hips and a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah, that’s why I came over yesterday, but, um, look, I have to um -”

Supergirl gasps, eyes widening. “Did I...were you… oh no… Yup, okay. Yeah, call me later?
“I will, Kara. I’ll tell you all about it.”

“Okay, yeah. Yes, I can’t wait! Okay, go have fun! I love you!” Supergirl pulls Alex into a fierce hug. “I’m so happy for you!”

“I love you too, Kara.” They let each other go, and Alex watches her sister fly out of the window. She starts walking back to the bedroom.

The door to Alex’s bedroom opens, and Maggie pops her head out with a grin on her face. “Guess you didn’t really have to practice what to say, huh?”

Alex rolls her eyes, but can’t hold back a return smile. “Guess not.”

Supergirl flies across the sky, and pulls out her phone. 10 o’clock. May as well do a patrol. She flies in a loop around the city. After a few minutes, she finds herself going toward LCorp. What? How did I end up here? She flies closer. Hey! Wonder if Lena is still there. She works late sometimes. Supergirl lowers down to Lena’s balcony to see an empty office. Why am I so disappointed she’s not here? At least she’s not overworking herself, right? Supergirl lands on the railing of the balcony. She turns to look over her shoulder at the skyline. Hmm, I have an idea.

Lena walks into her office, heels clicking on the hard floor. The sun is barely up over National City. She hangs her coat and purse on her coat rack, and turns to her desk. Pulling out her phone, she checks her text messages. Lena had seen something on the news about Supergirl this morning stopping a school bus from being hit by a train. When did she get back?

She gets to he desk, and sets her phone down. Huh? Something catches her eye, and she looks at her balcony. Sitting on the floor of her balcony is a beautiful vase of plumerias. A smile slowly grows on her face as she walks to the door, and opens it. She steps out onto the balcony, and kneels down to pick up the vase. Her smile grows when she sees a card with the Supergirl logo on it. Taking it back inside, she sits on her desk chair, placing the vase in front of her. She brushes a finger over one of the soft petals. With an almost dreamy look on her face, she reaches for the card, and pulls it out. She opens it to see familiar script.

I was surprised to see you actually out of the office on a Tuesday night. You weren’t kidding about these being rare. But Hawaii was beautiful this time of night. Sorry again about dinner. - SG

Lena’s fingers run over the words, and her smile grows wider. Funny, I don’t remember talking about flowers with Supergirl. Lena chuckles. She probably doesn’t even realize. With one more chuckle, Lena slides her card into her calendar. She picks up her phone, and finds Kara’s name.

She begins typing. Kara, how are you? She deletes the words. It’s not like I can actually thank her, Kara Danvers, for flowers from Supergirl. She starts typing again. Hope things are well at CatCo. I’ve been missing my favorite reporter. She shakes her head a little, and deletes the message again. Definitely can’t say that. She reaches one hand up to pick at her lip, while she stares at her phone, thinking. The screen goes black. A moment later, her phone buzzes and lights up. Kara’s name appears in the middle of the screen, and Lena smiles again. She swipes open the message.

Kara: Lena! Hi! The past few days have been pretty hectic. Life of a reporter, right?

Kara: So, have you had breakfast?
**Kara:** And don’t forget that I’m pretty well versed in CEO and Lena, so lying really won’t work for you ;)

Lena’s eyes widen at the smiley face.

**Lena:** Hi to you too, Kara.

**Lena:** I had my usual breakfast.

**Kara:** Coffee doesn’t count, Lena.

**Lena:** It was 2 cups?

**Kara:** Lena…

Lena shakes her head a little with a smile. *She’s too much.*

**Kara:** Knock knock!

Lena tilts her head in confusion.

**Lena:** Who’s there?

Her office door opens, and a blonde head pops in. Kara walks into the room with her sunny smile, carrying a paper takeout bag.

“*Me!*” Kara announces with a smile, as she walks up to Lena’s desk. *Rao, I would come everyday if it put THAT look on her face.*

Lena’s mouth opens with a stunned smile, and her eyebrows are almost to her hairline. Lena controls her features to a less stunned look, but still keeps a smile. “Kara, what a surprise!” She stands up, and walks around the desk to lean back against it.

Kara walks up to stand a few feet in front of her. “Hi Lena! I hope you don’t mind. I know you said I could come anytime, but I still sometimes feel bad about just coming in. And well, it had been a while since I had seen you, and I was kind of missing you, and wanted to see you. Um, I brought donuts!” Kara lifts the bag up in front of her.

“She missed me?” “Well, I would never turn down breakfast with Kara Danvers.” Lena saunters up to Kara, and takes the bag from her. “Coming?” She lifts her eyebrow, and Kara follows her to the couch.

They settle down next to each other, and Lena sets the bag on the table. She looks inside, and then peaks at Kara with a smirk. “How many did you get?” She reaches in, and pulls out a large box.

Kara returns a sheepish expression with a little shrug. “Got a little bit of everything.” She shrugs again. “That way you could choose how much sweetness you were in the mood for.”

Lena opens the box. *Oh shit.* There are two dozen donuts of different colors and varieties. “You are something else, Miss Danvers.”

“I only aim to please, Miss Luthor.” Kara smiles back at her. Kara watches Lena choose a donut, and then selects one herself. Lena steals a glance at the plumerias on her desk. Kara notices where Lena’s eyes went, and a smile tugs at her lips. “New flowers?”
“Oh, those? Haha, yes, they were sitting on my balcony this morning when I came in. It would appear National City’s superhero makes flower deliveries now.”

Kara chuckles. “Really? That must have been a nice surprise.” Wish I could have seen her face when she found them.

It really was. “Shame she doesn’t have a phone, so I can have a chance to thank her.”

Kara adjusts her glasses.

“It would appear she came by last night, and I had already left for the night. I suppose that surprised her.”

“Well it’s no secret you stay here well past a healthy hour.”

“Keeping tabs on me, are you?” Lena offers a flirty smile, and puts her elbow on the back of the couch, as she faces Kara.

“What? Well, not exactly, um. ”She shrugs. “You’re my friend. I care about you.”

Lena’s breath hitches a little. “I care about you too, Kara.”

Kara looks up to see Lena, and their eyes meet. Kara answers Lena’s smile with one of her own.

They both stay smiling at each other, the air becoming charged. A knock on the door brings both of their attention instantly to the door. The door opens, and Jess walks in with an iPad in her hands. “Miss Luthor,” Jess remains professional in the face of the two women sitting close to each other with a large box of donuts on the table. “Mrs. Arias is here for your 10 AM.”

“Thank you, Jess.” Shit, forgot about that.

Jess gives her a nod, and leaves the office.

Lena turns to Kara, who is picking up her purse to leave. “Thank you, Kara. It was a lovely start to the day.”

Kara gives her a smile. “Of course, Lena. What are friends for?”

“I hope to see you soon.”

They stand in front of the couch. “Yes, absolutely.” Kara reaches her arms out, and Lena embraces her hug after a brief pause. Lena pulls back, and they smile at each other - arms dropping to their sides.

Lena watches Kara leave the office, throwing one last smile over her shoulder. Let’s see how long until Supergirl shows up, so I can thank her. Lena smirks at herself, as she walks to her desk.

Lena leans back against her desk when her office door closes behind Mrs. Arias. She looks over at her clock. Ugh, noon already? Lena snatches her cellphone from her desk, and walks over to her coffee table, where a closed box of donuts sits. She flops back on the couch with an almost lack of grace on her part. She kicks off her heels, before opening the box and pulling out a donut. Hmm, maybe I can have some fun before my next meeting.
The CEO picks up her phone, and opens her message thread with Kara. With a smile, she begins typing.

**Lena:** Just wanted to say thanks again for the donuts. I can’t believe you left all of these for me to try to go through on my own. Sorry about the short time we had though. :(

**Lena:** My meeting just ended, and I can finally breathe for at least an hour before R&D comes knocking on my door.

Kara’s response is almost instant, and Lena lets out a breathless chuckle.

**Kara:** Did Lena Luthor just use an emoticon???

**Kara:** No way! I don’t believe this is Lena. Who is this? And what are you doing with my friend’s phone??? Hmm???

**Lena:** You got me. I stole her phone just to send Kara Danvers a sad face. All part of my evil plan.

**Kara:** I knew it!!! You better watch out, Lena happens to be friends with Supergirl. Wouldn’t want her coming after you.

**Lena:** Oh, maybe that’s exactly what I want, Miss Danvers. ;)

**Kara:** Lol you are something else, Lena. But there’s no need to thank me for the donuts. I’m happy to do it. And any time spent with you is cherished. <3

Lena’s breath catches when she reads the last sentence and sees the heart. *Why does she have to be so damn cute?*

**Kara:** Ugh, Snapper is being a jerk face again. He refuses to help this poor mom who just wants to find her daughter.

**Lena:** Something tells me my favorite reporter will be doing something about that.

_**Real smooth, Lena.**_ Lena shakes her head, and rolls her eyes a little.

**Kara:** Something tells me you may be right.

**Kara:** I gotta go, Lena! I’ll see you soon!

**Lena:** Go save the world, super reporter. ;)

Kara’s breath hitches slightly when Lena’s last message pops on her phone. *Wow, she’s so great.* She looks around her small, windowless office with a smile pulling at her lips. *You know what... I think Supergirl can take a little detour.* Kara stands, and walks out of her office.

**Kara:** Super reporter. I think I like the sound of that!

Lena chuckles, watching her phone screen until it turns black. *I bet you do.* Before Lena can set her
phone down on the table, a streak of red and blue brings her attention to the balcony. Supergirl lands gracefully on the balcony, and strides to the door. *Too easy.* Lena chuckles to herself.

Lena stands as Supergirl walks into the office with a smile. “Hi Lena!”

Lena returns Supergirl’s smile, and gestures to the couch behind her. “Care to join me?” *Maybe I can get her to eat some of these donuts.*

Supergirl smiles even wider, and nods. “Of course,” She goes to the couch. They sit down beside each other. “I owe you an apology.”

Lena tilts her head in question.

“For literally disappearing the other day.”

Lena chuckles and waves her off. “No, no, it’s fine. A mysterious portal opening in my office while eating dinner with Supergirl isn’t something everyone gets to experience. I consider myself lucky.” Lena shakes her head with another chuckle.

Supergirl looks down with a slightly nervous smile. “Yeah,” She looks back up at Lena. “They were from a different Earth. It’s this whole parallel universe science thing.”

“The multiverse?”

“Yes! That!”

“Well, maybe I can ask some questions about it one day.”

“Sure! I mean I don’t know much about it, but sure!”

Lena laughs a little. “Do superheroes eat donuts?” She gestures toward the open box on the coffee table.

“Yes!” Kara says a little too loud, and then laughs a little. “Yes, of course we do.”

“Help yourself, Supergirl.” Supergirl reaches out, and grabs a donut with a smile.

Lena leans back on the couch, and puts her elbow on the back - resting her chin against her fist. “So,” Lena leans a little closer when Supergirl looks up at her, “you flew all the way to Hawaii just to get me flowers?”

Supergirl choked a little on her donut, and hastily swallows. *Ugh! Why do I keep choking on food around her?*

*Crap, I may actually be the first Luthor to kill a Super at this rate.* Lena’s eyebrows raise a little, and she reaches her hand out toward Supergirl, but stops when Supergirl waves her off.

“I’m fine, I’m fine.”

Lena smirks, as she rests her chin back on her fist. “Are you sure?”

Supergirl nods. “Yup, totally, great, awesome.” Supergirl’s voice sounds a little hoarse. She clears her throat.

“I’ll have to be careful about talking with food in your mouth.”
“Maybe I should just slow down. My s-Agent Danvers has told me that on several occasions.” Her voice is back to normal.

“You two close?”

Supergirl shrugs. “Eh, we work together on cases sometimes. But, uh, I’m glad you liked the flowers.”

“Yes, I did. They were a lovely way to start my morning.” Supergirl beams at her. “You really know how to make a girl’s day, don’t you?”

Supergirl’s breath hitches, and she stares at Lena slightly stunned. “Um, it’s what I do.” Supergirl smiles at her.

“Well, you do it very well, Supergirl.” Supergirl flushes a little, and looks down. She looks back up at Lena, and they smile at each other.

“Supergirl, come in, Supergirl.” Winn’s voice sounds in her ear.

Supergirl shakes her head a little, and offers Lena an apologetic look. She lifts a hand to her ear. “Hang on, Agent Schott.” She turns to Lena, and opens her mouth to speak, but Lena beats her to it.

“Duty calls?” Fortunately.

“Duty calls.” Unfortunately.

Lena stands up with Supergirl.

“Thanks for the donuts.”

“Thanks for the flowers.”

Lena watches Supergirl walk to the balcony, and fly off.

“Winn, what is it?” Supergirl asks, flying toward the DEO.

“Where were you?” Winn pries.

“What?”

“Who were you with when I came over the comms?”

Why does he assume I was with someone? What does it matter? “I was visiting Lena.”

“Oh.” Winn sounds like he’s trying to solve a riddle.

“What?” Supergirl lands in front of Winn’s computer, looking at him over it.

“Nothing,” He waves her off. “Nothing at all.” He presses a button on his keyboard, and spins in his chair to face the screens on the wall. “I think I’ve found something with that missing girl.”

Supergirl crosses her arms, and walks around to stand by the center table of the command center. “What do we have?”

“So,” Winn begins, “I was able to find some other missing people disappearing around the same time. Most of them in their 20s.”
“So millennials are just, what, dissapearing?”

“That was my first question. Besides their age, what’s similar? None of them seemed to have any connections or way to know each other.”

“Okay?” Supergirl presses him to continue.

“I did a little more digging, and there was one thing.” Winn presses something on his keyboard, and a picture of a clinic pops up on the screen. “They all went here to get some blood work done before disappearing.”

“What is that place?”

“Well, it looks like they are fairly new. I couldn’t find much on them. They aren’t connected to anything else.” He types some more. “I can try -”

“I’ll go in,” Supergirl interrupts him.

“What?” Winn turns to look at her. “You’re just going to fly into some clinic asking for a checkup?”

“What? No.” Supergirl puts her hands on her hips.

“No what?” Supergirl and Winn turn to see Mon-El walking toward them.

Winn looks at Supergirl in time to see her slightly roll her eyes and cross her arms. He turns back to his computer.

“We think this clinic may have something to do with a number of missing people.” Supergirl tells Mon-El.

“So you going to go busting down the walls?” Mon-El asks cockily.

“No,” Supergirl turns to face the screens again. “I’m going to just be another millennial checking them out.”

“Cool, let’s go.” Winn looks at Mon-El, eyes going round.

“Um,” Winn looks between the two aliens.

“Fine, but just, like, don’t talk, okay?” Supergirl uncrosses her arms, and walks past Mon-El to the exit.

Mon-El looks at Winn with a hopeful expression. Mon-El gives him two thumbs up, and Winn shrugs before turning back to his computer. Mon-El turns, and follows Supergirl.

Kara and Mike walk down the sidewalk, both wearing their civilian disguises. Mike is staying beside Kara. He stares at a few women in short dresses crossing the street, and slows down a little. He slides his glasses down his nose to get a less impaired view. Kara notices that Mike is no longer behind him, and furrows her brows as she looks over shoulder. What is he... She follows the direction of his gaze. Figures. She clears her throat, and walks off to the side of the sidewalk outside of the clinic.

Mike looks over at her quickly, no hint of shame on his face. “This the place?”
“This is the place.” Kara pulls her glasses down, and uses her x-ray vision to scan inside the building.

Mike hooks his thumbs into his pocket. “So how are we getting in?”

Kara pushes her glasses back up, and looks at Mike with an incredulous expression. “The door.” She walks past him, and straight to the door.

Mike shrugs his shoulders, and follows her into the building.

Kara looks around the lobby, and walks up to the counter. A door from inside opens, and a man in a white coat steps out.

He seems a little surprised to see them, but puts on a smile quickly. “Good afternoon,” He stops across from the two of them. “Are you here for the trials?”

Mike opens his mouth to speak, but Kara rushes to speak before him. “Yes!” She looks at Mike with a stern expression. “We are.” She looks back at the man with a smile.

“Ah, welcome. Always happy to have strapping millennials such as yourselves.” He waves them in, as he turns to go back into the door he came through.

Kara looks at Mike, and back at the doctor. “Um, you don’t need any paperwork?” Kara waves her hand toward the front desk.

“No, no, not now. We’ll take care of everything soon. First, we have to run a little test to make sure everything will run smoothly. Follow me.” He turns his back completely to them, fully expecting them to follow.

Kara walks out after him without a second glance. Mike shrugs, and follows them through the door.

“Right this way.” The doctor leads them into a mostly empty warehouse style room. Near one wall, a large tarp covers something. “Stand right here, please.” He motions for them to stand across from the tarp covered object. “Perfect, lovely.” He walks over to the side of the tarp. “Just stay there.” He lifts his arm, and pulls the tarp off with one large motion.

A large arch is revealed. Kara’s eyes go wide, and Mike takes a step back. The doctor is standing next to a panel, and presses a button. The arch is filled with purple and blue swirling lights. Kara and Mike look at each other, and back at the arch.

“What -” Kara begins, but two men grab them from behind. The men start pushing them toward the lights. The man pushing Kara doesn’t budge her at all. Mike stumbles forward a little. *Seriously, he was in the prince’s guard?* Kara simply grabs the man, and throws him against a pillar nearby, effectively knocking him unconscious. Mike manages to push the man grabbing him away, and toward Kara. Kara rolls her eyes, and throws the man toward a wall.

They look up at the doctor, who has wide eyes.

“Hey!” Kara shouts after him, and starts walking toward him.

The doctor turns, and runs into the arch, disappearing into the moving lights. Kara spins quickly, and in a mere second, she is Supergirl. Her street clothes waiting on the floor.

“Let’s go!” Supergirl shouts at Mon-El, who lost his glasses at some point, and flies without hesitation into the lights.
Mon-El looks around in some confusion. “This better be worth it in the end.” He runs in after her.

Supergirl lands on her knees on the ground with a thump. \textit{Why did that hurt?} She looks around at the red and orange surroundings. She looks up at the sky. \textit{Crap.}

She stands up just before Mon-El pops out after her. “Hey! Come on! Let’s go back!”

Supergirl looks back at him as if he’s absolutely crazy. “What?”

Mon-El doesn’t bother answering, and simply turns back to the portal. The light disappears before he reaches it. “Ugh, great!” He turns back to Supergirl with a huff. “Well I hope you have a way to get this back open.”

Supergirl shakes her head. “We have to go find those missing people.”

“Where are we?”

“Somewhere with a red sun.” Supergirl looks up at the large red sun teasing her lack of powers. “I don’t have my powers.”

“Okay, yeah, nope. Not happening. We need to get out of here.” He walks up to, and starts messing with the control panel.

“Do what you want, Mon-El. I need to find them.” \textit{Why do I bother?}

“Don’t you have any sense of self-preservation?” Mon-El looks at her.

“Don’t you have any sense of selflessness?” She turns, and begins walking toward a building in the distance.

“Stubborn woman.” Mon-El mumbles. “Kryptonians.” He jogs to catch up to her. “What exactly do you plan to do without your powers? You realize this is stupid, right?”

Supergirl only shakes her head, and continues walking. Movement behind a boulder catches her attention. “Hey!” She shouts, and jogs that way. “Who are you?”

Mon-El sighs, and looks down, hands on hips. “Why? Just why?”

Supergirl cuts off an alien with scale-like features. “Woah, hold up.” She holds her hands up to show she isn’t going to harm him.

The alien stops, and looks at her with wide eyes. “More bipedals.”

Supergirl tilts her head, and slowly lowers her arms. “You’ve seen more people like us?” She gestures back to Mon-El standing behind him.


“Okay? Bipedals. So what are they doing with them?” Supergirl looks over at the tower in the distance. “They aren’t, um, eating them, are they?”

“Gross. Bipedals are no good. Bad for digestion.”

“Um, right, okay. So what are they doing with them?”

“Slaver’s Moon.”
“What?” Does that mean?

Mon-El steps forward. “We’re on Slaver’s Moon?”

The alien nods.

“Look, Kara, we have to go. I’m not fond of the idea of being sold to another planet as a slave.”

Supergirl takes a deep breath. “So they’re taking humans to sell off?” Supergirl takes a step back, and turns around. She sees a large ship landing near the tower. She looks back at the alien.

“First shipment going out soon.” The alien shrugs in response.

“Rao,” Supergirl turns back to the tower. “Thanks for the help.” She begins walking out from behind the boulders. She walks straight for the tower.

Mon-El jogs after her. “Woah, woah, woah. What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m going to get myself captured.”

Mon-El runs in front of Supergirl, and stops her. They face each other, both frustrated. “Mon-El, move.”

“You do realize how incredibly stupid this is?”

“Excuse me?” Supergirl steps closer to Mon-El.

“Look, I just think -”

“Don’t move!” A voice demands from behind Mon-El. He turns slowly to see the doctor being followed by several aliens with guns pointed at them. He raises his arms slowly in surrender, looking over his shoulder to throw Supergirl an annoyed expression.

“Looks like you got what you wanted.” Mon-El says before turning back to the doctor.

“My, my, Supergirl? What a prize.” The doctor motions for the aliens to grab Supergirl and Mon-El. “I can’t wait to see what we’ll get for the last daughter of Krypton.”

“Supergirl is missing.” Alex tells Maggie, crossing her arms. Maggie is checking on Alex at the DEO.

“If anyone can find her, it’s you.” Come on, Alex. Your sister is Supergirl, she is indestructible. Maggie smiles reassuringly at her girlfriend.

“I knew this was going to happen.” I’m supposed to watch her. “I knew it.” Alex looks around, frustrated with herself.

“What are you talking about?” Maggie begins to look concerned. Doesn’t she get into shit all of the time?

“I was happy for like five minutes.” Alex looks over her shoulder.

“What?”

“You know, I’m sorry.” Fuck. “This…this was a mistake. I’m—I’m sorry. Y-you have to go. I’m
Maggie nods slowly, trying to comprehend what’s happening. “Right.” Maggie looks down a moment, before meeting Alex’s eyes. “Got it. See you, Danvers.” She walks away before Alex can respond.

Alex takes a deep breath, refusing to watch Maggie leave. She turns back, and walks to Winn and J’onn. “Okay, let’s get this plan going.”

Lena is sitting at her desk, reading through documents. Her eyes slide up to the vase at the corner of her desk. A smile slowly finds its way onto her face. A knock brings her out of her musings.

“Miss Luthor,” Jess states as she walks into the office carrying something round against her chest. “A… uh an odd delivery just came for you.” Jess stops a foot in front of Lena’s desk.

Lena tilts her head in question, her smile now gone. “What is it, Jess?”

Jess takes a deep breath before taking the last step, and setting the object on the desk. It’s a small roulette wheel less than a foot in diameter. Lena rolls her eyes, as she leans closer.

“Always one for theatrics.” Lena’s eyes narrow when she sees a card tucked into the wheel. “Thank you, Jess. Go on home for the day.”

“Miss Luthor? It’s only 4?” Jess shuffles awkwardly. “On a Wednesday.”

“I’m aware, Jess. It’s fine.”

Jess gives her a nod with a tight smile, and turns on her heel without another word.

Lena watches her until the door closes behind her assistant. She closes her eyes briefly, and then leans forward to reach a hand to the wheel. She slides the card out. It’s a thick, black material. She stands up, phone clenched in her hand.

Who do you call about a missing superhero? She taps her fingers on her desk. Maybe Agent Alex Danvers, the sister, can be of some assistance. Lena sits
down, and opens her laptop. *I knew I let them hack me for a reason.* She opens a screen that runs through code before her eyes. *Stupid for them to think I wouldn’t even know.* She types some more, and an IP address pops up. She types further, and hunts down further traces. *Gotcha.* She picks up her phone, and enters the number before bringing the phone up to her ear.

“Um, hello?” Winn’s voice comes through uncertain.

“This is Lena Luthor.” Lena’s tone of voice conveys no emotions.

The sound of something falling or hitting something reaches Lena’s ears, and Winn sputters to find words. “Um, Luthor? Lena? What? How did you? This is my cellphone.”

“Do you know Agent Danvers?” Lena is retaining any willpower she can over her patience.

“I uh, um, she uh-”

Lean hears a woman’s voice speaking to Winn.

“It’s um, please don’t hit me, Lena Luthor. I don’t know how she got my-”

“Luthor.” Agent Danvers’ voice comes over the line with a barely restrained growl. “How did you get this number?”

“Agent Danvers?” *Clearly, the sunny charm isn’t in all of the Danvers.*

“What do you want?”

“I have some information you may be interested in. I believe something has happened to Supergirl.”

Lena swears she can feel the distrust and hate coming through the phone.

“Can you come to my office?”

“Ten minutes.” The line goes dead.

*Well that could have gone worse.*

“And you’re sure there is nothing else?” *I don’t trust you.* Alex glares at Lena leaning back against her desk. The card is in her hands, and Winn is holding the roulette wheel standing slightly behind her.

“Agent Danvers, while I’m sure it’s difficult for you to process a Luthor caring for a Super in any way, I assure you I have divulged everything.” *Why would I give this to you if I was against Supergirl?*

“She did give us this stuff?” Winn’s voice is small, and he visibly flinches when Alex shoots him a glare.

“After she hacked the path you said didn’t exist.”

Winn steps back, and joins the other four DEO agents in the background.

“You already know she’s missing, don’t you?”
Alex squints her eyes at Alex.

“And since you came here,” Lena pushes off her desk, and takes a step closer. “I’m assuming you’re trying to find her.”

Winn’s eyes go round, and he whispers something to one of the agents near him.

“We know where Supergirl is, but I can’t share that information with,” Alex pauses to look Lena over, “you.” Alex takes a step closer. “If I find out you had something to do with this-”


Alex looks back at Lena, attempting to keep her composure. “Thanks for the info.” She holds up the card, and gives Lena a tight smile. “If you hear anything else,” Alex pulls out a card from her back pocket, and hands it to Lena. “Try not to hack a government organization. Even a Luthor can’t get enough money to back those legal claims.”

Lena straightens, and is no longer Lena against the table. She reaches for the card, and nods at Alex. “Yes, I understand the...” Lena pauses to look back at the other agents, and then at Alex with a raised eyebrow. “FBI appreciates its privacy.”

Alex straightens. “Glad you understand.” She turns around, and joins the other agents. “Let’s go.”

They are halfway to the door when Lena speaks up. “Agent Danvers.”

Alex stops, and pauses before turning to face Lena. She lifts an eyebrow in question.

“If there’s any way I can help -”

“We are well equipped to help Supergirl, Miss Luthor.”

And yet you still came here when I offered information? “Very well.”

Lena watches them leave. She lets out a breath when the door closes.

The DEO agents stop outside the elevators, waiting. Winn looks up at Alex. “You know -”

“Don’t.” Alex gives him a stern look.

Winn looks over at Lena’s assistant, who appears to be focused on something on her tablet. “I’m just saying. The woman’s a genius. Maybe she can help us.” The elevator dings, and opens. The agents walk in without a word. Winn shakes his head, and pulls his phone out.

J’onn looks down at his phone, seeing a text from Winn.

Winn: I think Lena Luthor can help with that thing.

J’onn looks at the phone with a scowl.

Winn: You know.
**Winn:** The sun in a box thing.

J’onn nods his head in understanding.

**J’onn:** That’s classified, Agent Schott.

**Winn:** :

J’onn shakes his head, and puts his phone in his pocket. He looks around the room. “Agent Vasquez,” J’onn waits for the woman to look at him. “When Agent Danvers returns, please go over the extraction plans with her. I’ll be back before they leave.”

“Yes, sir.”

J’onn walks out.

Lena leans back against her desk, and runs a finger over the flowers on her desk. Movement on her balcony catches her attention, and she quickly spins around in shock. *Oh, it’s not her.*

J’onn lands on the balcony, and turns back into his human form. They make eye contact, both remaining expressionless. J’onn walks to the door, and opens it without hesitation. He steps inside, and stops at the bottom of the two steps. He puts his hands on his hips. Lena crosses her arms.

“Miss Luthor,” J’onn is still expressionless.

“I know you.”

“I will skip pleasantries, mind you. Some of my agents just left your office a few minutes ago with useful information.”

“They did.”

J’onn nods, and uncrosses his arms. He removes a bag from his shoulder. “Well, I am hoping to get a little more help from you.” He pulls a metal object from the bag.

Lena raises her eyebrow. “Is the FBI actually asking for my help?”

J’onn only stretches his hand out with the object for her to take.

She takes it - ever confident. She spends a moment looking over it, and looks back up with a questioning expression.

“I can’t disclose why we need this, but time is of the essence, Miss Luthor. I’ve almost completed it.”

“What is it?”

“It’s a yellow sun grenade.”

*Ah, so Supergirl must be somewhere without a yellow sun.* “What do you need?”

“Someone told me your black field generator had a unique core to help they believe is what gave it the burst emission.”
Lena nods, and takes a deep breath. “Yes,” She looks down at the device, tinkering with it. “That should do it.” She looks up at J’onn. “Mister?”

“Director Henshaw.”

“Director Henshaw,” She looks down at the device again. She looks back up. “I can have it done in a few minutes, but,” She looks out of the window.

J’onn crosses her arms, and looks at her - his distrust showing.

“I want to come.”

J’onn is taken aback - as much as he can be with his distinct way of controlling his reactions. “Miss Luthor, that is out of the question.”

“Look, wherever it is you are going, I can have this fixed on the way. It will cut back time.” She looks out of the window again. “I want her safe as much as anyone else.”

J’onn’s eyes grow red while she looks out the window. The glowing stops, and he takes a slight step back, putting his arms down at his sides.

She looks back at J’onn. “We’re wasting time, yes?”

J’onn closes his eyes, and pinches the bridge of his nose. “I’ll have NDA contracts brought in tomorrow.”

Lena’s eyebrows raise slightly with a small hopeful expression. “Shall we go, director?”

Alex and Winn are standing in front of the portal in the clinic. Winn is going back and forth from tapping in the tablet in his hands to the control panel of the portal.

J’onn’s voice grabs their attention. “Agent Schott, have you gotten through the system controls yet?”

Alex and Winn don’t look away from the control panel. “Just about,” Winn says. “Okay, this should be it.” A whirring sounds, and the lights come on in the portal. “Yes! Okay, so once you find K-”

J’onn clears his throat loudly, before speaking over Winn. “Excellent, one thing before you go.” J’onn steps to the side, and holds his hand out behind him. Everyone’s eyes go round, as Lena steps forward. She places a metal object in J’onn’s hands. J’onn steadfastly ignores all of the accusing and questioning gazes. “It’s ready?”

Lena nods, face retaining her CEO steadiness. *I can feel the hatred. That’s fine. I’m a Luthor. Comes with the territory.* “Yes, okay, so I’ll go back to the waiting area. Like we agreed.” With one last nod, she turns and leaves.

Alex stares daggers at Lena’s retreating back. When she disappears through the door, she glares at J’onn. “Lena freaking Luthor?” She hisses.

Ignoring the question, J’onn hands her the device. “Here, it’s a yellow sun grenade. It will only be good to use once, but it will give her more than enough in an emergency.”

Alex takes the device, still glaring. “How can we trust an LCorp device?”
J’onn puts a comforting arm on her shoulder, and uses a soothing voice. “It’s not. It’s mine.” He removes his hand, and walks over to Winn. “Are we good to go?”

Winn is still staring off where Lena disappeared. He shakes his head, and looks at the tablet. “Yeah, uh yeah, yup.” He starts talking to Alex. “When you go through, you’ll need to -”

“No.” Alex and J’onn say at the same time. They look at each other briefly in some shot.

“You’re going with them.” J’onn says firmly.

Winn starts stuttering.

“We don’t have time to argue this.” Alex pushes him toward the portal. “Let’s go.”

“Supergirl! Help!” Izzy’s voice cuts through.

Supergirl turns from her run toward the portal to see Izzy, one of the captured humans, being dragged away by one of the slavers. The whirring of the portal buzzes through their ears, as Winn gets it started.

“Supergirl, come on!” Mon-El grabs her arm, and attempts to pull her toward the portal.

Supergirl looks back at him with a disappointed expression, and pulls her arm away. She runs toward Izzy, who is being surrounded by several aliens. She begins to fight through them.

“Supergirl!” Alex shouts before throwing the yellow sun grenade toward Supergirl. A blast of blinding light fills everyone’s vision. When it fades, it’s replaced by an area full of yellow light, and Supergirl floating in the center of it.

With her powers restored, Supergirl easily saves Izzy, while agents begin going back through the portal. “Go!” She shouts at Alex, and flies through after her.

They land back in the clinic warehouse, and Supergirl quickly destroys the control panel with her heat vision. She turns, and is enveloped in a hug from Alex.

“Supergirl!” She turns to see Lena walking into the room.

Supergirl’s eyes go wide, and she looks at J’onn standing near her. A question is on Supergirl’s face.

J’onn gives her a nod. “Miss Luthor helped with the yellow sun grenade.”

Her eyebrows raise, and she smiles at Lena, who has stopped walking a few feet away. Lena is in full CEO mode. *Oh god, all I want to do is run over there and hug her.* Lena thinks.

*Did anyone even thank her?!!* Supergirl walks straight over to Lena, and stops a foot in front of her. She takes a deep breath. “Thank you. You saved a lot of people. Again.”

“It was the right thing to do.” She smiles softly at Supergirl, who eagerly returns the smile.

“Alex, what are you doing?” Winn asks Alex, who was unconsciously reaching a hand toward her gun. She looks at Winn with a glare.

The question brought Supergirl spinning around to look at Alex, who has already brought her hand away from her gun.
“Nothing.”


Winn preens a little at the compliment. J’onn tries not to roll his eyes.

“Supergirl, make sure you get some time under the sunlamps.”

Supergirl nods at J’onn, and looks back at Lena.

J’onn comes up before either can say anything. “Miss Luthor, I’ll have those papers brought by tomorrow.” Lena nods at him. “Thank you for the assistance.” He leaves, and the other agents follow him.

Supergirl opens her mouth to speak, but Lena beats her to it.

“See you around, Supergirl.” Lena was watching Alex glaring at her, and starting to come closer. She smiles at Supergirl, and leaves. Supergirl continues looking where Lena disappeared.

“What the hell was that, Kara?” Supergirl spins around to see Alex standing right behind her. “Does she know who you are?”

“No, of course not!” Supergirl looks back over her shoulder. “I was going to ask you what she was doing here.” She looks back at her sister.

Alex takes a deep breath, and looks down. She looks back up. “Don’t you ever go to another planet without telling me.”

The sisters rush each other in a fierce hug. “It’s not like I planned it, Alex.” She tries to joke.

Alex laughs a little, and pulls back from the hug. She playfully punches her sister’s arm.

“Are you okay?” Supergirl asks.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Alex looks down, and shuffles her feet.

*She’s lying.* “Alex, did something happen?”

Alex shakes her head, and then looks up at Supergirl, eyes full of pain.

“Come on,” Supergirl puts her arm over Alex’s shoulder, and leads her out.

“You have to talk to her.” Supergirl is sitting up from laying on the sun bed.

“She probably hates me by now, Kara.” Alex huffs. “You didn’t see the way she looked at me.”

“Alex, she’d be crazy not to give you another chance. Call her.”

Alex groans.

“Do it tonight.” Supergirl hops off the bed, and walks up to her sister. She puts her hands on her shoulders. “You deserve to be happy, Alex.” She looks into her sister’s eyes. “What happened today wasn’t your fault. Look, you’re my sister, and I love you more than anything. Being Supergirl is
such an important part of me, and I’m so beyond happy to share that part of my life with you. But, Alex, you need to have a part of your life that makes you happy. I know she makes you happy. Don’t push her away because you’re scared of not keeping an eye on me every second of the day. I want you to be happy.”

Alex’s eyes water slightly, and she pulls her into another hug. “I love you, Kara.”

“I love you too, Alex.”

Kara is sitting on her couch in sweats and a t-shirt with the TV on low. A knocking on the door pulls her off the couch, and across her apartment. With her glasses on the coffee table, she can easily see through the door. What does he want?

She opens the door, and gives Mon-El a tight smile. He offers her a lopsided smile, and holds up a bottle that’s subtly glowing blue. Kara holds back the urge to shut the door. “Are you drunk?”

“No yet. Can I come in?”

_I’m going to regret this._ She steps back, and motions Mon-El inside. He smiles at her, as he walks by. He goes straight to the kitchen, and grabs two cups off the drying rack.

“Mon-El, I’m not drinking.”

“Ah, but we’re celebrating!”

“Mon-El, I don’t save people just to get drunk afterwards.”

He waves her comment off, and walks to the sofa with the bottle and glasses. “No, not that.”

_Yup, going to regret this._ She walks to the couch, and sits on the opposite end. He’s already pouring into the two glasses. He hands her one, and she slowly grabs it.

“To Supergirl.” He toasts her, and takes a drink.

Kara sets her glass on her knee, and taps it with a finger.

“I’m not going to pretend like I understand the whole risking your life for strangers.”

_Apparently._

“But you have taught me some things.”

Kara tilts her head, encouraging him to go on. She takes a sip of her drink without realizing it.

“I was speaking with one of the woman the slavers took.”

_Of course he was._ Kara half rolls her eyes, and takes another drink. Her glass goes back to her knee half finished.

“No, no, not what you think.” Kara gives him a pointed look. “Okay, yes, but not just that.” He takes another drink, finishing his glass.

Kara can’t help herself, she chuckles and shakes her head.
“Anyways, she turned out not to be human.”

“Yeah?” Kara sounds surprised.

“Yeah. She’s from Starhaven.” He refills his drink, and tops off Kara’s. “I guess she was down here looking for some information from her ancestors or whatever.” He shakes his head. “There’s some stuff going on in Starhaven, and she’s trying to help out.” He takes a long drink.

“Are they under attack or something?” Kara drinks from her glass.

“No, nothing like that. More like political issues.” He looks at the TV, and his thoughts go inward for a moment. “A few years ago, a Daxamite ship landed there.”

Kara bolts upright with a shocked expression. “What?”

“I don’t really know how to say this, so I’ll just get it over with.” He takes another drink and a deep breath. “They’re looking for me. I wasn’t so much as part of the royal guard, as I was part of the royal family.”

“Wait,” He’s been lying to me?! “You’re Daxamite royalty?” Kara stares at him with wide eyes. That explains his lack of fighting skills.

Mon-El nods slowly. “I thought I’d be endangered to say who I really was.” Kara and Mon-El both take a drink. “But there’s an entire colony of my people still alive, and they’re looking to form a union with Starhaven.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m not superhero, Kara. That’s not who I am.”

“But Mon-El -”

“No, Kara. I wasn’t being honest. I - If I were to agree to be a hero, it would only be for you.” He sits back. “I have no interest in the people of this planet. They aren’t my people.”

“They could be.”

“I don’t want them to be.”

Well that was surprisingly honest. Kara takes a long drink to think of what to say. “So you’re just giving up?”

“Ha! No, I’m just admitting defeat.”

“What defeat?”

“I can’t fight for a woman who has already met her ideal match.”

Kara is taken aback, and her eyes widen.

“You may not be on Krypton anymore, but that doesn’t mean you weren’t meant to find your perfect match in the eyes of Rao - even though we aren’t in Rao’s light anymore.”

“But,” Kara looks around trying to gather her thought. “I haven’t -”

“No, you wouldn’t know. Winn did say you were, what was it, a little oblivious.” He finishes his
drink, and sets the cup on the table. “But I have to go.” He stands up.

Kara is still too stunned for words. She stands up too, while setting her glass on the table.

“Thank you for everything, Kara.” He gives her a hug.

“You’re leaving now?”

“The ship is all ready to go. We’ve got a long journey.”

“Wow!” They pull back from the hug. “Mon-El, I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything. This was my last goodbye stop. Take care, Kara. I hope you two come together soon.” He turns and leaves an open-mouth Kara staring at his back. He gives a little wave at the door, and leaves.

Kara plops down on her sofa with a thoughtful expression. What is he talking about? Who is he talking about? Kara absentmindedly reaches for her mostly full glass, and drinks the entire glass. She winces slightly. This has to just be an excuse to leave, right? I mean, he obviously likes me. She refills her glass. He just told me he would only be a hero for me. She takes another sip. I’m really uncomfortable with that actually. She tilts her head in thought. But Rao, she thinks, as she leans against the back of the couch. I can’t believe there’s more of Daxam still alive. Kara feels her eyes well up a little. Good for him. She nods, and takes another sip. It’s a hard weight to carry being the last one.

She looks at the glass resting on her knee. “Did I just take a drink of this?” Kara giggles, and looks closer at the glass - bordering between tipsy and drunk. “Did I just say that out loud?” Kara looks around as if someone may have heard her. She puts the cup down on the table. She looks at her glasses on the table next to the cup. What was I doing before he came over? She giggles. “Was that out loud or in my head?” I should call Alex. Tell her what happened.

Kara leans over to reach for her phone. She leans a little too far, and starts to fall down. She grabs onto the coffee table to steady herself. Two chunks of the table come away in her hands, and a crack shoots across the table. She hits her head on it on the way down, and makes a dent. Landing on her knees on the ground, Kara stares at the pieces of wood in her hands. She looks up at the dent and crack. Her eyes go wide, and then she starts laughing. Going to need a new coffee table. She sets the pieces very slowly on the table. In another slow movement, she picks up her phone, and then scoots off her knees to a somewhat criss-cross position on the floor. She pulls the phone close to her face, and finds Alex’s name. Wait, she pauses. “Wasn’t she doing something important tonight?” What was that? She shrugs. “I’ll just text her.” Kara giggles as she types.

Kara: Heyyyyy Alexxxx.

Kara: I’m okay don’t freak out.

Kara: Jus call me when youre free

Kara: Les have a sister night soon okay

Kara holds her phone in her hand, willing it to ring. With an exaggerated sigh, she flops her head back onto the couch. Now what? A grin slowly comes onto her face. She clumsily pulls her head back upright. With overly focused movements, she scrolls the her phone again. She giggles with a little hiccup.
Kara: Lena!

Oh no, it’s midnight. She’s probably asleep.

Kara: Are you asleep?

Kara: You prob are.

Lena startles slightly at her vibrating phone. She smiles when she sees Kara’s name. Well isn’t this a surprise. In the time it takes to pick up her phone, three more texts come in.

Kara: I had the urge to talk to you

Lena laughs a little, with a smile full of awe. So adorable.

Lena: I’m awake, Kara. Is everything okay?

Kara: Lena! Yay!

Lena shakes her head with a smile.

Kara: I’m so glad you’re up!

Kara: Everything is fine

Why is she typing strangely?

Lena: Hmm, so what is the innocent Kara Danvers doing awake so late?

Kara: You saved Supergirl again today. I need to thank you

Okay, a Supergirl slip - albeit a slight one, and awful texting? I can’t help but be worried. Lena picks at her lip, while she types.

Lena: Kara, are you sure you’re okay? Has something happened?

I swear if Lex or someone found a way to poison her...

Kara: I kinda broke my coffee table

Kara: It was an accident

Kara: I lost my balance

Kara: Don’t tell my sister

Lena’s eyes go wide. Is she drunk!

Lena: Kara, have you been drinking?

How does alcohol even affect her?
Kara: Whaaa???
Kara: Noooooo

Lena lets out an audible breath. Oh boy.

Kara: Maybe little
Lena can’t help but laugh.

Lena: Maybe you should go to sleep.

Kara: Bit im talkni to lena

How is it possible to be this adorable?

Lena: Kara, dear, I am Lena.

Kara: You ar???

Kara: r u sureee

Lena: Tell you what, if you go to sleep, I'll tell Lena to bring you lunch tomorrow.

Kara: lunch w lena???

Kara: thats like my favrite thing

Lena’s breath hitches. She makes it hard not to have feelings.

Kara: u primise?

Lena: I promise.

Kara: yay! Ok deal.

Kara: gnight!

Lena: Try not to break anything else, Kara. Sweet dreams.

Lena puts her phone down, and grabs her laptop from her bedside table.

Kara’s smile is wide and lopsided. She clumsily puts her phone on the broken coffee table. With great effort, she brings herself to her feet, and walks the few steps to her bedroom. She plops down face first in the pillow, and quickly falls asleep.

Kara groans at the knocking on her door. Who? She looks over at her alarm clock. Ugh, it’s 8. I don’t have to be at work until 10. She rolls back over, and puts a pillow over her head. The knocking turns into banging. Why? She groans, and rolls out of bed.
She drags her feet as she goes to the door, not bothering to x-ray through it. She pulls open the door without bothering to smile. Alex is standing there with a box and tray of coffee on top. Alex looks down, and Kara follows her gaze. There’s a box on the ground. Alex looks up with a raised eyebrow. “You order something?”

“No.”

“It has your name on it.”

Kara groans.

“Kara, are you hungover?”

Kara turns around without saying anything, and walks back inside with the door open. Alex steps over the box, and sets the goods on the counter. “No, no, I’ll get it.”

Kara waves Alex’s comment off as she disappears into the bathroom.

Alex brings the box inside, and leans it against the kitchen island, and goes to stand outside of the bathroom door after closing the front door. She looks a little concerned, but there’s a happiness about her. “Kara, what’s going on?”

Kara mumbles through the door. “Coffee first.”

Alex walks out, and sees the half empty bottle of alien alcohol, two empty glasses, and broken coffee table. *What the actual fuck.* “Kara!”

Kara comes trudging out of the bathroom looking a little more put together. She picks up her glasses off the table, and walks straight to the coffee. She pulls hers out, and takes a long sip.

“Kara.” Alex’s voice is stern. Kara looks up at her. “What happened here?” Alex motions to the coffee table and everything on it.

Kara looks at the coffee table, eyebrows furrowed. “Um, Mon-El came over.”

“Kara, you didn’t.”

Kara tilts her head in confusion. Alex gives her a pointed look. Kara’s eyes go wide, and she starts walking around the counter to join her sister in the living room. “No, no, no, no, no.” *Gross.* “Nothing like that.” She puts emphasis on that, her free hand waving in front of her.

Alex lets out a deep breath. “Okay, good.” Alex walks over to the kitchen, and brings the box she brought and her coffee over to the couch. Kara sits down with her coffee. Alex sits, and drops the box on the coffee table, carefully avoiding broken spots. She opens it to reveal donuts.

Kara squeals. “Yes! Now I guess it’s okay you woke me up so early.” Kara reaches for a donut, and devours it. Alex grabs one, and eats at a more human pace.

“So you going to tell me why Mon-El was here?”

“He left.”

Alex sits bolt upright, and nearly spits out her coffee. “What do you mean ‘left’?”

“Well the short version is that he met some alien from Starhaven, and it turns out a fleet from Daxamite actually survived. She took him back with her.” Alex’s eyes are wide. “Oh yeah,” Kara
says around a mouthful of donut. “And he’s part of the royal family.”

Alex leans back against the couch, one hand coming up to rub her forehead. *Is it too early for a beer?*

“Anyways, he came over to celebrate I guess. He was going around saying ‘bye’ to everyone.” Kara shrugs, and takes another donut. “I get it. If I was told a whole bunch of my people survived shortly after landing here, I would have probably gone.” Kara shrugs again.

Alex nods slowly. “Coming as not only the last of your species, but a full grown adult must have been hard. You were a child.” Alex shrugs.

“I had a family to love me.”

Alex smiles at her. “So are you okay?”

Kara laughs a little. “Yeah, yeah, I’m fine. It was a little bit of a shock, but I think this is for the best. But hey, you obviously came here for a reason. You don’t look distraught. Is it safe to assume last night went well?” Alex graces her little sister with a full, heartwarming smile. Alex takes a deep, happy breath. Kara can only smile greatly at Alex. “That well?” Alex giggles.

“We’re together. We talked, and it felt great to just be honest.”

Kara reaches over to hug her. “I’m so unbelievably happy for you, Alex.”

Alex pulls back from the hug. “She -”

Alex is cut off by her phone ringing. She pulls out her phone, and beams at it.

“Maggie?”

Alex just smiles at Kara, while she answers. “Danvers.”

Kara watches several emotions run through Alex’s face. *Uh oh, that’s the ‘there’s trouble’ look.*

“We’ll be there soon.”

“We?”

“We.”

*Gonna be that kind of day, then. At least I won’t have to give Maggie the death glare.* “Okay.” Kara flashes off the couch in a breath, and comes back in her Supergirl suit. “Want a ride?” Supergirl smirks at Alex.

*Sure, what the hell?* “Let’s go, Supergirl.”
Interruptions

Chapter Summary

"I Need a Hero" storyline

Supergirl lands outside an abandoned warehouse with Alex in her arms, and lets her sister down instantly. They are a little way off from the NCPD on the scene. Alex walks past the squad car they are near, and stops next to Maggie, who looks at her with a smile. Like that arrival wasn’t obvious, Maggie thinks. Geesh, the only reason all of National City doesn’t know who she is has got to be because Kara Danvers isn’t exactly a face everyone sees. “Quite the entrance, Danvers.”

Alex gives her a bashful smile, before crossing her arms, and putting on a more serious expression. “What have we got?”

She’s hot when she goes all DEO on me. Maggie smiles briefly, before waving for Alex and Supergirl to follow her. “How’s it going, Super?” They start walking closer to the warehouse.

Supergirl smiles at Maggie, and follows after the two. She’s never been that friendly with me.

“NCPD was aware this place would be home to some stragglers on occasion. They were harmless really, so we let them be.”

“Um, stragglers?” Supergirl speaks up, as they get closer.

“Alien refugees. This would kind of end up as a way stop for those that just got here. Until they found something more permanent, you know?” Supergirl nods.

They get to the large opened doors. Maggie stops, and faces the two. She gives Supergirl a meaningful look of almost sympathy. She looks back at Alex. “They were raided last night.”

Supergirl takes a step forward, but Alex holds her arm in front of Supergirl to stop her. “What kind of raid?” Alex asks Maggie. Supergirl crosses her arms next to her sister.

Maggie’s eyes sneak to Supergirl again, before going back to Alex. She steps back from blocking the doorway, and ushers them inside. Maggie stares at Alex. Alex tilts her head, but steps in before Supergirl. Holy fucking shit. Alex stops a few steps inside, and her eyebrows go up. She hears Supergirl gasp beside her.

“What happened?” Supergirl sounds upset.

Maggie steps up beside them. “That’s what I’m hoping the DEO can find out.”

In the warehouse, there are boxes and various pieces of old furniture. At least 20 white sheets are over forms of different sizes around the warehouse. The occasional foot or hand is hanging out from under a sheet.

Oh Rao, Supergirl thinks as she walks over to a couch, where a small body can be seen under a sheet.
“Supergirl,” Alex calls before she can get to the couch. She doesn’t turn to look at the women behind her, but she stops and crosses her arms. “We should call in Hank.”

Supergirl turns back around, arms still crossed. “This was Cadmus.”

*I didn’t know she could look that mad,* Maggie thinks.

“We’ll figure this out. Lillian is locked up. It’s unlikely she would have been able to orchestrate this behind bars.” Alex takes a step toward her sister.

“In case you’re forgetting, and I’m sure you did because I know how you feel about her, but Lena’s brother managed to plan assassination attempts on her multiple times.” Supergirl puts her hands on her hips. Supergirl looks around with worry.

“Fine, but we need to call Hank in, and see what we can find.”

“Look, I have to go.” Supergirl’s eyes flick to Maggie. “Call me if you find anything.”

Alex nods. *No point in arguing.*

Supergirl flies off.

Maggie turns to look at Alex, eyebrows raised in question.

“Don’t ask.” Alex walks off, dialing Hank on the way.

Supergirl flies straight to LCorp, and hovers above Lena’s office window. *I just want to make sure she’s okay.* Supergirl x-rays into Lena’s office. *Well she doesn’t look like anything is wrong.*

Lena is sitting at her desk with her heels kicked off. Jess is standing across from her looking at the tablet in her hands. *Fuck, what did she just say?* Lena shakes her head. “What was that last one, Jess?”

“The transcript from the conference call yesterday was sent in, and is awaiting your approval.” Jess pauses a moment to make sure no more questions are coming. “You have a stockholders meeting at 3, but no others.” Jess scans over the tablet. “Ah, and I placed the order you requested for your lunch today. Would you like me to pick it up for you?”

“No need, Jess. I’ll be having lunch out of the office. You should too. Noon to 2 sound okay?”

Jess smiles at Lena. “Yes, Miss Luthor.”

Lena nods. “That’ll be all, Jess. Thank you.”

Supergirl’s eyes widen slightly. *Wait… Why is something about that seeming familiar.* She looks around. *Oh! We made lunch plans!*
She zooms over to CatCo, changing in an alley before riding up the elevator.

Kara pulls off her glasses, and rubs her eyes. She’s sitting at her desk with several Snapper-edited articles in front of her. *If I were human, I’d totally have a migraine, I’m sure.*

“Ever considered contacts?”

Kara jerks up to see Lena leaning against the doorway of her small office. She stares for a moment with wide eyes. Kara pushes her glasses back on her face, still looking at Lena. Lena raises an eyebrow elegantly. Kara jumps up, her chair rolling backwards. “Lena! Hi!” She walks around her desk to greet Lena. “I can’t tell you how happy I am to see you.”

Lena’s breath hitches, and she pushes off the doorway to return Kara’s hug with the arm that isn’t holding a large bag of food. “It’s great to see you too Kara.” She pulls back from the hug. “I was curious if you would have even made it into work after last night.” She takes the seat Kara directed her to in front of Kara’s desk.

*Ugh, I don’t even remember all of it after Mon-El left.* “Ha, yeah, I had a bit of a rough morning you could say.” Kara closes her office door.

“I brought potstickers.” Lena holds the bag up for Kara to look at.

Kara smiles brightly at Lena, while she takes the seat next to her. “You are my hero.”

Lena tries to speak calmly over her racing heart. “Anything for you.” She sets the bag on Kara’s desk, avoiding eye contact.

Kara looks down, fiddling with her glasses. “So I didn’t bother you too much last night, did I?”

“You could never be a bother, Kara.”

Kara chuckles almost breathlessly. Lena reaches into the bag, and pulls out a container to give to Kara. They begin eating in comfortable silence. After a few minutes of bites and stolen glances, Kara breaks the silence. “About last night... That was only like my second time doing that.” Kara picks at her food with her chopsticks. “So um, this is kind of embarrassing, but I don’t really remember much.” Kara begins rambling. “Okay, I guess random things are flashing in my mind. Like my coffee table. And you. And my sister.”

Lena’s breath catches when Kara says “and you.” Lena is looking at Kara, fork forgotten in her hands.

“Anyways. I only remembered you were coming for lunch when uh something made me think of it. I guess. I don’t really know what I told you or whatever when I called you, but -”

“You didn’t call me.” Lena’s voice is soft.

Kara’s head snaps up, and they end up looking straight into each other’s eyes. “I didn’t?” Kara almost squeaks.

Lena shakes her head slowly. “No, but you did send many adorable texts.” Kara’s eyes go wide. Lena laughs a little. “It’s okay. You didn’t reveal any deep, dark secrets.”

Kara lets out an awkward burst of laughter. *Wait, I wasn’t even thinking or worried about telling her*
about Supergirl. “Ha! Right!” She adjusts her glasses. “I’m far too boring to have any of those anyways.”

Lena raises an eyebrow, and leans close on the arm of her chair near Kara. She gives Kara a blaringly flirty smirk.

Kara’s breath catches, and her heart rate accelerates. Her eyes are fixated on Lena, and she’s frozen in place. Her mind is completely frazzled.

Lena begins leaning in closer - that smirk still out in full force.

What are you doing? Lena asks herself, still leaning closer. She stops less than a foot from Kara’s face. “Miss Danvers,” Lena licks her lips. “I find it hard to believe that,” She bites her lip as she looks briefly down to Kara’s lips. “Anything about you is boring.”

Kara’s mind is on overload. She takes a deep breath. She’s coming closer. Kara looks down at Lena’s lips. Wait, that’s me moving.

Lena and Kara are only a few inches apart.

A loud ringing from Kara’s desk causes both of them to jump back away from each other. She throws Lena an apologetic smile, and reaches for her phone. “Alex, what’s up?”

Lena goes back to eating, feeling like she’s in a daze. What just happened?

“What?” Lena hears Kara’s outburst, and snaps her head up to look at Kara, who is now standing. “No! I’m coming. Yes. Okay.” Kara hangs up. She looks over at Lena. “Lena, I’m so sorry, but -”

“It’s okay.” Lena gives her a tight smile. “I’m sure your sister needs you.” Go on, Supergirl.

Kara looks so relieved. “Are you sure? I feel so bad, and -”

“Kara.” Lena waits for Kara to look at her, and she stands up to stand in front of Kara. “Go to your sister. She wouldn’t call, if she didn’t need you.”

Kara gives her a relieved smile.

“Go on, I’ll clean up here, and put your lunch in your fridge for when you come back.”

“Thank you, Lena.” She squeezes Lena’s forearm, and then rushes out of the room at a human pace.

Be safe, my superhero.

Supergirl lands in the control center of the DEO. “Where is she?”

J’onn and Alex are standing in front of the monitors looking at surveillance of Livewire being taken out of prison, and Winn is typing on his computer. Alex and J’onn are the only ones brave enough to turn to face Supergirl, who is standing with her arms crossed and eyes locked on the screen.

“Agent Schott?” J’onn invites Winn to speak.

“Right,” Winn says, spinning around in his chair after pushing some buttons to bring new images on the screen. “I’ve been following some electrical abnormalities that have been popping up since the
“escape.” He pushes another button, and a map pops up. “Got her! Looks like she’s loitering around a parking garage on 5th.”

“She’s just hanging out there?” Supergirl uncrosses her arms, and puts them on her hips.

“For some reason, her output isn’t as strong as it usually is. Maybe she’s recharging?” Winn shrugs.

“I’m going in.” *She’s mine.*

“Supergirl,” Alex steps toward her. “We need a plan.”

“Alex, this is my nemesis we’re talking about. There could be people in there. There probably are. I’ll go in, and find out what’s going on. Catch up to me when you can.” Supergirl takes off before anyone can argue.

Supergirl gets to the parking garage in time to see Guardian hopping off of his motorcycle across the way. *Ugh, not you again.* “You need to get out of here. You have no idea how powerful Livewire is.” *Also, she’s my nemesis. So there’s that.*

A scream prevents either from speaking, and draws them running around a corner. Electric sparks flash dangerously above three people hiding behind a car. Supergirl pauses to look for an intelligent plan. Guardian doesn’t stop running, and goes straight to the people.

“Hey!” Supergirl shouts.

Just as he’s about to reach them, a loud burst of electricity spurts out from an overhead light, and a woman materializes before Guardian. He pulls up quickly before he can bulldoze over the white-haired woman, and immediately throws a punch. An inch from the woman’s stomach, electricity jumps out from her body, and he goes flying backwards.

Supergirl rolls her eyes. “Get down!” She shouts to the three people before letting out a blast of freeze breath. The woman goes flying against the far wall, and Supergirl doesn’t waste any time running to the people. She grabs the arm of the nearest person, and urges them to run toward the exit.

“Hurry, get out of here!”

The three people begin running to an exit door across the way. Supergirl puts her body between the woman that has started to gain her bearings and the escaping people. The sound of metal alerts her to Guardian standing up. He places himself between the escaping people and metahuman as well. *Who does he think he is!* The metahuman scowls at the two heroes. “Go cover them!” Both Supergirl and Guardian shout at each other. Supergirl rolls her eyes again, and rushes in to fight with the Livewire copy. Guardian shakes his head, and turns to run to the escaping people.

Just before the humans can reach the door, sparks fly in the doorways - bringing another metahuman with Livewire’s powers into their path. The three people stumble to a stop, and Guardian doesn’t hesitate to get in front of them. The electrically-charged man growls at Guardian. He raises his arms, shooting white bolts from both hands. Guardian holds up his shield in front of as much of his body as he can. He shouts over his shoulder to the people behind him, “Over there!” He motions with his free hand. “Hurry, get out!” With wide eyes, they run to another exit.

The blasts stop coming from the man across from Guardian, and the hero takes that as his chance to step forward. He backhands him with his shield. The Livewire duplicate falters backwards, hand reaching for his head. He looks at Guardian with a sneer, and moves to run after the escaping people.
Guardian cuts him off, and engages him.

Supergirl ducks another bolt of electricity, and shoots heat vision toward the woman’s feet, causing her to jump back. Supergirl looks over her shoulder to see the three people disappearing through an exit. She turns back to the woman in front of her, but is hit by a bolt of electricity from behind. She is slammed into a nearby pillar, and slides down to land on her front. She pushes herself up in time to see the woman vanish in a flash of white through a broken light. With her teeth clenched, she lets out a little growl as she stands up, looking for the other Livewire duplicate. She sees Guardian go flying backwards before the electric man also vanishes. She huffs, and raises a fist to her mouth in frustration. When Guardian doesn’t move, she rushes to his side.

She stops kneeling down next to him, eyes and mouth wide open. Guardian’s helmet broke, and an unconscious James’ face is in full view. Are you freaking kidding me? She stands up, with a palm pressed to her forehead. I’m going to kill him. Yup. That’ll be a headline. Supergirl presses her hand to her ear before speaking. “Winn, they got away.” She looks down. “And guess who’s here.” She adds through clenched teeth.

She hears Winn squeak. “What? Who?”

Alex comes in, leading other agents. “Supergirl, any way of knowing where they went?” She looks down at Guardian, and lets out a sigh. “He okay?” Fuck.

“Did you know about this?” Supergirl’s voice is absolutely serious.

Alex takes a step closer. “Supergirl -”

Supergirl holds up a hand to stop her sister. Alex shuts her mouth with an audible click. “There were two of them. New ones. Disappeared through the lights just like her. I don’t know where they went. Call me if you find out anything.” She flies off in a flash of blue and red.

Alex groans, and looks down at Guardian. “Told you this was a bad idea.” She leans down, and checks him over quickly. She looks at the other agents. “Okay, let’s get this place cleaned up, and get him to the DEO.”

Supergirl is speeding over National City. Who else knew? Does he work for the DEO now? Supergirl takes a steep plunge. No, I’m not that oblivious. Ugh, how could he be so stupid! Just going out on his own as a human, and taking on aliens and metas. She closes her eyes tight. Everyone is off doing their own thing, and not even bothering to try and see me. Supergirl pulls to a stop, and hovers over the city. She spins slowly, looking out over the city she vowed to protect. Everything is changing in my life again. Supergirl closes her eyes, and takes deep breaths. A heartbeat sounds in her ears. She opens her eyes, and tilts her head in some confusion. She looks around again, and then down. LCorp? I flew all the way to LCorp? She looks out at the horizon. Whose heartbeat is that? She begins to slowly descend, following the direction of the powerful rhythm.

Several moments later, Supergirl lands slowly on Lena’s balcony with her back to the city. It’s Lena’s? She tilts her head again, looking at Lena sitting at her desk with her back to Supergirl. She looks busy. I should go. Supergirl begins taking slow, controlled steps. Why am I still listening to her heart. Cut that out. She shakes her head, and the heartbeat fades out, while she continues to walk. Okay, now I should go. Wait, what am I doing? She looks at her hand holding the handle of the door. She’s busy. She opens the door, and takes the two steps into Lena’s office. Uh oh.
Lena turns quickly to look at Supergirl, who freezes when their eyes meet. Lena chuckles, “Should I add your logo on that door to mark it as your entrance?” Lena smirks at Supergirl.

Supergirl looks away, back out the windows. *Why am I here?*

Lena’s brow furrows with concern, and she slowly stands. *I thought she knew I was joking about that.* “Hey, it’s okay. I get why you would want the direct access to a Luthor to keep an eye out.”

Supergirl’s eyes shoot to Lena’s. “No!” She almost shouts, before continuing at a more acceptable volume. “Lena,” Her eyes soften just at the name. “I will tell you every day how good you are if that’s what it takes to get you to believe me.”

“Thank you, Supergirl.” Lena leans back against her desk, putting her hands on the edge on either side of her. Supergirl looks down at her feet with a deep sigh. Lena tilts her head, concerned expression taking over her face. “Supergirl?” She pushes off the desk when Supergirl continues to look at her foot. “Hey,” She steps closer, and reaches out to touch Supergirl’s arm, but pauses. Her arm hovers only a few inches from Supergirl’s arm. “What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” Supergirl remains frozen, eyes glued to her feet. Lena takes a step closer, and sets her hand on Supergirl’s arm.

Supergirl’s breath catches. Supergirl takes a deep breath, and looks up at Lena. Their eyes instantly meet.

Lena draws confidence from the pull she is feeling in Supergirl’s eyes, and steps a little closer, as she brings her hand down to hold Supergirl’s. Lena hears Supergirl’s breath catch, and squeezes her hand.

She looks at their joined hands. With a deep breath, she looks up at Lena’s face. Supergirl stares straight in Lena’s eyes, and her mind goes blank.

Lena squeezes Supergirl’s hand again. “Do you want to talk about it?” She hears Supergirl let out a deep breath before nodding. Lena pulls her across the office to the couch. They sit next to each other, hands still clasped between them on the cushions. Neither of them seem to want to break the silence. Lena looks down at their hands.

Supergirl slides a little closer, and pulls their hands into her lap without realizing.

Supergirl is too lost in her emotions about the events of the day to notice Lena’s increased heart rate. Lena looks up, and finds herself looking into baby blues.

Supergirl lets out a soft sigh. “My nemesis.”

“Pardon?”

Supergirl shifts, and takes a deep breath. *Oh no, I feel rambling coming on.* “She...I have this nemesis, okay? Like a real hero/villain dynamic. I got her locked up a while back. She’s a metahuman. Livewire. Maybe you’ve heard of her. You probably have. You know everything. Anyways, she got out of prison today. That’s why…” Supergirl shakes her head. *Oops, can’t talk about running out from lunch.* “That’s how I ended up in this parking garage trying to fight who I thought was Livewire. Somehow Guardian ended up there. Then another Livewire copy showed up. They both ended up getting away. And I don’t even know where actual Livewire is. Then I found out about someone, a friend, having gone and done something just so stupid and full of so many lies. And it’s just really been a rough day.” Supergirl takes a deep breath after rushing through all of that. She looks down. She quickly lets go of Lena’s hand. “Sorry. I...uh...sorry.” She begins fiddling with her hands. “I must be really bothering you. Oh my, I’m really sorry, Lena.”
Supergirl makes a move to stand up, but Lena puts a hand on her knee to stop her. “There really is no need to apologize, Supergirl.”

Supergirl settles back on the couch. “I...Thank you, Lena.” She nervously plays with her fingers.

Lena reaches out, and puts her hand over Supergirl’s to still them. She waits for Supergirl to look up before speaking. “You’re welcome, Supergirl. Let me help you.”

“What?” Supergirl’s eyes go a little wide.

“Livewire. Let me help you find her.”

Supergirl tilts her head in question.

“Well, we have shown how great a pair a Super and a Luthor can be.”

Supergirl’s breath catches, and she flushes a little.

“We work well together, don’t you think?”

“You don’t have to do that, Lena. You must be so busy.”

Lena squeezes Supergirl’s hands still under hers. “I want to. Besides, I can’t possibly believe anyone else could get the science side of the job done better, Supergirl.” She gives Supergirl a flirty smile.

Supergirl’s face slowly breaks out into a radiant smile. “I can’t argue with that, Miss Luthor.”

Lena squeezes her hand one more time - the two women smiling at each other. “Let’s show the world what we can do.”

––––––––

Lena sat down on her couch in her office, looking at the CatCo magazine on the table in front of her. I don’t get her, Lena thought. She was absolutely against the alien detection device. Thought that meant she would be against me too. Lena slowly reached for the magazine, and pulled it back, as she sat against the back of the couch. With a deep breath, she opened the magazine to Kara’s article that she was already starting to have memorized. I just don’t understand. She’s so... The opening of her office door and sound of voices dragged Lena from her thoughts.

“Thank you,” Kara’s voice sounded. Jess held the door open for the reporter. “Hi,” She smiled at Lena. “I’m sorry to drop in unannounced. I just got the message you wanted to see me. Those flowers are beautiful.”

“They’re called plumerias. They’re pretty rare.”

“They remind me of my mother.”

“Was your mother a writer too?”

“No, she was um, I guess s-sort of a lawyer.”

“Well,” Lena looked Kara up and down. “You have a natural gift with words. Your article’s amazing.” Lena reached forward to set the magazine on the table.

Wow, Kara smiled radianty. Kara looked down, still smiling widely.
You know, I knew you’d make a great reporter, but after I heard your bleeding heart pro-alien views, I was afraid you’d do a hatchet job on me.”

Kara set her bag on the floor as she sat opposite Lena. “Oh, I tried.” I can’t bring myself to lie to her. “I tried. I wrote a scathing article about your device”

“And?”

“And my boss tossed it. He made me redo it.”

“Oh, well that explains it.” Lena nervously picked at her fingers. She kept her eyes on her hands, unable to look up at Kara.

“The funny thing is I’m glad he did. I mean not at first, but some things happened that made me rethink my position.”

Lena looked up at Kara, suddenly back in flirty mode. Is that so, Supergirl? She put her elbow on the back of the couch, and rested her head against her hand. “Do tell.” She offered up a flirty smile.

Kara found herself looking right at Lena’s eyes, and suddenly couldn’t handle it. She looked away with a little chuckle, and a slightly nervous smile on her face. What is up with me not being able to talk normal? Kara’s mouth moved a little, shaking her head while trying to figure out what to say. She raised her hands in emphasis of surrender, and looked back toward Lena. “I still think alien amnesty is a good thing.” Cause I am one. “But,” Kara reached up to adjust her glasses. “There are bad aliens out there.”

Lena couldn’t help but smile at Kara. She chuckled a little. “Well I’m glad you can see from my point of view.” Kara looked away with a small smile. “You know, when I was - when I was adopted by the Luthors, I adored Lex.” How long has it been since I’ve said his name? “When he showed his true colors, I was crushed. I tried everything to reach him to bring him back to the side of good, but it was no use. I’d lost him. Finally, I realized that some people are just bad. There’s nothing you can do to change that,” Only prologue it maybe. “But you can learn to protect yourself.” She looked right at Kara.

Kara looked back at Lena - maybe a tad too quickly. Their eyes met.

“Yeah,” She finally gave Lena a smile.

Lena smiled back a little too. When Kara looked away, she nodded to herself slightly. She looked briefly away from Kara, before pushing her eyes back to the profile of the woman before her. I hope I don’t come to regret this. She took a deep breath, and Kara looked back at her after hearing Lena’s heart rate pick up. “You know, Miss Danvers,” She leaned closer to Kara, and stretched her arm out at the last moment to pick up her phone off of the coffee table. She leaned back against the couch - closer to Kara this time. “It would be more efficient,” She opened up the contact list on her phone. “If I had your number.” She held her phone out to Kara with a little flourish and a smirk.

Kara’s face shot back to Lena with a hesitantly growing smile. Kara looked down at Lena’s phone, and back up to Lena’s face.

Lena smirked at Kara with a raised eyebrow. Kara reached out, and pulled the phone toward her. Lena let her arm fall from where she held the phone, and her fingertipsghosted down Kara’s arm. She watched Kara’s chest rise and fall a little faster, while she inputted her contact information. Interesting. She inched closer when Kara held her phone back out with a smile. Lena let her fingers touch Kara’s when she retrieved her phone.
Kara’s breath hitched, and she pulled her hand back, and gave Lena a smile. “There you go.”

Lena pulled her phone into her lap. “There we go. Thank you again, Kara.” She smiled. “I can’t wait to see you taking on stories to rival Lois Lane.”

Kara beamed at Lena. Her heart did something weird. Kara tilted her head a little. “There’s no need to thank me, Lena. I believe you’re going to do good things. So many good things.” Her heart did the thing again. Kara stood up, still smiling at Lena.

Lena smiled up at her, and sat up on the couch. Great, a Super just made a Luthor speechless.

“If the great Lena Luthor indulges in texting, I’d be happy to respond.” Kara smiled over her shoulder at Lena.

“I can’t turn down an offer like that from the sweet Kara Danvers.”

Kara looked away with a little smile, before looking back at Lena. “Have a good day, Lena.”

“You too, Kara.” Lena watched Kara leave her office.

Next to Lena’s office, she has a lab she likes to tinker in between meetings. It’s simple, for Lena of course, and lacks the secrets of her private lab on the R&D main level. There are several tables loaded with equipment. Shelves line the walls with tools and bottles. One wall holds several monitors. Lena is typing on a computer at the table closest to the monitors. Supergirl is pacing around the lab.

Lena shakes her head a little, and leans closer to the screen in front of her.

Supergirl shakes her head. She pauses in her pacing when something moving catches her attention. She walks over to a shelf in the walls. Is that real?? She stops in front of the shelf, and reaches her hand up to touch the glass. Why would Lena have this?

Lena pauses in her typing when she sound of footsteps stop. She looks up, worried Supergirl may have left. She tilts her head in wonder at the sight before her. She watches Supergirl move her finger around the glass, her eyes full of awe, confusion, and something else.

“Careful, she bites.” Lena’s voice in the silent room causes Supergirl to jump slightly, her hand pulled back. She looks at Lena with wide eyes.

“Wh-what?” She stammers.

Lena giggles. “I’m only joking.”

“Oh.” Supergirl turns back to the glass, a small smile playing at her lips. My stomach is doing that weird warm thing again. She lifts a finger back up to lightly touch the glass. “I guess I’m surprised you would have a secret pet.”

Lena laughs again, and stands up to join Supergirl. “I don’t know if I’d call her that.” She stops beside Supergirl, and brings a finger up to touch the glass as well. “She’s more like an idea for an experiment from when I was a child.”

Supergirl looks at Lena with a questioning expression, encouraging her to go on.
Lena laughs in memory of her younger self. “I will deny this if you ever tell anyone,” She turns to look at Supergirl with a smirk and a raised eyebrow.

Supergirl cocks her head with a furrowed brow.

*Am I really about to tell her this?* She chuckles again, and looks back at the glass. “When I was adopted by the Luthors, I suddenly found myself in a large room all alone in this extravagant house.” She looks down a moment to collect her thoughts. When she starts speaking again, she looks up at the glass. “I thought of this crazy idea that would fix the darkness and loneliness.”

“What do you mean?”

Lena looks back at Supergirl - expression touched with wistfulness and mischief. She turns her body to Supergirl. After a moment of silence, she takes a step straight toward the hero, and swerves around her at the last moment. Supergirl turns to watch her walk right up to the control panel on the wall. The lights go out with one tap. With her enhanced vision, she can make out Lena smirking at her with an expectant look to her face.

*Wait, what’s that?* Supergirl notices a strange glowing aiding her vision. She turns around to the wall beside her, and her eyes go round. “Rao… Lena is that… Is that fish glowing?” She turns to see Lena walking up to stand beside her again, her face faintly lit by the fish swimming with a yellow glow. Supergirl’s eyes are wide with awe.

Lena’s breath catches in her throat when her eyes meet Supergirl’s. “After years of trial and error, yes.” *Just when I thought I couldn’t find her any more beautiful.* “For those children who could use a friend for the dark times.”

Supergirl’s smile widens, and she lets out a breath that sounded dangerously like a sigh. “You’re amazing.”

Lena’s heart picks up pace - neither able to break the eye contact. *Is she coming closer?*

*I think she’s coming closer.* Kara’s heart rate increases.

A beeping from Lena’s computer sounds loudly in the dark room. *Ugh, really? Again?* Lena thinks, as they both look over at Lena’s computer.

Supergirl speeds over, and turns on the light. *What was that? That keeps happening. Whatever it is.*

Lena walks over to her computer. She sits at the computer. Supergirl watches her from the control panel. “We’ve got her.” Supergirl speeds over to stand behind her, looking over her shoulder at the computer. *Well that was kinda hot.*

“Livewire?” *Wait, it could be one of the other two like Winn found.*

“Yes.” She pulls a map onto one of the monitors on the wall. “It’s her, not one of the copies.”

*How did she know that’s what I was thinking? Wait, how does she know that’s Livewire?*

“I went back to search data on her electric fields during your last run-in with her. While they all put out a similar signal, hers is distinct.”

*Then where are the other two?* Supergirl looks at the map.

“The other two are across town. Looks like they’ve gotten a little stronger since you last saw them.”
Supergirl’s eyes widen a little as she looks at Lena, who is still typing on this computer. *If she can read my mind… Uh oh… Maybe I should test it. My favorite ice cream is chocolate chip cookie dough.*

“There.” Lena hits one more button, and looks up at Supergirl. “What’s wrong?”

Supergirl shakes her head, and puts on a more Supergirl expression. “Nothing, just thinking.” She nods at the monitor. “What were you saying?” *Okay, she can’t read minds.*

“I’ve got a tracker on their current now. All three of them. Livewire seems to be staying in that one spot, but the other two are on the move.”

“Looks like they’re heading to wherever she is.”

“Do you think she’s building up a little Livewire team?”

Supergirl shakes her head. “Doesn’t seem like something she would do.” *Guess I’ll find out.* “I need to go.”

Supergirl turns to leave, but Lena reaches out. “Wait. Which one are you going after?”

Um… Supergirl looks a little sheepishly at the map. *Didn’t think of that.*

“Since the copies seem to be headed to Livewire-”

“I should head them off there.”

Lena smirks.

“Okay, that’s where I’m going. Thanks for your help, Lena. You really are amazing.” Without thinking about it, she puts a hand on Lena’s arm, and leans in to kiss her on the cheek. Her eyes go wide, and she super speeds out of the room and building faster than the human eye can see.

When her hair settles down from the breeze left behind by the hero, Lena reaches her hand up to touch her now blushing cheek.

Supergirl flies over the city toward Livewire. *Since when do I go around kissing friends on the cheek like that? And why did it make me feel so…so…so?* She almost flies into a building, and veers around it quickly. *Focus on the problem at hand.*

“Supergirl, come in, Supergirl.” Alex’s voice sounds in her earpiece.

*Oh yeah, and then there’s that problem.* “I’m here.”

“We’ve got eyes on the Livewire copies.”

“I know where Livewire is, and I’m heading there now.”

“Okay, we’ll follow you there.”

*Lovely.*

“Supergirl.”
Oh no, not her bad news tone of voice.

“Guardian is headed after the copies.”

Of course he is. “That’s a terrible idea, and you know it.” Another warehouse. Supergirl stops just outside where Livewire is hiding. “I’m going in, Alex.” She hears a sigh before busting through a broken window.

She floats inside of the warehouse to see Livewire on a chair with wires attaching her to different machines. She’s tied up, and looks weaker than usual. “Livewire!” She shouts, as she walks closer.

Livewire looks up with her with the smirk Supergirl swears is just for her. “Well look who decided to show up.”

Supergirl holds back an eye roll, and opens her mouth to speak but is interrupted by a man’s voice.

“My, my, isn’t this a surprise?”

Supergirl spins to see a man in a lab coat. Really? Why is it always an evil scientist? Why can’t it be some repressed librarian? “Who are you?” Supergirl turns, and strikes her best hands on the hips hero pose.

“Dr. Hernandez. But I think you’ll be more interested in who my friends are.”

He steps to the side, and the two Livewire copies appear in a flash of light. Behind them, she sees Guardian tied to a column. She glares back at the scientist.

“I think he’ll make a great addition to my little puppets, don’t you?

“Not happening!” She flies directly for the scientist, but is blown off course and into a wall by electricity shooting from both of the minions. She jumps up from the ground without hesitation, and blows a blast of freeze breath at one of the copies. He goes flying back into another wall.

“Hey Blondie!”

Supergirl looks over at Livewire. Really?

“Let me outta here!”

Before Supergirl can give her any kind of response, the woman copy aims a bolt of electricity at her. She flies out of the way, and blasts heat vision at the woman’s feet. The woman jumps back with a scream, and falls over backwards. Supergirl turns to see the scientist at Livewire’s side doing something with the controls. “Get away from her!” Supergirl heat visions the controls, and sparks fly out. The scientist goes flying backwards having been electrocuted himself. He falls on the ground.

“Supergirl, we’re a minute out!” Alex’s voice comes through her earpiece.

“Thanks Superblonde.” Livewire announces as she pulls at the wires that were holding her down. She stands up with a fierce expression.

That’s a new one. A sound distracts them. The woman Livewire copy is getting up. Livewire shoots a white flash at the woman before Supergirl can do anything, and the woman falls down unconscious. Her hair slowly loses its white color. Supergirl rushes to the male Livewire, who was starting to get up, and freezes his feet to the ground. She turns at the sound of the scientist screaming.

“Livewire! Don’t!”
Livewire is standing in front of the cornered man with sparks flying over her hands. “What’s the matter, Doc? Don’t you wanna see what real Livewire power looks like?” She throws a bolt that barely misses his head. She laughs at his fearful expression.

“Hey, you’re free now. You don’t have to do this. He’ll be taken in.”

Livewire laughs at Supergirl. “This is revenge, goodie two boots. I wouldn’t expect you to know anything about that.” Livewire grabs the man by the scruff, and stands behind him to face the hero.

“You’re wrong.”

Livewire’s eyes narrow.

“I do know what it’s like. I know what it’s like to be angry at having something taken away from you. I know what it’s like to think maybe, just maybe giving into that anger will help you feel better. But, I assure you, it doesn’t.”

“Yeah, yeah, everyone knows about your little drugged up moment.”

*Ouch.* “That’s not what I mean, Leslie.”

“My name is Livewire!” Sparks fly from Livewire’s hair.

“Okay, you’re right. I respect that. But do you really want to add killing this man to your crimes? You’re better than this. I know it.”

“What do you want?”

“Let him go. Let the police take him, and let him have to live with what he did.”

Livewire looks at Supergirl with an unreadable expression. “Fine.” She stands up straighter. “Do I get a headstart?”

Supergirl can’t repress the laugh that bubbles out in reaction. “Sure, but my people are about to bust in here.”

Livewire pushes the man on the ground toward Supergirl’s feet. She gives the hero a smirk full of mischief. “It always was more fun to play with you anyways. After all, the boys really can’t get anything one.” She winks at Supergirl, before disappearing in a white flash just as the DEO agents burst through the doors.

“Supergirl!” Alex runs up to her little sister. “Did you just let her go?”

Supergirl looks at the spot where Livewire disappeared from. “We came to an understanding.” *I think they can handle clean up on this one.* “That’s the guy that kidnapped her, and tried to copy her powers. The goons are back there.” She points with a thumb over her shoulder. “And Guardian is tied up over there. Probably needs medical attention.” Supergirl turns to walk away.

“Hey! Where are you going?”

“I think you all don’t need me to take care of this.”

“Did you get hurt? Maybe you should go lay in -”

“I’m fine, Alex. But I do have another job to get to.”
Supergirl flies out before her sister can argue.

With a sigh, Alex walks over to Guardian, who is starting to stand up. The other agents have all apprehended the day’s bad guys, and are rounding them up to take away. A few more agents are at the machine Livewire was tied to.

“You okay?” She looks James over, as she stands up.

“Fine,” He responds with his helmet still on.

_That’s a stupid voice changer. It takes him twice as long to speak._ “Come back to the DEO. Those kind of burns will be hard to explain at a hospital.” She points to several blackened parts of his suit.

Guardian nods, and follows her out. “She say anything about me?”

“What do you think?”

“She’ll come around.”

“I can’t say I don’t agree with her. This is still such a dumb idea.” She gestures to the suit. With a shake of her head, she motions Guardian into a van. “You can fill us in on what happened while we fix you up.”

Lena looks at her clock in her office, as she walks back in from a boring meeting. 5 already, and still so much to do. She pours herself a glass of water, and goes to sit at her desk. _Looks like another late night._ When she gets to her desk, she notices a folded red card that was not there before. She slowly sets the glass down before picking up the card. _If this is another threat already…_ She opens the card, and immediately recognizes the handwriting. A smile grows with every word she reads.

_You helped save the day again, Lena. Maybe I should put you on the hero’s payroll._

_Thanks. SG._

Lena’s fingers brush over the words. _What did I do to deserve you?_ She sits down at her desk chair, still looking at the card. She chuckles. _Does she even have a hero’s payroll?_ Lena closes the card, and turns to look out of the window. _You know what…_ She spins back around, and picks up her phone. _I can finish the rest of this later._

Kara walks into her office with an article in one hand. She rounds her desk, and drops the paper onto her desk. _Whoever said guys can’t be divas have not met Snapper Carr._ She plops down onto her chair, and winces at the creak it makes. _Careful Danvers, don’t break another one._

She leans forward, and puts her elbows on the desk. _He could have told me he scrapped this article before I finished writing it._ Kara groans, putting her head down on the desk. Her phone startles her when it goes off with a text. _What now?_ She turns her head, so her cheek is pressed to the desk. She slowly reaches out to pull her phone toward her. With a push of a button, her screen turns on making
her eyes widen at the name on the screen. *Lena Beana?* How...when...did I... *Oh Rao. Drunk me has a weird sense of humor.* She sits up, and opens the message.

**Lena Beana:** Would you consider a Thursday night to be ideal for pizza and a movie? I’m asking for a friend.

*Is this her way of asking my to hang out? She’s so cute. One day, I’ll get her to just ask me. Better yet, maybe we’ll get to the point where she just shows up my apartment with wine.*

**Kara:** Well I think it depends on if your friend wants company or not.

Kara smiles, and puts a finger between her teeth. *I don’t know what game we’re playing, but it’s fun.*

**Lena Beana:** One reporter does come to mind.

Kara almost drops her phone when she reads the message. *There’s that feeling in my stomach again. Maybe I’m hungry. Pizza would probably be a good idea.*

**Kara:** If a certain green-eyed CEO is doing the asking, I don’t think any reporter would say no.

---

Lena’s breath catches. *That keeps happening.* She smiles adoringly at her phone. *I need a picture for her contact information. She’s going to make me do the asking. Damn that smile.* Lena looks up with a tilt of her head. *Oh, you’ve got it bad if you can’t even deny that smile without it having to be in person.*

**Lena Beana:** Miss Danvers, would you like to join me for pizza and a movie?

**Kara:** Why, Miss Luthor, I thought you would never ask.

*She’s going to be the death of me, I swear. Seriously. How is she this adorable?*

**Lena Beana:** You’re something else, Kara.

**Lena Beana:** How does my place at 6:30 sound?

**Kara:** Are you actually leaving work before the sun goes down?? 😳

**Lena Beana:** I thought it would give me more time to spend with my favorite reporter.

Lena takes a deep breath, and holds it. *Okay, so I said that. That happened. Oh no, now she’s not answering. How long has it been? Okay, it’s only been a minute.* Her phone shines with a new message.

**Kara:** I’m always up for more time with my favorite CEO.

*I am Lena fucking Luthor. I will not melt into a pile of goo at some words from some cute blonde. A very sweet, caring, attractive blonde. Damn if all Luthors don’t fall at the likes of a Super.* Lena stares at her screen with a goofy grin until it goes black.

**Kara:** What should I bring?

**Lena Beana:** Your sunny self.
**Kara:** :D I can’t wait!!!

Lena can’t help but chuckle.

**Lena Beana:** I’ll see you soon. Here, I’ll attach my address.

**Kara:** Yay!!!

Lena sighs heavily. *I’m in trouble.*

Kara closes her front door behind her, and sets her purse on the kitchen island. She suddenly stops walking. Her eyes go wide with worry. “What am I going to wear?” She hurries to her clothing rack, and stares for a moment. “Wait, why am I worried about what to wear? I see Lena all of the time.” She sits on her bed, still looking at her clothes. She worries at her fingernails with her teeth. *What’s going on with me? I’m probably just hungry.* She pops up onto her feet. “Yup, I’m just hungry.” She pulls a pair of jeans and t-shirt from her clothes. With a quick spin, she’s changed into the clothes. She looks at her phone. *I have 30 minutes. What if I make a quick trip to get some wine?* Kara flashes out of the window.

Lena smiles nervously when she hears the buzzing of her elevator. With a quick passcode input on her phone, she knows Kara will be there in moments.

She had been pacing around her living room fussing with furniture, pizza boxes, and anything else around the room. Her living room is the first room in her top floor apartment. Her apartment takes up the entire top floor of a mixed use building. Lena always thought it safer to live where there would be less residents. For added safety, two separate elevators are required to reach her apartment. It’s not ideal or time efficient, but Lena has had enough near death experiences to know better. After passing security on the ground floor, Lena has to go into the large elevator on the far right, and take it to the 7th floor with a specific code that will open the back, almost hidden door of the elevator. Those doors open into a small, white room with another large elevator. She had a hand in the design of this building, and made sure furniture could be easily moved into the apartment. The second elevator works on a biometric scanner unless Lena buzzes it up from the apartment. The elevator goes straight to the 30th floor, and opens into Lena’s foyer. The foyer leads to a short hallway before spreading out into her living room, the center of the apartment. She managed to find furniture that suits her modern tastes, while also being comfortable. Across from the hallway, the entire wall is made up of bulletproof floor to ceiling windows that can be tinted or blacked out at the push of a button. Against the right wall is a large television with a short and wide fireplace. That is the only wall that isn’t white, but is a sleek black instead. A long, secretly plush couch is across from the black wall. Two smaller couches are perpendicular to it, creating a square around the white marble coffee table. Just like her office, her furniture is mostly white. Around the right corner of the hallway, is a large kitchen worthy of the world’s finest style magazines. White marble and stainless steel adorn her kitchen, along with every appliance one could possibly need. Lena’s master suite makes up the entire left side of the apartment behind the black wall of the living room. Her suite includes a large bedroom with windows taking up two of the walls, a walk in closet with several arm chairs, and a bathroom that would put most spas to shame. Her bedroom has a private balcony apart from the balcony that wraps around two of the four sides of her apartment.

This is the first time Lena is having anyone come over. Lena takes a deep breath, and consciously
walks at a normal pace through the foyer. She stops at the closed doors of the elevator shaft, and hears the elevator coming to a stop. The elevator doors slide smoothly open to reveal a beaming Kara.

“Lena!”

Kara hurries the two steps to Lena, and wraps the CEO in her arms. Lena returns the hug eagerly, and closes her eyes in content. Right. She barely holds in a sigh.

Kara loosens her grip, and pulls back slowly. “Hi Lena.” She says with an easy smile.

“Hi Kara.” Lena just as easily returns the smile. “What’s that?” She looks down at the bag in Kara’s hand that has a subtle glass clinking sound to it.

“Oh,” Kara looks down with a shy smile. She brings her free hand up to adjust her glasses. “I know you said I didn’t have to bring anything, but, um,” She holds up the bag. “I brought your favorite wine.”

_How does she know what my - “You remember that?” She asks with a smile full of wonder. I’m pretty sure I said that offhandedly once, and I didn’t even think she heard._

“Of course!” Kara beams. “Why wouldn’t I?”

“You are just full of surprises, aren’t you?” _Does she even realize that can only be bought in France?_

Kara adjusts her glasses again. “Oh, I don’t know about that.”

“Hmm, I don’t mind waiting to find out.”

“Wow!”

“What?”

“Um, you’re wearing jeans.” Kara waves somewhat vaguely at Lena. “And a t-shirt. An MIT shirt at that.”

“Were you expecting me to stay in my CEO look?” Lena gives her a flirty smirk.

Kara is shaking her head as Lena speaks. “No, no. It’s not that. It’s just...I like this comfy side of you. It’s a good look.” Kara looks down nervously.

Lena’s heart rate picks up.

“You’re place is amazing.”

She gestures for Kara to follow her, as she turns to go inside the apartment. “Let me give you the tour.”

“Lena, this place is amazing.” Kara says, pausing just inside of the living room. “That view is like flying over National City.”

“Flying, huh?”

Kara shrugs, and adjusts her glasses. “I mean... Look at it. It’s beautiful with the sun just setting.”
Lena is looking at Kara with a small smile. Kara’s eyes are bright, and her smile is so free. “The kitchen is this way.” She touches Kara’s wrist with her fingertips briefly, walking in front of Kara toward the kitchen.

Kara shakes her head, and follows after Lena. “Oh shit.” Kara claps her free hand over her mouth, eyes going comically wide.

Lena swings around to look at Kara, jaw dropped and eyes wide. After a few seconds of looking at Kara, her face breaks in a smile as she laughs lightly. “My, my, Kara. I didn’t know you knew how to say such words.”

Kara slowly lowers her hand. “Sorry, it’s just… your kitchen is like something off of HGTV. If I had a kitchen like this, I would probably eat less takeout.” Kara walks around the large kitchen island, looking around in wonder.

Lena steps up to the opposite side of the island, and leans her elbows on it. She leans forward, smiling at Kara, who pulls the two wine bottles from the bag, and sets them on the island. “Mmm, next time we’ll have to cook then.” She smirks. “Together.”

Kara’s breath catches. “Wow! That would be amazing!”

Lena gives her a bright smile. “Tell you what. Let’s go take that lovely wine, and go eat on the couch. We can finish the tour later.”

Kara can only smile and nod in response.

Lena walks to a cabinet, and grabs two wine glasses and a fancy corkscrew. “Shall we?” She stops beside Kara.

“Lead the way.”

They walk out to the living room, and Lena leads them to the couch directly across the television.

“Oh R-wow!” Kara freezes beside the couch, staring at the coffee table. “How did I not notice this earlier?”

Lena follows her gaze, and smiles back at Kara with an amused expression. “I believe you were a little distracted by the view.”

Kara looks back up at Lena with a huge smile. “Just when I thought the night couldn’t get better. Why so many pizzas for just us? Wait… is someone else coming? Oh, I guess I shouldn’t have assumed it would be just us. I mean, you’re you, you probably have a line-”

“Kara, I know how much you love pizza, and how you seem to be able to make calories disappear. It’s just the two of us.” She is still smiling at Kara.

Kara’s smile turns bashful. “Good, I’m glad. I like having you all to myself.” Kara sits on the sofa, and sets the wine on the coffee table, unaware of a frozen Lena standing beside her.

Lena shakes her head, and sits down. She sets the wine glass on the table, but Kara takes the corkscrew from her hand before she can do anything. Her fingers burn where Kara barely touched them. Lena’s eyes are glued to Kara’s hands effortlessly opening the wine bottle.

“Lena?”
That didn’t sound like the first time she called me. Crap. Lena snaps her eyes up to Kara’s face, seeing worry there. “Sorry, did you say something?”

“I was asking what you had in mind to watch.”

“Oh!” She picks up her remote. “I have Netflix, Hulu, Amazon Prime, and Vudu.” Not going to let her see my nerdy DVD collection. Nope. “Thought we could maybe find something neither of us has seen?”

“Sounds perfect.” Kara pours each of them some wine. “What kind of movie are you in the mood for?” She scoots closer to Lena, so only a foot is between their thighs.

She reaches for the glass Kara set in front of her, and takes what could only be classified as a gulp of the deep red liquid. When the liquid touches her taste buds, she involuntarily lets out a slight moan of appreciation.

Kara’s eyes go wide at the sound, and she swallows at a suddenly dry mouth. Guess I’m thirsty too. She takes a sip from her glass. “Wow,” She clears her throat at the slight raspiness. “I can see why you like that. It’s sweet.”

Kara’s reaction to Lena’s moan did not go completely unnoticed by Lena. “I enjoy the taste of,” She looks Kara up and down. “Sweet things.” She smirks into her glass at the hitch in Kara’s breathing. “Disney?”

“What?” Kara sounds more than a little confused.

“Do you like Disney movies? Something lighthearted for a hectic week?”

“I love Disney!” Kara gives Lena that full smile, and she’s glad she’s sitting, or she may have swooned on the spot.

Great. She moved closer when she bounced. “I’ve been meaning to watch Finding Dory, but haven’t found the time. Have you seen it?”

“Surprisingly, no. It sort of came out during a busy time for me.”

“I think we’ve found our movie.”

“I think we have.”

Lena selects the movie, and grabs the two plates on the coffee table when she sets her remote down. As the movie begins, she hands a plate to Kara. “Eat as much as you want. I definitely can’t go through that much leftover pizza.”

Kara smiles shyly, but gratefully. “I’ll try to help you not have to use so much fridge space.”

They each put slices on their plates - Lena less obviously. Lena leans against the back of the couch first, pulling her legs tucked to her right side away from Kara. After a few moments, Kara sits back, pressing her side against Lena’s. She takes a deep breath, and optimally to take a bite of her pizza. After 20 minutes, Lena has finished eating, and is resting her refilled wine glass on a knee. Kara is on her fourth plate, and leaning even more into Lena.

Lena finds herself enjoying Kara’s reactions more than the movie itself. After another 20 minutes, Kara is done eating. She scoots forward on the couch to set her plate down. Kara takes a moment to clean up the coffee table, and pour herself more wine. Without thought, she pours Lena more wine.
Is this number three? Yup. Time to sip slowly.

After settling the bottle back down, Kara settles back with a sigh. Cuddling with Lena feels different than cuddling with Alex. Kara takes a sip. It’s warmer? She looks at Lena out of the corner of her eye.

Lena is very aware of every part of her body that is in contact with Kara’s. The movie has about 30 minutes left. Kara laughs at the antics of the fish, and her head falls onto Lena’s shoulder. Lena takes a deep breath, using every ounce of willpower to keep it from being a gasp. She runs her finger up and down the stem of her glass.

When the screen is filled with lines of seashells, Kara gasps, and reaches out with her right hand to hold Lena’s left. Lena gasps at the contact, and Kara buries herself further into Lena’s side. Lena watches as Kara adjusts her hand, so their fingers are interlaced. This is simultaneously the best and worst torture.

*Her heart is beating faster. Must be the movie.* Kara feels Lena rest her head against Kara’s, and she smiles.

The credits begin rolling, and neither make a move to get up. Lena sighs so quietly Kara can barely hear it.

*I don’t want to go.* Kara furrows her brow. *I bet she’s ready to be alone though. Ugh, I hate feeling like I’m intruding.*

*What do I even say?* Hey Kara, having you here makes me feel so safe and loved...cared for? Yeah, that’ll go over well.

“Lena?” Kara whispers her name so softly, she barely registers it.

Lena pulls their joined hands closer to her stomach. *Please don’t say you have to go.*

*Please don’t make me leave.* She looks at the wine glass in her free hand.

“It’s late.” Lena whispers, afraid to break the peace they’ve created.

*I knew it.* Kara begins to pull her hand away with a disappointed sigh. “Sorry, I-”

Lena pulls her hand back, squeezing. “You shouldn’t go.”

“I...what?”

“It’s dark out. I’d hate for you to have to go across National City on your own this late.”

Kara nods slightly against Lena’s shoulder, aware of Lena’s head resting on hers. *Not like she knows I couldn’t be safer.* “Do you care about the safety of everyone you have over?” She teases a little.

Lena takes a deep breath, and lets it out. “Considering you’re the first person I’ve had over, I’d say that’s a yes on a technicality.”

Kara’s smile is so wide, she turns to hide her face in Lena’s shoulder. “I’m honored, Lena.”

“I never did give you that tour.”

“Mmm, but you’re so comfy.”
“You know, if we don’t put the pizza away, it will go bad.”

Kara moves her head, so she can look up at Lena. “That’s no fair.” She pouts. “You’re using my weakness of food to make me move.”

Lena can feel the dumb grin on her face. “Did I forget to mention I also bought ice cream?”

Kara sits upright so fast, Lena’s glad she moved her chin off of Kara’s head earlier. Kara is looking at her with a fake hurt expression. “You were holding out on ice cream from me?”

“It was leverage. I was waiting until the right moment to strike.” Lena laughs at Kara’s excited expression. “Okay, okay. Let me take all of this to the kitchen. Then we can watch something short while we have dessert.”

Kara begins stacking the pizza boxes just short of going at an alien pace. Lena laughs lightly. She grabs the wine glasses and bottle, while Kara is already on her way to the kitchen. She shakes her head as she follows. They set everything on the island.

“Ready for that tour?”

“You bet!”

Lena takes her through her home office with books lining every wall, her home gym with a variety of equipment for such a small, private room, the guest room, and her large patio on the right side of the apartment first. Kara seems completely in awe of everything she sees. Lastly, they cross the living room to Lena’s master suite. Lena thinks Kara’s spin in her walk-in closet was pulled straight from a movie. Lena does her best not to look at the bed while they stand in her room.

“Woah!” Kara takes a step back from the wall across from the bed. “That’s the biggest TV I’ve ever seen. It’s bigger than the one in your living room.”

“Mmhmm. My bed is by far the most comfortable piece of furniture I own. This is the best spot in the apartment for watching TV.” Real subtle, Lena.

Kara turns to look at Lena with wide eyes and open smile. I have to get in that bed! Wait, what? Kara’s smile slowly disappears, as she turns to look at the bed. She reaches up to adjust her glasses.

Lena follows Kara’s eyes, and sees them settled on the bed. “You wouldn’t want to have that ice cream in here, and check out my TV, would you?” She adds a flirty smile for good measure.

Kara’s face flashes back to her, and that bright smile is back. I should ask her one day about mind reading. “Yes! I mean, only if you’re okay with that. I’d hate to get into your personal space.”

“I’m more than okay with it, Kara.” She rests a hand on Kara’s wrist. “Come on, Sunshine.” Lena leads Kara back to the kitchen.

Lena puts the pizza away in her large fridge, and Kara cleans the glasses and plates. They finish roughly at the same time, and end up facing each other.

Kara bounces lightly on the balls of her feet with a hopeful smile.

Lena raises an eyebrow, and tries to keep a serious expression. Kara tilts her head at Lena, smile growing even more. Lena lets out a chuckle, her smile breaking. She shakes her head, and turns to the freezer. She starts talking as she opens the door. “I wasn’t sure what you liked, so I got a few different options I thought covered the basics.”
“I like most flavors. Chocolate chip cookie dough is my favorite for sure.”

Lena looks away from the freezer, and tilts her head at Kara with a smile playing at her lips. “You don’t say.” She reaches her hand in the freezer, and pulls out a pint of ice cream. “It’s mine too.”

Kara’s face brightens up so much, Lena is considering keeping sunglasses when she’s with her. Lena watches as a new kind of smile crosses over Kara’s face. Her stomach flips in response - not in an unpleasant way.

Kara takes a step closer. “We could share?” Kara’s small smile hides a mix of shyness and something else.

There’s no way I’m telling her I have three more of these in my freezer.

Without a word, she steps back, closes the freezer door, reaches into a nearby drawer, grabs two spoons and Kara’s hand, and pulls her to her bedroom.

She sets the ice cream and spoons on one of the side tables. “I don’t know about you, but I’m not a fan of sleeping in jeans.” She walks to her closet, with Kara visible through the doorway. Without turning around, she asks, “Would you like to borrow something?” When she doesn’t hear a response, she looks over her shoulder at Kara, whose eyes have gone round. She chuckles.

“Sure,” She squeaks. Kara clears her throat. “That would be great.”

Lena nods, and turns back. With a smirk, she grabs a pair of shorts that she wants to see Kara wear. She turns back around, and tosses it to Kara. “You can change in the bathroom.” She turns, and begins unbuttoning her pants. She smiles when she hears a squeak come from Kara before the sound of retreating footsteps.

Kara closes the bathroom door behind herself, and leans against it a moment. She pushes off the door, and sets the shorts on the very large counter top. This bathroom is the same size as my kitchen.

From the other side of the door, Lena speaks to Kara, knowing she can hear her easily. “Oh, Kara. In the cabinet by the light switch, there are extra toiletries. Help yourself.” Kara listens to Lena moving around her room for a moment before going to the cabinet.

She walks over to the cabinet, and takes a look. May as well brush my teeth. After changing into the borrowed shorts, she brushes her teeth. She looks in the mirror when she’s done. Lena must be shorter than me than I realized.

With a shrug, she leaves the bathroom, and freezes just outside the door.

Lena, wearing shorts, is sitting on the foot of her bed, one arm holding up her weight behind her, and the other surfing through Netflix. She looks over at Kara, and her eyebrows raise at the sight of Kara in her shorts. The smirk that comes on her face is beyond her control. She stands up, and saunters over to Kara. “Here,” She puts the remote against Kara’s collarbone, and Kara instinctively reaches up for it. “Pick a show for us. I’ll be out in a moment.” She lets her hand slide down Kara’s arm on her way to the bathroom.

Kara lets out a breath she wasn’t aware she was holding. She walks over to the spot Lena was sitting in, and slowly lowers herself to the bed. Wow, this is soft. She runs her free hand over the blanket. Returning to the task at hand, she begins looking through shows Lena has already watched.

Lena comes out of the bathroom in all her shorts and t-shirt glory. Her hair falls slightly curled over her shoulders. Kara Danvers in my shorts on my bed. There’s something I never thought I’d see. She walks over the her side of the bed, pulling the covers back. “Find anything good?”
“You watch a lot of the same shows I do!” She gives Lena an excited smile over her shoulder.

Lena pats the empty side of the bed. “That so?” She watches the movements of Kara’s muscles, as she moves to join Lena under the covers. Lena takes a deep breath, willing her heart not to race.

“Yeah! That’s so awesome!” Kara skims down. “Hey! You know, I always thought this show looked kind of high school drama, but I saw previews of the new season the other day. It actually looks a little interesting.”

Lena picks up the ice cream and spoons from her table. “Pretty Little Liars? I’ve never given it a try.”

Kara shrugs. “We could check out the first episode, and see what we think.”

Lena hands one of the spoons to Kara, and sets the lid of the ice cream on the side table. “Let’s do it.” Lena feels her stomach warm at the words.

Kara smiles, and immediately starts the show. “I’m so excited we’re going to have a show that’s ours!” She settles back onto the pillows and headboard. Before Lena can realize what’s happening, Kara reaches her left arm out around Lena’s shoulders. Lena only has time to raise her eyebrows, before Kara is pulling her bodily to her chest. Kara feels her tense a little, and lifts her arm a little. “Sorry, is this okay?”

“It’s perfectly fine, Kara.” She settles, so her back is comfortably against Kara’s front. When Kara wraps her arm around Lena’s waist, Lena lets out a little sigh. This has got to be the safest place in the world. She rests her head against Kara’s shoulder, and holds the ice cream in front of them.

They eat as they watch the show, both melting into each other more as the show progresses. Lena is fully relaxed against Kara.

When the show finishes, Kara grabs the remote to stop the next episode from automatically playing. They sit for a few moments in silence. Lena had placed the empty ice cream container and spoons on her side table just before the show ended. She feels Kara’s hand against her hip pull her just a little closer. Lena turns her head, so her ear is pressed over Kara’s heart.

Lena feels Kara take a breath. “What did you think of the show?” Her voice is just a whisper.

“I think you’re going to have to come over more, so we can watch together.”

Kara smiles her full smile, and rests her cheek against Lena’s head. “Sounds like a plan. Umm…”

“You don’t have to leave,” Lena whispers. “If you don’t want to. You were so excited about trying out my comfy bed. May as well get the full experience.”

“If you’re sure. I don’t want to intrude.”

“I’m sure.” Lena pats Kara’s leg from over the blanket. “Lay down, I’ll turn everything off.” Lena rolls over to her side table, and grabs her phone. In seconds, the TV and lamps are off.

“So I have to be at work at nine, but I’ll have to go home and change first.” Kara is on her phone to set an alarm, when Lena lays down to join her.

“I leave here around 7:30. Want me to drop you off at home?” Lena is on her side, facing Kara, who is on her back.

“You don’t have to do that. It’s kind of out of the way.”
“Not if we stop by my favorite donut shop.”

Kara’s eyes go wide, and she turns to look at Lena. “I can’t say no to that!”

Lena chuckles. “Then it’s settled.”

Kara nods, and puts her phone on the side tale on her side. She rolls onto her side to face Lena. Lena sighs audibly.

Kara slides her hand across the sheets, and finds Lena’s. Lena’s breath hitches, and Kara squeezes in reaction. “Thank you for tonight, Lena.”

Fuck it. Lena pulls Kara’s hand, and wraps her in a hug. “I should be thanking you.”

Kara eagerly returns the hug, burying her face in Lena’s hair. She pulls back a little, their arms still around each other. “Um, can I...uh…” Kara looks down nervously.

“Yes.” Lena doesn’t know what the question is exactly, but could never say “no.” Lena holds her breath, waiting to see what will happen. After a frozen moment, Kara pulls Lena closer. Kara rolls onto her back, and pulls Lena, so she fits along her side. Lena wraps her free arm over Kara’s stomach, and nestles her head in Kara’s shoulder. They both let out a sigh.

“Goodnight, Lena.”

“Goodnight, Kara.”

Mmm, Kara thinks as she slowly wakes up, I don’t think I’ve ever slept that well in my life. Wait, Kara furrows her brows with her eyes still closed, what’s that warm feeling? Kara slowly opens her eyes in the dark room with just a stream of dawn light coming behind the drawn blinds. She looks down at her body. Oh. Kara’s eyes go wide. Um. Wonder if that has anything to do with how well I slept. She looks down at Lena, who is tucked so close against Kara that she is almost on top of the hero. One arm is fully around Kara’s stomach, and one thigh is pinning Kara’s legs down to the bed. I think I need to speak with my mom about these feelings I keep getting. There must be something in the AI database about this. It’s making it very hard to keep still, and my breathing has changed. Lena moves her head a little, and Kara can now feel Lena’s breath on her neck. Kara subconsciously shifts her legs, suddenly needing to close her legs tighter together. The movement makes Lena adjust her thigh up higher against Kara’s legs. The motion pushes the shorts Kara is wearing up, and Kara’s breath hitches at the skin-on-skin contact. Okay. I’m going to talk to her today. She’d probably be the only one that knows what’s going on with me. Kara doesn’t realize she has started to rub her thumb against Lena’s shoulder. Lena hums at the contact, a vibration Kara can feel against her neck. That tickles, but not quite tickles. Wow, I need to just stop trying to figure this out. Just ignore it until I talk to my mom.

Lena’s alarm sounds in the room. Kara tilts her head, as she heard Lena’s heart rate pick up to an wakeful pace. She feels Lena’s arm squeeze her midsection before Lena comes to consciousness. Lena’s eyes slowly open, and the first thing she sees is Kara’s neck inches from her lips. I am practically on top of her. Shit, maybe if I move slowly, she won’t wake up. I’d hate for her to know -

“Good morning.”

Lena’s breath catches, and she freezes. “Sorry.” She pulls away, and rolls over to turn off the alarm.
“For what?” Kara turns on her side, and lifts herself onto an elbow.

*Using you as my own personal body pillow,* Lena thinks before sitting up, and facing Kara over her shoulder. “It must not have been comfortable to have me practically on top of you.”

“No need to apologize. I can’t remember the last time I slept that well.”

“Me neither.”

The two women look at each other in silence for a few moments, but with almost nervous smiles on their faces. Lena clears her throat. “I’m going to go wash up.” Lena stands, and starts walking to the bathroom. “You still okay leaving at 7:30 for donuts?”

Kara smiles. “More than okay. Want me to make some coffee?”

Lena stops at the doorway to her restroom. “That would be lovely. And, yes, you can have at the leftover pizza.”

Kara looks down with a nervous chuckle. She looks back up, and adjusts her glasses, which Lena just realized she left on to sleep. “You really are the best, Lena.” Lena smiles at Kara with a chuckle. “I’ll go get the coffee started.” Kara hops off the bed, and leaves the room with a little skip.

Lena closes her bathroom door behind her, and lets out a sigh.

Kara checks her emails on her way to the kitchen. *Nothing interesting at the moment.* She sets the phone down on the counter, and looks at the coffee maker. *Hmm, how do you work?* She pulls up the instruction on her phone, and finds it surprisingly easy. After setting up the coffee to brew, she sets about finding mugs. She opens the cabinet above the coffee maker. *Ah, I should have expected this level of organization from her.* In the cabinet, there are mugs, various sugar options, cream, and anything else one could need for coffee. She pulls out two mugs, and sets them on the counter. Her phone buzzes with a text message. She picks it up, and opens her messages.

**Alex:** Hey, Kara. Winn updated J’onn on everything with Mon-El, so you don’t have to. But we still need to debrief yesterday. James is here right now. Can you come in before going into work?

Kara groans. *James has that meeting this afternoon, so…*

**Kara:** I have to follow a story this morning. I’ll come at lunch.

**Alex:** Ok

After another minute, Alex sends another message.

**Alex:** Are you alright?

Kara hears Lena walking toward the kitchen.

**Kara:** I’m fine, Alex. I’ll see you this afternoon.

Lena rounds the corner into the kitchen, just as Kara hits send. She’s still wearing her pajamas, but her hair is in a messy bun and her makeup is finished except for lipstick. Kara looks up at her, and her annoyed expression melts into a smile.

“Mmm, I knew Cat Grant’s former assistant could figure out my coffee maker.”
Kara laughs. “Actually, I googled it.” Kara waves her phone for emphasis. “I didn’t survive two years by guessing.”

Lena walks past Kara, and pours coffee into the two mugs.

“Mind if I use your restroom?”

“Be my guest.” Lena makes her coffee without much coherent thought. She smiles into her coffee cup, bringing it up to her lips. I’ve always hated the word, domestic, but this… nope. Lena shakes her head. Don’t go there. She takes her coffee with her, and goes back to her bedroom. She makes it just inside the room, when Kara opens the bathroom door - back in her jeans. Kara smiles at her. “I shouldn’t take long to get ready. You’re welcome to wait in here with my TV.” Damn, could I be more clingy? “Just no pizza crumbs in my bed.”

Kara resists the urge to squeal and bounce up and down. She settles on a blinding smile, and one small bounce on her heels. “You know me so well.” Kara almost skips out of the room.

Lena laughs while she walks to the closet. She sets her coffee down on a dresser, and turns to her options. She opts to leave her closet door open, since the bed doesn’t offer a view inside of it. While she’s pulling what she decided to wear down, she hears Kara come back into her room. She smiles wistfully.

Kara sets her coffee and plate of pizza down on the side table. She checks to make sure Lena can’t see her, and uses her super speed to make the bed. She turns the TV on, and it opens up to Netflix. Hmm, been a while since I’ve seen a How I Met Your Mother episode. She shrugs, and chooses a random episode before tossing the remote on the bed. She picks up a slice of pizza, and eats it while standing. After less than a minute, Lena’s voice comes from inside the closet.

“You like How I Met Your Mother?”

“Why do you sound so surprised?”

“I’m not. Not really.”

“I can enjoy the occasional sitcom.”

“I’m sure you can.” Lena’s chuckle reaches Kara’s ears like music.

Lena comes out of the closet before the end of the episode. Kara has finished her pizza and coffee, and is reclining against the headboard. She turns to Lena, and her eyebrows shoot up at their own accord. Lena is wearing a deep green dress with black heels. Her hair is in a braided bun, and her lips are a deep red. She smirks at Kara’s speechless expression. “You okay, Kara?”

Kara shakes her head a little. “Yes. You look great.”

Lena smirks again. “You flatter me.” She walks over to her side of the bed, and picks up her phone. She shoots off a quick text to her driving, asking his whereabouts. She sets the phone back down, and begins to put her earrings in. “You ready to go?”

Kara looks back at her, and nods. “For donuts? Always.” She hopes off of the bed, grabbing the remote to turn the television off.

Lena laughs lightly, picking up her phone that just buzzed. “My driver is downstairs. Shall we, Miss Danvers?”
“Lead the way, Miss Luthor.”

They walk to the private elevator in comfortable silence. As they step up, the doors slide open. Lena gets to the door of the elevator, and realizes Kara is no longer next to her. She puts a hand on the door, and looks back at Kara to see her looking at the elevator with wide eyes.

“How did you do that?”

Lena looks at her in confusion.

“It just opened when we walked up to it.”

Lena laughs with a shakes of her head, and waves her phone at Kara. “Let’s just say you actually didn’t have to google how to use my coffee maker.”

“Your phone is a universal remote?” Kara excitedly asks, joining Lena in the elevator.

Lena hums an affirmation.

After the elevator starts moving, Kara turns sharply to Lena. “Wait… Then why did you let me go make the coffee?”

Lena shrugs. “You seemed so eager.”

“Oh.” Kara turns back away from Lena. “Isn’t that not safe? Like for hacking problems?”

Lena smiles, looking straight ahead. “It would be. If it didn’t run on its own network I created just for my apartment. It’s also one-of-a-kind tech.”

“So you don’t sell those?”

Lena shakes her head. “I only trusted my own mind behind my apartment. I designed the building with that in mind.”

“You designed the building?” Kara almost blurted.

“I did.”

Kara looks at her, slack-jawed. The door opens to the 7th, and Kara closes her mouth. They cross the small room to the other elevator. They get into the elevator in silence. Kara leans against one of the walls, looking at Lena in wonder.

“Kara?”

“Brilliant.”

“Excuse me?” Lena tilts her head at Kara.

Her eyes go a little wide, and she looks away to push up her glasses. “I...uh...You’re brilliant.” She waves her arms around, indicating the elevator and everything around them.

Lena feels her neck heat up and her mind go on overload.

“And um I’m really so happy to have you in my life. I feel really lucky.” Kara smiles at Lena, and grabs her hand.
“Kara-”

The doors ding open into the building lobby, with people beginning their days. Lena squeezes Kara’s hand. “The feeling is extremely mutual.” She drops Kara’s hand, and leads the way out of the elevator. Kara walks along beside her.
They walk in companionable silence to the waiting car. Lena’s driver, Darias, is waiting by the back door.

“Good morning, Miss Luthor.” Darias greets with a nod, opening the door.

“It really is.” She gives him her business smile. “Darias, we’re going to be stopping at the donut shop on Bluebonnet Dr. before dropping off Miss Danvers at home.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”

“Thank you.” She slides into the car, and motions for Kara to follow her.

“Thanks,” Kara smiles at Darias.

“Miss Danvers,” He nods at her with a smile.

He closes the door, and goes to the driver’s seat. Once in, he closes the partition with a smirk in the rearview mirror that both women miss.

“So do you a driver, huh?”

Lena chuckles. “It gives me just that much more time to get work done on the drive. I like to mix it up sometimes though, and take my car out.”

“And what does the great Lena Luthor drive?”

“Hmm, you’ll just have to wait and see.”

“I can be patient.” Kara sits back, and crosses her legs with a serious expression on her face.

Oh, that is so cute. “I’m sure you can be.” At least she’s not giving me that damn pout I’ve only had to live through that one time.

“Lena!” Kara shouted, as she weaved through the crowd to get to Lena. “Are you okay? Wow, I can’t believe you stopped the attack! That was really brave, but also kind of risky. You saved Supergirl though!”

Lena chuckles a little. “I’m perfectly fine. How are you? You disappeared on me.”

Kara pushed up her glasses. “Yeah, I guess I got a little swept up in all of the people trying to run when the alien weapons showed up. I was really worried about you. Was this your plan all along?”

“You mean throw a party, where I knew men running around with alien weapons would be drawn to show up at, and have a black field generator hidden and ready?” Lena gave Kara a flirty smirk and eyebrow raise.

“Yes, that.”

“I told you before, Kara. I am going to make LCorp a force for good. I can’t afford to let anyone or
Kara nodded. “I’m glad everything and everyone turned out okay.”

“Yes, lucky Supergirl was around to help. She’s incredible, isn’t she?” Cue the adjusting of the fake glasses.

“Oh,” Kara pushes up her glasses. “Yeah, she’s handy to have around. So now that everything is sorted out here, can I see you home?” Wait… you didn’t drive here. Oh! I can text Winn to let me use his car, and have him go home with -

“No, thank you, Kara.” Lena waved her off. “I am going back up to the office to work on some things.”

“It’s so late though. And you kind of just got attacked again, no offense. I just think you deserve some sleep.” Kara looked at Lena with a worried expression.

Lena sighed in response.

“What if I go hang out in your office with you? Until you’re ready to leave?”

“Kara -”

Kara started to pout a little. This probably won’t work on her, but it’s worth a try.

Lena sighed more heavily.

“I would just spend the whole night worrying if you got home safely.” She pouted more.

"I assure you, I’ll be fine.”

Kara added a furrowed brow to her pout.

“Would it make you happy if I text you when I got home?”

“It would make me happy if you at least let me tell Supergirl to check on you.”

Lena managed to just hold in her laughter. “Kara -”

“Please?”

Fine, Kara. Tell your friend I don’t plan on staying past midnight.”

The smile that overtook Kara’s face could melt the Fortress of Solitude. “Good, glad we could compromise.”

Lena couldn’t help but shake her head and smile. “Goodnight, Kara.”

“Wait!” Kara said a little too loudly. “I’ll walk with you to the elevator.”

“Fine.” Lena began walking, and Kara fell into step beside her. “Only because it will take less time to just let you than it would to try and fail to talk you out of it.”

“Ooo, I knew you were smart.” Kara laughed at her own joke.
Kara and Lena are sitting across from each other at a small table in the back of the donut shop, both happily eating donuts. “So, Miss Sunshine, you never told me why you were drinking on a weeknight.” Lena chuckled. “I didn’t even know you drank.”

Kara does her best not to choke on her donut. “Oh,” She swallows. “Yeah, about that. I really don’t. That was the second time, and it was kind of an accident. My friend came over to tell me he was uh moving, and brought over a bottle.”

A friend? No, Lena, you are not jealous.

“Well, I didn’t know he was leaving until then actually. He brought us drinks, and then basically just said “bye” without much lead-in or explanation.”

He better not have hurt her.

“I guess I kind of drank out of shock? I didn’t really know how to respond. Next thing I knew, he was talking about not wanting to pursue me. Then he was out of the door.”

Pursue her?

“After that, I guess at some point I picked up my phone, and text you.” Kara chuckles nervously, and plays with her glasses. “Honestly, I haven’t checked those texts yet. I’m kind of scared to find out how much I annoyed you.”

“You didn’t bother me at all. I’m honored your drunk alter ego thought of me.” She smirks.

“My drunk alter ego, huh?” Kara laughs, and looks down. “She has quite the sense of humor.”

“Hmm, go on.” Lena put an elbow on the table, and rested her chin against her hand.

Kara’s cheek tinged pink. Lena looks at Kara expectantly. “I may have changed your name in my phone.” She mumbled.

“What was that?” Lena smiles.

Kara sighs exasperatedly. “I promise I don’t remember doing it,” She takes a breath. “But when you text me yesterday, I noticed that your name had been changed to Lena Beana.”

Kara’s eyes widen at the laugh Lena lets out. Lena claps a hand over her mouth, as she lets the shaking of her shoulder wind down. She puts her chin back on her hand, still smiling. “So is it ‘Bena’ spelled like ‘Lena’ with a ‘B’?” She looks at Kara, who has covered her face with both hands.

She separates her fingers to peek through them. “She closes her fingers again, and mumbles, “Beana like “bean” with an “a” at the end.”

“That’s adorable. I like it.”

“You do?” Kara squeaks. “You’re not mad?”

Chuckling, “Why would I be mad?” Lena tilts her head, smiling wider when Kara lowers her hands from covering her eyes. “As a matter of fact…” She pulls out her phone without another word. Opening her favorites list, she finds Kara’s contact information, and changes her name to “Sunshine Danvers.” “There.” She says before putting her phone back in her purse.

“There what?”
She gives Kara a flirty smile. “I just thought it would only be fair if we each had pet names. Ready to go?” Kara’s mouth falls open, and her eyebrows go up in surprise. “I’m going to go pick up some donuts for Darias. Would you like some more to go?”

“Um…”

“I’ll be right back.”

Kara watches Lena speak to the woman at the counter. *I’m going to speak to my mom at lunch.* She gathers her composure, and cleans off their table. She gets to the counter just as Lena is being handed two bags from the woman. Lena turns, and hands one to Kara with a grin. “There you go. Shall we?”

Kara follows Lena out of the shop. She waits until they are sitting in the car, after Lena gave a surprised Darias the other bag along with Kara’s address. Once the car pulls away, Kara turns to Lena, grabbing her arm with both hands. “Please tell me?” She practically whines. “I told you.” She ends her sentence with a small pout.

“Only if you promise I can have a picture for your contact on my phone.”

“Deal! I actually have been wanting one for you too. I didn’t want to be creepy, and use one of the pictures off the internet.”

Lena chuckles. “I appreciate that.” She opts to pull her phone out, and open Kara’s contact to show her. Kara grabs the phone, and her eyes light up before looking up at Lena with a bashful smile. “I’ll take that reaction as your approval?”

Kara nods. “It’s sweet.” She looks back at Lena’s phone. “Ooo, hang on.” She clicks on the picture icon, and selects to take a new one. She leans against Lena, and holds the phone out in front of them. “Smile.” Kara snaps a picture when Lena offers up a shy smile. “Perfect.” She hands the phone back, and moves off of Lena. They feel the car pull to a stop.

In a slight daze, Lena retrieves her phone. *That was unexpected.* She looks at the picture. *I think that’s the best picture I’ve ever seen of myself.* She looks up at Kara with a smile. “I love it.”

Kara smiles back. “Me too. Will you send it to me?”

“Of course.”

“I guess this is my stop, huh?”

“It would appear so.”

“I…Last night and this morning were amazing. Thank you so much.”

“Thank you for keeping me company. I hope we can do it again soon.”

“Yes! Absolutely! We have our show to watch after all. There’s no way I’m watching a single episode without you, so I guess you’re stuck with me.”

“How will I ever survive?” Lena teases.

“So funny.”

“I try.”
“Will you text me?”

“There’s no one else I would rather text.”

Kara smiles at her, and pulls her into a hug. She pulls back, and puts her purse over her shoulder. “Have a good day, Lena. Thanks again.”

“You too, Kara.” Lena waves at Kara, as she gets out of the car.

“Make sure you eat lunch!” Kara shouts before closing the door.

Lena leans back against her seat, feeling the car go into motion. *I don’t know what I did to end up with that woman in my life, but I’m so glad I did it.*

Kara walks into the door of her apartment for the first time since before she got drunk, and sets her purse and bag of donuts on the island. *Oh, I forgot about that.* She looks at the box Alex found delivered to her the day before. She picks it up with one hand, and sets it on the counter. *I’ll check it out later.* She walks into her living room, and cleans up the broken pieces of the coffee table. She looks at the halfway full bottle of glowing alien alcohol. “I’m scared to pour that down the drain.” She mumbles to herself. With a shrug, she picks it up, and stores it in the cabinet she calls “Alex’s Bar.” After cleaning the glasses carefully to make sure no residue is left of the alcohol, she goes to get ready for work.

Once she’s ready, she sits at her island to eat another donut. Curiosity finally gets the better of her, and she pulls the box closer to her. With less effort than humans take to open an envelope, she pops the box open. *Uhh...what?* Pieces of wood look back at her with an instruction manual on top. She picks up the papers, and flips it open. “A coffee table?” Kara slowly sets the papers back down. She tilts her head in thought for a few moments, putting a finger between her teeth. *Wait...* Slowly, she reaches into her purse to get her phone. Unlocking it, she opens Lena’s message thread, and scrolls up to the start of her drunk texts. Her eyes get larger and larger, the more she reads. *Oh Rao... Did Lena buy me a coffee table.*

**Sunshine Danvers:** So I finally read those texts.

**Lena Beana:** Wasn’t so bad, was it?

**Sunshine Danvers:** A coffee table was delivered to my door yesterday that I just saw.

**Lena Beana:** Really?

**Sunshine Danvers:** Lena, you didn’t have to do that.

**Lena Beana:** I wanted to.

Kara smiles at her phone.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Well you’re going to have to come over soon, so you can be the first one to check it out :)

**Lena Beana:** You mean you’re not tired of me yet?

**Sunshine Danvers:** Never.
Lena feels like she’s melted into her office chair. *I want to believe. I think maybe I can believe you someday.*

**Lena Beana:** I’ve been told I’m good with my hands, if you need any help putting it together.

*Shit, that was too much.*

**Lena Beana:** You may not know this, but I’ve done just a bit of engineering before.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Just a bit? ;p

**Lena Beana:** Here and there ;)

**Sunshine Danvers:** I think you just want an excuse to watch our show on my comfy couch.

**Lena Beana:** You caught me.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Yes! You admit my couch is comfy!

**Lena Beana:** Your couch… has character.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Is that the nice way of saying it’s old?

**Lena Beana:** I have a meeting to go to! Have fun at CatCo ;p

**Sunshine Danvers:** Convenient timing, Miss Luthor

**Lena Beana:** I am sure I don’t know what you mean, Miss Danvers

**Sunshine Danvers:** Sure, sure. But you’re coming over tonight to show me your hand skills. Bye Lena!

Lena’s eyes go wide, and she drops her phone. “Fuck,” she mutters, as she tries to catch her phone. She grabs it just before it hits the ground, and carefully sets it on her desk. *She has to know what she just said, right? That couldn’t have been another innocent Kara statement.*

A knock on the door brings Lena’s thoughts to more work appropriate thoughts. Jess opens the door, tablet in hand. “Miss Luthor?”

“Come in, Jess.”

“I have your schedule for the day ready for review.” She announces, walking up to stand in front of Lena’s desk.

*I hope I can get through this day without thinking about hand skills.*

Supergirl lands in the command center of the DEO.

“Nice of you to show up.”
She turns to see Alex glaring at her with her arms crossed over her chest. Supergirl mirrors her position. “Any word on what happened with the warehouse yesterday?”

“Nothing besides plenty of dead ends.”

“Livewire?”

“Not even a spark of electricity out of place.” Winn’s voice pipes up from his desk.

Supergirl and Alex turn to him - Alex with a glare. Winn, who didn’t look away from his computer, notices the silence coming from the sisters. He slowly turns halfway toward them.

“Why are you wearing sunglasses?” Supergirl’s voice cuts the silence.

He looks back at his computer.

“Why is he wearing sunglasses?” She tries asking Alex.

Alex sighs heavily, and stomps over to Winn. A little too forcefully, she removes the glasses from his face, and spins his chair around to face the hero.

“What happened?” Supergirl nearly shouts, stepping closer to Winn, and gesturing to his black eye.

Winn winces back into the chair.

“Tell her.” *I’m done with this bullshit vigilante secret.*

“Tell me what?” *I’m so over being left out of everything lately.*

“I’ve been helping James.” Winn mumbles with a wince.

“What?” Supergirl’s voice is eerily calm.

“I made the suit, and I ride out after him in a van, feeding him information in an earpiece, and last night one of the guys was getting away, so I opened the van door, but then he got back up, and I wasn’t fast enough, and then he hit me, but James came, so it was okay, and oh god please don’t hate me.”

Supergirl just looks at him with a mixture of hurt, disbelief, and anger. “How could you do something so stupid?”

Winn opens his mouth, but Supergirl interrupts him.

“No, I don’t want to hear it.” She turns to Alex. “Can we go somewhere to get this debriefing done, please? I still have a day job.” She turns away without waiting for an answer.

Winn looks pitifully up at Alex, who glares at him in return. “Tell J’onn to meet us in Supergirl’s training room.” Alex follows Supergirl.

“Next time, Supergirl, give us a heads up at least before you decide to let a metahuman run free.” J’onn finishes with a stern look. He pats Alex on the shoulder, and leaves the training room.

“Do you want to get some sparring in?” Alex asks Supergirl.
She shakes her head. “I really do have to get back to work. Snapper got on me this morning again.”

“Okay, I’ll text you later then, yeah?”

“Okay.”

Supergirl gives a small smile to her sister on her way out. She waits for the door to close, before she turns toward the room the AI version of her mother is kept inside of.

“Hey, Mom.” She smiles in relief when she sees the image light up.

“Hello, Kara.”

“Things have been a little hard lately, but in all of these challenges, I’ve made a new friend. A great friend actually. I think you would have liked her. She’s so smart. Her name is Lena. I feel like she actually sees me.”

“That’s great, Kara.”

“I’ve been trying to figure something out lately, and I was hoping you can tell me.”

The hologram Alura tilts her head.

“I know I’m not supposed to get sick under a yellow sun unless I overexert my powers, but are there any kinds of um illnesses or anything we can develop over time?”

“What do you mean?”

“Sometimes, I feel warm, and my stomach feels heavy and light at the same time. That’s the best way I can think to explain it.”

“Have you been exposed to any minerals from our planet?”

“No, it’s not kryptonite. It will happen out of nowhere. I’ll be sitting down with Lena, and then get that feeling. It goes away after a while.” This isn’t as easy to talk about as I thought.

“I’m sorry, Kara. I don’t have sufficient information. According to all of our records, kryptonians cannot get sick on Earth unless suffering a loss of power.”

“A solar flare.”

“When that happens, you are as susceptible to illness as a human.”

That wasn’t very helpful. She smiles at the image of her mother. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, Kara.”

“Wait… Um, was I already matched with who I would marry… before?”

“Zor-El had not yet found a suitable match for you. A suitable match would have had to fit highly into the Science Guild, as you were destined to be a judicator.”

“So I didn’t have a match yet?”

“That is correct.”

“Thanks, um I have to go to work.” With a smile, she shuts off the hologram. I always thought they
had found someone, but hadn’t told me yet.

Supergirl is out making a round over National City to kill time being going back to CatCo. When she finds herself over the LCorp building, she slows down until she’s hovering. *It’s not creepy to listen if I’m just concerned about her wellbeing, right? She’s had how many assassination attempts?* With a decisive nod, Supergirl points her super hearing in the direction of Lena’s office, easily locating her heart beat.

Lena is walking down the hallway toward her office. She speaks up, when Lena gets to her desk. “Miss Luthor, Dr. Sanchez called. She said there’s a problem with something in the S-Lab, and she’d liked your input.”

Lena sighs quiet enough to remain unheard by human ears. *If I had more than one scientist I could trust, positive results would come so much faster.* “Very well. Can you let her know I am on my way?”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.” She reaches for her phone. “Would you like me to order you lunch?”

Lena shakes her head. “That won’t be necessary, Jess. I have a banana stashed in my office for emergencies.” She gives Jess her CEO smile, and turns to go to the elevator. “Take your lunch, Jess.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”

Supergirl lets out an exasperated sigh. *You can’t just not have lunch, Lena.* With a shake of her head, Supergirl takes off.

“Yes, I tried that first.” Dr. Sanchez watched Lena look through a microscope. “The core isn’t bonding with the mineral. I’m thinking you can’t have one Earth agent and one...not.”

“Hmm,” Lena zooms in closer to look at the specimen. “I was afraid of that. These minerals weren’t easy to get, but I don’t want to risk trying to synthesize them.”

“And you don’t want to ask -”

“No.”

Dr. Sanchez lets out a sigh.

“We don’t have anything useful yet. There’s no point.”

“Lena… I’ve gotten as much information from my sources as I can while being discreet. I’m not sure how much further we can get without speaking to someone that knows first hand.”
“Not yet, Jenny.” Lena sits back on her stool. “I think I may have someone I can ask for details.”

“Ask?... Or hack?”

Lena chuckles. It’s only fair. “Details.” She waves off Dr. Sanchez’s knowing look. “How are the ionizing radiation levels looking on mineral 143?”

“I think this time we’ve got it. The crystal hasn’t shown signs of deteriorating.”

Lena nods thoughtfully. “At least something is going well.” Lena stands up. “Thanks for updating me.”

“Of course. I’m as invested to this as you are.”

*Oh, I doubt anyone is as invested as me.* “Having two strong minds on this is a relief.” She starts walking to the door of the small, heavily secured door. “As always, don’t hesitate to reach out. I’ll be here early Monday morning to check on 143.”

“I’ll stick around here, and see what I can do about the core.”

With one last smile, Lena leaves. Her thoughts speed through two tracks. While the conscious part of her mind is working through the experiments of her S-Lab, a certain blonde invades thoughts in the back of her mind. *Damn Lena,* she thinks as she steps on the elevator. *Can’t you focus on the problem at hand?* Lena manages to come up with several possible solutions by the time her elevator opens to the floor with her office. She walks out in all of her CEO glory, and strides straight past Jess’s unoccupied desk. The door to her office closes behind her, and she pauses with a curious expression set on her face. *What’s that smell?* She looks farther into the office, and sees a paper bag on her desk. Cautiously, she walks toward her desk. How did someone get past my security? Unless they didn’t come through the front door… She rounds her desk, and a smile starts to spread over her face when she sees her name written in a familiar hand on a card on her desk. Sitting down, she opens the card.

*Thanks again for last night, Lena! It’s probably in my top 5 favorite nights ever. I figured you’d miss out on lunch since you left work early last night. Enjoy! How does 8 tonight sound?*

*Sunshine Danvers*

*She really is too good for this world. Too good for me.* She laughs a little, and looks into the bag. *How’d she know to get this?* She pulls out her favorite salad from a nearby cafe. After pulling out the fork and napkins, she puts the bag on the floor. *I think she’s starting to care less about covering up her super slips. I’m almost tempted to ask how she got past security.* Lena shakes her head with a chuckle, and opens the salad. While chewing on her first bite, she decides to pick up her phone.

*Lena Beana:* I don’t know how you knew what my favorite salad is, but it’s so much better than the banana I was going to eat. You’re a lifesaver.

*Lena Beana:* 8 sounds perfect.

Lena sets her phone down, and continues to eat, while looking over a report on her laptop. Several
minutes later, her phone buzzes.

**Sunshine Danvers:** :D Let’s just call it my superpower! Lol I’m just happy to know I’m helping my favorite CEO.

Lena’s smile that she’s reserved for Kara spreads across her face. *Favorite CEO? Take that, Cat Grant.*

**Lena Beana:** Any other superpowers I can learn about? :)

A few minutes go by without an answer. I can picture her stuttering, pushing up her glasses, and trying to figure out the right thing to say.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I guess you’ll just have to wait and see.

Lena’s eyebrows rose up to her hairline, and her heart rate increased. *How do I even respond to that?* She takes another bite of her salad, while her finger hovers over the screen.

**Lena Beana:** I look forward to it.

**Sunshine Danvers:** How about lasagna for dinner?

Lena chuckles at the 180 change in conversation.

**Lena Beana:** I’ll bring the wine :)

**Sunshine Danvers:** See you tonight! :D

Lena sets her phone down, and finishes her salad and the report on her laptop. *Two nights in a row. What happened to her sister and all of her friends?*

Supergirl drops the unconscious, purple alien off of her shoulder, and onto the floor of one of the DEO holding cells. “You’ll probably have a headache when you wake up.” She wipes her hands against each other, and leaves the cell. Alex is standing outside, and locks the cell closed when Supergirl steps out.

“Thanks for bringing him in.”

Supergirl shrugs. “S’what I’m here for.”

They begin walking out of the detention area together. “So we haven’t really had a movie night in a while. Maggie’s working late tonight. Thought I could get a few pizzas, and we can get some sister time.”

*Seriously? It takes Maggie being busy for her to think of me? “I can’t tonight.”*

Alex tilts her head in confusion. “J’onn said he’d cover this weekend for you. Didn’t he tell you?” *He’s just looking for an excuse to get out of here, and away from M’gann for a while.*

“He told me.”

Alex grabs Supergirl’s arm, and turns to face her. They stop outside the command center, facing one
another. Supergirl crosses her arms first, and Alex mirrors the pose. “You should take the weekend off, Kara. They'll call us if there’s an emergency, you know that.”

“Oh, I plan to relax this weekend. Trust me. I just can’t do a movie night tonight.”

Alex unfolds her arms, and puts them on her hips. “Okay, well let me know if you change your mind. I miss you.”

“I miss you too, Alex.” She feels her phone vibrate, and pulls it out of the hidden pocket under her cape. “I have to go. Call me tomorrow?” Supergirl hugs her sister.

“Yeah,” They pull back. “Yeah, I’ll talk to you later.”

Her phone buzzes, and she catches Lena’s name on her lock screen. Supergirl gives her sister a smile. “Bye, Alex. Love you!” She hugs her one last time before zooming off.

“Love you too.”
Problems Communicating

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena sighs, and pushes away from the lab table. She stands up, and walks around to look at notes on her computer. Dr. Sanchez is huddled over a small table with a welding mask on her face, sparks flying from the tools in her hands. The sparks stop, and the scientist pushes her mask up. One gloved hand picks up a piece of metal from the table. She sets it down, and pulls the mask off of her face.

“Hey, Lena.”

Lena slowly pulls her head from the screen in front of her, and looks at the scientist with a raised eyebrow.

“It changed colors.”

“What?”

“It’s like… a light blue now. Almost like the yellow was drained out, and all that’s left was blue.”

*How’s that even possible?* Lena stands up, and looks at the blue metals on the table. “Did we change its properties?”

“I can’t be sure until I run some tests. But even then… Lena, we need -”

“No, not yet. This gets out too soon, and it could be shut down before we come up with a solution.” Dr. Sanchez sets her gloves on the table with a small sigh. “Soon, Jenny. There really is nothing to talk about right now.”

“Whatever you say, boss.”

Lena rolls her eyes. “I started running some tests on mineral 143 yesterday.”

“After I left?”

The CEO walks back to the computer. “Mhmmm.”

“At 10 on a Thursday night? Just when I thought your hours couldn’t get wilder.” Dr. Sanchez chuckles.

Shrugging, Lena makes a few more notes. “After lunch, can you finish up the trials?”

“You got it, Lena. Have fun with the WASPs.” She laughs, and walks over to the computer.

“Don’t I always?” Lena picks up her phone, and leaves the S-Lab.

Kara slumps into her chair in her office. *Three days working on that darn article.* She leans forward to put her forehead on her desk. *Then he decides to just toss it.* She sits up. *How has this week been so busy, but so boring?* She had not been into the DEO all week. Every time she thought of going into the DEO, she was diverted elsewhere for something that could have been handled without her.
**Kara:** Anything exciting for me to do?

**Alex:** Nothing here.

**Alex:** But we’re having a movie night tonight. Will you be home by 7?

Alex leans back against the table in the DEO command center.

“What happens when she finds out you’ve been having me hack Lena?” Winn’s question brings a glare from Alex. “I’m just saying. You can’t keep her from coming in forever.”

“I don’t have to. Once the Cadmus issue is behind us, it will be fine.”

“Lena found out I hacked her last time…”

“Then I guess you better clear your trail better this time.”

**Kara:** Yeah, I will. Bring potstickers?

**Alex:** Will do

“Hey, uh, little problem.” Winn squeaks.

Alex levels him with another glare. “What did you do?”

“I-nothing, nothing. I found a way in. At least I thought I did. Then it was reversed. She must have set up an alarm or something, and shut it down manually. That’s the only way she could have stopped me.”

Alex sighs, and pinches the bridge of her nose. “Can’t you get around it?”

“No with her on the lookout. I’ll have to find a way around her alarm system.”

“Fine. Do what you have to do.”

“Hey, Danvers!” Maggie’s voice brings a smile to Alex’s face, and she turns to see her girlfriend walking over to her.

Deciding to not have Winn listening in on their conversation, she meets Maggie halfway. “What brings you to my neck of the woods, Sawyer?”

“Since I can’t have you all to myself tonight, wanna grab some lunch?” Maggie pulls out the dimples.

“Lunch sounds great, let’s go.”

Kara decides to walk home from work. Walking by the park, she stops when a soccer ball rolls to a stop in front of her. Two young girls come running up to her, shyly asking her to kick the ball toward them. With the slightest of taps, Kara gently send the ball back to the children. She watches them laughing and playing. One of them shouts, “Moms, watch!” Two women cuddled on a bench laugh
at the antics of the children. With a large smile, Kara resumes her walk home.

Sunshine Danvers: Hey, Lena! I was just thinking about you, and thought I’d text you to see how you were doing! :)

Sunshine Danvers: It feels like so long since I’ve seen you :(.

Lena Beana: You sure you’re just not impatient about finding out who A is? ;p

Sunshine Danvers: I’m not impatient.

I feel like it should be scary how well she knows me so fast.

Lena Beana: *skeptical emoticon with a raised eyebrow*

Sunshine Danvers: Okay, I can be a little impatient, but I’m moreso about having not seen you for soooo long. :(.

Lena Beana: Oh, really?

Sunshine Danvers: Yes! Don’t you miss me too?

Kara’s heart rate picks up slightly as she smiles down at her phone. She slips it back into her pocket after a minute, and walks up the stairs to her apartment. The next text comes when she closes her door behind herself.

Lena Beana: You’re a difficult person not to miss, Kara.

A grin forms on Kara’s face, and she sinks back onto her couch with her knees pulled up to her chest.

Sunshine Danvers: So are you, Lena.

Lena leans back in her desk chair, a small smile playing on her lips. You know… I believe she really does feel that way.

Lena Beana: You’re too kind, Kara.

Sunshine Danvers: I don’t say anything that’s not true.

Don’t get heavy, Lena. She really means what she says.

Lena Beana: That’s why I have a collection of all of your articles ;)

Sunshine Danvers: What???

Sunshine Danvers: You do???

Sunshine Danvers: Like just the ones about you?

Sunshine Danvers: About LCorp I mean
Lena Beana: Anything with your name on the by-line.

Sunshine Danvers: Does that mean you’re a fan of my work?

Lena Beana: I think that means I’m your biggest fan.

Her heart flutters a little. You really can’t help yourself, can you, Lena? She looks up at a knocking on her door, and it opens to reveal Jess. “Miss Luthor, Mrs. Patrick just called asking to reschedule. She is stuck in LA for a family emergency.”

“Anything needing assistance?”

“She didn’t get specific, Miss Luthor. She did say she would be here next week though, and will call to confirm availability.”

“Very well. Be sure to let me know if we need to send along a card or flowers.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.” Jess taps something on her tablet. “That was your last appointment for the day.”

“Thank you, Jess. You can go home. Start your weekend early.” I think I may do that too.

Jess nods with a tight smile. “Thank you, Miss Luthor.” She leaves without another word.

Kara is lounging on her couch watching “How I Met Your Mother” - glasses on the coffee table. At the familiar knock on her door, she doesn’t bother looking away from the screen. “Come in, Alex!”

“What’s up, Little Danvers?”

Kara’s eyes go wide at Maggie’s voice, and she reaches for her glasses on the table. She gets up to greet them, once her glasses are safely on her nose. “Hey!” I guess I missed Alex saying it would be both of them. Oh well. She hugs Alex as tight as she dares. To Maggie’s surprise, she turns to give her a hug as well. “Wow,” She exclaims when she steps back from Maggie. “That smells amazing.”

“Hello to you too, Kara. I’m doing great, thanks for asking.” Alex teases, watching Kara take the boxes of food out of the bags she grabbed from Alex’s hands.

Kara laughs. “Sorry, guess I’m hungry.”

“Shocker.”

Kara turns a fake hurt expression on her sister. Alex only laughs, and takes a beer from the pack Maggie is holding. “So what are we watching?” Maggie asks.

“We could -”

“No!” Kara interrupts Alex with a mouth full of food. “It’s my turn to pick after what you made me sit through last week.” She gives Alex her best glare.

Maggie laughs, and takes Alex’s beer on her way to the couch. “I’m sure it couldn’t have been that bad.”

Alex helps Kara take the food and plates to the coffee table. “It wasn’t. She just can’t focus on action scenes.” They all settle on the couch, so Kara is on the side nearest the kitchen, and Alex is in the
“Really? Get enough of that in real life?” Maggie asks Kara.

“What?” Kara asks with slightly wide eyes, pushing her glasses up. Alex’s eyebrows go up, and she hastily swallows her beer.

“Well, I mean I can understand being a little bored by fake action on tv, when you get plenty real action.”

Alex clears her throat, and Kara slowly turns to look at her sister. “Alex?” She told Maggie my secret, even after all of the times she’s yelled at me about -

“She figured it out on her own.” Fuck, didn’t realize I forgot to tell her.

“Come on, Kara. How bad at my job do you think I am? Plus, I have seen you and Supergirl up close plenty of times.” She sees Kara start to panic a little. “Hey, hey, easy. I don’t think you’re in any fear of the world finding out. It’s not like Kara and Supergirl go talking to the same people often… And Kara Danvers isn’t popping up in any news articles, so I think you’re good.” Maggie offers up her full smile.

Kara relaxes a little. I guess it’s okay she knows. Just as long as she doesn’t hurt Alex. “Okay, I’m glad Alex has someone she can talk to then.” She takes a bite of food. “But now you know when I tell you not to hurt my sister that there’s a very real likelihood of you being thrown into space.” She looks up from her food to see Maggie smirking at her, while Alex is giving her a slightly shocked expression. Kara shrugs, and goes back to her food.

“Noted.” Maggie laughs.

Alex tilts her head. She didn’t even giggle once during that. That’s… new. “Okay, put a movie on before I do.”

Everyone laughs a little, and Kara looks for a movie. “How about -” A knock on the door cuts her off. She doesn’t need to lower her glasses - the rhythm of a familiar heartbeat breaking through her senses. “What’s she doing here?” She says with a little smile before getting up.

“How does she know who’s here?” Maggie whispers to Alex.

Alex gives her a raised eyebrow. “Forget she has x-ray vision, Sawyer?”

“Um, no, but doesn’t she have to have looked at the door for that to have worked?”

Kara opens the door with a genuine smile. “Lena! Hi!”

Lena smiles back, and they both take each other in for a moment.

Alex’s jaw tightens when she hears “Lena.” “Yeah, she would have.” Alex doesn’t look away from the door.

“Oh, sorry!” Kara adjusts her glasses with a nervous smile. She opens the door wider, ushering Lena inside the apartment.

Lena chuckles a little, eyes locked on Kara’s. “I was thinking of you. I hope you don’t mind my just dropping by. I know you said -”

“No, no! Lena, of course it’s okay for you to come over any time. I meant that.” Kara smiles softly at
Lena, who easily smiles back.

Maggie clears her throat. “Want us to go, Little Danvers?” Maggie sounds amused.

Kara and Lena both whip around to face the living room. Kara’s eyes go wide with a slight flush, and Lena pulls on her CEO mask.

“Oh, um.”

“Sorry, I didn’t realize you had company.” Lena turns back to Kara.

The apology snaps Kara out of her speechlessness. “What? No, you don’t have to apologize.” She smiles again, and Lena gives her a smirk back. “You should join us. I was just about to make them watch something super cheerful and sappy.”

“I would not want to impose.”

Kara grabs Lena’s hand that isn’t holding a bottle of wine. “You could never impose, Lena.”

Maggie nudges Alex. “Good thing you’re not the Danvers that has heat vision.”

“What?” Alex turns back to Maggie.

“You might want to calm down. Looks like Little Luthor is joining us.” Alex groans, and hides her face in Maggie’s shoulder. Maggie pats her thigh. “I’m sure your sister would appreciate if you didn’t actively show your hatred.” Alex sighs heavily.

“Please, Lena.” Kara turns on her puppy eyes a little. “Come on,” She squeezes Lena’s hand. “You don’t want to leave me being third wheel with them, do you?” She starts to pout.

Fuuuuuuck. “No, I suppose I wouldn’t want that.” She smirks. “Is your sister going to be okay with this?”

“My sister will be fine.” She can just deal with it. She’s supposed to be playing nice.

“Will bribing her with wine work?” She holds up the bottle.

Kara beams. “See, that’s why I tell everyone you’re so smart.” Lena’s heart rate picks up. “Come on, let’s go get some glasses.” She pulls Lena into the kitchen, and raises her voice to speak to Alex and Maggie. “Okay, you two, no gross PDA, alright?”

“Gross PDA?” Maggie pokes Alex, who is glaring at Lena again.

“You heard me. It’s not two against one anymore. I will kick you off the couch if there’s any funny business.” Kara gives Maggie a raised eyebrow.

“Scout’s honor.” Maggie holds up three fingers.

“You weren’t a girl scout.” Alex elbows her.

“That’s besides the point.” Maggie laughs. “Now play nice, and there may be a surprise in it for you later.”

Kara really has lovely people in her life. Why does she want me around? Kara and Lena walk over with an opened wine bottle and four glasses, and stand by the coffee table.
“Hey, look at that, Danvers. She brought wine.” Maggie nudges Alex until she smiles. “Nice move, Little Luthor.” She smiles at Lena the same way she smiles at Kara.

Lena stiffens a little, and Kara hears her heart rate increase. Kara steps close enough, so their shoulders are touching. She smiles over at Lena. “She calls me Little Danvers. That’s Maggie by the way. She’s Alex’s girlfriend, and way cooler than my sister.”

Lena relaxes slightly, and offers Maggie one of her business smiles. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Hope you like Chinese.” Maggie scoots over to the edge of the couch, pulling Alex closer. “We brought plenty.” *Guess I said something right*, Maggie thinks when she sees Kara’s grateful smile.

“Thank you,” Lena smiles. “And thank you for letting me join you.” Kara sets the wine glasses on the table, and sits down beside Alex with a few inches between them. She pats the empty spot on the couch, looking at Lena with an expectant smile. Lena sits down, still holding the wine. There is a small gap between their thighs. Kara smoothly plucks the wine from Lena’s hands, and pours some into each glass. She picks up two, and hands them to Alex and Maggie.

“This is really good,” Alex compliments the wine. “Okay, I’m going to run to the restroom. Have your sappy movie ready when I get back.”

Kara laughs at her sister’s retreating back. She picks up an empty plate, and puts food on it. *I hope it’s not weird that I know what she likes.* After handing the plate and a fork to Lena, she chooses a movie. Settling back with her own couch, she presses her shoulder against Lena. “I’m glad you stayed,” she whispers. Lena gives her a real smile.

“She’s right, this is some good wine.” Maggie breaks the silence.

“It’s from Italy. I brought a case of it when I moved here.” Alex comes back to all three women eating in silence. She sits down, pressed up against Maggie as much as possible without being on top of her. “Alright, what torture you putting me through tonight, Kara?” Alex picks up her plate of food.

Kara gives an evil laugh, and pushes play. *That was the cutest attempt at an evil laugh*, Lena thinks as she tries hard to not laugh herself.

Kara finishes eating 20 minutes after the others. Maggie and Alex are cuddled against each other. When Kara settles back after putting her plate on the coffee table, her entire right side is in contact with Lena’s left side. A slight shiver runs down Lena’s spine at the unexpected contact with Kara.

“You’re cold.” Kara jumps off the couch before Lena fully comprehends what she said. She just manages to hold back her super speed, and doesn’t notice that all of the women are watching her with a range of emotions.

*What the fuck just happened?* Alex watches Kara jump up with a furrowed brow and narrowed eyes.

*That’s… odd…* Maggie looks at Kara bringing a blanket back for Lena. Her head is tilted in focused thought.

Lena smiles shyly in adoration, looking down at the blanket settling over hers and Kara’s legs. She looks up to see Kara smiling back at her with a pleased expression.

“There,” she says, patting Lena’s thigh over the blanket. *Now she is warm, and we’re cuddling. Everybody’s happy.*
“Thanks.” Lena’s voice sounds more like a prayer.

Kara smiles wider, and they both resume watching the movie. During a particularly comical moment, Alex and Maggie laugh, and Kara bursts out in laughter. Lena throws a hand over her mouth when she snorts out a laugh at Kara’s reaction. Really? How can someone be this adorable? Lena thinks, as her chuckles wind down. She pulls the blanket up a little higher, so her arms are covered in her lap. When Kara stops laughing, she brings her head to rest on Lena’s shoulder. Lena’s breath catches, and her body stiffens for a moment before relaxing under the closeness. Kara slides her hand under the blanket to find Lena’s hand. She gives her hand a squeeze. Lena’s head falls onto the top of Kara’s.

Lena looks down at her lap, where she knows their hands are resting under the blanket. This situation has gotten away from my control.

Alex’s back is mostly turned toward Kara and Lena, since her legs are thrown over Maggie’s lap. With Alex’s head tucked into her shoulder, Maggie can see over it to the other two women. She watches them out of the corner of her eye. Are they holding hands? Fuck... They are. She rests her head on Alex’s, and looks back at the movie. Any lesbian worth their flannel can see Lena’s a lesbian. I guess even big time CEOs aren’t impervious to straight girl crushes.

Everyone has started yawning by the time the movie ends. Kara brushes off offers to help clean up. “Thanks for tonight.” She smiles at everyone.

“Hey, Maggie,” Alex’s voice distracts Lena’s thoughts. “Do you mind meeting me at the car?”

Lena takes the hint. “Thank you again.” She smiles at Alex and Maggie. “It was lovely.”

Aw, I was going to ask her to stay for at least one episode. “Thanks for coming.” Kara wraps Lena in a warm hug, and she eagerly returns it. “Will you text me when you get home?” She whispers near Lena’s ear.

“Sure, Kara.” They pull back from the hug, both wearing smiles.

“I’ll walk down with you.” Maggie offers.

After polite goodbyes, Alex closes the door behind Maggie and Lena, and turns to her sister. “Kara.”

Here we go. That’s her “we need to talk about something you’re not going to like, but you need to hear it” face. Kara crosses her arms over her chest, and levels her sister with as neutral expression as possible. They face off for a few moments. “Alex, what is it? Don’t tell me you thought the way Lena kicked off her heels meant something sinister.”

Alex crosses her arms, and puts on a stern look. “Kara. Just hear me out, okay?”

Kara uncrosses her arms, and puts her hands on her hips expectantly.

Alex walks away from the door toward the living room, and turns back around to face Kara. “I had Winn hack into LCorp.”

“You did what?!” Kara takes a step toward her sister, her arms falling from her hips.

Alex holds her hands in front of her, trying to calm her sister down. “He couldn’t get in before because Lena set some kind of alarming system, and she could shut him out. I told him Lena was here.”
“Wait, what?!” Kara puts her hands on her head, and turns away a moment before looking back with a hurt expression. “Alex, how could you? Not only did you lie about not jumping to conclusions about her because of her name, but you took advantage of her and me. Do you have any idea how much it’s going to hurt her when she finds out?”

“No! Kara, no, you cannot go tell her. We -”

“Alex! I trust her. She trusts me. Ugh, Alex, she is going to find out. I have to -”

“Kara, would you just let me finish?! Winn found something.”

“What are you talking about?”

“He was able to connect the men behind the warehouse attack to a Luthor Corp payroll. Kara, Lena’s company paid for those aliens to be murdered.”

“Did you just hear what you said? Luthor Corp. Alex, Luthor Corp is not LCorp. Lena is not Lex.”

Alex takes a step toward Kara, and reaches out her hand. “Kara -”

“I think you should go.” Kara steps away, and moves sideways to give Alex a clear path to the door.

“Kara -”

“Please. Just go.” Kara is looking down, arms crossed over her chest.

Alex shakes her head, and goes to the door. She pulls it open, and stops before stepping out. “I don’t trust her, Kara. You shouldn’t either.”

Kara looks away, and Alex leaves. There’s no good way to tell her. Kara needs to be the one to apologize, but Supergirl would be the one to actually know. She slumps onto her couch. And she looked like she really needed to just have a night off. I can’t ruin that by telling her now.

Lena Beana: I am safe and sound in my apartment. Again, thank you for letting me crash your movie night.

Sunshine Danvers: You didn’t crash. You made the night complete. :)

Lena Beana: Always happy to help :) It really was a lovely night.

She must be in a good mood if she’s using emoticons. Kara sighs, and opts to figure out how to tell her in the morning.

Sunshine Danvers: I’m really glad you got a night to relax. You deserve it :)”

Lena Beana: You’re sweet.

Sunshine Danvers: :) Are you free tomorrow?

Lena Beana: I have to be at LCorp tomorrow for a few hours in the afternoon.

Sunshine Danvers: Maybe if you finish early enough, we can try to figure out who A is?

Lena Beana: Lol Kara, I think you’re obsessed.
**Sunshine Danvers:** It’s a good show! And c’mon! Don’t you want to know already? Waiting is soooo not fun.

**Lena Beana:** You’re just hoping you find out first.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Duhhh because potstickers and ice cream, but also cause it’s our show, so watching it mean hanging with you.

**Lena Beana:** Oh, Kara. You’re so cute. Okay, I will do my best to be finished by 4. I only have a few things to see to.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Promise?

**Lena Beana:** Kara… I will try.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Leeeenaaaaaa

**Lena Beana:** If you let me know what time you want me, I will be available. Sound fair?

**Sunshine Danvers:** Yayyy!!! I was like so close to begging.

**Lena Beana:** You mean that wasn’t you begging?

**Sunshine Danvers:** Nope! Not yet! Haha, I save it for special circumstances :)

**Lena Beana:** Ah, I see. Well, Kara, if I’m going to get into the lab on time, I need to get some rest.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Okayyy, I’ll leave you to your beauty rest.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Goodnight, Lena!

**Lena Beana:** Sweet dreams, Kara.

---

Strolling through her lobby, Lena’s heels are the only sounds echoing in the pristine walls. Saturdays are left mostly for the different science teams to do work, so they can take advantage of the quieter atmosphere. She rides her elevator up to her office, intent on catching up on emails before meeting with Dr. Sanchez in the S-Lab. After hanging her purse and coat, her steps falter a little on the way to the desk. “What’s this?” She rounds her desk, studying the bouquet of roses. There is a mixture of yellow, orange and lavender. Her fingers run over a lavender petal. She probably doesn’t know the meaning. Wait, why am I assuming it’s Kara. Lena rolls her eyes. Who else would it be? These obviously didn’t go through security. She notices a card tucked into the bouquet. Pulling it out, she sits down.

*Even CEOs should have a fun Saturday night on occasion. I’ll pick you up outside of your apartment at 6. No excuses. Dress up.*

*Is this a date?* She leans back in her chair, a thoughtful expression on her face. “Did Kara Danvers
just ask me on a date?” She taps the card on her desk. “Fuck.” The card falls onto the desk, and she leans her elbows on her desk.

A familiar flap of a cape and soft thud brings a smile to her lips. *How should I play this?* She turns in her chair, just as Supergirl opens the balcony door. “What a surprise.” She stands up, and leans back against her desk. She watches Supergirl walk inside of the office, and stop in front of her desk before turning to look at Lena. She looks more serious than usual. “To what do I owe the pleasure?” She smirks.

Supergirl takes a deep breath, and looks down at her feet for a moment. Her hands fidget in front of her. “I just want to start off by saying I really do **not** want this to turn out like that last time I came here with not the best news. So I’ll start off by saying I trust you, and I am sorry about this.”

*What could have happened since last night to get her acting like this?* Lena crosses her arms, and straightens, putting on a neutral expression.

She breathes out slowly. “I found out that the agents investigating a warehouse… slaughter hacked into LCorp.”

Lena tilts her head, a furrow appearing in her eyebrow. She resists the urge to check her email for the first time since before she got to Kara’s apartment last night.

“I came here to apologize about that. They took advantage of you and Kara, which is completely unacceptable. Kara would never do anything to hurt your trust.” She takes a step closer.

“That must be what her sister told her last night.”

“But that’s not the only reason I’m here. They managed to find some Luthor Corp expenditures being made under the radar.”

Lena uses every ounce of willpower not to react. She uncrosses her arms, and pushes away from her desk to walk around behind it. Without a word, she opens her laptop, and begins typing.

“Lena, I’m so sorry.” Supergirl walks up to the desk. “ I just -”

Lena holds up a hand to stop Supergirl’s rambling. She looks up right into the blue eyes across from her. “I appreciate you telling me. You don’t have to apologize.” Her eyes fall back to the screen.

“Um, should I -”

“Found it.” Lena interrupts.

“What?” Supergirl circles the desk, and stands behind Lena, who is leaning her weight on her hands on the desk.

“The hidden account. Lex had it hidden where I wouldn’t think to question. It was under charity files. I should have known. He didn’t give a damn about children.” Lena starts typing again.

“How’d you find it so fast?”

Lena looks over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow. “You should tell your hacker friend to learn to leave less of a trail. I followed it right to the account.”

“I’ll pass that along.” Supergirl chuckles.

“Okay, I’ve shut them down. I’ll leave a bug in case someone tries to find it again.” Lena stands up
straight, and turns around, coming face-to-face with Supergirl. Only a foot of air separates the two women.

“Wow, that’s so cool.” She smiles at Lena. “You’re super smart.” She lifts her hand as if to adjust her glasses, and changes course to put a lock of hair behind her ear. “And I know things that are super.” She winks at Lena.

Lena’s answering groan turns into a chuckle. She looks down at her fidgeting hands, and stills them. Looking back up, she smirks at the hero. “Don’t tell me all of your jokes are Supergirl-related.”

“Hey, my jokes are hilarious.”

“Hmm, if you say so.” Woah, I almost said “Miss Danvers” after that. As much fun as that would be, now’s not the time.

“I do.” Supergirl responds with a proud smile.

Lena laughs, and leans back against her desk, hands on either side of her - increasing the space between them. A sly grin takes over. “Seems like your pride extends beyond your heroing skills.”

Supergirl crosses her arms and shrugs. Her eyes finally notice the flowers. “Nice flowers.”

Lena turns around with a small smile, and reaches out to touch a flower. “Thanks. They were in my office when I got here.” Leave it to Kara to bring up the flowers she sent me as her alter ego. “It was a sweet surprise.”

Supergirl steps up next to Lena to get a better look. “I like the colors.” She forces a small smile on her face.

Lena hums in agreement. “They’re lovely.” Let’s have some fun. “Did you know every color rose has a different meaning?”

“Really?” Supergirl tilts her head. Yellow, orange, lavender. I’ll look them up later.

Lena’s hand falls to rest on top of the note. “Really.” She looks up at Supergirl over her shoulder. They are standing side by side.

“So who sent them?”

Lena looks down at the card. “Someone asking me out tonight… to hang out.”

“Oh, really?” Supergirl fidgets with her hands.

“Yes, the invitation wasn’t specific as to what I should call it, but I wouldn’t turn it down no matter the nature of the night out.”

“Well, I hope you enjoy your night.” She smiles at Lena.

“I’m sure I will.” Lena returns a flirty smile. She watches Supergirl fly away in a blur of red and blue with a look of awe and adoration.

---

Lena takes one last glance at herself in the mirror in her foyer, smoothing out nonexistent wrinkles. Her dress is a deep red with matching lipstick. Her hair is down in soft curls. “Okay, not bad for a
first date.” She puts her purse over her shoulder. “Or not a date.” She sighs. *Guess I'll find out soon.*

She does her best not to let her thoughts overtake her nerves on the elevator ride. She steps outside of the front door, and sees a sleek, black car. The back door opens halfway. Lena’s eyebrows raise slightly. *This has to be a date.* Her heels create a steady rhythm across the pavement. She walks up from the back of the car, and slides into the back seat, pulling the door closed automatically.

“Kara, this is -” Her eyes subtly widen when she turns to the woman beside her. The seat beside her is holding a lounging red-head wearing a vibrant, green dress. The doors lock, and the car begins moving.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, that was it for this storyline. Next one picks up where this one leaves off.

I'm loving all of the theories coming in! Some people are getting dangerously close to figuring some of them out. Next story will give us some answers, and some more questions. It will be the first story not to be based around an issue from an episode. There will be some special guests though!

I will leave you with one fun fact. The mystery woman is from the DC Universe. Let the theories begin!
Special Guests

Chapter Summary

Beginning of "Double Date" storyline

Supergirl finds people diverting her attention to get at Lena Luthor. With Cadmus still attacking, and returning back to the shadows, Kara is worried for Lena’s safety. Although danger is ever present, Kara still wants to be with those she cares about - especially on her 13th earth birthday.

Chapter Notes

Something to know about the way I write. I do everything with purpose and critical analysis. Many of you have noticed some of the more obvious hints I have put to future pieces of storylines; ie. the person outside the window, Alex taking her phone to the bathroom, etc. It should come to no surprise that the flowers I choose are for specific reasons. Here's the website I used:

Lena is the epitome of the powerful CEO, leaning against the back seat of the car. Out of the corner of her eye, she can see the sealed partition blocking her view from the front of the car. She lifts her chin, irradiating a sense of forced calm honed from years of being a Luthor. “Who are you?”

The woman’s laugh seems to flow through Lena’s ears, and surround her with its silk-like quality. Lena crosses her legs in reaction to the building tension in the moving vehicle. “Pamela Isley.” She chuckles again, and Lena swears she can smell a distinct herbal essence along with a sudden wash of lightheadedness she usually feels in response to lavender oil. “I would tell you my full name, but something tells me you wouldn’t much like me after hearing my middle name.”

Without losing her CEO mask, Lena’s voice doesn’t waver. “Don’t you think my not liking you has more to do with you kidnapping me?”

Again, the woman’s laugh flows through Lena’s senses. She hums, and smiles at Lena. Her smile is anything but innocent. “Even after such a lovely invitation? I nurtured those roses myself, you know.” She leans her elbow along the back of the seat, and leans toward the CEO. Lena’s nostrils flare a little at her sharp inhale, bringing a predatory smile to Pamela’s lips. “Saying I have a green thumb would be a little bit of an,” Her eyes slowly move down Lena’s body, and back up to her eyes. “Understatement.” The last word cascades from the woman’s bright red lips.

Lena’s jaw tightens as she leans slowly back against the leather seat.

Pamela licks her lips, and bestows a smirk upon the brunette before her. She hums in approval. “You do know how to relax.” She crosses her leg opposite of Lena, so the toe of her heel is inches from Lena’s calf. “So tell me, Lena,” She slides closer. “What does it take for one of the most powerful women in the world to lose control?” As she speaks, her free hand gets closer until it’s sliding up
Lena’s arm.

With the slightest twitch, Lena narrows her eyes, refusing to show any weakness, or give the woman any reaction.

The answering chuckle, that Lena is starting to hate, comes again. “Red is a sexy color on you.” A hand slides down the fabric over Lena’s thigh.

Her forwardness causes Lena’s breathing to quicken. While being no stranger to flirting, Lena has never been on the receiving end of someone so blatantly forward.

“I’m sure it would be a sexy color off of you too.” She slides closer, a mere inch separating their thighs. Lena instantly tenses, and Pamela smirks in response. “Now, Lena, you really should learn how to relax.” Her hand comes to rest on Lena’s knee. “Perhaps you will by the end of the night.”

Kara is pacing in her apartment. Her thoughts keep circulating back to the flowers on Lena’s desk. “Is Lena dating somebody?” She stops suddenly, and looks around as if someone will answer her questions. “She’s… she’s my best friend, and I didn’t even know.” She begins pacing. “Why is this bothering me? I mean… it’s not like I’ve kept something big from her before.” She sighs, and walks to the fridge, pulling out a box of leftover pizza. Deciding to find something to watch, she takes her pizza to the couch. With a quick burst of heat vision, her pizza is toasty once again.

After one episode of a random sitcom, Kara’s phone buzzes.

“What’s up, Winn?” She tries not to sound exasperated.

“Hey, slight problem, no biggie, but there’s been notice of some disturbance downtown. And um Guardian is a little preoccupied on the other side of town.”

Kara sighs. “I’m on my way.”

Alex listened to her parents talking about what had been labeled as the “car incident.” She couldn’t help but feel at fault. All she wanted was one day to be with friends again, and not have an alien shadow to look out for. Kara couldn’t even look at her when she walked inside the house after her talk with Jeremiah. Alex watched Kara walk carefully up the stairs, pushing the glasses up her nose.

When her parents left, Alex thought she could get away with sneaking out for a little while. Holding her shoes in her hand, she treaded carefully down the hallway. She paused at an odd sound. Realizing it came from Kara’s room, she sighed before going to investigate. Slowly opening the door, she peered inside to be greeted with complete darkness and almost stifled crying. “Kara?” A choked sob was her only answer. She opened the door completely, letting in light from the hallway. “Um, are you okay?” Still no answer came. Sighing at the knowledge she wouldn’t be going out, she walked into the corner of the room the sobs were coming from.

Kara was sitting in the corner furthest from any furniture. Her knees were pulled up to her chest, and she was squeezing her arms around her legs as hard as she could - as hard as she knew nobody would ever be able to hold her. With her head pressed between her knees, Alex couldn’t see her face.

Alex sat down across from this alien thrown into her life, setting her shoes down beside her. She
paused in reaching out for Kara, unsure if it would be the safest decision. Pulling her hand back to set in her lap, she clears her throat. “Hey.”

The younger girl squeezes her knees tighter of her ears.

“Careful, don’t want to squeeze your brain out of your nose.”

A chuckle so light she thought she imagined it was the response. The pressure of Kara’s knees lessened.

“You know, there were these ancient humans that would push a stick up the nose of their dead, swoosh it around, and pull out their brains.”

“Well that’s just not true.” Kara mumbled against her knees.

Alex smiled at Kara. “It is. There’s actually a movie about them you should watch.”

Kara sniffled, still hugging her legs to herself.

Unsure of what to do now, Alex tried to just ask questions. “How do you like the glasses?”

Kara held herself tighter. When Alex didn’t say anything for a few moments, Kara looked up a little. It was obvious she had been crying for quite some time. “They’re supposed to help with my powers.”

“Yeah?”

“He said the lead will help. I can’t see through things now.”

“Were you just walking around before seeing through everything?”

Kara huddles closer to herself again.

Alex winced when she realized that may have not come off the right way. “Was that weird?”

With a sniffle, Kara shrugged. “Everything is weird here.”

“Is that why you were here in the dark?” Alex shuffled a few inches closer.

Kara nodded. “It was too much.”

“What do you mean?”

“Um I heard Eliza and Jeremiah talking. I just feel so bad about everything. Then I just heard more and more, and the lights were so bright. I felt like I was surrounded.”

That was the most words Alex had heard her say at one time. “So you like lose control when you get upset?”

She shrugged again.

Alex scooted close enough, so her knees were almost touching Kara. “Can’t you talk to your cousin?”

“Jeremiah said seeing isn’t a good idea.”

“Who said anything about seeing him?”
Kara looked up at her for the first time. “What do you mean?”

Alex shrugged. “We have these things called phones.”

“But Jeremiah -”

“Is not here. Come on, I know where they keep the address book.” Alex stood up, carrying her shoes with her. She stopped at the door when she didn’t hear Kara behind her. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Kara looking at her with a confused expression. “Come on. Gotta do this before they get back.”

“Were you going to go somewhere?” Kara pointed at the shoes in her hand.

Alex looked at her shoes, and shrugged. “Nah, come on.”

Kara slowly stood up, and followed Alex out of the door. She stayed several feet behind Alex the entire way to the home office. Alex pulled a book out of the desk, and Kara remained in the middle of the room - away from any objects. Kara fidgeted with her hands, and looked uncertainly around the office. Soon, Alex realized she was avoiding touching anything. She scanned for Clark’s number, and dialed it on their cordless landline before holding the phone out for Kara.

“Um…” Kara squeezed her hands.

With a sympathetic look, she put the phone on speaker on the receiver.

“Kent.” Clark’s voice sounded through the office.

“Um Kal-El?”

“Kara?” Clark’s voice was laced with worry. “Why are you calling me? This isn’t safe. Where’s Jeremiah?”

“Oh, I… Alex helped me to talk to you.”

“To talk?” Clark sounded confused.

Alex watched helplessly. She had never seen anyone look so lost.

“Jeremiah gave me glasses like yours.”

“Well, that’s good.”

“But sometimes things just get so loud or bright. On Krypton-”

“Hey, Kara. Listen. You’ll figure it out. Earth is great. It will start feeling like home in no time. But, hey, I have to go. You can trust the Danvers. They’ll help you with whatever, okay? They’re family.” Clark gave her his cheery tone.

“Oh, yeah, sure, okay. Thanks Kal-El.”

Clark sighed. “Bye, Kara.”

“Bye.” She whispered, and the call ended. “I don’t think he likes me using his name.”

Alex believed she wasn’t supposed to hear that, since it was whispered so quietly. She felt bad for the kid not being wanted by the only family she has left. “Hey,” She waited for Kara to look at her. “Do
“You want to watch that movie I told you about?”

“You don’t have to hang out with me.”

Alex shrugged, and walked around the desk. “Now that I’m thinking about the movie, I want to watch it. The lead lady is super awesome.”

“Are you sure?”

Alex put her hands on Kara’s shoulders, and moved to spin her around. After a second, Kara allowed her. “Yeah, I wouldn’t offer if I didn’t want to.” She led Kara to the kitchen. “First, we need snacks. No movie night is complete without the right food.” Kara smiled a little, and Alex decided being a big sister might not be terrible after all.

Supergirl follows the sound of a loud crash to a junkyard downtown. Just as her feet touch the ground, a car comes flying toward her. She lifts off into the air, letting the car land in the spot she was a moment ago. “What the -” Another car comes her direction, and she ducks again. “Hey!” She hears laughter bordering somewhere between maniacal and psychotic. She catches the next car coming at her, and sets it down to the side. “Really?” She shouts. “Hitting me with a car won’t do anything besides annoy me.” Like I needed this tonight.

“Maybe I just wanna keep ya on your pretty little toesies, Supergirly.” A high-pitched woman’s voice sounds from across the yard.

“Why don’t you come out, so we can talk?” Supergirl puts her hands on her hips.

“Okay,” was the cheerful response.

Supergirl’s eyebrows go up at the agreeableness. “That was easy.” She murmured. Her eyebrows hitch further up when she sees a woman skipping out from between cars.

“Howdy, Miss Super. Fancy meeting you here. I’ve heard so much about ya.” The woman swings a mallet around, before letting it rest on her shoulders. “It’s nice to have another suited lady out there, ya know?”

Supergirl adjusts her feet a little, confusion taking over her thoughts. “And who are you?”

She scoffs, and brings her free hand up to her chest in an expression of mock hurt. “Why, it is such a shame you haven’t heard of me. But I guess with the whole sunshine, good girl thing, you wouldn’t knows too much about Gotham, yeah?” She walks closer to Supergirl, extending her free hand. “Supes, meet Harley Quinn.”

“Did you just introduce yourself in the third person?” Supergirl ignores the hand several feet in front of her.

Harley shrugs with a laugh. “Life is more exciting in the third person.”

“Right... So is there a reason you’re trying to start a dodgeball game with old cars?” Supergirl crosses her arms.

“Why to get your attention, of course, Supergirly.”

“It’s Supergirl.”
“Why not woman? You hardly look like a girl to me, yeah?”

“It’s a long story.”

“Ooo, I love stories.” Harley Quinn hops to a sit on the hood of a nearby car, and swings her legs over the side.

“I’d prefer if you told me the story of why you’re so far from Gotham City trying to get my attention. Playing around in a junkyard isn’t exactly a crime, but National City likes to know if any metahumans are a threat.”

“Who you callin’ a metahuman, Supes?”

“You threw several cars at my head.”

Harley Quinn laughs, and waves the comment off. “Yeah, yeah, okay ya got me there. But how else was I s’posed to get you to come play?”

“Yeah, I don’t have patience for this.” Supergirl shakes her head, and lifts a hand to her earpiece - intent on reaching out to the DEO.

“Woah, woah, woah, hang on there.” Harley Quinn jumps off the car, and steps toward her. “No need to call whatever friends you got talkin’ in your head.”

Supergirl rolls her eyes, and gives her a pointed look.

“I just wanted to play with you, while your fancy friend was busy.”

The hero stiffens, and glares at her. “What friend?”

Harley Quinn waves her hand around, as if trying to think of something. “Oh, you know the one. The fancy one. Skirts, heels, lipstick, lip bite… Ringing a bell?”

Supergirl starts stalking toward her. “What did you -”

“Hey, hey, hey, easy up there blondie. We’s just having some fun. Bit of a contest. Just a game.” She walks backward, as Supergirl gets closer. A motorcycle engine pulls both of their attention away.

“Supergirl, Guardian is coming. Need backup?” Winn’s voice sounds over the earpiece.

“Have him take her in. Someone’s after Lena.” Supergirl looks back at Harley Quinn. Without warning, she grabs a nearby car, and puts it on top of Harley Quinn, who squeaks in reaction.

“Stay.” Before Guardian could get closer, she shoots into the sky.

“And what if I refuse?” Lena asks Pamela. “What if you’re not my type?” She quirks an eyebrow, determined not to let this woman crack her calm facade.

Pamela does that laugh again. She reaches behind herself on the seat, and picks up a dog rose. She twirls it in her hand as she speaks. “It’s truly amazing how people can put meanings to flowers, and still lack true respect for the environment.” She smells the flower. With a coy smile, her eyes meet Lena’s. “I’m everyone’s type, Miss Luthor.” She slides the petals of the flower along Lena’s cheek.

The car pulls to a stop, and Lena grabs the woman’s hand, pulling it away from her face. “Then you
shouldn’t have any problem finding someone else to get to relax with you.”

“Hmm, it’s cute that you think you have a choice.” The door by Lena opens. “After you, Miss Luthor.” When Lena refuses to move, her grin turns predatory. Lena looks at her lap at the feeling of something moving over her hands. She inhales sharply, watching with wide eyes as the stem of the flower grows to wrap around her hands. Looking back up at Pamela, she finds an avaricious smile on the woman’s face. “Like I said… After you, Miss Luthor.” Lena feels a pull on her hands from the growing plants, and Pamela pushes her from behind.

She steps out of the car to see an old warehouse in front of her. “Do all villains have a warehouse fetish?” Her back is to Pamela and the car.

“Oh, come now, Lena. I just want to have some fun with you. Nothing villainous.”

Lena turns with a raised eyebrow that drops instantly upon seeing the other figure with Pamela. She takes a staggering step back.

“Ah, that would be my driver.” Pamela smirks at Lena.

Lena stares at the humanoid plant before her. The vines surrounding its body are constantly moving, and leaves cover any notable features. “I know you.” Lena takes another step back. “You’re a long way from Gotham City,” She narrows her eyes at the woman. “Poison Ivy.”

“Ooo, I love the way you say my name.” Lena takes another step back. “Oh, no, no, no.” With a wave of her arm, two vines shoot out to wrap around Lena. “We haven’t even had our fun yet.”

A 7-year-old Lena walked into the Luthor mansion behind her nanny. Without turning to look at Lena, the nanny began speaking to her. “Lionel and Lillian had to leave town while you were in school. They will be gone for the weekend. Dinner is at 7.” She stopped at the bottom of the stairs, and watched her nanny disappear to the kitchen.

With a small sigh, she grasped the straps of her backpack, and walked up the stairs to her bedroom. She left her curtain open to have light streaming in when she got home. Turning on the overhead light, she looked around the professionally designed room to match the rest of the house. She walked to her wooden desk, and set her backpack on top. After unzipping it, she reached a small hand inside, and pulled out a blue trophy. Her fingers brush over the letters marking her latest victory. A smile spreads across her face for a moment. As if she feared being seen, she wiped the smile from her face, and looked around her room in fear.

Taking her trophy toward her closet, she kneeled down on the floor to reach for a box in the corner. Opening the lid revealed various other accolades. With one last look at the trophy, she joined it with the rest before shutting the box resolutely. She shoved the box back into place, and stood up.

Deciding to do something productive as she had been taught, she went back to her desk to find something to study.

“What are you working on?”

Lena jumped clear out of her seat at the sudden voice just behind her. She whirled around to see 17-year-old Lex with an amused smile framed by his curly hair. “Lex! You scared me!” She didn’t bother trying to hug him, since she got in trouble for it last time when Lillian saw.
“I could tell. Better be careful about showing your reactions like that. Never let them see you sweat, remember?” He gave her a small smile.

“Right, I know that.”

“So what have they got you studying now?”

“Algebra. It’s okay, I guess.” She shrugged.

“Yeah, I remember working on that while everyone else was still trying to figure out how to button their pants.”

Lena giggled a little. “What are you doing home? Didn’t you have a college visit?”

Lex shrugged, and leaned back against his desk. “I wasn’t crazy about the color of the buildings.”

“Is that important for picking a school?”

“When you can go wherever you want, you have room to be picky. You’ll see one day.” He pulled one of Lena’s papers off her desk to look at it. “I wanted to do some tests in my lab out in the back field.”

“What kind of tests?”

“Nothing you need to worry about.” He puts the paper back down. “Didn’t you have some contest today?”

“The Smallville Spelling Bee.”

“How’d that go?”

Lena shrugged, and kept a neutral tone and expression. “I won.”

“What ages?”

“14-17.”

“Good. See, you’re fitting right in here.”

Lena gave him a small smile.

“Listen,” He leaned closer conspiratorially. “I don’t know what’s going on in that kitchen, but it’s not a good smell. How about I bust you out of here, and get you some pizza?”

“But -

“Come on, they’ll never know.”

“Okay.” She stood up to join Lex.

“Just make sure you don’t tell Mom and Dad I came back here, okay?”

“Will they get mad at me?”

“They don’t need to know. Nobody does.”

“Okay, Lex.”
“Good girl. Let’s go get that pizza.”

When they came back from getting pizza, Lex parked his car, and instructed Lena to go in through one of the side doors. Lena smiled at her brother, and thanked him. He watched the sky, looking for a streak of color across the pre-dusk horizon.

“Len, Lena, Lena…” Poison Ivy coos, her vines pulling Lena closer to her. “I do believe I’m starting to understand what the Girl of Steel sees in you.”

Lena’s breath hitches, and her thoughts instantly go to Kara. She maintains her CEO expression as best as she can. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Aw, now don’t play dumb, Lena. We both know how bright you are.” She runs a finger down Lena’s jawline. She laughs. “It’s funny, isn’t it? Lois Lane. Lena Luthor. Do all Supers have a thing for alliteration? Or is it just the Ls? Is it exciting to be rescued so many times by her?”

“What do you want?”

“I already told you, Lena. I’m hear to have some fun. I even put makeup on for our date, and had my best driver come along.”

“And I already told you… I’m not interested.”

Poison Ivy brings her body into contact with Lena, and puts her hands on Lena’s shoulders. “It would only take one kiss,” She brings her lips inches from Lena’s. “To make you change your mind.”

Lena struggles to pull away. A familiar cape fluttering before a thud sends relief flooding through. “Supergirl,” Her relief and gratitude are evident.

“Lena!” Supergirl comes closer.

Poison Ivy takes a step back, and looks at Supergirl. “Ah, Superbabe in the flesh. I guess my BFF couldn’t keep you distracted long enough. Your pictures don’t do you justice.”

Lena’s eyes narrow at her in anger. Bitch.

“Let her go.” Supergirl’s voice is firm.

“Oh, but why? We haven’t had our fun yet.” The plant man behind Poison Ivy stomps toward Supergirl. “Please excuse us, while my pet here keeps you busy.” Lena lets out a slight gasp as her body is lifted into the air by the vines.

“Lena!” Before Supergirl can move toward Lena, the plant man jumps on her, and she’s surrounded by a strong floral smell.

“Careful about grass stains, Supergirl.” Poison Ivy chuckles, and starts to walk away with Lena.

“Leaver her alone!” Lena demands, and begins struggling against the vines harder.

“Don’t worry dear, we’re leaving.” Poison Ivy coos.

Supergirl punches the plant man, but her hand simply disappears into its body. She pulls it out
quickly, and takes a step back. “What are you?” Without a face, the creature is unable to answer. It tries to grab at her, but she wraps both hands around what would be a wrist on a human. The vines move around until she’s not longer holding onto it. She takes a deep breath in, and blows her freeze breath at the legs of the creature. Instantly, they freeze, and the vines start to grow out around the now frozen legs. “Oh, no you don’t!” She freezes the rest of the creature, and waits a moment to insure it won’t be moving.

She flies off in the direction Poison Ivy took Lena. She catches up to them as Lena is being tossed into the door of the warehouse. “It’s always a warehouse.” She says under her breath. “Hey! Plant lady!”

Poison Ivy turns to Supergirl with an annoyed expression. “Seriously? You don’t know who I am?”

“Should I?”

Poison Ivy looks over her shoulder at Lena. “You’re choosing her over me?” She looks back at Supergirl. “Good thing you’re hot.” She makes more vines shoot out to completely surround Lena.

“Lena!” Kara rushes to her, but is knocked away by another vine. She bounces off of the wall of the warehouse.

“Supergirl!” Lena gasps before her head is covered in vines.

With a burst of heat vision, Supergirl severs the vines from Poison Ivy, so no more can grow. She speeds to Lena, and rips off the vines from her face. When Lena audibly breathes in deeply, Supergirl turns to Poison Ivy. “Where did she go?” In the place Poison Ivy stood, a single white violet rested on the floor. She scanned the walls with her x-ray vision, but found no signs of Poison Ivy or her car.

Supergirl helped Lena remove the rest of the vines. Lena accepted the hand to help her get to her feet. She brushed the dust off, and smoothed out the wrinkles in her dress as best as possible. Supergirl watched her walk over to the flower on the floor. “Hmm,” She hums softly.

“I don’t think touching that would be the best idea.” Supergirl sounds slightly amused.

“White violet.” Lena’s voice is thoughtful.

“What?” Supergirl walks over to join Lena.

“It’s a white violet.” She looks Supergirl straight in the eye. “Something tells me Poison Ivy is adept at knowing the meanings of plants.”

“Her name is Poison Ivy?”

“Mmhmm. I’m surprised you aren’t chasing her down.”

She shrugs in response. “Honestly, her and her friend seemed to just be bored. They didn’t actually hurt anybody, and I’m hoping they just head back home.”

“Her friend?”

“Long story. Um, so did you…” Supergirl looks away, seeming more like Kara Danvers than Supergirl. “Did you know her? Is that why you agreed to go on a… to go with her?” I’m not jealous.

Lena chuckles a little with a shake of her head before looking at Supergirl. “Once the plants started moving, I realized who she was. She’s from Gotham City, not one of my favorite places, but I’m
familiar with it."

“So how did you end up in a car with her?”

Lena sighs, not willing to admit to thinking it was her asking for a date. “It was a misunderstanding. Not one of my fondest moments.” She looks down, fidgeting with her hands.

“Well you look really nice. I mean that’s a very nice dress.”

Instantly, Lena’s flirty smirk is back in place. “Thank you, Supergirl.” She sighs. “I don’t suppose I could bother you for a ride? I’m not up for anyone knowing about any of this.”

“I’d be happy to.”

Supergirl waited for Lena to take a step closer, and scooped her into her arms. Lena didn’t hesitate to wrap her arms around the hero’s shoulders, and they take off from the ground. “Thanks, Supergirl. For the rescue and the ride. I’m sure you had better things to do on a Saturday night.”

“No really,” She blurts out without thinking.

“Hmm, so what does the most powerful woman in the world do on her nights off?”

Shrugging as best as she can while carrying a person, Supergirl laughs at having to cover her secret identity yet again. “You know… Same as every other millennial.”

“Ah, so Supergirl admits to be an annoying millennial?” She teases.

“Hey! Just cause you’re a big shot, hot CEO doesn’t mean you get to deny your millennialness.”

“Hot?” Lena quirks an eyebrow to go with her smirk.

Supergirl is glad for the lack of light above National City to cover up her blush. “Yeah, you know, like awesome, or cool, or tip top.”

Lena only chuckles at Supergirl’s relieved sigh when they get to the balcony of Lena’s apartment. Should I ask her how she knows where I live?

“Here we are.” She sets Lena down, holding onto her until she knows she’s steady.

“You’re definitely an efficient means of travel, Supergirl.”

The hero waves off the comment. “I save on gas.”

Lena’s laugh brings a smile to Supergirl’s face. She walks over to the door, and places her hand on the door handle. She slides it open after a moment.

“I get that you’re up high, but isn’t it a little unsafe to just leave your balcony door unlocked?”

Lena turns halfway toward her friend with a smirk. “You care about my safety that much, Supergirl?” Supergirl begins to ramble, but Lena stops it before it can get too far. “That’s sweet.” She winks. “I’m sure you’re the only one around that can get to this door, which isn’t necessarily something I mind. But since you’re so worried for me, you should know that the door handle has a biometric scanner.” She smiles at Supergirl’s look of wonder. “And the glass is double layered with the strongest bullet proof glass engineered.” She closes the door. “Give it a try.” She waves the hero toward the door.
Supergirl steps forward with a curious expression. She fits her hand around the door handle, and waits a few seconds before giving it a human-strength tug. Nothing happened. Over her shoulder, she throws Lena an impressed smile. “That’s nifty.”

Lena looks up from her phone, and gives Supergirl a knowing smile. Supergirl fidgets with her hands slightly, and a tense silence falls between them.

“Are you sure you’re okay? I can do a scan of your apartment, or have someone -”

“No, no, that’s quite alright. This really is something I’d rather have kept between us. This isn’t exactly how I thought the night would go.”

“I can understand that. Maybe next time don’t go getting in strangers cars?” She smiles to keep any sting out of the teasing remark.

Lena lets out a self-deprecating chuckle. “You’re starting to sound like a mother hen, Supergirl.”

Supergirl steps away from the door, as Lena walks up to it. She laughs a little at herself. “I guess I can sometimes get a tad overprotective.”

“A tad?” Lean teases, having regained the upperhand.

Supergirl crosses her arm, a mock hurt expression on her face. “I have my moments.” She watches Lena open the door again. “Well, if you’re fine here, I guess I’d better get going.”

Lena smirks over her shoulder with a touch of mischief. “Thanks again for the help, Supergirl. Always a pleasure seeing you swoop in.”

Supergirl laughs a little nervously. “Anytime, Lena. Try not to get into anymore trouble tonight though.”

“Hmm, I will do my best.” Her smirk turns playful. “You know, it would be more efficient if I had your number.”

Supergirl chokes on air, and fears she may swallow her tongue. “Ha, you’re probably right. Maybe I should get one.”

Lena elegantly raises an eyebrow. “A millennial without a cellphone? You really are an alien, huh?” She smiles to avoid offending her friend.

“Oh, ha, yeah, I just never really have anyone to go around texting while flying, I guess. But if I get a phone, you’ll be the first person I text”

“I’m honored.” She winks, and decides to have some more fun with the blonde. “Actually, I’m going to text my best friend, since I originally thought my Saturday night would be spent that way.” She bites her lip at the flush on Supergirl’s neck.

Who is she trying to hang out with now?? Supergirl shuffles a little. Not that I have any say who she gets to be with… spend time with. “Oh, well have a good night then, Lena.” Supergirl steps back to the railing of the balcony.

“Thank you, Supergirl. Have fun cellphone shopping. I recommend an android.” With one last wink, she disappears into her apartment. Supergirl is gone by the time she looks over her shoulder. She opens her text messages on her way to her bedroom.
Lena Beana: Kara, I believe I owe you a large dinner with as many Pretty Little Liars episodes as you can stay up for.

She puts her phone down on a small table in her closet, and sets about the task of removing the great effort she put into she believed would be the perfect look for her first date with Kara Danvers.

Sunshine Danvers: You don’t owe me anything, Lena. I figured you just got busy tonight. I understand.

Lena sighs heavily. “How do I fix this without ruining her closeness?” She bites her lip in thought. “I really don’t want to have to try to do this in person.”

Lena Beana: To make a long, embarrassing story short… I was tricked into thinking I was meeting with you elsewhere tonight. Supergirl, as usual, saved the day.

Lena Beana: Will as many potstickers as you can eat convince you to forget one of my more embarrassing moments?

Sunshine Danvers: You were tricked?

Lena Beana: Yes. I must have tired myself out more than I thought possible. Now, can we please forget this happened? *pouting emoticon*

Lena pulls out pajamas to change into, seeking comfort after the strangeness of the night.

Sunshine Danvers: I’ve never seen you pout before.

Lena Beana: Kara…

Sunshine Danvers: All the potstickers I can eat, huh? ;)

Lena Beana: Lol yes, Kara. Does that mean you’ll come over?“

Sunshine Danvers: I was already on my way when you first text me :p

Unable to help herself, Lena laughs at her friend’s antics.

Lena Beana: Kara, you are something else.

Sunshine Danvers: :D

Lena Beana: I’m ordering the food now, dork. Don’t make me wait too long :)

She lays on her bed over the covers, pulling a throw blanket over her legs. Grabbing the laptop off of her side table, she sets about ordering enough food for a Kryptonian fresh out of a fight.

Sunshine Danvers: I wouldn’t dream of it.

Within minutes, a ridiculous amount of food has been ordered with a large tip for fast delivery. Lena sets her laptop down, and switches her television to Youtube. Not particularly caring what she watches, she clicks on one of the recommended BuzzFeed videos. Halfway through the video, Lena’s phone alerted her to someone at her private elevator. Seeing an image of Kara pop up on the camera feed, she pressed the button to allow her access. A particularly hilarious moment began to unfold on the screen, and her attention was drawn to it.
Kara’s voice cut through her senses. “Lena?” Her voice was muffled by distance. “Lena?” Kara came closer.

“Bedroom, Kara.” Lena barely raised her voice, knowing Kara could hear her even if she whispered. Kara’s head poked into the her room. Lena waved her into the room. Kara’s hair is in a loose braid, and she’s wearing jeans with a CatCo t-shirt.

“Are you watching Buzzfeed videos?” Kara stops only a few feet from the door, her face holding some wonder.

Lena shrugs with a smirk. “Nice way to pass time without having to use my brain.” Before she can say anymore, her phone rings. She smiles an apology at Kara. “Hello? Yes, Charles. No, no. That’ll be fine. Great, thank you.” She sets her phone down. “A security guard is sending the food up.” She pulls the blanket off of herself. “I’ll just go -”

“No, I’ll go get it.” Kara disappears out of the room before Lena can protest. She’s back so quickly, Lena believes she must have used some super speed. She’s carrying a large cardboard box with bags poking out of the top. “Um, where do you want -”

“If you promise to refrain from making a mess,” She pats the spot on the bed Kara had slept on before. “We can eat right here.” Kara sets the box on the side table beside Lena, and starts to walk around to the other side of the bed. “Wait.” Kara looks at her with a tilt of her head. “You’re wearing jeans.” Lena smirks down at the jeans in question for a lingering moment.

“What?” Kara adjusts her glasses.

“Closet. Dresser. Second drawer from the top.”

Kara opens her mouth to speak, but closes it with a click at Lena’s raised eyebrow. With a small smile, she turns on her heel to the closet.

Lena watches with a pleased smirk. That was easy. She takes a towel she left hanging on a nearby chair, and spreads it out on the bed. Kara comes out of the closet just as she’s organizing the food on the towel. “Hungry?”

“Always.”

A black car pulls up near an alley with only one street lamp nearby. A figure skips out of the alley, and climbs into the back of the car without hesitation.

“Guessing you didn’t get lucky, huh, Red?” Harley Quinn sets her mallet on the floor of the back seat of the car.

Poison Ivy looks at her best friend with a smirk. “I don’t think I’m the only one.”

“So ya don’t think our ladies went home together?”

“How two beautiful creatures can be so clueless to each other is a mystery. Truly.”

Harley Quinn shrugs. “At least we had our fun.”

“We have different definitions of fun, Harls.” Poison Ivy gives Harley Quinn a seductive smirk.
“Eh, oh well. He promised us some fun if we agreed, and, I’ll tell ya, throwing cars at the super chick was the most fun I’ve had in weeks.”

“Well, what do you say we head to a bar, so I can have some of my own fun. I don’t want this makeup going to waste.” She gestures to her skin.

“Aw, you saying I ain’t fun, Red?”

Poison Ivy chuckles, and taps the partially closed partition of the car. “Take us to Chapsticks.”

Harley Quinn laughs behind her.

Lena set the box with everything from their dinner on the floor beside the bed. When she moves back onto the bed, she finds that Kara has shifted closer. Not only is Kara in the middle of the bed, but she’s holding her arms open with her back against the pillows on the headboard. Lena quirks her eyebrow, looking over her shoulder at Kara, who simply smiles at her. Lena bites her lip, and settles back against Kara. She feels the blonde’s left arm wrap around her waist, and she settles against her shoulder with a small sigh.

During a more dramatic part of the show, Kara squeezes Lena closer to her, and grips the bottom of Lena’s shirt. Lena, allowing instinct to take over, puts her left hand over Kara’s reassuringly. Immediately, Kara’s hand relaxes, and she interlocks their fingers together. Lena’s breath hitches at the action that Kara didn’t seem to realize she did. Her green eyes slide down to look at their joined hands, and a small smile forms on her lips. She leans her head further into Kara’s neck, and feels Kara settle her head against hers in reaction.

“I don’t think she’s dead.” Kara’s voice is right above Lena.

“Allison?”

“Yeah. She’s too important to them to be dead.”

“I think you’re right.”

After two more episodes, Kara starts yawning.

“Someone’s sleepy.”

Lena feels Kara’s hum more than she feels it.

“Do you want to go to sleep?”

“Hmm, one more.”

Neither of them even question their mutual assumption that Kara will be staying the night. If either of them think of strangeness of their sudden domesticity of their situation, they don’t show any sign.

“Fine, but if you fall asleep, and I find out who A is, I won’t wake you up to tell you.”

Kara gasps in mock outrage. “You wouldn’t.”

Lena hums. “You willing to take that risk?”

“Is that a challenge?”

“So what if it is?” Lena bites her lip when she hears Kara’s heart rate pick up.
“Then I guess we’re watching another episode.” Kara lets Netflix know they are still watching, and settles further into the comfort of the pillows.

Halfway through, Lena yawns, and Kara chuckles at her. “I saw that.” She teases the woman laying back against her.

Lena hums, and pulls Kara’s hand still in hers further around her stomach. “Shh, it’s almost over.”

Kara chuckles, and Lena smiles at the feeling of Kara’s body shaking behind her. They manage to both stay away to see the credits roll. “Did you find out who A is yet?”

“Nope.” Lena snatches the remote, and turns the television off leaving them in the dim light of the lamp on Lena’s night stand. “Sleep time.” Lena snuggles against Kara, her exhaustion wearing thin on her self-control.

“Lena,” Kara almost whines. “You left the light on.”

“It’s too far, and I’m comfortable.”

“We’re not even lying down.”

Lena shrugs. “So?”

With a sigh that ends in a chuckle, Kara uses her arm around Lena to move her down the bed until her head is against the pillows. Is she pouting? Kara believes her tired eyes are simply playing a trick on her. Lena Luthor doesn’t pout. “I got this.” She leans over Lena, and turns the light off. In the darkness, she misses the way Lena’s pout turned into a smirk.

“Hmm, thanks. Much better than doing it myself.” She mumbles when Kara settles back down next to her, but much too far for her liking.

“And here I thought the great Lena Luthor preferred to do everything herself.”

“Depends on what we’re doing.” Lena smirks even though she knows it goes unseen.

There’s that stomach thing again. “Good to know.” Kara settles herself more comfortably against the pillows, and sets her glasses on the table beside her. Both women are lying on their backs with at least a foot of space between them. Kara lets out a sigh. “Goodnight, Lena. Thanks for inviting me over.”

Lena smiles at the ceiling she can’t see. “It’s my pleasure, Kara. Goodnight.”

The automatic timer on the curtains allows sunlight to shine on the two women in the middle of the bed. Lena’s heart rate increases as she slowly wakes up. The warmth at her back is the first thing she notices. A sigh of contentment escapes her. In their sleep, they migrated together into the center of the bed. Lena’s body is flushed against Kara, who has an arm wrapped firmly around Lena. Her fingers are entwined with the fingers of Kara’s hand over her body. She smiles, eyes still closed in deference to breaking the peaceful moment. Not wanting to endure any embarrassment when Kara wakes up, she decides to remove her hand from Kara’s. At the movement, Kara’s hold tightens around both Lena’s hand and her stomach. She feels Kara bury her face closer to Lena.

What is she saying? Lena listens to the mumbling behind her ear. She narrows her eyes into a
thoughtful expression. *That must be the Krypton language.* The CEO slips into a half-asleep state. When visions of Kara are filling her semi-conscious dreams, she feels the subject of those dreams stirring behind her. Kara mumbles something in her sleep again, and Lena just barely makes out her name coming from the blonde’s lips. After a few moments, Lena feels Kara stiffen a little behind her.

*Oh Rao, I need to move before she wakes up to me using her as a teddy bear.* Kara takes a deep breath, and lifts her head slowly to look at Lena.

“I’m already awake.”

Kara squeaks a little, and stiffens again. “Lena, I’m sorry.” She pulls her hand away.

“For what?” Lena asks as she rolls over onto her back, head facing Kara.

“I didn’t mean to invade your personal space.”

“Kara, if I minded you being in my personal space, you wouldn’t be in my bed.” She smirks, and Kara blushes slightly. “Besides, we’ve already spent countless hours cuddled. I believe we’re beyond formalities at this point, or do you not remember opening your arms to me last night the moment the food was out of the way?” Lena’s smirk turns into a knowing smile when Kara’s blush overtakes her entire face.

Kara responds with nervous laughter. “Ha, no, yeah, I mean I do remember. I just don’t want to make you uncomfortable or anything.”

Lena reaches out a hand to touch Kara’s cheek. “You don’t have to worry about that, Kara. Trust me.” I’ve never been more comfortable with anyone or anything.

Kara, lying on her side and holding herself up with her elbow, smiles down at Lena. She feels Lena brush her thumb over her cheek, and her heart flutters as her eyes close. After a second, they shoot open. *Oh Rao!* Lena pulls her hand away with an expression mixed with confusion and pain. “Sorry,” Kara lays on her back, reaching out for her glasses. “Just needed these.”

*Could she be more obvious?* Lena holds back a groan and an eye roll. “What? Were we not close enough for you to see me properly?” She teases with a smirk and raised eyebrow.

“Something like that.” Kara whispers. She plops back down on her back, head turned toward Lena. “So what do you want to do today?” Lena raises both eyebrows, and loses her smirk. “Oh, um, ha, sorry, I didn’t mean to assume. I mean you’re probably busy, yeah, obviously, duh, Kara, I just -”

“Kara.”

The rambling stops with an audible click of Kara’s teeth hitting each other.

Lena’s smirk is back. “I would love to spend the day with you.”

Kara beams at her. “Great! What do you want to do?”

“Tell you what,” Lena sits up. “Why don’t you think about some options, while I go wash up?”

“Okay!”

Lena’s laugh trails to the bathroom.
Both women are freshened up and have eaten breakfast, and are now sitting at Lena’s island with cups of coffee. Lena is on her laptop, and Kara is using one of Lena’s tablets.

“Oh! Lena, look!” Kara scoots her stool closer to Lena, and angles the tablet so she can see as well. “There’s a dog meetup going on down at Imperial Beach!” Lena smiles at Kara, barely having given the tablet a glance. “Lena, look at all of the pictures!” Kara looks up at Lena to see her biting her lip. “You’re not even looking, Lena!”

“Kara, neither of us has a dog.”

“So? We can play with theirs!”

Lena lets out a laugh, and covers her mouth. “Kara, you’re too cute. Don’t you think it would be a little creepy to show up, and play with strangers’ dogs?”

“Not if the dog comes to you!” Kara’s response is so instant, Lena believes she’s had to make this argument before. “Come on, Lena. We can bring a blanket and food, and relax out on the beach. It’s such a nice day!”

Lena tilts her head, and looks at the tablet on her phone. A coy smile plays at the corners of her mouth. A beach with Kara could mean Kara in a bathing suit.

“Do you like getting wet?” Lena’s breath catches, and her heart rate spikes. Kara saves her from having to think of a response. “I know salt water isn’t for everyone, but if you’re into it, we could cool off in the water.”

Yeah, cool off. Shit, I may die after seeing that much of her.

“I know this amazing taco place down there!”

“Okay, okay. We’ll have a Sunday on the beach.”

Kara bounces off of the stool, and envelopes Lena in a hug that was bordering on too tight. Lena laughs at Kara’s squeal. “Thank you! Lena, this is going to be so much fun! Okay, we need to figure out what we’re going to take!” Kara pulls back, and has to steady Lena on the stool that was almost knocked over by the enthusiastic hug. “I have a blanket at my place we can use!”

Lena laughs again. “How about this? I’ll go get dressed, and you make a list of food we should by. We’ll stop by your house for whatever you need, and we can get the food on the way to the beach. Good?”

“Yes! You’re the best, Lena! This is going to be so much fun!” Lena watches Kara pull out her phone to start her list, and walks off to her bedroom with a smile on her face.

Kara and Lena are laid out on the blanket. Kara is wearing shorts and a loose t-shirt. Lena is wearing a sundress. The meetup is winding down, and only a few dogs are spread out along the beach. The two women are set up near a large rock, and the nearest people are far enough away to give them some sense of privacy.

“Hey, Lena.”

Lena turns to Kara to see a devilish (well, as devilish as the sunny blonde could get) smile gracing
Kara’s face. Her breathing picks up. “Yes?” She quirks her eyebrow, barely seen over her sunglasses.

“I’ll race you.”

“What?” Lena’s tone is incredulous.

Kara’s smile gets wider. “To the water.” She sits up, and pulls off her shorts. “Loser cooks whatever the winner wants”

Lena’s eyes are immediately drawn to the skin being exposed. She swallows thickly at a suddenly dry throat.

“Take your dress off.” Kara’s tone may be innocence, but the effect it has on Lena is not. Overcome with a need to cool off, Lena gets to her knees, and pulls her dress off in one smooth motion. Without conscious thought, Kara’s eyes dip down the entire expanse of Lena’s body, and she freezes in taking her shirt off.

“Go.”

“What?” Kara’s eyes snap up in time to see Lena take off to the water. She refrains from using super speed, and pulls her shirt off as she starts running. “That’s cheating!” She shouts after the brunette. Kara trips over her own feet, and barely manages to avoid face planting. Why am I staring? She tries to not let herself get distracted again by the sight of Lena.

Just as Lena’s feet touch the water, Kara catches up to her. Not fully comprehending what she’s doing, Kara wraps an arm around Lena’s waist, and lifts her in the air to stop her running. Lena lets out an undignified squawk, which brings Kara to the present. She sets Lena down, and removes her arm. “Sorry.” She smiles sheepishly at Lena.

Lena looks down and starts laughing. She’s not sure if she’s laughing more at the situation she’s in or Kara. She waves off the apology, and Kara joins her in the laughter. “No, no, it’s fine. But I did win.” She looks up at Kara with a smirk.

“Only cause you cheated.”

“I said ‘go.’ I hardly consider that cheating.” Lena crosses her arms with a challenging gleam in her eyes.

Kara huffs, and puts her hands on her hips. “Okay, technically, but -”

“Ha! See! I win!” Lena tilts her head.

Using her foot, Kara splashes water at Lena, spraying her legs with the cold water.

“Don’t tell me you’re a sore loser, Kara.” Her smile turns almost predatory.

Another splash of water is her answer - this one hitting her stomach. She lets out a small gasp at the cold, and goes on the offensive. With a large motion, she swings her leg toward Kara, covering the lower half of the blonde with water. “Hey!” Kara glares, but it’s ruined by her smile.

Lena bites her lip, and Kara finds herself staring at Lena’s mouth.

Oh Rao… My stomach has never done that before. Before Kara can do anything further than think that, she’s splashed by another small wave.
Wanting nothing more than to cool off before losing whatever self-control she has left, Lena executes a plan. Forcing her eyes to stay on Kara’s face. “What’s wrong, Kara? Can’t keep up with this either?”

Kara’s eyes widen, and a mischievous smile slowly grows across her face. “Oh, you’re so gonna get it.”

Lena turns, and runs deeper into the water before Kara’s attack. She turns around when she reaches knee-high water, and is greeted by a wall of water hitting most of her body. She manages to keep her face dry by some stroke of luck. Well that did the trick. She looks at Kara, but her eyes betray her by landing a little too low on Kara’s body. Aww fuck. The heat in her neck clouds her judgement, and she decides to dive completely in the water. After swimming further into against the waves for a few moments, she surfaces at waist-level. Kara is now less than ten feet away.

“Why’d you go over there?” Kara asks with her hands on her hips.

“Enjoying the view.” Lena says softly, momentarily forgetting Kara has super hearing.

Of the beach? Kara decides not to question her, since she shouldn’t have been able to hear that. She walks over to join Lena, and turns back to look at the beach, standing side-by-side with Lena. “It really is a beautiful day, isn’t it?”

Lena knows it’s cheesy, but she’s looking at Kara, and no sight could be more perfect. With a tone full of adoration and reverence, she agrees. “So beautiful.” Her eyes never leave Kara’s profile. She wonders what would happen if Kara looked over at her, but the moment is ruined by something catching Kara’s attention on shore.

“We should probably go back.” She nods toward land. “Looks like a big event is going to happen.”

Lena begrudgingly pulls her eyes away from the beautiful woman next to her, and sees people unloading vans with various equipment and furniture. “You’re probably right. Besides, we have to go grocery shopping, so you can cook my victory dinner.” No one would ever believe I beat Supergirl in a foot race. Lena chuckles at the utter ridiculousness of her day, and begins heading toward shore.

Kara and Lena set the reusable bags of groceries on the kitchen counter. They have both dried off, but are still in their beach clothes. Lena has been quiet, even by her standards, since they left the beach. Her thoughts centered around Kara, and trying to figure out why everything feels so natural around her. Never has she felt this sense of ease or domesticity. None of her past experiences with other people have been anything like this, and Kara has helped her break many of the rules she’s abided by for so long. With each of Kara’s laughs or smiles, she feels herself drifting further away from the woman she was trained to be.

Together, they make quick work of putting away the perishables. Standing on the opposite side of the island from Kara, Lena looks at her with her bottom lip between her teeth. Seeing Kara in shorts is proving to be too much of a distraction. “Okay, here’s the plan. We’re going to clean the ocean off first. You can use my guest bathroom. It’s fully stocked with everything I use. Did you bring clothes from your apartment, or do you need to borrow some?”

Kara pats her bag on the counter. “I brought some just in case.”

Lena smiles at her. “Okay. After all of the salt is gone, you can finally have at my kitchen. Sound
“Perfect.”

“Excellent. Toiletries are under the sink. Towels in the cabinet behind the door.” With that, Lena grabs her beach bag, and heads to her room.

After they are both refreshed and wearing comfortable clothes, the two women are back in Lena’s kitchen. Kara looks around in awe, as if taking it in for the first time. “You know, cooking in your kitchen is going to ruin me for every other kitchen.” She bites her lip at Lena.

Lena smirks. “Maybe that’s what I’m hoping for.” She winks at Kara, and goes to a cabinet to get what they will need. She stretches to reach for a pot, and finds Kara standing behind her. Kara’s hand beats her to the pot, and she steps over to the sink before Lena can fully process Kara’s sudden closeness. She turns, and leans back against the counter to watch Kara fill the pot with water.

“So why chicken parm?”

Lena shrugs. “It doesn’t take terribly long, and I figured all the carbs in the pasta will help that appetite of yours.” She winks at Kara, and goes to the fridge to get ingredients, while Kara sets the water to boil.

“Um, Lena? How many boxes of pasta did you get?” And how did I not notice? Kara is holding open a bag of just angel hair pasta boxes.

Lena chuckles, setting the chicken and eggs on the counter. “Hopefully enough. And yes, I bought it all for today. It should all fit in that pot.”

Kara begins preparing the stuffed chicken after turning on a pan with oil. A small smile plays at her lips. Lena pours them each a glass of wine, and sets one down beside Kara before taking a seat across from her on a stool.

“What’s that look for?” Lena says just above a whisper, unable to hold back her curiosity.

“Huh?” Kara looks up at Lena, chicken momentarily forgotten. “What look?”

Lena takes a sip of her wine, watching Kara over the rim. She sets the wine glass down slowly, smirking at the flustered swallow Kara does.

“Oh.” Kara looks down, and pushes her glasses up with the back of her hand. She feels the heat of a slight blush on her cheeks. Her eyes stay on her hands. “You always seem to know.” Kara’s voice is low.

“Know what?” Lena asks with a tilt of her head.

Kara dares to look up at Lena. “About this.” She waves her hand vaguely to indicate her and the food. “You just seem so… okay with how I eat.” She looks down again. “I usually have to hide it, or eat before going to eat with other people. Except Alex.”

Lena has the sudden urge to find whoever made Kara feel like this. Whether it’s due to her alien metabolism or not, Kara is too good of a person to have to be ashamed of something like that. “Kara,” She waits until Kara looks up at her again. “If I have to keep my kitchen completely stocked at all times for you to believe that there’s absolutely nothing to be ashamed of when it comes to that impressive metabolism, then that’s what I’ll do.” Kara smiles at her with such relief, Lena feels herself smiling in response. “Okay, enough of the heavy stuff. How about some music?”
Kara beams at her. “Yes, please.”

30 minutes of 90’s music later, Kara ushered Lena to sit at the dining table, ignoring her protests to help. She brought over two plates of food, setting the plate with significantly less pasta down in front of Lena, who had already poured the wine. “Kara, this looks amazing. Really.”

Sitting down catty-corner next to Lena, Kara gives her a shy smile. “Thank you. I don’t feel so bad about losing with this being the result.” She laughs a little.

Lena chuckles, and picks up her silverware. “I’m glad to see you aren’t so sore about losing anymore.”

Kara scoffs slightly, picking up her own utensils. “I can lose gracefully.”

“If you say so, Miss Danvers.”

“You should eat your food before it gets cold, Miss Luthor.”

The only response is a flirty chuckle. Lena cuts a piece of chicken, and takes it to her mouth. She just manages to stop the moan that builds up in her throat. She brings her free hand to her mouth, her eyebrows going up slightly. After swallowing, she smirks at her friend. “Kara, this is excellent. If I didn’t make it clear before… you are for more than welcome to cook in my kitchen anytime.”

Kara blushes, her mouth too full to say anything. Her eyes go a little wide, and she hastens to swallow. “Thanks,” She looks down, waiting for the blush to fade.

They finish eating with light conversation, the music playing softly in the background. Together, they clear the table. Kara had cleaned along while she was cooking, so only the dishes they used were dirty. Once settled on the couch, they turn on Netflix without preamble. Halfway through the episode, Kara gets a phone call. “Sorry,” She mumbles, and extracts herself from their cuddled position. Lena pauses the show, and watches Kara step away to the other side of the living room. “Alex, what’s up?” Lena watches Kara’s back. “What?! No, no.” She turns slightly, to look at Lena behind her. “I’m going there now!” She hangs up, and turns to Lena with an apologetic expression. “Lena, I’m so sorry.”

Lena stands up, and steps toward Kara. “Is everything okay?”

“My sister needs me. I really am sorry.” She gives Lena a hug, and pulls back much too quickly for either of their liking.

“Oh, well let me know if you need me.”

“Thanks, Lena.” She picks up her bag off of the other couch. “I’ll see you later.”

Lena steps up to Kara, place a hand on her elbow. “Text me to let me know that you’re okay.” She lifts up, and kisses Kara lightly on the cheek.

Kara’s breath catches. “Will do.” She pushes her glasses up, knowing she’s blushing. “Bye, Lena.” She smiles, and heads to the elevator.

“Bye, Kara.” Be safe, Supergirl.
“Alex, what have we got?” Supergirl asks through her earpiece, flying to yet another warehouse.

“Threats of an attack on another alien sanctuary.” Alex’s voice is strong. “We’re 5 minutes out.”

“My ETA is 30 seconds.”

“Supergirl, you should wait for us. We don’t know what they -”

“No time.” Supergirl x-rays the building, and sees a group of aliens (mostly children) huddled together, surrounded by men with guns. She plunges through the roof, and lands between some of the goons and the aliens. “Hey!” She shouts, and all guns point at her. Without warning, she blows a gust of freeze breath, aiming at six of the men angled in front of her. They go flying backwards, guns falling out of their hands. She super speeds around to the other side of the aliens before they can react, and punches each one on her way around the circle. “Take cover! Now!” She shouts at the dozen or so aliens.

She blasts her heat vision on the ground between the aliens and the thugs to send them a warning to back off.

“Supergirl, we’re almost there!” Alex’s voice comes through.

Supergirl puts her body between the goons and the escaping aliens. Five try to rush her at the same time. She lifts a few feet off of the ground, and drops back down, slamming her fist into the ground. The resulting quake knocks ten men off of their feet. She hears a scream, and turns to see a girl trapped in a corner with a gun pointed at her. In less than a blink of an eye, Supergirl is wrapping her hand around the bullet a foot from the girl’s face. She grabs the girl just before an explosion knocks out the doors, and DEO agents come pouring into the warehouse.

The men start to flee at the sound of the explosion. The DEO agents easily capture the men.

“Supergirl!” Alex rushes over. “She okay?” She looks down at the crying girl hiding behind Supergirl.

“Yeah.” Supergirl looks around, worried. “Alex, that was -”

“Too easy?”

“Yeah.”

Supergirl and the DEO agents make sure all of the aliens are safe, and have handed the men over to the NCPD that showed up, led by Maggie.

Alex and Supergirl are filling Maggie in on the attack. The radio in Maggie’s car breaks their conversation.

“211 in progress. Possible 207A. At LCorp.”

Supergirl goes completely stiff. Maggie and Alex look at her. “What does that mean?” Supergirl asks
with an obviously controlled voice. Alex reaches out for her, but she takes a step toward Maggie.

“Panic alarm set off, and a possible kidnapping.” Maggie barely finishes before Supergirl takes off, leaving a depression in the ground. Maggie is looking at the ruined asphalt, and Alex is looking up at the sky. “Shit.”

“Damn it, Sawyer.” Alex nudges her, and opens the passenger side door. “We gotta go.”

Maggie doesn’t hesitate to run around to the driver side, and speed off to LCorp, not needing to ask if that’s where she meant.

Supergirl is at LCorp within seconds, coming dangerously close to breaking the sound barrier. A loud crash brings her to the lobby, and she lands in between several security guards firing at Hank Henshaw walking into the building. He stops when he sees Supergirl, and growls at her. “This doesn’t concern you.” He picks up the rebuilt logo from last time they fought, and threw it at her. She caught it this time, and set it aside.

“Get out of here!” She shouts at the security guards before sending a bolt of heat vision at Henshaw. He jumped out of the way, and speed at Supergirl. She meets him in the middle, and they grapple for a few moments. Henshaw blasts her with a laser from his metallic eye, causing her to fly into the security desk. The cyborg turns the other way while she’s flying.

“Supergirl! Miss Luthor is back there!” One of the uniformed men shouts.

Supergirl’s heart jumps in her throat, and she jumps up, flying directly at Henshaw to tackle him to the ground. She picks him up, and flies him out of the building. He breaks her hold, and falls to the street outside of LCorp. She dives straight into him, and he grabs her harm to swing her into a wall. Bouncing off the wall, she speeds back to Henshaw with a right front kick to his chest. He stumbles back, and she follows up with a body hook that turns into a cross to the face. He recuperates, and roundhouse kicks her hard enough for her to stumble back a few steps.

“You’re just another menace!” He pounces on top of her, and lands punch after punch with her back on the ground. She crosses her arms over her face to block the punches.

“I’m not the one breaking into places!” She shouts, and shoots out a blast of heat vision. The close range causes him to scream in pain, and jump back off Supergirl. Taking the advantage, Supergirl flies up a few feet, and uses her flight to send a punch to Henshaw’s jaw.

The cyborg catches her jab, and grabs her wrist. He forces her hand back over her wrist, and takes a step back, bringing Supergirl to her knees with a gasp of pain. Supergirl tries to send a cross, but he catches her fist in his other hand. He squeezes. The hero lets out a pained sound, and turns on her heat vision. Hank Henshaw shoots his laser out at the same time, and the blue and red beams meet in the middle of their bodies, only a foot from each of their faces.

Both let out a yell, and increase the intensity. Sparks fly out, and an orb of light begins to form in the middle of their crossed beams. After a few seconds, the orb explodes between their faces. The two going flying backwards several feet. Supergirl lands on a car. Before she can get up, Henshaw shoots a blue laser under the bent hood of the car, causing it to explode under Supergirl instantly. She is shot violently into the air.

“Supergirl!” Her voice comes out almost as a scream from Lena’s throat.

Hearing her name causes Supergirl to shake off her confusion, and she stops her trajectory. She floats above the street, and see Lena standing outside the door of LCorp with a large gun of some kind.
“Lena! Run!” Supergirl flies down to tackle Hank. He adjusts his body, reaching up to grab Supergirl by the cape, and throw her down hard enough to the ground to leave a small crater. He stoms on her throat, and she lets out a loud gasp. A bolt of blue light shoots straight from Hank’s eye, and hits Supergirl in the chest. She tries to scream, but the pressure on her throat increases. All of her senses black out for an eternal moment, and all she can hear is Lena’s heart skip a beat before picking back up at a dangerously high pace. She anchors onto that sound, and blasts her laser vision at Hank Henshaw.

Lena watches Supergirl go down in less than five seconds, and she feels her world ending in the same amount of time. Her eyes go wide when she sees Hank blast her best friend with a laser straight into her chest. Her breath catches. She surges into action, and lifts the weapon in her arms to aim at the man attacking Supergirl. “I hope this works.” She mutters, flipping the safety off. Squeezing the trigger, she staggers a little at the force of a bright red beam of light shooting straight at Hank Henshaw. The moment the beam reaches the cyborg, he is thrown backwards for nearly 20 feet before he lands unconscious on the ground. Lena releases the trigger, and lurches forward slightly at the sudden loss of force. She catches her footing, and slings the gun over her shoulder as she runs to the hero coughing on the ground for air.

“Supergirl!” Ignoring the rubble on the ground, Lena drops to her knees. Supergirl is sitting up, holding onto her throat. Lena doesn’t hesitate to lay one hand on Supergirl’s shoulder, and the other on her knee. “Are you okay?” The worry is more than evident in Lena’s voice.

Supergirl shakes her head a little. “I-I” Almost solar flared. She looks over at Hank Henshaw, who hasn’t moved. “You saved me, Lena.” She turns her head to gaze directly into Lena’s green eyes.

Lena lets out a deep breath. “Even heroes need saving sometimes.” She smirks, squeezes the knee under her hand. But I would prefer not to be scared like that again.

“Thank you.” Supergirl breathes out the words. Sirens in the background make them break eye contact. Supergirl stands up, with Lena putting a hand on her elbow. “How are you? Did you get hurt?” She scans Lena for any injuries, as they hear cars coming near.

“I’m fine. When they set off the alarm, I went for this.” She hefts the weapon over her shoulder. “Are you sure you’re alright, though? You seem a little…”

“Supergirl!” Alex’s voice interrupts Lena. They turn to see Agent Danvers jogging over to the two of them, Maggie not to far behind. Lena takes a slight step behind Supergirl, and raises her chin with a neutral expression on her face. Alex eyes Lena and the weapon. “What happened?”

“Hank Henshaw attacked LCorp again. I don’t know what he was after this time.” Supergirl looks at Lena with a raised eyebrow.

Lena looks at Supergirl for a moment before speaking to Alex. “I received a message requiring me to come to the lab. Shortly after getting here, my security set off the alarm. Then he was there.”

“He didn’t say what he was after?” Alex’s voice doesn’t hide her skepticism.

Maggie joins them. “Was it just him?”

“No,” Lena tells Alex, and turns to Maggie. “From what I could tell, yes.”

Supergirl crosses her arms. DEO agents come over to join them, and look to Alex for orders. “Okay, let’s get this cleaned up. Detective Sawyer will likely want to get statements from you and your security.” She nods at Lena. “Supergirl, where is Henshaw?”
The hero looks at her with a furrowed brow, and confused expression. She points a thumb over her shoulder, and half turns. “Over there… Rao, no, he was just there out cold.” Everyone looks at the depression in the ground where Hank was. All that is left is his mask that is now blackened. Supergirl turns back to her sister with a worried expression.

Alex speaks before the hero can say something rash. “Okay,” She turns to the agents. “Get Agents Schott and Vasquez to see if we can’t hunt him down.” A chorus of nods and “yes ma’am” is the response. She watches the agents split up to begin clean up duty. Turning back to Maggie, she opens her mouth, but the cop beats her to it.

“Miss Luthor, if you would come with me, please.”

Lena looks up at her friend, who gives her a small, reassuring smile. She turns back to the two other women. “Of course.”

Alex’s eyes drop to the weapon on her shoulder. “We appreciate your cooperation.”

“I’m sure.” Lena’s heels click in a familiar rhythm as she follows Detective Sawyer.

Alex turns back to her sister to see her watching Lena with an expression unfamiliar to her. She clears her throat, and steps closer to Supergirl. “Hey,” The heroine turns to her. “Are you sure you’re okay? You look a little drained.”

Supergirl waves her off. “No, no. I’m good.”

“Kara…” She gives her little sister a stern look. “How close did you come?”

Her sister sighs. “Too close.” She looks over at Lena talking to Maggie and another cop. “If she hadn’t hit him when she did…” She shakes her head, and looks back at her sister.

“Do you know what that is?”

Supergirl shakes her head. “It shot some kind of red beam at him, and he went flying off of me. He was unconscious. I don’t know how get got away.”

Alex puts a comforting hand on Supergirl’s shoulder. “I’m just glad you’re okay. It’s not the first time he’s disappeared.” She pats the shoulder her hand is on. “Come on, back to the DEO you go.”

A stubborn shake of the head is Supergirl’s response. “We need to protect Lena. Cadmus is behind these attacks. They were trying to distract me…us with the warehouse attack.”

“Kara, we need to debrief, and try to get ahead of these attacks. And you need to be under the sun lamps. You could still risk a solar flare if you don’t restore yourself.”

“But -”

“Look, I’ll talk to J’onn about having some agents on circulation around LCorp. If they are trying to get something from her labs, we’ll need to know ASAP.”

“Fine.”

“Kara -”

“Alex, Cadmus isn’t just a danger to us. She’s been attacked too.”

“I know, but we need to find them first. Okay?”
“Fine. I’ll see you back at the DEO.” She takes off before Alex can respond.

Laying under the sun lamps, Supergirl wastes no time pulling up her phone to text Lena.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I heard about what happened! Lena, are you okay???

It took ten minutes before her phone buzzed against her stomach.

**Lena Beana:** Thanks to Supergirl. She was even considerate enough to take the fight outside of my lobby, so there wasn’t much damage. :)

Supergirl chuckles at her phone. *I guess she noticed that.*

**Sunshine Danvers:** Well that sure was nice of her.

**Sunshine Danvers:** You’re probably tired of me after all the time we spent together this weekend, but if you don’t want to be alone right now…

Supergirl bites her lip after hitting send.

“Hey, Kara.” Winn walks into the room. “Got that burner phone you wanted. It’s got a Texas area code just FYI.”

“Thanks, Winn.” She smiles, and takes the offered phone.

He pulls up a stool. “So why does Supergirl suddenly need her own phone?”

She shrugs. “Maybe I am thinking about starting an Instagram.”

Winn laughs. “Sure, Alex would love that.”

The hero laughs too. “I just think it may be safer to separate Supergirl calls from Kara Danvers, you know?”

“Makes sense.”

Supergirl doesn’t respond, looking down at her phone that just buzzed.

**Lena Beana:** I could never get tired of you, Kara.

**Lena Beana:** I’m going to be staying at LCorp pretty late, and will be getting here early tomorrow.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Oh, okay. If you change your mind, you’ve got my number :)

**Lena Beana:** Thank you, Kara :)

Winn watches Supergirl smiling at her phone with a tilt of his head.

**Sunshine Danvers:** What are friends for? :D

He clears his throat, and she looks over at him. He points at the phone. “Who’s that?”

“What?”
“I haven’t seen you smile like that in… I don’t know how long. Who’s texting you?”

She hides the phone screen against her stomach. “I was checking in on Lena. When I left, she was talking with Maggie.”

“Hmm…”

“What?”

“Nothing. Nothing at all.”

“Agent Schott, don’t you have a computer to be at?” J’onn’s voice is stern from the doorway.

Winn hops off the stool, and heads to the door. “Yup, yup, of course. On it now.”

J’onn watches him slide out of the door, and joins Supergirl in the room. “That was a close call, Supergirl.”

Supergirl just sighs.

“We are trying to trace the message Miss Luthor received. So far, there’s no sign of Hank Henshaw.”

“How is he able to just get away like that?”

“That’s what we are trying to figure out.”

“And we’re supposed to just leave Lena unprotected?”

“Supergirl, Miss Luthor has her own security measures.”

“Yes, and apparently those involve crazy weapons they develop.” Alex walks into the room, and crosses her arms, standing on the opposite side of the bed from J’onn. “Maggie says they weren’t able to get much out of her on that gun she had other than it being a prototype.”

“She saved me with that.” Supergirl interjects.

“Agent Danvers, Supergirl, I want you both in the command center in five minutes.” J’onn leaves them alone.

“Kara.”

“Alex.”

Alex sighs. “How are you feeling?”

“Hungry.”

Alex laugh sounds more like relief. “Of course you are. Let’s go raid the break room.”

The group debriefs on the events of the day. They agree to find all locations marked as alien sanctuaries to monitor for another attack. A schedule is created for two agents to be on duty outside of LCorp at all times. Supergirl updates them on what Lena found on her server, and how she set up a tracker in case someone tried to access the LuthorCorp funds again. After fruitless attempts at
getting the DEO to employ more security for Lena, she decides to take it upon herself to see to her friend’s safety.

Once dismissed, Supergirl flies to LCorp. *Right where I expected her to be.* She lands on the balcony of Lena’s office. Lena, who was pacing with a tablet in her hands saw her as soon as she landed. Lena pauses in her pacing, and smiles as she watches her friend walk into the office. “Twice in one day, huh?” She smirks. “I must say, I think I prefer you coming in that door. It usually means less damage to my building. But I wanted to thank you. Yet again, you saved me and my employees. And don’t think I didn’t notice that you caught my logo downstairs.” She sets her tablet on her desk.

Supergirl laughs, and stands several feet in front of Lena. “I didn’t think breaking it twice would be much of a good impression.” She takes a step forward. “I actually came here to thank you though. I also wanted to make sure you were really okay.”

“I wasn’t the one that was tackled to the ground.”

“No, but that’s just another day for me.” Supergirl winks, and then lets out a nervous chuckle.

Lena bites her lip, and raises her eyebrow.

“Oh, and I also came cause of this.” Supergirl reaches under the clasp of her hook, and pulls out her new “superphone.” “Um, I took your suggestion on an android.” She opens up the phone book, and holds it out for Lena to take.

Lena reaches out slowly with a smirk, and lets her fingers brush Supergirl’s as she takes the phone. “Why Supergirl, am I the first number in your new phone?”

Somehow, Supergirl manages not to look down nervously. She fidgets with her hands a little, and gives Lena a small smile. “I just got it, but um, you may want to come up with some sort of pseudonym. Just in case. I mean… it’s a burner phone, but it doesn’t hurt to be safe. You could make up a name with your same initials?”

Lena nods, and begins typing. She enters her number first, while she thinks of a clever name. She bites her lip when an idea comes to her, and debates whether she wants to see her friend’s reaction or not. “Do you mind if I call my phone, so I can have your number?”

“Be my guest.”

With a smile, Lena hits dial, and hangs up after she hears her phone ring. She hands the phone back to the superhero. “There you go.” She smirks, waiting for Supergirl to look down at her phone.

“Thanks,” Supergirl smiles at her. She looks down at her phone briefly, and then does a double take. Her eyebrows shoot up, and her mouth opens and closes a few times before she looks back up. “Is that the only thing you could come up with for L.L.?” Her ears are slightly pink.

“No, but that one seemed the most fun.” She smirks. “And more appropriate.”

“A-appropriate?”

“Mmmmm.” Lena smirks, daring Supergirl to ask what for more of an explanation.

Supergirl tilts her head, and looks at the name on her phone again. She lets out a little laugh. “I guess I do rescue you a lot.”

“That you do.” Her smirk turns into a smile.
Supergirl clears her throat. “So what are you going to save my number as?”

Lena laughs at the slight change of subject. She hums in thought for a moment, and takes a step closer. “I did like the name Poison Ivy came up for you.” She smirks at Supergirl.

“What name?”

The CEO raises an eyebrow. “You don’t remember…?” She smirks as her eyes travel down and back up the hero’s body. “Superbabe.”

Supergirl barks out a laugh, and her eyes go comically wide. She covers her mouth with one hand. She brings her hand up to touch glasses that aren’t there, and ends up tucking hair behind her ear. “I guess I forgot about that.”

“Hmm, I sure didn’t.”

“That was kind of a weird night. You should have met her friend. She kept calling me Supergirly, and then asked how I got my name.”

Lena raises an eyebrow. “Strange night, indeed.”

Supergirl shrugs. “Never a dull moment.” She clears her throat. “I really am glad you’re okay, Lena. Next time you’re under attack, you know how to reach me.”

“Yes, I do. See you around, Superbabe.”

Supergirl groans with a playful eye roll. “Stay safe, Lois Lane.”

Lena’s laugh follows Supergirl all the way across National City to her apartment.

7-year-old Lena woke with a start. The darkness of her room only forcing her heart to race faster than it already was when she jolted up in bed. She tried to reign in her breathing, leaning over the side of her bed to turn a lamp on. She looked around with wide eyes. Everything in her room seemed the same as when she went to bed after Lex dropped her off. She had just convinced herself a nightmare was what woke up, when she heard shouting from outside.

Recognizing Lex’s voice, she pushed off her blanket, and slipped out of her bedroom. She walked softly down the hallway to the stairs. Before walking down the stairs, she looked around to ensure she was alone. Lena snuck down the stairs, and tip-toed to a window at the front of the house, where the yelling was coming from. She had never heard her brother yell before. She took a deep breath, and pushed the curtain aside just enough to peek out.

The lights in the front yard lit a figure standing in the middle of the driveway. Lena clapped her hand over her mouth to cover the gasp. Luthor’s don’t react. Her wide eyes stared over her hand. She wasn’t able to comprehend any of the words coming from her brother. His clothes were charred or ripped in various places, and the black curls that used to grace his head were gone. His back was to Lena, and he was gesturing angrily with his arms as he talked. The clear anger that radiated from her brother dripped Lena’s heart.

After a shocked moment, Lena focused on what he was saying.

“I can’t believe I ever believed in you! I tried to help you!”

Another figure stepped out of the shadows across from Lex, and moved closer to him. Lena couldn’t
see his face, but the voice was familiar. She had heard it many times.

“Lex, I was saving you.” Clark’s voice sounded stronger than normal.

Lena leaned closer to the window, trying to get a better look at Clark. She realized he wasn’t wearing his glasses, and had some sort of symbol on his chest.

“You destroyed my lab! It’s all gone!”

“There was a fire. I had to put it out.”

Lex turned angrily, and Lena closed the curtain to avoid being seen. She ran back up to her bedroom.

The following day, Lena was awoken by Lex calling her name from her doorway. She blinked her eyes into focus.

“Lex?”

“Get up.” His voice wasn’t entirely cold, but it wasn’t as friendly as it used to be.

“What is it?” Lena sat up in bed, wondering if last night was a dream or not.

“Get up.” He repeated, arms crossed over his chest. “You have a lot to learn.” He turned, and left.

Familiar with lessons from the Luthors, she hastily went through her morning routine. She found Lex waiting for her in Lionel’s study. He was standing with his back to her, wearing a button-up tucked into slacks. His hands were in loose fists at his side. She tried to keep her eyes off of his newly-bald head.

“Lex.” Her voice was small.

“Don’t sound so weak, Lena.” He turned to look over her shoulder. “Never show weakness.”

Lena nodded.

“I can’t hear you.”

“Luthors don’t show weakness.” Her voice was slightly stronger.

Lex seemed satisfied, and fully turned. He walked over to a nearby table that Lena hadn’t taken notice to. On it, there were two chess boards side by side. He sat in one of the chairs. “Take a seat.”

She lifted her chin, and walked to the chair.

He smiled at the posture. “Just like that.”

She sat down, and took a deep breath. “What hap -”

“We don’t answer questions.” He leaned forward. “We take answers from others.” He looked her right in the eye, but she broke the eye contact to look at the two boards on the table. “Lena.” His voice softened a little. She looked back up, and didn’t break the eye contact this time. “Good. Now,” He gestures to the table. “Let’s begin.”

“Which one are we playing with?” Lena gripped her hands under the table to keep herself from breaking the eye contact.
“Both.” He pulled his chair closer to the table. “It’s not enough to just know how to play the long game. You need to spread your mind to take on different opponents… or different sides of opponents.”

Lena nodded.

“You don’t always get to make the first move, and sometimes waiting for your opponent to make the first move is best. It gives them a chance to make a mistake.” Lena was white on the right board, and black on the left. “We eat when you get five checks or checkmate me on both boards. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Let’s begin.”

Kara walked down into the school behind Alex. The previous weekend, they watched movies on the couch. In the few months she had been on the planet, that was the first time she felt that she wasn’t a complete intrusion. Alex had told her to keep calling Clark a secret from her parents. She had smiled at Kara, and made her feel as if it was okay to have some secrets.

Alex opened Kara’s locker for her, since she was still too terrified to touch anything. With a smile, Alex gestured to the open locker. “There you go. I have to meet a teacher before class.” She took a step back. “Just go slow when you close it, okay?”

Kara turns terrified eyes on Alex. “But -”

She grabbed Kara’s arm. “Look, you gotta learn to do this sometime. If Clark won’t help you, then you’ll have to just listen to me.”

Kara took a step toward the locker.

Alex smiled at her. “Good. I’ll see you at lunch.”

“Okay,” Kara’s voice was small, but she sounded grateful.

She watched Alex walk away until she couldn’t see her anymore. Carefully, she pushed up the glasses on her nose, and stepped closer to the locker to close the distance. Almost excruciatingly slow, she pulled her backpack off of her shoulders. Holding it in front of her, she held her breath to unzip it without ripping the bag apart. That was her fourth backpack, and she had only been there for two weeks. She only used her thumb and forefinger to pick up the books, and put them in her locker.

Once she was done at her locker, she put the bag back on her back. She looked around at all of the students enjoying each other’s company around her. When she felt sure no one was watching her, she lifted a hand to the bottom corner of her locker. With her pinky finger, she slowly pushed it closed with a held breath and closed eyes. When she heard the click of it locking in place, she slowly peeked her eyes open. Upon seeing no damage, she exhaled in relief, and let her arm drop back to her side.

She looked around again. A group of freshmen she recognized from one of her classes were looking at her with smiles. She pushed her glasses up, and smiled back. One of the boys nudged another boy in the group, and they laughed at something. “Later.” Kara heard the whisper of one of the girls,
and the group dispersed down the hallway.

Kara went through her morning classes without damaging anything. She made sure to take her time when sitting down, and silently thanked Jeremiah for the pen he made for her that was strong enough to handle her twitches. In her last class before lunch, the girl and one of the boys Kara saw that morning sat at the desks on either side of hers. She slowly set her pen down to avoid breaking it as she felt her anxiety rise. She touched her glasses as she looked at the girl next to her. The girl smirked at her, and Kara smiled back. She tilted her head at Kara, and then looked back to the teacher at the front of the room.

When the bell rang, Kara slowly got up, as she always did.

“Is that Shakespeare?” Kara whipped her head to see the girl standing beside her, looking down at the book on Kara’s desk. She wasn’t able to understand the tone the girl was using.

She fidgeted with her glasses, and nodded while keeping her eyes on the book.

“Why would you read something so boring?”

Kara looked up, the hurt clearly showed in her eyes. “Um, is it supposed to be boring?” Eliza had gifted it to Kara, when she saw her pouring over the book in her personal library. She had told Kara it was not a bad way to get into the minds of humans. Kara appreciated that people spoke their thoughts. Alex had told her to just be sure not to talk the way they do in the plays, because “those stories are way old, and no one talks like that.”

The girl shook her head, and joined her friends at the door of the classroom. Kara put her hand on top of the book, deep in thought. “You okay, Miss Danvers?”

She looked up, and saw the teacher looking at her from the front of the classroom. The teacher was carrying her bag with lunch, and was clearly ready to leave.

Kara could only nod. She picked up her book, and hugged it to her chest - making sure the cover was hidden. Her steps were slow and purposeful to avoid showing any of her powers. She waited near the door leading outside until someone opened it, and followed them out without touching the door. Keeping her head down and the book hugged to her chest, she walked over to where she knew Alex would be waiting. Halfway across the courtyard, she heard her name. She wasn’t being called. She knew she wasn’t meant to hear her name, but she couldn’t help faltering slightly in her walk. After a few more steps, she saw the girl with her friends walk toward her.

When Kara saw their smiles, she smiled back at them, and stopped walking. They stood in front of her.

“It’s Kara, right?” The girl asked.

Kara nodded.

“And you were adopted by the Danvers family?”

“Yes,” Kara’s voice was small, but hopeful at the prospect of making friends.

The girl stepped forward. “So, like, you’re an orphan?”

Kara’s entire body stiffened, and she felt her eyes sting.

“But like what happened to your family? Is it true your parents died in a car crash? Shouldn’t you
have died too?”

At the last question, Kara inhaled sharply. Ever since she woke up in that pod, she had asked that same question. She felt she had no purpose or place there once she saw that Kal-El had grown up without her help. Kara couldn’t deny wondering if she should have died with her family.

“Hey!” Alex was standing behind the group with her hands on her hips, a pose Kara would later adapt.

The group of freshmen turned to see the junior glaring at them. Kara, who had been lost in her thoughts, looked up at the girl she lived with.

“What the hell is your problem, Belinda?” Alex took walked right up to the girl, balling her hands into fists at her side.

Belinda laughed, and rolled her eyes. “Please, don’t act all high and mighty. Don’t lie, and say you don’t think she’s weird.”

A look Kara had never seen came over Alex’s face. Without warning, Alex was in the girl’s personal space. Her hands tightly fisted the front of Belinda’s shirt, and she pulled her until their faces were inches apart. “What. Did. You. Say?” Alex punctuated each word with anger seething through.

The girl no longer looked smug with her eyes wide and mouth hung open. “I...uh...she... uh...nothing.”

“That’s what I thought.” She shoved the bully away, who barely managed to stay standing. “Stay away from Kara. Got me?” Alex looked around at all of the gathered kids, who nodded immediately under her glare. She turned back to the alien still tightly curled into herself. “Come on, Kara.” When Kara didn’t look at her or move at all, Alex closed the distance between them, and laid a hand on Kara’s arm. She felt the muscles pulled taut under her hand. Kara looked over at her, tears still threatening to spill. “Let’s go.” She whispered softly enough for only Kara to be able to hear.

Alex led Kara to a large tree at the opposite end of the courtyard, where they had plenty of space. Alex had left a bag there to claim the spot. She sat on the ground, and patted the spot next to her for Kara to sit. Still clutching the book to her chest, Kara slowly lowered herself to the ground. Her eyes glued to the ground.

“Kara?” Alex whispered, something she started to do around Kara in deference to her hearing. She put her hand on the top of the book poking out from behind Kara’s arms. “Let it go.” She wrapped her fingers around the book, and tugged enough to let Kara know she was trying to take it. She knew there was no way she could actually take it from Kara without the girl allowing her to. After a moment, Kara loosened her arms. Alex’s eyebrows shot up when she saw the indentions Kara had made to the book. “Oh, Kara. This is your favorite book.” She inspected the damage to the book now in her own lap.

Kara shrugged. “It doesn’t matter.”

“Hey,” She waited for Kara to look at her. “That girl is dumb. They all are. If something is important to you, than it matters. I’m sure Mom will get you a new one.”

Kara smiled a real smile at Alex. That was the first time Alex didn’t put “my” in front of “Mom.” Whether it was intentional or not, the sentiment was not lost on Kara. “Thanks, Alex.”

Alex shrugged. “I’m the big sister, right?” She smiled. “It’s my job.” She put the book down, and grabbed the bag beside her. “Let’s eat. Mom packed us some great stuff.”
The young girl smiled, and felt her body relax a little. She suddenly laughed, causing Alex to look at her in shock.

“What’s so funny?”

With a shy smile, Kara explained the realization she had. “I was technically born before you.”

Alex rolled her eyes and laughed. “Okay, but that doesn’t count.” She pointed a carrot stick at Kara. “I’m the big sister here, so you’re just gonna have to get used to it.” Kara’s laugh sounded lighter and more real than Alex had ever heard it. In that moment, she decided she wanted to hear it more.

Since the Hank Henshaw attack on Sunday, there have been no signs of Cadmus. Kara was placed on an article not having anything to do with L-Corp or Lena, so she had to satisfy her need to check on Lena by flying by as Supergirl. On Monday, Lena was exceedingly busy the entire day. She had text Kara for a few minutes to ensure the blonde that she was fine, and they would hang out soon. They text a few more times on Tuesday and Wednesday, but neither had a time to meet that worked for both of them. The only time Supergirl saw Lena was when she flew by every two hours to scan for the woman and any sign of trouble. Every night, after Lena went home, Supergirl would hang out on the roof of Lena’s apartment. On Tuesday night, she even called Lena from her Kara phone, and spoke to her for a while. Of course, she didn’t tell the woman than she was on her roof.

Now, it was Thursday, and Kara had a late start at CatCo. She is in the elevator of L-Corp with a bag of donuts and two cups of coffee. She flew by earlier to check if Lena was busy. Walking by Jess’s desk, she flashes the assistant a smile. “Good morning, Jess.”

“Good morning, Miss Danvers.” Jess barely looks up at her.

Kara walks straight to the door, and opens it. “Hey, Lena!”

The smile Lena gives her brings an answering one to Kara’s face. “Kara, what a lovely surprise!” She stands, and walks around her desk to greet Kara. “What’s the occasion?”

She chuckles, and greets Lena with a one-armed hug. “I hadn’t seen you properly since before… you know.” They pull apart from the hug, both smiling. “I missed seeing you like this.” As Kara.

“Like this?” Lena raises an eyebrow.

“Oh, ha, yeah. Um, in person.”

“I understand.” Lena smiles, and gestures to the couch.

They sit beside each other in their usual spots, each with a donut and cup of coffee. “How have you been? I missed you.”

Lena’s heart flutters at the admission, but her features show no reaction to the words. “Fortunately, the damage really was minimal. With an increase in security and other… preemptive measures, I feel L-Corp is safer.”

“Preemptive measures?”

“Ah, yes. I have found myself to have been given the honor of being in possession of a certain
blonde hero’s phone number.”

“Oh! So that really helps you feel safer?” Kara is smiling.

Lena nods slowly. “I think she really cares.”

“She does.” Kara answers a little too quickly.

Lena tilts her head. “You would know best.”

Kara does a nervous chuckle, looking away to adjust her glasses. She takes a deep breath, and looks back at Lena with a smile. “I just feel better knowing you’re safe.”

“I hope you know that is mutual, Kara.”

She can only smile down at her feet. “I’m starting to.”

After a few moments of silently drinking coffee, Lena decides to change to lighter topics. “We still don’t know who A is.”

Kara’s laugh warms Lena all the way through. “Are you trying to tell me something?”

“More like ask. My last meeting of the day was canceled, so I can leave her at a reasonable hour. Do you want to get in an episode or two tonight?”

“I’d love to.”

“My place?”

“Works for me.”

“I’ll cook dinner this time. 6:30?”

“I’ll be there.”

A knock on the door preludes Jess poking her head in. “Miss Luthor, Dr. Sanchez called.”

“Thank you, Jess.” The assistant leaves them. Lena, knowing her presence is likely needed immediately, looks at Kara apologetically. “Sorry, Kara.”

“A CEO’s work is never done?”

“Something like that.” Lena chuckles, and they both stand up. “Thank you for stopping by. I am looking forward to tonight.” She opens her arms to welcome the hug from Kara.

“Me too.” They step back with smiles. “I’ll see you tonight.”

“Have a good day, Kara.”

“You too, Lena.”

Kara had promised herself that she would refrain from texting Lena from her Supergirl phone. It’s just for emergencies, she told herself. Sitting in her office with her lunch break coming up, her mind kept giving her exceedingly convincing arguments in favor of texting Lena.
I should check that the phone actually works.

I could update her that we haven’t found any sign of Henshaw, and think he may be injured somewhere.

Maybe she would tell me about that weapon she used, and we can learn something from it.

Asking her how her new security measures are working out may be a good idea.

It wouldn’t hurt to give her a heads up that I’ll be home tomorrow night, and not out patrolling, so she should call if anything comes up... Ah, but then she’ll ask why, and I don’t want her knowing what tomorrow is.

I could always just thank her again. It was hardly much of a thank you with all of the commotion. Yeah...

Okay, but how lame is it for me to just text her to say “thank you”?

That’s weird, right?

Kara lets out a deep sigh, staring at the superphone in her hands. I don’t even know what she settled on as my contact name. As Supergirl’s contact name. Kara sighs again, and goes to Lena’s contact information. She types several attempts. “Hey, Lena! It’s Supergirl!” She deletes that immediately because it sounds far too like Kara. “Miss Luthor,” No! That’s way worse! Supergirl doesn’t call her that anymore. “Lena, I wanted to say thank you for the other day.” Kara deletes that too. “Hello, Lena. I owe you a proper thank you, and an apology for not having stopped by to check on you.” Kara bites her lip, thinking of a way to end the message. “I know you don’t mind taking risks, but I do hope you stay safe.” She hits send before she can change her mind.

Lena walks into her office from another security meeting. Instead of going to her desk, she opts to sit on the couch. She plops the tablet and folders in her hands onto the cushion next to her, and lets out a sigh. Her phone buzzes from the pocket of her pants.

Super Babe: Hello, Lena. I owe you a proper thank you, and an apology for not having stopped by to check on you. I know you don’t mind taking risks, but I do hope you stay safe.

Biting her lip, Lena wonders what prompted this text after she just saw Kara several hours ago. She starts texting, laughing at the thought of the name that would appear on the hero’s phone.

Lois Lane 2.0: Ever the caring hero. You really don’t need to thank me. It would seem saving each other is what we do. And please don’t feel like you need to check on me. There are plenty of people out there that need you more than me.

If Lena were texting Kara, she would have added a winking face to the end of the message, but Supergirl didn’t set that kind of tone in her initial message.

Super Babe: Not everyone out there is as big of a risk-taker as some people. I won’t name names.

Lena chuckles, and rolls her eyes at the playful side of Kara shining through in that text.

Lois Lane 2.0: I’m sure I don’t know who you mean, but I appreciate that a Super cares about a Luthor.
Super Babe: You’re more than your name, Lena.

Lois Lane 2.0: Thank you.

Lois Lane 2.0: Super Babe.

Super Babe: You didn’t…

Lois Lane 2.0. I did.

Super Babe: I thought we were going to pretend that night never happened?

Lois Lane 2.0: What night?

The CEO laughs lightly, imagining Kara stammering to figure out what to say.

Super Babe: Just for that, I’m bringing you lunch.

Lena’s eyebrows raise, and she stares at her phone. *I don’t understand her thought process there.* After a few minutes, she gathers herself to respond.

Lois Lane 2.0: You really don’t have to.

“Too late.” Supergirl strides into her balcony door with a bag of food and a smirk.

Lena crosses her legs at the knee, and leans against the back of the couch with her own smirk. “Hmm, I see you have no problem taking advantage of your super speed.”

Supergirl shrugs, and walks over to her. She hands the bag to Lena, who slowly reaches out to take it. She stays standing beside the couch. “If you got it, use it.”

The laugh Lena offers makes Supergirl feel warm. “I suppose that’s logical. I can only imagine the work I would get done.” She bites her lips, and looks at the bag in her lap.

“In my defense, I was already getting myself something to eat. I knew you have had a hectic week.” She shrugs. “Thought I’d bring you lunch, since I know you sometimes skip it in favor of working.”

Lena raises her eyebrow. “You spying on me, Supergirl?” She knows Kara knows about her slight habit of skipping lunch, but Supergirl hasn’t learned that from Lena.

“Uh,” Supergirl shuffles her feet a little. “Kara Danvers may have mentioned it.”

“That so?”

Supergirl nods, and looks away for a moment. She turns back to Lena. “I have to go.”

“Duty calls?”

“Duty calls.”

“Thanks for lunch, Supergirl.” She smirks.

“No problem, Lena.”
Supergirl stops in front of the apartment building, where an explosion has set a corner of the structure on fire. Without hesitation, she x-rays the area around the fire for any sign of life before blowing a blast of freeze breath to the flames. Movement catches her eye, and she rushes in, the firemen showing up heard in the back of her senses. She punches through a wall, and finds what she’s looking for in the otherwise empty room. Scooping up her rescue, she flies back out of the building. Stopping just outside of the building, she turns, and sends a gust of freeze breath to the flames. Within seconds, the fire is completely out.

On the ground below, she hears the cheers of the evacuated people and firefighters. She touches down gently, and a young woman runs right up to her. “Supergirl!”

“She belong to you?” Supergirl smiles down at the bundle in her arms.

“Yes! I was so worried!” She reaches out, and takes the wiggling puppy from the hero’s arms. “I came home to let her out on my lunch break.” She smiles at Supergirl. “Thank you so much!”

The hero beams at her. “I’m glad you’re both okay.” She pats the puppy on the head, and walks over to the firemen.

“Thanks for the help, Supergirl. We got the call that there was a gas leak just before the explosion happened. Thanks for the help with the fire. We were able to evacuate everyone.” The woman wearing the marks of a chief tells her.

“No need to thank me. Any more I can help with?”

“I don’t think so. You kind of made our job really easy today.” The woman laughs. “My unit is about to leave actually. My shift ended an hour ago, but I think I’m okay with having stayed over.” She smiles at Supergirl. “I wouldn’t have had the honor of meeting Supergirl.” She extends her hand. “I’m Carly.”

Supergirl shakes her hand with a smile. “It’s nice to meet you, and I think what you do, what you all do for this city is so brave. Not to mention, not many people are this relaxed talking to me. It’s refreshing.” She releases the woman’s hand.

Carly laughs again with a shake of her head. “Life’s too short to not take as many opportunities given to you. How many people can say they had a casual chat with the resident superhero?”

“You have a point there.”

“I must say though, pictures really don’t prepare you for the real thing.” She winks at Supergirl.

“Hey Torres!” A man shouts from the other side of the truck. “Flirt on your own time! We gotta head back!”

Supergirl is extremely thankful that the woman turned around to speak with the man. She’s flirting with me? With Supergirl? Her eyes go a little wide before she can put her Supergirl image again.

“Thanks again, Supergirl.” Carly smiles at her, and joins her colleagues.

Supergirl flies off in a flash of blue and red.

Back in her office, Kara is looking over notes for an idea on an article. A ringing phone breaks her
focus, and she looks at her cellphone on her desk. She frowns at the black screen. “Oh!” She reaches into her purse for her superphone. “Lena, are you okay?” She doesn’t care to hide the worry in her voice.

“Do you remember my accidental date from the other night?” Her tone is a cross between exasperated and amused. Kara imagines an eyebrow raise to go with the question.

“The one I’m not supposed to remember?”

“That would be the one.”

“Um, what about it?”

“It would appear her and her… friend would like a word with you.”

“What!” Kara sits up straight in her chair, and is thankful she closed the door to her office.

“Relax. Would you mind coming down to the park across from my apartment?”

She does her best not to stammer from shock at the situation and Lena’s calm nature. “I’m on my way.” Lena hangs up without a word. “Damn, I could really use that window Cat talked about.” She runs to the stairwell as fast as she can without drawing to suspicion. Once out of view of any cameras, she speeds out of the building.

Lena hangs up the phone, and rests it in her lap with her legs crossed at the knee. She is sitting on a bench in a secluded part of the small park. Across from her, Poison Ivy, no longer covering her green skin with makeup, is smelling monkshood flowers. Harley Quinn is laid out on her back in the grass with her hands under her head.

“Hey, Red!” Harley continues to look up at the sky.

“Hmmm?” Poison Ivy glances down at her friend.

“What happens if Supes comes in swinging?”

“Well, we do have her friend here.” She sits beside Lena, and rubs the flowers across the defined jawline.

“How does that smelly stuff work?”

“Pheromones. It’s science, Harles. She’s very strong-minded. The control isn’t that powerful, is it?” She directs the question at Lena.

Lena turns to look at her, and lifts an eyebrow.

“That’s what I thought.” Poison Ivy drawls, leaning closer to Lena. “It’s just strong enough to be able to convince her to do something she actually wouldn’t mind doing. Calling her girlfriend? Not too far from her own desires. Getting her to give us a million dollars? Not so much.”

Lena smirks. “So that’s how it works.”

“What about half a million?” Harley’s voice pipes up.
Supergirl lands in front of the bench. “What are you two doing back here?” She furrows her brow at the strangely relaxed scene. Her eyes stop on Lena, who is smiling in a very relaxed way. “Is she drunk?”

“Not exactly.” Poison Ivy puts a hand on Lena’s thigh, but immediately removes it when Supergirl’s eyes glow red. “Easy there, Superbabe. Just a little plant work. I only needed her help to get you here. It’ll wear off shortly after I leave.”

“And you think I’m just going to let you two disappear again?”

Harley, still laying down on the ground without a care in the world, speaks up again. “Sure, why not? Not like we did anything, really.”

“Technically, I didn’t kidnap Lena.” Supergirl glares at Poison Ivy. “Okay, okay. We got off on the wrong foot. We really aren’t trying to cause trouble.” She stands, and walks up to Supergirl. “We actually wanted to ask a favor.” She holds out the flower to Supergirl, who instinctively takes it from her hand.

“And why would I do that?”

“Because there’s this - “

“Harls!” Poison Ivy cuts off her friend. She sighs, and looks Supergirl in the eye. “I know you haven’t been doing this whole hero thing very long, and you clearly didn’t know who we are before.”

Supergirl scoffs. “Hey, that - “

“Oh, would ya let her finish, blue?”

“Blue?” Supergirl scrunches her face down at Harley Quinn. Why they hell is she just lying there?

“Yeah, red is kinda taken. Plus your suit and eyes are blue, so yeah. I could go back to Supergirly.”

“Wait,” Supergirl raises her arms in exasperation. “We are getting off topic.” She points at Poison Ivy. “You just kidnapped Lena… again.”

“Woah, woah. Last time I invited her, and she accepted.”

“She didn’t know who was inviting her.”

“Details.” Poison Ivy waves her hand dismissively.

“How exactly did you get her here and looking like that?” She points at Lena, who is sitting with a slightly dazed smile directed at Supergirl.

“That’s not important. I really did ask her to come. She just didn’t agree until after I mentioned wanting to talk to you. And using some pheromones, but that’s besides the point. Frankly, they aren’t working that well on her.”

Supergirl crosses her arms, trying to figure out why she is so entertained by this - as annoying as they are. “I did research on you two.”

“You did?” A seductive smile comes across Poison Ivy’s face.

“I talked to a friend.”
“You mean your cousin? I know him. We’ve had some fun in the past.”

“Yeah, ‘fun’ isn’t the word he used, but he did tell me you two have been doing some… different things lately.”

“Ah, I guess there are some hurt feelings there.” Poison Ivy chuckles.

“I told her that it probably wouldn’t be a good idea.” Harley Quinn adds.

“So what is it that you two want? Finally want to turn to the heroing side?” Supergirl smirks.

Poison Ivy scoffs. “Supergirl, I’m not that kind of woman.” She raises her hand to her heart with a look of mock shock.

Supergirl rolls her eyes. “Okay, then what would you call your little trio you’ve started?”

“I can think of a few things to call three fine women having some fun.” She bestows Supergirl with her most seductive look, and takes a step closer.

“You still haven’t gotten to the part where you tell me what you want.” She puts her fists on her hips.

“We need you to talk to your cousin to talk to his bat buddy.” Harley Quinn sits up, and points at her to emphasize.

“What?”

Harley Quinn hops up onto her feet, and skips to Poison Ivy’s side. “Our feline friend wants to make a deal on our behalf. We need to get American Wonder Boy and Bats off our cases.”

Poison Ivy looks at Supergirl. “We’re no heroes… but we’re no villans either.”

“Red just wants to keep the earth from you know…” She makes an explosion sound, and creates a blowing up movement with her hands.

Supergirl’s breath catches in her throat, and she stiffens for a moment. “Yeah. I do know.” She takes a deep breath. “No promises on anything out of my control, but I will talk to Superman.” Harley Quinn jumps in excitement. “On one condition…” Supergirl holds up one hand to still any words. “I don’t want you causing any trouble in National City… especially not with Lena. Deal?” She holds out her hand for them to shake.

Harley Quinn makes a show of slapping her hand with enough force to almost move Supergirl’s hand. She enthusiastically shakes it up and down. “Whatever you say, Supergirly.”

Supergirl rolls her eyes, and extends her released hand to Poison Ivy. The green woman smirks at Supergirl, steps right past the outstretched hand, and places a kiss on Supergirl’s lips. She steps back with a rather smug smile. “Don’t worry, Superbabe. You’re a better kisser than your cousin.” She winks at Supergirl, whose eyes are still wide in shock. “Later, babe.” They turn, and leave without a backwards glance.

“Supergirl?” Lena’s voice sounds slightly confused.

Her attention is immediately drawn to the bench. She hurries to Lena, and kneels in front of her. “Are you okay?”

Lena runs a hand through her hair. “That was a very odd feeling.” She straightens. “But I’m fine.”

_Huh, would you look at that… a Super kneeling at the feet of a Luthor._
“She said it was pheromones, but they are going back to Gotham City. Did you - do you remember anything?”

“More or less, but it feels more distant… like a dream.” She looks down at Kara’s hands. “What’s with the flowers?”

“I have no idea.” She tosses them on the bench beside Lena. “Can we add this to the list of things we pretend didn’t happen?”

Lena smirks. “That’s fair.”

“I know you’re only across the street, but I’d feel better knowing you got into your apartment safely. Yes, this wasn’t exactly an attack, but still… Can I give you a lift to your balcony?”

“Be careful, Supergirl. I may start to get spoiled by all of this special treatment.”

If she was hidden behind her glasses and a cardigan, she would have blushed and stammered out a reply; however, this was Supergirl. “It’s nothing you don’t deserve.” She stands up, and offers a hand to Lena. “Shall we?”

Lena gives her a pleased smile. “Take me home, Supergirl.”

Supergirl gently releases her hold on Lena, as she touches her feet to the balcony. “Are you sure you’ll be okay here?”

“I’ve had far worse than them, don’t you think? Besides, Kara is coming over soon.” She gives Supergirl a look she can’t quite understand. “Unless you’ve heard otherwise.”

“Nope.” Supergirl internally winces at the speed and high pitch of her response. “As far as I know, she should be here.” She smiles what she hopes is a reassuring, and not at all guilty, smile.

“Then I will leave you to whatever it is you do, Supergirl. Thank you again for coming to my rescue - even when it’s an odd situation.” Without taking time to think about it, she steps forward, and presses a light kiss on Supergirl’s cheek. “Have a good night, Supergirl.” She puts her hand on the door handle, and slides it open.

“You too, Lena.” Supergirl says barely above a whisper. She takes off straight up, and hovers for a few minutes with her fingers touching the spot on her cheek still tingling. Well I did thank her with a kiss on the cheek during the Livewire thing…

---

**Kara:** Hey, I’m going to be at Lena’s tonight. I want to make sure she’s safe. Sparring tomorrow morning?

Kara tosses her phone on her bed, and begins to decide what to wear to Lena’s. She has an hour before she needs to be there. With Saturday being her 13th earth birthday, she really doesn’t want to be in this fight with Alex anymore over Lena. Sparring has become their way of opening up communication lately, so she hoped Alex would accept her offer, and meet her in the middle. Ten minutes later, she’s wondering what she should wear and if she should eat before going. *These Netflix nights keep turning into sleepovers.*

**Alex:** I’ll be there at 8 ready to go.
She lets out a sigh of relief that Alex didn’t go off on her yet again about Lena.

**Lena Beana:** Kara, I hope you come with your appetite. :)

**Lena Beana:** And I expect you to be wearing comfortable clothes. I’d hate to have to impose a “no jeans in bed” rule. ;)

Kara’s heart races, and she smiles down at her phone. She’s grateful she will have a chance to talk to Alex about Lena tomorrow. *If everyone could just see how great she is...* She responds to Alex’s message first.

**Kara:** I’ve been working on my front kicks. Hope you’re ready!

**Alex:** We’ll see about that, Kara.

**Kara:** Challenge accepted.

**Alex:** I’ll see you tomorrow

She sighs, knowing Alex will need the night to cool off for their talk.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I wouldn’t mind that rule :)

**Lena Beana:** But I’m serious, Kara… No eating before coming over here. Promise?

Kara can feel the goofy grin taking over her face. She laughs at how well Lena seems to know her already.

Lena smiles down at her phone on the way to her kitchen. Her pajamas feel amazing after the long day. After a shower to rid herself of the floral scent lingering on her, she began cooking an impressive amount of food. She hears her phone go off, while taking a peek at the food in her oven.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I promise :)

**Sunshine Danvers:** Will that French wine you love so much go well with what you cooked?

**Lena Beana:** It would be perfect.

She types “Just like you.” Her finger hovers over the send button, but she loses her nerve. She deletes the message, feeling the heat on her cheeks. “So glad no one can see me.” She rubs her cheeks, willing the blush she knows is there to go away. *I can’t believe I have someone flying across an ocean to bring me a bottle of wine.* She shakes her head, and continues cooking.

Dinner is filled with light conversations, laughter, and a sense of warmth. They are both dressed for a relaxing, and are truly enjoying each other’s company. Neither of them want the other to do the cleaning of the few dishes, so they work together. Just like before, they don’t question the naturalness or domesticity of the situation.

Without a need for discussion of what to do next, Lena leads Kara into the bedroom. They slide
under the covers of their usual sides, and meet in the middle - both leaning on the pillows set up against the headboard. The show begins, and they lean their shoulders against one another.

“Do you -”

“No,” Lena chuckles.

“You don’t even know what I was going to ask.”

“Okay, ask.” Lena turns her head slightly to look at Kara with a smirk.

Kara fidgets with her glasses with a chuckle of her own. “Do you know who A is?”

“No.” Lena turns back to the screen, and leans her head against Kara’s shoulder.

“Don’t look so smug.” Kara rests her head on Lena’s.

“You can’t see my face.”

“Don’t have to.”

“You are something else, Kara.”

Kara shrugs. “That’s why you like me.”

Lena’s breath hitches, and she feels her heart hammer in her chest. *Fuck, calm down. Shit. She didn’t mean it like that.*

Kara’s eyebrows furrow at the increased heart rate coming from Lena. *What’s that about? Oh… she’s still worried about actually having a real friend.* Kara sighs. *How awful growing up with the Luthors must have been…* Wanting to show Lena comfort, Kara wraps her arm around Lena’s shoulders to pull her closer. When Lena lets out a sigh, Kara smiles, even though her heart rate is still elevated. Kara scoots closer, so half of Lena’s back is against her front. Lena allows the change in position, settling back against Kara as her heart rate slowly goes back to normal.

They remain silent the rest of the night, simply enjoying the closeness. At some point, they fell asleep cuddled against one another.

Fortunately, both women had to be up early Friday morning. Lena’s alarm stirred them from their entangled sleep at 6:30. Kara, in a half conscious state, snuggled Lena closer. With a chuckle, Lena pats her friend’s arm around her waist.

Kara mumbles something unintelligible.

“Kara…” Lena grabs her arm. “You can stay in bed longer, but I need to get up.”

“Aww, okay” Kara murmurs.

Lena laughs again. “You have to let me go, Kara.”

Kara lets out a sigh, and rolls over - eyes closed the entire time.

With a shake of her head, Lena pulls herself out of bed to begin her day. Lena was almost ready by
the time Kara had woken up fully. She walks out of the closet, smoothing her skirt, to see Kara getting out of bed. “Good morning, sleepy head.”

Kara gives a shy smile. “Your bed is practically impossible to leave.”

Lena smirks on her way out of the room to get coffee, not trusting herself to go anywhere near that comment.

Having spent several nights at Lena’s now, Kara is comfortable enough to wash up in the bathroom as if she lived there. She joins Lena in the kitchen, and is greeted with a cup of coffee with her preferred amount of sugar and a smile from Lena. “Thanks,” She smiles at the woman before her.

“You never told me what has you getting out of bed so early.”

“Oh,” Kara sets her coffee down, with her hands wrapped around the mug. “I’m meeting with my sister.” She looks down. “Things have been um… tense, I guess. We’ve both said some things recently, and I really don’t like it.” She shrugs, not sure how to tell the main reason for the fight between her and her sister.

“I see.” Lena takes a sip of her coffee. “I’m sure things will work out. I can’t imagine anyone being able to stay mad at or away from you.” Her smile is wistful.

“Thanks, Lena.”

“Would you like a ride to your apartment? Or anywhere else?”

“No, no, that’s fine.” She finishes her coffee. “I could use the uh walk to clear my head.”

Lena smiles with a hint of amusement that Kara misses. “I hope it helps.”

“Me too,” Kara sighs slightly.

“Well, if you wait for a few minutes, I will walk you out.”

“Sure,” Kara smiles.

Once they reach Lena’s awaiting car, Kara pulls Lena into a hug with a whispered “thank you.”

“Good luck with your sister.”

“Thanks Lena, have a good day.” Kara smiles with a little wave before walking away.
After tons of research, it seems that this Supergirl's birthday is (somewhat unofficially) Sept. 22nd. I made it 1991, since the year in this story is 2017, and it's Kara's 13th earth birthday. I haven't been able to find anything beside the years of Alex's (1989) and Lena's (1993) birthdays, so I made up dates. Alex: Nov. 13th, 1989. Lena: March 31st, 1993. I must say it always feels odd seeing characters on tv shows that are my age, but doing all these ridiculously advanced things. Only slightly jealous of tv life.

The sparring started with few words. They both stepped into the training room in workout clothes, ready for anything the other dished out. They circled around each other in the ring for a few moments.

“Last night go okay?” Alex asks.

“Just fine.” Kara says shortly.

“Good.” Alex steps into Kara’s space with a quick jab to her chin that Kara easily parries, and throws a jab of her own. Alex ducks down, and to the side of Kara, landing an uppercut to Kara’s stomach.

Kara turns with a spinning back fist that Alex blocks with both arms coming over her face. Alex uses her right foot to pull Kara’s right foot to her, and Kara goes with the momentum into a roll. She pops up facing Alex several feet in front of her. Both are breathing a little harder. Alex raises an eyebrow. They go still for the slightest moment, and then both rush to meet in the middle. Alex throws a right hook that Kara ducks with a body cross that lands, but Alex goes with the force, and spins slightly to land a right side kick to Kara’s thigh. They right themselves, and throw combinations of punches that the other catches or parries.

Kara fakes a jab. Once Alex commits to the parry, Kara hops into Alex’s space with a front kick. Alex stumbles back a few steps, and Kara takes full advantage of her sister’s loss of balance. She steps forward to throw a jab, and Alex grabs her wrist with her right hand, opening up part of her defense. Kara doesn’t let her recuperate. She rolls her hand over the wrist holding her forearm, and switches to her holding Alex’s wrist. She parries the jab Alex tries to land, and takes a step back, pulling Alex’s arm with her. Alex is forced to take a step forward, and loses her balance again. With a slight bend of Alex’s wrist, Kara brings her older sister to her knees. She steps over her sister’s arm, and pulls her arm behind Alex.

They are both breathing hard now. Alex is on her knees with an arm bent behind her back held by Kara. The two stay that way, as they try to catch their breath. Kara releases Alex’s arm, and steps back. Alex waits a moment, and stands up. She brushes her hands off on her pants, and walks over to her water waiting by the wall. The air thickens with every second of silence.

Alex takes a large drink of water, back still to her sister. She slowly pulls the water away from her mouth. “I’m not going to apologize for choosing to hack Lena.” She doesn’t face Kara.
“I’m not going to apologize for wanting to keep her safe.” Kara is looking at a wall. They are standing on opposite sides of the ring.

*We got through Astra. We can get through this.* Alex sighs, and turns to look at her sister fully. She walks around the ring, and sits on the edge near her sister. Setting her water beside her, she places her hands in her lap, and looks at the floor. “I am sorry for breaking your trust though.”

Kara looks at her sister over her shoulder. She relaxes slightly, and sits beside Alex. A few inches of air distance them. “I’m sorry for kicking you out.”

The silence deafens them again. “Kara… I don’t trust her.” She holds up a hand to still the protest forming on Kara’s lips. “Just give me a minute here. It’s not just because of her last name. The whole Medusa scheme. That could have gone much differently. She managed to fool everyone, her mother included. We don’t know what her intentions are here.”

“She’s just trying to make a name for herself, Alex. There’s so much potential there, and she really wants to turn L-Corp into a force for good. What evidence do you really have that she’s going to follow in her family’s steps?”

Alex looks up into her sister’s eyes, and sees something unfamiliar there. *What is it about Lena?* “She’s still an unknown variable.”

“Not to me.” Kara’s conviction is evident.

“Okay. But please be safe, Kara.”

“I always am.” Kara smiles.

Alex lets out a sarcastic laugh. “Sure, sure. Whatever you say, Kara.”

“Hey!” Kara tries to keep a hurt expression, but breaks into a laugh too.

“Besides, hacking Lena is harder than getting into the president’s email.”

Kara laughs. “Oh yeah, she is super smart. She actually left a trace on a bug she found in those Luthor Corp payments. She said she’ll let me, Supergirl me, know if anything turns up.”

Alex nods. “That’s… helpful.”

Kara smiles. “If you give her a chance, I promise to let you eat one of my potstickers tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Alex furrows her brow in confusion.

“Oh, Kara…” Realization dawns on Kara, and she looks apologetic. “I’m sorry. I didn’t even realize tomorrow was the 22nd.”

“What?” Kara’s shoulders sag.

“After the Henshaw attack last week, Maggie surprised me with Barenaked Ladies tickets in LA tomorrow.” She frowns.

“Oh.” Kara couldn’t manage anything else, and looks down at her feet.
“But, I...uh, damn I should cancel. I could -”

“No,” Kara looks back up at her, trying to hide her hurt. “They’re your favorite, and she probably paid a lot for those.”

“Kara,” Alex puts her hand on Kara’s knee.

Kara covers the hand. “No, it’s okay, Alex.” She tries for a nonchalant shrug. “It’s not like you know I was planning anything. I mean, I should have talked to you about it sooner.”

“Kara, are you sure? We’ve spent every September 22nd together. I think Maggie would -”

“No, Alex. It’s fine.” Kara doesn’t want Alex to finish that thought. Alex is happy. She deserves to be happy. “We’ll do something another day. The day isn’t important.”

Alex looks at Kara with softened eyes. “We’ll do whatever you want. Wherever you want to fly. Whatever you want to eat.”

Kara smiles, and hugs Alex. “Thanks, Alex.”

Alex chuckles. “You’re about to be 13.”

Kara pulls back, and rolls her eyes. “That’s still not funny.”

“You’re just jealous our birth certificates say I’m older.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Kara’s phone rings from her bag. “Hello? Oh, yes, um, now? Yeah, okay. No, no, it’s not going to be a problem. Y-yes sir.” She hangs up, and turns to her sister.

“What’s up?”

“Snapper.” She huffs, and picks up her things. “Couldn’t even wait to yell at me until I got there. He wants me to go to L-Corp.”

Alex takes a breath to speak. “Kara -”

“Really, Alex?” Kara sounds annoyed.

“It’s not what you think.” Kara relaxes. Alex stands, and gives her sister a hug. “I love you. We’ll do something after Maggie and I get back, okay?”

Kara pulls back, and nods. “Have fun.” She tries hard not to make her smile look as fake as it feels.

Alex tiptoed up the stairs, cautious of making even the slightest of sounds. Her socks lessened the possibility of being heard against the wood flooring. She paused outside of the door on her right that was slightly ajar, and listened closely. After taking a slow breath in, she lifted a hand to the door, only laying her fingertips against it. With a soft, but smooth, push, she opened the door just enough to slide her body inside.

She stopped just inside of the room, taking in the bed’s occupant soundly sleeping. Slowly lifting her foot, she took one large step closer to the bed. Stopping again, she waited to see if the body on the bed moved. A smirk grew on her face. With a deep breath, she jumped onto the bed, landing on top of the lump in the middle of the bed.
“HAPPY EARTH BIRTHDAY!” She raised her voice, not wanting to shout and hurt the girl’s ears.

Kara, who was lying on her stomach, lifted off of the bed, taking Alex with her. The alien let out a yelp when she awoke. “Alex!”

They landed back onto the bed with a plop. Alex laughed the whole time. She rolled over to lay beside Kara, who was sitting up with wide eyes, and breathing heavily. Her laughter died down, and she sat up next to Kara. “Oh, good, you’re up!”

The younger girl stared at Alex with an incredulous expression. “Now I am!”

Alex laughed again.

“What was that for?”

Alex hopped off the bed, and smiled at Kara. “It’s your first earth birthday!”

“Your earth birthday! One year ago, you landed on earth and in our family!”

Kara tilted her head, a small smile playing at her lips.

“Come on! We’re celebrating!” She patted Kara’s leg, and turned to a nearby dresser. “Get up. Brush your teeth.” She tossed clothes to Kara, and they hit her in the face. “Put those on. Meet me downstairs. Mom made us breakfast.”

With one last smile, Alex left the room.

Kara walked into the kitchen to find Alex pouring orange juice. “Hey, birthday girl! I hope you’re hungry!” She gestured to the table full of Kara’s favorite breakfast foods. Kara took in all of the food with a wondering smile. She furrowed her brow, and looked around. “Mom and Dad went out, so we can have the day to do everything I planned.” Alex pushed Kara into a seat. “Tonight, we’ll have a family dinner, and you can open your presents then.” She sat down across from Kara.

“Presents?” Kara tilted her head in question.

“Yes, presents. Now, eat all you want. We’ve got a big day ahead!”

Breakfast led to a trip to the zoo, where Alex answered every single question Kara had about the creatures so new to her. If Alex didn’t know the answer, they would find it together. She allowed Kara gush about the similarities between some of the earth animals and ones from Krypton. It was a Sunday morning, so there were not many people around to crowd them.

On the walk to Alex’s car, Kara’s stomach started to audibly rumble. Alex chuckled, and looked at Kara. When Kara gave her an embarrassed grimace, Alex put an arm around her shoulders. “Hey, we all get hungry. Plus, our next stop is lunch.” She smiled at her little sister.

“Thanks, Alex.” Kara smiled up at her.

“I’m your big sister. It’s my job.”

Lunch was at Kara’s favorite restaurant, a buffet. They sat in a somewhat secluded booth, so Kara wouldn’t have to feel self-conscious. They spent the rest of the afternoon on the beach. “I wanted to redo the first time we came here.” Alex gave her as an explanation.

Hours of exploring, laughing, and playing barefoot exhausted the two girls - Alex more so than Kara. When they walked through the front door of their home, they were both greeted by music.
exhaustion on their faces disappeared, and they walked into the dining room to find Jeremiah and Eliza unloading take-out from another one of Kara’s favorite restaurants.

“Happy earth birthday, Kara.” Eliza pulled Kara into a hug.

Jeremiah pulled her into another hug, once she was released by Eliza. “Let’s eat!”

They sat at the table, and everyone listened to Kara excitedly talk about her first earth birthday.

“Okay, here you go.” Alex handed Kara a wrapped gift. “I saved the best for last.”

Kara gave her a shy smile, and carefully unwrapped the present. A wooden case with her name engraved on the top greeted her. “What is it?” She looked at Alex.

“The latch right here.” Alex showed her how to open the box. “There.”

Kara carefully lifted the lid open, and her eyes instantly went wide. “Wow.” She smiled freely. Paints of many vibrant colors greeted her. “Are these all for me?” She asked softly.

“They are.” Alex answered just as softly. “Since you are learning to paint to, you know, help with the powers... I thought you would like it better if you had more colors to chose from.”

Kara looked right into her sister’s eyes. For the first time, she really looked at her. My sister, she thought. She smiled a completely unrestrained smile for the first time since Krypton crashed.

Alex felt a sense of rightness as she looked deeply at Kara for the first time. Her smile matched Kara’s. In that moment, she decided happy Kara was the best kind of Kara, and she would make it her responsibility to make that happiness permanent.

Lena lets the sound of her heels clicking on the hard floor fill her senses. She is thinking through an engineering problem in one of her labs. As she passes Jess’s desk, she’s thankful the woman is on the phone, so she doesn’t have to hear about what meeting or task may be next.

Head held high and lost in thought, she pushes her office door open, and strides into the room. It takes several steps before she registers the blonde that popped up off of her couch.

“Kara?” She barely manages to keep her reaction under control, and neutral expression on her face. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

Kara pushes up her glasses. “Unfortunately, it’s business this time.”

There’s something... off. Lena tilts her head, and looks at Kara intently. “In that case, please sit.” She gestures to the couch Kara was sitting on a moment ago, and takes her customary seat beside her.

Putting a smile on her face, Kara looks at her best friend. She’s my best friend. Her heart flutters at the realization. She pulls out her notebook and pen, and takes a breath. “I suppose Snapper has made me the resident Lena expert.” She chuckles at the title. “Before I could even go into work, he called to yell at me to come here.”

“I see.” She leans her elbow on the back of the couch. “So what is the hot topic this time?”

“Follow-up... on your alien detection device.”

“Yes,” Kara nods once, and adjusts her glasses. “That.”

“Well, I’m sorry to tell you, but there’s not much to follow up with.”

Kara tilts her head. “Having trouble with the prototype?” Kara feels a touch guilty about what she did last time she was around the device.

Lena laughs. She would ask that… Lena hums in thought, and turns her face away from Kara. “I’ve decided to… indefinitely table the product.”

Kara’s heart rate increases. “You… really?”

The CEO leans her head against the hand of the arm on the back of the couch. “I still feel that humans have a right to know if someone near them could possibly hurt them, but I understand that there are those that don’t mean to harm humans. I understand the fear of needing to feel some sense of protection from people like… like Cadmus.” She looks down, and takes a breath before looking back up right into Kara’s eyes. “Not everyone wants to hide and intentionally lie.”

Kara’s breath catches in her throat. She… Does she… Know? Kara can’t look away from Lena’s eyes. They both take each other in for an intimate amount of time. “I’m glad you can see it from my perspective.” Her echo of Lena’s words come out as a whisper.

“More than you know, Kara.”

Just like that, a silent understanding exchanges between them. Neither can put to words what the change is, but they accept it.

Kara manages a small smile. “Thank you, Lena.” Her voice conveys more emotions than she can list. She looks away, out of the window across the office. Her hands are fidgeting in her lap.

There is definitely something bothering her. “Kara?” Kara turns to her, but her hands continue moving in her lap. Lena rests her hand on both of Kara’s. “Do you want to talk about it?” Kara blinks at her. “Whatever it is that’s bothering you.”

Kara looks down with a sigh. She has enough burdens without having to listen to me whining about my sister.

“Did your talk not go well with your sister?”

Kara’s head snaps back up to look at Lena, eyes wide in surprise. How did she do that?

Lena scoots closer, so only a few inches separate them. Kara entwines one of her hands with Lena’s. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Kara shakes her head a little. “It’s not important.”

“If something is upsetting you, then it is important.” She squeezes Kara’s hand in reassurance.

She shrugs. “The talk was fine. We uh came to an understanding, and aren’t fighting anymore.”

Lena tilts her head, encouraging her to keep talking.

“I’m so happy my sister has Maggie. I really am. She deserves to be happy.” She smiles. “I just have to get used to not having her all to myself, you know?” She starts rambling. “Golly, I know that
sounds so selfish. I really don’t mean to be selfish. She’s literally dedicated her life to protecting and being there for me. Now that I’m saying this out loud, I’m realizing how selfish it sounds, and oh gosh, Lena, I’m so sorry, I-” Kara goes to pull her hand away, but Lena grasps it tighter.

“You shouldn’t apologize for how you feel, Kara. Your sister means the world to you, and I know she feels the same about you.”

Kara smiles gratefully at Lena. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to come in here, and just lay all of that on you. You have -”

She’s interrupted by Lena squeezing her hand again. “Kara, stop apologizing. I care about you. You can talk to me whenever you need to.”

“The same goes for you.”

“Okay, now that we’ve got that cleared up…” She smirks. “How about you come over tonight? I’d hate you to be alone in that cozy apartment of yours.”

Kara smirks back. “Are you using “cozy” as a euphemism for small?”

“Of course not.” Lena smiles. “I will be home by 7. You can come over any time. My kitchen is completely stocked.” She winks playfully.

“I can’t say no to such a generous offer,” She pauses. “Especially not from my best friend.” Her smile grows when she hears Lena’s sharp intake of breath and increased heart rate.

Lena feels Kara squeeze her hand, and knows the blonde heard the change in her heart. “I would only make such an offer to my best friend.” Her eyebrows quirk when she says “my.” “So I’ll see you tonight?”

“You will.”

They stand together, and immediately wrap each other in a hug.

Lena woke up to a knocking on her door. She sat up in her bed. “Yes?” Her voice was small.

The door swung open, and Lillian strode in with an heir of superiority and a dress on a hanger. “Get up. Get dressed. Put this on.” She set the dress on the bed.

“Oh okay,” Lena said as she started to crawl out of bed.

“Speak up, Lena. And do hurry up.”

“What is the dress for?”

Lillian narrowed her eyes, and stared at the girl in silence. “You have now been with us for a year. Lionel believes it’s… acceptable to take you to a fundraiser now.” She turned to leave. “Jenna will be up shortly to make you presentable.” She closed the door behind herself.

By the time she finished washing up in the restroom, her nanny arrived to get her ready.

“Mrs. Luthor wants your hair up.”
“Okay.” Lena sat down, and allowed the woman to put her hair up in a tight bun.

“Sit still.” She finished hiding the pins that would hold the clean updo.

“There. Stand. Let me look.” She stared at Lena with a critical eye. “That will do. The Luthors will be expecting you in the study for a lesson on etiquette for tonight.”

Lena left her room, while the nanny stayed behind to tidy up. She stepped into the study, where her adopted family of the past year was waiting for her. They were all immaculately dressed. Lex was sitting at the chessboard, playing a game with Lionel. She paused in the doorway.

Lillian noticed her after a few moments. “Do not linger in doorways, Lena. Come in here.” She stared at Lena as she walked up to Lillian. “Sit.” She pointed at the couch. “Let’s talk about how you must behave today.”

Lena lifted her chin, and looked Lillian straight into the eye.

The woman smirked, and leaned down, bringing her head on a level with Lena. “Now, that’s more like it.”

A small smile pulled at Lena’s lips, but disappeared when Lillian’s eyebrow raised. “What do you want me to do?”

Pulling a chair to sit across from Lena, Lillian sat down with all of the poise of a woman bred in high society. Her back was flushed against the back of the chair, and her right leg slipped over her right. “Back straight.” Lena straightened immediately. “Always keep your back straight, your face neutral, and your voice even. Luthors must always be looked up at with respect, and you can never let anyone feel otherwise. Tonight, you will sit beside Lex. Understand?”

“Yes.”

“Stay by him, so he can make sure you do not make mistakes. Now, what do you do when someone walks up to you with questions?”

“I ask them my own question.”

“And how do you ask?”

“By looking them in their eyes.”

Lillian leaned forward slightly. “And when do you answer questions?”

“Never.”

She looked away from Lena, and stood up. “Lionel, Lex, let’s go.”

Lena found herself being ignored for a better part of the night when Lillian directed her and Lex to sit at a small table reserved for the Luthors. “Hey,” Lex whispered suddenly.

She looked up at her brother of a year. “Yes?”

He nudged her shoulder. “What do you think?”

Lena looked back out at the people socializing in fancy clothing. “It’s… boring.”

Lex laughed. “Yeah, these parties aren’t about fun. They’re about power. You’ll learn.”
She looked back out, and slouched a little.

Lex nudged her again, and she straightened. He chuckled a little. “Relax, kid. I won’t tell.” He leaned closer to whisper in her ear. “I got you something.” He pulled a candy bar out of his pocket. “Today is basically a birthday for you. May as well enjoy some contraband.” He winked at her, and held the candy closer. Slowly, she reached up for it. He smiled conspiratorially.

“Thank you, Lex.”

He shrugged. “Welcome to the Luthors, kid.”

Kara walks out of CatCo at 5:30. She sighs when she realizes her lack of plans for the next hour and a half. Thank Rao for Lena. She sighs again. Without much conscious thought, Kara slips into an alleyway away from view of people. In less than a second, her clothes are shoved in her bag, and she’s flying to her apartment. A blur of blue and red moves around her apartment, and she’s back in the skies.

Five minutes later, Supergirl is landing on a secluded part of a beach. Avoiding flying over Metropolis or her old home, she manages to land on the beach she spent her first earth birthday on with Alex. She clutches a mason jar in her hands, and lets out a deep breath. Not caring about the sand, she lowers herself to the ground. With the mason jar sitting beside her, she wraps her arms around her upraised legs, as she stares out at the water.

“Kara!” Alex shouted from the bottom of the stairs.

Using human speed, Kara showed up at the top of the stairs. “What?” She pushed her glasses up her nose with a confused expression.

“Mom said we can go to the beach. Grab your paints, and c’mon!” Alex gave her a lopsided smile.

A tentative smile started to form on Kara’s face. “What for?”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Geesh, stop asking so many questions. I know you haven’t touched those new paints in the three months since you’ve had them. That’s changing today. Hurry up! We’re wasting daylight.”

A shy smile appeared on Kara’s face. “Okay.” She returned a few minutes later with her backpack on, and walked down the stairs to join Alex. “Ready.”

Alex wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and led Kara out to her car. “I made a new CD. Wanna hear?”

Kara, who was tense in the car in fear of damaging it, looked over at Alex with a small smile. “Sure.”

Alex wasted no time in singing along to the music. One of Kara’s favorite songs came on, and she looked over to see Kara smiling at the radio. “You know, here on earth, it’s customary for everyone in the car to sing along.” She smiled widely at Kara, and started the song over, focusing her eyes back on the road. When the first verse started, her eyes grew wide at the sound of Kara singing. She kept her eyes on the road, and joined Kara in singing. As the song continued, Kara’s voice grew more confident. Alex dared to sneak a peek at her little sister, worried she would stop singing if she
knew she was being watched. Kara had a smile on her face, and was moving her head in time to the music. Alex became more animated in her singing and dancing (while remaining a safe driver). By the time they arrived at the beach, both girls were having a blast singing along to every song with huge smiles.

“See? It’s so much more fun when you sing along.” She smiled at her little sister, and turned the car off.

“Can we do that on the way back?” Kara’s smile was nervous and hopeful, and it broke Alex’s heart. All she wanted to do was help Kara with her pain.

“Please, you will now be singing with me every time we are in a car.”

Kara’s answering smile reached her eyes. “I’m okay with that.”

“Ready to use those paints?”

“I think so.”

“Let’s go, Sis.” That was the first time Alex had used the term of endearment, and she smiled to herself at the naturalness of it. Before she got out of the car, she saw Kara’s smile grow more.

Alex pulled a bag out of the trunk, and led Kara to an area of the beach with plenty of rocks to relax on. She set the bag from the trunk down on a somewhat flat-topped rock, and put her backpack next to it. Kara followed suit on another rock. “So what are we doing?”

“We,” She made sure to emphasize that word and add a brief pause. “Are going to practice control. I was doing some research.” She pulled out two easels and canvases. “Meditating didn’t sound like something either of us could stay still long enough for, but this sounded right up your alley.” She pulled out a small set of paints for herself. “It will help learn how to focus on small details as part of the bigger picture, and you have to use control over your movements and feelings.” She set up the easels and canvases. When they were to her liking, she looked over at Kara, who was staring at her with wide eyes. “What?”

“Alex,” She walked over to one of the canvases. “You want to help me learn control? You did this for me?”

Alex shrugged. “You’re my sister now, Kara. I’ll do anything for you. Earth is your home now. Just because you’re different, doesn’t mean you can’t learn to make this your home like Krypton was.”

“But what if it never feels like home?” Kara’s voice was small.

“It will. And, you know, home isn’t always about a place. Actually, I’ve read a lot about how home is more about people.”

“Like family?”

“Yeah.”

“But Kal-El -”

“Not just him, Kara. You’re a Danvers too. We care about you.”

Kara’s eyes moved out to the water. When she turned back to Alex, something new was in her eyes. “Stronger together.”
Supergirl looks at the rocks to her left, the same rocks she spent four hours slowly painting next to 12 years ago. That was the first day since she landed that she didn’t cry even once. That was the day she truly felt this new planet could be her home. That was the day she decided to not let the memory of Krypton be kept by someone who wallows in pain. Krypton deserves to be something to be remembered, not something to be haunted by. Supergirl lets the sounds of the water hitting the shore relax her.

The buzzing of her personal phone brings her slowly back to reality.

**Lena Beana:** If you could have anything for dinner, what would it be?

She smiles down at her phone. *I love that I can just… be around her. No expectations of me being the stoic Supergirl - even under the Kara Danvers clothes. But…* She sighs. “I can’t talk to her about any of this without having to lie.” She looks out at the water. “The one person in my life that I relate to more than anyone, and I can’t even share that with her.”

**Sunshine Danvers:** No, Lena. You don’t have to go through any trouble for me. Anything is fine.

She’s aware of her lack of emoticons or exclamation points, but she doesn’t think much of it.

**Lena Beana:** Kara, I wouldn’t ask if it was any trouble.

Before a suitable reply could come to mind, another text comes in.

**Lena Beana:** Did I ever tell you that I can make potstickers from scratch?

A smile comes over her face. *Of course she can. I'm not sure there's anything she can't do.*

**Sunshine Danvers:** I would love to try those!

**Lena Beana:** Consider it done.

**Lena Beana:** Oh, and I do hope you plan to stay the night. I would feel terrible to know you’d be at home alone like this.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I wouldn’t want to impose.

**Lena Beana:** You could never be an imposition.

**Sunshine Danvers:** You’re awesome :)

**Lena Beana:** I’ll see you soon?

**Sunshine Danvers:** I’ll be there at 7.

Tucking her phone into its hidden pocket, and picks up the mason jar as she stands. She walks over to the rock Alex once used to hold her pains, and lays a hand on top. After taking the lid off of the jar, she scoops up sand from around the rock, and puts the lid back on. Supergirl looks out at the water one last time, and takes off into the air.
Lena places a wet tea towel over the last pan of potstickers she folded, music playing softly in the background. She checks the time, waiting for Kara to arrive before she puts the dumplings to fry. It’s 20 minutes until 7, so she decides to prepare the living room. After feeling how soft some of Kara’s blankets are, she ordered the softest blanket she could find online. It came in the mail that morning, and she is looking forward to testing it out with Kara. “Wow, that is a disgustingly cute thought.” Lena shakes her head. “Damn, she’s rubbing off on me.” She takes the blanket from her closet, and lays it across the back of the couch.

She steps back with a satisfied smile to look at the finished product. On her coffee table, she’s laid out a tray with sauces for the potstickers, napkins, utensils, and two wine glasses. There are several bowls of snacks and side dishes. Netflix is queued to *Pretty Little Liars.*

Her phone notifies her of a request for her private elevator. *Right on time.* She accepts the request, and gives into a sudden urge.

Kara rides up the elevator still lost in her thoughts. The doors slide open, and she looks up to see Lena Luthor standing on the other side with a smile that warms Kara all of the way through. Without a word, Lena opens her arms, and Kara steps into the hug gratefully. They pull back slowly, and Kara feels a ghost of Lena’s warmth along her body.

“Are you hungry?” Lena smiles to relieve the tension.

“Do you have to ask?” Kara laughs, appreciating the lightening of the mood.

Lena rolls her eyes with a small chuckle. “Come on, before your stomach starts yelling at me.” She leads Kara into the kitchen. “They are best fresh, so I was waiting to fry them until you got here. Take a seat.” She turns the heat on under the pan with oil. “It will only be a few minutes. Would you like something to drink in the meantime?”

“Water. I’ll get it.” Kara perks up, and skips around the kitchen island. Lena watches with a small smile as Kara walks right up to the cabinet that holds her cups. “Do you want some too?”

“Yes, please.” Lena smirks, watching Kara move with such ease around her kitchen. “Thank you.” She accepts the glass Kara hands to her after placing dumplings into the pan.

Kara sits on a stool at the island. “How was your day?”

Lena smiles down at the stove, full of wonder at the utter domesticity of their relationship. “Well my day started with a surprise visit from my favorite reporter.” She smirks over her shoulder at Kara, and turns back to her cooking. “Aside from that, nothing particularly interesting happened. Not that I mind that at all when one of the alternatives could be dealing with attacks.”

“Supergirl will always be there to help with those days.” Kara’s response is instant.

“She certainly has a knack for keeping me alive.” Lena turns around, and leans back against the counter next to the stove.

Kara nods slowly. “Someone has to do it.”

Lena quirks an eyebrow. “You’re something else, Kara.” She turns back around. “Okay, they’re all done.” She puts the last of the potstickers on a large tray. “Everything else is ready in the living room. Mind giving me a hand taking these over there?”

“Of course!” Kara hops up, and picks up a tray in each hand. Lena chuckles, and picks up their waters before following Kara to the living room. “This all looks amazing.” Kara sets the trays on the
Lena smiles at Kara wistfully, as she takes in all of the food. She sits down, and Kara plops herself right next to Lena. She hands Kara one of the plates she put on the table earlier. “Here. Before you start drooling.” She winks at Kara. She explains what the different sauces are while Kara piles food onto her plate.

“Lena,” Kara swallows a mouthful. “This is the best thing I have ever had in my mouth.”

Lena smiles, and forces the inappropriate thoughts that wording brought to mind. “I’ll take it that you like them.”

“Love.” She swallows another mouthful. “I love them. And these sauces… I can’t even decide which one I like most.”

The younger woman can only laugh while she eats at a more human pace than Kara. When she hears a slight moan from Kara, her eyes go wide, and she clears her throat. “Okay, so should I hit play?”

Kara nods since her mouth is full. Lena finishes eating, and relaxes against the back of the couch before the end of the first episode. Halfway through the next episode, Kara is finished, and leaning back with her shoulder against Lena’s.

Lena reaches her arm up, and pulls her new blanket down, hoping Kara doesn’t realize it’s the same blue as her eyes. “Thought you would want to help me break in my new blanket.”

With a wide smile, Kara helps spread the blanket over both of their laps. “This is softer than any of my blankets!”

A chuckle bubbles out of Lena. “It’s vicuna. It’s from Peru.”

“What is that?”

“It’s kind of like a llama.”

“Oh, that’s pretty cool.” Kara smiles at Lena, and snuggles closer as she turns her attention back to the television.

When the episode ends, Lena suddenly chuckles during the countdown to the next one.

“What?” Kara looks over at Lena.

Lena smirks at Kara.

“No…” Kara drags out the word in disbelief, and sits up as she turns to Lena, who only raises her eyebrow. Slowly, she picks up the remote to pause the show. “You know… don’t you?”

Lena picks up her glass of wine from the side table, and takes a sip without looking at Kara. The corners of her mouth are twitching upward.

“Leeeeenaaaaaa…” Kara grabs her free hand, and pulls it into her lap. “We had a deal.”

Afraid of spilling her wine, Lena sets it back down on the table. “I remember.”

“Well?”

“Kara,” Lena chuckles. “The deal was I would help point out clues. It’s hard to do that if the show
isn’t playing.”

“Okay, well you what was the clue you saw at the end of the episode?”

“It was the name of the next episode. I’ve had some suspicions, but that kind of helped pushed me toward deciding on one person.”

Kara quickly turns to see the name, but frowns. “Of course you know French.” She looks back at Lena. “What does it mean?”

“I am a friend.”

Kara groans. “That doesn’t really help me.”

Lena laughs, and pushes the blanket off as she stands up. “If you’re done eating, I’m going to clean this up.”

The blonde jumps up. “I’ll help!” She starts piling items on the tray to take to the kitchen.

Lena watches in amusement for a few moments. “I’m not going to tell you.”

“Aww,” Kara’s shoulders slump. She follows a laughing Lena to the kitchen. They finish cleaning in sync with each other.

“Bed or couch?” Lena doesn’t need to elaborate.

“Bed. Definitely.”

They walk to the bedroom. “I’m going to change, so I don’t take the smell of oil to bed. You can turn on Netflix, and get settled. The charger you used last time is still on your side” She take pajamas into the bathroom to prepare for bed. She pauses after closing the door. Did I just say “her side”? 

Kara looks at the closed bathroom door for a few moments with a small smile. Something feels… right. She shakes her head, and goes to “her side” of the bed.

Lena comes out of the bathroom in pajamas and her hair down. Kara had taken off the sweatpants she had over a pair of shorts to sleep in, and was sitting on the edge of her side of the bed looking at her phone. The sight brings a smile and warm feeling to Lena. “All ready?”

Kara turns to see Lena joining her on the bed. “Yup.” She slides under the blanket, and presses play. Two episodes later, Kara feels Lena begin to sink further into her. At the end of the episode, she turns off the show. “You’re falling asleep.”

“It was that last glass of wine.” Lena yawns.

“Here,” Kara adjusts so she’s lying down now. She turns the television off, and sets remote on the side table. “Comfy?”

“Very,” Lena whispers, exhaustion mixing with her tipsy state.

With a chuckle, Kara turns off the lamp, and sets her glasses on the table. “Goodnight, Lena.”

“Goodnight, Kara.”
A breeze flitting across Lena’s face pulls her out of sleep. When she feels nothing but her sheets under her arm, she bolts up to a sitting position. “Kara?” Her voice is thick with sleep. She reaches over to her side table, and turns on the lamp. A quick look around shows her that Kara’s glasses are still on the table, and the door to her bedroom is open. Her heart calms down enough for her to hear singing coming from somewhere. She slides out of her bed, and takes quiet footsteps to follow the singing.

When she crosses her living room, she sees that the sliding door to her patio is open, and the source of her signing is there. Carefully, she walks to the door, and pauses for a brief moment. Kara is sitting down with her eyes trained to the sky.

And never knowing what could have been. And not seeing that love in you is what I was trying to do.

Lena’s heart breaks at the devastation in Kara’s tone. Feeling a pull, she wraps her arms around herself, and walks out to where Kara is sitting on an outdoor sofa. She walks so she is in Kara’s peripherals.

It’s hard to deal with the pain of losing you everywhere I go, but I’m doin’ it. It’s hard to force that smile when I see our old friends and I’m alone.

She sits down beside Kara, swallowing a lump in her throat.

Still harder getting up, getting dressed, livin’ with this regret.

Kara’s hand moves toward Lena, and Lena meets her hand in the middle. Kara pulls their entwined fingers into her lap.

But I know if I could do it over, I would trade give away all the words that I saved in my heart that I left unspoken.

Lena squeezes her hand as she feels a tear escape. She keeps her eyes on the skyline.

What hurts the most was being so close, and having so much to say, and watching you walk away. And never knowing what could have been, and not seeing that loving you is what I was trying to do.

She feels the wetness on her cheek dry from the lone tear, but doesn’t dare look at her hurting friend.

Not seeing that loving you... that’s what I was trying to do.

Kara takes a deep breath, and Lena squeezes her hand in comfort. “Do you ever wonder?”

Lena turns to look at Kara, who is still looking out at the sky.

“About who you would have been if you stayed with your birth family.”

Oh. Lena looks down at her lap. “I used to, but I was so young.” She shrugs. “It’s hard to remember anything from my first four years.”

“I was 13.” She turns her head, and Lena looks up to see blue eyes staring straight into hers. “I was 13 when I lost everyone. I remember everything.” Lena scoots closer, so their sides are touching. “I was adopted by the Danvers family.” Kara looks away again. “13 years ago today. We didn’t… don’t know what my real birthday is, so Alex decided to I guess make it be the day they took me in.”

So it was more than just missing her sister.

Kara sighs. “It’s always been a day we just keep in the family. For the first few years that I lived with
them, they were all I had. I still sometimes feel this sense of loneliness for everything I lost. I was old enough to fully understand that loss, but…” She looks down at her hand holding onto Lena’s.

“You were too young to deal with that on your own?” Lena’s voice is barely above a whisper.

Kara nods slowly, still looking at their hands. “I… I don’t want to lose my home again. Alex helped me belong.”

“Kara, your sister loves you. Have you tried talking to her about any of this?”

The Kryptonian shakes her head. “I didn’t even realize I was… feeling all of this. Then you invited me over, and tonight was great.” She sighs. “And then my calendar went off for my birthday at midnight, and… and it just kind of hit me. It’s my birthday, and the one person that was always right there with me to celebrate is going to a concert with her girlfriend. I know I must sound so selfish… And you must think I didn’t even care enough to tell you that it’s my birthday, but…”

“Kara.” Lena pulls their joined hands into her own lap, and gently cups Kara’s cheek to get her to look up. “I’m not going to tell you that you should have told me, because I understand.”

“You do?”

“I do.” She chuckles slightly. “I’m pretty sure nobody even knows how old I am.” Lena removes her hand from Kara’s face. “And I believe what you are feeling is completely understandable.”

Kara gives her a small smile. “Thank you, Lena.” She releases Lena’s hand to pull her into a hug. “So… can I know how old you are?”

Lena playfully scoffs while pushing her back, and they both laugh a little. With a teasing smile, she asks, “How old would you guess?”

“Oh, no, no, no. I don’t like that game. People get super offended. I learned that the hard way.”

Lena laughs fully, and Kara loves the sound. “Oh, Kara.”

Kara pouts. “I feel like whatever I say is going to be wrong… I always figured you’re older than me, but less than 30.”

With a tilt of her head, Lena bites her lip.

“Are you younger than me?” Kara asks with wide eyes.

Smiling, Lena leans forward conspiratorially. She sees Kara’s eyes drop down, and she convinces herself that Kara didn’t just look at her lips. “Yes.” Let’s test that theory. She starts to lean closer to Kara’s face. A sharp inhale reaches her ears, and she stands up when her lips are a few inches from Kara’s. With a proud smirk, she walks a few steps back to the door, and turns to Kara with a raised eyebrow. “Let’s get to bed, birthday girl.”

Kara shakes her head to get back into focus. Woah, for a second there, I thought she was going to kiss me. But that would be crazy… Right? She stands up, and puts her hands on her hips. “You didn’t tell me how old you are.”

“I’m aware.” Lena laughs, realizing Kara is doing her Supergirl pose in pajamas and no glasses.

Said Supergirl turns on her pout. “Lenaaaaa.” She whines.

“Come back to bed, and maybe I’ll tell you… But you have to promise no more disappearing
Kara drops her arms, and looks down with slight embarrassment. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you.”

“It wasn’t that. I was worried something happened.”

“Oh.” Kara tilts her head, and bites her lip. “Okay, deal, let’s go.” She walks past Lena, and they go back to the bedroom.

When they settle back in bed, Lena insists that it’s her turn to hold Kara. Once Kara’s head is settled on Lena’s shoulder with her arm over her stomach, Kara lets out a sigh. “24.” Lena whispers.

Kara’s eyes go wide, and she lifts her head so fast that Lena believes she used super speed. “You’re 24! When’s your birthday?”

“That wasn’t part of the deal.”

Immediately, there is a pout on Kara’s face. “You know when my birthday is.”

“Go to sleep. I’ll tell you tomorrow.”

“You just like making me wait,” Kara mumbles.

“Perhaps.” She smirks, and uses the arm around Kara’s shoulders to pull her back down. “Goodnight, Kara.”

Kara lets out an exaggerated sigh. “Goodnight, Lena.”

When Lena feels Kara’s breathing even out, she picks up her phone off of the nightstand. After half an hour of searching, typing, and messaging, she smiles with satisfaction before joining Kara in sleep.

Kara is woken up by a sweet voice and subtle shaking. The first thing she notices is a warm hand on her shoulder.

“Kara, wake up.” Lena has a sweet smile on her face, and is sitting on the edge of the bed behind Kara, who is laying on her side. She shakes Kara’s shoulder again. “I can see you smiling. Get up, sleepy head.”

The birthday girl in question slowly opens her eyes to see something blue inches from her face. She scrunches her brow, and looks over her shoulder to see Lena smiling down at her. Kara looks back, and realizes the blue is the wrapping paper around a box of some kind. “What’s this?”

“Open it, and find out.” Lena bites her lip, as she watches Kara sit up, and pull the box on her lap. Achingly slow, Kara peels off the paper. A wooden box with an intricate design is revealed. Kara looks up from under her brow at Lena.

“Keep going.” Damn, she’s so fucking cute.

Kara brings her attention back to her gift. She slides a beautifully designed latch open, and pulls up the lid. A small gasp escapes her. “Lena… this… wow, this beautiful, and so so thoughtful.” When
her eyes find Lena’s again, there are tears threatening to spill. “Thank you, Lena.” A tear escapes, and she turns her eyes back to the box full of paint colors she’s not sure she has even seen before. She runs a hand carefully over the paints resting on the leather sewn into the box. “I don’t...you didn’t have to...” She sighs. “Lena, you have no idea what this means to me.” Her shoulders begin to shake slightly, as she covers her mouth with a hand to control the sobs.

Lena’s eyebrows raise, and she is only frozen for a moment in shock before jumping into action. Carefully, she closes the box, and moves it to the other side of Kara. She wraps her arms around Kara’s shoulders, pulling her in close, and rubbing her back. “Oh, Kara.”

The older woman holds on to her best friend, as she buries her face into Lena’s neck. She settles down shortly, and pulls away from Lena. She pulls both hand up to her the tears off of her face. “I’m sorry.” She looks at the box beside her, and smiles shyly. “I love this, Lena.” She rests a hand on the box. “It’s so beautiful. It’s just...it reminded me...” She sniffled. “On my first birthday as a Danvers, Alex gave me a set of paints in a wooden box. Those paints were...We became sisters because of those paints. It was the first time I felt loved since...”

Since Krypton. She reaches for Kara’s free hand, and entwines their fingers.

“Thank you, Lena. I don’t know what to say.” Her eyes watch Lena’s thumb brush against the back of her hand.

“You don’t have to say anything.” Lena squeezes her hand. “All you have to do is go freshen up, and meet me in the kitchen for your birthday breakfast and next gift.” She releases her hand to stand up.

“Lena, no -” Kara begins to protest that Lena doesn’t have to do all of this.

“Lena, yes.” Lena smirks, and leaves a stunned Kara.

Lena turns the volume up of the music, and sits at the kitchen island to check over her plans on her phone. Laying on the island counter is an assortment of food. Wearing a Harvard tshirt with her hair falling over her shoulders, Lena is the epitome of relaxed. She hears Kara walking down the hall as she send off one last text to Jess. “Happy birthday.” She beams at Kara.

“Wow, Lena! Have I told you how awesome you are?” Her eyes take in all of the food. “You’re playing Disney music!” She squeals.

“It’s all part of the fun day I have planned for you.”

“A whole day?” Kara’s eyes go wide. “How long was I in the bathroom for?” She jokes. “Is that bacon?” She rushes to the sit in the stool next to Lena.

“Eat up. You’ve got a big day.” Lena slides a plate to Kara, who starts serving herself food. Big difference from before... She’s so comfortable eating around me now. Lena smiles, and begins to serve herself.

After Kara has swallowed a few bites, her curiosity gets the better of her. “So what kind of fun has the clever Lena Luthor planned?”

Lena chuckles.

“You’re not going to tell me, are you?”

“And spoil the fun? Of course not.”
“Will you at least tell me how you got those paints so fast when you didn’t even know it was my birthday until last night?”

“You were Cat Grant’s assistant for two years, and you are questioning how a CEO can make time irrelevant when it comes to getting things done?” She quirks an eyebrow.

“That’s a valid point.”

“Yes, now finish eating, and you can have your next present.”

“Lena...”

She raises a hand. “Just enjoy yourself, Kara. You’re not going to win this argument.” She punctuates the statement with a wink.

Kara laughs with a small shake of the head, and continues eating.

When they are finished, the two women settle on the couch. “Okay,” Lena pulls a wrapped box from underneath the couch, and hands it to Kara. “You’re going to need this.”

Smiling at Lena, Kara takes the box, and unwraps it a little faster than the first gift. Her smile grows. “This is so pretty.” She holds up the flowy shirt with an elegant *Beauty and the Beast* design. Turning to give Lena a smile, she says, “Thank you.” She looks back at the shirt. “Wait... Why do I need this?”

“You’ll see. I’m going to change, and then we’ll stop by your place, so you can change into pants without an elastic band.” She gestures at the sweatpants Kara’s wearing.

“I’m not even going to try to ask.”

“Good. You learn fast.” Lena winks, and heads to her room.

When they step out of the elevator on the ground floor, Kara begins to walk to the front door, but Lena stops her by grabbing her wrist. “Not that way.” Lena tugs on Kara’s hand, encouraging her to follow down a hallway. “Thought you would prefer if it were just us.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re about to be the first passenger in my car.”

Kara’s face brightens. “I feel so honored! I’ve been wondering what car would meet your standards.”

“My standards?” Lena smirks over her shoulder at Kara, stopping at the door to her private portion of the garage.

She pushes up her glasses. “Well, yeah. Have you met ou? You’re basically perfect, and tend to only have things around you that are perfect.” Kara shrugs with a nervous smile.

Lena thanks all of her years of Luthor training that just made it possible not to react to being called “perfect” by Kara Danvers. She ignores the hammering of her heart, and smirks at Kara. “Guess that explains you then.” She turns immediately to the door, and pushes it open.
After a stunned moment, Kara follows Lena through the doorway. Lights flicker on overhead to show a concrete garage large enough to hold several school buses. A sleek, black car waits in the middle. “Wow,” Kara breathes out. “I don’t even know what kind of car that is. It’s so shiny looking.”

Turning around to face Kara from several feet in front of her, Lena raises an eyebrow. “It’s a Tesla.” She unlocks the door. “The Model S gets over 100 miles per gallon on average.”

“I figured you would have an environmentally friendly car. Actually, I wouldn’t have been surprised if you had designed your own car.”

Lena gives her a smug look with a chuckle.

“Let me guess, you had something to do with its design.”

Lena shrugs nonchalantly. “You can custom order them. I may have taken it upon myself to forward a few more additional designs.” She tilts her head toward the car. “Now come see the inside.”

Stay calm. Last thing I need is to cause any accidental damage. “Okay,” Kara nods, and fidgets with her glasses.

Lena watches Kara slowly approach the passenger side. She’s nervous. Kara hesitates with her hand hovering before the door handle. Oh... Lena walks around the car to Kara. She’s worried about breaking something. With a smile, she opens the door for Kara. “There you go, birthday girl.”

“Thanks,” She touches her glasses with a nervous smile, and slowly gets into the car. Lena closes the door behind her, and gets into the driver seat. “Lena, this car looks more like a piece of art. It’s so…untouched.”

The CEO laughs as she starts the engine. “Not driving it often will have that effect.” With the push of a button, a well-blended door opens to the outside world. “Ready?”

Kara buckles her seatbelt, and flashes a smile at Lena. “Yup. Can I know where we’re going now?”

“Nope.” Lena takes them out of the garage with a smirk.

A small gasp escapes Kara as Lena pulls into a parking lot. “Lena!” She reaches out to touch Lena’s forearm. “Is this why you said I needed the shirt? Are we going to watch Beauty and the Beast?”

Lena smiles, and pulls into a parking spot outside of the theater two hours after surprising Kara with breakfast. “We are.” Her smile turns sympathetic when she sees Kara hesitate to open the door again. “Hey, you’re the guest of honor. I’ve got the door.” She gracefully slides out of her car, and walks around to the other side to open the door for Kara.

“Thank you,” Kara ducks her head shyly.

With a smile, Lena closes the door behind Kara, and places a hand on the blonde’s lower back. “Are you ready?”

Kara gives her a wide smile. “Definitely! I have been wanting to see this!”

“Well, let’s get to it.” Lena smirks, and brings her hand back to her side. She leads them straight past the ticket booth of the dine-in theater, and walks up to the usher.
She must have bought tickets online. Kara tilts her head, watching Lena hand a piece of paper to the
man.

“Good afternoon,” The usher greets them.

“Hello, I have a confirmation from the owner about a viewing.”

The man looks at the paper, and looks back up with a smile. “Of course, Miss Luthor. I was told to
send you directly to theater 8.” He hands the paper back, and gestures down the hallway behind him.
“Straight down, and to the left. Enjoy.”

“Thank you.” She turns to Kara, and smirks before grabbing Kara’s hand. As she pulls Kara along
with her, the older woman entwines their fingers. Lena takes a deep breath, and tells herself it isn’t
the first time they’ve held hands.

“Did you do that thing where you pick what seats you want online beforehand? I’ll pay you back for
my ticket.”

Lena gives her a raised eyebrow look. “You will not be paying me back, Kara.”

“But…”

“No buts.”

Kara’s sigh turns into a smile when they walk into the empty theater. The moment they step inside,
the projector comes on with the opening castle of Disney movies. “Are we early? No one else is
here?”

Lena chuckles again. “Where would you like to sit?”

“Um, there aren’t assigned seats?”

“No, wherever you want to sit is where we’ll sit.”

“Oh, okay.” On the screen, a Disney short with Goofy as the star begins. “Oh! There!” Kara, letting
her show, pulls Lena’s hand toward seats in the middle of a row. They sit down, Kara refusing to let
go of Lena’s hand. “Perfect. The screen takes up the right amount of space.” She gives Lena a
satisfied smile.

“Good choice.”

A young woman walks up to them. “Welcome, ladies!” Her smile is knowing, and she glances
between the two women and their joined hands. “Have either of you been here before?”

“I haven’t.” Lena turns to Kara for her to answer.

“Nope.” Kara shakes her head.

“Cool beans! So I’m Kasee, and I’ll be here for whatever you need.” She pulls two menus from
under her arm. “Here are our special menus with everything we have - drinks included.” She picks
up a notepad from the bar tabletop in front of their seats and pens. “You’ll write on these what you
want to order, and stick them here, so I can see them. I’ll bring them out when you’re ready. Would
you like me to bring some water while you look over the menu?”

“That would be lovely,” Lena answers.
“Perfect, I’ll be right back. Take your time. Film starts in,” She looks at her watch. “20 minutes. Let me know if you have any questions.”

“Thanks!” Kara’s smile is bright enough to overshadow the cartoon playing in front of them. When Kasee walks away, she turns her smile on Lena. “This is so cool!”

“Shall we look at the menu?”

Kara nods, not releasing Lena’s left hand. She opens the menu, and begins studying it. “This is a weird menu.”

“How so?” Lena doesn’t look up from her own menu.

“For one, it’s huge. But there aren’t any prices.”

“It’s their full menu. It’s not usually for patrons, as this is what they use to select what a menu will be for different times or events. As for prices, don’t worry about that. It’s all included. You can order whatever you want. As much as you want.”

“Really?” Kara perks up.

Lena hums an affirmation.

“Alex hadn’t told me that when she came here with Maggie.”

“Hmm, that’s not the case normally.”

“Oh.” Why do I get the feeling Lena pulled some strings?

By the time they had placed their food and beverage orders, a Disney medley was playing on the screen. Only five minutes were left until the start of the movie, and no other people had come into the room yet. Kara, who was enthusiastically describing a Disney/Pixar theory to Lena, had not noticed the lack of other patrons. Shortly after the movie started, their food arrived, and all possibility of Kara not noticing anyone else disappeared.

When the end credits rolled, Kara turned to Lena with a look so full of adoration, Lena’s breath caught in her throat. Lena was too breathless to say anything. “That was so good!”

“So you enjoyed yourself?” Lena managed to find her voice.

“Yes!” Kara barely repressed a squeal. She looked around to make sure she didn’t disturb anybody. Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “Were we the only ones here?” After a few seconds of no answer from Lena, she looked at the CEO to see her biting her lip. “You planned this.” It wasn’t a question.

Lena shrugged. “Ready for our next stop?” She stood up, not trusting herself to be that close to Kara.

Kara hopped up. “N-next stop? Lena… you’ve done too much already.”

The look Lena bestows upon Kara is completely unrestrained, and takes Kara’s breath away. “I don’t think that’s possible… not for you.”

A lump takes up residence in Kara’s throat, and she throws her arms around Lena. “You are so wonderful, Lena. How did I get so lucky to have a best friend like you?” She smiles when she feels and hears Lena’s heart rate pick up.
Lena returns the hug eagerly. *Friend. At least I have her in my life.* “I think I’m the lucky one here, Kara.”

*I’ll do anything for her.* Wanting to ease the tension she feels in her friend, she decides to go for a joke. “Lucky enough to tell me where we’re going next?”

Lena’s answering chuckle and playful shove makes Kara feel she made the right choice. “Not a chance.” Lena turns around, and leads them out of the theater.

“Will you at least tell me when your birthday is?”

“Nope.”

Kara lets out an aggrieved sigh.

Kara believes that Lena’s reach in National City would even impress Cat Grant. After leaving the theater, Lena drives them to the National City Children’s Museum, that’s usually closed on Sundays at 2:00 PM. The doors opened exclusively for them, and they were granted access to every exhibit and interactive experience. They spend hours laughing, while exploring every inch. Lena finds herself wondering who is having the most fun at times. They joy she feels watching Kara excitedly going from one interactive exhibit to the next is unlike anything she has ever felt before. The amount of pictures each woman takes is ridiculous. Lena laughs loudly at a picture of Kara holding up a ring over her head that created a bubble around her.

They walk past a wall full of pictures drawn by children. Lena points out a picture of what is meant to be Supergirl, and takes a picture of it against Kara’s protests. “It’s so cute, Kara. I think I’ll save it as her contact.” Kara gives her a sidelong look, and Lena only shrugs her shoulders. “I don’t think she’ll mind.” *She’s too easy to tease.* Lena suggests the idea of a Supergirl exhibit with a teasing wink, and they continue on with their exploring.

Hours later, they walk back to Lena’s car with a promise of dinner. “Where are we?” Kara asks when they pull up to a building she knows isn’t a restaurant.

“You’ll see.” Lena leads them inside an ordinary lobby, and speaks to the receptionist. With barely more than her name said, they are escorted by a young man in a suit into an elevator. The elevator ride is quiet, and they open to the top floor that ends up being a small room on the roof. The young man holds the door across from the elevator open for them. Lena lets Kara go first.

Two steps out of the door, and Kara stops with an audible gasp. “Lena… what is this?”

Lena steps up beside Kara, with the young man waiting a polite distance away. “It’s still new. They actually just finished it, but I wanted you to be the first one to see it. You know Heroes Park, right?”

“In Metropolis?”

“That’s the one.” Lena takes a breath. “I wanted to gift National City… and Supergirl with a piece of that same message. It took a while to find a building willing to host it. The entire roof has been turned into a park… into a symbol of the good L-Corp wants to do for this city. All of these trees came from Heroes Park.”

Kara looks down at the gravel path they are standing on, and her eyes slowly track around to the grass and trees surrounding her. “It’s beautiful, Lena.”

“Later this week, we can come back for an interview if you would like the first scoop.” Lena winks.
“Wow, that would be great!”

“I’d like to get Supergirl here too.” Lena looks over at Kara, wondering if this will be the time she will officially voice her other identity.

Kara nods slowly, not wanting to look at Lena. She isn’t ready to break this calm in between place they are in, where she doesn’t know for sure that Lena knows.

*Okay, she’s not ready. That’s fine. I’m fine with that. Really. “Hungry?”*

On cue, Kara’s stomach growls, and she lets out a deep, embarrassed sigh. “Sorry,” She says sheepishly.

Lena chuckles lightly, and places a hand on Kara’s lower back. She turns to the young man waiting for them. “We’re ready.”

“This way, ma’ams.” He steps out in front of them, and leads them down one of the paths.

A small clearing appears before them, and a whispered “wow” escapes Kara. The young man leads them to a table set in the center fully set for a dinner. The setup looks like it was pulled straight from one of the five-star restaurants Kara believes Lena frequents. “What’s all this?”

“I couldn’t think of a restaurant that would really suit both my need for privacy and your need for a substantial meal. This was the compromise.”

As if summoned by Lena’s words, a woman in a chef’s uniform steps into the clearing. “Good evening, Miss Luthor.”

“Chef Lofasa,” Lena steps forward to shake the chef’s hand. “Thank you again, for catering this dinner on such short notice.”

“It was hardly a proposition a could say ‘no’ to. You sounded so -”

Lena clears her throat, in hopes that the woman wouldn’t give away anything about her feelings to Kara. While she wouldn’t consider the woman her friend, they were slightly more than acquaintances.

“Invested in your idea.” The chef finished with a knowing smile.

“Kara,” Lena steps back to introduce the two women. “This is -”

“I know who you are.” Lena hadn’t noticed Kara’s wide eyes until that moment. Kara steps forward, and shakes the woman’s hands. “It’s really nice to meet you. I’m Kara. Kara Danvers.”

“Nice to meet you, Kara.” They release hands.

“I watch a lot of *Food Network.*” Kara internally winces at the lameness of that statement.

Lena chuckles. “Of course you do.”

“Fortunately, I was in the area when I got the call this morning.”

“That’s lucky.” Lena smiles, but not one of the smiles she gives Kara.

“Yes. I wanted to come say ‘hello,’ and meet your friend.” She turns to Kara. “Happy birthday, by the way. Unfortunately, I have to be in LA tonight, so I will be handing over the reins to Chef Garcia
and his wait staff. Don’t worry,” She winks at Lena. “He works in one of my places, and is just here to make sure everything runs smoothly. I prepared everything.”

“Have a safe trip.”

“Thank you. Enjoy your night, ladies.”

The young man waiting to the side ushers them to their seats, and explains the menu for the night. Conversation flows easily through all of the courses. Kara eagerly listens to Lena talk about her time at Harvard and MIT, and Lena asks questions about Kara’s internship with Midvale Newspaper.

With their dessert, another wrapped package is brought out. “Lena… you didn’t.”

“I did.” Lena bites her lip.

Kara sighs. “What am I going to do with you?”

*Whatever you want.* Lena almost voices her thoughts, but settles on another lip bite.

Kara opens the box, and immediately starts laughing. “Lena, this is so cute!” She looks at the hoodie with the words, “I’m a journalist. What’s your superpower?” “I can’t believe how you were able to do all this in less than 12 hours! I’m scared to know what you can do with real planning.”

“You have no idea.” Lena’s voice is introspective.

“Thank you so much, Lena. For everything today. It really has been an amazing day. I don’t know how I’ll ever be able to feel like I’ve thanked you enough. Will you please tell me when your birthday is?” Her eyes bore into Lena’s.

Lena lets out a sigh. “It’s not until next year.”

Kara looks slightly crestfallen. “It already passed?? I missed it??”

“It was before I moved here.”

“Oh.” The table grows into a slightly tense silence. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.” Kara realizes Lena may not even celebrate it.

Lena is saved from responding by the waiter coming back asking if they need anything else. When he leaves, Lena suggests they leave.

The walk to the car is in silence. It’s not uncomfortable, but it’s not as comfortable as it could be with both women lost in their own thoughts.

“Would you like me to take you home?” Lena’s voice cuts in over the music in the car.

“Oh, um…” Kara looks out the window, suddenly remembering where her sister is right now. She lets out a deep sigh. “Sure, you probably want your bed back to yourself.” She tries to laugh casually.

“Kara, I don’t mind if you want to come over. Like I said, I would feel bad to know you were wallowing alone at home.”

“I wouldn’t wallow.”

“But you would think about your sister.”
Kara lets out a slow breath. “I’m sorry. Please please don’t think I’m not beyond grateful for everything you’ve done for me today. It was, wow, it was perfect.” She shrugs. “It just still stings a little that she…”

“I understand, Kara. Tell you what… I still have plenty of ice cream in my freezer. We can spend tonight watching whatever you want, and when… if you’re ready, you can practice what you’re going to say to your sister with me.”

“Oh… You think I should talk to her?”

“I think I don’t want you to lose your sister.”

“Oh.” Oh! Cause she lost Lex… “Thank you, Lena. Ice cream and Netflix with you sounds fun.” She smiles at Lena.

Neither of them are surprised when they night ends without a conversation about what Kara will say to her sister. By an unspoken agreement, they kept conversation to a minimum with a Disney movie playing. Both women were busy with internal struggles. They fall asleep before the movie finishes.

Chapter End Notes

When I made the outline for this chapter over a month ago, I bulleted the part about Lena’s plan as “Lena plans something cause she’s extra.”

I forgot I had done that, and it made me laugh when I finally got around to writing this chapter. But it’s true... An office full of flowers to say “thank you” and an entire gala to lure some guys with alien weapons...
“Okay,” Maggie huffs, and grabs Alex’s arm. She pulls her out of their seats, and away from the blasting music. “Spill it, Danvers.” She lets Alex’s hand go, and stands across from her.

“What?” Alex looked at her with a furrowed brow.

“You’re sulking.”

“I’m not sulking.”

“Babe, you’ve been barely here all night. You’ve barely said anything all day.”

Alex sighs, and looks down at her feet while she leans back against a wall. “We’re missing the show.”

“Not if you start talking.” Alex wipes a hand down her face. “Is it your sister?”

“What?” Alex darts her head up to look at Maggie.

“When it’s a work thing, you get all mumbly and frustrated. If it’s me, you sigh a lot. The only time you get that hurt puppy look is when it’s Kara. And I’d just like to point out the irony of that, since you’re sister can be a bit of a puppy herself.”

Alex raises an eyebrow, and tilts her head.

“So are you going to make me continue doing detective work, or are you going to tell me what’s going on? I thought you two made up yesterday?”

“Yeah, we did.”

“Go on.”

Alex’s shoulders drop. “I’m a terrible sister.”

Maggie reaches out, and holds Alex’s hand. “Alex -”

“Don’t tell me I’m not, cause I totally am.”

“Why do you think that?”

Alex drops her head again. “I forgot… I didn’t…” She sighs heavily.

“Hey, you can talk to me.” Maggie squeezes her hand.

The agent shifts her body, and looks at Maggie with pain in her eyes. “Today is Kara’s birthday.”

Maggie’s eyebrows go up. “Wait… It’s your sister’s birthday? Danvers, why didn’t you say something when I asked you to this?”

“What?”

“Damn Alex, if you told me it was Kara’s birthday, there’s no way I would have dragged you to a concert. Hell, I would have helped you plan something for her.”
Alex’s face softens in a small, grateful smile. “You getting soft on me, Sawyer?”

“Watch it, Danvers.” Maggie nudges Alex’s shoulder. “But seriously… why didn’t you tell me?”

“Honestly? I just… I kind of lost track, and didn’t realize it was already her birthday.” She chuckles self-deprecatingly. “We haven’t exactly been living the most normal life since her last birthday.”

“There’s the understatement of the year.”

Alex finally lets out a real laugh, but it turns into a groan as she slides down the wall to sit on the ground. “It really is though.” She looks at Maggie. “Are you mad at me for sulking through our first trip out of town?”

“Hey,” Maggie sits beside her. “I’m not mad. Just tell me next time, okay? I know how much you love your sister. Being in a relationship doesn’t mean you drop other people in your life.”

“Damn… you really are getting soft on me.”

“Alright, Danvers. I’ll let that slide this once, but only cause you need to decide what you’re gonna do to fix this.”

“I do need to fix this.” She sighs.

“Yeah, you do. She’s probably sitting at home eating disgusting amounts of food.”

“I’m sorry, Maggie. You brought me to see my favorite band, and I’ve been ruining the night.”

“Enough of that, Danvers.” Maggie stands up, and holds a hand out for Alex. “Let’s go.”

Alex allows Maggie to pull her up, and starts to walk back inside to the concert, but Maggie stops her. “What?”

“We’re going home. I don’t like the image of Kara all alone in that tiny studio apartment.” She begins to lead Alex outside, but Alex stops her this time. “What?”

Alex pulls her into a kiss. “Have I told you how badass you are?”

“Not today, no.” Maggie gives her a dimpled smile. “C’mon Danvers, enough of the mushy shit. Your sister needs you.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to stay here?” Alex asks Maggie in the parking lot of her apartment complex.

“Nah, I don’t want you to feel like you’ll have to cut your night short to get back here. It’s only 8. I got to have you all day.” Maggie smiles fully. “We can have fun another night.” She winks.

“Mmm, how did I get so lucky?” Alex wraps her arms around Maggie’s shoulders, and pulls her into a long kiss. “Lunch tomorrow?”

“I’ll bring something to you.” Maggie kisses her again.

“Thanks again, Maggie.”
“Good luck with your sister.”

Alex watches Maggie drive off before walking to her motorcycle. *Shit, I should bring her something.*

As she walks up the stairs to Kara’s apartment, Alex maneuvers the cupcake out of the box it came in, and tosses the box in a trash can at the top of the stairs. She pulls a candle and lighter out of her pocket. Once the candle is lit, she knocks on Kara’s door with an apologetic smile on her face for her sister to see through the door. Her smile slowly falls with every passing second. With a furrowed brow, she knocks again. “Kara?” *Damn, I didn’t realize she was that upset.* She sighs, and pulls out her keys. The door opens to complete darkness. “Kara?” Putting the cupcake on the counter, she pulls out her gun as she walks further into the apartment. Hearing absolute silence, she flips on a nearby light. Her gun lowers, and she puts her hands on her hips. *Where is she?*

She leaves the bedroom part of the studio, and goes back to the kitchen. When she sees a wooden box on the counter, she grows worried. Carefully, she opens it. “What the hell?” She closes it, and flips it over. On the bottom, there’s an engraving.

*To help you paint images as bright as your smile…*

*Happy Birthday, Kara*

*“Who the hell?”* Alex sets the box down, and looks around again for any hints of someone else. Unsure of what to do, she puts the cupcake in the fridge, and looks around awkwardly. *Guess I’ll just wait for her to come home.*

**Alex:** Kara isn’t home. You haven’t heard any Supergirl news, have you?

**Maggie:** No. Is everything okay?

**Alex:** It doesn’t look like anything happened. The only thing out of place is this weird box of paints, but I’m just gonna wait for her to get home.

**Maggie:** Paints?

**Alex:** Yeah, looks like someone got her a birthday gift.

**Maggie:** I thought you said nobody else knows about it.

**Alex:** That’s what I thought.

**Maggie:** Who do you think got her the paints?

**Alex:** I thought for a second she could have gotten them herself, but there’s an engraving on it.

**Maggie:** Hmmm… send me a picture.

Alex sends several pictures of the box to show it and the paints inside.
Maggie: That’s a nice birthday gift. Little Danvers paints?

Alex: You have no idea… It must have been Winn or James. She’s still not crazy about the whole Guardian thing.

Maggie: I don’t think it was them.

Alex: It has to be. She’s not close enough to anyone else that would do that.

Maggie: Wanna make it interesting?

Alex: Oh god…

Maggie: Next weekend at my place if I win.

Alex: You haven’t even said who you think it is.

Maggie: Take it or leave it, Danvers.

Alex: Fine, fine. Who do you think it is?

Maggie: Little Luthor.

Maggie: G’night, Alex! :p

Alex: WHAT????

Alex: MAGGIE, YOU BETTER TEXT ME BACK!!!

Alex: WHY AREN’T YOU PICKING UP THE PHONE???

Lena wakes up to an empty bed. She sighs heavily. I can not be that accustomed to waking up with Kara. Seriously… it’s pathetic. She sits up, and checks the nightstand on Kara’s side to see that her phone and glasses are missing. Did she leave? Maybe I made her uncomfortable yesterday… She stands up to go to the bathroom. Or maybe she had a Supergirl emergency. Coming out of the bathroom feeling more awake and refreshed, the smell of coffee hits Lena. I didn’t set the alarm for that…

She walks out of her bedroom, and to the kitchen. When she turns, she freezes at the sight before her. Kara is wearing the shorts she slept in with her new journalist hoodie Lena gave her. She has headphones in her ears, and is humming and moving her head with the music while flipping pancakes. Lena lifts a hand to cover her mouth, and moves so the wall is covering half of her body. She switches her phone on, and begins recording Kara, unable to resist. When am I ever going to be able to see Kara Danvers dancing and flipping pancakes in my kitchen again? After a particular theatrical flip of a pancake, Kara spins around and sings out the chorus of some Katy Perry song. Lena holds her hand tighter over her mouth. So much for Luthors never showing reactions…

When it seems Kara is about to finish cooking, she turns her camera off, and slides her phone back into her pocket. She steps out from her partial hiding spot, and leans an elbow against the wall, waiting for Kara to notice her presence.
Kara turns the stove off, and spins around again. This time, she sees Lena. She freezes with her eyes wide, looking directly at Lena. “Um…” Her mouth opens and closes a few times to try to figure out what to say.

“That was quite the performance, Kara.” Lena manages to keep a serious expression with only a smirk.

As expected, Kara adjusts her glasses, and looks away. The black of her hoodie makes her blush stand out even more. “Um... Pancakes.” She shakes her head. “I made pancakes. Yesterday was just,” She sighs. “So awesome. I couldn’t not make you breakfast after that.” And I was up early to put out a fire, but I can’t tell you that.

“You’re too kind, Kara.” Lena joins Kara in the kitchen. I can’t tell her I thought she just up and left.

Kara beams. “Lena, you literally planned an entire day for me yesterday in one morning. All I did was make pancakes.”

Lena lays her hand on Kara’s forearm. “That’s not all you’ve done.” She removes her arm, the contact feeling too much for her in the moment. “I have to go into L-Corp later, so let’s eat, and then I’ll drop you off at home.”

“Okay,” Kara doesn’t bother to tell her she can get home on her own.

With a smile still on her face from her morning with Lena, Kara walks into her apartment. She hangs her coat on the hook, and turns around to see a gun pointed at her face. “Alex?”

Alex had rolled off of the couch, and was now braced in front of it with her gun trained at Kara. “Kara, what the hell?” She holsters the gun, and goes to her sister. “Where have you been? I came here last night, and you weren’t here, so I waited, but I must have fallen asleep.” She looks her sister up and down with her hands on her hips.

Kara crosses her arms under the harsh glare. “I was out.”

“I got that much on my own.”

With a sigh, Kara walks past Alex, and sets her purse on the kitchen island. “I was at Lena’s, and we fell asleep watching Netflix.” Kara shrugs, and waits for Alex’s token Luthor protests.

Closing her eyes, Alex pinches the bridge of her nose. “So you’re okay, right?”

“I’m just fine, Alex.” She says it with a little more bite than intended. “How was your concert?”

“I was more worried about my sister.”

Kara softens a little. “Alex -”

“No, let me get this out… Kara, I didn’t mean to make it seem like my relationship with Maggie is more important about my relationship with you. And I feel just so bad about not realizing what day it was.” She takes a step closer. “You will always be my little sister. You will always be a priority.”

Kara looks down for a moment before looking her sister in the eye. “I just… I feel so selfish because you’ve spent the past 13 years making your life revolve around taking care of me, and now you’re finally happy. And, Alex, I’m really really happy for you. I love you, and I love that Maggie makes
you smile like I’ve never seen anyone be able to do before. But… I can’t help but miss you.”

“Oh, Kara.” Alex pulls Kara into a hug. “No matter what, I never want you to ever doubt that I love you. I don’t just see it as some responsibility I have to take care of you.” She pulls back, and holds Alex at arm’s distance. “I want to be there for you, and I want you to be happy too. I’m sorry I forgot it was your earth birthday yesterday.”

“I’m sorry for being selfish.”

“No, Kara. You weren’t being selfish.” She pulls Kara into another hug. After a moment, she chuckles a little.

“What?” Kara pulls back.

“Nothing, it’s just… it’s times like this when I can really tell whose little sister you are. We’re both so stubborn.”

“Are you actually admitting to being stubborn, Alex?”

Alex groans, and pushes Kara back. “I take it back.” They both laugh. “Now I won’t share your birthday cupcake with you.” She walks to the fridge.

“Birthday cupcake?” Kara perks up.

Alex sets the cupcake on the counter, and picks up the candle she set aside. She lights it, and moves it closer to Kara. “Make a wish… No freeze breath.”

Biting her lip, she looks at the flickering light of the candle. I’m not sure there’s anything I want for myself… A small smile tugs on her lips when a certain green-eyed CEO comes to mind, and she gently blows out the candle.

“What’d you wish for?”

Rolling her eyes, Kara retrieves two forks and a butter knife from a drawer. “I can’t tell you that.” She cuts the cupcake in half, and hands one of the forks to Alex. They take their first bite in silence, both waiting for a way to cut the tension still not completely dissolved.

“Did you -”

Knocking on the door interrupts Alex, sending a shameful amount of relief through her since she was about to ask about Kara’s night with Lena. Thankful for the tension to be broken, Kara didn’t think to check who was at the door. She pulled it open, and widened her eyes in shock. “Kal-El?!” After a second of shock, she notices another visitor. “Lois?!” She smiles widely, and indulges in hugging her cousin as tightly as she can. Her hug with Lois is gentle, but just as warm. “Sorry, come in.”

They walk inside, and greet Alex.

“Not that I’m not happy to see you both, because I am, but what are both of you doing in National City?”

Clark laughs. “It’s good to see you too, Kara. Actually, I came to see Lois safely.”

“I’ve been assigned with the Lillian Luthor trial. I know it’s not until next week, but I could use the break.” Lois speaks up.

Alex and Clark are looking at Lois as she speaks, but Lois is watching Kara. At the mention of that
particular Luthor’s name, Kara’s gaze went downward, and she appeared slightly uncomfortable.

“But,” Lois adds a more cheerful tone to her voice, trying to cover up her slip-up. “We don’t need to worry about that today, because I.” She drags out the “I” as her hands fish in the bag over her shoulder, and pulls out a bottle of rum. “Have missed you two.”

Alex groans, and rubs her forehead. “I can still feel the headache from last time.”

Clark rolls his eyes, and laugh good-naturedly. “Lois -”

“Hush, Smallville. At least Alex knows how to have fun.” She shoves Clark playfully. “What do you say ladies? Wanna welcome me to National City the right way?” She waves the bottle in front of the two girls.

“Lois…” Alex crosses her arms.

“What’s wrong? Don’t tell me you’ve become a lightweight.” Lois teases.

“Ha!” Alex scoffs. She gets a mischievous look, and looks sideways at Kara. “But you wanna know who’s a lightweight…”

All eyes shift to Kara, whose eyebrows shoot up. Her mouths opens and closes as she tries to find words. “I...uh...um…”

“She got into some alien alcohol.” Alex laughs.

“Son of a bitch,” Lois tilts her head as she appraises Kara. She turns toward Clark, and opens her mouth to speak, but he talks first.

“Oh. No. That’s not going to happen.” His eyes go a little wide, but he’s smiling.

“Kara,” Lois brings the attention back to the blonde. “Why are you quiet? You’re never quiet.”

Alex sighs, and goes to the fridge to get a beer. “Always a straight shooter, Lane.”

“Hey, we’re all thinking it.” She turns her attention to Kara. “It’s the Luthor shit, isn’t it?”

“Um, what do you mean?” Kara asks.

“The whole mother/son situation you’ve got going on that gives good ol’ Oedipus a run for his money. You know, minus the sex part.”

Kara looks at Clark with confusion evident on her face.

He shrugs. “You get used to just listening until it makes sense.”

Lois backslaps Clark in the stomach. “Go play nice with Alex, and let me talk to my favorite superhero.”

“Hey!”

“Favorite female superhero?” Lois teases.

Clark laughs, and goes with Alex to sit on the couch.

“Spill it, Super Junior. I’ve been through supporting one Super during a Luthor trial. How are you
“Honestly, things have been a little busy around here, and I haven’t had time to think about it. But, now that you bring it up, maybe we can talk about it soon.”

“Of course, Kara.” Lois hugs her. “Smallville! Midvale!” She shouts toward the living room.

Two deep sighs are her answer. Alex and Clark look over at Lois.

“We need a welcome party. What do you say, Kara?”

Alex joins them in the kitchen. “I think you deserve to have a little fun with everyone that cares about you.” A birthday party.

Kara sighs, and takes off her glasses to rub her eyes. “Clark?”

“Kara, if you’re going to ask me for advice on how to say “no” to Lois, you will be thoroughly disappointed.” Clark laughs, as he joins them in the kitchen.

“So it’s settled. We’re having a party!” Lois puts the rum on the kitchen island.

Kara laughs, and rubs her forehead. “When are -”

“It’s only 10, so we’ve got time to get this place ready. Besides, Clark heads back to Metropolis tomorrow.”

“Wait,” Clark turns to Kara. “Are you okay with this here?”

Stretching her arms, Kara shrugs in defeat. “I wouldn’t want to subject someone else’s place to whatever may happen.”

“Good, now that we’ve got that settled..” Lois turns her attention to Alex. “I’m going to need you to show me where I can get alcohol that will get Little Red Riding Hood over here to loosen up while we are out shopping.” She points a finger a Clark. “You hunt down Jimmy, and tell him I’m going to want plenty of pictures tonight. Oh! And that CatCo will be starting late tomorrow.” She winks at Kara. “Kara, invite the rest of your ‘superfriends.’ A little birdie told me that’s what you call them.”

“Does that include your sister?” Kara asks with the least amount of awkwardness she can muster.

“Is she even on this continent?” Lois raises an eyebrow.

“She’s in National City for the trial too.” Alex answers.

“Well, if Jimmy can put on his big boy undies, and handle being around his ex, then I can be in the same room as my sister.”

“Should I word it that way when I invite him?” Clark smiles at Lois.

“Oh, I insist.” Lois smirks.

Kara leans close to Alex to whisper, “Why are you letting this happen?”

Alex whispers back, “Happy birthday?”

Kara rolls her eyes, and shakes her head. “Alex is going to be bringing a new superfriend along too.” She gives Alex a sidelong look full of mischief, resulting in Alex’s eyes going wide. Alex opens her
mouth to retort, but Lois beats her to it.

“Alexandra Danvers! You’re in a relationship.” It wasn’t a question.

Alex sighs. Why am I going along with this party?

“Kara, dear, make sure they come.” Lois smiles.

No one notices Lois’ use of a non-gender specific pronoun. “Oh, I will!” Kara smiles triumphantly.

“What about you, Kara?” Lois asks.

“Oh…” Kara fidgets with her glasses. “Nope, not me.”

Lois hums thoughtfully. “Alright, we’re wasting daylight. How does 6 sound?” Everyone nods.

“Good answer.” She turns to Clark. “Go find your buddy, and tell him to bring something. I will not be the only one supplying food for the two of you.” She points at Kara and Clark in turn. Everyone laughs a little at that.

Clark pulls out his phone, and walks out of the door. Lois turns to the two other women. “You know,” Alex begins. “Last time you visited was when Kara first moved here… and that was a hot mess.”

“Yes, but Kara was at NCU at the time, and we didn’t know it was possible for her to get drunk. This time, you and I will be holding up her hair.” She winks conspiratorially.

“No!” Kara’s eyes go wide. “There’s no way I want to live through that again - especially not if I’m the one drunk.”

Lois only laughs, and takes her bottle of rum to the freezer. She opens it, and pauses before looking at Kara over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow.

Kara’s voice gets defensive. “I like to be prepared for ice cream emergencies.”

A snort of laughter leaves Lois, and she finds a spot for the rum. “Haven’t changed much, have you?”

“Ice cream is one of my favorite things on Earth, I’ll have you know.”

Lois laughs again. “So Alex, are you going to tell me about your mystery person, or should I wait until tonight to use my interview skills?”

Alex groans. “I’m regretting agreeing to this whole party idea.”

“Too late, bitch.” She winks at Alex. “Kara, do you want to come shopping with us?”

“Oh, no. I think I’ll get things ready here, and invite everyone over.”

“Okay, babe. Text us, if you wanna meet up later. I do want to hear about how you’ve managed so many interviews with Lena Luthor. Maybe you can take me with you on your next one.” She turns to Alex. “Ready, Danvers?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be.” Lois walks out of the door, and Alex sighs. “You sure you’re okay with this, Kara? I can -”

“No, it’s fine. It will actually be nice to have everyone together. It’s been a long time.” Kara smiles.
“Wish me luck with her.”

“Good luck.”

Kara lets out a long breath when the door closes. This is not how I saw my day going. She looks around her apartment, and sees the paint box laying on the counter. Her eyes go wide, and she straightens. “Did she say she wanted to interview Lena?” Kara groans. “Crap. I should give her a heads up.” She walks to her bedroom to change, since she’s still in sweatpants and a t-shirt. Her new t-shirt and hoodie from Lena are in her bag. Pausing in front of her clothing rack, she wonders which “her” should be the one to tell Lena. A smile plays at her lips when an idea forms. She pulls out her superphone.

Superbabe: Are you in your office?

Knowing Lena is likely busy, she decides to take a shower. When she comes out, there is a message waiting for her.

Lois Lane 2.0: I’m in one of my labs. Is everything okay?

Superbabe: Everything is fine! I just found out something, and thought I would give you a heads up (and share the irony).

Lois Lane 2.0: Do tell.

Superbabe: It would appear the Lois Lane is visiting.

Lois Lane 2.0: You aren’t going to drop me for another L.L., are you?

Superbabe: Never!

Lois Lane 2.0: Good to know. I’m sorry to have to cut this conversation short, but I am currently running some tests. If I want to be home at a reasonable hour, I need to get back to it.

Superbabe: Of course. I understand. Have a good day.

Lois Lane 2.0: You too. Thanks for the heads up.

Kara finishes getting dressed, and goes to the kitchen in the search of food. While she eats, she texts Winn and Lucy.

Kara: Hey!!! Clark and Lois are in town. Clark will only be here tonight, so Lois wants to have a bit of a party. Please tell me you’re in.

Winn: What?? Do you even have to ask???

She finishes texting Winn by the time Lucy responds.

Kara: Hey Lucy, I heard you were in town. We’re having a bit of a last minute get together at my place tonight. I’d love it if you came. We all would.

Lucy: Hello Kara. Can I ask who is “we”?

Kara: You know… the usual group
Kara: Plus some out of towners

Lucy: So my ex and my sister?

Kara sighs. Why do all of my friends have to be so smart?

Kara: I thought you and James were on good terms. And Lois wants you here. So do I.

Lucy: I wasn’t aware we were that close.

Kara: You left right when we started to become friends :(

Lucy: Putting a sad face won’t help your cause.

Kara: I could find you, and use a pout in person.

Lucy: What does my sister want?

Kara: Why does she have to want something?

Lucy: Have you met her?

Kara: Please, Lucy? If I’m being honest, it would be nice to have someone there that I’m not mad at or was recently in a fight with.

Lucy: What have I missed?

Kara: Don’t get me started.

Kara: Did I mention that the new vigilante, Guardian, is James?

Several minutes pass before Kara gets an answer.

Lucy: What time?

Kara smiles in victory, knowing someone else will be on her side of this battle.

Kara: 6. You remember my address.

Lucy: Yes. I’ll see you then.

Once fed, she cleans up her apartment in less than ten minutes. She picks up the paints Lena gave her, and looks around for the perfect place. Her eyes fall to an empty canvas in the corner. Without conscious thought, she ends up standing before the canvas on her easel with the new paints open before her. She uses the focus of painting to keep her from inviting Lena to the party. Her logical mind knows that would be an absolutely terrible idea for practically everyone. There’s no way Lena would be comfortable around the combination of strangers, ruthless journalists from the city Lex attacked, protective over sister, NCPD detective, and judgement based on her name. The only person that would be anywhere near cordial, besides Kara herself, would be Maggie. By the sound of her texts with Supergirl, she was probably going to be busy anyways.

Three hours fly by, and Kara has managed to convince herself not inviting Lena is the right idea, and has completed the painting. Wanting to keep it away prying eyes, she finds a place to keep it safe. Surprised at her sister’s lack of reaching out, Kara decides to text her.
Kara: How’s shopping with Lois?

Alex: Come downstairs, and find out for yourself.

Confused, Kara heads downstairs. In the garage under her building, she sees Lois and Alex pulling into a spot. Alex is rubbing her forehead, and Lois is talking about something Kara doesn’t bother to try to listen to. They get out of the car after parking.

Lois sees Kara first. “Kara! Excellent. We’ll need some assistance.” She opens the back door of the car, and Kara speeds over to catch the bag about to fall out.

“Lois! What did you buy?” She peers into the backseat full of loaded bags.

Alex interjects, exasperation evident in her voice. “What didn’t she buy?”

Lois only laughs, and opens the trunk.

“There’s more?” Kara sounds incredulous.

“Since Kara is here to help, I’m going to go home and shower. I’ll be back around 5.” Alex doesn’t wait for a response, and goes straight to her motorcycle.

“You know you loved shopping with me.” Lois calls after her.

“What did you do to my sister?”

Lois laughs. “Nothing. Damn, Kara. You have no faith in me.” She shakes her head in mock outrage. “I’m just not comfortable with uncomfortable silence. Your sister didn’t do well at keeping her half of the conversation, so I filled in the blank spaces.”

“You talked my sister’s ear off, didn’t you?”

Lois waves off the comment. “Come on, Little Red. Let’s get these bags upstairs.”

“That’s a new one.” Kara mumbles, reaching for the bags.

“Oh, the name?” Kara looks a little shocked. “I’m a reporter. It’s my job to listen even when people don’t want me to, Kara. Mumbling won’t work on me. As for the name… It just seems fitting with the red cape.” She winks, and turns with her hands full of bags. They get all of the bags to Kara’s apartment in one trip. “Kara, be a dear, and use a quick burst to get all of this put away.”

Kara looks unsure. “What?”

“While I’m not normally a fan of power use on house tasks, it would be best to get this done quickly. We need to talk.”

Kara’s eyes go wide, and her mouth opens and closes a few times.

“Easy there. No need for the fish out of water impression. Just… put this up, and we’ll chat. Okay?”

With a small nod, Kara puts everything away in the amount of time it takes Lois to sit on the couch. Kara stops in the middle of the kitchen, looking at her cousin’s girlfriend.

Lois pats the couch beside her. “Get your tail out from between your legs, and join me.”

Kara refrains from letting out a sigh, and joins the woman on the couch.
“Look, I know we aren’t exactly close. I’ve really only spent that one weekend with you two, but I know enough to tell something is up with you two.”

Kara groans internally. *She’s so forward.*

“You two fighting?”

“No? No. We...we made up. It wasn’t really a fight though. There’s just a lot going on right now, and we kind of let it get between us I guess.”

“Hey, I’ve known your cousin a very long time. He struggled too. I know the media had you under his shadow in the beginning, but that’s not the case anymore. Not completely. Give it time, kiddo.”

Kara shrugs. “Yeah, I know that.”

“That’s not all that’s bothering you though.” It’s not a question.

“I’m trying to find the balance between being a superhero, and finding time to process what goes on in my life.”

“What kind of things are you trying to process?”

“I don’t even know where to begin.”

“Why don’t you tell me about what’s been going on since you’ve been feeling this way?”

Kara takes a deep breath, and begins with Mon-El landing on Earth. She explains what it felt like to finally feel like she was getting a chance to be the mentor she came to Earth to be. She talks about Alex and Maggie, with a promise from Lois to act surprised. Soon, Kara is talking about meeting and becoming closer to Lena. They Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy story even comes out. Lois enjoys that particular story, and suggests Kara try to reach out to Bruce Wayne for an interview on his opinion of that. Kara shrugs it off with a mental note to circulate back to that later.

Lois soon realizes Kara is heavily talking about Lena Luthor.

“If you’re going to interview her, can you please like... I don’t know. Don’t just paint her as another Luthor.”

“I have an idea. How about we co-write an article for both of our companies? She clearly thinks highly of your work. It’s no secret in the journalism world that some newbie has been able to get more words from Lena Luthor in just a few months than everyone else combined. She’s such a private person. Always has been.”

“She’s a really great friend.”

“To Kara Danvers and Supergirl, it would seem.”

“That’s risky, isn’t it?”

Lois laughs because it’s so obvious to her that Lena knows who she really is. “Given who she is -”

“She’s not just another Luthor.” Kara quickly interjects.

“Woah there, Supergirl. A little quick on the draw there. We’ll get back to that in a moment. But, for now, that’s not what I was going to say at all. Believe it or not, I’m not in favor of lumping people with their family name. I was going to say that because of who she is and how high profile she’s...
become, it may be more dangerous for her to not have Supergirl looking out for her.”

“You don’t think it turns you into a target associating with a hero?”

Lois laughs. “Lena Luthor already has multiple targets on that tough exterior. Having Supergirl in her corner gives her some obstacles before anyone can even see those targets. You can’t see the people you… care about as a weakness. They are the ones that give you strength to come back from a fight.”

Kara looks away with a thoughtful expression. *I never thought of it that way.*

“Well will you introduce me to her?”

“Lois, I’m not sure I feel good about asking for an interview right -”

“No, no. Not just for the interview.”

Kara scrunches her eyebrows. “Really?”

“Yes. I never really saw her back in Smallville. She stayed to her own devices, and I left while she was still pretty young.”

“Um, okay. When?”

“Invite her over.” She shrugs.

“What?”

“We are having a party soon.”

“No!” Kara’s eyes go wide. “I mean, yes, I like hanging out with her, but that’s not a good idea for anyone. She would be really uncomfortable. Actually, she would probably say ‘no.’” She pauses. “Even if she wasn’t busy at L-Corp tonight.”

Lois stares at Kara for a moment. “Okay.” She says calmly. “We can talk about an interview later then. Let’s go back to that quick draw, Sheriff Woody.” Lois chuckles at the confusion on Kara’s face. “I take it you’ve had to do that so much, you probably don’t even realize it.”

“What do you mean?”

“You almost roasted me right here when you thought I was going to call her a Luthor.”

Kara pushes her glasses up. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you or anything.”

“You didn’t. It was a joke. The roasting part not the snapping at me part. Been having to defend her a lot?”

“People just keep telling me I can’t even be her friend because of her last name.”

“I can see why they would want that. And before you go off again, let me explain. It’s hard when the possibility of history repeating itself is presented to people that fear the same outcome. I lived through everything that went down with Clark and Lex. It was ugly, Kara. I’m not taking sides here, because I, better than most people, know that hate isn’t necessarily genetic. I know you’ve met my father.” She gives Kara a pointed look.

“Yeah, you’re nothing like him.”
“Exactly. There are clearly plenty of people telling you to be wary of her, so I will just be a neutral, honest party. At least until I meet her.” She winks.

“Thanks, Lois.” She gives her a hug.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Of course.”

“Who do you think Mon-El was talking about?”

Kara forgot she told Lois about that in her rambling earlier. This is the first time she’s thought of that particular comment since that night. “I… I haven’t had time to think about that.”

“Who do you want it to be?”

Kara swallows heavily, and looks out of the window. For once, she’s thankful of an interruption when her door swings open. “Little Danvers!”

Kara jumps up, and smiles at Maggie. “Maggie!” She rushes over to the woman, and takes the beer from her hands to set it on the counter. She immediately turns, and wraps the woman in a hug, much to Maggie’s surprise.

“Hello to you too, Kara.” Maggie’s eyebrows are almost up to her hairline. “We’re a little early.”

Kara releases Maggie, and looks behind her as Alex walks into the apartment with a beer in her hands. “Alex… it’s not even 5.” She motions to the beer.

“I needed it.” She grumbles, and looks from Maggie to Lois, who is now walking toward them.

“I knew it! Damn, I wish I had made a bet on that.” She extends a hand to Maggie. “Hello, I’m Lois.” She smiles when Maggie shakes her hand.

Offering her own dimpled smile, Maggie looks back at Alex chugging the rest of her beer before answering. “Maggie Sawyer.”

They release hands, and Lois nudges Alex in the shoulder. “Nice, Alex.”

“So what were you right about?” Kara asks, not understanding the glare on her sister’s face directed at a laughing Lois.

“I think I have something to do with that, Little Danvers?” Maggie smiles at Alex.

Kara furrows her brow.

“She wanted to make a bet on what team your sister is on.”

Slowly, Kara’s face takes on comprehension.

“Speaking of bets…” Maggie looks at Alex with a raised eyebrow.

“I don’t know.” Alex answers, and goes to put the beers in the fridge. “Didn’t ask.”

“What’s with the cryptics?” Lois asks.

Maggie decides to take charge of the situation. “So Kara, Alex tells me that you hung out with Little
Luthor yesterday?"
Kara nods. Now she has something to say about that too?

“You have a good time?”

Kara is a little taken aback by the question. “Oh. Yes, we always do.”

Lois tilts her head at Kara, and sees Maggie do the same thing out of the corner of her eye. “Always? So you hang out often?” Lois asks, and looks over at Maggie with a smirk.

Maggie raises an eyebrow, and thinks she may like this Lois person.
Kara shrugs at Lois. “I guess.”
Maggie hums thoughtfully. “I’m glad you had a good night last night. Sorry about stealing Alex by the way.”

“No, it’s fine. I really want to move past all of the apologies about that.”

“Done.” Maggie smiles. “So did Lena know what yesterday was, or what?”

Kara crosses her arms. Why are they asking so many questions?

“Not at first, no.”

“Oh my god, Maggie!” Alex finally walks over, looking and sounding completely exasperated. She turns to Kara. “Who did you get the paints from?”

Kara’s eyes go wide. What?

“When I got here last night, there was a box of paints with some engraving on the bottom. Before you say anything… No, I wasn’t looking through your stuff. My sister wasn’t in her apartment, and a strange box was on the counter.”

Everyone looks at Kara, whose eyes are wide. There was engraving on it? She clears her throat. “Lena.” She shrugs. A brief moment of silence is the response, so she takes the opportunity to slip away to the living room.

That breaks the other three women out of their second of shock. Lois’ eyebrows go up, and she watches Kara. Maggie smiles smugly at Alex. Alex looks at Maggie with a furrowed brow. “How did you know?” She asks Maggie.

Maggie shrugs, and her smile grows. “Next weekend at my place, it is.” She winks, and goes to the living room.

Lois and Alex look at each other. “Do you make bets on your sister?

Alex rolls her eyes, and they both go to the living room.

Kara runs her fingers over the engraving with a small smile on her face. When she hears Maggie coming, she sets it back down.

Oh shit… Maggie didn’t miss the look on Kara’s face. Nope. Not bringing that up to Alex. It’s not my place, and whatever bet we could make would not be worth her reaction. Maggie sits on the couch. “So what do we do while we wait for everyone?”
This is the first time the super friends have all gotten together in a long time. For Clark, Lois, Lucy, and Maggie, this is an entirely new experience.

Clark showed up with James in time to be put to work setting up food and drinks.

“Hey!” Lois says enthusiastically. “We needs shots before everyone else shows up.”

“Lois, this is practically everyone.” Kara notes.

Lois waves her off. She hands filled shot glasses to everyone. No one even saw her pouring them. She lifts hers up, and stares everyone down until they are doing so too. “To what will definitely be a night to tell stories about!” Several eyes rolled, but everyone downed their shots.

Kara coughed a little, and Maggie pats her on the back. “No choking on the rum, Little Danvers.”

The Danvers in question clears her throat, and sniffs her glass. “That wasn’t rum.” She looks at Lois. “You found that glowing stuff, didn’t you?”

“It wasn’t exactly hidden, Little Red. I opened the cabinet Alex said the alcohol was in, and it was right there. I figured the blue, glowing shit wasn’t for humans.” She winks. “What do you think, Smallville?”

“I saw what it was before I drank it,” He looks at Kara. “And poured it down the sink.”

“You cheat.” Lois teases.

A knock on the door signals the arrival of someone else. “Come in.” Lois shouts.

The door opens, and Winn comes in with a bag slung over his shoulder and a huge smile. He makes his greetings.

Maggie leans over to Alex. “How exactly does Kara know Clark and Lois?”

Kara and Clark turn wide eyes to Maggie. “Alex,” Kara shouts from across the kitchen island. All eyes shift to Kara. She clears her throat. Didn’t think that through.

Lois comes to her rescue. “Alex, you didn’t tell me she got loud when she drinks.” The tension breaks, and everyone laughs a little.

“Don’t tell me the party started without me.” A voice comes from the doorway.

Everyone turns to see Lucy Lane standing with her arms crossed. Kara is the first to react. She rushes to Lucy, and pulls her into a hug. Lucy stiffens slightly, but brings her arms up with a small pat to Kara’s back. “Hi, Kara.”

Kara pulls back, and smiles widely. “Hey! Sorry, I was just excited to see you!”

Lucy looks uncertain, but doesn’t say anything.
“Anyways,” Kara gestures to the others in the apartment. “I think you know most of the people here with the exception of Maggie.”

Maggie gives a little wave with her trademark smile. “That would be me.”

Lucy smiles politely. “Lucy.” She looks around the room.

“Okay, let’s just do this now.” Lois speaks up, and walks around the island to go to Lucy. She walks straight up to her, and pulls her into a hug. “Hug me back, bitch.” She whispers.

Lucy snorts out a laugh, and hugs her sister. “You’re insufferable.”

Her sister releases her, but keeps her hands on Lucy’s upper arms. “But in the best way.” She winks, before stepping back. “I think we need some music, and a good game.”

“Listen up!” Winn slurs a little too loudly from his spot on the floor around the coffee table. The exclamation causes more laughter as opposed to the silence Winn was hoping for. “Hey!” He pouts. “I’m trying to explain the rules.”

“Winn,” James speaks up from across the table. “We all know how to play BS.”

“Kara doesn’t!” Winn protests.

“Kara does.” Kara giggles tipsily at her cleverness.

Alex rolls her eyes. Great. Drunk Kara. She looks at Kara sitting on the floor in front of the television.

“Fine,” Winn huffs.

Maggie pulls two cards from her hand, and sets them face down on the coffee table. “Two aces.”

Winn grumbles something about wanting to go first.

Within a few minutes, Winn and Clark have a majority of the cards in their hands. “Give it up, Smallville.” Is uttered multiple times by Lois.

Alex gets down to two cards. On her turn, she places on down, claiming it to be a King. Kara calls “BS” as soon as it touches the pile.

The DEO agent groans, and picks up the pile of 10+ cards. Kara giggles. Maggie and Lois take their turns before Kara calls “BS” on Clark, forcing him to pick up six cards. Clark has to pick up James 3 Jacks after trying to catch him. Winn, Lucy, and Kara go without anyone speaking. Kara calls out Maggie and Alex next.

Kara gets down to one card, and is vibrating with excitement. She opens her mouth to call “BS” on James, but Lois interrupts her.

“Son of a bitch!” Everyone looks at Lois. “Kara, what the hell?”

Everyone looks at Kara, whose eyes go wider than should be possible. She’s hugging her lone card to her chest.
Alex looks back at Lois, and then back at Kara. “Kara!” She slaps her on the back of the head. “You’ve been cheating!”

“What?” Everyone, except Alex and Lois, exclaim.

“She has been looking at our cards!” Lois taps the side of her right eye.

All eyes go back to Kara, who pushes her glasses up her nose with a blatantly guilty expression. “Um…”

Groans come from all around the table, and everyone tosses their cards onto the pile. “New game that’s x-ray vision proof, please.” Winn grumbles.

“I think it’s time for a drinking game!” Lois waves a bottle of vodka in the air.

“Where did she even get that from?” Winn gapes at Lois.

“And I thought you had a thing for alcohol.” Maggie whispers to Alex.

“Some of us actually have to be at work tomorrow morning.” Alex speaks up.

“Alex, I’ve seen you down an entire bottle of tequila, and go to class the next morning.” Lois laughs.

“What kind of drinking game?” James asks skeptically.

“Don’t encourage her.” Lucy looks at James incredulously.

Lois shrugs. “We’ll start with something easy. Never Have I Ever.” Her grin shows she is planning something a touch on the dubious side.

Several protests go up around the table. “As long as no one drives home drunk, I’m game. Besides, it’s only 8.” Maggie smiles at the group.

“And I’m not drinking since I’ll be leaving before the sun.” Clark adds. “I’ll take anyone home that needs it.”

“Hey, look who’s actually on my side!” Lois playfully nudges Clark.

“Don’t make me regret it.”

“Wait, which game is this?” Kara asks.

A few chuckles are heard. “It’s the one where you get to find out all the weird shit your friends have done.” Lucy grumbles from her spot beside Kara. “Lois has it down to an art.”

“It’s a gift. What can I say?” Lois winks at Kara.

Drinks are passed around to everyone. Kara’s drink has a blue tint to it. I didn’t even see her pour this. She looks for the bottle of alien alcohol. Where did she even get it from? Kara concludes that Lois simply has the ability to make alcohol appear as a superpower. “Now what?” Kara asks.

Maggie clears her throat. “I’ll go first.” She smiles devilishly at Alex, who sighs. “Never have I ever been a fugitive.” She winks at Alex. “So if you have, then you would take a drink.”

“Wait,” Lois interjects. “Are we playing with fingers or just drinks?”
“Fingers. It will be over sooner that way, and hopefully none of us will be wasted.”

“Hands up everyone.” James smiles.

Alex rolls her eyes, and takes a drink while putting a finger down, leaving nine fingers extended on her hands. Everyone’s eyes go a little wide when they see Clark put a finger down. “It’s complicated.” He shrugs.

“You’re up, Lois.” Maggie smiles at the woman next to her.

She looks around the group for a few moments, and decides to wait one round until getting to the deep stuff. “I’ve never arrested or taken someone into custody.”

Groans come from half of the room. Alex, Maggie, Kara, Clark, and Lucy all lower a finger. Winn and James share a glance, but Kara interrupts it. “Doesn’t count.” The two men laugh uncomfortably.

“Okay,” Clark drags out the word. “Never have I ever worked at a strip club.”

Everyone is a little confused by the statement until they see Lois take a healthy swig of her drink. “Rule number three: do whatever it takes to get the story.” Laughter is the response from the group, although Lucy’s laugh is more uncomfortable than out of humor.

James claps his hands together to bring focus back to the game. “Never have I ever mentioned a kitten video during a work meeting.”

All eyes shift to Kara - some with smirks or raised eyebrows.

“And why does everyone just assume I did that?” Kara scoffs. Everyone just stares. She huffs, and takes a drink.

“My turn!” Winn squeals. “Never have I ever kissed a boy.”

“And the game has shifted, ladies and gentlemen.” Lois laughs before taking a drink. She raises her eyebrows at Maggie sitting next to her. “Really? Damn, that’s hot.”

“Watch it, Lane.” Alex levels a glare at Lois past a laughing Maggie.

Lucy rolls her eyes at her sister’s antics. “There are two people with all their fingers.” She looks at Winn and James. “I’ve never had a crush on someone I work with.”

“Low blow.” Winn mumbles before taking a drink.

A quick look around shows Kara that she is losing. How is that even possible when I’m the most innocent one here? “Hmm… never have I ever had sex at work.” She smirks at Winn, but her eyes are drawn to movement from her other side. “What?? Alex?? I did not need to know that.”

Alex shrugs, and Maggie smirks. “You brought that on yourself, Little Danvers.”

Clearing her throat, Alex counts the fingers around her. (Maggie and James have 1 down. Lois, Clark, Winn, and Lucy have 2 down. Kara and Alex have 4 down.) If I go after Maggie, she’ll only go after me. She looks at James. “I’ve never written an article on myself.”

“Does quoting yourself count?” Kara asks.

“Was the article focused on you?”
“Um, no.”

“Then no.” Alex smiles at her sister.

“Really Jimmy?” Clark asks his best friend.

“It’s complicated.” James mimics Clark’s earlier words.

Maggie leans over, and whispers to Alex. “I like your plan of attack.” She winks at Alex, and decides to go after James too. “Never have I ever thought Supergirl was attractive.”

Kara eyes go wide, and she glues them to Maggie. *That's not funny.* As expected, Kara sees James and Winn take a drink.

Lois laughs. “Nice, Lucy.”

Kara slowly turns to see that Lucy put a finger down. Lucy just shrugs, and they avoid eye contact. *That’s… unexpected.* Kara thinks.

Maggie nudges Alex, who looks shocked. Maggie raises an eyebrow in question, and Alex just shrugs.

“Now we’re having some fun!” Lucy perks up.

The rest of the game runs a little less awkwardly, with everyone steering clear of attacking specific people. Kara is out first, and settles down to enjoy everyone else’s torture. After a comment that gave her a little too much insight into her sister’s sex life, she pulls out her phone. She takes a few pictures of the group. She even manages to get Lucy to take a selfie with her - most likely aided by the alcohol Lucy has ingested. When she closes her camera, she sees her new screensaver. It’s a picture of her and Lena at one of the interactive exhibits in the children’s museum. *I need to make sure she made it home safe.* She giggles. *Not that I feel like I could fly right now.* She scrunches her eyebrows together. *Am I drunk?* The group laughs loudly at something Winn said, and she looks up briefly. Her eyes find the place she hid the painting from earlier, and she makes a decision.

Sunshine Danvers: Heyyyy Leeena Beaaaa

Sunshine Danvers: I was thinking about you

Sunshine Danvers: So I text you

Sunshine Danvers: But I would have rathr come see you

Sunshine Danvers: But yur probably busy and i cant leave right now

Lena Beana: Helo, Kara. Something tells me you have had more than water to drink tonight. Are you at least home?

Kara giggles, and pulls her phone closer to her face a laughter happens around her again.

Sunshine Danvers: Yuppp. I wanted to invite you :(  

Sunshine Danvers: But i knew u wouldnt be comfrtable cause lois just kind of decided to hav everyone over to my apt

Sunshine Danvers: WHich im fine with really
Sunshine Danvers: I just wish u could be here too

Kara pouts, and stares at her phone.

Lena Beana: How considerate of you. I take it your sister is there to keep you out of trouble?

Sunshine Danvers: Yeah theyre playin never have i ever. I lost

Sunshine Danvers: We should totally play that game :));););)

Lena Beana: Lol Kara, you are somehow more adorable when you’re drunk. Maybe one day, we can play.

Sunshine Danvers: :D

Sunshine Danvers: Maggie just lost. Apprantly she doesnt just use her andcuffs aat work and now im scared knowing that about my sister

Lena Beana: And you somehow lost to that?

Sunshine Danvers: i was the first one out :( they teamed up aagsnt me i know it

Lena Beana: Lol, I’m sorry to hear that, Kara.

Sunshine Danvers: they got me with kitty videos

Maggie looks over at Kara, and sees a huge grin on her face. She nudges Alex, and motions to Kara. Lois has been watching too. Seeing Maggie get Alex’s attention, she decides to intervene. “Kara?” Lois waits until glazed eyes are turned to her. “Why don’t you come help me in the kitchen?”

Kara scrunches up her face in thought. “But you’re still playing.”

“Your kitchen is two feet away. I can still hear what they’re saying. Come on. We’ll get some more pizza in you.”

At the promise of food, Kara hops up. At least she tries to. She ends up falling into Lucy’s lap, whose eyes go wide at having a lap full of Kara. “Great.” Lucy mumbles.

“I’m good, I’m good.” Kara sits up, and waves off Alex, who had come closer to help. Slowly, she manages to stand, and walk to the kitchen. The game continues once Kara is with Lois, who manages to not lose a beat with the game.

“Here,” Lois opens a pizza box. “Eat a few slices. It’ll help.”

Lena is laughing lightly at the texts coming into her phone. She’s laying on her bed. The book she was reading is forgotten next to her. This is the second time Drunk Kara has reached out to me. I’m curious to see her in person now. She snorts out a laugh at the image of Kara hearing about her sister using handcuffs in the bedroom. I can’t believe she managed to lose to them. Innocent, oblivious Kara. She isn’t sure how to feel about Kara seeming to have wanted her at this party that is clearly family, but she is relieved (and flattered) to know that Kara knows her well enough to been aware of how uncomfortable that would have been for Lena. She slaps a hand over her mouth in response to that laughter that spills out at the text that pops onto her screen. Of course kitten videos would be
Kara’s undoing. She spends a few minutes trying to think of what to say.

**Lena Beana:** So you’re saying that kitten videos is how I can beat you when we play? ;p Thanks for the tip, Kara.

**Lena Beana:** I’d love to see a Drunk Kara Danvers in person after all of the texting we’ve done. ;)

---

Kara, with a pizza slice in her left hand and phone in her right, pauses in her eating. A huge smile breaks out on her face. Lois raises her eyebrows at Kara, who is staring down at her phone. She tilts her head when she sees a slight blush forming on Kara’s cheeks. Lois is drawn back to the game for a moment, hoping she makes it back in time before Kara can do anything.

**Sunshine Danvers:** only if u get drunk too cuz i think itd be more fun cuz alex and maggie alwys have more fun frinking together so i think drinkin with u would be fun

Lois comes back, and sees a triumphant smile on Kara’s face. She’s eating her pizza again. She rubs a hand over her face, and sets a hand on Kara’s forearm. “Hey, Kara.”

Kara looks at her with a smile.

“How are you texting?”

Her smile gets bigger. “Lena.”

Lois sighs. “That’s what I thought.”

---

Lena’s heart races when she manages to decipher what the text is trying to say. **You’re reading far too much into it. She’s not exactly comparing the two of us to her sister and her sister’s girlfriend. It could be in a best friend way.** She takes a deep breath in, and hovers her fingers over the keyboard.

**Lena Beana:** How about we revisit this, and make plans while you are sober?

Lena lets out a breath, and silently congratulates herself on her self-control.

---

“How, Kara, dear, can I see your phone?”

Another text comes in, and Kara clutches it to her chest.

Lois sighs again. “Kara, friends don’t let friends drunk text.”

Kara pouts.

“Should I ask your sister to come help me?”

Kara squeezes the phone tighter to her chest.

“Look, kiddo… You don’t want to say something embarrassing, do you?”
Kara’s eyes go wide.

“Can you let me check to make sure you aren’t saying something crazy to Lena?” Lois notices a small smile at the mention of the Luthor’s name.

Kara loosens her grip on her phone.

“I promise I won’t do anything with it.”

“Will you give it back?”

“I’ll put it on the charger once I check it, and then you can eat this entire pizza. Deal?”

Kara looks longingly at her phone.

“Your sister is about to come over here. I’d choose fast, or you’ll have to explain to her what you’ve been doing.”

Faster than Lois’ eyes can track, Kara shoves her phone into Lois’ pocket, and picks up a slice of pizza. She leans against the counter with a poor excuse for a nonchalant expression.

“Do I want to know?” Alex asks.

“There’s nothing to know.” Kara says.

“No.” Lois looks Alex straight in the eye. “I’m going to go kick Lucy and Winn’s ass.” She rejoins the group in the living room.

“I’m not even going to ask.” Alex decides, and grabs a slice of pizza.

---

Lena smiles when her phone buzzes after a longer interval.

**Sunshine Danvers:** I think that would be an excellent idea, Lena.

Her eyebrows raise at the sudden sober speech.

**Sunshine Danvers:** You’ll have to excuse Kara. This is Lois Lane, by the way. It was no easy task, but I managed to get her phone from her to save her from her drunk ass self. Are you free for lunch tomorrow?

Lena straightens her spine. *Lois fucking Lane has Kara’s phone. And she’s trying to use it to set up an interview with me??*

**Sunshine Danvers:** I know you know who I am, so I should probably just get this out of the way. Yes, I’m here to write an article on the trial. No, that’s not why I would like to meet you. Your blonde friend here already got onto me about that. I told her that I would like to meet you as someone not against her friendship with you. Also, she’ll be there as a buffer, and she apparently has no problem reprimanding people when it comes to you.

That’s… unexpected. Lena goes through varying emotions, most revolving around the blond friend. She’s slightly impressed by Lois’ forwardness, but finds it may not be terrible to have lunch with the woman… if Kara is there.
**Lena Beana:** Does she know you’re texting me?

**Sunshine Danvers:** Not a damn clue. I’ll talk to her about it tomorrow though. She’s currently inhaling pizza.

Lena chuckles at the mental image.

**Lena Beana:** How about you two come to my office at 1? Tell Kara to send the order of what you two would like to Jess in the morning.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Will do. See you then.

**Lena Beana:** Take care of her.

**Sunshine Danvers:** It’s hard not to.

Lena settles down on her bed, and hugs Kara’s pillow to herself. *Am I really calling this Kara’s pillow?*

Lois slides the phone into her pocket when Kara rejoins the group. Never Have I Ever is over, and the group is broken up into different conversations. Clark is next to James now. When Kara sits down next to Lois, the two men turn to her. “Kara!” Clark gets her attention. “Is it true?”

“Is what true?”

Everyone goes silent, and watches the two Kryptonians.

“Are you hanging around Lena Luthor?”

Kara glares at James.

Lois places a hand on Kara’s forearm, and Alex sits on the other side of her.

“Have you told her who you are?”

“No!” Kara huffs. “And so what if I had? It’s my life! I trust her with it.”

Clark stares at her.

“It’s just a name.”

“Luthor is more than a name.” James adds.

Kara turns to him with narrowed eyes full of anger and hurt. “And while you were gossiping about my personal life, did you mention how many times you’ve almost died playing vigilante with Winn?”

All eyes shift from Kara to James, who now wears his own angry expression. “What I’m doing isn’t any different than what you do.”

“It’s completely different, James! You’re human! You can get cut by a piece of paper!” Eyes are back on Kara.
“And you can get killed by Kryptonite, which is something Luthors are known for having lying around.” Eyes are back on James.

Everyone’s attention turns back to Kara though when she abruptly stands up, a faint, red glow appearing in her eyes for a moment. She quickly blinks, and it goes away.

Clark stands up, and gets between the two. “I think I’m going to take James and Winn home. Most of us have to work tomorrow.”

Kara only stares at James.

Lois gives Clark the keys to the rental car she’s using. “Take the car.”

“I’m good to drive. I can take you to your hotel.” Lucy offers.

“Thanks, Luce.” Lois smiles at her sister, and goes into Kara’s bedroom to get her jacket. She leaves Kara’s phone on the charge.

“I’ll see you at the hotel.” Clark says as he ushers James and Winn out of the apartment.

Alex turns to Maggie. “Can you meet me downstairs?”

Maggie smiles encouragingly at Alex. “Sure, babe.”

“We’ll walk down with you.” Lois tells Maggie.

Alex stands quietly next to her sister until the door closes. She breathes calmly, trying to figure out how to handle this.

The rush of anger slowly fades out of Kara, and her inebriation comes back to the surface. She wavers on her feet, and allows herself to fall back on the sofa. The couch creaks at the movement, but doesn’t break. “Alex, I’m tired.”

Alex looks down at her sister with a small frown. “How about I get all of this cleaned up, and help you to bed?”

Kara shakes her head sloppily. “I’ll take care of it in the morning.”

“Do you want me to stay here with you?”

A heavy sigh leaves Kara. “I think I just want to go to bed. Can we have a sister night soon?” Her words are starting to slur again.

“Absolutely.”

“There’s still plenty we haven’t talked about.”

Alex nods. “Come on, Kara. Time for bed.” She holds out her hands, and pulls Kara to her feet when she grabs them. Kara puts her arms around Alex in a hug.

“Thanks, Alex. Don’t know what I’d do without you.” Kara mumbles in Alex’s shoulder.

An offensive sound rudely awakens Kara. With a groan, she reaches out for the source of the noise.
Her hand finds her superphone. “No,” Kara groans again before answering. “Hello?”

J’onn’s voice sounds like gravel in Kara’s sensitive ears. She doesn’t comprehend everything he relates, but she gets the gist. After hanging up the phone, she untangles herself from the blankets. She takes in a deep breath to steady herself, and uses a burst of super speed to make herself presentable as Supergirl. Hoping the adrenaline of a morning fight will bring her hangover to an even briefer end than normal for her.

With a box of sticky buns in hand, Kara walks into CatCo. Her hangover is gone, but, in its place, a seemingly neverending hunger has taken residence in her stomach. In the privacy of her office, she attempts to satisfy her stomach with stick bun after sticky bun.

“Knock, knock.”

Kara looks up at her open door to see Lois holding two large cups of coffee.

“Wow, you don’t look anything like I was expecting you to after last night. I’d kill to not get hungover.” She takes a seat across from Kara, and hands her one of the coffees.

“Thanks. Oh, I get hungover. It just doesn’t last very long.”

“That’s handy.”

Kara tries to make her laugh sound genuine, but there are still emotions running from the previous night.

“He’s not mad or anything.”

“What?”

“Clark. He was a little worried, yeah. But Jimmy took it way out of hand.”

Kara shrugs. “I told you. It’s like a Lena-hating party around here.”

“Speaking of Lena…” Lois smirks at Kara.

“What did I do now?”

Lois laughs. “You didn’t do anything, babe. Well nothing to look that nervous about. She’s actually the reason I’m here.”

Kara stiffens, and is ready to defend Lena again.

“Pull in the reins, Seabiscuit.” Lois chuckles. “You were texting her last night.”

Kara groans. “Not again…”

Lois’ eyebrows raise. “Oh, we are definitely coming back to that. Anyways, I guess you don’t remember me convincing you to let me take your phone to keep you from doing anything stupid?”

“I mostly remember early on and then… the end there.” Kara grimaces slightly.

“Not surprised. You can look at the texts for yourself, but after you make a phone call. We have a
lunch date with Lena Luthor at 1, and she wants you to call Jess to make an order for us.”

Kara’s eyes go wide. “You… you talked to Lena?”

“I did. She seems cool.”

“But…”

“First things first, Little Red. Call that Jess person, and then we’ll chit chat.”

Sighing, Kara opens her laptop, not up for arguing with Lois Lane of all people. They decide on a place that Kara knows what to order for Lena, and she makes a quick call to Jess. Kara hangs up the phone, and Lois crosses her legs with a smirk.

“So let’s talk about this ‘not again’ comment.”

“There’s not much to talk about. Last time I got drunk, I ended up texting her. I told her about how I broke my coffee table, and she bought me a new one.”

“You broke your coffee table?”

“Wasn’t one of my best moments.”

“Clearly.”

Kara pauses in thought for a few minutes. “Did Clark say anything?”

“Nothing worth repeating. Before he left, he told me I should suggest you making a trip out to Metropolis sometime.”

“I might do that after all of this trial drama.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

A few hours later, Kara and Lois are walking into L-Corp. “You’re going to behave yourself, right?”

Kara asks Lois once they are in the elevator.

“Don’t I always?”

“No.”

Lois laughs. “Lighten up, Kara. Sure, I’ve done some out there things to get a story, but I wouldn’t break a promise to you.”

Kara smiles a relieved smile.

“And it would be a waste, cause that Lena Luthor is too clever for that.” She winks at Kara, and steps out of the doors that just opened. Kara clutches the takeout bags tighter in her hands, and walks out of the elevator.

“This way,” Kara leads her to Lena’s office. She pauses in front of Jess. “Hi, Jess!”

“Go on, Miss Danvers,” Jess doesn’t look up from her tablet.
Needing no more prompting, Kara walks to Lena’s office with a sense of familiarity, and opens the door. She walks in first, and smiles at the sight of Lena.

Lena stands up to greet them with a business smile. “Hello, Kara. It’s good to see you.” Kara pulls her into a hug, and Lena accepts it after a shocked moment of showing affection in front of Lois. Lena steps back too quickly for either of their liking, and looks at Lois.

“Lena, this is my friend, Lois Lane.” Lena shakes Lois’ hand. “But it seems you’ve already had a chance to talk a bit.” She pushes up her glasses.

“It’s nice to meet you, Ms. Lane.” Lena is in CEO mode.

“You too, Miss Luthor, but please call me Lois.” Lois winks, hoping to relax the obvious tension.

“You may as well call me Lena, as well. We have already exchanged text messages.” Lena’s smile is still in business mode.

“Sorry about that, by the way.” Kara speaks up.

Lena turns to Kara, and her smile softens involuntarily. “No need to apologize, Kara.”

Lois looks back and forth between the two women, and her eyebrows raise. “You two seem close.”

Kara sighs, and closes her eyes for a moment. Why did I bring her?

“Lois…” Lena’s eyebrows raise minutely before she can regain control of her features. At least it didn’t sound accusatory.

“Just an observation.” Lois smiles.

“I brought your favorite.” Kara holds up the bags in her hand to change the subject.

“You’re too good to me.” Lena smiles a little more relaxed. She waves her hand toward the coffee table. She had Jess bring in a chair earlier, so three of them wouldn’t have to all sit on the couch. “Let’s sit.”

Kara sets the bags on the table. Lois walks around, and sits on the chair - an unexpected outcome for Lena. Kara and Lena settle into their usual spots, and Kara passes everyone their food.

It didn’t take long for Lois to realize that neither Lena nor Kara were planning on breaking the ice. So clueless. She clears her throat. “So Lena, you’ve been here a few months now. Have you been switched to Team National City, or are you still in favor of Metropolis?”

“Ah, I can’t say I was ever attached to Metropolis.” Lena doesn’t look up from her food. “But I must admit,” She looks sideways at Kara, who is focused on her food. “There are perks to National City that simply don’t exist in Metropolis.” Her eyes find Lois, and the soft smile she had while looking at Kara is replaced by her more professional smile.

“Does that mean you’re a fan of Supergirl?” Lois winks at Lena.

Kara inhales sharply, and she looks up at Lois with wide eyes.

“Who wouldn’t be?” Lena raises an eyebrow at Lois. “She’s come to my rescue on several occasions. Have you met her?”

Kara’s focus goes back to her food, not wanting to risk any slip-ups on her part.
“Sure, though I have not been rescued by that particular Super.” She winks at Lena again.

Lena looks sideways at Kara, who is still focused on her food. “I can assure you she is quite remarkable at rescuing people.” She knows that I know. At least everyone Kara associates with isn’t as oblivious.

“Maybe I’ll have a chance while I’m visiting.”

“How long are you going to be here for?” Kara joins in on the conversation.

“Two weeks.”

“Would it be accurate to assume you are here for the trial?” Lena asks with a cold edge to her voice.

“It would, but I’m also taking advantage of a little break. I have family here that I haven’t exactly been great at keeping in touch with. And, like I said last night, Kara made me promise.”

“Okay then.” Lena ends the topic with a firm tone.

“I don’t suppose you’d like to hear a funny story about young Kara?” Lois gets a mischievous smile.

“Lois -” Kara tries to beg.

“I’m all ears.” Lena relaxes back on the couch slightly with a coy smile.

Kara’s heavy sigh brings a laugh out of Lois. “Sorry, babe. I can’t pass up on the chance to be the first one to tell Lena a great Kara story.”

The blonde slouches into the couch, and pulls her food closer. Seriously… Why did I agree to this?

By the end of the lunch, Kara has figured out why Cat Grant considers Lois Lane to be such a rival. The woman can work wonders with closed off people. The story of the time Kara thought a possum was a dog had Lena genuinely laughing. That led to several more stories. Before Kara realized what was happening, Lena was sharing a few small stories herself. Most were business-related, as Kara wouldn’t expect her to go into her past. With a little prying, Lois had Lena telling her about when Kara first drunk text her. Kara added her own little story about Lois, which was the story of what happened last time she visited. She hoped Alex wouldn’t find out about her telling that story to Lena.

When Jess knocked on the door to notify Lena of her next meeting, all three women were smiling and relaxed. Now she has two friends. Kara smiles at the thought.

“Thanks again for letting me crash.” Lois smiles at Lena, as they all stand.

“No, thank you for the lovely stories about Kara.” Lena smiles back.

Kara is too happy to feel embarrassed. “This was great!” She hugs Lena, both wearing content smiles. Kara steps back, still smiling. “I’ll text you later?”

“Please.”

“Can I get that number?” Lois smirks.

Kara rolls her eyes. “Lois -”
“No, it’s fine. You can give her my number.” She turns to look at Lois. “Next time she’s drunk under your watch, you won’t have to fight her for her phone.”

“That’s not going to happen again.” Kara says firmly.

Lois and Lena laugh. “Have you read the texts from last night, yet?” Lena asks.

“Not yet. I can only imagine.” Kara pushes up her glasses with a sheepish smile.

“Oh, they’re hilarious.” Lois comments.

“Great…” Kara sighs. “Thanks again, Lena. Have a good rest of your day. I’ll see you soon?”

“I hope so.” Lena smiles, and watches the two of them leave. *So Superman’s girlfriend knows that a Luthor knows the secret identity of his cousin. This is going to be an interesting friendship.*

Chapter End Notes

End of "Double Date"
Sister Night

Chapter Summary

Kara and Alex are finally having a sister night after everything they have been through. Alex wants to make up for missing Kara's Earth birthday. Kara wants Alex to know she really does care that her big sister is happy. Both women will need a pep talk beforehand though.

Chapter Notes

I'm keeping true to a canon timeline up until "Luthors," so that is why it is taking so long. To give more of a time frame of how long all of this goes on for...

Kara and Lena first meet around July.
"Medusa" happens toward the end of August.
Kara's birthday is Sept. 22nd.
Lillian's trial is early October.

These stories are fairly back-to-back, similar to the show itself. Once we've gotten past when they finally get together, there will be more space between stories. As I've said before, it's more or less safe to assume whatever happens in the show through "Luthors" happened in here - minus Mon-El scenes. Hope that clears things up for y'all!

Lena and Dr. Sanchez are in the S-Lab. Wednesdays afternoons have been reserved for running tests on a new mineral they acquired. Both women are wearing thick lab coats, rubber gloves, and goggles. They are standing on opposite sides of a small metal table with tools in their hands.

“I still think we may have found a new strand.” Dr. Sanchez pauses in her work to look at Lena.

Sighing, Lena straightens, and steps away from the table. “I am not fond of not knowing what exactly we are working with.”

“Lena,” Dr. Sanchez sighs. ‘We need -”

“No, Jenny.” Her voice is firm. She paces for a few moments. “I’ve been thinking about the G-strand. It’s reactive qualities may be able to provide us a basis for creating a sensor.”

“You mean besides what we already hope it does?”

“I think it may be possible to use it to identify qualities of other minerals.”

Dr. Sanchez looks thoughtful. “How would we even begin developing something of that caliber?”

“By sleeping on it.” Lena tosses her goggles on a table. “Now’s a good time to call it a night.”
On her way out of L-Corp, Lena’s phone buzzes in her pocket.

**Sunshine Danvers**: Do you have dinner plans?

**Lena Beana**: I do not. Did you have something in mind?

**Sunshine Danvers**: Would you like to come over for pizza?

**Lena Beana**: I’d love to. I’m on my way out of L-Corp. Is now a good time?

**Sunshine Danvers**: Now works.

**Lena Beana**: I’ll see you soon.

Lena slides into the back seat of the car, frowning slightly at her phone as her driver shuts the door. *Not a single exclamation point or smiley face… That’s odd. She’s been… different since lunch on Monday.* Her thoughts stray to different possible reasons - each more depressing than the last. A small part of her brain is trying to convince her that Kara wouldn’t invite her over for pizza, if she was planning on ending their friendship.

The car pulls up to the curb outside of Kara’s apartment as her anxiety kicks into gear. With a “thank you” to Darias, she heads up to Kara’s unit.

Kara pulls the door open seconds after she knocks. Her smile holds a sense of relief, but there’s an uncertainty of some sort in her eyes. “Hi, Lena.” She pulls Lena into a quick hug.

*Okay, she wouldn’t hug me for bad news, right?* Lena returns the hug, and has a small smile on her face when they pull back. “I must say. You have impeccable timing, Kara. I was about to tell my driver to take me home when you text me.”

“Oh.” Kara fidgets with her hands. “I’m not bothering you, am I? By asking you to come over?”

Lena rests a hand on Kara’s forearm. “Not at all, Kara.”

“Good.” Kara closes the door behind Lena. “The pizza just got here before you did. Um, do you want to take this to the couch and watch something?”

“That sounds lovely, Kara.”

They settle onto the couch with a few inches in between them. Lena tries to focus on the show, but her attention is drawn to Kara. The woman has barely eaten two slices, and she seems lost in her thoughts. Making a decision, Lena picks up the remote, and pauses the show. It takes a moment before Kara notices, and she turns to look at Lena.

“Why’d you pause it?”

“You aren’t watching it, and I’ve eaten more than you have. Is there something wrong?”

Kara looks at her hands playing in her lap.

“If you don’t want to talk about it, that’s fine. Just know that I’m here for you, and I’d like to help if I can.”
Without looking up, Kara speaks. “Alex and I are having a sister night tomorrow.”

Lena tilts her head, unsure why Kara seems to be feeling upset about that.

“We…” She sighs. “She had come back Saturday night while I was at your place, and we talked on Sunday morning when I got home. Then Lois came, and it still feels like we have a lot to talk about. I’m just nervous about going over there tomorrow.” She finishes with a shrug.

Okay, not my area of expertise, but I can manage this… Lena puts her hand on top of one of Kara’s, and Kara flips her hand over to interlace their fingers. So far so good. “What are you nervous about exactly?”

Kara furrows her brow. “I don’t know what to say to her. It feels like our relationship has changed so much.”

“And you’re worried you won’t be able to get back to where you used to be?” Lena ventures a guess.

A long breath is released from Kara, and she leans her body against Lena.

Good job, Lena. Lena feels relieved to be helping Kara.

“She told me all this stuff about not letting her relationship with Maggie coming between us, and I know she loves me. I do. Rationally, I know. But…”

Lena lowers her head closer to Kara when she goes silent. “But?”

“But there’s this small voice in the back of my head reminding me that I know what it’s like to be completely alone, and I fear I’ll say something wrong.”

“Did you tell her what you told me on Saturday? About how you felt?”

Kara nods.

“And how did she take that?”

“She… she was understanding, and listened.”

“So don’t you think it will be the same no matter what feelings you are sharing? I’ve seen how protective she is around you, Kara.” And I’ve been on the receiving end of several death glares. “I’ve never seen love like what you two have. She’s your sister. Just because she has Maggie, doesn’t mean she’s replacing you… or ever will. I’m sure she told you that.”

“She did.”

“There you go.”

“Thanks, Lena.” Kara wraps her free hand around Lena in a quick hug.

“You don’t have to thank me, Kara. I know how much your sister means to you, and I have no doubt that you two will be just fine. It’s hard not to love you.”

Kara looks down with a shy smile.

“Now, how about you eat for real now, and we finish this episode. You still don’t know who A is.” She gives Kara a teasing smile.
“Danvers!” Maggie calls out to Alex from the doorway of her lab.

Alex turns to her with a smile. “What brings you my neck of the woods, Sawyer?”

“Thought I’d drop by since you’ll be busy tonight.” They greet each other with a kiss.

“How cute of you, detective.” Alex smirks.

Maggie playfully nudges her. “Yeah, yeah. How is Little Danvers since the whole mess on Sunday?”

“Honestly, I’m not sure. She hasn’t talked to me much aside from planning to come over tonight.” Alex shrugs.

“You’re not planning on yelling at her about Lena tonight, are you?”

“Should I?”

“Hell no. I saw her face that night. She needs her sister’s support right now. Not her judgement.”

“I know. I just can’t help but worry. It’s my job.”

“Danvers… your sister is an adult. I get wanting to look out for her, but until Lena Luthor does something to prove your case… You should just drop it. I mean, by all means, be ready in case anything does happen. But you should have fun tonight. Eat a shit ton of food, and don’t mention Lena. If she brings her up, just listen.”

Alex lets out a sigh that ends as a small chuckle. “You’re something else, Sawyer.” She winks at Maggie.

Maggie shrugs smugly.

Alex opens her apartment door with a small smile. Kara smiles back, and walks in with her bags of takeout.

“I told you I ordered food.” Alex laughs.

Kara shrugs, and sets the bags on the counter. “You never get enough.”

“That’s not true. You just always want more.”

Kara scoffs in mock offense. “You take that back.”

“How many orders of potstickers did you get?”

“Five.”

“And how many of those were you planning on sharing with me.” Kara rolls her eyes, and Alex laughs in triumph. “That’s why I ordered some too.”

“Yes!” Kara smiles brightly.
“They’re not all for you.” Alex points to her sister.

“Pssh, I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Kara laughs. “I missed you, Alex.” She pulls her big sister into a hug.

“I missed you too, Kara.” Both of them are still smiling when they release each other. “What do you want to watch?”

“Whatever you want.” Kara shrugs. “Nothing gory.” She adds with a look directly at Alex.

“You spoil my fun.” Alex teases.

“Those movies spoil my appetite.”

“We both know your appetite doesn’t get spoiled.”

Kara huffs, and takes a seat on the couch. They decide on a comedy they haven’t seen in a long time. By the time all of the food is gone, they are leaning against each other and laughing.

“Oh! I almost forgot!” Alex hops off the couch, and disappears into her room. She comes back a few moments later with her hands behind her back. Sitting on the couch, she plops a gift bag on Kara’s lap.

“What’s this?” Kara smiles at her sister.

“Open it and find out!”

Kara throws the tissue paper aside, and reaches her hand into the bag. She pulls out something wrapped in tissue paper. After setting the bag aside, she pulls the item into her lap, and carefully unwraps it. A leather writing portfolio the same color of her cape is revealed. Her name is engraved in blue letters on the cover. Her smile is full of wonder, as she runs her hands over the letters.

“Open it.” Alex instructs.

A small gasp escapes when Kara opens the folder. On the left side pocket, there’s another engraving.

“It’s hope. How could it be false?”

-President Olivia Marsdin

“Alex… this is so cool!” Kara’s voice turns into a squeal by the end of the sentence. She closes the notebook, and launches at her sister with a fierce hug.

Alex laughs, and returns the eager hug. “Happy Earth birthday, Kara. Sorry it took so long to get this to you.”

Kara pulls back, and smiles at Alex. “Can we stop apologizing about that, and just move on?”

A sigh of relief flows from Alex. “Yes, please.” They laugh, and hug again.

Kara sits back on the sofa, and opens her new portfolio again to examine it closer. “There’s so many pockets!”
“I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it! And the quote… I knew that was going to be a quote!”

Alex laughs. “Well, I asked for that to be engraved.”

Kara shrugs. “It’ll catch on.”

“I didn’t know if I should put some clever journalism quote or something inspiring. Then I remembered you fangirling over the president, and knew that was the right choice.”

The smile on Kara’s face grows. “It’s perfect!” She sets it aside with a little pat. “I think I’ll get inspired each time I open it.” Kara suddenly laughs.

“What’s so funny?”

“You just… I thought of this funny journalism quote.”

“What is it?”

“I’m a journalist. What’s your superpower?”

Alex laughs full heartedly. “Oh god, that is perfect for you. Where did you see it?”

Kara looks at her hands fidgeting in her lap with a small smile. “On a hoodie.” She shrugs.

What is that look for? Alex tilts her head at her sister. “Was it online or something?”

“Um,” Kara pushes up her glasses. “It was a birthday gift.”

Alex’s eyebrows knit together in thought. But who knows…

“From Lena.”

“Oh.” Oh! Alex realizes her sister was too afraid to look up at her because of what reaction she would have. “That was really sweet of her.”

Kara looks up shyly at her sister. Here comes the “but.”

Alex holds Kara’s hand. “I’m really happy that you didn’t spend your Earth birthday alone after I kind of flaked.”

Finally, Kara smiles at her sister, and the tension leaves her body. “She was so sweet. I didn’t even mean to tell her, and then she planned this whole day.”

“Do you want to tell me about it?”

Kara’s eyebrows almost disappear in her hairline. “Really?”

“Kara, I don’t want you to feel like you can’t talk to me.” She echoes Kara’s words from when Alex came out to her.

The smile on Kara’s face brings one to Alex’s as well. “I love you, Alex.” She attacks her sister with another hug.

“I love you too, Kara.” Alex releases Kara, and smiles encouragingly at her little sister.
Kara lets out a happy sigh. “I don’t know how she did it, Alex. I told her it was my birthday right before we went to sleep. When I woke up, she wasn’t in bed, but there was this gift right in front of my face…”

Alex’s eyes raise when Kara says “she wasn’t in bed.” She continues to listen though, wondering what’s exactly going on between the two of them.

“And they were the most amazing stuffed french toast I’ve ever had. Then we go down to her car, which is like the coolest thing I’ve ever seen. It’s one of those self-driving ones. I know I can fly and all that, but I never would have believed I’d be in a car that fancy. Anyways, she rented out an entire screening room at that dine-in theater uptown, and we watched *Beauty and the Beast*. The food was sooo good!”

Alex listens to Kara’s rambling with an indulgent smile. Kara is animatedly talking with her hands, and the happiness exuding off of her is absolutely contagious. *Lena really does seem to know her… I hope that doesn’t come to bite Kara in the ass.*

“Oh! I’m going to ask her if I can take you up to that park before it opens to the public. She wants to wait until after next week, which is understandable.”

*Shit, the trial is next week.*

Kara lets out a heavy sigh after her story is finished. “It wasn’t how I thought I would be spending the day, but, Rao, she was so thoughtful.” Kara looks right into Alex’s eyes. “She even had good things to say about you, Alex.”

Alex tries hard to keep her face from showing any of the shock she was feeling. “Really? Lena?”

She nods slowly, and smiles. “I can’t help but feel so lucky to have you as a sister. What would I have become if Kal-El hadn’t found me and brought me to the Danvers?”

Alex puts her arm around Kara’s shoulders. “Fortunately, you don’t have to worry about that. You *are* a Danvers, Kara.”

A huge grin comes over Kara’s face, and she lunges at Alex for another hug. “You’re the best big sister ever.”

*Someone’s in an affectionate mood tonight.* “And don’t you forget it.”

When Kara pulls back, she’s laughing with a few tears in her eyes. She looks down for a moment before speaking. “I really am happy that you have Maggie. You deserve to be happy. You know that, right?”

Alex smiles shyly. “She does make me happy. She makes me so happy.” Alex gushes.

Kara’s smile could power a building. “So you two are past the whole thing with the kiss and all that before I left to help Barry?”

The older sister laughs, and playfully nudges Kara. “Yes, we are sooo past that.” Alex sighs heavily, and flops her head back against the couch. “Damn… I really never thought it could be this way.”

“It?” Kara scrunches her nose in confusion.

Slowly, Alex flips her head to the side to look at Kara with raised eyebrows and a smirk.
“Oh. Ew.” Kara screws her eyes closed. “Okay. Yup. I know what you mean now.”

Alex laughs at her sister’s innocence. “Kara, you are 26 years old. Hell, you like to remind me you’re technically older than me seeing as how you were born 51 years ago.” She raises an eyebrow, daring Kara to challenge her.

“Yeah, yeah,” Kara nudge Alex. “It’s not the… the uh,” She waves her hand around as if unsure of the right word. “You know, the sex part. It’s the thinking about my sister doing… that.” Her face is red by the end of her sentence.

“Oh, Kara.” Alex bursts out in laughter. “Some things never change.” Her laughter dies down.

Kara crosses her arms with a pout. “Don’t act like you wouldn’t feel the same if I were the one talking about my bedroom activities.”

“Please, you would never even be able to say one sentence about your bedroom activities.” She mocks Kara’s tone of voice, and adds air quotes.

“What?? Pssh. I’ve said at least one sentence before.”

“Yes. Technically. And that sentence was, ‘I broke his nose before we could even get to bed.'” Alex teases.

“Hey! That counts!”

“As one sentence or four?”

Kara groans. “I should have never told you that.”

Laughing, Alex pats Kara’s leg. “At least you got control of not accidentally headbutting anybody.”

“Well that’s not really much of a problem these days. If I’m being honest, I briefly thought about Mon-El.”

“Are you serious?” Alex’s eyes go wide. “You? A feminist icon? With Mon-El?”

Kara sighs. “It was a momentary lapse in judgement.” She shrugs. “It makes sense. I wouldn’t have broken him.”

“That’s no reason to be with somebody.”

“It doesn’t matter now. He ran off claiming that he wasn’t going to try to go after somebody ‘that has already met her ideal match,’ or something like that. And with everything going on with Cadmus, and -”

“Woah, woah, woah. Hold on. Go back. Ideal match?”

“Oh Rao, I never told you about that, did I?”

“No, Kara. You didn’t.”

“I didn’t think much of it after the fact. It’s not like I have anyone knocking down my door right now.”

“Do you think he meant it, or was just saying that as an excuse?”
Shrugging, Kara says, “I can’t say that I know. Daxam knew a bit about our marriage customs. Well enough to make fun of them a bit.”

“You mean the whole machine that measures how compatible you are with someone?”

“Basically.”

“You don’t think he means Winn, do you?”

“Oh, gross, Alex.”

Alex holds up her hands in surrender with a smile. “Just asking. Mon-El didn’t exactly see you around many guys.”

“I’m not really worried about it. There’s enough going on right now. I don’t have time to get to know some new person.”

“Hey, you just finished telling me about how I deserve to be happy. You deserve that too. Once we’ve moved past this hot mess of a trial coming up, things will settle down. Who knows? Maybe you’ll get a bit of a vacation, and find someone you click with.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that will happen. Cause I have so much time for a vacation.”

“It’ll happen.”

“No use worrying about it now. Let’s watch another movie.”

Alex laughs. “Okay, okay. I can take a hint.” She settles into the couch, and watches Kara select the next movie.
Parallels

Chapter Summary

While Kara and Alex finally have the sister night they deserve, Lois talks Lena into a night of their own.

*A look into the many parallels between the L.L.s in the two Supers’ lives.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello?” Lena answers her cellphone with some apprehension toward the unknown Metropolis number.

“Lena Luthor!” It takes a moment for Lena to recognize the voice as Lois’ coming through the phone. “Just the woman I wanted to talk to.”

“Considering you called my cell phone…”

“Whatever, so I’m going to just go with you know about the Danvers having a sister night, right?”

“Is this a trick question?”

“Nope. Anyways, I heard there’s this great bar downtown. You in?”

“Do you really expect me to go out with the Lois Lane to a bar, so I can show up on tabloids tomorrow?”

“Oh, come on. Don’t you think I thought about that? It’s some exclusive place that’s supposed to help people be discreet. I’m not exactly looking to be snapped tonight either.”

“Lois, I -”

“Before you say ‘no,’ you should know that Kara would get all kinds of crazy excited when she finds out.”

Lena sighs into the phone. “It’s a Thursday night.”

“You’re a CEO.”

“I really don’t need to risk the press with the trial coming up next week.”

“There won’t be any. I promise. If there is, I’ll turn around some story about how you were seeking out fundraising venues.”

“I don’t know…”

“Just a few drinks.”

“Ms. Lane, I’m starting to see how you’ve managed to obtain some of your more lucrative stories.”
“Is that a ‘yes’?”

“What time?”

“Now, that’s what I like to hear! How’s 9? I can swing by your place?”

“Text me the address of your hotel. I am not trusting you behind a wheel - drunk or sober. My driver will take us.”

“Ooo, we’re getting fancy. Glad I packed something in case an opportunity arises.”

“I will hang up now before you make me change my mind.”

“See you tonight!”

The night starts out as expected. Lois makes remarks about everything from Lena’s appearance to the answers she can pull out of Darias, Lena’s driver. She had barely gotten into the back seat when she let “Holy shit, Luthor, you look hot as hell” slip out of her mouth with a wink. That was followed up with “Have you ever gone out drinking with Kara?” Her knowing smile made Lena acutely aware of Lois’ true question being along the lines of wondering if Kara had seen her dressed in this manner. She’s wearing a black, form-fitted dress. Her hair is loosely curled to fall over her shoulders, and her red lipstick is immaculate. Darias, ever the professional and good sport, humored Lois’ questions directed toward him with dignity and respect for Lena.

At the bar, Lena starts her night with a glass of red wine. The two women are sitting at high table on the second floor. True to Lois’ promise, the place is, indeed, respectful of privacy. Lights were low without being suggestive, and tables were spaced apart to allow for conversations to not be overheard. The atmosphere was relaxed, and Lena recognized several faces wandering around the bar.

Lois joined Lena in her wine drinking. After two glasses, Lena relaxed back in her seat with a smile playing at her lips. Ever the vigilant observer of human behavior, Lois seized that as her opportunity to order something harder. Soon, two shots and cocktails were placed in front of them. She raises her shot glass toward Lena. “How about a toast to Kara?”

She doesn’t beat around the bush, does she? “She is one hell of a friend.” Lena raises her own shot glass.

Lois hums in acknowledgement. “Indeed.” They tap their glasses together, and take their shots. The older woman has no problem throwing the drink back with clear expertise. Lena, on the other hand, manages to make taking a shot look classy. “Damn bitch, is there anything you don’t make look good?”

Lena’s back stiffens, and she pauses in taking a drink of her cocktail. Yup. Regretting this.

Oops, maybe she’s a bit more sensitive than I thought. “It’s a compliment, babe. You should see Alex taking shots. That bitch chugs ‘em back like nothing.”

“Bitch” appears to be a term she uses freely. “I’m not sure I’ll ever see that.”

Lois waves the comment off, as she takes a sip of her cocktail. “She can be a hardass, but it’s only cause all the shit Kara’s been through. Alex and her had a bit of a rocky start, but neither of them will
ever tell you that. I mean, it’s not like you can tell by looking at them now.”

With the alcohol hazing her ability to control her reactions, Lena finds her eyebrows shooting up.
“Are we talking about the same Alex?”

A genuine laugh comes out of Lois. “Oh yeah, you better believe it.” A waiter walks by, and she orders two more drinks. “Alex was like 15 or 16. She was in 11th grade when they adopted Kara. I visited them for a weekend once to see her for myself.” She takes another sip. “Poor kid looked so out of place, and Alex was way out of her depth. I took Alex out to just be an ear for her.”

“So you’re close with the Danvers family? She came in with Clark when I first met her, but she never really brought him up after that. Or you. No offense.” They start on the new drinks the waiter brought out.

“None taken. No,” She shakes her head. “We aren’t close. Don’t tell them I told you, but Clark isn’t close with them either. At first, I tried to get him to see her, but he convinced me that it wasn’t the safest idea.”

“With people like my brother out there, I can understand that sentiment.”

Both women freeze for a moment, staring at each other with slightly wide eyes - expletives running through their thoughts. Lois lets out a sigh that turns into a laugh. “It’s okay. I knew you knew, and I’m pretty sure you knew that.”

Lena’s face is back to one of her CEO masks. She nods slowly. “That’s true.”

“Okay,” Lois tosses back the rest of her drink. “Finish that. We’re moving this convo to someplace even more private, my friend.”

Friend? Lena loses control over her moment of sobriety, and feels herself reacting to being called someone’s friend. “I suppose this is where you load me into a black van, so I can sign some NDAs?”

Or I’m going to get locked up beside Lex.

The laugh that bursts out of Lois causes Lena to widen her eyes, completely taken aback by the reaction. “No, no. God, Lena. I don’t give a damn about that. I’ve seen you around her. No, I just want to be able to have a real conversation, and we can’t do that here.”

Aww, what the hell. Lena drinks the rest of her cocktail in one go. She blinks a few times to clear the blurriness taking residence in her eyes. “I’ll text my driver to meet us outside.”

Two hours later, drunken laughter is flowing from Lena and Lois. They are facing each other on a couch, both relaxed with the help of alcohol. Two bottles of wine are on the coffee table in front of them - one already empty.

“Wait, wait, wait!” Lois slurs. “She did not let you do that!”

“It’s true.” Lena laughs. “I partially did it to see her reaction. How was I supposed to know she would keep my name in her phone as ‘Lois Lane’?”

“Please tell me you didn’t save her name as ‘Superman.’”

“Oh, no, I had a little help from Poison Ivy for that.”
Lois shakes her head, trying to make sure she heard correctly. “Pause on that a moment. First, what’s her name? And then go back to Poison Ivy.”

With a smirk, Lena answers, “Superbabe. That’s what Poison Ivy called her when we had a run in with her a couple of weeks ago.”

Throwing her head back, Lois laughs full-heartedly. “That is perfect, and just so her. Damn, I wish I could have seen her face. Does she know that’s what you saved her number as?”

“Yeah, she does. Her flustered look was so worth it.”

“You told her in person?? While she was in the cape??”

“I did. One of my guilty pleasures right now is seeing how much fun I can have with both of them.” Lena laughs in memory. “Shortly after moving here, I had this gala that I invited her to in person.” She smirks. “Twice.”

Lois laughs again, and wipes at her eye. “Did she pull it off??”

“Slightly, but she kind of had an easy out. It got attacked by some guys with alien weaponry.” Lena wipes her hand over her eyes. “Wow, what has my life come to if I consider an attack to be an easy out?”

Lois shrugs. “Comes with the territory. So what happened? At the gala, I mean.”

“Supergirl was up against all three guns shooting lasers of some kind at her. I slipped under the stage, where I hid a black field generator, and fixed some wires, and boom. Weapons gone. Everyone’s safe.”

“No shit! That sounds familiar…”

“How so?”

“Oh,” Lois laughs. “There was this bomb hidden under a table, so I slid under it. Poor Clark had to instruct me on how to disarm it from at least 20 feet away by only saying ‘Lois’ or ‘Lane.’ It was just a hot mess.”

Lena stares at her for a moment, and then busts out in laughter that’s anything but graceful. “I can only imagine.”

“I had to go out there, and save him from people thinking he was crazy.”

“You know, for as indestructible as they are, we’re sure having to save their asses more than other people.”

“That’s cause the world sees an indestructible icon, while we see the person underneath.”

“Why Lois, that’s some sound wisdom there.”

Lois rolls her eyes. “Don’t be so surprised, bitch. I’m smarter and tougher than I look.”

“Likewise. We seem to have far more in common than our initials and whom we associate with.”

“And how crazy different we are from our families. I think my father still thinks I’ll be pushed into the military one day. Good thing he doesn’t know I’m with an alien.”
Lena groans. “I didn’t even think of that... Hey!” Lena sloppily shouts after a pause. “Did you have anything to do with him going into journalism?”

“Eh, sorta, I guess.” Lois shrugs. “It wasn’t like I forced him, but I never had a problem pushing him to be better.”

“Kara said she got the idea from me. I made a few comments about her being a reporter, and the next thing I know… She’s coming to interview me as a fresh reporter at CatCo.”

“Oh! Question. It seemed you two were familiar with lunches together. Does she ever bring you donuts and coffee?”

Lena laughs. “Don’t tell me he does that too.”

“Oh, god. How is it even possible there are this many similarities?”

The CEO empties her glass again. “When I first met Supergirl, she was with him. He flew off after a drone, and she saved me from a helicopter crashing. She was so amazing.”

“Wait… she saved you from a helicopter crashing?”

“Yes?”

“Smallville did the same thing for me.”

“This doesn’t even seem real. When I teasingly saved my number as ‘Lois Lane,’ it really was only with the thought of the initials and the whole constant damsel in distress nonsense.”

“Woah, I’m no damsel in distress. I happen to be a third-degree black belt.”

“And I’m no amateur with a gun, and she knows that too. I also have some kickboxing experience.”

Lois pours each of them more wine, and holds her glass up for Lena to tap hers against. “Here’s to two L.Ls forging their own paths, and not afraid to take risks no matter what their Supers say.” She winks when she says “their.”

Lena’s heart races when she hears “their.” “Cheers.” She reaches out her glass to Lois, who taps it a little too hard, causing their wine to splash a little.

“Oops,” They both start laughing more at that.

“What the hell is going on?”

The drunk women turn to the door to see Lucy slamming it shut behind herself. Lena straightens her spine, and puts on her CEO mask as best as she can. Lois smiles at her little sister. “Hey, little sister! You weren’t home, so your building manager let me in.”

“He wouldn’t do that.” Lucy narrows her eyes at Lois. “You picked the lock.”

“That’s not true… I stole your spare key on Sunday.”

Lucy lets out an exasperated sigh. “That answers the how. I’m more interested in the what and why.” She looks at Lena, who is completely stiff. “And it better be good.”

“I should go.” Lena sets her wine glass down to stand up.
“No.” Lucy looks her in the eye. “I will not be responsible for leaving a drunk Lena Luthor to disappear in the night alone.” She looks back at Lois. “And I need an explanation before I send you both home in a cab. How did you even know I had this apartment?”

“I’m a reporter.” Lois shrugs as if that’s enough of an answer.

Lucy sets her jacket down, and sits in an armchair across from the couch. “No more.” She glares at Lois, who was about to pour more wine into her glass. “For starters… Why are you two together?”

“Oh, Lena and I are great friends.”

“Right.” Lucy drags the word out. “How did your friendship lead to coming to my apartment?”

“You see…”

Lucy groans out something that sounds like “fantastic.”

“We were having a lovely time at a bar. A few drinks in, I thought it would be best to continue our conversation somewhere without any possibly prying ears.”

With a forced calm in her voice, Lucy asks, “What was this conversation pertaining to?”

Lena’s eyes are on her hands fidgeting in her lap. *Now I can expect that black van to pick me up.*

“We have a lot in common.”

Lucy takes a slow breath. “Lois, is this going to be one of those things I’m going to wish I didn’t know?”

A coy smile spreads onto Lois’ face. “I didn’t tell her.”

“Fuck,” Lucy rubs her face in exasperation. “I tried to tell her to either get a better disguise, or not be physically close to anyone as both Kara and Supergirl. When I kept seeing news of you two teaming up, I had hoped she’d be smart enough to keep away when she’s in the glasses.”

“In Kara’s defense,” Lena finally speaks up. “She really believes she hides it well, and I knew from the moment she decided to walk into my office behind Clark Kent. Everyone seems to forget he was best friends with my brother.”

“Well, there was no way to prevent that.” Lucy pinches the bridge of her nose. “Don’t worry. I’m not going to be the one to tell anyone you know. Your secret is safe with me.”

“I’m proud of you for not yelling, and calling in the men in black, baby sis.” Lois tries not to giggle.

“Honestly, I’m only here for a couple weeks to get this place sold.”

“So you’re not here for the trial?”

“No. I wasn’t exactly going to tell the girl my ex had a thing with for five minutes the truth though. Sure, Kara and I are sort of friends now, but still… Wasn’t up for that talk, or dealing with her pout that nobody else seems to be able to say ‘no’ to.”

“She does use that pout to her advantage.” Lena tries to lighten the mood. *Damn, must be the alcohol.*

The apartment is quiet for a few moments. Suddenly, Lucy begins laughing. Lena and Lois look at
her in slight shock. “What’s so funny?” Lois asks.

Lucy’s laugh dies down. “Now that I think about it, you two are somehow freakishly similar. Well, aside from the nature of the Super relationship.” Lena’s breath hitches, and Lois looks at her while trying to hold in a laugh. Lucy looks back and forth between the two women, her smile falling while her eyebrows raise. “Well Sunday makes so much more sense now.”

What the hell happened Sunday? Lena tries to find the right thing to say.

Lois lays a hand on Lena’s arm, but the alcohol keeps her from flinching. “She’s talking about how Kara was texting while we were all over.” She looks over at Lucy with a pointed look. “Right, Lucy?”

Lucy slowly nods, not understanding why her sister is hiding Kara’s outburst. “Yeah, she usually isn’t on her phone. But that makes sense that she would act like… that if she was texting her -”

“Best friend.” Lois finishes, fearing Lucy was going to make this conversation even more awkward by saying the wrong thing.

“Right.” Lucy says without really believing it.

Lena looks at her phone. “It’s getting late, and I have work in the morning. I really should be going.” She somehow sounds slightly more sober than she feels.

“I’ll call you a cab.” Lucy pulls out her phone.

“Don’t.” Lena finishes typing a message. “My driver is waiting.” She turns to Lois. “Do you need a ride back to your hotel?”

Lois thinks for a moment. “No, thanks, Lena. I’m not heading there yet.” My sister is clearly in an amicable enough mood, maybe we can talk some things out.

Lena stands up without a waver. “Thank you for the… interesting night.”

“We’ll hang again before I leave.” Lois winks, and stands up to give Lena a hug.

Only slightly uncomfortable, Lena returns the hug briefly. She steps back from the hug with a smile. “Yes, you have my number.” She turns to Lucy, who is now standing too. “And thank you for not saying anything. I do believe Kara deserves to be the one to disclose her identity.”

“Of course.” Lucy says cordially.

“Oh, and my apologies for intruding. I had no idea this was your apartment.” She casts a sideways look at Lois with a raised eyebrow.

“You wouldn’t have come if I told you.” Lois defends.

Lucy snorts out a laugh. “It’s not your fault, Luthor. I knew it was all my sister from the moment I saw you two. And, for what it’s worth, I don’t have anything against you because of your name. Siblings can turn out so different.” She catches a pillow coming at her face, and glares at Lois.

“Have a good night, Lena.” Lois smiles.

“Thank you.” Lena smiles back. “You two have a good night as well.”

Lucy locks the door behind Lena, and prepares herself to turn back to her still drunk sister. The sight
that greets her is unexpected. Lois is sitting on the couch with an affectionate look, and meets Lucy’s eyes before patting the sofa beside her. “I didn’t just come here to talk to Lena.”

“Lois -”

“Humor me… please.”

A sigh leaves Lucy, and she joins her sister on the couch, not expecting to have the conversation that would lead to the long-awaited reconciliation.

Chapter End Notes

For those curious, here's the list of some of the parallels I found and used:
- L.L.
- both defied their families and are forging their own paths
- both LL’s were saved by their super counterpart from a chopper almost crashing
- complicated relationship with sibling
- constantly saving a super
- constantly being saved by a super
- encouraged the super to become a reporter/become better at it
- likes to take risks and ends up in trouble in one way or another
- supers always bringing them food (Clark brought Lois donuts too)
- usually portrayed as damsels in distress but can actually kick ass
- supers voluntarily exposing themselves to kryptonite just to save LL
- was a super’s confidante/support system/best friend while said super was in a different relationship
- iconic bridal style carrying which is the most iconic love interest gesture in every superman franchise ever
- bomb/generator they fixed under a table/stage
"Luthors"

Chapter Summary

The anxiously-awaited trial has finally begun. When Luthors and Supers are involved, things are likely to go awry as many people reach their boiling points.

This is partially a retelling, but mostly missing scenes from "Luthors."

Chapter Notes

These are the missing/edited scenes from "Luthors"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena clutches the television remote in her hands, leaning back against her desk with the news of Lillian’s trial playing on the screen in front of her. *How is it still in question if what she did was just awful? Of course they are downplaying my testimony. Why am I being defined as estranged? I’m not the one that went on a homicidal rampage. I think that’s enough of that.* Lena turns the television off, and hears the sounds of someone coming into her office.

Swirling her head around, she’s met with a much more welcome sight. Lena lets out a sound somewhere between a sigh and an exasperated chuckle, as she moves around to face her best friend. Jess leaves them alone, and Kara doesn’t hesitate to close the distance between them.

She begins talking before Kara reaches her. “Everyone in National City has got an opinion about me.” After setting down the remote, she leans against her desk.

Kara recognizes the smile on Lena’s face. It’s the one she uses to ask when something is actually affecting her.

Crossing her arms, she continues talking. “Ungrateful daughter, heroine, bitch.”

*Poor Lena.* Kara makes a disapproving sound.

“Yeah, they’ve all called for a quote.” Lena rubs at her neck. “Not you though? Snapper Carr hasn’t sent you her to shake me down -” Lena laughs through the words as a result of how uncomfortable she is.

“No,” Kara doesn’t let her finish her rambling. “No, I’m here as a friend.”

Lena looks down at the swell of emotions arising in her.

“I thought you could use some fried sugary goodness in your life.” She holds up a white, paper bag. “You eat donuts, right?”

“Ah, well,” Lena pushes herself off her desk, and places a hand on the bag. “I am human.” *Just can’t help yourself, can you Lena?*
Kara laughs slightly nervously, and follows Lena to the couch.

“Thank you, Kara.”

“So was it awful?”

Lena sits, as she answers. “Eh, it actually felt good to testify. I got to say my piece, and I only distanced myself from the Luthor name.” Kara sits across from her, and Lena pulls out a donut. “And then I came back here to 12 calls from her lawyers.” Her eyes are wide, and she smiles through the bitterness. She starts picking at the donut. “She wants to see me.”

“What do you think she wants?” Kara pulls out her own donut.

“Probably to tell me that my outfit in court was horrible, and that I need a makeover.” She lets out a chuckle. Her face falls, and she looks at the donut in her hands. “Ugh, I don’t know, and I don’t care. I just thought I was done with her, you know? Finally shut the door on being a Luthor… and then there she was, back on my phone sheet.”

Kara looks down, picking at her own donut. “12 times.”

“You don’t think I should feel guilty for… for not wanting to see that monster, right?”

“Well, do you think you would find peace of mind by visiting her, and telling her how you really feel?” Kara leans back, and looks at Lena.

“Even if I did, it wouldn’t make a difference.” Lena’s eyes stay glued on her hands picking at the donut. She shakes her head slightly, and hums in thought. “She’s been the same way since the day I met her.”

Kara looks away again, and pushes up her glasses. “I’ve spent most of my life wishing I could talk to people that are no longer here.”

_Aww, Kara._ Lena allows herself to look at Kara with affection, while the woman’s eyes are cast down.

Kara looks back up directly into Lena’s eyes. “She’s still here, and she’s still your mom.”

Lena looks away for a moment. _Not that she was ever much of a mom._ She looks back at Kara briefly. _But I see what you mean._ “Yeah,” She says quietly, looking down again.

“I don’t… I’m not trying to make you uncomfortable.”

“No, Kara, it’s fine.” Lena is still speaking softly.

“Would you… do you… If you don’t feel safe, Supergirl can go to keep watch from the outside. Make sure you get there and home safely.”

Lena shakes her head slowly. “No, Kara. Please don’t do that.”

“Okay.”

Both women are quiet for a few moments. “How did sister night go?” Lena tries to put a smile on her face.

“Oh! It was good.” She smiles at Lena. “I talked about you.” Her voice is almost shy.
“You did? With Alex?”

Kara nods. “She asked about what we did on Saturday.”

“I’m happy for you, Kara.”

The door opens, and Jess pops her head in. “Miss Luthor, sorry to bother you, there’s a call from Dr. Sanchez.”

Lena, somewhat guiltily, feels a wash of relief at an easy out of this conversation. “Thank you, Jess. Tell her I will be right down.” The door closes, and Lena turns back to Kara with a small smile. “Sorry to cut this short.”

Kara gives her a tight smile, and stands as Lena does. “It’s no problem, Lena.” She pulls Lena into a brief hug.

“Thank you for stopping by, and for the treat.”

“Anytime, Lena.”

__________________________________________________________

After Lena’s visit with her mother, she locks herself in her apartment. Both Kara and Lois try to convince her to go out, but she denies any offers. The day before the trial, Lena has Jess leave her schedule blank, so she can throw herself into any work she can find to do in her office. She works her way through mountains of paperwork, emails, and research documents. Her phone buzzes in the middle of going through some lab results from R&D.

Sunshine Danvers: I know you want your space right now.

Sunshine Danvers: But I wanted you to know that I’m thinking about you, and I am here for anything you need.

Lena takes a few minutes to think before she responds.

Lena Beana: Thank you, Kara. Your support means so much to me.

Sunshine Danvers: You mean so much to me, Lena.

Her heart hammers in her chest. I really shouldn’t be dragging her into my life with how messed up it is.

Lena Beana: I assure you, the feeling is mutual.

Sunshine Danvers: :D

Sunshine Danvers: Will you promise me that you will make sure you eat regularly?

Lena Beana: That’s a pretty tall order, Miss Danvers.

Sunshine Danvers: Well, Miss Luthor, I am not afraid to use a certain mutual friend to my advantage.

Lena Beana: Is that so, Miss Danvers?
Sunshine Danvers: Absolutely. I heard from an inside source that you’ve locked yourself in your office, and refused any offers of lunch.

Lena Beana: And just how many of my employees have you charmed into divulging information to you?

Sunshine Danvers: I have no idea what you’re talking about.

Lena Beana: I’m sure.

Sunshine Danvers: Hey! You distracted me! You didn’t answer my question :(  
Lena Beana: Didn’t I?

Sunshine Danvers: Lena :(  
Lena Beana: Kara.

Sunshine Danvers: What am I going to do with you?

Lena Beana: Whatever you want.

Lena hits send before she can talk herself out of the obvious flirty remark. Why the hell not?

Sunshine Danvers: Perfect. I’m on my way up with your lunch.

Even with all of her Luthor training, Lena feels her jaw dropping slightly. “Well fuck.” I guess I opened myself up for that.

Lena Beana: You set me up.

Sunshine Danvers: Please. No one is smart enough to get away with setting up Lena Luthor.

Sunshine Danvers: But yes, I did use my knowledge of you to warm you up enough to do this…

The office door opens to let in a brightly smiling Kara Danvers. Lena looks up from her desk, shaking her head and laughing. Seriously… How did I end up with her in my life.

“Surprise!” Kara starts walking up to her desk. “Before you say anything. I know you’re busy, and I was actually already on my way over here when I text you. I was going to ask Jess to give this to you, but I thought you could use a smiling face.” She places the bag of food on Lena’s desk. “And I had a feeling you’d be more likely to eat if I hand delivered it.”

“Kara, you really didn’t have to.”

“I wanted to. Food is very important, Lena.”

Lena laughs. “Well, it’s hard to argue with that.”

Kara beams at her. “Excellent.” She shuffles on her feet a little. “I won’t keep you. I have to get back to CatCo.”

“Thank you for this, Kara.” Lena gestures to the food, and stands up to walk around the desk. Kara meets her halfway, and gives her a hug.
“You’re welcome, Lena.” She steps back with a little wave. “I’ll see you tomorrow. Make sure you eat.”

Lena sighs when the door closes behind Kara.

“Order,” The judge bangs her gavel. “Settle down. We must have order in the courtroom.” Several people leave the room upon hearing John “Metallo” Corben raving about Lillian Luthor killing all aliens. The lawyer currently questioning Corben steps around the podium. “Counselor, get control of your witness."

Calmly, the lawyer speaks to the judge. “Mr. Corben has become antagonistic, and clearly is not willing to answer the questions as directed. Permission to treat the witness as hostile, your honor.”

The lawyer levels a gaze at the man on the witness stand.

Never breaking eye contact, Corben slowly stands up at the witness stand. “Allow me to treat you as hostile.” In a swift motion, Corben’s shirt flies open, and a blast of green light shoots out of his chest. It hits an empty seat, and everyone goes into motion to get away from the attack.

Lena’s eyes widen slightly, and she rushes to take cover. She slams her back against the half wall a few feet away from her seat. Her eyes instinctively find Kara before Lois lands beside her. They are both managing to not look utterly panicked like the majority of the room. Just another day, right? Lois thinks. Alex Danvers is crouched between them and the rest of the room. Kara is in front of her sister, both watching Metallo easily break Lillian’s handcuffs, and escort her outside of the room.

“Go,” Alex softly says to her sister.

After Lillian and Metallo use Supergirl’s inability to not help people in need against her, they disappear before she can finish saving people from Metallo’s destruction.

Alex comes rushing out with other DEO agents. Supergirl fills her in on what just happened. “Alex, where’s Lena and Lois?”

“Lois is taking Lena home.”

“It’s not safe. I’m going to keep an eye on both of them.” Supergirl takes off before Alex could try to argue. She calls Lena from her personal phone while still in the sky.

“Kara?”


“Kara, breathe. My driver just dropped Lois off at her hotel.”

“Where are you?”

“I am going to L-Corp to -”

“Lena, it’s not safe.”

“Kara, this is my company we are talking about. I can’t just -”
“Fine, then I will be there with you. I am not leaving you alone, Lena.”

Lena lets out a deep breath to speak. “Kara -”

“You can either let me come up there with you, or Supergirl will sit on your roof all night.” Kara’s courage right now is from a mixture of adrenaline from earlier and the fact that she is technically dressed as Supergirl right now. She hovers over L-Corp, waiting for Lena to respond.

“If you insist.” Lena decides not to have Supergirl hiding out on her roof to present a noticeable target. “I won’t be here long though.”

“I’ll be up soon.”

Lena spends an hour working on her laptop, while Kara is texting Alex and Winn for updates. “Okay, I’m going to call it a day, and head home. Would you like a ride to your apartment?” Lena looks up at Kara, who is sitting across from her at the desk.

“What?” Kara looks up from her phone with a worried expression. “No, Lena. I mean, no, you don’t expect me to just leave you alone, do you?”

She’s rather insistent, isn’t she? Lena tilts her head at Kara with a raised eyebrow.

Kara sighs. “Will you please come stay the night at my place? No one would think to look for you there. Before you worry about imposing or whatever, I already asked Lois to come too. She just text me that she ordered from one of your favorite restaurants, and she is on her way to meet us at my place.” She looks right into Lena’s eyes. “Please, Lena? Just for tonight. You don’t have to take the risk of being alone.”

Lena’s heart rate increases, but she maintains a neutral expression. “I need to be back here first thing in the morning.” It’s not a “no,” but it’s a feeble attempt at an argument.

“We can stop by your apartment on the way to mine, and you can get whatever you need. I’ll even make you coffee in the morning.”

If I say “no,” I have a feeling I will find Supergirl sleeping on my balcony... or worse... she’ll figure out what I did to the door. “Kara, this is a terrible and unnecessary idea.”

“I am told I get those sometimes.” Kara tries to add humor to the environment.

“Fine. Only because I don’t want you showing up outside my apartment like a sad puppy.”

“I’ll take that.” Kara smiles.

When they arrive at Kara’s apartment, Lois pulls Lena into a hug, which surprises Kara. She’s further shocked when Lena returns it. They pull apart, and Lois gives Kara a hug too. “Um, did I miss something?” Kara looks between the two women.

“Don’t you miss a lot of things?” Lois teases with a wink, and goes into the kitchen. You certainly miss when people flirt with you.
Kara follows Lois into the kitchen, where food is already on the island. “I do not.”

Lois looks up at Kara for a moment, looks at Lena, and then looks at Kara. “Sure. Okay. And Clark is a better reporter than me.”

The scoff Kara makes only brings laughter out of Lois. She turns to Lena. “I’ll go put your bag on my bed.” She picks up the bag she set on the floor to receive Lois’ hug.

“How you doing, babe?” Lois asks Lena.

Lena has had one of her stoic masks on all day. When Lois looks into Lena’s eyes, the only change in the mask is a quirk of her eyebrow. “Peachy.”

“Whatever you say.” Lois decides against pushing for once.

Kara comes back, and they move the food to the dining table with few words. Lois tells them she is leaving for Metropolis in the morning. Conversation is light, and almost nonexistent at moments. Kara insists on cleaning up herself, and tells the other two women to make themselves comfortable.

“From what I’ve gathered, you two should be fine sharing Kara’s bed, right?” Lois asks Lena, and sees Kara freeze out of the corner of her eye.

Lena slightly lifts her with a raised eyebrow at Lois. *She’s really not subtle.*

“Perfect, so we’re all in agreement. I’ll take the couch. I’m going to go change in the restroom.” She winks at Lena, and walks away.

A small sigh leaves Lena, and she shakes her head. *I really shouldn’t have agreed to this.*

“Um, you don’t have to, if you don’t want to.” Kara appears at her side. “I have a sleeping bag, I -”

“Kara, stop.”

Kara looks at Lena in slight concern. *What did I do?*

“I thought we were past that.”

*That?* Kara’s forehead crinkle appears. Understanding dawns on her, and her eyebrows life. *Oh... that.* She pushes up her glasses. “Right. We are. Sorry.”

They stand in slightly awkward silence for a few minutes. Finally, Lena sighs, and goes to her bag on Kara’s bed. *Why the fuck did I come here?*

Lois comes out of the bathroom, and immediately notices the awkward distance between the two women. *Shit, how long was I in there for?* “I don’t know about you two, but I’m pretty tired. Not to mention, I have an early morning.”

“Yeah,” Kara breaks out of her thoughts. “Want me to make up the couch for you?” She watches Lena disappear into the restroom.

“Kara, I can put a blanket and a pillow on a couch.” She smirks at Kara, who is gazing at the door to the restroom.

Kara’s head snaps back to Lois. “Right, I know that.”

Lois adjusts the pillow and blanket to her liking. “After this is all over... You really should come to
Metropolis. Take a little break, and come ask the questions you’ve been dying to ask. Also, I’m sure you could use the time to clear your head to get rid of whatever residual tension is left.”

“I think I’ll take you up on that. There are some things I have been wondering about.”

“Good girl. Okay, I’m going to sleep. Take care of Lena, okay?”

Kara nods with a tight smile.

Lena’s alarm pulls her out of a fitful sleep full of images of the previous day. As consciousness flows through her body, she hears voices coming from the kitchen. Wanting to prolong the morning encounter, she slips into the bathroom to get ready. She comes out of the bathroom looking like the powerful woman she doesn’t quite feel today.

She’s greeted by small smiles and the smell of fresh coffee in the kitchen.

“Just in time,” Lois smiles. “My cab is here.”

“Ah, well I hope you have a safe flight back to Metropolis.”

“Don’t get all formal on me now, bitch.” Lois jokes, and pulls Lena into a quick hug. Lena tenses briefly, but returns the hug. She steps back, and points to Kara. “Keep an eye out for her, Little Red.” Kara’s eyes widen at the nickname being used in front of Lena, but Lois either ignores it or doesn’t notice. “I’d prefer her to still be around next time I come.” She winks at Kara.

Kara laughs, and adjusts her glasses. “Stay out of trouble, Lois.” She hugs Lois with a smile.

“Where’s the fun in that?” She jokes.

They share a few more “goodbyes,” and watch Lois leave.

“She’s quite the character.” Lena states.

“That’s an understatement.”

Lena’s phone buzzes. “My driver is here.”

“Oh,” Kara fidgets with her hands. “I’ll text you later?”

“Sure,” Lena picks up her bag. “Thank you for letting me stay here.”

“Even though I practically begged you.”

Lena lets out a small laugh. “Even though.” She offers Kara a small smile, and heads to the door. *Something’s different.*

Kara opens the door for her, the small smile still on her face. “Bye, Lena.”

“Bye, Kara.”

Kara’s phone rings on her desk. “Alex, did you find something?”

“Have you been looking at what the press has been saying about Lena?”
“I have seen a few things.”

“It’s not looking good for her.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s gotten out that she visited her mother.”

“So?”

“Kara… it seems like she could have visited Metallo too. Somehow, he got ahold of Kryptonite.”

“It wasn’t her.” Kara stands up.

“Kara -”

“I have to go. I’ll call you later.” Kara hangs up, grabs her purse, and heads out of her door.

Of course they would back out of the deal. Damn it, Mother. Lena’s thoughts run wild, as she walks down the hall to her office. She doesn’t notice the ding of the elevator doors opening behind her.

“Lena!” Kara’s voice is full of worry.

Lena pauses, and turns to see Kara walking up to her. “What brings you here, Kara?”

“I have to talk to you about something. You went to visit your mother before the trial right?”

They each open one of the double doors to Lena’s office, and march straight inside of the room. Jess silently closes the doors behind them. “You know I went to the jail to visit my mother that night. You’re the one who told me to go.” There was no room for misinterpretation.

“I know. It’s just…” They stop, and turn to face each other in the middle of Lena’s office. “People are losing it because of your mother’s escape.” She lets out an audible breath. “And I wanted you to know, so that you could be prepared.”

Lena looks away to gather her thoughts. She fidgets with her hands, and starts to speak with a voice not as certain as usual. “Okay, so… Tell me… what are people saying?”

Kara looks right into her eyes, and takes a steadying breath. “That you may have also visited Metallo.”

And the other shoe drops. Lena smiles that smile she uses when she’s covering up how she’s hurting, and looks away from Kara. She begins speaking without looking at Kara. “And you,” She finds Kara’s eyes. “Think that’s something I would do.” It’s not exactly a question.

Kara’s face falls, as she finds herself looking into Lena’s eyes. I don’t know what I think. “I-I -”

Lena shakes her head. “You know, Kara,” She turns, and walks to her desk. “You are starting to sound a lot like a reporter, and not a friend right now.” She hates how her voice slightly cracks.

With determined steps toward Lena, she begins to defend their friendship. “I don’t mean to.”

The doors open behind Kara, and Jess steps back as Maggie Sawyer enters with other officers.
following her. Kara turns at the sound before she can continue speaking to Lena. “Maggie?” Maggie strides in with a tablet in her hand. “Did you find Lillian?”

Maggie stops beside Kara, and faces her entire body toward her. “No, we didn’t. We’re actually here on official business, Kara.”

Lena spares a worried glance at her best friend. *This isn’t happening.*

“I think it would be better if you waited outside, while I talk with Miss Luthor.” She looks at Lena with a nod, all of her previous friendliness gone.

“No.” Lena interjects, and looks at Kara, who slides her purse off of her shoulders defiantly to place it on the ground in front of Lena’s desk. “I want her to stay.” Her eyes don’t leave Kara’s face.

Kara’s eyes are trained on Maggie’s face. “It’s okay.” She crosses her arms, silently daring Maggie.

Ever the professional at work, Maggie turns her attention to Lena without a second thought. “The police were sent some surveillance footage,” She turns on the tablet in her hands, and faces it to Lena. “I wanted to ask you about.” With a tap of her finger, a video of what appears to be Lena removing Kryptonite from a cabinet plays on the screen.

*Oh no…* Kara turns her head away from the video.

“That’s—that’s not me, okay? I-I don’t know where you got that, but—but it’s not me.” Lena’s face goes to Kara as she finishes her sentence, wordlessly telling her best friend that she would never do such a thing. Maggie sidles up behind her, and begins to handcuff her.

“You’re under arrest for aiding and abetting a felon, accessory after the fact, conspiracy -”

Lena’s face is one of acceptance of a fate undeserved.

“Hold on,” Kara raises a hand to stop Maggie’s accusations. “Maggie, slow down. Just let her explain.” Lena’s mask slips enough to give Kara one last look of affection.

Maggie glares over Lena’s shoulder at Kara. “Stay out of it, Kara.”

*I will not!*

“It’s okay.” Lena asserts, and Kara looks directly at her.

“You have the right to remain silent.” Maggie begins leading her out of the office.

Kara picks up her purse with a stunned expression, barely hearing Maggie list Lena’s rights to her. She watches the women leave the office. *I have to fix this.*

_It starts at CatCo._

Kara is immensely frustrated. Her thoughts center around one person, and how so many people, who don’t even know her, are accusing her of horrendous things. Kara **knows** Lena would never do anything to help her mother. No matter what James says, she doesn’t believe Lena would play a long con on her.

Those thoughts plague her until she finds herself at the DEO with a recently injured James talking
about Metallo. The Lena-hating speeches from James begin to take their toll on Kara.

“What is it gonna take for you to realize that Lena is a criminal. She’s not the victim. She got the Kryptonite. He broke her out of prison. He -”

Unable to take it anymore, Kara shouts, “Lena’s not a member of Cadmus!”

Alex looks up at her sister from bandaging James’s burn wound. *That’s the second time she’s gone off like that now,* she thinks, but she doesn’t dare speak right now. She knows it won’t help anyone, and doesn’t want to risk that anger being directed at her.

“She’s not!” Kara reiterates.

Alex’s eyes go back to the bandage on James’ shoulder. Kara looks at Winn, who refuses to meet her eyes. She turns to J’onn, who frowns at the floor, also refusing to look at Kara.

Her voice becomes slightly desperate, and cracks a few times. “She stopped the gang with alien weapons. She-she saved Alex’s life when Corben tried to kill her.”

James, again, is the one to argue. “She shot Corben, and then her crazy mom turned Corben into Metallo. That could’ve been the plan the entire time.”

Kara sighs, and looks away.

J’onn takes control of the situation. “We have to start treating Lena Luthor like a hostile.” He brings his eyes to meet Kara’s. “The evidence is too overwhelming.”

Kara huffs, hands on her hips. She looks over at Winn. “Winn,” He finally meets her gaze. “If you watch that video, I know you’ll find something.”

“I did. It-it’s clean.”

“Then find something to prove her innocent.”

“Everything we’ve seen so far says the exact opposite.” J’onn states.

“Well she’s my friend, and I believe in her.” With one last look at J’onn, Kara leaves the room.

*Lena Luthor is going to break my sister’s heart.* Alex puts her hands on her hips, and doesn’t dare follow Kara out of the room. She thinks about how Kara wasn’t this angry over Astra’s betrayals, and compares other times where Kara defended people.

---

Feeling unable to control her emotions after talking to James outside of the lab, Kara finds herself in her training room. Everything passes by her in a daze. At some point, she kicked over one of the giant concrete cubes, and pummeled it until only dust was left.

Breathing heavily, she sits on top of the cube that’s left. Her elbows find her knees, and she stares at nothing - her thoughts inward. Looking at her watch, she discovers she has been there for several hours. Sneaking out before anyone can stop her, Supergirl takes off into the darkening sky. She spends the night patrolling and searching for any signs of Lena.

When she is no longer able to fly, she lands in an exhausted heap in her apartment. Her eyes catch something poking out from under her bed. “Lena left her shirt,” She whispers. It’s the shirt Lena
slept in the last night she stayed over. Not bothering to question why, she changes into sleep pants and Lena’s shirt. She falls into a troubled sleep.

Still desperate to find tampering in the footage, Kara returns to the DEO first thing in the morning. She walks down the hall to the command center, and turns a corner to come face-to-face with Maggie. Her jaw clenches, and her arms cross over her chest. She manages to pull off the Supergirl pose without the sight of her suit. “Detective Sawyer.”

Maggie puts her hands on her hips, and looks at Kara without a flinch. “Kara.”

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m on the Luthor case. Same as you.”

“You’re nothing like me. You are after Lena, who is innocent.”

“Kara!” Alex’s voice comes from behind Kara, who doesn’t look away from Maggie. “What are you doing here so early?” She asks when she reaches them.

“What is she doing here? Bringing more people in to tell me about someone they don’t even know?” She glares at Alex.

Alex steps between Maggie and Kara. “We’re just trying to get to the bottom of this.”

Kara shakes her head, and drops her arms to her sides. “I have to go see Winn.” She leaves without another glance.

Alex turns around to face Maggie, whose eyebrows are raised. “What’s gotten into her?”

Sighing, Alex looks off in the direction that Kara went. “Everyone keeps telling her Lena is guilty, and she isn’t hearing any of it.”

“But Lena is guilty.”

“Don’t say that to her if you don’t want her to yell at you.”

“Have you talked to her?”

Alex shakes her head. “Anything coming from me would only make it worse.” She looks down briefly before speaking. “I’ve never seen her like this with anybody else. I don’t even think she realizes how she behaves when it comes to Lena.”

“You’re worried about her.” It’s not a question.

“I’m worried Lena is going to hurt her.” She looks away. “And not just physically.”

Supergirl flies out of the DEO faster than is safe in close proximity to buildings. Without hesitation, she crashes into the mountain-enclosed vault.

The four people in Lex’s vault turn abruptly at the sound.

Relief and awe fill Lena’s voice. “Supergirl!” She quickly walks out to the superhero, with the three
others following her closely. “I can’t believe you’re here.”

“Kara Danvers believes in you.” I could die here. She has to know I believe in her.

“Supergirl,” Lillian sounds cheery. “You’re just in time.” The four stop walking several feet in front of Supergirl. She holds up something in her hand. “I’ve been wondering if these worked.” She tosses the item toward Supergirl, who catches it in fear of it being a grenade.

A piercing noise fills Supergirl’s sensitive ears, forcing her down onto her knees, as she covers her ears. Lillian stalks toward the alien. “Well, that was easy.” Metallo steps up beside Lillian. “Wanna try more of these toys?” She looks back at the people behind her.

Acting on instinct, Lena rushes toward Lillian. “Don’t hurt her!” Hank Henshaw roughly grabs her from advancing any further. She can’t die. No. Not because of me.

“Sorry,” Lillian smiles down at Supergirl. “She’s gotta pay for what her cousin did to your brother.”

Kara groans in pain, as Metallo pulls her up from the ground. The nearby Kryptonite and high-pitched noise becoming almost unbearable. I have to get Lena out of here. Lillian turns back to her daughter in time to see Hank Henshaw throw Lena onto the concrete ground. Lena’s head bounces off of the ground, and her vision blurs. No, I can’t let her die here.

Lena tries to get up. Kara…

“Lock Supergirl in the vault.” Lillian commands. Both altered humans grab onto Supergirl, and lead her to the vault.

Winn’s voice comes through her earpiece.

“Metallo’s heart is going to explode.” Supergirl warns them. “You all need to leave. You have to get the k-the kryptonite out of him.”

“You’re lying,” Lillian claims.

Supergirl lets out a pained sound. “I’m not.”

Metallo flinches in pain. The green light in his chest flashing brightly. Lillian looks at it critically.

“He’s going to die.”

“The only one about to die is you,” Metallo scowls.

Supergirl pushes through the pain, and blasts the device emitting the noise with her heat vision. The sound stops, and Metallo blasts out a shot of kryptonite. The blast causes everyone, except Metallo, to fall backwards.

Upon hearing Winn’s warning of Metallo’s use of the synthetic kryptonite bringing him closer to exploding, Supergirl looks at the unconscious Lena. I’m not leaving without her. Metallo blasts her again before she can stand up. Supergirl and Metallo fight, but both are weakened by the synthetic kryptonite. Winn’s voice urges her to flee.

Metallo gets ahold of the hero’s arms, and forces her to her knees. “Metallo,” She cries out. “That pain in your chest… take it out. Let me help you.”

“You’re a liar.”
J’onn, in his true form, appears behind Metallo.

“Martian.” Metallo utters before he’s being thrown across the room.

“Get Lena. Let’s go.” J’onn tells Kara.

Don’t have to tell me twice. I wouldn’t leave without her. She rushes to Lena’s side, and quickly checks her state. She’s breathing. Thank Rao. Supergirl looks over her shoulder to see Metallo stalking toward her.

“Kara!” Alex’s voice cracks through her earpiece. “Please!”

“Supergirl, get out of there now!” Winn shouts.

The glowing of Metallo’s chest radiates and buzzes in front of Supergirl. He staggers, and his eyes glow the same green of his chest. He gasps in pain.

Supergirl knows he can’t be saved. She turns back to Lena, and scoops her into her arms. Clutching Lena close to her chest for her safety, she flies out of the same hole she made when she arrived. She knows a human couldn’t survive flying too fast, so she pulls her friend’s as tight to her as possible. The blast impacts behind her, and she feels a gust of wind propel her forward. She makes it seconds ahead of the kryptonite cloud.

Hearing her name shouted into her earpiece brings her back from her racing thoughts. She slows down, and takes a deep breath. “I’m here. We made it out.” Her eyes find Lena’s face tucked in her shoulder.

“Kara,” Alex breathes out.

“I’m fine, Alex..” We’re fine.

“How… how is Lena?”

“She got knocked out. I’m going to take her to the hospital.”

“Kara -”

“J’onn will debrief you tonight, and I’ll be there once I know Lena is okay.”

“I’ll see you there, Supergirl.” J’onn speaks before Alex can.

Supergirl breathes in deeply in the silence that follows. Outside of the city skyline, she slows to a stop. Looking down at her precious cargo, she clutches Lena closer to her chest. “I’m sorry if I ever made you think I didn’t believe in you… I knew you were innocent.” She closes her eyes, and places a kiss to Lena’s forehead. When she pulls back, her eyes remain closed for a few moments with a lump in her throat. She opens her eyes, and just watches Lena’s face. She’s so beautiful… Her eyes widen at the thought. Oh Rao… She looks up at the buildings lighting up the night. I… I almost lost her. A tear runs down her cheek. Slowly, she looks back down at Lena. “You mean so much to me…” She looks away. “Why is that?”

Supergirl lands at the ambulance entrance of the National City Hospital. She manages to take one step inside of the doors before getting noticed. A nurse’s eyes go wide, and she shouts to another nurse to bring a gurney. She runs up to Supergirl, but her steps stop a foot away from the hero when she sees her grip tighten around Lena. “Supergirl?”
The hero looks down at Lena for a moment before speaking. “She was thrown onto the ground, and hit her head. She also may have been exposed to some radiation. That’s just from tonight. I don’t know what else may have happened to her the past few days.”

A gurney is rolled up beside Supergirl. “We can take it from here, Supergirl. Thank you for bringing…”

“She was thrown onto the ground, and hit her head. She also may have been exposed to some radiation. That’s just from tonight. I don’t know what else may have happened to her the past few days.”

“A gurney is rolled up beside Supergirl. “We can take it from here, Supergirl. Thank you for bringing…”

“Lena Luthor.”

The nurse’s eyes widen, and Supergirl pulls Lena closer again.

“I just had to rescue her from being kidnapped and attacked by her mother.” I don’t need anymore Lena judgement. “She’s innocent.” She gives the woman a softer look. “And she needs help.”

“Yes, yes, of course, Supergirl.” The nurse falls into a professional expression, and steps forward with a gesture to the gurney.

Ever so gently, Supergirl lays her best friend on the gurney. She straightens her limbs, and resists the urge to smooth a hand over the woman’s hair.

“We’ve got it from here, ma’am.”

Normally, Supergirl would have reacted awkwardly to being called “ma’am,” but she is flooded with worry for Lena. She looks up at the nurse, a hand resting on the gurney.

“We’ll need to call the police. We have to notify them. It’s protocol.”

Supergirl expected as much, so she just nods with a tight smile.

“Thank you again for bringing her in.” The nurse says awkwardly, and motions the other nurse to push the gurney. “I will page Dr. Twain.” She gives the second nurse directions as he begins rolling Lena away. Supergirl begins following without thinking. The first nurse turns back to her, and holds up a hand to halt the hero’s movement. “I’m sorry, Supergirl. I can’t let you into the emergency room.”

“Oh,” She internally winces at how small her voice sounds. “Right.” She finds her vibrato, and puts her hands on her hips. “Take care of her.” She tries for as neutral a tone as possible. With a nod, she disappears in a flash.

She hovers outside of the building, and watches Lena being rolled into the elevator with her x-ray vision. Following her up to the third floor, she sees Lena get transferred to a bed in one of the inner rooms. Supergirl finds a nearby ledge to sit on, and stares at everything transpiring in the room. After a few minutes, she channels her super hearing into the room. She listens to every word.

The doctor wants to run tests.

Lena has a concussion.

Her vitals are stable.

They want to do a CT scan.

She’s waking up.

They ask her not to move around too much.
“Where’s Supergirl?” Lena asks, trying to sit up. *I’m in a hospital?*

A nurse puts a hand on her shoulder. “Miss Luthor, please don’t try to get up. You have a mild concussion.”

Lena clears her throat. “I’m fine. How did I get here?”

“Supergirl carried you in here herself.”

She lets out a breath she wasn’t aware that she was holding. “I suppose the police will want to speak with me. Are they here?”

“They are outside the door, ma’am.”

Lena nods, and tries to sit up again. “Let them in. I’d like to get this over with sooner rather than later.” For being in wrinkled clothes, no makeup, and lying in a hospital bed after almost dying, Lena is the definition of a poised CEO. She sits up, and swings her legs over the side of the bed.

“Miss Luthor –” The doctor speaks up.

“Send them in. I’m sure you will want a CT scan, so you can prepare for that while I speak with the authorities.”

The doctor sighs, and looks up at the nurse. He nods at the nurse, and looks back at Lena. “Very well.”

Lena spends twenty minutes talking to the police, who have already been divulged of the DEO’s findings - although they believe them to be the FBI. The police collect her statements, and inform her that she will need to come into the station sometime that week to handle discharge paperwork. They leave Lena, and she’s immediately in the presence of medical staff again.

“Miss Luthor,” A nurse with a clipboard speaks to her. She goes through paperwork and formalities with Lena. “Oh, and you should know… There’s a reporter that’s been in our lobby for almost an hour.”

*A reporter? Who the… Oh… “What’s her name?”*

“I didn’t speak with her, but security is keeping anyone from having access. We were surprised how fast word got out that -”

“Actually,” Lena interrupts. “Is there any way you can let her up?”

“I’m sorry, Miss Luthor. Unless she’s family -”

“I understand.”

“Would you like me to pass along a message?”

“Would you?”

“Sure.”
“Will you let her know that I will be staying overnight, and the doctors plan to release me in the morning?”

“I can do that.”

“Thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure. Your company’s work in cancer research saved my little girl.” She smiles, and leaves Lena with that sentiment.

Kara paces the same path in the lobby again. A security officer has situated himself in the entrance to the hallway that will lead her to Lena. She doesn’t bother to worry about wearing a path in the floor with her pacing. Her thoughts are consumed with Lena. She stopped listening in when the police officers left, and she knew there was no chance of her being arrested again. Now, she has nothing to distract her.

“Excuse me?” Kara turns to see a nurse watching her.

“Me?” Kara points at her chest.

“I was asked to deliver a message. Unfortunately, we cannot allow you up, since you are not family, but it would appear Miss Luthor knows who you are.”

Kara gives her a hopeful smile. Will she sneak me up??

“She asked that I let you know that we will be keeping her overnight, and she will be discharged in the morning.”

Oh… So I won’t get to see her until tomorrow. She smiles at the nurse. “Thank you for letting me know.” She pauses. “Is she okay?”

“She’s fine, ma’am.” She gives Kara a small smile, and leaves.

Kara lets out the breath she feels she has been holding since they wheeled Lena away. Now what? She looks over to see the see the security officer watching her. Golly, he acts like I’m going to sneak past him when he’s not watching…

Supergirl flies to the roof of the hospital with a backpack over her shoulders. She tried going home, but was too worried about Lena. Sitting down on the roof, she pulls her backpack into her lap. She thanks Rao that there are no cameras on the roof to record Supergirl camping out there. No one ever needs to know she stayed up all night on the roof of a hospital with only food and Netflix to keep her company.

Lena, with her outstandingly high intelligence quotient, quickly deduced her inability to have visitors stemmed from police orders, rather than hospital rules. While Lena was unable to see Kara, she did manage to borrow a phone to get in contact with Jess. After her CT scan, Lena found a garment bag waiting for her in her room. Somehow, Jess had delivered not only her
cellphone that was left behind in her office when she was arrested, but also a change of clothes and her work toiletry bag. *She may deserve a raise.*

Lena considers texting Kara, but decides against giving into a weakness. *She’s probably busy now that she knows I’m okay.*

She emails Jess that she will be returning to the office at 7 in the morning, and composes a list of preparations and expectations. Once she’s satisfied there’s nothing further she can do from the hospital bed, she finds herself thinking about the past few days.

*So all of this… everything she said to me… it was all to get me to let her into one of Lex’s vaults. All those years I thought I was just adopted, and it turns out I’m…*

*No.*

*Nope.*

*Not going there.*

*I could have died.*

*I almost died.*

*Standing up for Supergirl… putting myself at risk… I didn’t even think about it. I didn’t have to. There was no way I could let her get hurt because of me.*

*I wish I could push her away.*

*At this point… there’s just no way I’m strong enough, or that I would want to willingly live without her in my life. But it’s not just my decision… Which should bother me. That would usually bother me. Having someone else with this much of an effect on my life is not something I have experience with.*

*She came to my rescue knowing there was kryptonite… knowing it was going to explode… and what’s the first thing she does?*

*“Kara Danvers believes in you.”*

*Why say that? Why did that have to be the first thing out of her mouth when she crash landed into a dangerous situation? And she came by herself… She wasn’t expecting to take on those two goons by herself.*

*No…*

*She didn’t go there for a fight.*

*She…*

*Did she…*

*Is it too ridiculous to think that she flew in there to rescue me?*

*“Kara Danvers believes in you.”*

*What has she been going through while I was missing for her to need to get that out there first thing? I know her sister isn’t crazy about me, and Detective Sawyer didn’t seem too crazy*
about me anymore.

What trouble did Kara Danvers go through on my behalf? And what did I do to deserve someone with such undying faith in me?

Kara Danvers.

Kara Danvers is Supergirl.

Supergirl is Kara Danvers.

But they are two different people. That’s how the secret identity works.

That suit gives her the ability to exude every ounce of power the yellow sun gives her. Supergirl is the alien that she truly is. Supergirl fights for the greater good. Supergirl is overflowing with confidence.

The glasses and ponytail rein in her powers and otherness. Kara Danvers is just trying to fit into this life on Earth. Kara Danvers cares fiercely about the people she loves—the people that are important to her. Kara Danvers is full of compassion, and can look past what someone is to get to know who they are.

Is there anyone out there that she doesn’t have to just be one or the other around?

Kara Danvers and Supergirl are two different people.

But where do they meet?

Who is that little girl that lost her entire world?

I may never get a chance to know...

She hasn’t even said those words to me. Sure, sometimes I fear it’s because of a lack of trust...

But I think it’s more than that.

“Kara Danvers believes in you.”

There are probably plenty of reasons... I imagine everyone that knows must have high expectations of her.

She must have so much on those shoulders of hers. Maybe she needs a friend like me as much as I need a friend like her. A friend...

We can just... be around each other without having to be a CEO or a superhero.

Supergirl and I may have a habit of saving each other... Hell, we’ve even had a few moments of working together or hanging out. But... if I had to choose between the two of them... I’d choose Kara Danvers. There’s so much more to this woman that I will probably never get to know, but if I can only know Kara Danvers and Supergirl... I’ll consider myself pretty lucky.

Maybe Kara doesn’t even know if there’s a place where the two personas meet.

But she needs to know how grateful I am for her.

“Kara Danvers believes in you.”
She needs to know how much Kara Danvers means to me.

Supergirl saves people in need.

But Kara Danvers believes in me. No one has ever done that. Not the way she believes in me. I think I could spend the rest of my life thanking her, and it will never be enough.

But I will try.

Lena lets out a deep breath, and picks her phone back up. “How big was her office?” She asks herself.

The back door of the car swings open. One high-heeled foot lands on the curb, and the world goes quiet for Lena Luthor as she stands outside of L-Corp. With a quick “thank you” to Darias, Lena lifts her chin, and walks to the front door as if the past week never happened.

It’s early enough, so only security officers are in the lobby. They offer a polite nod as she passes. In the elevator, Lena takes a few deep breaths. This is your company. Stepping out of the sliding doors, she’s unsurprised to see Jess sitting at her desk.

Jess stands up instantly with her tablet in hand, and meets Lena halfway to the elevator. “Welcome back, Miss Luthor.” They begin walking to the door of Lena’s office. “Your morning has been blocked off as requested, and I have your afternoon meeting schedule prepared for you to review. I have the information from security that you requested.” She opens the door to Lena’s office, and follows her inside. “Dr. Sanchez has left you a few messages. PR has asked for your input on the official statement.” Lena pours herself a glass of water, and walks around to her desk chair. “I’ve already handled everything from your email.”

“Thank you, Jess.” Lena offers her a real smile.

Jess turns to leave, but stops. “Oh, and Miss Danvers dropped this off for you this morning. She said it will be in stacks this afternoon.” She places a CatCo magazine on her desk that has Lena’s image on the cover. Jess smiles, and leaves the office.

Lena looks down at the magazine. Is that a good or bad thing? She shakes her head, and sits down to go over the papers from security. Not only is her CCTV system in need of an overhaul, she wants to completely update L-Corp’s entire security measures. Turning L-Corp into a force for good will take longer if I keep having disruptions and breaches in security. Her morning is full of going through security details, plotting out a way to find anymore of LuthorCorp business still active, and finalizing a new experiment for her S-Lab.

“Miss Luthor,” Jess’ voice comes from the door. She waits for Lena to look up before continuing to speak. “Head of security is here for your 2 o’clock.”

“Thank you, Jess. Send him in.”

“You were right,” James admits. “About Lena Luthor. I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

Kara looks away for a moment. She knows it’s an olive branch. “You were just trying to protect me.”
James nods slowly. “Same as you.” He takes a breath. “About Winn and me.”

She sighs. “Can we just…” She crosses her arms, and looks down.

“Stop fighting about it?”

Kara nods.

“How about I buy you lunch?”

“Are you trying to win me over with food?”

James smiles. “Possibly.”

Kara lets out a little laugh with a slight shake of her head, and begins walking to her office. “Sure.”

James walks with her. “I can have something delivered around 1?”

“Yeah, that works. Snapper wants me to interview Lena again, so I’m going to go work on some questions.” Kara stops at the doorway to her office, and her jaw drops slightly. “What…”

James steps up behind her, and looks inside of the small room. “I don’t think you’re getting any work done in there.”

Kara turns to look at James over her shoulder. “Was this you?”

“No.”

“Did you know about this?” She looks back at her office. “Who did this?”

James shrugs with a small smile. “There’s probably a card in there somewhere.” He turns on his heel, and begins walking away. “I’ll see you in my office at 1.”

She watches him walking away. “But… what…”

When she can no longer see James, she turns back to her office. *I’m so glad allergies aren’t a problem for me.* She takes a step inside, carefully maneuvering around various obstacles. Her desk has just enough space for her laptop. She walks around to stand in front of her chair, and looks around to take in all of the colors. “What am I even going to do with all of these?” Slowly, she sits on her chair. Directly in front of her, a bouquet of plumerias sits atop her desk. She reaches out a hand to touch the petals. “Oh, I think I know where you came from…”

Kara leans back in her chair, and takes in the various flowers covering her office. There are flowers she hasn’t even seen before. *Why would she do this…*

Biting her lip, she pulls out her cellphone. “I think I need that weekend away to ask some questions now.”

**Kara:** Hey… is the offer still available for me to come visit?

**Lois:** Always, babe! What’s up?

**Kara:** Everyone finally sees that Lena is innocent.

**Kara:** And I just think it’s past time I ask Clark some things.
Lois: Of course you can come. Maybe I can get the Daily Planet to snatch you away.

Kara: I don’t think that will happen. The commute would be ridiculous.

Lois: Lmao Kara, you’re something else.

Lois: So things good with Lena now?

Kara looks around at the flowers surrounding her. She takes a picture, and sends it to Lois.

Lois: You in a flower shop?

Kara: That’s the view of my office from my desk.

Lois: Umm… why do you have so many flowers?

Kara: I came to work, and they were here.

Kara: I’m pretty sure they’re from Lena.

Kara: Probably thanking me for being her friend.

Lois’ eyes widen at her phone. Oh shit… that bitch is getting bold. And Kara still isn’t getting it. Oh my god. Poor fucking Lena. She sighs, and sends a text to a number she recently acquired.

Lois Lane: Remember that thing we talked about that you refused to bet on?

Maggie Sawyer: Yes?

Lois Lane: The answer is yes, she can be that oblivious.

Maggie Sawyer: What now?

Lois Lane: Kara has an office full of flowers, and thinks it was just a “thank you” for being a friend.

Maggie Sawyer: I’m not going near that. Let her figure it out.

Lois Lane: You gonna tell Alex?

Maggie Sawyer: Hell no.

After almost half an hour, Kara gets a response from Lois.

Lois: You are a great friend, Kara. She’s lucky to have you.

Kara: :)

Lois: Why don’t you come this weekend?
Lena spins her chair around to look out at the darkening sky from her office windows. Her afternoon has been completely full, and she finally has a moment to breathe. She’s hears her phone vibrate on her desk.

**Sunshine Danvers:** Can you spare a few minutes for me if I stop by?

**Lena Beana:** Always, Kara.

**Sunshine Danvers:** :) I’ll see you soon!

_I guess I should check out the article_. She stands as she spins back around. With the magazine in hand, she sinks onto her couch.

Several minutes later, the door opens to reveal Kara with a nervous smile. “Lena, hi.”

Lena lowers the magazine, and smiles at her friend. “Kara, come join me. I was just taking a look at a lovely article some excellent reporter did on me.”

Lowering her head to hide her shy smile, Kara joins Lena on the couch. _She likes it._

_I can’t believe this is how she sees me._ Lena finishes reading the article, and lowers it to her lap before daring a look at Kara, who is looking down. “It’s a good article.”

Kara gives her a smile with a mixture of pride and nervousness. She lets out a little chuckle, and looks down at her lap. _It’s hard not to write a good article on her._

With a radiant smile, Lena sets the magazine on the coffee table. “You flatter me.”

The reporter’s head shoots up immediately. “I only wrote the truth.”

Lena falls against the back of the couch with a smirk. _The truth…_

Kara smiles, and looks directly at Lena. Her voice takes on a more tender tone as she looks away. “I’m learning to keep digging even when all the evidence points one way. There’s always another side.”

“Even when it’s hard to find?”

“Especially when it’s hard to find.”

Lena smiles at her best friend, who is looking down at her feet. A small silence falls between them, and they both look away. _I don’t deserve her._

Kara takes a deep breath, and turns her head back to Lena. “So my office is… is overflowing with flowers.”

The CEO turns to Kara with a look of mock innocence. “Really?”

“Yeah…”

Lena can no longer hold back the smile. _Maybe she’s not as oblivious as I thought._

A giggle bubbles out of Kara, causing the corners of her eyes to crinkle. Both women look
The smile on Lena’s face is almost wistful. “Yeah… I did… Supergirl told me that it was who who sent her.” Lena’s eyes stay on Kara, while the older woman turns away. “I don’t know how to thank you.”

With a sigh, Kara turns back to Lena. “Well, that’s what friends are for.”

Lena minutely shakes her head, still with a small smile. “I’ve never had friends like you before.” Her voice is soft, and full of adoration. Come to think of it, I’ve never had family like you.” Kara looks away, and Lena’s eyes are drawn down. “No one’s ever stood up for me like that.”

“Now, you have someone that will stand up for you always.”

Looking down, Lena opens her mouth to speak, but closes it again. Her entire head turns down as she gathers her thoughts. Her voice is stronger when she looks back up. “Well, Supergirl may have saved me, but Kara Danvers, you,” She looks directly into Kara’s eyes. “Are my hero.” Her voice drops to a playful whisper. “And I mean that. Supergirl would be nothing without Kara’s passion and compassion.

Kara chuckles, and throws her head back. Does she really mean that?... Someone as amazing as Lena Luthor considers me, Kara Danvers, a hero? The two women laugh comfortably in each other’s presence. They stand together, still wearing smiles. To both of their surprise, Lena reaches for a hug first.

“Thank you,” Lena says into Kara’s ear.

“Anytime,” Kara’s response is instant. They are flush against each other, with their chins resting on the other’s shoulder. A content smile is on Kara’s face, and her eyes are closed. She opens them, and pulls back from the hug with a small, “Bye.”

“Bye,” Lena whispers back with a tight smile showing her dimples. Friends… Right. Friends.

She watches Kara leave her office, her smile slowly disappearing. When the door closes, she looks down at the chessboard now resting on her coffee table. She sits down without tearing her gaze away from the game. The smile from earlier is completely gone. Slowly, she reaches a hand out to pick up a piece from the board.

The white knight.

Bringing the piece close to her, she runs both fingers over it. I’ve been letting everything with my mother and Cadmus distract me too much. Afterall… it was a checkmate with a white knight that showed my ability to be a Luthor.

It’s time I show what this Luthor can really do.

She places the knight in a new position on the board, effectively placing herself between the black king and queen. Satisfied with her maneuver, she sits back on the couch, and crosses her legs at the knee. Her eyes float up to look straight ahead.

Chess never did stop being my favorite game.

A knocking on her door brings her out of her contemplations a moment before it opens to reveal
Jess. “Miss Luthor.”

“Yes, Jess?”

“Your call with China was rescheduled for next week.”

“Thank you, Jess. Go home for the night.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess gives her a respectful nod, and makes her leave.

Lena stands up, and spares one last look at the chessboard before walking to her wet bar. She eyes the cold water in front of her, and decides to pour herself a glass of wine.

Lena twirls the remaining wine in her glass - her eyes unseeing. A light breeze flows across her balcony, and she is silently grateful for the alcohol coursing through her. Her forearms are resting on the railing of the balcony with the city lights glimmering ahead of her.

*Was it really only yesterday that I almost died in some green explosion?* Her face is expressionless.

A familiar sound fills her senses before a light thud sounds to her left. Her lips quirk upward slightly, but she keeps her eyes trained forward. Elegantly, she lifts the glass to her lips, and downs the contents in a smooth swallow. She takes her time to place the wine glass on the railing. Leaving her right hand on the railing, she turns her body toward the silent superhero.

Supergirl is leaning her elbows against the railing several feet away. Her profile is barely lit by the shining lights of National City. As if sensing Lena’s eyes, her head slowly turns to face Lena. When their eyes meet, the hero swallows the sudden lump in her throat. *She looks so lonely up here.*

*I’m not going to be the one to break the silence.* Lena’s eyes don’t leave Supergirl’s.

“I was… patrolling the city.” *Looking for Lillian.* “And saw that you were up here all alone.” Supergirl looks out at the city for a moment before speaking again while completely turning to face Lena. “I’m sorry you got hurt yesterday.”

“I hardly think I was hurt nearly as much as you were.” Lena’s voice remains even. The hero shrugs. “It’s part of the job.” She takes a step closer to Lena. “You’re worth a little high-pitched ringing and synthetic kryptonite.” Supergirl’s breath catches as she realizes how honest that sentiment was.

Lena misses the change in Supergirl’s breathing, since her breath stuck in her throat at the same time. “National City is lucky to have you, Supergirl.” *Stay calm.* “Thank you for the lift to the hospital by the way.”

Supergirl laughs a little. “You hit your head pretty hard, and I thought it may have been a little too invasive to use your hand to unlock your balcony door while you were unconscious.” She smirks slightly in an attempt to lighten the conversation.

*Hmm… I should tell her about that soon.* “That’s thoughtful.” She smiles at the hero.

A small silence falls upon them. *She shouldn’t have to be all alone after everything that just happened.*
There are probably so many other places for her to be.

“Supergirl -”

“Lena -”

They speak at the same time, and each let out an awkward chuckle. “Go ahead,” Lena waves a hand to urge Supergirl to speak.

Supergirl takes a moment to sort her words. “I have had some pretty close calls in my life, Lena. Sometimes… I do want to process it alone, but I sometimes forget that being alone isn’t my only option. It’s not a weakness to want support during hard times.” She takes a few steps closer.

“You don’t have to be alone, Lena.” Supergirl reaches out her arm, and places a hand on Lena’s that is still resting on the railing of the balcony. “Whether you feel like you deserve it or not… you do have people that care about you. Nobody deserves to be alone during challenging times.” She squeezes Lena’s hand, and takes a step back.

Lena smirks at Supergirl. “When you went through hero training, was giving speeches one of your classes?”

The hero lets out a chuckle, and looks down.

“I can take a hint… Sensitive subject. Noted. “Not exactly… But it kind of came with the territory.”

“I’ll keep that in mind…” She looks away a moment. “I should probably finish up here.”

“Would you like a lift home?”

Lena lets out a short laugh. “Thank you for the offer, but my driver has been waiting for my text. I’d hate to have made him wait for nothing.”

Supergirl nods. “Right. Well have a good night, Lena.” She gives the CEO a smile.

“You too, Supergirl.”

Lena slides into the back seat of the black car. The wine in her system is making her extremities warm, but she isn’t quite tipsy.

Darias sinks into his seat. “Straight home, Miss Luthor?”

“Home… I’m not sure I know where that is… She sighs deeply, tasting the berries of the wine on her tongue.

“Miss Luthor?”

She sits up straighter in the back seat, and clears her throat. “Actually…”

Kara flops onto her couch after changing out of her super suit. She crosses her bare feet on the coffee table, and looks at the ceiling with her head resting on the back of the couch. Why didn’t I just invite her over?... For a while there, I thought she may actually know about me. But… why would she say that I’m her hero, and not Supergirl?
She lets out a heavy sigh. “I don’t get her sometimes.”

A knock on the door draws her out of her musings. Her eyes widen when her x-ray vision reveals who is behind the door. Quickly, she retrieves her glasses from her bedroom before answering the door.

“Lena!” She pushes up her glasses nervously, realizing she may have shouted. “Hi.”

Lena walks in, fidgeting with her hands. Deep breaths. She calms herself as she walks almost completely to the living room. Turning on her heel, she looks directly at Kara. “You were right,” She blurs out a little less than dignified.

Kara’s eyes widen slightly, as she stands a few feet away from Lena. “Uh-” She opens her mouth, unable to process her thoughts.

Taking a breath, Lena twists her fingers in front of her. Get it together. “I’m not used to…” She waves her hands between the two of them. “This.” She looks away for a moment. “Having a… friend like you, someone that genuinely cares, is a new experience for me.”

Oh, Lena… Kara takes a step closer to Lena.

“Hold on,” Lena raises a hand to halt any response from Kara. “Let me say this… I was ready to go home for the night, and I ended up here. When you said…” She takes a breath. “No, I don’t feel I deserve someone like you, but maybe I don’t have to be alone right now.” She looks down, and stills her hands.

Kara’s eyes go wide. When I said? She does know?? She takes a step forward again, now less than three feet from Lena. “Lena, I-”

Lena takes a step closer this time. “Kara, listen.” She looks directly into Kara’s eyes, and both of their expressions soften at the eye contact. “We both know that there are plenty of things left unsaid between us. Just because we have secrets, doesn’t mean we don’t trust each other.”

Grabbing one of Lena’s hands, Kara gives her what she feels is a reassuring smile. “I do trust you, Lena.”

The CEO nods. “I know.” She smiles, and looks down at their joined hands. “What I’m trying to say is that it’s okay.” She squeezes Kara’s hand. “I know you’re my friend, and we have time. There’s no need to divulge anything we aren’t ready to.”

Kara slowly nods, and bites her lip. “We have time,” She agrees. So she’s not mad…

I think that’s enough honesty for tonight. “So…” She laughs a little nervously.

“So…” Kara laughs too. “Netflix on the couch or bed?”

Lena looks down with a breathless laugh. “Surprise me.”

Kara beams at her. “Come on, as nice as that outfit is, it doesn’t look very comfy.” She takes Lena over to her dresser. “Um, you actually left your shirt here.” She hands the shirt to Lena, and pulls out pajama bottoms from her dresser. “You know where everything is.” She points over her shoulder to the bathroom with a smile.

“Thank you, Kara.”
The door to Kara’s office opens, and a head pokes in to look at all of the flowers. *I really thought the flowers would work. I tried to not get involved. I really did. Oh well. I've been in need of some new fun.*

A chuckle echoes through the empty floor of CatCo as the door to Kara’s office closes.

Chapter End Notes

After skimming through 2.18... yeah, they're definitely going to make Lena evil next season. I was fairly certain that's why they made her a regular. Realistically speaking, they have so many regulars classified as good guys. Lena is going to slowly become evil. Katie McGrath does good girl gone bad very well. Like I mentioned before, she said she prefers to "play the bad girl." It's going to be intense too, because I'm sure they want to increase their ratings. So they will play along with this friendship, and it will likely be that Lena won't even realize what's happening. She will just become greyer and greyer until there's some extreme tipping point at the end. She'll fight it as much as she can. I see it as something very slow to happen that will be devastating for both of them. There's a reason they kept her. They wouldn't pay for another regular just for the queer-baiting and to give Kara another friend. Yes, it would be a highly unoriginal concept, but still... I don't have faith in the show's creators. No offense to them. It's a difficult job, and they are doing many things well. I just don't see them going the diversity route with Lena. Sorry if that upsets anyone, but I've always been a realist.

That being said... I'm worried I'm losing interest in writing this series if I'm being completely honest. I just don't know if it's worth it, when I could be... should be focused on writing something new that I can try to have made into reality one day. I guess I'm wondering how many people are actually reading this. If it's only a handful, I could just easily give a quick summary of the plans I had. Based on comments and kudos, I just don't feel like that many people are into it.
Someone has to be the first to apologize. Everyone was against Kara, and continuously accusing her friend of being evil. Who else, but Maggie Sawyer and her dimple-filled charm?

Maggie Sawyer: I’m honestly not one to interfere in other people’s lives, but she’s leaving town for the weekend. May as well get some time in together.
Maggie Sawyer: Little Danvers would be happy to see you.
Maggie Sawyer: Fuck it. I’m texting her.
Lena Luthor: Well played, Detective. Well played.

“She hates me.”

Alex turns to see Maggie standing in her living room with her hands on her hips. “She doesn’t-”

Maggie holds up a hand to still the coming protest. “Danvers, it doesn’t take a detective to detect what that glare means. She literally walked in here, stopped mid-ramble about Metropolis when she saw me, said “Detective Sawyer” with her Supergirl voice, pretended to get a text, and left.” She crosses her arms over her chest. “When has Kara ever come over with something to tell you, and left before you could even close the door after her?”

A heavy sigh escapes Alex, and she walks over toward Maggie. She places her arms on Maggie’s shoulders before sliding them down, so she can uncross her arms. Alex intertwines their fingers between them. “She doesn’t hate you. She’s just-”

“Pissed?”

Alex moves her head from side-to-side in a noncommittal gesture.

“It’s cause I arrested Lena.”

Alex sighs again.

“I think she may be madder at me about this than during that whole… thing with you and me.”

“Hey, at least she hasn’t gone off on you. James got the worst of it, and she hasn’t been going to the DEO since Lena was rescued.”

“What about you?”

She shrugs. “I kept my mouth shut. I mean… I had just told her that I would give her a chance. Plus everyone else was going about it all wrong, and she was beyond a point where she could be spoken with on the subject. I text her that night, and she told me that she was with Lena.”

“What did you say?”

Alex lets out a breath with her cheeks puffed. “I told her I was happy Lena is safe, and that she can
reach out to me if she needed anything.”

“So you two are good?”

“I think she just needs time to cool down, and maybe figure out why she was so upset.” Alex pulls Maggie to sit on the couch with her. “I don’t know what’s going on with this friendship of theirs… but I’m just keeping watch, and being ready in case something does happen. When Kara cares about someone, it’s hard to change her mind. And having Kara care for you can really have an effect on a person.”

“You’re such a softie, Danvers.” Maggie nudges Alex’s shoulders.

Alex playfully rolls her eyes. “Kara will get over it. Just don’t go hating on Lena in front of her.”

Maggie shrugs. “I don’t hate Lena. Sure, I thought she was guilty, and was kind of annoyed that Kara was trying to get in the way… But it’s part of the job. Sometimes, we have to deal with awkward situations with people we know.”

“And Kara gets that. She does, but it was a rough week for her.”

Maggie nods thoughtfully. “I should apologize.”

“She’ll be back by Monday morning.”

“No to Kara.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Oh.”

Jess looks up at the sound of the elevator opening, and her eyes go slightly wide. She abruptly stands up, and rounds her desk to greet the familiar woman. “Good afternoon. How can I help you?”

Maggie pauses in front of the secretary blocking her path, and raises an eyebrow. Her badge is proudly displayed on her belt. Jess looks at her expectantly. “Is Miss Luthor in?”

The secretary swallows, and falters a moment. Her eyes go to the office door for a moment. Holding back an eye roll, Maggie walks around the secretary without a second glance. Jess goes after her after a few moments of shock, but she makes it to the door too late. Maggie pushes the door open, and waltzes right into the office. “S-sorry, Miss Luthor,” Jess winces when Lena looks up at them. “She um-”

Lena holds up a hand, and stands up. “It’s fine, Jess.”

Nodding, Jess backs out of the office, closing the door on her way out.

She can’t possibly be arresting me again… Not alone. “Detective Sawyer.” She holds her chin high, and not a crack slips into her CEO mask.

Okay, guess it’s time to use some charm. “I’m not here on business.” Maggie holds up her hands, palms facing Lena. The CEO continues to look at her. “May I?” The detective gestures to one of the chairs in front of Lena’s desk.
Lena’s eyebrow quirks slightly. She waves a hand toward the chair, and watches Maggie take a seat. She refuses to be the one to break the ice. Maggie crosses her legs at the knee, and looks up at Lena with a small smile that shows her dimples. This is a much more charming side to her. What the hell does she want? After making Maggie wait a few moments in silence, Lena takes a seat at her desk with her forearms resting on the top.

Holy fucking hell, man. Her glare may not be able to shoot lasers, but it’s way worse than Kara’s. She takes a slow breath. “So I saw Kara this morning.”

Where is she going with this? A sliver of a reaction flashes briefly across her face.

“Look, I’m not gonna apologize for doing my job.”

“I’m not asking you to.” Lena’s voice is sharper than she intends it to be. If you could just get to the point...

Maggie nods. “Right. I respect that… But, I’ll be honest, Kara is pretty pissed at me.”

The detective doesn’t notice Lena’s quick intake of breath. She didn’t do something stupid, did she?... Lena can’t help but feel lighter at Kara defending her.

“Apparently, she has kind of gone off on some people. So I’m here to,”

On some people? Kara… what have you been saying? And to whom? Lena takes slow and measured breaths to keep her composure.

Maggie waves her hands around as she thinks of the right words. “Clear the air between us. Little Danvers cares about you, and I don’t want her thinking that I just see you as some evil bitch. I don’t.”

“So you’re here to… get your girlfriend’s sister on your good side?” Lena raises an eyebrow.

The detective shrugs. “Sure, but it’s not just that. I’m not sure Kara has it in her to stay mad for very long. However…” She leans forward with her elbows on her knees, while Lena tilts her head. “I’m very good at my job. No, I’m not referring to my handcuffing skills.” She smirks.

“Are you always this charming, Detective Sawyer?”

With a slightly smug grin, Maggie lets out a small chuckle. “When it calls for. I’m really not one for all the drama and petty shit. Anyways… What I’m trying to say is that I am more observant than the average person.”

“Detective -”

“Maggie.”

“Maggie… I’m sure you can imagine how busy I am after the events of the past weeks, so if you could just… get on with what you would like to say.”

“Okay, okay,” Maggie holds up her hands in a gesture of peace. “I want to make sure you know that I have nothing personal against you with the whole arresting you thing.”

“I understand, Detective. It’s all a part of the job.”

“Exactly.” She points at Lena for emphasis. “Deep down, I’m sure Kara gets that, but damn if the woman isn’t stubborn. And if anyone knows the stubborn side of a Danvers sister, it’s me.” She
winks at Lena. “But back to me being the best detective ever… I can tell Kara wants you to be a part of her life more than just you two hanging out alone. She doesn’t think that’s possible. I’m sure of it. Don’t tell her I told you this, but Alex is the only person she’s actually talking to in National City besides you.” Maggie shrugs, and leans back in her chair. “I’m here to make sure she has another person.” She points gestures with both of her hands at herself.

“Which one of them talked you into this?”

“Neither,” Maggie laughs. “But, believe it or not, Little Danvers can hold a grudge… and she does it with a smile on her face.”

“My apologies for making her mad at you.”

“Nah,” Maggie waves off the apology. “It’s not the first time.”

“Is that so?”

“Yup, and I’ll tell you this… Kara delivering a threat with a shrug and a smile is something I can’t unpicture.”

“She threatened you?” Lena’s tone is full of intrigue.

Maggie shrugs. “It was probably the shortest, but secretly scariest shovel talk that ever existed.”

“Oh, I don’t doubt Kara can be imposing when the time calls for it.” Lena smirks a little.

Maggie adjusts a little in her seat. “She can be… when she wants to be.”

*I wonder if she knows… Maybe I can have my own fun*, Lena’s smirk grows. “You know, Charles Dickens believed one’s clothes can affect their temperament. Those cardigans are quite soft, but Kara is no pushover. I seem to recall that suit giving her a much stronger presence.” Her eyebrow quirks as she pauses purposefully. “Yes, last time you were here, there certainly was a fire in her eyes in that blazer she was sporting, don’t you think?”

To Maggie’s credit, she only takes a slow breath in as she thinks of a way to steer the conversation to a territory she feels safer with. “She really does care about you, you know?”

Lena nods slowly. “It’s a mutual feeling.” She can’t completely fight the smile that’s threatening to take over her features.

*Huh… Maybe Lois and I can have some fun with this… Wait, no… no getting involved.* “Does she know?”

Lena tilts her head in question. “That I care about her? I would assume so.”

It’s Maggie’s turn to smirk. “Not exactly what I meant.”

*I’m not sure what’s worse… Lois’ forwardness or this…* Lena straightens her back, and opens her mouth to speak, but Maggie beats her to it.

“She really liked those paints. I saw her face when she found out there was an engraving on the bottom.” Lena uses every ounce of willpower to not react to that statement. Maggie’s knowing smile proves she wasn’t quite successful. “When Alex saw them, she thought they were from James or Winn, a couple of Kara’s friends from work. I didn’t.”

“Really?”
“Thanks to you, I won a bet over that.”

Lena’s eyebrows raise slightly, and she internally curses her lack of control over her features. “Do you two often makes bets on Kara?”

Maggie shrugs. “Not too often… only when it’s something really good.”

Shaking her head, Lena lets out a small laugh. “Should I be worried this talk today is really about another bet?”

The laugh Maggie responds with is genuine. “No, no,” She waves off the question. “Not this time.”

“This time?” Lena sounds only a touch skeptical.

“Eh,” She shrugs. “Once we starting seeing you around more, we’ll have more to bet on.”

“And you’re planning on seeing me around more?”

Maggie leans forward. “You really don’t think Kara is going to let you get away much longer not getting to meet the other people she loves in her life, do you?”

Lena tries to ignore the way her heart skips a beat, and comes back at a much faster pace. There’s such thing as friendly love, Lena. Get over yourself. “I’m not sure any of her friends will be thrilled to have me around.”

“Well, now you know that I personally wouldn’t mind. And Kara has chastised just about everyone, and, after this past week or two, I think everyone is ready to ease up. Of course, this all stays between the two of us.”

“Of course.”

“Look,” Maggie leans forward in her seat, so her elbows are resting on her knees. “Kara’s got a huge heart. Everyone knows that within a few minutes of being around her. What most people don’t know is that Alex does too. Under that tough bitch exterior… there’s a woman that loves and constantly worries for her little sister.”

“Noted.” Lena is growing uncomfortable with the openness of a near stranger - especially one that recently arrested her.

“So… are we good?” She laughs, recognizing the awkward tension.

“We are fine, Detective.”

“Please… call me Maggie.”

“Very well… Maggie. It’s good to know that Kara has so many people in her corner.” Unlike myself. Maggie nods. “She collects some great people… present company included.” She smiles at Lena.

“Are you always this kind and open to everyone you arrested, or is it just the ones arrested with false evidence?” She smiles to take any sting out of the words.

“Only the ones enamored by my girlfriend’s sister.”

Lena is taken aback.
“Relax… we really are going to have to work on loosening you up a bit before your first game night.” She continues to talk in the hopes that Lena will calm down. “I had my first one recently. The alcohol helps, but it helped even more that I already knew a few of the people there. But then again… not everyone can have my charm and way with words.” She winks with a laugh. “But with your IQ, Kara may be fighting off some people wanting to steal you as a partner… a game partner.”

**Why am I still letting this woman sit here and talk? Damn, Kara must be rubbing off on me. “I… will keep that in mind.” No use arguing that I will likely never be invited to a game night.**

“Awesome,” She stands up with a smile. “Well, I have to get back to the station. But here,” She pulls a card out of her pocket. “My cell is on here. Text me later, so I don’t have to steal your number from Kara… or Lois. We can get a drink sometime, and I’ll give you all of the pointers for your first game night.” She sets the card on Lena’s desk, and turns to leave. Stopped with her hand on the door handle, she turns to Lena one last time. “I’m pretty sure Kara is free for lunch today.” She smirks. “Enjoy the rest of your day, Little Luthor.”

Lena blinks at the woman as she disappears from her office. “You too.” She sinks back into her chair. *What the hell just happened…* She shakes her head, and pulls out her cell phone.

**Lena Luthor:** To avoid you and Lois Lane chatting about me, I will go ahead and give you my number now. - Lena

A response comes a few minutes later while Lena is going over a report.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I see why they call you a genius.

_Great… I’m already regretting this._ A small smile plays on Lena’s lips, as she wonders who else Kara will drop into her life. After her drunken night with Lois, she believes she can handle Maggie. “Maybe she won’t be my only friend here anymore.”

Lena sets her phone down, and takes a breath to get back to work. Just as she manages to focus, her phone goes off again.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Did you ask her to lunch yet?

Letting out a groan, Lena rolls her eyes while she puts her phone face down. Her phone buzzes with three more texts over the next ten minutes. *Yup. Regretting this._

She lets out a breath when the texts stop. As soon as she focuses on her laptop, her phone buzzes with a phone call. With a frustrated groan, she answers. “Detective Sawyer, while I admire your persistence, I really don’t think-”

“Um, Lena?”

Lena’s eyes go wider than they ever have before, and her stomach jumps into her throat. “Kara?” She winces when her voice sounds more like a squeak than her usual low timber.

“Yes? Um, why did you think I was Maggie? Has she been bothering you?” Kara’s tone carries worry and frustration. “I will go talk to her ri-”

“No, Kara. No. Nothing like that.”

“Oh…” A few moments of silence carry between their phones. Kara finally clears her throat. “I uh… Maggie actually text me about this new restaurant near L-Corp. She’s probably just trying to use food to get me to stop being mad at her, but I don’t know. I haven’t responded. I mean, not to be
rude, but it didn’t seem like she was just texting me. Like it seemed like a message just kinda being sent to multiple people. I don’t know why I got that impression actually, but as soon as I saw it, I thought of you. I mean having lunch with you. I mean since it’s near you, I thought maybe I could ask you to slip away for lunch with me. If you want. If you have time. If you don’t—”

“Kara…” By Lena’s tone, it was obvious she had been trying to get Kara’s attention for a little while.

“Yes?”

“I would love to have lunch with you.”

_________________________________________________________

On her way to meet Kara, Lena decides to check on the texts Maggie had sent her.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I’m honestly not one to interfere in other people’s lives, but she’s leaving town for the weekend. May as well get some time in together.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Little Danvers would be happy to see you.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Fuck it. I’m texting her.

**Lena Luthor:** Well played, Detective. Well played.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I don’t know what you’re talking about.

**Lena Luthor:** Yeah, yeah. Just for that, you’re buying the drinks.

**Maggie Sawyer:** You’re on.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Have fun on your date.

**Lena Luthor:** Goodbye, Detective Sawyer.

_________________________________________________________

Maggie laughs at her phone screen. *I hope Lois has this much fun with Kara.* She decides to send a text to Lois.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I did something.

**Lois Lane:** And you said I would be the one to meddle.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I’m not the one that got Lena drunk.

**Lois Lane:** Irrelevant. Okay. Spill. I need all of the details. Now.
What Does it Mean?

Chapter Summary

Kara keeps having this weird feeling in her stomach around Lena. It's somewhat familiar, but she can't seem to place it. Hopefully, the only other Kryptonian on Earth will be able to tell her.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Little Red!” Lois exclaims with a dazzling smile as she opens the door. “Get in here, bitch!” She pulls Kara into a fierce hug, eliciting a laugh from the young hero. Leaving one arm around Kara’s shoulders, she closes the door behind them to usher her further into the apartment. “How was your flight?”

“Good, good.” Kara smiles back. “Where’s Ka-Clark?” She follows Lois across the apartment.

“Finishing up with a fire downtown.” She takes Kara down a hallway, and opens a door before stepping back. “Here’s the guest room. Do whatever you need to do to settle down, and I’ll meet you in the living room. How’s pizza for dinner?”

“Sounds great,” Kara smiles.

“Perfect. You get settled, and I’ll go order enough pizzas to feed The Mighty Ducks.” With a smirk, she turns on her heel to leave Kara to get comfortable.

Kara chuckles with a small shake of her head, and drops her duffel bag onto the bed. “This is going to be an interesting weekend.” After everything that happened in the past couple of weeks, everyone at the DEO was more than willing to take care of National City to allow Kara to get away for a weekend. In an emergency, it would take Kara 10 minutes to get there if she flew high enough to avoid any damage at that high of a speed.

When Kara rejoins Lois in the living room, she notices the issue of CatCo magazine with her article on Lena’s innocence is resting on the coffee table. She blinks in shock, knowing Lois isn’t a fan of the magazine.

“All good, babe?” Lois asks, looking up from her tablet with a smile.

“Yup,” Kara smiles, and sits down opposite Lois on the couch. “Thanks again for letting me hang out for the weekend.”

Lois waves a nonchalant hand. “You are welcome any time, Kara. You know that.”

Kara looks down with a smile. “So…” She motions to the magazine. “Do you secretly like CatCo now?” Her grin is mischievous.

With a scoff, Lois brings a hand to her chest in mock offense. “Never.” She chuckles. “I just couldn’t resist checking out what will likely be a significant article in yours and Lena’s lives.” She smirks at Kara’s obvious flustered state. Was that because of the compliment, or the mention of Lena? “It
really is a fantastic article, Kara. You’re getting there.” She pats Kara’s knee.

“Thanks. That really means a lot coming from the famous Lois Lane.”

Lois laughs fully. “It took plenty of bumps before I got there, Kara. And so many spelling mistakes.” She winks. “‘Exclusive’ can be a little tricky to spell.”

Kara groans. “I didn’t even notice that until Snapper pointed it out.” Both women laugh.

“What did Lena think of it?”

The younger woman looks down, and pushes up her glasses. A slow smile crawls onto her face as she looks back up at Lois. “She liked it.”

“I’m sure she appreciates your way of not making her out to be a villain.”

“She’s not.”

Lois’ eyes slightly widen at the sudden intensity in Kara’s voice. “Woah, there. Ease up on the throttle. I agree with you.”

Kara lets out a slow breath. “Yeah, I know. Sorry. It’s just… After you left, I had to deal with so many accusations from almost everyone.” She looks down again with a small frown. “I never stopped believing in her.”

Reaching out for Kara’s hand, Lois gives the blonde an encouraging smile. “Me neither.” She squeezes Kara’s hand. “Her brother was an ass, and I’ll be the first one in line to punch her bitch of a mother… but Lena is her own person.” She shrugs. “I think I can relate to that.”

“Yeah, you’ve got a point there.”

Unable to tolerate the awkward silence she can feel coming, Lois says the first thing on her mind. “How is Lena after everything?”

Kara takes a deep breath before responding. “She’s so strong. I don’t think there’s a person on this planet… or any other that could handle all of this with such strength and dignity. It’s remarkable.” She ends in a whisper.

Lois tilts her head, watching Kara look ahead with unseeing eyes. 

Okay… I get why Maggie got involved. “She’s very lucky to have her.”

With a shy smile, Kara looks directly into Lois’ eyes. “I feel like I’m the lucky one.”

God… should she possibly gush anymore? “You two deserve each other.”

The front door opens before Kara can think of a response. “Clark!” She jumps up, and rushes to hug the one person she doesn’t have to be cautious with.

Clark laughs, and hugs back his eager cousin. “Hello to you too, Kara.” He releases Kara with a smile on his face. “Great job with the timely save last week.” His smile holds nothing but pride.

“Thanks!” Kara beams, and Clark leads them back to the living room. Kara resumes her spot opposite of Lois, and Clark sits down in an armchair next to the couch. “So what have I missed?”

“I was just telling Kara how much I loved her article.”
“The Lena Luthor one?”

“That’s the one.”

Kara holds her breath.

“That was a good article, Kara.” Clark grins at her.

Air flows back through Kara, and she smiles with relief. “Thanks, Clark.”

A knock on the door draws two pairs of Kryptonian eyes to scan with their x-ray vision over their glasses. “You two are nerds.” Lois sighs, and stands up to go to the door. “It’s just the pizza.” She rolls her eyes, and opens the door.

“How did she know that?” Kara asks.

Clark only laughs. “It’s Lois.”

“Smallville, get your ass over here, and put yourself to some use carrying these.”

“That’s my cue.” Clark joins Lois at the door, and offers a smile to the young delivery boy. Lois waves a hand in gesture to the pizza, and the boy places six boxes on Clark’s outstretched arms.

Clark takes the boxes to the kitchen with an amused smile. Kara joins him a moment later. “Did she really think we need that many pizzas?” A lopsided grin is on Kara’s face.

With a shrug, Clark places the pizzas on the counter. “Not like we won’t finish them.”

A chuckle comes from Kara. “Yeah, but only cause I wouldn’t want them all to go to waste.”

“Sure, Kara.”

“Clark,” Lois walks into the kitchen. “Be a dear, and get some plates.”

After a laughter-filled dinner, Kara turns down Clark’s offer at a late-night flight around Metropolis. She doesn’t want any word getting out that Supergirl is away from National City. “Not with Lillian still out there. Still trying to get Lena.”

Clark nods in understanding, and the three make themselves comfortable in the living room. Lois notices Kara partaking in conversation less and less, and that she keeps fidgeting or glancing at her phone. Enough of this. “Okay,” She slams her palms on the cushions on either side of her thighs. “I’ve got an article I need to look over before tomorrow morning. You two chat.” She kisses Clark on the cheek, and leaves the two cousins alone.

Kara lets out a sigh, and adjusts her position on the couch again. This is my chance. She tries to think of how to start this conversation.

“So what else is going on, Kara?” Clarks tilts his head with an open expression. Kara pushes her glasses up her nose. “I’m so glad to have you visiting and getting a change of scenery, but I can’t help but get the feeling you came to talk about something.” That and Lois has dropped enough hints, he adds to himself.

“Yeah,” She says quietly. “I kind of did.”
Clark leans back, keeping his posture open. “Go for it.”

Kara leans sideways against the back of the couch they are both sitting on, and pulls a pillow into her lap. “Before everything with Cadmus started flaring up, I had tried finding out some information from the AI of my mother… about possibilities of us getting sick here.”

“You mean besides during a solar flare?”

Nodding, Kara continues to explain. “It doesn’t quite feel like I’m sick, but it’s… close to feeling like a weakness.”

“What is it?”

*Why is this so hard to explain?* She sighs. “It’s mostly in my stomach. It will happen randomly. It kind of feels familiar… almost, but I can’t place it. It’s almost like feeling light and heavy at the same time. Sometimes, my mouth will get dry too.”

Clark tilts his head in thought. “When does this happen?”

“I don’t know. It’s not like consistent. I know there’s no kryptonite around when it happens, because it will happen in places I’m in plenty of times. Plus it will come and go. If it were kryptonite, it wouldn’t just go away.”

Clearing his throat, Clark sits up straighter. “I can’t say I know anything about any weaknesses that would cause that, but I’m pretty sure you’re fine. Sounds more like it could be you being nervous or something. Probably because of all of the Cadmus drama.”

Kara nods thoughtfully. “That makes sense.”

Lois chooses that moment to walk back out into the living room. “Smallville, I think there’s a kitten stuck in a tree on the other side of town.”

Both superheroes turn to look at Lois incredulously. She’s leaning against the wall with her arms crossed. One elegant eyebrow lifts with a pointed look at Clark. “Right…” He slowly pushes himself off of the couch. “I’ll be back.” His eyes dart back and forth between Kara and Lois. “Okay.” In a flash, he’s gone.

“That was surprisingly subtle for you, Lois.” Kara dares a look at Lois, knowing something is up. With a shrug and a smirk, Lois saunters over to sit by Kara. “You two can both be so…” She groans with a playful eye roll. “I swear… The trait is ridiculous at times.”

Kara’s eyebrows furrow. “Why do I feel a comment about being oblivious is coming?”

“Because you’re learning… sorta.”

A heavy sigh escapes Kara, and she hugs the pillow closer to her chest. “Are you going to tell me what it is that I’m missing?”

Lois smiles at Kara.

“You’re not.” Kara huffs.

“No,” She winks. “But not for the reason you think.” Kara tilts her head in question. “Tell me this… who else have you talked to about this?”
“My… the AI hologram of my mother.”

Lois groans. “You really are like Clark in that respect. I couldn’t even count how often he rushed off to his little ice cave with any questions.” She leans forward with a conspiratorial whisper. “Hell, he even went there to learn about the kryptonian birds and human bees.”

Kara’s eyes go wide, and she feels her face flush. “I uh… wow.” She closes her eyes, and shakes her head. “I really did not need to know that about my cousin.”

The laugh Lois lets out fill the apartment. “Oh, Kara, you’re such a puppy.” She pats Kara’s leg. “But seriously… is Clark the first time you’ve tried to really talk about this?”

“Um yeah.”

“I thought so.” She reaches for Kara’s hand. “Look, babe, there’s nothing wrong with you. Not at all.”

“Really?”

“You said it feels a little familiar, right?”

“Yeah, but I can’t really figure out why. It’s not like this has been a super pressing thing I’ve been trying to figure out. It’s just kind of been in the back of my mind.”

“That’ll happen when you go through what you’ve been through.”

“So what should I do about it?”

“You need to talk to your sister, Kara.” She watches Kara sigh. “She does know you came here for the weekend, right?”

“Yes, of course!”

“So you two are good now, yeah?”

“Yup! We’re good.” She smiles.

“Then there is no reason you can’t talk to her about this. Go have a sister night with her, and just talk to her. You tell her everything. You always have. She’ll want to hear about this too.”

Kara laughs with slight exasperation. “If you say so.”

“I do say so.” Lois gives her a smug smile.

*Of course.* Kara rolls her eyes.

“You take care, Little Red, okay?” Lois pulls back from her hug with Kara.

“You too, Lois.” She turns to hug Clark. “Good luck keeping her out of trouble.”

Clark laughs. “No amount of luck is enough.” He laughs.

The couple watches Kara walk out of their apartment. Clark closes the door, and turns to see Lois with a smirk on her face. “What did you do?”
“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Lois turns on her heel, and disappears into the apartment.

Clark groans before walking after her. “If you’re using that tone, then I really don’t want to know.”

“Sorry, can’t hear you.” Lois whisper-shouts from the other side of the living room. “I don’t have super hearing.” She chuckles, and continues walking down the hallway. A pop causes her to jump, and spin around to face Clark in the living room. “What the-”

“Lois…” Clark says with his eyes glued on an unexpected visitor lounging on the back of their couch. His tone carries a warning to tell her to stay back.

Ever the defiant rebel, Lois merely crosses her arms over her chest, and looks expectantly back and forth between the two other people in the living room. “You know… you could probably use those powers of yours to get a hat that fits.” She tells the small man perched on her couch with his legs crossed.

“Lois -” Clark’s voice is full of exasperation.

“Sometimes, I forget why I like having her around you.” The unwelcomed guest chirps from the couch. He floats up into the air, and faces Lois. “But if you’ll excuse me,” He points a thumb over his shoulder at Clark. “I need to keep him out of my way for a little while.”

Clark takes a menacing step forward. “Don’t you-” The man tisks, and snaps his fingers. In the place Clark stood, there is now crying baby.

“Oh, you’ve got to be fu-”

“Ah, ah, ah.” The man shakes a finger at Lois. “Watch your language around the baby.” He laughs at his own wittiness. “You’re going to have your hands full for a little while. Don’t worry… you’ll have everything you need.” He snaps his fingers again.

“Oh my fucking god!” Lois shouts when she realizes where she is standing. With a sound halfway between a groan and a sigh, she takes in the walls of the Fortress of Solitude. She’s standing between a fridge and bed. A section of the cave has been converted into a misplaced apartment setup. She hears crying, and turns to see baby Clark in a crib. “Nice touch.” She says with sarcasm dripping from her tone, as she takes in the sight of a baby Superman wrapped in his cape and wearing a House of El crest onesie. “Just fucking great.”

Chapter End Notes

The burn ends soon. I promise.
Chapter Summary

Lena straightens her spine, and raises her chin with her expression blank. “I don’t appreciate last minute appointments being made under false pretenses.” Her hands fold together on her desk. How did Jess allow this? An irritating chuckle escapes her very unwelcomed guest. The CEO’s eyes slightly narrow, and she leans forward on her forearms. “I’m sure you can make an exception for me.” Lena’s eyebrow quirks a little. “Ooo, we’re snippy, aren’t we?” The intruder’s voice is amused.

Someone new has come to National City with a game plan in mind. How will Supergirl handle all of the problems this guest brings?

Beginning of "Superman's Best Friend" storyline

Chapter Notes

This is the longest one yet! I'm actually posting it before having finished it! Ah! But it's so much fun to write! Definitely has a "Justice League Unlimited" meets season 1 of "Supergirl" vibe!

After giving it much thought and research into other fics... I've decided to go back and shorten chapters. I've divided up my chapters into 2-4 parts depending on where it works. That will also give me some time to do other things, since I am falling behind on writing. The support and feedback y'all have given has given me a push to at least not stop anytime soon. I will at the very least write out all of the ones I have planned. I will likely take a hiatus of my own after that. It will be like a real show. :) Thoughts?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex opens the door to her apartment with a flirty smile. “Well hello, Detective Sawyer.” She leans one hand against the doorjamb with her other hand on her hip.

Maggie’s eyebrows go up to her hairline. Holy hell... “Damn, Danvers. Lookin' good.”

With a smirk, Alex steps to the side and waves Maggie into the apartment. “You too, Swayer.” Alex’s eyes trail down Maggie’s backside.

Hearing the tone of Alex’s voice, Maggie glances over her shoulder to see where Alex’s eyes are glued. “You alright there, Danvers?”

Alex tears her eyes away and looks up to see Maggie smirking at her. “Never better.”

“So did you want to watch a movie?”
Slowly, Alex saunters up to Maggie. She looks her up and down with a little hum. “After.”

Maggie doesn’t have a chance to respond before Alex is dragging her to the bedroom.

“So.” Maggie sits up in the bed, the sheet sliding against her body. “Talk to me, Danvers.”

“What do you want to know?” Alex slides a hand over the muscles in Maggie’s abdomen.

“Your sister. You’ve never gotten to talk much about what it was like, have you? The whole adopting an alien sister and all that.”

Alex stills her hand, and looks away. “No, not really.”

“You two are extremely close.”

“We weren’t always.”

“Seriously?”

“Mnhmm, we had a bit of a rocky start. I was 15 and suddenly had this 13-year-old alien girl following me around.”

“How did you get to where you are now?”

“Time.” She shrugs. “Actually… there was this one night I, uh, heard her crying. I tried to get her to talk to her cousin, Superman. We called him so she could get some advice on the whole being overwhelmed by all of her heightened senses thing. The call lasted less than five minutes, and I just… felt so bad for the kid. After that, I started to feel it was my responsibility to help her. She always looked so broken and lost.”

“What’d you do?”

“You know how she’s into painting?” Maggie nods in the affirmative. “My mom believed that would help her gain control over her strength. I spent hours researching art therapy so I could help her. We would go exploring to find new things for her to paint.”

“Wow, that’s amazing. You’re amazing. She’s lucky to have you.”

Alex shakes her head. “I’m lucky Superman was buddies with my parents. I can’t imagine what my life would have been without her… where I would be… who would I be.”

Maggie tucks a stray strand of hair behind Alex’s ear. “She’s why you’re at the DEO, huh?”

Alex nods. “To protect her. I know, I know. I’m crazy for wanting to protect someone who is bulletproof.” She chuckles briefly.

“Nah… well… okay, it’s a little scary that you would totally throw yourself in front of a gun for her, but she would beat you to it anyway.” Maggie’s dimples show with her smile.

“That’s true.”

“Do you know much about where she’s from?”
“Krypton? Some.” Alex moves her head from side to side. “It took years before she would even bring it up. She carried… carries so much loss. Don’t let that smile and disgustingly positive attitude fool you.” Her smile turns wistful. “I remember the first time I saw her real smile. It was like a completely different girl. Under all of that pain, I found someone just looking to be loved. Once I started to get to know that girl, I cared more about bringing her out than getting to know about another planet.” She sighs. “She was 13. She was 13 when her parents locked her in a tiny spaceship all by herself. How much of a clear perspective did you have on the world when you were 13?”

“No where near the outlook I have now.”

“Exactly. She left believing her parents to be these great heroes and thought her world was the most amazing place. She’s spent hours trying to describe different colors that exist. She’s cried over not being able to find a word in English that can express how she feels. She’s stumbled through countless social interactions only to feel more like an alien by the end.” Maggie grabs her hand in encouragement. “Since coming out as Supergirl, she’s found out some things that have warped the memory of her home… of her family. She will probably never even admit this to herself, but… I think she’s terrified of Earth having the same fate. Did you know Krypton, as in the entire planet, had xenophobic views that could rival this country’s? Don’t tell her I told you this… The Medusa was created by her father to eradicate anyone not Kryptonian on their entire planet. They were ridiculously technologically advanced. Other planets either thought they were uptight or god-like.”

“Really? We’re talking about a place that Kara came from?”

Alex lets out a snort of laughter. “Believe it or not, yeah.”

“What family did she have there?”

Alex takes in a deep breath to settle herself. “Her parents, Zor-El and Alura Zor-El—”

“Wait, isn’t her last name Zor-El?”

“Yeah, although they weren’t necessarily a patriarchal or homophobic society by the time Kara was around, they still held on to some of their older customs - including their patriarchal naming system. They have these houses. Kara is in the House of El. Her dad was named Zor-El, because males get their house name tagged onto a forename of sorts. Females use their father’s name as a surname if they are unmarried. Her dad’s brother is Jor-El, Superman’s father. And um…” She looks down, and scrunches her eyebrows.

“And?” Maggie gives her an encouraging smile.

“Her mom had a twin, Astra, who was married to Non.” She takes a deep breath, remembering everything with those two relatives last year. “Superman is her cousin, as you know. That’s all of the family I know about. I’ve never managed to get her to talk about anyone else.”

“I can’t blame her. It’s one thing to lose a family member or friend or a few… But, damn, everyone she knew for the first half of her life… that’s something else entirely.”

Alex nods thoughtfully. “Even with everything she’s been through, she has so much love… and cares so fiercely.”

“That why she got so pissed about me arresting Lena Luthor?” Nice segway, Maggie. Hopefully she’ll take the bait.

Alex rolls her eyes. “I can’t believe she actually let you into her office to apologize.”
Maggie shrugs. “I just walked in.”

“Still… That just didn’t seem like something I thought she would allow.”

“Maybe Kara is chipping away at that icy exterior.” Now I start laying the groundwork.

“If anyone can do that, it’s Kara.”

“So.” Maggie scoots closer to Alex. “Tell me how you really feel about that.”

“What exactly?”

“The Kara and Lena relationship.” She chooses “relationship” over “friendship” specifically.

“Ah… that…” She takes in a deep breath. “I promised Kara I would give her a chance and not judge her. I’m not going to lie and say I haven’t been carrying more suspicion than anything, but… even I have to admit at some point that she keeps proving us wrong.”

“Look at you having an open mind, Danvers.”

Alex nudges Maggie’s shoulder. “Watch it, Sawyer.” She throws a mock glare at her girlfriend.

Maggie only laughs and kisses Alex. “We should hang out with the two of them.”

The DEO agent raises an eyebrow. “What?”

“You know, show Kara you support them. Plus, she will probably appreciate not being a third wheel constantly.” Maggie places another, longer kiss to Alex’s lips. “And we-”

Alex interrupts her with another kiss. “No more talking about my sister.” She kisses Maggie. “It’s a mood killer.” She rolls on top of Maggie, effectively ending the conversation.

“Kara!” Kara slows her steps from the elevator lobby. “Hey, Kara!”

She turns around to see James walking up to her. “Hey, James. What’s up?”

“How was your weekend in Metropolis?” They begin walking together.

“It was good.” She nods with a small smile. “Never a dull moment with Lois around. You know that, I’m sure.”

James laughs. “Yeah, she can be a handful. You should hear Lucy go on about her.”

“Have you talked to Lucy lately? Lois said they’re doing better now. Something about them hanging out when she came down here.”

“We, uh, we talked a bit. I think we’re going to try to get coffee sometime this week.”

“That’s good. Is she back for good?”

“I’m not sure. She wouldn’t really tell me, but I’ll let you know.” Kara smiles up at him, and they round the corner to Kara’s office. “Ah, I see you haven’t done anything with those.”

“Ha, yeah… I think I forgot about them.” More like got distracted.

James leans against the doorjamb with his arms crossed. “Did you ever find a card in that jungle?”
“No, I, uh, figured it out though.”

“Oh yeah?” James smiles at her, waiting for more information.

“Yup.” Kara walks into her office, and winds her way to her desk. She places her bag on the desk, and looks back at James.

“Don’t leave a guy hangin’, Kara.” He chuckles a little.

Kara shrugs, and pushes up her glasses. “They’re from Lena.”

James’ eyebrows shoot up. “As in Luthor?”

“James.” A warning is in Kara’s tone.

He holds up a hand. “Just asking.” He opens his posture a little more. “No need for the Lena lecture.”

“Lena lecture?”

“Ha, yeah.” James clears his throat. “Winn came up with that.”

“Of course he did.” Kara can’t help but laugh. She sighs. “I’m trying to work on that. It’s just…” Her shoulders sag, and she looks away.

“Just?”

“It really bothers me that everyone judges her because of actions done by her family when Lena has done nothing but good. Everyone is so quick to deny her even the slightest chance, but my family wasn’t that great either.” She shrugs.

James lets out a sigh, and walks to stand on the opposite side of Kara’s desk from her. “Kara, that’s different. We -”

“But it’s not different.” She huffs.

“Okay, look,” James holds up both hands in surrender. “I’m sorry. You’ve proved she’s not like them.”

“Thank you.” Kara lets out a breath.

“You really care about her?”

Kara nods, and looks down. *So much that it kind of surprises me sometimes.* Her eyes find James again. “I do.”

James crosses his arms, and nods while looking down. When he meets Kara’s eyes again, there’s something new there. “I hope she stays deserving of that, Kara.”

“She will.” Not an ounce of doubt shows on Kara’s face.

“Alright, well, I have some proofing to do.” James walks back to the door. “See you later, Kara.”

“Thanks, James.” When she can’t see him anymore, Kara takes in all of the flowers filling her office. “She deserves more than just one friend.”
Kara: Do you have plans for lunch??

Alex: Nope, what’s up?

Kara: Noonan’s at noon? (Lol get it… noon…ans…)

Alex: Oh my god, Kara… You made that joke for the 3 years you worked there. It’s still not funny.

Alex: But yeah. I’ll see you there.

Kara: It’s hilarious. :) seee youuuuu

“Ponytail!”

Kara snaps up to see Snapper glaring at her. “Yes, sir?”

“Scrap that fluff piece you’re working on. I have something else for you.” He waves a paper in the air. “Well, what are you waiting for?”

“Oh.” Kara jumps up, and manages not to knock over any bouquets on her way to take the paper from his hands.

“And you might want to think about moving your flower business somewhere else.” His voice is near a growl.

“Yes, I’ll get on that.” Kara watches him leave without another word. She lets out a sigh, and looks at her new assignment.

The elevator doors slide open with a ding. Lena steps out in all of her CEO splendor and strides directly to her office. Jess is standing beside her desk, awaiting Lena. Once Lena is passing her secretary’s desk, Jess falls into step beside her boss with her eyes glued on the tablet in her hands.

“Good morning, Miss Luthor.” She continues to tap on her tablet without looking up. Without missing a beat in telling Lena about her schedule for the day, she holds Lena’s office door open and follows her into the room. Lena listens, while hanging up her purse and coat before going to her desk. Jess stands in front of Lena’s desk, eyes still on the tablet. “I have the updates you asked for from security.”

“Oh, good. I need those today.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.” Jess taps on the screen. “Oh, and there’s a last minute meeting this morning.” She hums with her eyebrows furrowed. “I must have missed it earlier.” She says under her breath. The secretary clears her throat before speaking louder. “It’s in an hour.”

“With?” Lena raises an eyebrow at the woman standing across from her.

Jess looks up from the tablet. “Miss Danvers.”

Lena tilts her head. “Kara Danvers?”

“Yes ma’am.”

 Weird. “Ah, thank you, Jess. You can send her in as soon as she gets here.” With a professional nod, Jess turns on her heel, and leaves the office. Lena slowly sits in her chair. Since when does Kara
make appointments through Jess? She tries not to let her anxieties run through her thoughts. The formality of scheduling an appointment without even a simple text to Lena causes a spark of fear inside of the CEO.

With a shake of her head, Lena shoves the thoughts to the back of her mind. She opens her laptop, and sets herself to stay focused until Kara arrives.

“Hey Kara,” James smiles, and walks up to Kara as she walks past the desks of her coworkers.

“Hey, sorry, but I’m running late. What’s up?” Kara minutely slows her pace.

“Oh, nothing. Go on. Good luck with your interview.” He smiles, and pushes the elevator button for Kara.

“Thanks, James!” She rushes into the elevator. Rao, I really don’t want to do this interview.

Lena’s eyes are firmly glued to her laptop screen, her fingers flying fast enough to make Supergirl jealous. She’s working furiously on calculations of Dr. Sanchez’s latest report before their meeting later. She hears the sound of someone clearing their throat near the doorway. “One moment, Kara.” She says without looking up.

A few more words are added, and she is at a suitable place to pause. “What can I-” Her eyes open wide when she sees the person standing in her office. Why me?

Lena stepped out of the elevator, with her heels clicking distinctly across the main lobby of L-Corp. It’s a Friday night, and her only friend has probably landed in Metropolis by now. Thinking of Kara, she decided to send her a quick text. Friends do that, right? She went through the familiar process of convincing herself that what she was doing was purely platonic.

Lena Beana: I hope you had a safe trip to Metropolis. Don’t let Lois get you into any trouble. :)

Lena rolled her eyes at her use of a smiley face, something she never did before Kara.

Sunshine Danvers: Lena! Hi! Yes, I made it here just fine. And I will do my best!

The CEO strolled out of the doors of L-Corp with a small smile on her face.

“That’s sickeningly cute.”

Lena stopped walking, as her head shot up to find the source of the comment. “Detective Sawyer.” She lifted an eyebrow at the woman casually leaning against the car she was walking toward.

Maggie smirked. “CEO Luthor.”

“Doesn’t have the same ring to it.” Lena continued walking to the car. “You haven’t arrested my driver, have you?”
The cop laughed, and pushed off of the car. “Nah, he’s in there. But I told him that he won’t be taking you home.”

Lena stopped in front of Maggie. “Maggie, can you just… tell me what you want.” She crossed her arms over her chest.

Maggie put her hands on her hips. “I believe you said I was buying the drinks.”

“Excuse me?” I was just trying to be nice, Lena thought, not wanting to spend time with a woman clearly used to being able to easily charm other women - especially one that arrested her.

“Look, I know you know Kara is out of the state for the weekend. And I had a feeling that you wouldn’t have any plans. No offense or anything. Just an observation.”

Lena held back a smart retort. “I’m not hearing the part where you tell me exactly what it is you are expecting from me.” She held her temper for Kara’s sake.

“Hey, not everyone being nice just wants something from you. But that’s not the point here. Lois really likes you, kid. Her words, not mine. She had me promise to make sure you didn’t spend your weekend alone while Kara is with her. So I’m here to take you for those drinks we talked about.”

“Detective -” Lena was losing her patience with the subtly aggravating woman.

“Come on, Little Luthor.”

Lena let out a sigh. “Maggie, the last thing I want to do is be seen drinking in public... Particularly not with the detective that arrested me not that long ago. I’ve had more than enough press this month.”

“Okay, then we go to my place.” Maggie smiled with mischief.

A perfect eyebrow raised on Lena’s face.

“Or yours. I just figured you weren’t the type to have people over.”

“That’s true.” But I’m not sure her place would be better. “I don’t know.” The more Maggie pushed, the more Lena found herself possibly not minding having company - even though the detective can be irritating.

Maggie pulled out an envelope from inside of her leather jacket. Time to bring out my secret weapon. “I borrowed some pictures of young Alex... and Kara.” She smirked at Lena. “The kind that they keep hidden.” Lena’s eyes dropped briefly to the envelope. Maggie let out a deep sigh, realizing maybe she was coming off the wrong way. “Okay, okay.” She said in surrender. “Maybe I’m coming off as an ass.”

“Alright. I deserved that.” Maggie’s voice turned softer than it had before around Lena. “I know how this seems... like I’m using you to get on Kara’s good side. I’m sorry.” She put the envelope back in her pocket. “I’m not the kind of person that gets all mushy with people, ya know? I really do just want to hang out though. I know what it’s like to be on the outs with family.” She paused, and looked down for a moment. “I try to forget about that to be honest. So yeah, maybe I come off a little rude at times, but it isn’t completely intentional. So maybe we can try this whole thing over, and we can also ignore the fact that the Danvers sisters’ habit of rambling may be rubbing off on me, because that is the most I have spoken at once.” She let out a breath. “Do you want to get a drink,
forget about our families for a while, and laugh at a picture of young Kara with a mullet?” She gave a hopeful smile without the previous cockiness it used to hold.

Lena pursed her lips in thought and maintained eye contact with Maggie for several long moments. The corner of her lip quirked once. “Get in the car.”

Maggie let out a nervous laugh. She opened the door and motioned for Lena to get in first.

“Darias, we’ll need to stop for wine on the way home.” Lena informed her driver.

“So I get to see your place?” Maggie smiled brightly.

“This is not an open invitation or given access for any kind of investigations, Detective Sawyer.”

“Of course not, Miss Luthor.” The silence extends for several minutes before Maggie speaks again. “So how many times has Kara stayed over?”

“Why exactly are you on the outs with your family?”

“And now we’ve found the lines that we won’t cross,” Maggie said apologetically. “So… red or white?”

These pictures better be worth it, Lena thought.

Chapter End Notes

I took a break between the first and second half of writing this chapter. I started it the day that I posted "Sister Night," which was the weekend I mentioned my friend/secret crush moving. Welllll that Saturday night, I hung out with her and other kickboxing friends. I have never been drunk like that before. Never again. I'm in my mid-twenties, and I am currently suffering from my very first hangover. The past 6 hours, I've been curled on my couch, awaiting my death. I'm just now able to look at my computer screen. (To clarify, it's April 16th right now). But anyways... just wanted to share that little fun fact. I won't be finishing this chapter until tomorrow at the earliest. I'd prefer not to throw up on my laptop.

Oh! And no worries... my crush is still a secret. Though I accidentally let it slip to one of my friends there, but she doesn't remember, and I never told her who, so we're good haha. After they had me get into the shower fully clothed, two of them took me home. One (my crush) drove my car, while the other followed behind. I now know that I prefer to be the one taking care of the drunk people. Drink responsibly, friends.
Lena straightens her spine and raises her chin with her expression blank. “I don’t appreciate last minute appointments being made under false pretenses.” Her hands fold together on her desk. *How did Jess allow this?*

An irritating chuckle escapes her very unwelcomed guest. The CEO’s eyes slightly narrow, and she leans forward on her forearms. “I’m sure you can make an exception for me.” Lena’s eyebrow quirks a little. “Ooo, we’re snippy, aren’t we?” The intruder’s voice is amused. “Ah, I get it. I haven’t introduced myself yet. Perfectly understandable that you would want that information first. I get it.” Adjusting the small hat on his head, the little man executes a quirky bow toward Lena. “Mr. Mxyzptlk.” He stands back up, and adjusts his green bow tie after placing the purple hat back on his bald head.

For an endless moment, Lena merely stares at the man that would likely only come up to her knees, her face not betraying a single emotion. “I don’t have time for this.” She shakes her head, and picks up a pen off of her desk while opening a folder.

Mr. Mxyzptlk’s thick eyebrows shoot up to the top of his head. “Woah, woah, woah.” He walks closer to her desk. “Huh.” He contemplates the tall desk that will block his view, and floats up into the air across from Lena at her desk.

“As I said,” Lena shakes her head in exasperation. “I don’t have time for this.” She begins writing on the papers on her desk. “You may leave in whatever manner it is you managed to get in here.”

The small man looks at her absolutely incredulously. “Hey!” Lena continues to ignore the intruder. He narrows his eyes at the woman. “Listen!” His shiny head suddenly pops through the desk and papers on it, and he is now face-to-face with Lena.

Slamming her palms on her desk, Lena pushes herself back with a gasp she couldn’t contain. “What the fuck!” She stands quickly, and glares at the man now floating with a mischievous smirk over her desk.

He lets out a pleased laugh. “My, my, Miss Luthor, what nasty language.” He puts his hands on his hips.

Gaining her composure again, Lena crosses her arms over her chest with a glare at the man. “You need to leave.”

“But you haven’t offered me anything to drink!”

Lena’s jaw tightens.

“I suppose that’s alright. I can get something myself.” He lifts a hand, and a glass of orange juice appears in his grip. He drinks the contents in one gulp, and tosses the glass over his shoulder. It disappears before it can reach the ground.

“Now that libations have been taken care of… shall we get down to business?”

*Fuck this.* Lena moves to walk around her desk.
“Not so fast.” Mr. Mxyzptlk appears in front of her with a distinct “pop.” “Okay, okay, okay.” He holds up his hands in surrender. “I can see that I’m going to have to be a little more…” He grins. “Propelling in my approach.” He rubs his hands together, and Lena begins to take steps backward. “Have a nice trip.” Lena’s eyes go wide.

“Supergirl!” Winn’s voice comes through the earpiece. “What’s your ETA?”

“10 seconds!” Supergirl shouts over the wind thrashing her cape. She is flying to a rocket about to be launched from the top of one of the skyscrapers. She lands on the opposite side of the rooftop from the revving rocket. “I’m here!” She runs to the rocket. “Lena?” Her eyes go wide, and she gasps in surprise.

“Supergirl, what is it?”

“Oh Rao!” She rushes to untie her alter ego’s best friend from the rocket. “Lena!” She tries to get the semi-conscious woman’s attention.

“Supergirl!” That’s Alex’s voice.

Supergirl gently carries the CEO away from the rocket. “Lena?”

Lena’s eyes flutter for a few moments before focusing on her face. “S- Supergirl?”

A sigh escapes the superhero. “It’s Lena. She was tied to the-” Her eyes go wide at the sudden lack of the sounds the rocket was making, and she turns around.

“Supergirl?” Alex speaks again.

“It’s… it’s gone. The rocket is just… gone.” The hero gapes at the now empty rooftop.

“You can put me down now.”

“Oh!” Supergirl’s eyes go wide, and she looks down to see Lena looking at her with a raised eyebrow. “Sorry,” She carefully sets the woman down to her feet.

Lena smooths her hands over her clothes, and looks to the spot where the rocket previously was. “Well that was-”

“Exciting, right?” A voice speaks up from behind them, and both women spin to see Mr. Mxyzptlk hovering in the air as if he were lounging on a beach. Supergirl immediately puts her body in front of Lena, resisting a sudden urge to hold on to the woman.

“Supergirl, what’s going on?” J’onn’s voice appears in her ear.

“Oh, we can’t have that.” The floating man waves his hand, and Supergirl’s earpiece makes a buzzing sound before butting off the connection.

“Friend of yours?” Lena asks Supergirl.

She shakes her head, and glares at the stranger. “Who are you?” Supergirl uses her no nonsense voice.

The purple-suited man straightens up in the air, and spreads his arms out to indicate himself. “Aw,
Baby Super, I am hurt. Truly hurt. You don’t know who I am?”

Supergirl doesn’t see Lena’s eye roll. “I’m guessing you’re the one that strapped Miss Luthor to a rocket about to launch.” Her eyes narrow at the man. Lena’s jaw tightens, and she resists the sudden urge to reach out to touch the woman in front of her.

A fully-belly laugh escapes the man, and he does a few rolls in the air before settling back to speak to the women. “I knew you would make it in time.” He waves his arms in front of his face. “But that’s not important.”

Supergirl takes a step forward, and he puts a hand up to stop her. “Hold on there, little thing.”

The hero huffs. “Who are you calling little?” She ignores the laugh coming from Lena.

“Moving on.” He waves off the comment. “I am Mr. Mxyzptlk.” He snaps his fingers, and his name is spelled out in the air above his head. “I…” He puts his hands on his hips dramatically. “Am Superman’s best friend.”

Supergirl guffaws a moment, and regains her composure. “No, you’re not.” She puts her own hands on her hips.

“Sure, I am. And,” He draws out the word while he floats closer. “I’ve been watching you. You’re… not bad,” He looks her up and down. “Supergirl. So!” He perks up. “I’m here to test you.”

The hero narrows her eyes, and reaches behind with one hand to find Lena’s arm. He better not try anything. “I don’t need to be tested.”

“Sure you do!” He says cheerfully. “It’ll be so much fun!” He looks over Supergirl’s shoulder at Lena. “Don’t you agree?” Supergirl takes a step toward him. “Ta-ta!” He disappears with an audible “pop.”

Supergirl lets out a groan, and turns to face Lena. “Are you alright?”

“You mean besides being in my office with a strange floating man one moment, and suddenly finding myself about to be launched to Mars the next?” She lifts an eyebrow, and tilts her head at Supergirl.

“Um, yes?” She internally winces at her loss of Supergirl vebrado.

“What is he?”

Supergirl shrugs sheepishly. “So what happened?”

“There really isn’t much more to it. He appeared in my office, and then I was suddenly here.”

She taps her earpiece, and sighs. “He did something to my communication device.”


“Hang on.” The hero pulls out her superphone from the pocket under her cape. She dials Alex’s number. “Hey, my comm was tampered with, but things are okay now.”

Lena listens to Supergirl’s brief conversation, and looks around at the skyline. What building are we on?
“Right. Bye.” Supergirl hangs up with an audible exhale. “Sorry about…” She waves a hand around to try to find the right word. “This.”

Lena tilts her head, and lets a coy smile grace her features. “That was eloquent.”

The hero chuckles, and looks down at her boots. *Not my best moment.* She looks back up at Lena. “I’m not even sure what this is.” She gestures with a hand to where the rocket was and where the man was floating.

“That’s always good to hear.” Lena smiles to remove any sting from the words.

“Considering you’re on top of CatCo, I suppose you’ll need a lift back to L-Corp?”

“Ah, I thought I recognized this area.” Lena nods. “Yes, I have a meeting in,” She looks at her watch, “45 minutes.”

Supergirl smiles at Lena, and closes the distance between them. She tilts her head in question at Lena. “Um…”

Lena lets out a light laugh a human might not have been able to hear, and shakes her head at her friend’s awkwardness. She takes the last step to remove the air between them, and puts a hand on Supergirl’s shoulder. “No crazy tricks.” She quirks an eyebrow, her face painfully close to the other woman’s.

The hero laughs now that the tension has been so elegantly broken by Lena. “Maybe next time then.” She carefully scoops Lena into her arms, and the CEO’s arms wrap around her neck.

“What makes you think there is going to be a next time?”

“Isn’t there?” Supergirl smirks, and slowly begins flying her back to L-Corp.

*Did she just smirk at me?* Lena bites her lip and watches Supergirl’s profile while the hero keeps her eyes straight ahead. “Perhaps.”

When Supergirl looks back at Lena’s face, there is a coy smirk firmly in place on the CEO’s face. The hero’s throat moves with a large swallow. *I really need to talk to Alex.*

“Shouldn’t you keep your eyes on the sky, Supergirl?” Lena’s smirk grows when Supergirl’s eyes widen.

Supergirl lets out a small laugh, and forces her eyes back to the city in front of her. “I have a great sense of direction.”

“Oh, so we just passed L-Corp to take the scenic route?”

“What?” Supergirl freezes her flight, and her eyes are wide as she looks back over her shoulder. “Oh. Yeah. Right.”

Lena can no longer hold in her laughter, and it comes out slightly breathless. “Think you can be discreet? If no one noticed my absence, I would prefer it to stay that way.”

“Yes, of course.” Supergirl gathers her bearings, and flies to Lena’s balcony. Her feet touch down carefully before she sets Lena down. A quick scan of the floor showed Supergirl that they were in the clear before they landed. “Here you go.” She smiles at Lena.

The CEO takes a step back, and offers the hero a grateful smile. “Thank you for the rescue from
the… odd situation… and for the lift.”

“No problem.” The hero beams at her. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were beginning to like flying.”

Lena huffs. “Absolutely not.” She fake glares at the hero. “Don’t go getting any funny ideas.”

“I would never.” Supergirl’s smile is utterly amorous.

“You, Supergirl, are out of this world.” Lena maintains a neutral expression.

Supergirl’s jaw drops, and her head tilts. After a moment of stunned silence, the corners of her lips start to twitch upward. Suddenly, she brings a hand up to point at the woman across from her.

“You… you just made an alien joke.”

Slowly, an enticing smile spreads across Lena’s face. “So I did.” one of her eyebrows raises slightly as she speaks.

The laugh that escapes Supergirl is full of flustered Kara. She shakes her head, and looks down at her boots. Her laugh dies down, and she speaks quietly. “We’ve come a long way, haven’t we?” Blue eyes are staring straight into green eyes.

Lena nods slowly. “Indeed, it would seem so.” The two smile at each other for a few seconds that speak louder than any words could.

Supergirl’s head tilts, and she looks over Lena’s shoulder through the floor-to-ceiling windows. “Looks like your secretary is on her way in here. I should…” She motions with her head toward the skyline behind her.

“Have fun catching that…” She waves a hand in thought. “Mr… Mxy…whatever.”

“Mxy.” Supergirl nods. “Right, yeah. Wish me luck.” She winks at Lena, and is gone, leaving a breeze blowing through Lena’s hair.

Lena lets out a small chuckle, and walks into her office. “Can’t say that’s how I saw my morning going.”

Supergirl lands inside the atrium of the DEO and meets Agent Danvers and J’onn in the command center. She stands between the two looking at the screens, and places her hands on her hips.

“Supergirl,” J’onn greets her with his gruff voice.

“Please tell me you have something for me.” Supergirl tries not to sound too annoyed.

“Hello to you too,” Alex says under her breath.

J’onn clears his throat before speaking. “Mr. Mxyzptlk.” An image of Superman facing off against the small, bald man appears. “He’s from the fifth dimension. Your cousin has had some run-ins with him before.”

“He claimed to be Superman’s best friend.” Supergirl crosses her arms. “That doesn’t look very friendly.” She nods to the image of Mr. Mxyzptlk launching a confetti cannon at Superman.

“He’s an imp.” Winn speaks up, as she spins around in his chair to bring up other information found. “He likes to bother your cousin on occasion.”
“Okay, so why is he messing with Supergirl?” Alex asks

“He said something about testing me.” Supergirl huffs a little.

“That doesn’t make any sense.” Alex crosses her arms.

“Based off of what I’ve found, he is kind of obsessed with Superman. Maybe he has some weird, I don’t know, possessive thing,” Winn suggests.

“What, so you think he wants to see if I’m good enough to be a hero like him? Really?” Supergirl is incredulous.

Winn holds up his hands, palms outward. “Hey, not saying I agree or that it makes sense. Just, maybe he wants to make sure no one spoils his fun.”

“And where is Superman?” J’onn asks.

“There haven’t been any signs of him in several days.” Winn is typing on his computer.

“Is it possible Mxy already did something to him?” Supergirl asks.

Alex raises her eyebrows at her little sister. “Mxy?”

The hero shrugs. “Lena came up with it, and it’s a lot easier to say.”

“Lena?”

“Yeah, um, you know what, I’ll explain later. First thing’s first. What do we do to get rid of him?”

Winn clears his throat. “There are some rumors about this interview he did with your cousin while he was running for office, or something ridiculous like that. He got the imp to say his name backwards, and then, poof, he was gone.”

“That’s all?” J’onn sounds skeptical. “Saying his name backwards does what, exactly?”

“Sends him back to the fifth dimension.”

Supergirl’s face scrunches up in confusion. “How do you even say that backwards?”

Alex rolls her eyes. “I think we should be more concerned about getting him to say it.”

At his computer, Winn tries to sound out the backwards name. “Klut...klite...klip…”

J’onn clears his throat, and Winn looks up to see the three people glaring at him. His mouth closes with an audible click of his teeth. “Agent Schott, can you find a way to track his location?”

“Right, sure, let me see what I can find.” He arches his back over his keyboard.

Supergirl is looking at the images on the screens. “It looks like he is big on getting attention. Maybe we can use that to get him to come to us.”

“How do you plan on doing that?” Alex asks.

Shrugging, Supergirl looks at her sister. “I’m a reporter for a huge magazine.”

“Supergirl, I’m not sure using your alter ego would be the best idea,” J’onn interjects.
“He’s an imp with magical powers,” Winn pipes up. “I think he knows who she really is.”

“It doesn’t have to be at CatCo exactly.” Supergirl taps a finger on her chin in thought. “I could set up a couple of chairs on James’ balcony, and nobody besides he and I will know.”

“Then what?” Alex looks at Supergirl pointedly.

“We get him to say his name backwards.”

“You say that as if it’s so simple.” Alex’s tone is dripping with cynicism.

“If Kal-El can do it over and over again, I don’t see why getting him to say it once will be hard. Plus, he doesn’t know that I know.”

“Speaking of your cousin,” Winn speaks up again. “Should we be trying to find him?”

“No.” J’onn takes control of the situation again. “Any alterations done by Mr. Mxyzptlk will vanish with him when he leaves our dimension.” J’onn turns to face the others. “Supergirl and Mr. Olsen will draw him into an interview. Agent Danvers will take a team to the factory we discussed this morning.” J’onn nods at everyone, and turns to leave.

“So… Lena?” Alex shifts closer so her shoulder is touching Supergirl’s.

Supergirl shakes her head. “Mxy had zapped her from her office, and she was tied to the rocket that was about to be launched.”

Alex’s eyebrows raise. “Why her?”

“I don’t know. Maybe to get my attention?”

“Lena was the best way to do that?”

“I don’t know.” Supergirl takes a step backward. “I’m going to go talk to James. We’ll talk later, okay?”

“Sure, Kara.” She watches her sister fly out of the DEO.

Supergirl pulls out her superphone to text Lena on her flight to CatCo.

Super Babe: Please let me know if Mxy bothers you again.

Lois Lane 2.0: How’s capturing him going?

Super Babe: I’ve got a plan!!!

Lois Lane 2.0: I’m sure you do.

Lois Lane 2.0: Good luck.

Chapter End Notes
Hey! So I have a month to submit an original pilot script and spec script, and I am looking for as many pairs of eyes as possible to provide feedback. If you are interested, let me know :) (You can email me at CatarinaElibeth@utexas.edu or find me on almost any social media with the username, CatarinaElibeth)

It's not "Supergirl"-related, but they are hour-long live action dramas.
Supergirl lands in an alley a block away from CatCo, and speeds into her Kara Danvers clothes. She stops for a cup of coffee, more out of ritual than necessity, and makes her way to her floor of the building. The latest article she is working on isn’t due for another two days, so she is not expected in Snapper’s office. Wanting to get her imp problem out of the way as soon as possible, she heads straight to the CEO office. There’s no sign of James’ assistant at her desk, so she walks up to the open door and knocks.

“Hey.” She offers a small smile to her friend.

James looks up with a wider smile, seemingly forgetting the tension between them. “Kara, come on in.” He’s standing behind his desk.

She walks in to stand on the opposite side. A quick check behind herself shows her that there are no other people within earshot. She centers herself with a small sigh, still feeling awkward around James. They have said their apologies, but time is still needed to appease the tension. “Hey, I need your help with something.” She keeps her voice low in case there are prying ears.

“A super something or…” He leaves the question open-ended, immediately taking on a serious tone.

Kara nods, and glances over her shoulder again. “Think you can spare some time this afternoon?”

James eyes light up. “Absolutely!” He looks down with a small laugh, as a smile threatens to take over his face. “You know,” His eyes find Kara again. “I thought it would take you a lot longer to be okay with a team up with Guardian, but I-”

“Wait, what?” Kara’s eyes go wide.

“You said -”


“Ah.” He straightens. “I see.” An awkward pause follows. “What can I do for you, Kara?”

“I need to use your balcony, if possible, for an interview. And I need you to be there pretending to take pictures for it. It’s not a real interview. Maybe you’ve heard of Mxy. He’s from the fifth dimension. Anyways, he showed up this morning, and apparently he did something to Kal-El to keep him out of the way. So I need to get him to say his name backwards to get him to go back home.”

James blinks at Kara. “Mxy?”

“Yeah, his first name is all long with no vowels.”

“Right.” He crosses his arms. “Yeah, I think I know who you’re talking about. Little guy? Purple hat?”

“That’s the one.” She points to make her emphasis. “So can you help?”
“Of course. What’s the plan?”

Kara sits in her chair, as James adjusts the lighting panels. “How’s it going?”

He smiles at her. “Almost set up. I think Mxy will appreciate this lighting. May even make him look taller.”

The reporter tries not to laugh. “I bet he’ll appreciate that. I hope he shows up. He’d be a great cover story.”

“Superman would be impressed. He’s never been on our cover.”

“Do you think he will tell us about his powers? It must be amazing to have that kind of power. And that’s coming from a girl that can pop a bag of popcorn using her eyes.” Kara smirks.

“I’m just hoping he’ll show up. It would be great to meet him.”

“How flattering,” The unmistakable voice of Mr. Mxyzptlk chirps up. He appears in the seat opposite Kara with a sound similar to a balloon popping. “I do love an interview!”

Kara sits up straighter in her seat, and James’ eyes widen in slight shock. The woman is the first to recover from his sudden appearance. I’m glad all that talking drew him out. “I’m glad you could make it. Sorry, I would have tried to schedule an interview, but I didn’t have contact information for your assistant.”

“Oh, naive girl, when you’re this powerful, you don’t need an assistant… unless you’re looking for a job.” He raises a bushy eyebrow at Kara. “I bet coffee would have a nice zap to it with those eyes of yours.”

Kara’s heart rate quickens at the knowledge that the imp does, indeed, know who she really is. “Sorry, I put my assistant years behind me.” She gives him a sweet smile that doesn’t reach her eyes. “Shame. Kara Zor-El, assistant, has a nice ring to it, yeah?”

“I go by Kara Danvers, actually.”

“That’s a shame.”

“Speaking of names. How do you pronounce yours?”

The man lets out a delighted chuckle. “Mr. Mxyzptlk!”

“So you’re like… a magician?”

“Oh, you poor dolts stuck in this dimension are so small-minded. I am everything. I can do anything.”

Kara pretends to take notes. “Can you elaborate on that? On your powers?”

The imp perks up in his seat with his feet dangling over the edge. “Certainly!” He giggles. “Think of me as that one Robin Williams character. Love that guy, by the way. I can do anything, but even better than him! It doesn’t have to be a wish for me to do it! And I can’t be summoned by rubbing some piece of metal.”
“So you can do anything?”

“Eh.” He tilts his head side-to-side. “Mostly. There’s the usual mumbo-jumbo with free will stuff. Like I can’t make people fall in love, or force you to stop drinking orange juice. But where would the fun in that be if I could?”

Kara nods, while she pretends to take more notes. “That’s fascinating.” She rests her chin on one fist, with her elbow on the arm of the chair. “So you’re only weakness is that you can’t get into people’s heads, basically?”

He laughs again. “That’s the only limit to my power. I don’t fall to my knees with shiny rocks or anything like that.”

The reporter leans forward, and hears James taking a few pictures. “So is there anything that can get you to fall?” Her pen is over her paper, waiting to add more to her false notes.

“I have a feeling you already know that answer…” He looks serious for a moment, before smiling his mischievous grin again. “But I can play along!” He claps his hands. “I’ve been known to be sent home by saying my name backwards.”

“Backwards?” Kara scrunches her nose in confusion. “I can’t even manage to say it forward, how would I ever say it backwards?”

“No, no, now, you foolish Kryptonian.” He waves his hands in front of himself. “You aren’t the one that has to say it. You have to try to get me to say it.”

“Say what?” Kara tilts her head in intrigue.

“Kltpzyxm. Gosh, you should get your memory checked. Now… ah, nuts.” The imp floats above his chair, and clings to his head with his eyes shut as if in pain.

Kara smirks, and James watches in amazement. “What were you saying about me being a foolish Kryptonian?” She stands, and watches as Mr. Mxyzptlk begins to fade out of view. When he’s gone, she turns to James with a laugh. “Well, that was—”

Raucous laughter interrupts her, and she turns to see the imp back in the chair, doubled over in laughter. “Oh boy! You should have seen your faces! That was priceless! Too bad that camera was facing me, cause that was great.” He pretends to wipe a tear from his eyes.

“Wait…” Kara’s rubs her head, looking away from the laughing imp. The laughter dies down, and she turns a glare on him. “What was that?”

“I told you, Supergirl. I’m here to test you.”

“No, you’re here to play jokes.”

The imp shrugs. “Potato, tomato.” He crosses his legs and leans back on the chair. “I see I’m going to have to spell some things out for you.”

Kara huffs, and takes a step toward him. “You little -”

“Ah, ah, ah.” He tutts. “We both know that won’t do any good, Miss Thing.”

“Who are you calling Miss Thing?” Kara is too indignant to let the comment slide.
Mr. Mxyzptlk only laughs. “I must say, you are fun in your own way.” He looks at James. “Do you mind?” He sounds offended.

“What?” James huffs.

The imp rolls his eyes, and snaps his fingers. James disappears.

“What did you do to him?”

Her comment is waved off with a small hand. “Just sent him to actually get some work done that is part of his job duties. He’s fine. I don’t care about him.” His voice is oddly serious. “You,” He points with his smile and joyful tone returning, “are the reason I’m here. Now, are you ready to listen up?”

Kara’s jaw clenches. What if I just threw him back to the fifth dimension?

“Ooo, someone is about to have a hissy. Okay, okay. I’ll make it quick. There’s rules, ya see. Sure, most of the time it’s my name. But when I come for specific reasons for my fun, then the rules change a bit. If you don’t win the game, I keep having my fun.”

“But that makes no sense. How do I win a game that I don’t know the rules to?”

“That’s the fun part!” he almost shouts.

She takes a step closer. “What do you want?”

“The same thing you do.” His smile is almost wistful, Kara thinks.

“I want you to leave.”

“Before I tell you anything more?” His grin turns sly. “Okay!” He pops out before Kara can say or do anything else.

She groans out in frustration. “I think I miss just punching aliens.”

Kara finds James coming out of the elevator with his camera bag over his shoulders. His shoulders sag in relief when he sees Kara, and he falls into step with her as she goes to her office. “What happened to you?” she asks.

“He sent me to a rally of some kind downtown with my camera in my hands.”

She’s too frustrated to be amused at the thought of a stranger knowing about James being better suited for that line of work than his Guardian heroics. “You didn’t miss anything here.”

“Did you send him back?”

“No.”

“Did you find out how?”

“No.”

“Do you know where he went?”

“No.”

“What -”
“I’m going to the DEO. I’ll see you later.” She walks to a nearby stairwell before James can say anything else. *Where do I even begin?*

Supergirl lands in the DEO several minutes later and goes to find Alex. She finds her sister alone in a lab. “Hey.” She slumps into a stool beside her big sister.

“That’s not a happy ‘hey.’ Couldn’t get him to say his name backwards?”

The hero groans, and puts her elbows on the table, so she can rest her chin on her fists. “Oh, I got him to say his name backwards.”

“So what’s the problem?”

“It didn’t work.”

“What?”

They discuss what happened on James’ balcony, and the hero’s confusion doesn’t dissipate. “This is all some game to him.”

“A game that you have to win in order to get him to leave.”

Supergirl nods. “Not easy to do without knowing the rules.”

“So maybe just play the game, and see what happens.”

“I don’t even know what we’re playing, Alex.” She is completely exasperated.

“Okay, so we have to put together what we know so far.”

“Which is literally nothing.”

“That’s not entirely true.” Alex gets Supergirl’s full attention. “We have to find hints in what he said. And we know it has something to do with you since he said he wants to test you, and he said something about what you want.”

“Yeah, and I have no idea what he’s talking about.”

“Well he hasn’t been bothering anyone else, and he sent James away from you, so you are definitely his target.”

“What about Lena?”

A crinkle appears in the middle of Alex’s forehead as she looks at her sister, careful to think before she speaks. *What about Lena?*

Alex softens her features and makes sure to leave all judgement from her tone. “Do you think this has something to do with her?”

“He went to her before me.”

“Maybe, he thought she was the way to get your attention.” Alex tilts her head at her sister, who looks down at her hands playing together on the table. “Why?”

“Why what?” Supergirl doesn’t look up.
“Kara, why did he go after Lena?”

Finally, she looks up at her big sister. “Maybe because she gets so many attacks, so, I don’t know… Maybe he figured I’d have my ears open for any sign of trouble with her.”

“How did you feel when you saw it was her?”

Supergirl’s eyebrows furrow together. “I was worried. And mad.”

“Maybe he has been watching you, and has seen how protective you are of her. Also, you’re the only one that stands up for her. Maybe going after anyone else would have had the chance of getting someone else’s attention… Like… If it were me, Maggie could have showed up.”

“That makes sense… kind of.” She sighs, and drops her chin back into her hands. “I was already full on things to think about, and now I have this.”

Alex raises an eyebrow, and shifts closer to her sister. “Things?”

“Yeah…” She sighs again. “I, uh… actually, I hadn’t even gotten a chance to talk to you before this started. When I went to Metropolis… There’s something I’ve been trying to figure out for a little while. I was going to talk to you about it, but now all of this is going on. And there’s literally always something coming up at the worst times.”

“It happens in our line of work, but you can’t risk waiting for the right time.”

“I feel like I don’t have a choice but to put my personal life on hold whenever Supergirl is needed.”

“Kara.” She holds onto one of Supergirl’s hands. “You can’t do that. Trust me. It’s worth it. Being Supergirl all of the time would be like trying to do any job all of the time. Yes, Supergirl can end up being needed at any time, but you can’t wait by yourself for those moments. You need balance.”

A small smile tugs at the superhero’s lips. “Coming out has made you wise.”

Alex rolls her eyes and nudges her sister’s shoulder. “I’m being serious! You helped me see that, you know. I couldn’t have gone after Maggie without your support.” She smiles at her sister. “I couldn’t do what I do here if I didn’t have those moments with you or Maggie or our friends and family to look forward to when I step out of this building.”

“I feel like you’re trying to hint at something, but I don’t know what.”

“How about you tell me what you have been trying to figure out because that may be a whole lot easier than this little game you seem to have found yourself in?”

Supergirl nods slowly. She looks around the room, and past the glass windows. “Can we go to the training room?”

Without a word, Alex gets up and leads the way. She holds the door to the training room open and closes it behind Supergirl. She watches her sister sit on the edge of the platform and joins her. They sit in silence for a few moments. “I thought I was getting sick or something was wrong with me at first,” Supergirl says quietly in the silence of the room. Alex knows to let her process her thoughts, so she waits patiently. “I asked my mother about it, but she didn’t have anything. Then I thought Kal-El might know.” She wrings her hands together. “Now, I don’t think it has anything to do with me being Kryptonian.” Her eyes stare straight ahead. “When I liked James, I would feel warm and giggly at times.” Alex nods, and places one of her hands over her sister’s in silent encouragement. “It took me some time to figure out that what I have been feeling lately reminded me of that, but… it’s
different now.” She goes silent.

After it seems the hero won’t be speaking up without prompting, Alex shifts closer before talking. “What kind of feelings are you having now?”

Her little sister swallows heavily. “It’s almost like when I first takeoff in flight. It’s somehow heavy and light in my stomach all at once. But it’s not unpleasant. Not at all.” She’s still looking ahead.

“Kara, I’m going to ask you something now, and I want you to not be scared to tell me the truth. Okay?” She squeezes the hand under hers. A nod is her answer. “Is there a specific person making you feel this way?”

Supergirl takes in a slow breath. *Is there?* She swallows as an image with green eyes come to mind. *Well, that’s… got to mean something. I haven’t… thought of her… in that way before. But… Is it Lena that makes me feel this way? Isn’t she the one I’m always around when it happens?* “Yes,” she says with a breath out. *But I don’t know what it means.*

“I don’t know where these feelings came from.” She nods slowly a few times. “Yeah.” Her voice is small.

“You don’t have to know exactly what you’re feeling now, Kara. You don’t even have to give it a name. Just… be true to yourself, and don’t be afraid of what anyone will think. Okay?”

“Thanks, Alex.” She pulls Alex into a hug as tight as she dares.

Alex rubs her back. “Okay, now… how about we go figure out the rules to this game, yeah?”

They stand up and head to the command center. On the way there, a buzzing comes from under Supergirl’s cape. She stops to pull out her superphone. Alex stops and raises an eyebrow at her sister. “It’s Lena.”

“On your superphone?”

**Lois Lane 2.0:** Is the midget gone?

She decides to ignore the implications in her sister’s voice. “Yeah.” She types out a response. **Super Babe:** I think that might be offensive lol. He’s an imp. But no. He’s still here.

Supergirl looks up at her sister. “You don’t think he’d go after her again, do you?”

Alex shrugs. “We need to find some sort of pattern or something else to go off of.” Supergirl looks down at her phone again. “Winn is looking up some more information on him, but it’s not looking like there’s much.”

The hero puts her phone away. “Okay, sounds good. I have to go. Lena might have something useful.”

“Be careful.” Alex nods.
“I will.” She kisses her sister on the cheek and zooms out of the building.

Minutes later, Lena is turning at the familiar sound of Supergirl landing on her balcony. She stands to greet the hero as she enters her office. “Supergirl, thanks for coming.” Lena offers a smile to the superhero.


Lena’s heart quickens its pace. She shakes her head, and walks around her desk to grab a file from the shelf on her wall. “I thought it wouldn’t hurt to look through some of the files Lex stowed away. I found files on your imp friend.” *May as well answer her unasked question. Lex made a point to research common enemies of Superman.* She picks up and opens the file. “Apparently, he tried to tangle with the imp, but it didn’t work out for him.” She puts the file on her desk for Supergirl to look at. “It’s not much, but hopefully it can be added to whatever you have.”

Supergirl lets out a laugh, and shakes her head. “I don’t have much. What I thought I had wasn’t any use.”

“Go on.” Lena is completely enraptured by the woman.

She lets out a deep breath before speaking again. “I had this plan all worked out, because we found out that if he says his name backwards, he’ll be sent back to where he came from.”

“And you couldn’t get him to say it?”

“No!” Supergirl throws her hands in the air in frustration. “I *did* get him to say it. But it didn’t work!” She groans.

Lena breaks into an amused smile, and tries not to laugh at the frustration of her best friend. “What happened?”

“He told me that the rules are different each time, and I have to play his game.” Her voice raises, as she remembers what happened earlier. “After he pretended that it worked!”

The CEO bites her lip to hold back the laugh threatening to escape. “What?”

“I tricked him into saying it, and then he started acting like he was in pain, and he disappeared. I was relieved for half a second, and then he popped back in. He was laughing at me!” She crosses her arms, and looks out of the windows of the office.

Lena covers her mouth, and looks down a moment. Her shoulders shake ever so slightly with the barely contained laughter. She regains her composure after a brief moment. “If it helps,” She points to something in the file, “he doesn’t know how to lie.”

“What?” Supergirl looks at Lena’s face.

“He can play tricks and talks in circles, but,” She taps the paper, but Supergirl’s eyes stay on her face, “he cannot outright lie.” She looks up to see Supergirl’s eyes on her, and her breath catches in her throat.

*I have… a lot to think about.* Supergirl can’t take her focus off of Lena’s eyes. “Um, that’s… interesting.” She shakes her head, and pulls her eyes to the file on Lena’s desk. “So it’s a riddle game.”
“Pardon?” Lena tilts her head in question.

“He sees this as a game. I have to win for him to leave.”

“What’s the game?”

“That’s the problem. I don’t know. He won’t even tell me the rules.”

“What did he tell you?” She leans against the back of her desk, giving Supergirl her full attention.

“That there are different rules when he comes for a specific reason. He said ‘the rules change.’ I asked him what he wants, and he only said he wants what I want. Which I don’t get, because I want him gone.”

Lena remains silent for a few moments, head tilted in thought. She opens her mouth to speak, but is interrupted by laughter and the sound of a balloon popping. The two women turn toward the couch, where Mr. Mxyzptlk is reclining. Supergirl stands protectively in front of Lena. The imp floats toward them. “Now!” He claps his hands once in excitement. “This is what I like to see!”

Mr. Mxyzptlk does a few loops in the air as he gets closer to Supergirl and Lena. “A Luthor and a Super working together!” He smiles at the two women. “How epic!”

“You know ‘Super’ isn’t really like a surname, right?” Supergirl crosses her arms. The imp only laughs again.

Supergirl hears Lena mumble under her breath, “That’s my line.”

_Really? That’s what she gets from this situation._ The hero shakes her head and steps toward the imp. “What do you want?”

He stops laughing, and looks back and forth between the two women. “What you want. I told you that.”

“And how do you know what I want?”

“Not just you, Super.”

Supergirl doesn’t see Lena’s eyebrows furrow. _That’s odd_, Lena thinks.

The imp laughs and starts flipping in the air again. Supergirl hears Lena moving behind her and looks over her shoulder to see her reaching into her purse on the desk. She sees the taser with her x-ray vision and reaches a hand out to touch Lena’s other hand while keeping her eyes on Mr. Mxyzptlk. Lena drops her hand and leaves the taser in her purse.

“Hey, can you just… give us a hint? This game can’t be much fun for you if I don’t actually try to play, right?” The floating man suddenly stops his aerial tricks and narrows his eyes at Supergirl. The office is silent again. Supergirl feels Lena moving again toward her taser. This time, she grabs Lena’s hand and tugs her away from her purse. Her lips curl up slightly when she hears Lena’s huff of frustration.

With a dinging sound, the imp’s bowler hat lights up like a lightbulb, and he smiles coyly. Supergirl tenses, and Lena squeezes her hand. Mr. Mxyzptlk points at them. “You won’t get anywhere without becoming a true team.” He disappears with the sound of faraway laughter.

Supergirl immediately drops Lena’s hand and turns to look at the CEO with her mouth slightly open.
She moves her mouth a few times, trying to think of what to say. Lena raises an eyebrow at Supergirl. Without thinking before she speaks, Lena opens her mouth. “As cute as you are when you are speechless, it would be more useful if you put that hint to use.”

The hero’s eyes widen, and she feels her neck heat up. “I… uh…” She clears her throat. “Right. That hint.” She puts her hands on her hips and looks away in thought.

Lena walks around her desk and sits in her chair. “I have to be honest. I much prefer my job over superheroeing.” She smirks at Supergirl, who is obviously annoyed. “Most of the people I encounter can at least be rationalized with on some level… and they don’t have an ability to appear out of nowhere.”

Supergirl groans, and drops herself into one of the chairs across from Lena. “This is a new one for me, actually. He makes me really miss the easier days, when I just had to knock out aliens.”

“I’m not sure he classifies as an alien.”

“Probably not.” They sit in silence for a few moments. “Most, not all, unfortunately, of the aliens that come here are refugees. Did you know that?” Blue eyes stare in green eyes. “Some are like me… we don’t have a planet to go back to. Some have to run away because their planets were under attack. Earth, maybe because of it’s youth, is seen as a relatively safe place to go. The aliens that are here to cause trouble are a minority, for sure, and those are the ones that I handle. This Mxy… he doesn’t fit into either of those categories. He’s not some refugee, and he actually doesn’t seem interested in Earth outside of messing with some people. Pranks.” She huffs again. “I was on the receiving end of some rather nasty ones when I was younger.”

“Now, it would seem we are both on the receiving end. So…” She leans on her forearms on the desk. “How do we get you to win the game?”

Supergirl’s eyebrows raise. “We?”

Lena shrugs. “Clearly, my work will continue to be interrupted, as he seems intent on including me in this little game. The sooner he goes home, the better. He has to have a weakness of some kind. Everyone has a kryptonite. You’ll just have to figure out what his is.”

_Everyone has a kryptonite?_ Supergirl wants to ask Lena what her kryptonite is, but pushes the thought into the recesses of her mind. “A weakness…” She tilts her head in thought. The CEO watches her friend go deep in thought. After a few minutes, her eyes brighten with a thought. “Lena, you’re a genius!”

Slightly taken back by the loud voice, Lena sits back a little in her chair. “Well, I won’t argue with you on that, but what…”

Before she can finish talking, Supergirl is using her super speed. She drops a kiss on Lena’s cheek. “You’re the best. I’ll see you later.”

The words flow over Lena with a slight breeze from the hero’s departure. Her fingers touch the warm spot on her cheek before she can stop herself from doing something so cliche. _Get it together, Lena_. She pulls her hands away as if she was burnt and turns to the work on her desk. Putting her hand on the buzzer for Jess’ intercom, she makes a decision. “Jess?”

“Yes, Miss Luthor?”

“Please reschedule any meetings I have for the rest of the day.”
“Yes, ma’am.”

With a nod, Lena picks up her pen to begin getting whatever work that she can accomplish done before another interruption.

Yet again, Supergirl lands in the DEO to discuss her imp problem. “Winn!” She walks up to her friend’s desk and places a hand on the back of his chair.

“Yo!” He smiles up at her. “How’d it go with Mr. M?”

“Don’t ask. Did you find anything else on him?”

“No, but,” He starts typing, “I was able to use the signals given off by his rocket earlier to create a way to find him next time he creates something from the fifth dimension. Which, gotta say, is super cool. It’s right up there with your sister piloting your pod, and-”

“Winn.”

“Right! Yes, sorry.” He starts typing again. “So if he does anything, we’ll know.”

“Supergirl.” J’onn’s voice is behind them, and they both spin to look at him. “Were you unable to get him to say his name backwards?”

“No, I mean yes. I mean yes, he said his name backwards, but it didn’t work.” Supergirl responds.

“What? But that’s not-”

Supergirl interrupts Winn. “He said the rules are different each time. This is all some game that I have to win if I want him to go back.”

J’onn nods with a neutral expression. “What’s the game?”

“That’s what we have to find out.” Agent Danvers joins the conversation. “I’ve been working with Agent Vasquez to try to piece together any kind of clues from what he’s told Supergirl so far.”

“Oh!” Supergirl remembers the new information. “We found out that Mxy can’t lie. He can talk in circles and use word games, but he doesn’t know how to lie.”

“How do you know that?” Alex crosses her arms.

“Lena had some files on him that she shared with me.”

“We shouldn’t be involving Miss Luthor, a civilian.” J’onn’s voice is stern.

Supergirl winces slightly. “She kind of already is. He showed up there again, and I think both of us are playing the game.”

Alex’s eyebrows raise. “What did he do?”

“Nothing, exactly. He was mostly just annoying. I asked for a hint, but it wasn’t great.” Everyone looks at her expectantly. “Oh, he said something about having to be a team.”

“That was his hint?” Winn is confused.

“What were his exact words?” Alex asks.
“Um,” Supergirl tries to remember. “You won’t get anywhere without becoming a true team.”

“Aren’t we all already a team?” Winn tilts his head in thought.

Supergirl shrugs. “That’s what he said.”

“Vasquez?” Alex looks over her shoulder at the woman.

“Ma’am?” Vasquez stops her typing.

“Did you get all that?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

J’onn steps up again. “While they work on that riddle, is there anything else you found out?” He looks at Supergirl.

“In a way. He’s got to have a weakness, right? Everyone has their Kryptonite, right? Since Kryptonite is from where I came from, maybe Mxy has a weakness from where he came from.”

“So like something he created?” Alex asks.

“We may have something downstairs that can help us. There are many things down there, but it wouldn’t hurt to look,” J’onn adds.

“Right. I can run tests for anything that gives off traces of the fifth dimension.” Winn perks up in his seat.

“While Agent Schott is going through our storage, Agent—”

“Woah, woah, woah!” A beeping comes from Winn’s computer, and he begins typing. “Hang on, I’m getting a huge spike on the fifth dimension sensor.” He continues typing, while muttering, “I need a better name for it.” He pulls up a map on the screens on the wall. “There! Lots of activity going on.”

“Can you pull up a live feed?” Alex steps toward the table in front of the monitors.

“Uh, duh!” Winn types some more, and several images come to life in front of them.

One screen shows cars being thrown down the street with people running away. The other screens show different angles of the culprit of the throwing and screaming.

“What the hell is that?” Alex stares at the screens.

“It looks like a giant platypus.” Winn is in awe.

“Supergirl—” J’onn begins.

“I’m on it!” The hero shoots out of the DEO and flies through the skies of National City. She hones in on the sounds coming from across the city and throws herself into a three-point landing in front of the giant, pink platypus… with blue spots… and a collar. “Hey!” she shouts to get its attention.

The platypus turns to look at her, and its tail starts wagging. Supergirl’s eyes go wide, and she takes a few steps toward it, not entirely sure how to handle this. “What are you doing here?” The sound that comes from the brightly colored creature is a mixture of a turkey and the velociraptors from Jurasic Park. “Okay, not a talker.” She flies over its head, contemplating a course of action. It snaps
around and tries to bite her. “Hey!” She dodges out of the way, and it angrily slaps its tail on the ground.

Supergirl flies to the end of its tail and grabs on with both hands, effectively stopping the wild thrashing. “I think you’ve caused enough property damage.” She lifts up into the sky, carrying the creature by its tail. It lets out a duck-like honk when its feet leave the asphalt. She starts to fly it out to the desert when she hears familiar laughter. “Oh no,” she says under her breath.

The laughter gets louder, and a balloon pop is heard just before the platypus disappears from thin air. Mxy’s head appears in front of her. “Do you think your CEO buddy likes bats?”

“What?” Supergirl practically growls out as she flies toward the head, but it disappears with a laugh.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I did just post a chapter... but I'm bored af at work, and looking for some comments to respond to.

Also, I just found out that Caesar dressing has sugar in it... fml... I cut out sugar completely for the next two months. DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY SALAD DRESSINGS HAVE SUGAR??? FUCKING ALL OF THE ONES I EAT!!! (Deep breaths, Catarina... deep breaths...) Anyways... I just made that discovery, so I'm having to deal with that. My favorite meal every day is my big ass salad. Now I'm going to have to switch to squeezing lemon juice on it. Uuuuugh. Why did I do this to myself? I'm already pouring protein powder in my black coffee to get rid of some of the bitterness, and I've switched to plain yogurt. Ugh. I'm an idiot. But at least my arms get more defined practically each day. So yeah... there's my fitness rant for the day... I have to miss out on kickboxing this morning, because I have a training at work, but at least I still have martial arts class! I'll probably go do some pushups now or something. Or maybe I should write... That would probably be the smart idea...

I really want to get the pilot finished for people to read by Saturday night!

Someone entertain me? Please?
Kara wasn’t sure why, but she felt the need to walk to walk to Clay’s Cafe for her lunch interview with Lena.

She had interviewed her before, but that was on assignment for a specific reason; now, Lena had invited her specifically. Receiving the text from Lena was a shock. She was talking with James about her excitement over her latest article when the text buzzed onto her phone. James had given her a strange look at the sight of her large smile directed at her phone. He didn’t feel comfortable questioning her though. Her thoughts raced through wondering what Lena could possibly have to share with her. They have only had three interactions in person, but Kara was interested in getting to know her more. It’s not because she’s a Luthor, Kara realized. I wouldn’t want someone just being my friend because of who my cousin is.

She rounded the corner on 1st street, and idly wondered if Lena was truly interested in a friendship. As bubbly as Kara’s personality is, she doesn’t have the most expansive group of friends. Thinking about Lena as a possible friend was exciting - intoxicating almost. With Cat’s departure last week, Kara only had a female relationship with her sister. Even then, Alex is her sister - it’s not quite the same. And Cat was her mentor and boss. Kara has never had this sort of friendship before. With her awkward history of friends falling in love with her… let’s just say Kara is ready for something new.

So lost in her thoughts, Kara nearly walked past the door of the restaurant. “Oops,” She muttered under her breath, and stumbled over her feet to go back to the door. Pushing up her glasses, she checked to make sure there wasn’t an audience for that lovely moment. Her eyes widened at the sound of a light chuckle. She spun around, and was met with the sight of Lena Luthor with an amused smile.

“Are you alright, Kara?” Her voice was dripping with amusement.

“Um,” She straightened, and pushed up her glasses again. “Yes. Yup. All good.”

Lena did that low chuckle again, and quirked an eyebrow. “Don’t worry. I don’t think anyone saw that apart from myself.”

Kara winced slightly. “That doesn’t really help.”

Shaking her head, Lena stepped past Kara to open the door for her. “After you.”

With a smile, Kara walked through the open door. “Thanks.”

Lena stepped up beside Kara, who was about to speak to the hostess. “Reservation for Livia.”

“Yes, right this way.” The woman directed Kara and Lena to a table in the back corner. “Your server will be right with you.” She offered them a smile with their menus.

“Thank you,” Kara beamed at her. She turned to Lena, sitting across from her. “Livia?” She asked
with a tilt of her head.

Lena waved off the question, and opened her menu on the table. “My name isn’t exactly unknown.”

Kara nodded in understanding. “I see.” She didn’t know the woman enough to ask for further details on the name choice, so she turned her attention to her own menu. “Have you been here before?”

“No, but my assistant is a fan, and she has a knack for getting to know the best local eateries.”

“Oh! I love food, too! I’m a sucker for potstickers! Is she from here?”

“No, she made the move to National City with me.”

“Wow! That’s... wow, that’s awesome! I’m glad you had someone you were familiar with to help you with the move.” She adjusted her glasses. “I’m not how I would responded if Cat Grant had asked me to do that.”

Lena was saved from answering by the server. “Hey, I’m Malia.” She went through the usual routine, and left with their orders and menus.

“So Cat Grant?” Lena took a sip of her water.

Kara laughed a little. “I guess I didn’t tell you, but before I was a reporter, I was Cat Grant’s assistant for over two years.”

“Wow, you must have been a truly remarkable assistant.” Lena smirked.

Looking down, Kara adjusted her glasses again. “I don’t know about that.”

“Ever modest,” Lena crossed her legs at the knees. “It’s endearing.”

Kara inhaled a slow, deep breath with a bashful smile. “Oh,” She waved off the comment. “I... thank you.” She fidgeted with the napkin on her lap.

“It’s my pleasure.” Lena’s eyebrow quirked. “As for Jess... she wanted to move out here. She has some family here, and I think she was getting tired of the east coast, frankly.”

The reporter nodded in understanding. “I’m uh actually from...my adoptive family lived in Midvale, so I know how different it is from here.”

She’s adopted? Lena thought in surprise. Wow. Interesting. “So do you prefer California?”

Kara thought for a moment before slowly nodding. “I like the opportunities I’ve had here, and the people I have had the chance to meet.” She smiled significantly at Lena. “Present company included.”

“Such a flatterer.” Lena laughed to take any sting out of the words.

With a shrug, Kara responded. “I only speak the truth.”

Lena looked down with a smile tugging at her lips. “An honorable quality for a reporter. I can’t wait to see what else you do with your words.”

It was Kara’s turn to look down with a nervous laugh. “Hopefully, my boss will see that soon.”
“Oh?”

Kara waved off her concern. “We had a bit of a rocky start.” She laughed, and pushed up her glasses. “It’s kind of a funny story looking back on it. He refused to accept that Miss Grant made me a reporter. I had to convince him.”

“I’m glad that worked out for you. There’s certainly no reporter I would trust more speaking about L-Corp.”

Their food was brought out, and Kara had to contain her urge to inhale the food set before her. They thanked the server, and focused on the food before them - Kara with slightly more food. Kara held back a groan at the first bite, and closed her eyes at the sensations on her taste buds.

Once again amused by Kara, Lena smirked after swallowing her smaller bite. “I take it you are enjoying that?” Lena nodded toward Kara’s plate.

Kara was enjoying her meal too much to be embarrassed at the moment. She swallowed hastily before answering. “It’s amazing. Please tell Jess that she can recommend restaurants to me anytime.” She grinned widely at Lena.

Lena let out a chuckle that minutely shook her shoulders. “I’ll be sure to pass along the message.”

The answering smile from Kara brings a genuine smile to Lena’s. “I can’t wait!”

Chuckling despite herself, Lena shakes her head, and continues to eat.

After a few minutes of eating with occasional speaking, Kara remembered the real reason why they are having lunch together. “Oh! I almost forgot why you wanted to have lunch with me. Sorry!” She chuckled. “I’ve just been here talking your ear off.”

“No, no, it’s fine, Kara.” Lena smiled, hiding her disappointment at the conversation shifting to more business-related territory.

With only a little bit of food left on her plate, Kara pulled her notepad out to set beside her plate. “I know you’re super busy and all. You wanted to do this interview, and we’ve spent half of the time talking about food. And you must.”

“No, it’s fine, Kara.” Lena smiled, hiding her disappointment at the conversation shifting to more business-related territory.

Kara’s answering smile could power the entire restaurant. “I like talking to you too, Lena.”

Lena found her mask threatening to crack for the first time in a very long time, and she had to refrain from reacting to simple words that came as so genuine. “I’m glad we can agree on that then.”

The reporter cleared her throat. “So,” She clicked her pen open. “What did you want to share with me?” Her smile was accompanied with a tilt of her head.

After spending the morning coming up with the perfect topic of discussion, Lena was now faced with making it a reality. “With the move across country…” The CEO went on to discuss her plans to adjust L-Corp’s monetary ventures to include charitable avenues. She purposefully left out her years of anonymously donating to various charities from her personal funds. That was a piece of Lena she dutifully kept to herself.
“I plan on personally vetting each charity myself to ensure donations will be used in the most meaningful and beneficial ways possible.” Lena did not want to risk money going to a company that would use it for any negative purposes.

“And do you have any possible charities in mind?” Kara was absolutely enraptured by Lena’s words.

Nodding, Lena took a sip of her water before continuing. “I do, but I’m not ready to disclose those yet.” The truth was that she only contacted them that morning. “The announcements will be made at a fundraising gala.”

“That’s great,” Kara took a few more notes. She smiled at Lena, and clicked her pen before setting it down on her notepad.

“Can I get you two anything else?” The server walked up with a smile. Both women declined with smiles of their own. Somehow, Lena pulled her credit card out without Kara noticing. She handed it to the server.

“Lena, no, I can -” Kara started to reach for her purse.

“Kara, I invited you. It’s on me.” She said with a no nonsense tone, as the server walked away. Predictably, the reporter fidgeted with her glasses with a nervous smile. “Thank you, Lena.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

“And thank you for the interview, by the way.”

“No, thank you,” Lena smiled at the woman across from her. For the positive press and for the company.

“Here you go.” The server returned with the receipt. “Have a great day, you two!” They thanked her, and turned back to each other.

“Thanks again, Lena. This was nice.”

“Indeed.”

“Next time, it’s on me.” Kara smiled. “If you’re interested. And not, you know, just to interview. We could just get lunch.” She shrugged. Lena raised her eyebrow, and Kara felt the need to ramble more. “Or I could bring food to your office some time. I know how busy CEOs are. You know, being Cat Grant’s assistant and all. But should do lunch again.”

Lena laughed. “Lunch again, huh?”

Kara shrugged. “Sure, that’s what friends do.” She smiled as if it was the most casual thing to say.

Friends, huh? She kept the thought to herself, and finished her glass of water. “Sounds lovely, Kara.”

“Great!” Kara smiled fully. “I can’t wait!” Lena’s phone beeped from her purse, and Lena gave an apologetic smile. “Is it time to go?”

“Yes, thank you again for meeting with me.” They both stood up from the table.

“Of course. Anytime, Lena! You have my number now.” Kara smiled, and took a step toward Lena
to give her a hug. She stopped her instinct to hug a friend without question, remembering that she doesn’t know Lena that well. Lena also didn’t seem like a tactile person. “This was fun.”

“It was.” They began walking to the door. Kara jumped ahead to hold it open this time with a smile. Lena turned around once she stepped outside, and faced Kara. “I hope Snapper doesn’t give you a hard time.” She smiled.

Kara laughed, and pushed up her glasses. “I won’t hold my breath. I’ll let you know though!” Her excitement was almost contagious.

Lena shook her head in amusement. “Have a good day, Kara.” She started to walk away.

“You too, Lena! Text me later, okay?”

A smirk found its way onto Lena’s face. “Okay, Kara.” Lena’s laugh floated back to Kara’s ears as she watched the CEO walk to her waiting car.

“Bye, Lena!” She waved when Lena got to the car.

“Goodbye, Kara.” Lena laughed again, and entered the back seat. Darias closed the door behind her, and she immediately pulled her phone out to check emails missed in the past hour. After a few moments, her eyes went unseeing as she lost focus. Her mind slipped to the blonde woman she just had lunch with under the guise of an interview. No, it was for the interview. That really is the kind of press L-Corp needs. She reminded herself.

I’ve been here for less than three months now. Thanks to several assassination attempts, my name is known around the city already. Fortunately, my face hasn’t become... as known... yet. It’s really only a matter of time though. It could be worse, I suppose. At least the local Super is more likeable, and appears to be giving me a chance. That smile is too bright to be entirely fake. Even I can see that.

Interesting that she decided to become a reporter after I got here. Perhaps, she saw it as a way to have something to write about that not many others can. Her approach is favorable over her cousin’s. Lena sat back, her phone forgotten in her lap. How come nobody knew he had a cousin until last year? Surely, she didn’t just get here. Obviously... she spoke of growing up in Midvale. Why was she taken in by some other family? Wouldn’t it have been a better adjustment for her, if her cousin took her under his... cape?

While preparing for the move, Lena had added Supergirl to her list of research topics. She now understood why CatCo seemed to be Supergirl’s official media outlet. The fresh CEO had wanted to laugh at the absurdity when she met Kara Danvers. In a way, it is hiding in plain sight. Maybe it’s a family trait. Lena thought about the many articles Clark Kent had done on Superman.

Her thoughts circled around L-Corp and her new... friend while she walked into her company. The moment the elevators opened to show her floor, she stepped out in all of her glory. On her way past Jess’ desk, she slowed down.

“Jess, bring your tablet.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.” Jess hurried around her desk, and followed Lena into her office.

“Any confirmations for the gala next week?” She spoke as she walked to get water on her way to sit at her desk.

“Yes, ma’am. Everything is confirmed, and needing your final approval.” They do a run through of all of the details - from the venue set up to catering. Invitations had been sent out, and Lena’s chosen
charity would be contacted. “Is that all, ma’am?”

“Actually, can you add one more thing to the menu before sending it to the caterers?” She waited for Jess to pull up the specified information on her tablet. “Have them add some fresh potstickers of at least three varieties.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess, ever the professional, knew not to question her boss.

“Thank you, Jess. That’s all for now.” She heard Jess tapping on her tablet on the way out of her office, and turned her focus to her laptop. “Now, I just have to figure out how and when to invite her.”

In a blur, Supergirl speeds through the skies to L-Corp. “Winn,” She speaks into her ear piece. “Anything on L-Corp being attacked?”

“No, nothing. Hang on… Ah, looks like some thugs with big guns.”

A frustrated groan bubbles in Supergirl’s chest. “I’m on it.” She hears sirens, and picks up her speed. Within seconds, she’s landing outside of L-Corp, and speeding into the building. She freezes at the sight before her.

Five men in black are laid out on the ground, and their weapons are in a pile near a security guard. A familiar chuckle catches Supergirl’s attention, and she turns to find the source. Her eyebrows almost disappear into her hairline.

“L-Lena?” The woman doesn’t seem to hear her. She watches for a few seconds.

“Do you love her?”

Alex nearly choked on her beer at the sudden question. She carefully swallowed the liquid. Her eyes moved from the movie playing before them to Kara’s recently opened birthday present on the coffee table to the beer in her hands. “Who?” She refuses to look at Kara.

Kara’s eyes stayed on the television. “Maggie, of course.”

“Kara, we’ve only been together less than two months.” She snuck a glance at her sister, who was still looking at the movie.

She shrugged. “So?”

Alex shook her head, and ran a hand through her hair. She looked back at the movie.

“Was that you shaking your head to say ‘no’?”

“I… haven’t thought about it.”

“Really?”

“No.” Kara turned to sit sideways on the couch to give Alex her full attention. Alex let out a sigh, and leaned her side on the back of the couch to face her little sister. “I try not to think about it.”
“Why?”

Alex tilted her head in thought. “I… I thought after I discovered… after I came to terms… after I came out, that there wouldn’t be anything else new.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve had relationships before… well, you know. I know it’s cliche to say that now I understand what people talk about when they have deeper feelings, but… it’s more than that.”

Kara’s face conveyed no hint of judgement. “I think things are cliche for a reason sometimes. There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“Is that why you always want to watch the rom-coms?” Alex teased.

“You’re trying to change the subject.”

“I knew teaching you interrogation tactics would be a bad idea.”

“Alex.”

She sighed. “What I feel for Maggie is very new. It all is. Not in a bad way though! God, no, I’m not complaining. It’s just…”

“Just?”

“I have no prior knowledge to base how I should act off of.”

“Alex, this isn’t a mission. It’s a relationship. It’s love.”

Alex rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I know. I guess it’s a little… scary having someone come into my life at this point that I can care so much for.” They are quiet for a few minutes. “She… I started to fall for her before we were even together. Before I even knew.”

“When was that?”

A slight wince appears on Alex’s face. “I started to question if my feelings were something other than friendship when I had to hear about or see her other love interests. It sparked something inside of me.”

“Because they were women?”

Nodding, Alex said, “I think that’s part of it. I also just didn’t like the idea of someone having that kind of relationship with her. I was shocked to find myself jealous for seemingly no reason.”

“But it wasn’t for no reason.”

“No. No, it wasn’t.”

Lena is standing very close to a woman dressed in black. Who’s wearing a cape in my city? The crinkle appears on her forehead. Since when do I say this is my city? Supergirl, suddenly uncomfortable, watches the mystery woman touch Lena’s elbow as she leans in to say something in Lena’s ear. One of Lena’s eyebrows raise and her head tilts. Shaking herself out of her shock,
Supergirl speeds to stand beside Lena. Her back is slightly angled to face the stranger. “Are you okay?” She checks over her friend for any signs of injury.

Lena notices Supergirl with a look of surprise that slowly turns into a pleased smile. “Supergirl!” Supergirl tilts her head with furrowed brows. “Ah,” Lena shakes her head into focus. “Yes, I’m fine.” Her eyes flick to the other woman.

“Are you sure? What happened? Is this all of them? Did anyone get hurt?”

“Supergirl,” Lena puts a hand on top of one of Supergirl’s that she was using while speaking, and she gently pushes it down to the hero’s side before releasing it. “We are all fine. It was taken care of quickly. The police are on the way.”

“What happened?”

“An attempted robbery with human weapons… this time. Everything is fine now.”

The woman in black and red clears her throat, and Supergirl glances over her shoulder to see red hair framing a face with a smirk to rival any of Lena’s. “Yes, we’re fine here uh…” Her eyes don’t leave Lena’s face.

“Supergirl,” the hero supplies.

“Ha!” The woman is quick to stop her obviously condescending guffaw. “Super girl, I’ve heard of you.” She finally turns to Supergirl and does a thorough head-to-toe sweep with her eyes. “Don’t worry, the women have things taken care of here.”

National City’s Darling scoffs incredulously, and her mouth moves as she tries to formulate a response. Supergirl ignores the sounds of police officers entering the building to speak with the security guard and take away the criminals. All she can manage is a somewhat strangled, “What!” She points a finger at the woman. “Wait. I know who you are…” Her eyes narrow on the symbol on the woman’s chest. She crosses her arms and dares a quick glance at Lena, whose eyebrows are raised in amusement. “You’re a long way from home. National City doesn’t exactly have many dark alleys to hide in.”

Batwoman shrugs arrogantly, and turns back to Lena. “I don’t see anyone else complaining.” She smirks again.

“What are you even doing here?” Supergirl huffs.

“Apparently, I’m saving a brilliant CEO’s company from thugs while National City’s little hero plays in the skies.” A ghost of a wink is directed toward Lena.

Lena’s breath catches in her throat and her pulse quickens. She purses her lips and quirks an eyebrow at the red-haired woman before her. *What have I gotten into this time… Was the little man not enough for one day…* “I appreciate the help, Batwoman. I don’t want to think of the damage they might have caused had you not shown up when you did.”

Batwoman breaks out into a downright sultry grin. “All in a day’s work, Miss Luthor.” She practically husks out Lena’s name.

The CEO takes a deep breath. “Please call me Lena.”

Supergirl’s eyes go wide. She clears her throat.
Slowly, Batwoman turns her head toward the alien with an annoyed expression. “Oh, you’re still here.”

Lena watches Supergirl’s eyes narrow at Batwoman. *I really shouldn’t let this continue, but…*

“Yes! I’m still here. This is my city, remember? And Lena is my…” Her eyes move to Lena’s face and back so quickly, Lena misses it. “Friend. I’ve been protecting L-Corp since day one.”

“Maybe I can offer you a little vacation then.” Her eyes track back to Lena. “Everyone deserves some time to…” She pauses to look Lena up and down. “Relax.”

“Seriously… what are you doing here?”

Batwoman gives the impression of rolling her eyes without actually having to. “What does it look like?”

“It looks like you managed to knock out a few humans with guns, and now you think you can just take over.”

That brings a laugh out of Batwoman. “Oh yeah, you’re an alien. How could I forget?”

The CEO’s expression loses some of its amusement, and she internally winces. *God, I hope I didn’t used to sound like that. Shit… I probably did.*

“Maybe you should stop taking so many hits to the head.” Supergirl spits back at Batwoman.

Lena’s eyes widen at that comment. *I’ve never seen her like this.*

“It’s cute that you think someone could actually get a hand on me.” Batwoman oozes confidence. She turns back to Lena with a grin. “At least not without my permission.”

*Could she be more obvious?* Lena thinks. *Well it certainly is different that what I’m used to with-*

“And when was the last time you had to fight a giant alien, hmm?” Supergirl defends her fighting prowess.

“Oh, is that the only fight you’re capable of? Pity, I’m much more… flexible than that.” She looks directly at Lena when she finishes her sentence.

“Is that why you need to buy so many toys in order to fight?”

“I don’t need the toys to have my fun.”

Lena clears her throat, unwilling to let this go on further. “I appreciate what you both have done to help L-Corp.” She takes a moment to look each woman in the eye. “While it’s a pleasure to work with other women that are making waves in traditionally male-dominated fields, I do have to get back to my office.”

Supergirl takes a step closer to Lena and tilts her head closer. “I can escort you up—” She’s cut off by the sound of a crash outside of the building. All three women turn toward the front of the building.

Batwoman looks at Kara after a moment and smirks. “Well, that sounds right up your alley, Supergirl.”

Her head snaps back to glare at Batwoman. She opens her mouth to protest, but Lena places a hand on her arm. Supergirl looks at Lena. “Let me know if you need me.” The blonde spares one more
glare at Batwoman before vanishing, a gust of wind stirring Batwoman’s cape around her legs.

“I can see you back up to your office. I have no doubt that you can more than handle yourself, but,” She smirks, “I’d love to hear more about L-Corp.”

Lena raises an eyebrow and lifts her chin.
Supergirl flies out to the streets outside of L-Corp to find utter chaos. The traffic lights are blinking in various patterns, and cars are swerving around a multiple car accident in the center of an intersection. “Supergirl,” Winn’s voice sounds in her ears as she rushes to move an elderly woman about to be hit by a motorcycle. “I’m getting readings from the imp there.”

“Just great,” she grumbles under her breath and flies to the intercept a truck screeching its breaks on the way to the intersection. The truck is stopped within seconds, and the hero switches her attention to screaming from one of the wrecked cars. Easily, she rips off a door of one of the cars where a young boy is trapped. He crawls out of the broken door and scrambles to find his footing. “Hey, easy. Paramedics are on their way.” She can hear the sirens coming closer.

Looking around, she sees that cars are now at a standstill coming toward the intersection. She hears an odd sound coming from one of the crashed cars and x-rays the car for the source. “Crap,” she whispers. “Stay here,” she tells the boy before stepping closer to the other car. In a blur of motion, she opens the door and pulls out the unconscious driver. She goes back and lays him on the ground beside the little boy. Rushing back to the car, she blasts a burst of freeze breath to the front of the car to keep it from exploding.

The sirens are now entering the intersection. “Supergirl!” A police officer jogs up to her. “Thanks for the help.” He begins directing an ambulance nearby.

“Of course.” She smiles.

“Come in, Supergirl.”

Supergirl steps away. “I’m here.”

“Uh.” Supergirl can hear the wince in his tone. “We’ve got another one.”

Sighing, she rubs her head. “What is it?”

“He set off all of the fire hydrants at an elementary school.”

“Which school?”

“Tippy Creek on upper west side.”

“I’m on my way.”

Supergirl checks on the progress in the traffic incident before taking off to the other side of town. She takes the minute of flight to think of rather colorful words to describe her thoughts toward Mr. Mxyzptlk at the moment.

The sound of water hitting the ground with great pressure fills her ears. She hovers over the school for a moment, seeing children being ushered away from the rushing waters. Mr. Mxyzptlk timed the eruption of the water with the students being let out of school for the day. She’s not sure if she’s imagining it or not, but his laughter is ringing in the back of her senses.

“Today is not turning out to be my day.” she says through gritted teeth.

She flies down toward a woman that slipped under the pressure of the water running over her high
heels. In one swoop, she pulls the woman into her arms and deposits her near the entrance of the school. “Are you okay?”

The disheveled, drenching woman can only nod with wild eyes. “Y-yes, thanks Supergirl.”

Supergirl nods and flies to the nearest fire hydrant. “Winn!”

“How do you turn these things off?”

“Um…” She can hear his typing through the connection. “Is the cover still there? It will be hanging down from a chain. Or did he just completely break it open?”

“The cover, I guess, is hanging from a chain.”

“Easy peasy! So first thing you’re gonna have to do is turn the water pressure off.”

“How do I do that?”

“There should be a bolt on the top that has five sides.”

“Yup. What do I do?”

“I’m assuming he didn’t leave a wrench, did he?”

“Winn.” Her tone holds a warning.

“You have super strength, Kara. Grab the bolt, and start twisting.”

She pinches the bolt between two fingers. After a few tries to get a good grip on the wet metal, she manages to twist the valve shut. “Done.”

“Cool, now twist the cover back on.”

“That’s one down. 15 more to go.” She speeds around the school and turns off five more by the time the fire trucks show up.

The next fire hydrant she gets to is different. “Um… Winn.”

“What’s up?”

“This one looks… eaten.”

“Huh?”

“It uh looks like something took a bite out of the top of it. Water is just shooting straight up.” She looks up at the water spraying into the air, standing just out of the splash zone.

“Mind if we give it a go, Supergirl?” A few firefighters job up to her.

She smiles and motions with her hand toward the impromptu water fountain. “You know better than me.” She laughs.

“Thanks for getting those other ones so fast.” one of them says with a smile. “I can put in a good word for ya if ya ever wanna change jobs to join us.”
The hero laughs. “I’ll keep that in mind.” She watches them for a moment before Winn’s voice is in her ear again.

“Hey… Supergirl…” His tone matches that of someone about to deliver unfortunate news with some guilt.

“Not again.” She groans, but hears screaming before Winn can elaborate.

Across the field from her, she sees children scattering in different directions. She realizes they are all looking up, so she follows their gaze. “What the…”

Her jaw drops open at a creature flying overheard, a very familiar creature. It swoops down toward the children, letting out a screech that breaks Supergirl out of her shock. “Getting another signal from him,” Winn tells her.

“I see it.” She takes off, but isn’t quick enough. The creature takes one of the children into its claws and soars into the sky.

“What is it?”

“It’s a freaking pterodactyl, Winn!” she shouts while flying after the creature.

“You mean like a big bird?”

“No, Winn! I mean a dinosaur plucked right out of Jurassic Park!”

“Oh my god! That’s so cool! Can you bring it—”

“Winn!” Supergirl is completely exasperated. She catches up to the latest creation of Mr. Mxyzptlk and flies in front of it to block its path. “I’m really over all of these tricks!” A now annoyingly familiar laughter tickles the back of her senses.

The dinosaur screeches at her and stops its trajectory. It flaps its wings to maintain its position several yards across from her.

“You really should leave innocent children out of your games.” The child is dangling unconscious from its claws.

It opens its mouth to screech again. She aims a blast of freeze breath directly at its head, effectively freezing its beak-like mouth in a block of ice. The sudden weight shocks the prehistoric animal, and it begins to plummet back to the earth. Before it can drop a foot, Supergirl passes underneath to snatch the child from its claws. She clutches the child close to her body and watches the dinosaur fall. After a few seconds, its body turns into bubbles that float across the sky.

She lets out a heavy sigh mixed with a groan. “It’s gone, Winn.”

“It got away?”

“Not exactly.” Supergirl shakes her head of the frustration she can feel bubbling to the surface, and she flies the child back to the nearest group of people on the ground. Several teachers run straight to her. “She’s okay.” She hands the child off to the anxious teachers.

“Thank you, Supergirl!” One of the teachers smiles gratefully.

“Is everyone alright here?” Supergirl puts on a smile to mask her exhaustion and frustration for the pranks she has been having to deal with today.
“Yes. It’s so crazy. School let out, and then they all go off.”

Supergirl puts her hands on her hips, looking out to where the firefighters are shutting off the last fire hydrant. The sound of a throat clearing comes through her earpiece. “Noooo,” she whines under her breath, and starts walking away from the people checking on the girl she rescued.

“Hey, buddy.” Winn drags out the word “buddy.”

“Please don’t tell me there’s a giant marshmallow man attacking the city, or flying unicorns spitting confetti.”

“Well that just sounds ridiculous.”

“Winn.” Supergirl’s tone is anything but patient.

“Yeah, so we’ve got another one.”

“Of course we do,” the hero grumbles under her breath.

“What is it now, Winn?” Supergirl takes off into the sunset-colored sky while he speaks.

“Our imp friend is getting more intense.” He chooses his words carefully. “There’s a security breach at the desert DEO location and traces of the fifth D all over the place.”

“I’m on my way. What’s the breach?”

Winn’s voice becomes more anxious. “Some sort of tech malfunction with the holding cells. We can’t contact them to find out exactly what.”

“I’m going in now.” Supergirl shoots into the door of the first DEO location she worked in, and she is greeted with flaring alarms amongst the chaos. Some agents are at computers trying to gain control over their systems, while other agents are coming around a corner in full tactical gear.

“Supergirl!” A familiar agent notices her. “Our systems are on the fritz. We can’t get into the back half of the building. The emergency security doors are jammed closed.” The DEO agents are effectively stuck in the main area of the building with access to only the front entrances. They are completely cut off from the holding cells among other rooms.

Far beyond maintaining any patience for pleasantries or plans, Supergirl lets out a small growl. “I’ll take care of it.” She vanishes toward the back holding cells in a streak of blue and red.

The hero doesn’t hesitate for a moment, using her momentum to burst straight through the thick metal door. She stops halfway down the hall, and takes in the silence around her. That damn laugh she is beginning to hate finds her ears again. She groans and jumps slightly when she hears a crash. “What now?” Supergirl mumbles to herself, taking off after the sound.

Turning down another hallway, she flies into one of the garages to have to suddenly duck under a motorcycle hurling through the air toward her. She winces at the large crash of the motorcycle hitting the rock wall behind her, before turning with a glare toward the source.

“Hey!” she shouts at Mr. Mxyzptlk, who is laughing full-heartedly and rolling in the air. “Those are expensive!”

He suddenly stops and turns an innocent expression on Supergirl. “What?” He shrugs nonchalantly with a head tilt. “It wasn’t me.”
“It’s been you and your crazy creations all day,” she nearly shouts.

“Ah, shucks. I thought we were having so much fun.” He sounds forlorn and slumps his shoulders. “Oh, well!” He instantly perks up, clapping his hands. “Maybe we can have some fun with my new friend I just made.”

Another loud sound interrupts Supergirl from responding. This one is from the far side of the garage.


Supergirl groans in frustration and flies across the garage to find what made the crash. She stops her flight to gape at the large hole allowing the hero a view of the stars. Her sigh turns into a growl before she flies out into the night.

She follows considerable footprints with an impressive gait across the sands. A rumbling growl echoes through the night, followed by a dark object soaring toward Supergirl. Ducking out of the way, she watches a cactus land on the ground behind her. Well that’s just rude. Another growl reaches her ears and she runs to follow it. A dark figure, easily eight feet tall, stands across from her.

“You would make a fine profit.” A grumbly voice leaves the lips of the Gordanian, a slave-selling alien species.

“Unfortunately, I’m not interested in being sold,” Supergirl quips. “And you are going back.” She flies straight to him with both fists outstretched in front of her. Using her full body to add force behind the blow, she drives her hit through the alien to send him back several yards. He lands on the ground with a thud and a cloud of dust.

He grunts and tries to stand. “You vile…”

The hero effectively shuts his coming insult up with a right uppercut to the chin, sending him back to land unconscious on the ground. “Winn.” She taps her earpiece.

“Supergirl.” Alex’s voice cracks through her ear.

“Alex, Mxy let an alien out. I’ve got it now.”

“Take it back there. They’ve got things under control again. Then come by here.”

Supergirl lets out a sigh. “Is there another Mxy problem?”

“No, but Winn may have found something.”

She nods, shoulders sagging in relief. “I’ll see you soon.”

“We need to find a way to apprehend Mxyzptlk before he can cause larger problems.” J’onn is standing with his arms crossed at the table in the command center. Supergirl is glaring at the screen showing different events from the day with her arms crossed. Alex’s hands are on the table, leaning forward slightly. Agent Vasquez is standing beside her, and Winn is on the opposite side of Supergirl. A metal case is on the table in front of him, and he’s tampering with a scanner of some kind.

Alex glances sideways at her sister before speaking. “We’re still working on piecing together his riddle, but we haven’t found any records on him apart from saying his name backwards.”

“We have reason to believe that he is solely interested in Supergirl, rather than attacking the city. His
attacks have all been timed based on Supergirl’s location and availability,” Agent Vasquez offers.

“Agent Schott, what have you found?” The director turns his gaze to the man tinkering with the scanner.

“Right.” He jerks up slightly. “I went through our storage, and the only thing that triggered anything on the scanner was this.” He taps the closed case in front of him before opening it. A token with a blue stone in the center is placed in the middle of the foam insert of the case.

“What is that?” Alex asks, watching her sister glaring at the video of Mr. Mxyzptlk at the other DEO facility.

“I couldn’t find anything on it,” Winn says regretfully. “It barely registers on the scanner, so I can’t tell for sure if it came from the 5th D, or if it was made for it.”

“How long will it take for you to find out?” J’onn asks.

Winn waves his free hand around, eyes on the scanner in his hands. “Uh… a few hours at least.” He winces.

“What are we supposed to do about him in the meantime?” Alex gestures toward the imp on the screen. Supergirl finally breaks from her glare, and looks at her sister.

“For the time being, it would seem Mr. Mxyzptlk is taking a break. We haven’t had any sign of him in hours,” J’onn answers.

“I don’t like that we have to wait for him. James and I were able to get him to come to us.” Supergirl is clearly frustrated.

“Bringing him to us won’t help us solve the riddle, or find out how to get rid of him.” Alex gives her little sister a raised eyebrow look.

“Supergirl, until we have a way to weaken him or send him back to the fifth dimension, we need to remain on standby,” J’onn states with a note of finality.

The hero lets out a deep breath, and puts her hands on her hips. I don’t like waiting.

Alex nudges Supergirl’s shoulder, but keeps her eyes on J’onn. “While Winn runs tests, we’ll see what headway we can make with his riddle.” She gestures to Agent Vasquez and Supergirl.

“Excellent. Get to it.” J’onn nods and walks away to speak with other agents.

Nudging Supergirl’s shoulder again, Agent Danvers gestures with her head toward a hallway before walking in that direction with Agent Vasquez at her side. Supergirl follows them to one of the meeting rooms. She slumps into one of the semi-comfortable chairs, while the two agents begin typing away at laptops.

“Do you think we can talk J’onn into letting us order delivery?” Supergirl plucks at the edge of her cape. Alex only purses her lips and glances at the hero. “Ugh.” Supergirl pushes herself out of the chair. “I’ll be back.” She’s gone before Alex can argue.

“She’s in a good mood,” Agent Vasquez quips without looking up from her laptop.

Alex shrugs. “I don’t think she’s really eaten today with all the running around. She’ll be better once she eats her weight in something greasy.”
Vasquez lets out a single chuckle with a quirk of her lip. “Isn’t that how you got her to do all your chores growing up?”

“Hey!” Alex’s head snaps to her. “Since when do you chat socially?”

The agent scoffs at her. “I do no such thing.”

Alex raises her eyebrow with a pointed look at her colleague. “Then how exactly did that topic come up?”

She shrugs and goes back to typing. “Maybe I just overheard her talking to Agent Schott.”

After a few moments staring at Vasquez with narrowed eyes, a knowing smirk slowly appears on Alex’s face. “What’d she ask you to do?”

Vasquez’s head snaps toward Alex. She thanks her years of working with the DEO for allowing her not to react beyond that.

“I know my sister.” Alex points at the other agent. “She totally bribed you with food, and then explained where she learned that trick from.”

The two agents stare off at each other in silence. Finally, Vasquez lets out a small sigh that ends in the tiniest chuckle. Alex holds back her victory smirk. “She wanted some information on a certain NCPD detective.”

Alex’s eyebrows raise in surprise. “And she knew you wouldn’t ask questions or talk about it.” She lets out a small laugh with a touch of pride. “Damn, that’s something I would do.”

Agent Vasquez makes a noncommittal noise and focuses on her laptop again. Alex knows there’s no use trying to ask for anymore from this particular woman, so she goes back to her own laptop. Both women are comfortable with the professional silence.

“That can’t be comfortable,” Vasquez comments.

Alex barely spares her little sister a side glance in a typical big sister fashion. “It’s not like she can get sore that way.”

Supergirl is sleeping on one of the chairs around the table. She has a leg slung over one of the arms of the chair, and her head is lulled back over the other. Her cape is covering her face to block out the light.

“At least she’s not hovering over my shoulder anymore. I love her, but she has zero patience.”

Winn comes rushing into the room with a tablet in his hands. “Hey!” Both agents glare at him. He clears his throat before talking. “Um, I may have a theory on the token.”

“What?” Supergirl jerks awake, and is beside Winn in a second.

He turns the screen of the tablet to the three women in front of him. “It gives out a certain, uh, frequency that almost interferes with the fifth D sensors.”

“So,” Alex takes a closer look, “you’re saying it would -”

“Cut off his connection to the fifth dimension… theoretically.”
“How do we do that?” Supergirl asks.

Winn turns back the tablet to face himself. “It’s...” He searches for the right word. “Hard to say. It didn’t react until I put it near the rope that was left behind from when he tied up Lena. It was the only thing we could get ahold of that he created.”

“Maybe we...”

The beeping of Winn’s “Mxy Alarm” interrupts Supergirl, and the four of them rush out to the command center. Winn goes straight to his computer and pulls up a map on one of the monitors on the wall. His eyes go wide, and he winces as he turns around to look at Supergirl. The hero is frozen with her hands balled into fists, and her eyes are glaring at the map.

Alex takes a step toward her sister, and slowly lays her hand on her shoulder. “Supergirl-”

“Don’t.” Supergirl’s voice is cold. “I’m going to-”

“I’m going with you.”

Supergirl spins with a wide-eyed look at her sister. “What?”

“Agent Schott.” She holds out a hand toward Winn without taking her eyes off Supergirl. “The token.”

He fumbles momentarily to open the case on his desk and places the token in Alex’s hand. “Here.”

Alex places it in her belt pouch and adjusts her alien gun in its holster. “Let’s go.” She nods at her sister.

Supergirl and Agent Danvers are gone in the blink of an eye.

The dynamic sister duo land a block from L-Corp several minutes later. Supergirl has one arm around her sister’s waist, so they land side-by-side. They stand in the middle of the street as sounds of screaming filter behind them. Not many people are out at 10 o’clock at night fortunately. People are running toward them, and the few cars on the street are stopped. A familiar sound reaches their ears.

“It’s Parasite!” Supergirl informs her sister seconds before the creature comes running toward them. She picks up her sister and flies over its head to land behind it.

Alex pulls out her gun the instant her feet touch the ground, so she can move to a vantage point at the side of the street in order to block the path of running citizens. Supergirl catches a car that Parasite threw at her, and the hero sets it down on the street at an angle that will provide further coverage for the people seeking a safe passage out of danger. She shoots a blast of her heat vision directly at Parasite’s chest and notices a blast of blue coming from the direction of where Alex is standing. The creature slides back several yards, its monstrous feet digging two tracks into the asphalt.

“Don’t get too close!” Alex warns, remembering the Parasite’s ability to absorb powers. “I’m covering you!” She shoots off another blast as the creature runs toward Supergirl.

“Got it!” She uses her speed to fly directly at Parasite’s legs, causing the creature to fall forward onto its face. It screeches while it stands back up. “You go high! I go low!” Supergirl shouts at her sister before letting out a long blast of heat vision at Parasite’s stomach. Almost a second later, Alex’s gun is blasting its head.
Parasite hollers in pain and falls to its knees. “Now!” Alex shouts. Both sisters send a large blast to its head, and it explodes in a burst of purple and green confetti. They both watch for a few seconds with raised eyebrows. Supergirl appears next to her sister in a second and checks to see if anyone is around. “Everyone made it away safely.”

Supergirl nods. “That wasn’t actually Parasite.”

“No.” Alex shakes her head, and holsters her gun. “It couldn’t have been though, right? It’s not like he has the power to bring back the dead.” She pauses, and looks at her sister. “Does he?”

“Not quite, dearie.” Mr. Mxyzptlk’s voice pipes up from behind them, and they both whirl around - Supergirl with her body partially in front of Alex, whose gun is aimed over Supergirl’s shoulder. It’s a move done in perfect sync without thought.

“This has to stop!” Supergirl orders the imp.

He laughs. “You can’t just stop a game without a winner.”

“You could always just forfeit.” The hero hears her sister doing something, and decides to distract the floating imp.

The imp scoffs, and his eyebrows shoot to the top of his face. “Where would the fun in that be? Don’t tell me you can’t handle a little game. Your cousin does it all the time.”

The hero’s eyes narrow. “What if I don’t want to play?” Supergirl feels a tug on her cape, and takes a step to the side to give Alex more space.

“I don’t remember asking if you wanted to or not.” He shrugs.

“You should have.” Supergirl ducks out of the way after a tap from her sister.

“Game’s over.” Alex holds up the token, and a white flash shoots from it toward Mr. Mxyzptlk.

“Alex!” Supergirl shouted a warning to her sister.

Agent Danvers spun around, ducking at the same time as a punch whirred over her head. She planted her feet and used a pivot with the strength of her abdominals to thrust an uppercut into the stomach of the alien attacking her. He grunted, reflexes forcing him to double over forward. Alex followed up by gripping him around the neck, drawing him down into her knee. His chin hit her knee straight on, and she let him go to put one foot behind his. In a quick motion, she pulled her foot back, causing the alien to land on his back. She hopped over him and landed a front kick straight into the groin of an alien rushing at her.

The alien stumbled back, and Supergirl was behind him in a breath. Supergirl tugged him by the back of his collar and threw him several feet backward to land on the floor of the warehouse, knocking the breath out of his lungs.

Supergirl and Agent Danvers found themselves back-to-back, surrounded by four aliens. Alex smirked at the hesitant aliens. “Less than two minutes before the reinforcements,” she threw over her shoulder with a hint of a challenge in her voice.

The hero’s lips curled up. “We only need one.”

Before the aliens could do anything, the sisters broke into motion as if by an invisible signal driven
by an innate sense between the two.

Supergirl sped toward one of the aliens, and swept his feet out from under him on her way past.

Agent Danvers caught the nearest alien to her by surprise with a side kick to the knee. She parried the jab coming toward her and wrenched her other hand under the extended arm. With a swift spin, she had the alien’s back up against her front to create a barrier between her and the alien running toward her.

An alien was thrown at the one running toward Alex, sending both of them to the ground. Alex thrusted the ball of her foot into the back of the alien’s knee that she was holding. His knee buckled, and she released him with one arm to elbow the side of his neck. He slumped to the ground in pain.

When Alex looked up, the rest of the aliens were in a grumbling pile in front of her. She pushed the alien in front of her to the pile just as the doors of the warehouse were blasted open, signalling the arrival of the other DEO agents.

Supergirl high-fived her sister. “Danvers sisters in action! That’s what I’m talking about!” she said cheerfully. The sisters moved to the side to get out of the way and took up similar crossed-arm positions. “So is this what you had in mind, when you said you wanted something different for sister night tonight?” Supergirl asked.

“Ha!” Alex smirked. “No, but I won’t complain. Better this than watching that wedding movie again.”

“Hey!” Supergirl looked offended. “That’s a great movie!”

“Sure it is.” Alex nudged her shoulder. “Whatever you say, Supergirl.” She started to walk off.

“You’re just cranky from your date earlier.” Supergirl teased her about the dinner she had with Maxwell Lord that evening.

“It wasn’t a date!” Alex called over her shoulder.

The white light floods over Mr. Mxyzptlk, and Supergirl raises a hand to try to block out some of the blinding light. A moment later, the light is gone along with the imp. “Where-” Supergirl begins to speak, but they hear something ahead of them. Alex rushes forward a few steps and sees Mr. Mxyzptlk pulling himself up off the ground.

He brushes his hands on his clothes, looking angry for the first time since he has come to National City. “So you want to break the rules then?” His eyes narrow.

“I don’t understand.” Alex looks at the token in her hands. “It didn’t do anything.”

“Oh,” The imp climbs on top of a nearby car, “it did, but you were too late.”

Supergirl takes a step toward him, but has to change direction when a large figure comes toward her out of the corner of her eye. She wraps her arms around her sister, and flies them out of the way. A black form roughly in the shape of a human lands in the spot they once stood.

“You may have cut me off from the fifth dimension,” The imp’s voice takes on its mischievous tone again, “but I was able to make another little friend first.”
The featureless being lets out a screech and rushes toward the sisters. They split apart, and the being stumbles through the space they vacated. It circles back to Alex, and Supergirl goes to fly at it. She aims a punch at what would be its stomach, but flies straight through it. The creature doesn’t even flinch and lunges at Alex. The agent aims her alien gun at the shadow-type creature. The shot only slows it down slightly. Supergirl blows a stream of freeze breath at the creature. It screeches again and swings around wildly.

Before Supergirl can put herself in front of Alex, the agent is hit by one of the arms. Alex stumbles back, but doesn’t fall down to the ground. A small crunch sounds in the back of Supergirl’s consciousness, but she doesn’t register it as she places herself in between the creature and Alex.

The shadow creature stops in front of them. Mr. Mxyzptlk laughs brightly, and the being is gone with a popping sound. “You idiots.”

Supergirl and Agent Danvers whirl around to face the imp with glares. He’s now floating again, and pointing toward the ground. They follow his gaze to Alex’s feet. Taking a step back, Alex reveals the now broken token, and lets out a small growl.

“While you two make just an amazing, truly spectacular, wonderful really, absolutely inspiring, dynamic duo… I’m not here to see you two.” He wags his finger between the two sisters. “I already know you know how great you two are together. I have someone else in mind. Ta-ta, Danvers sisters.” He pops out.

The hero lets out a growl with a huff, clenching her fists at her sides. “We need to figure this out!” She waves a hand in the direction of where the imp was previously.

Alex reigns her own frustration in, and steps closer to her sister. “Easy. We will figure this out. He’s here for something. Or someone it would seem.”

Supergirl freezes, and her eyes glow for a second. “Lena…” she whispers.

Putting her hand on Supergirl’s shoulder, Alex attempts to prevent her sister from acting rashly. “Winn would tell us if there was another signal.” She squeezes the shoulder under her hand. “He didn’t seem completely himself. He’s probably tired and off recharging or whatever he needs to do.”

The hero’s jaw clenches. “How do we take on someone with the power to do anything? With our closest chance destroyed.” She gestures to the broken token on the ground.

“Together.”

Supergirl meets her sister’s eyes. The exhaustion is beyond evident in the hero’s face. “I should check on Lena.”

“We should go regroup at the DEO… and you need rest, Kara.”

“But -”

“You can text her from the DEO.”

Green is a Weakness

Super Babe: Lena, hello. Just checking on you after the attack near L-Corp.

Supergirl sets her phone on the table in front of her. She’s perched on a stool across from her sister, who is working on her laptop. She lets out an audible breath and rests her elbows on the table, with her chin on her left fist. Her right hand spins her superphone on the table.

After a few minutes, Alex speaks without looking up from her laptop. “I can hear you moping.”

“I’m not moping.”

They are silent for a few more minutes. “She could be asleep.”

Letting out an exasperated sigh, Supergirl pulls out her cellphone. It’s not even 11... There’s no way she’s asleep. Maybe she’s ignoring me. She could be annoyed with all the Mxy stuff.

“Maybe we should call it a night.” Alex shuts her laptop. “Winn has the 5D sensor set to alarm your Supergirl phone.”

Supergirl nods slowly. “Yeah. Okay.”

“Go get some sleep, Kara. That troll has had you running around all day.”

A small smile flashes on Supergirl’s face for an instant at the word, “troll.” “You too, Alex.”

“Come on, hero. I’ll give you a ride home. I don’t need to see any news of you sleep-flying.”

“That happened one time,” Supergirl defends herself before zooming off down the hall. She’s back seconds later in Kara Danvers’ clothes.

“Kara, you crashed through my window at 3 in the morning, and then started foraging through my fridge.”

“The DEO covered the costs of repairs.”

“Kara... I came running out of my room with a gun thinking my home was being broken into, and saw you holding my refrigerator door in one hand and a bottle of ketchup in the other.”

“You ended up with a nicer fridge!”

“Kara...”

“Hey! At least I ended up at your apartment instead of somewhere random.”

Alex rolls her eyes and steps into the garage to find her car. “You know... if you do that now, you could end up flying in on something you wouldn’t want to see.”

“Huh? What do you mean?” They climb into Alex’s car.

“I was alone that night.”

“Yeah?”
“Alone as in single.”

“Wh… oh!” Kara’s eyes go wide, and she adjusts her seatbelt. “Yup. Point taken. No sleep-flying.”

Alex laughs at her sister and drives out of the garage.

Kara closes her apartment door behind herself and tosses her keys onto the counter. She drags her feet to the couch and plops down with a huff. Pulling out her cellphone, she decides to text Lena as Kara.

Sunshine Danvers: Hey Lena! I hope your day hasn’t been too crazy! And that you aren’t still at L-Corp!

Sunshine Danvers: Maybe we could get lunch tomorrow?

Kara lets her phone fall to her stomach and drops her arms onto the couch cushions with a plop. “Why aren’t you answering?” she asks the ceiling. Her fingers tap faster than the naked eye can see. Pushing her phone off of her stomach and onto the couch, she stands up to begin pacing.

Her fingers wring together as she makes a path around her apartment. She stops at her fridge and opens it in search of a distraction. With a slice of pizza in her hand, she continues her pacing. “She’s fine… She’s probably just busy.”

Feeling far too antsy, she decides to fly out some of her energy. No one will notice Supergirl flying past L-Corp and Lena Luthor’s apartment… right? She shakes her head, and moments later, Supergirl is flying out of her window in a barely visible blur. Her cape flutters behind her as she shoots above the National City skyline on a path to her best friend’s apartment.

Supergirl doesn’t see any lights on, but knows that doesn’t necessarily mean Lena isn’t home. She hesitates in the air before landing softly on the large patio balcony. “It’s not creepy to x-ray the place to make sure she’s safe, right?” She winces, and looks around as if someone might be watching her. The hero convinces herself that a quick scan to ensure there’s no danger wouldn’t hurt. She scans the entire apartment twice, but finds nothing - including Lena.

Taking off into the sky, Supergirl makes a beeline for L-Corp. In the distance, she can see the light on in Lena’s office. That answers that question. Anxious to ensure Lena’s safety, she lands on Lena’s balcony, and immediately opens the door. Two steps into the office, she freezes with her eyes going wide. After a brief moment of shock, her jaw tenses, and her fists land on her hips.

Lena spins around in her desk chair, but Supergirl misses the way the CEO smiles brightly at the sight of the red and blue hero. “Supergirl!”

What is she doing here? Supergirl’s eyes are firmly on Batwoman, who is lounging comfortably in one of the chairs across from Lena.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” Lena smirks when she notices the glare Supergirl is throwing at Batwoman.

Batwoman raises an eyebrow with a smug expression toward Supergirl. “Yes, Supergirl, what brings you?”

Supergirl crosses her arms over her chest, and tries to calm her breathing. How long has she been here? She turns her body toward Lena. “Lena, I was just patrolling, and saw your light still on. I wanted to make sure you were okay after everything today. It’s pretty late.”
Lena smiles at her friend. “How thoughtful. I was actually finishing up, when I received a visitor.” Her eyes glance at the other hero in the room.

Batwoman waves at Supergirl. “We’re all good here, Super.”

We? Supergirl focuses on Lena. “So you haven’t been bothered by Mxy again today, have you?” Lena shakes her head. “But I saw that you weren’t so lucky.” Her face is sympathetic.

Supergirl shrugs. “At least he’s not playing his jokes on you anymore.”

“How noble of you,” Batwoman says, although her tone of voice doesn’t match the compliment.

I don’t like her. Supergirl slowly turns her head to Batwoman. “I assumed your visit would be over. You know, we had a couple women from your neck of the woods here not too long ago.”

“Is that so?”

“Maybe you should make sure they made it back home.”

“Oh, but I’m having such a lovely vacation. There are so many… beautiful sights here.” Her eyes flick to Lena with a smirk.

Lena keeps her eyes on Supergirl, but watches Batwoman out of the corner of her eye. Oh my god, who does this woman think she is? She’s torn between flattery and an urge to roll her eyes.

“You should head to San Diego to check out the beach at sunrise. If you have a car and leave soon, you can totally make it there by sunrise.”

The CEO’s eyebrows rise, and she bites her lip to keep a smile off of her face. Fortunately, the two heroes are looking at each other with silent challenges set to their features. What has gotten into Kara?

A sly grin slowly grows on Batwoman’s face, and she leans forward slightly. “You know, that actually sounds like a great idea. Maybe I can convince Lena to take tomorrow off.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t talk about Lena as if she wasn’t here.” Supergirl’s eyes narrow, and she lifts her chin for a brief moment. Turning to look into Lena’s eyes, she tilts her head in question. “She is one of the most powerful women… people in National City.” And that’s coming from the literal most powerful person in National City.

Lena smirks and finds herself enjoying this particular sort of defending. She realizes having Supergirl speaking up for her as being an independent woman is something she never knew she wanted. “You flatter me.” She knows she’s echoing words she once told Kara.

Batwoman clears her throat to draw the attention of the two women staring at each other. They both take their time turning to her. “So…” She leans forward with her elbows on her thighs. “Lena, what do you say we -”

“Hey!” All three women jolt, and shift their attention to the source of the voice.

“Not again…” Supergirl groans.

“Aww hell…” Lena mumbles at the same time.

Supergirl moves closer to Lena, angling her body in between Mr. Mxyzptlk and Lena, who stands
up from her seat. Batwoman whirls up from her chair, and faces the imp with a batarang in her hand.

“Haven’t you done enough damage for one day?” Supergirl growls.

“Damage?” Mr. Mxyzptlk brings a hand to his chest in offense. “I did no such thing!”

Supergirl narrows her eyes at him. “Sure.”

“Can’t you just… freeze him or something?” Lena is beyond frustrated.

“I wouldn’t unless you want this to turn into an ice cave.” The imp interjects.

“He can just disappear.” Supergirl’s voice is a mix of apologetic and exasperated.

“Ooo! You’re learning!” He chuckles. “But I am glad that you are all here. It makes things easier when I only have to stop in one spot, you know?”

“Who are you?” Batwoman asks.

Mr. Mxyzptlk waves off her question. “I’m the reason you’re here. But no time for that, tall, dark, and batty.”

Batwoman’s eyes widen in surprise. She takes a step toward the imp. “You little -”

“Now, now. You don’t want to start off the night on a bad note, do you?” He waves a hand dismissively, and the batarang turns into a balloon sword.

“What the hell?” Batwoman throws the balloon to the ground, while Supergirl and Lena watch someone else be on the receiving end of the imp’s tricks.

“So!” Mr. Mxyzptlk claps his hands once and rubs them together. “How about we get this started, yeah? One romantic adventure for two coming up!” He gaudily waves a hand in the air, and Lena and Batwoman are gone in a puff of red and pink smoke.

“Lena!” Supergirl shouts. She looks around in concern, eyes wide in worry as she sees that she’s now alone in Lena’s office. She growls out in frustration, fists balled up at her side. Her phone buzzes in her pocket, and she pulls it out. “A bit late for that now.” A map pops up to show her that the imp’s powers were being used at L-Corp. She angrily taps at the screen, willing it to show where he has taken Lena.

The phone buzzes again, and she pulls up the new map. “What are they doing on the beach?” She growls out through gritted teeth, and shoves her phone back into its hidden pocket. “I really need to punch something!” Supergirl flies out of Lena’s office.

Lena’s heels sink into the sand. “What the hell is this?” She quickly takes in her surroundings with the sounds of the water only a few yards away. The full moon casts a glow over the water. Candles are floating in the air around her.

A pop behind her causes her to quickly spin around. Standing several feet in front of her, Batwoman’s mostly black costume reflects the glow of the candles. “Where are we?”

The CEO looks around again. “I know this beach.” It’s the same exact part of the beach that she had a water fight with Kara at. That feels like years ago…

Batwoman looks at the lights of the skyline in the distance. “We’re still in National City.” Lena starts
walking back toward the city. “Where are you going?”

“Home with any luck.”

The Gotham City hero catches up to Lena. “You planning on walking there?”

Before Lena can answer, Mr. Mxyzptlk appears in front of them. “Oh! You can’t go yet!” The women stop walking and stare at him. “We haven’t even gotten to the dancing part yet.” He waves his hands, and a breeze flows over both women. When the breeze settles, they are no longer in the clothes they were wearing.

Lena rolls her eyes after looking up from the deep green gown covering her body. “Is there a point to all of this?”

Batwoman is brought out of her intense gaze at her black dress with a slit up the side. “Is this how all of the villains around here act?”

The CEO chooses to ignore her. She opens her mouth for a snarky comment toward the imp, but a familiar sound floods her with relief. “It’s about time,” she whispers.

“What was that?” Batwoman leans closer to Lena.

Supergirl lands behind Mr. Mxyzptlk, across from the women. “She was talking about me.” The Kryptonian easily heard Lena’s comment from before. Her eyebrows raise when she sees Lena. Oh Rao… She clears her throat. “What are you wearing?”

“Is that really what you’re worried about right now, Supergirl?” Lena raises one eyebrow.

“She looks exquisite, doesn’t she?” Mr. Mxyzptlk chuckles with excitement.

“While I’d have to agree, I’m more concerned about what you want.” Batwoman exclaims.

“Okay, okay, okay. So impatient.” The imp shakes his head. “We have some formal introductions to make first.” He clears his throat, and floats higher. “I am Mr. Mxyzptlk!” He smiles widely, and waits expectantly. The women just stare at him. “What? No applause?... Tough crowd.”

“Can’t we just… jump him?” Batwoman peers around the imp to look at Supergirl.

Shaking her head, Supergirl huffs in frustration. “He’ll just pop out, and back in somewhere else.”

“Peachy.”

“Back to what I was saying.” The imp draws attention back to himself. “It’s rude to interrupt, you know?” He clears his throat, and gestures to Lena. “Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp. Truly an intriguing character, if I may add my personal opinion.”

Supergirl’s eyes narrow, while Lena’s face remains impassive. What if I just threw him into the ocean? Supergirl wonders. She takes a step closer, but is stopped when Mr. Mxyzptlk appears behind Lena.

“Stay there, Girl of Steel. I’m not done yet.”

Lena’s jaw tightens. I need a vacation from this city.

“Where were we? Oh, yes. Batwoman. One of Gotham City’s night chasers.” He looks at Supergirl. “I do wonder what leads to a hero being ‘woman’ or ‘girl.’”
“It wasn’t exactly my name choice.” Supergirl crosses her arms, while Batwoman smirks.

“Wait…” Lena takes a closer look at Kate. “I know you.”

“Oh! This just got interesting!” The imp giggles. “Of course! It makes sense! Metropolis isn’t all that far from Wayne Enterprises, is it?”

“Wait, how-” Supergirl is interrupted by the imp.

“Katherine Kane, ladies and… ladies.” He laughs.

“Great, are we done here?” Batwoman is utterly annoyed. “Do you wanna get out of here?” She slides closer to Lena.

“Splendid idea!” Mxy claps. “Wait! I almost forgot!” He snaps his fingers.

“No!” Supergirl’s eyes go wide in worry.

The Kryptonian feels as though the breath has been sucked from her lungs, and time has stilled as if she’s the star of a television show. “No,” she whispers, as her hands fly up to her face with her eyes glued on the baby blue dress adorning her body. Her fingers confirm her suspicions. Oh no…

Slowly, her head lifts to find green eyes baring into hers. She swallows thickly, trying to find the words to say. Her breath quickens, and she lowers her hands from her face, one hand shaking around an object that used to bring her comfort. “Lena…” Clearing her throat, she looks down again for a moment. “Lena, I…”

Oh god, how is she freaking out over this? Lena takes the few steps to bring her in front of her best friend. As if reaching for a wild deer that could be frightened easily, Lena’s hand stretches toward the shaking hand in front of her. Without letting her eyes leave the blue ones in front of her, she slowly unwinds the trembling fingers. “Calm down.” She lifts both hands to the blue eyes, and slides the lead over her ears. “We both know I know, Kara.” Her voice is calm and reassuring.

The slightest gasp escapes Kara’s lips, and a hand comes up to fidget with the glasses. “Lena, I-”

A throat clearing behind Lena interrupts them. Time resumes again, and Kara can’t help but wonder if the imp actually did freeze time. Kara and Lena turn their attention to the red-head.

“Kara. As in Kara Danvers?”

Kara freezes, and her eyes grow cold with suspicion. Lena lays a hand on Kara’s forearm. “Kane. As is Kate Kane, COO of WayneTech.” Lena levels a raised eyebrow look at Kate in challenge.

“Ah, so you research L-Corp’s threats, huh?” Kate is unfazed by the unspoken threat in Lena’s tone.

“I would hardly consider WayneTech a threat.” Her eyebrow quirks.

Kate waves off the comment and turns back to Kara. “So… you use yourself as a source?”

Kara takes a step closer to Kate, but Lena is blocking her way. When her body comes into contact with Lena, she stops moving.

Mr. Mxyzptlk clears his throat. “Are you done?” His arms are crossed. “Because we do have somewhere else to be.”
With a single clap that sounds like lightning, a flash of light blinds the three women. When the light is gone, they open their eyes to find they are standing in a grand ballroom. Elegantly dressed people are filling the room and dancing around to music without a visible source. Kara spins around several times to take everything in with her jaw dropped and eyes wide. *This is like Cinderella…*

Lena blinks a few times as if that would clear the sight before her. Her eyes find Kara and take on an amused glint. *I suppose this is better than being tied to a rocket.*

Kate searches around for Mr. Mxyzptlk. She walks up to the couple dancing nearest her and attempts to get their attention. “Excuse me?... Hello?” The couple waltzes past her without sparing a glance.

Breaking out of her awe, Kara goes up to a woman sipping from a glass at a table. “Um, hi. Can you tell me where we are?” The woman shows no sign that she is aware of Kara’s presence. “Can you hear me?” She waves her hands in front of the woman’s face. “Huh. Weird.”

While Kara is focused on trying to gain the attention of the people around them, Kate gives up on the endeavor with the presumption that it’s not real. Shrugging, she walks over to stand shoulder-to-shoulder with Lena. “So what do you know about the little magic man?”

Lena doesn’t take her eyes off of Kara. “He’s playing some kind of game that we have to win.”

“Hmm… And this is part of it?”

Shrugging, Lena speaks, “It must be.”

“The dresses aren’t bad.” Kate does a half twirl to bring herself to stand in front of Lena. “That really is an amazing color on you, Miss Luthor.”

Lena raises an eyebrow. *Is she serious?*

Gesturing to the ball happening around them, Kate smiles charmingly at Lena. “This actually is kind of nice. Don’t you think?” Lena doesn’t say anything. “I don’t want you to think what I’m about to say is just my attempt at getting us out of this highly elaborate prank…” Lena tilts her head in a gesture for Kate to continue. “We have these fancy dresses, and some music playing from somewhere…” She holds out a hand to Lena. “Would you like to dance with me?” Her smile is absolutely charming and brings out her dimples.

Kara whips her head around from the people she was trying to talk to when she hears the question. Her jaw drops when Lena’s hand slides into Kate’s. She watches with wide eyes as Kate elegantly wisps Lena off to the dance floor. They fall into an open space in the circle of dancers, and Kate pulls Lena toward her. Kate guides one of Lena’s hands to her shoulder and allows her free hand to find its place on Lena’s waist. The Kryptonian watches in complete shock as her best friend is led in a waltz around the floor. Kate is wearing a permanent grin that radiates confidence.

She hears *that darn laugh* again and spins around with a right hook at the source of the laugh. Mr. Mxyzptlk is gone before the punch lands. A growl rumbles deep in Kara’s chest, and her eyes gain a red tint as her heat vision threatens to flare. The imp appears back in front of her in a reclined position floating in the air.


The imp’s eyebrows shoot to the top of his head. He seems somewhat impressed. “You really haven’t figured it out, have you?” He shakes his head. “Pity.” Straightening up from his reclined position, he looks over at Lena and Kate. “They sure are having fun.”
Kara follows his gaze, and her hands curl into tight fists at her side. Her mind suddenly conjures up memories from the previous year: meeting Lucy for the first time, opening the door to find James bringing Lucy to game night, stopping by Noonan’s for coffee only to leave when she saw Lucy and James laughing…

“Whatcha thinkin’ ’bout, hero girl?” Mr. Mxyzptlk floats on his stomach at Kara’s head level.

Suddenly, Kara lets out a breath and feels her energy leaving her. This… this is what Alex was talking about… I’m… Lena…

“That Kate sure is smooth. Wouldn’t you agree?”

But… I’m… Does she…

“Oh, would you look at that?”

Kara’s eyes refocus, and she takes in the sight across the ballroom. A small gasp escapes her. Mr. Mxyzptlk laughs joyfully.

Mr. Mxyzptlk nudges Kara’s shoulder and laughs full-heartedly. She nudges him away when she sees Kate and Lena stop their dancing. The two women are gazing at each other. In slow motion, Kara watches Kate raise a hand to Lena’s face. Kara appears beside them before Kate can touch Lena’s face.

Lena jumps slightly, and turns to look at her best friend. She drops her hands from Kate, who remains close.

Channelling her Supergirl confidence, Kara extends her hand for yet another rescue of Lena… if she wants it, Kara thinks. “Mind if I cut in?”

Lena’s surprise that she couldn’t hide morphs into a soft, pleased smile. Painfully slow, she raises her left hand to align it on top of Kara’s right hand. “Be my guest.” Her voice comes out a touch breathlessly.

Kara glances over her shoulder at Kate with a tilt of her head. “I couldn’t stop you if I wanted to.” The redhead takes a step back with an elegant wave of her hand and a smile.

Looking back at Lena, Kara finds green eyes watching her closely. “Lead the way, Supergirl.” She smirks playfully.

With a small nod and shy smile, Kara gently pulls Lena closer to the flow of dancers. Neither notice Kate walking off of the dance floor to take up a position where she can watch them. When Kara pauses in an open spot on the dance floor, she feels her confidence gradually fading as she looks at Lena with a shy smile.

“Um…” She awkwardly lifts her free hand, looking down at it in confusion. Oh Rao…

Lena lets out a small breathless chuckle. Even in this ridiculous situation, she manages to be adorably awkward. She slides her fingers over Kara’s free hand, and lifts it to her own waist. As close as they are, Lena hears to hitch in Kara’s breathing. Her smile softens, and her hand finds purchase on Kara’s shoulder - enjoying the feel of Kara’s smooth skin.

This is nice, Kara thinks, unwilling or able to break their silence. The Kryptonian takes in a slow, deep breath to gather the strength to begin moving.
13-year-old Lena packed up her books when the teacher dismissed class. She tucked them close to her chest and walked out of the room with her chin raised as her classmates spoke around her.

“My mom is already waiting outside!”

“Ugh! I don’t know how I’ll wait a whole hour for my flight!”

“What are you doing for spring break?”

“We’re going to Spain for a family reunion! It’s going to be amazing going back home!”

“My mom and I are finishing renovations of her home office!”

“I’m spending the entire time at home with my brother and sister. They’re on break too.”

“I just want to be back in my own room again. God, I miss my bed.”

“What are you doing, Lena?” A girl, Grace, asked Lena, who was about to walk past the group standing together in the hallway.

Lena stopped and tried to smile at them. “I’m not sure yet. My mom hasn’t told me yet.” It wasn’t a complete lie. Lena hadn’t spoken to her mother in months. She wasn’t planning on going back to the Luthor mansion for spring break, but it seemed that everyone at school would be going home. She shrugged. “I think I’m going home tomorrow though.”

Some of the smiles turned her way become sympathetic. Lena stood there and listened to the other girls share their plans.

“Jen, didn’t you go to Rome last year? How was it?”

“It was just the best! That trip made me change my schedule, so I could get some architecture classes.”

“Over winter, my brother and I made a treehouse. I can’t wait to go home and just spend it there. And no homework!”

Lena’s smile dimmed with each excited exclamation. She tried several times to join in on their excitement, but couldn’t find anything to discuss. In the three years since Lionel’s death, the Luthor Mansion was empty more often than not. When the group said their “goodbyes,” Lena gave a forced smile and retreated to her dorm room.

She slumped against the closed door and took in her scarcely decorated room. Pushing off the door, she walked to her bed and threw her books down. “What now?” Muted shouts and laughter flowed through her open window. From her third-story room, she could see the front driveway of the building, where many students were joining their families.

The Luthor watched from her window until the last car pulled out of the driveway. She dropped herself into her desk chair and stared at the phone in front of her. Sighing, she picked it up.

“Welcome home, Miss Luthor.” The driver opened the back door of the car in front of the Luthor Mansion.

Shaking herself out of her thoughts, Lena crawled out of the back seat and stared up at the house she hadn’t seen in months. The driver appeared beside her with her bag and gestured to the front door. With her head held high, she walked up to the door. It opened wide when her foot hit the first step up
A housekeeper Lena didn’t recognize stood to the side of the open door with a passive face and eyes that wouldn’t meet Lena’s. “Miss Luthor.” The woman nodded her head respectfully when Lena stopped outside of the door.

The driver went to pass Lena’s bag to the woman, but Lena held out her arm to grab it herself. “I can take my own bag.” She pulled the strap over her shoulder. “Thank you.”

“Miss Luthor.” The driver ducked his head and went back to the car without another word.

Lena crossed the threshold, exchanging the sunny day for the darkness of the mansion. The housekeeper closed the door once Lena was fully inside.

“Can I get you anything, Miss Luthor?”

The teenager breathed in deeply at the formality. “When will Mother return?” She looked over her shoulder at the woman.

“Ma’am, she is away on business for the month.”

She nodded to herself slowly. And Lex lives in Metropolis now to run Luthor Corp, she reminded herself.

“Would you like me to request anything specific for dinner from the cook?” The housekeeper’s voice sounded almost softer, more sympathetic.

“Anything is fine.” Lena turned to the staircase. “Thank you,” she added almost as an afterthought.

The housekeeper watched her disappear up the stairs before going back to her duties.

Lena pushed the door to her bedroom open and stood there in a frozen moment. She took in a sharp breath and let it out shakily. What’s wrong with me? Shaking herself out of her reverie, she forced her feet to take her into the room.

Her bag plopped onto the foot of her bed, and she took a seat beside it with her hands folded in her lap. Eyes floated around the practically impersonal room that always felt too large. A bookshelf, bed, desk, and vanity were the main pieces of furniture. Only paintings placed on the walls by Lillian herself decorated the room. It could have been a guest room in a historic bed and breakfast for all its lack of true character. Everything was pristine. The smell of fresh linens tickled Lena’s nose. She let out an audible breath and looked around her home… the Luthor’s home… house… mansion…

It’s a nice home, she told herself. She knew she was lucky to have been adopted by a family that could provide for her. More than provide for her.

Lena lost track of time. She had disappeared inside her mind - her thoughts swirling through her nine years with the Luthors. Her spring break was spent throwing herself into books and research. By the end of the week, she was filling out a form for two patents, had read every book needed for the rest of the year, gone through Lex’s college textbooks, and drawn up plans for a solar-powered battery.

The driver pulled up the car behind several others in the school driveway. Lena hopped out of the car with her bag over her shoulder the second the car was put in park. She snuck past a group of laughing girl catching up with each other and ran straight into the front door.
“Lena!”

She stopped when she heard her name called as she was passing the lounge on her floor. Putting a smile on her face, she turned to the group of girls sitting in the room. “Hey!”

“Come sit with us!”

“Yeah, Carmen was just telling us about her new horse.”

“She’s so beautiful! A palamino!”

Lena adjusted the strap of her bag on her shoulder. “Sure. I’ll go put my things away first.” She returned the smiles being sent her way and hurried to her room.

The girls were laughing and discussing different shopping trips. Lena slid into a chair before she could talk herself out of joining the girls. She plastered a smile onto her face, and her eyes followed along with the flow of conversation.

“Hey, Lena.” One of the girls, Jayme, drew Lena’s attention. Lena turned to her with a smile and a hum in question. “What did the great Luthors spend their vacation doing?”

One of the other girls elbowed Jayme in the ribs, and replaced the question with one of her own. “You were going home, right?”

Lena nodded, her smile only falling slightly. “Yes, I went back to,” She paused fast enough for it to barely be noticed, “the Luthor Mansion back in Smallville.”

“Kansas in the spring, huh?” One of the girls leaned closer toward Lena. “Didn’t your brother move to Metropolis?”

“Oh yeah!” Another girl squealed. “I heard my father talking about how large Luthor Corp has grown.” Her voice turned into a whisper. “He’s trying to do some investing with your brother.”

“It’s Alexander, right?” All focus shifted to a girl reclining in an arm chair with her legs crossed at the knees. She wore a knowing smirk.

Lena straightened her spine, refusing to show any reaction to Veronica Sinclair. “Lex, actually.”

Veronica hummed and narrowed her eyes at Lena. The other girls remained silent in tense awe of what could unfold before them. “Lex,” she said as if tasting the word on her tongue. “How is he doing with the company that Daddy Luthor left him?” She laughed at Lena’s stern expression. “Sorry… too soon?” She raised an eyebrow. Some of the girls shifted uncomfortably around them. “I do admire your family’s power though.”

“You would.” The room held a collective breath at Lena’s response.

“So you never told us how lovely it was to be at home in that big house. I have always wanted to know what goes on with the Luthors.”

Lena leaned back in her chair and narrowed her eyes as her legs crossed at the knees - a shift in expression she would perfect over the years. “I don’t recall asking what you wanted to know about my life.”

Wide eyes looked back and forth between the two girls.

“Well, Lena, it would appear going home gave you that Luthor steel we’ve all been waiting for.”
The young Luthor in question slowly stood, and sharp inhales surrounded her. “That’s right. I’m a Luthor.” Veronica stood as well. “Which means,” Lena lifted her chin, “I have work to attend to.” She turned on her heel, keeping her chin raised as she left the stunned silence behind her. I’m getting out of here as soon as I can. The moment her dorm room door was closed behind her, she slipped into her desk chair and opened the testing guide waiting for her there.

She considered her week at home to be quite productive. On her own, she devised a plan and made a promise to herself. Lena would be turning 14 at the end of the month. She vowed to herself that she would get away from boarding school by her 15th birthday. Moving back home to the Luthor Mansion was not an option she thought highly of, so she would have to make something of herself to open doors. Lena’s concept of “home” did not seem to align with her classmates’. She was okay with that.

“Kara,” Lara smiled at her niece. “Do not linger by the door.”

Kara looked on at her aunt from the doorway with nervous eyes. Alura rested a hand on Kara’s shoulder, and the girl looked up at her mother. “There is no need to be scared, Kara. Go greet your cousin.”

The girl smiled up at her mother and took careful steps into the room. She stopped beside the long couch where her aunt sat with a baby in her arms. Her hand rested on the back of the couch, and she glanced down at the baby. “Hello, Kal-El.” The baby’s eyes opened at the new voice, and their eyes met. Kara broke out into a radiant smile, and she reached a hand out to him. She paused with her hand inches from his and looked at Lara in question.

“It is fine. You will not hurt him.” Lara’s smile was encouraging.

Smiling, Kara extended her hand to Kal-El and watched in wonder as a tiny fist wrapped around her finger. “He is so small.” Her eyes didn’t leave Kal-El.

Alura and Lara shared a smile over Kara’s shoulder. “Would you like to hold him, Kara?” Lara asked.

Nervously, Kara’s eyes met Lara’s. She looked over her shoulder at her mother. “Go on, Kara.” Alura nodded.

“Here,” Lara patted the cushion beside her. “Sit, and you can hold him.” Slowly, Kara lowered herself to the couch, her eyes glued to the cooing baby. “Ready?” Kara nodded. “Hold your arms out.” Lara gently placed the baby into the waiting arms and helped Kara adjust her hold. “How is that?” She sat back to watch the cousins.

Kara wore a large smile as she stared at Kal-El. “I am your cousin, Kara.” The baby gurgled at the sound of her voice.

“Such a beautiful sight.” Everyone turned to see Jor-El entering the room with Zor-El. He went to stand behind Lara with a hand on her shoulder lovingly, while Zor-El took a position beside Alura.

“Welcome to the House of El, Kal-El.” Kara smiled up at her family. Her cousin waved his arms, drawing her attention back to him.

Alura smiled down at her daughter with a wistful smile. She turned her gaze to Zor-El, who met her eyes. They shared a meaningful look with smiles turning almost sad before their eyes went back to Kara.
Kal-El started to fuss. “I will take him.” Jor-El walked around to the front of the couch, and easily plucked the baby from Kara’s arms. Kara waved her fingers at her cousin, and smiled as Jor-El took him to another room.

“Come, Kara.” Zor-El waved Kara to the exit.

“I will see you later, Aunt Lara.” Kara gave her a quick hug and joined her parents. Alura placed an arm around Kara’s shoulders and led her out of the room.

After dinner, Kara vanished to her room for some reading before her mother would tell her it was time to sleep. In the middle of reading about blue stars and some of their planets, a familiar voice drew Kara’s attention. She turned from her reading and focused her hearing toward her open door. A surprised grin spread across her face, and she hopped off of her bed. Attempting to be stealthy, Kara slid along the wall of the hallway toward the source of the voices. She paused at the end of the hallway when the voices raised - not wanting to interrupt.

“Sister, be rational.” Alura’s voice was stern.

“We want to help create a solution.” Astra sounded pleading.

A silence followed the plea.

“Aunt Astra!” Kara jumped around the corner with a bright smile.

Astra and Alura were facing each other. Alura’s hands were folded in front of her, and Astra’s were extended out in front of her in clear indication that she was using them to speak. Both women hastened to remove their stern expressions and faced Kara with strikingly different smiles.

“Hello, Little One.” Astra spread her arms, and Kara didn’t hesitate to accept the invitation.

Kara squeezed her aunt as tightly as she could with her eyes closed and a content smile. “You haven’t sent me a message on my spy beacon in weeks.”

Alura smiled fondly at her sister and daughter. “Aunt Astra has been on a mission, Kara. We are pleased to have her back.”

“Yes.” Astra shot her sister a grateful smile. “But I am back now.” Her smile grew when Kara stepped back to look up at her. “I always come back, do I not?”

Kara pulled her back into another hug. “You do.”

Zor-El walked into the room. “Ah, Alura.”

Astra released Kara to face her brother-in-law. “Hello, Zor-El.”

“Welcome back,” He joined the small group.

Looking down at Kara, Alura said, “Kara, I am sure Astra would love to see your latest project. You can show her before going to bed.”

“Okay!” Kara beamed, and grabbed Astra’s hand to pull her out of the room.

Her smile remained firmly on her face while she spent time with her aunt. Kara and Astra laughed and enjoyed each other’s company.

“I love you, Kara.” Astra squeezed Kara’s shoulders with the arm she had around them.
“I love you too, Aunt Astra.” Kara tucked her head into Astra’s shoulder. “I missed you.”

“I missed you too, Little One. But you know I have to go sometimes to keep our home safe.”

Kara nodded. “I know.” A yawn escaped Kara, and she happily sighed into it. Her exhausted mind blinked through thoughts of home. As she drifted off to sleep, she smiled with the images of her family being the last flashes in her mind.

Kara steps forward with her right foot, and a flutter bounces in her stomach when Lena moves her left foot in sync. A shy smile appears on the hero’s face as they begin to dance together. Is this even real? she wonders and sneaks a glance around the room. Kate is standing beside Mr. Mxyzptlk.

Lena takes in a slow breath. Obviously, the elf has sent us to some dream world, and I’m probably tied to another rocket. She smirks through a sense of having no control as she internally berates herself for just going along with it. “Kara,” she whispers.

“Hmm?” Kara hums, but doesn’t meet her eyes.

“Kara.” Lena’s voice is louder this time.

When Kara’s eyes find Lena’s face, there is a smirk waiting for her. She laughs nervously, and if her hands weren’t busy, she would have adjusted her glasses. “I can’t say this is how I saw my night going, or how I thought us finally acknowledging… you know… the whole Supergirl thing would go.” She shrugs with another chuckle.

Shaking her head, Lena lets out a small laugh herself. She bites her lip, and green eyes meet blue. “Not that I don’t appreciate how this situation seems to be devoid of life-threatening circumstances, but I don’t get it.”

“Get what?” Kara tilts her head, and the crinkle appears in her brow.

“What’s his angle?” She gestures with her head toward the imp somewhere off to the side.

“Oh,” Kara thinks for a moment. “Well he’s, uh, leaving us alone right now… Maybe he…” She bites her lip and looks down, unsure of her thoughts. It has something to do with Lena and me.

Lena’s chuckle is deep and fills Kara with warmth. “Maybe he was just trying to get us to dance together.” Her tone is teasing.

Kara’s eyebrows shoot up, and her face brightens. “Yeah!”

“What?” Lena’s teasing expression is gone, and replaced by shock. “I was joking, Kara.”

“No, no… I mean… yeah, but no. I mean… I’m not joking. He said we had to be a team. He must have been talking about you and me. Maybe… maybe… this… but why…” Kara starts to think to herself with her telltale crinkle in her forehead.

The CEO shakes her head, trying to make sense of Kara’s words. “Breathe, Kara.”

Taking in a deep breath, Kara meets Lena’s eyes again. Her breath catches in her throat, and she swallows thickly. “Lena,” she whispers and slows their dancing to a stop.

“Yes?”

Kara drops her arms to her sides. “Take off your heels.”
“Excuse me?”

“Do you trust me?”

Lena blinks, and her expression is unreadable. After a breathless moment for Kara, Lena softly says, “Yes.” Kara smiles, and she kicks off her heels to the side.

Kara follows suit. “Okay, now stand on my feet.”

“What?”

Another nervous laugh escapes Kara. “While my skin may be bulletproof and all that, I didn’t think the heels would make this easy.”

“Make what easy?”

“Just… stand on my feet… please.”

“Kara,” Lena tries to make a feeble effort to not stand on her friend’s feet, “I am not a child learning how to dance.”

“Please?”

Lena can’t find it in her to resist. Kara holds out her right hand, and Lena takes it as she awkwardly steps onto Kara’s feet. “Let the record show that…” She’s cut off by Kara pulling her closer with her left hand on Lena’s hip, and she instinctively wraps her arms around Kara’s neck as Kara’s free hand joins the other on Lena’s hips.

“See? That wasn’t so bad,” Kara whispers and starts to sway them to the music.

As amazing as this feels, Lena opens her mouth to question their sanity in the moment - feeling certain that the imp has done something to their minds. “Kara, why would -”

“Shh,” Kara hushes her friend and pulls her closer. Their arms wrap fully around each other, and chins rest on shoulders. Sighs simultaneously escape their lips that are so close to the other person’s ear.

“Aren’t you curious why he -”

“No.”

“You don’t know what I -”

“Yes I do.”

Lena lets out a laugh that turns into a sigh. Deciding to just accept this crazy dream land she obviously is in at the moment, Lena allows the tension to slowly flow from her body. She feels her eyes close of their own volition and relaxes in Kara’s hold. If this is all conjured up by some magical being, Lena wants to enjoy it. Of all of the situations she has been forced into since moving to National City, this is the least life-threatening so far. If it takes a more dangerous turn, she has Supergirl wrapped around her at the moment. Lena doesn’t bother deciphering whether this is all real or not. Knowing wouldn’t change anything. For the moment, she could simply enjoy the warmth and support Kara is providing her. The support Kara always readily gives her is nothing she has ever experienced before, and she finally understands why all of those girls in school smiled so brightly when they spoke of home and family.
Kara smiles when she feels Lena relax against her and holds her just a little closer. She doesn’t feel like Kara Danvers or Supergirl right now. She’s just… Kara. In this moment, with Lena in her arms, she isn’t the last of a near extinct alien race trying to find a place on this planet. She isn’t hiding behind any of her walls built to both protect and hide her from the people of this world. With Lena in her arms, she’s suddenly back on Krypton, the last place she truly let go with her family. No one told her to hide who she really is. There was no fear of rejection… of otherness… This moment is something that is all hers, where she can be all of her. Kara has had to change her definition of home several times, but she left a piece of herself behind with each move. Right here… right now… all of those pieces are coming back to her. Memories of family meals on Krypton… learning games with the Danvers in Midvale… reuniting with her big sister after transferring to National City University… renting her first apartment and inviting friends over… Every feeling of home she’s ever felt comes bubbling to the surface in the ballroom.

Feeling the deep breath Kara takes in, Lena pulls her head off of Kara’s shoulder to look her in the eye. The words and breath catch in her throat when her eyes meet Kara’s tear-filled ones. “Kara?” she whispers into the small distance between them.

Smiling, Kara shakes her head slightly with a nervous chuckle. She looks down at their feet, unsure of what to say.

Lena’s eyebrows furrow at a weird sensation, and she glances down. Instantly, her arms tighten around Kara, pulling their bodies flush together. “Kara!” she says a touch breathlessly. “We’re floating.”

The chuckle that escapes Kara surprises Lena, who can feel it more than she can hear it. “You’re just now noticing?”

Pulling her head back, but keeping their bodies close, Lena gives Kara a raised eyebrow look. Their faces are less than a foot apart. A smirk graces her features.
“I guess I was distracted.” Lena’s voice comes out much calmer than she feels, but Kara can hear her racing heart.

“You were?” Kara’s smile is a mix of wonder and shyness.

Lena’s lip quirks upward. “Weren’t you?”

Kara’s eyes turn down again, and she takes in a breath that’s only slightly shaky. She was distracted. She was so lost in her thoughts, she may as well have been walking through a maze back in the Phantom Zone blindfolded. The feelings she has for Lena not only blend with those of her family and friends, but there’s something unique there. Now that she isn’t blocking herself off from that side of her feelings, she can absolutely see it. How had it taken so long? How was she so lost in her own insecurities? Why couldn’t her Supergirl bravery extend to this?

Supergirl has been dragged through the most ridiculous day of her life, and Kara is now dancing several feet off of the ground with her best friend. Something that has been missing since Krypton is sneaking back into her heart. She will always miss her home… will always feel Krypton with her every single day. *Is it okay to feel this close to the home she had on Krypton when it's gone?*

When her eyes find Lena’s again, there are tears threatening to spill. She meets the green eyes unflinchingly and fully accepts how she feels. “I was,” Kara whispers.

Lena’s smirk turns into a soft smile. Cautiously sliding her right arm from its grip around Kara’s neck, Lena’s palm runs from her neck to cup Kara’s cheek. With her thumb, she brushes the tears away as they attempt to escape. “What’s wrong?”

Kara remains in stunned silence. Feeling uncertain, Lena begins to pull her hand away, but Kara’s hand moves to hers in a blur to hold it in place against her cheek. When she feels sure Lena’s hand will stay there, Kara brings her arm back around Lena’s waist. She leans into the touch on her cheek and smiles at Lena.

Another tear is brushed away by Lena’s thumb, and Kara’s eyes glance away again. “Am I crazy for wanting this whole thing to be real?” Lena whispers. Her eyes fill with hope and wonder when she hears the words fall from her own lips… words that were meant to stay in her mind.

Confident to meet Lena’s eyes again, Kara further leans into Lena’s touch. “Then maybe we’re both crazy.” She smiles when her ears pick up the change in Lena’s heart rate.

The silence extends as they float in time to the music - both lost in their own thoughts.

Lena tilts her head, as she searches her friend’s eyes. She analyzes Kara’s words thoroughly. When she awoke that morning, it was just like any other Monday. How did magically being roped to a rocket lead to this? Dancing in midair with her best friend… the embodiment of warmth and compassion… the woman who has saved her so many times.

Kara. Kara is holding her close and giving her an open… honest… caring expression. Kara, who fills her with hope, wants this to be real. Lena doesn’t know what this is exactly, but she is hesitant to vocalize her thoughts. She took a leap when she told Kara that she had never had friends or family
like her before. It wasn’t everything she wanted to express to Kara, but it was the truth. It was one of
the more honest sentiments she has ever expressed to someone - if not the most honest.

“Kara, I-”

“Lena-”

They speak at the same time resulting in Lena smirking and Kara nervously laughing. Lena’s hand
slides to Kara’s shoulder, and Kara misses the contact. “You first,” Lena whispers.

The Kryptonian swallows thickly and nods to herself. Her eyes flash away from Lena’s as she
gathers the confidence she needs to vocalize what she is finally understanding. “Lena… I don’t
know if this… if any of today is real. I mean… yes, it all happened, but they were a bunch of tricks. I
don’t really understand his powers, but…” She bites her lip, and meets Lena’s eyes again. “He
can’t… He has no power over the will of others.” She takes a deep breath. “This…” She clears her
throat. “What we’re doing… and feeling right now is all us. You…” She looks down again while
she talks. “I haven’t felt like this since Krypton,” she finishes in a small voice.

Lena lowers her head to catch Kara’s eyes. “Felt like what, Kara?”

Kara makes eye contact before opening her mouth to speak. Her eyes are determined and bright.
“Like I can really have a home here. That I don’t have to…” She swallows the sudden lump in her
throat. “That I can live with the guilt.”

Lena feels a tightness in her chest and tightens her hold on Kara. “Kara…” Her eyes soften. “You
deserve to be happy here. You lost… everything, but you…” She lets out an awe-filled breath. “You
are so caring, and you strive to keep others from feeling that kind of pain. You, Kara, save people
everyday from losing their homes, their families.” Kara’s gaze is full of wonder. “You taught me
what home is.” Lena’s voice turns breathless. “Because of you, I know how it feels to have someone
care about you. Genuinely care.” Her fingers brush against Kara’s shoulder. “You are such a giving
person, and you never expect anything in return.” Lena smiles. “That is so lovely, Kara.” Her right
hand moves from its position on Kara’s shoulder and slides down to stop above Kara’s pounding
heart. “You carry so much pain and loss.” Her thumb moves against skin in a soft caress. “But you
still have so much compassion a- and love. The mere fact that you don’t know just how wonderful
you are only makes you moreso.

“I cannot imagine what losing Krypton was like for you.” She sees a tear escape Kara’s eye. “I
would love to hear all about it though. You don’t have to carry that burden alone.” Her lip quirs
partially into a smirk. “As strong as those shoulders are, they don’t have to carry the guilt for
surviving.” Kara’s eyes take on a new flame. “If it weren’t for your surviving, there truly would be
no Krypton left.”

Kara takes in a sharp breath, and it escapes shakily after a few moments as they stop moving to the
music. Their eyes remain focused on each other’s. “Lena,” Kara begins before the words are
completely ready, “you… are amazing, I don’t think there’s anyone more deserving of having a
home full of love than you. Rao, Lena. I’ve been here for 13 years, listening to the Danvers and my
cousin comfort me as they help me fit in here.” She wrinkles her forehead in thought. “It’s not that I
didn’t… It was comforting hearing them say all of those things, but there was still always this lost
girl inside of me that was only being hidden behind walls of new memories in new homes. With
you…” She looks down a moment, nodding before meeting Lena’s eyes again. “I don’t want to keep
her hidden. You make me feel like it’s okay to be that girl that lost her planet. You’ve always been
so patient, and you’ve allowed me to just… be Kara.”

“You will always be Kara to me.”
“And you’ll always be Lena.”

“Promise?” Lena smiles with a single, breathless laugh.

“I promise.” Kara smiles back. “I will never let you feel alone again, Lena.”

“As long as I have you, I never will be.” Her breath hitches, and her heart races as the words fall from her lips without thought.

Kara can barely hear Lena’s change in heart rate over her own racing heart. She tightens her hold on Lena, bringing their bodies in complete contact. Lena is forced to move her right hand back to Kara’s neck. Their breathing syncs together, as they stare into one another’s eyes. The distance between their faces is almost nonexistent. Inches of air separate them. Lena bites her lip, causing Kara’s eyes to briefly capture the movement before jumping back up to Lena’s eyes. Her head unconsciously shifts closer, cutting the distance in half. “Lena,” she whispers, “I’m yours for as long as you’ll have me.”

“Promise?” Lena repeats her earlier question in a voice so soft she could barely hear it herself. She shortens the distance even more, eyes never leaving the blue ones fixed on hers.

“I promise,” Kara whispers, her breath hitting Lena’s lips.

Lena inhales sharply at the sensation, her hand on Kara’s neck flexing. Kara closes the distance between their lips in response, and Lena’s hand winds into hair as she instantly melts into the soft lips against hers.

At the first touch, their minds go blank and on overdrive simultaneously. The ballroom music fades out to nothing, and their lips find a rhythm together. Tilting her head, Lena deepens the kiss, and Kara’s arms tighten around Lena before one travels up her back. Lena’s fingers gently scratch at the nape of Kara’s neck at the feeling of Kara’s hand rubbing her back. Kara lets out a sigh, sending the butterflies in Lena’s stomach fluttering at double speed. They create their own bubble floating several feet above the ground.

Kara feels as if her stomach is flying itself. Nothing else exists in this moment apart from the two of them. They are completely attuned to one another. Kara’s senses blank and hone in on one thing… Lena. Her mind notices nothing apart from the woman in her arms. Not a single word can clear the haze of her mind.

Certifiable genius, impressively young CEO, Lena Luthor is experiencing a complete shutdown of all thoughts. For once, her mind is so overwhelmed with her senses that she cannot think coherently. Everything in this moment is just Kara.

After what feels like an eternity, the kiss slows. Their kisses become chaste pecks until Kara leaves one final kiss on Lena’s lips. A sigh escapes Lena to flow over Kara’s lips that are still achingly close. Keeping their eyes closed, they rest their foreheads together. Although their breaths are quickened, smiles are gracing their faces. Letting out a sound between a sigh and a giggle, Kara tries to gain control over her mind in order to speak. The smile on her face is absolutely unbidden, but utterly welcome.

Lena regains her words first. “If I open my eyes, will this be real?” She doesn’t dare speak louder than a whisper.

Taking a breath, Kara thinks opening their eyes at the same time would be best. “On the count of three?”
Laughing breathlessly at Kara’s adorableness, Lena nods against Kara’s forehead. “Okay.”

“One.”

“Two.”

“Three,” they say together as they slowly crack their eyes open and lift their heads to look at each other.

They smile at the woman in front of them for a few moments in silence. Lena’s dimples show as her smile widens. She bites her lips, causing Kara to giddily look down with another giggle.

At the same time, Lena’s eyes look around while Kara’s focus on their feet. “Um…” Kara isn’t sure what to make of what she’s seeing.

“Kara?” Lena’s eyebrows are raised, and her eyes are taking in their surroundings. Kara meets Lena’s eyes again with a confused expression. “What happened?”

Lowering them to the ground, Kara gets a better look at the surroundings while Lena steps off of Kara’s boots. “We’re back in your office.” Her arms slide from around Lena’s back to her waist, extending the distance between them. Lena’s arms also move from their tight hold around Kara to rest partially on Kara’s shoulders and chest. “Alone.” Suddenly nervous, Kara’s hands fall from their grip on Lena to land at her own sides. “Back in our own clothes.”

Lena brushes a thumb across the supersuit before bringing her hands to twist with each other in front of her stomach. “So we are.” She looks around to find her office exactly as she left it. “I’m assuming he’s gone now.” Her eyebrow quirks at Supergirl, who finally looks at her face again.

A moment of silence passes, and Supergirl begins to laugh nervously as her hand rubs at her forehead. “Rao,” she whispers when the chuckles wind down. “It was us.”

“Pardon?” Lena tries not to feel offended by the laughter, recognizing it as Supergirl being nervous. She waves a hand between Lena and herself. “His hint.” Supergirl begins using her hands as she speaks. “It didn’t really make sense for him to be talking about the, uh, about people I work with as Supergirl… or the Super Friends.”

“Super Friends?” Lena smirks at Supergirl.

“I didn’t come up with the name,” Supergirl insists. “He did all this so that we…” She tilts her head, trying to think of exactly what Mr. Mxyzptlk’s objective was. In another internal struggle, she battles with what she doesn’t want to admit is probably accurate. Although she is aware of this particular struggle, she doesn’t find it any easier to get pass.

Seeing the conflict rushing through Supergirl’s features, Lena takes a steadying breath for the both of them. “I don’t think us dancing together was what sent him home, Kara.”

Supergirl bites her lip, and gazes into Lena’s eyes. “I know,” she finally whispers. The anxious knots in her stomach only unclench partially.

Lena’s jaw tightens in fear that her friend’s anxiety is her fault. “Kara, we don’t-”

“No!” Supergirl’s vibrato returns, and she steps in Lena’s space. Her hands cover Lena’s fidgeting ones. “No,” she repeats in a softer voice. “Don’t do that. Don’t think I did or said anything I didn’t mean… or didn’t want to.” Her voice lowers more at the end.
“You do realize this whole game resulted in an ending strikingly similar to those Disney films you are so obsessed with, don’t you?” Lena quirks an eyebrow with her smirk. “With the use of “true” to define a relationship.”

Raising a hand to her chest, the Kryptonian feigns offense. “Miss Luthor,” she huffs, “I seem to recall a certain CEO getting really invested in Beauty and the Beast.” She fails to maintain a serious expression.

Lena’s lips purse in order to fight the smile threatening to break out on her face. “And who is this CEO that you have been watching Disney movies with, Supergirl?”

“Oh.” Supergirl waves her free hand in front of her in nonchalance. “She’s just this brilliant person with a huge heart. Totally one of those brave Disney princesses, by the way. The kind that you would be terrified to call a damsel in distress.”

“Hmm,” Lena hums as she pulls one of her hands free to brush a stray lock of hair out of Supergirl’s face, and she leaves her hand on her friend’s shoulder. “Should I be jealous?”

“Absolutely.” Supergirl grins widely.

The laugh that Lena releases instantly becomes the hero’s favorite laugh of hers. “In that case, maybe I should give Kate Kane a call.” Her voice is teasing.

Supergirl’s eyes go wide, realising she’s lost the upper hand in this teasing game of theirs. “You know, she can’t even fly.”

Lena’s hand slides down to trace the House of El crest, humming in thought. “That’s true.” Supergirl smiles triumphantly. “But…” She playfully smirks at the hero. “Black is a striking color for a suit.” Supergirl scoffs. “However, it’s more my color, wouldn’t you agree?”

“You do pull off the dark color schemes better than anyone.” It’s Supergirl’s turn to smirk.

“Is that so?” Lena takes a step closer, her hand lying flat against Supergirl’s crest.

Supergirl hums an affirmative. She releases Lena’s other hand to bring her own hands to play with the hem of Lena’s deep blue blouse. “Your cape would definitely be a nice, dark color.”

The feeling of Kara’s hands playing with her shirt makes Lena’s heart race. A deep chuckle raises in her throat. “I can’t say I have any use for a cape, but I’ll keep that in mind.”

“You should. Batwoman would be completely shown up if you ever tried out a suit.”

“You flatter me.”

“I only speak the truth. You know that.”

“Hmm, maybe trying on a suit wouldn’t be such a bad idea if I get these kind of compliments from Supergirl.” A ghost of a wink is directed at Supergirl.

“I know a guy.” Supergirl beams.

Lena laughs again, shaking her head as she looks down. When she looks up, her eyes and smile are full of wonder and happiness. “I will keep that in mind. That is, of course, if I don’t just borrow Batwoman’s.” She can’t help but tease her friend again. The hero groans with a playful eye roll. “I must admit, I was shocked at your reaction to her today.” She tilts her head with a grin. “You’ve
been hit on the head one too many times?’ Really, Kara?” Lena teases Supergirl’s earlier riff at Batwoman.

Supergirl’s head falls back to look at the ceiling with another groan. “I really don’t know where that came from.” Her eyes find Lena again to see the woman biting her lip to keep from laughing. “Was it really that bad?”

Biting her lip harder, Lena gives a small nod. “It’s okay though. She was just as bad.”

“You?” Supergirl moves closer, her hands holding onto Lena’s hips. “Should I be jealous?” She repeats Lena’s question.

“Of Batwoman?” Lena brings her face closer until she can feel the gasp her friend lets out on her own lips. “She can’t even fly,” she whispers mere inches from Supergirl’s lips.

Surging forward, Supergirl closes the distance between their lips again. Before the kiss can deepen, she pulls back with her eyes wide and mouth hanging open.

Lena’s face contorts in worry. “What-”

“Oh Rao!” Supergirl brings one hand to cover her mouth as she looks away briefly. “Alex is going to kill me if she finds out that Batwoman knows who I am!”

Letting out a chuckle full of relief that she didn’t scare her friend away, Lena slides her hands up to cup her friend’s cheeks. The movement softens the hero’s face, and a sheepish smile takes residence. “I think Kate Kane will keep your mutual secret, Kara.” She reminds the hero that they know Batwoman’s secret identity as well.

Supergirl nods slowly, her eyes never leaving Lena’s. “You’re right.” Before Lena can even think of a remark to defend her intelligence, Supergirl’s lips are on hers again.

Reluctantly, Lena pulls away from the hero, placing both hands on the crest to keep the both of them from leaning in again. Supergirl’s eyes flutter open to see Lena watching her intently.

“Lena?” Supergirl’s voice is a touch concerned.

A moment of fear flashes through Lena’s mind at the thought of what she’s about to say. “Kara…” She takes a steadying breath and feels Supergirl’s grip slide from her back to her waist. “Don’t freak out, okay?” She waits for the Kryptonian to nod. “We should talk about… this.” A hand comes off of the crest to gesture between the two of them.

“Oh.” Supergirl’s eyebrows pinch together. “Right.”

Lena feels Supergirl’s hands start to move away from her waist, and she uses both of her hands to cover the hero’s. Her eyes stare into Supergirl’s, silently encouraging her to leave her hands where they are resting. Supergirl smiles shyly, and Lena glides her hands up the strong arms to rest them on the blue-covered shoulders. “I-I want you to know that I meant everything I said back in that place. It wasn’t just something that imp crafted.” She squeezes the shoulders under her hands. “…I don’t doubt that you meant what you said, but I think we should take the time to talk in a place and at a time of our choosing. I don’t want this to just be some product of a magical being’s tricks.”

Supergirl rushes to assure Lena. “It’s not, I-”

“Kara, let me finish.” Her voice is gentle, but holds authority. She hears the hero’s mouth shut with
an audible click. “You are so special to me. There are so many words clearly left unspoken after all of this time. As I said before, we have time.”

“We have time,” Supergirl whispers.

The CEO runs her hands from Supergirl’s shoulders to her neck. “Before you go check in with the people you work with to let them know that Mxy is gone, and I finish up here in the office, I…” She bites her lip and looks the woman up and down. “I like you, Kara. If this is something you want, you—”

“Yes!” The hands on Lena’s waist tighten in reassurance, pulling Lena a few inches closer. “I- I… yes. Yes to everything. Yes to us talking more, and yes to me wanting… this.” She’s aware that they have yet to use a clear definition for exactly what they are doing. “I like you too, Lena.” The smile that spreads across Lena’s face pulls out her dimples in full force, and the Kryptonian feels the warmth she now associates with Lena flow through her. There’s not an ounce of the usual steel defenses Lena wears. This is 100% Lena. The blonde now sees how young Lena truly is. “I really like you,” she adds in a wistful voice.

Lena plays with a lock of hair spilling over Supergirl’s neck, twirling it around her finger. Her eyes don’t leave the blue ones in front of her. “I really like you.”

Acting on impulse, the hero leans forward for a quick kiss. “Good.”

Chuckling deep in her throat, Lena smiles at her. What are we now? “Kara?” The blonde hums in question, and tilts her head. “Are… Do…” She clears her throat, frustrated with her lack of coherency. “What’s your birth name?” It’s not the question she wanted to ask, but she goes with it.

The question sends a brief moment of shocked confusion across Supergirl’s features, but she recovers just as fast. “It’s Kara. Unlike my cousin, I was given a name that could blend in here. My, uh, surname, I guess, is Zor-El.” She shrugs. “Names worked a little differently back h… on Krypton.”

Lena brings one hand up to cup a cheek. “Kara Zor-El?” She notices the slight differences in the way “Kara” sounds with the alternate last name.

A charmed smile appears on the Kryptonians face. She nods. “Perfect.” A splash of pride runs through her.

Biting her lip again, Lena works up the nerves to ask the question she really wants to. “Kara, no matter what you wear or what name you go by, you will always be Kara to me. Always.” The words cause the other woman to bite her lip shyly in response. “Kara.” Her thumb brushes across the cheekbone it rests against, and she swallows past the feeling of her own racing heart. “Would you like to go out with me?” She can’t help but be proud of herself for getting the sentence out steadily. In other circumstances, the slow pace at which Supergirl’s smile grows would be humorous and charming, but Lena is too overwhelmed by her emotions at the moment.

“Like…” Supergirl’s head tilts closer conspiratorially. “Out on a date or out out as in together?”

Lena chuckles because, of course, Kara would be able to answer such a nerve wracking question in the most unexpectedly adorable way. “Kara,” she says as she moves both hands behind the blonde’s neck, “I will accept an answer to either or both.”

“Yes!” She pulls Lena back into another kiss.

Breathlessly, Lena pulls back from the kiss. “Wait…” She runs her fingers through soft hair. “Yes to
“Both!” Absolutely giddy, Supergirl bounces on the ball of her feet. This time, Lena initiates the kiss, enthusiastically tugging the hero close to her. Their hands hold each other closer, both trying to express their happiness. With one more kiss, the Kryptonian backs away with a shy smile adorning her face. “So,” she says while her fingers play with the hem of Lena’s shirt again, “um, does this mean that all of those times we’ve hung out before are dates now?” Her voice is both flirty and shy.

Lena giggles, a sound so foreign falling from her lips. “Oh, Kara.” Her forehead falls to one of the strong shoulders in front of her. “Only you…” She laughs again before bringing her head back up to look into the blue eyes.

“Hey,” Supergirl says as she attempts to sound offended, but her smile betrays her. “It’s a real question.”

With a smile on her face, Lena places a kiss on the smiling lips. “How about we call them pre-dates?”

“Pre-dates?” Her eyes narrow with pursed lips, looking dubious.

Lena kisses the lips that are too close to a pout. “Yes, pre-dates… because I want us to remember our first date as a first date from the beginning.”

The hero bites her lip and lowers her head to look at Lena from below her lashes. “I like that.”

“And I like you.” Lena kisses her again, not minding how much she has slipped from her usual image she has carried for so many years.

“Mmm,” she hums when Lena pulls away. “I could get used to this.”

“Good.” Lena smirks after placing another kiss on her lips.

Their spell is broken by a buzzing from underneath Supergirl’s cape. “Uh oh.” Her eyes go wide with a guilty look thrown at Lena.

Laughing, Lena slides her hand under the cape to search for the phone. She pulls it out and extends it to the hand that Supergirl moves off of her waist. “I guess I’ve kept you too long.”

Supergirl’s hand closes over her phone and Lena’s fingers. “It’ll never be too long, Lena.” She answers the phone before Lena can respond, smirking at Lena’s catch in breath. “Hey, Alex.” A touch regretfully, Lena drops her arms from the shoulders they are resting on to fall to her sides. Supergirl pouts a little at the loss. “Yeah, no, no. He’s gone.” She takes her arm from around Lena’s waist, and watches her step back to go to her desk. “I don’t know. 30 minutes? Nothing’s come up on the sensor thing, right?” Lena sorts through papers on her desk. “I was planning on it, yes. Um, I, uh, got a little sidetracked.” Lena watches the hero start to fidget. “Yes, I am there now.” She clears her throat. “Alex, stop.” She looks at Lena with an embarrassed smile. “I’ll tell you later, Alex. Just… I’ll go check in now.” Lena opens her laptop. “Goodbye, Alex,” she says pointedly, wanting her sister’s comments to stop. Her phone slides back into the secret pocket after she hangs it up.

Lena meets her eyes with a smirk. “Sidetracked?” she teases.

The hero clears her throat and lifts a hand to push up glasses that aren’t there. She ends up awkwardly waving her hand next to her face, and lets it fall to her side. “Yeah, she’s not at work, so that means I get to put off some teasing for the night at least.”
“Teasing?” Lena’s smirk grows.

“Um.” Supergirl shuffles one foot. “You said you had some work to finish?”

“I did.” The teasing smirk is still there.

“Wait, it’s almost midnight. You should go home.” The hero’s arms cross sternly.

“You know well enough that I’ve stayed here much later than this.”

“Well…”

“And I don’t know if you heard, but I was whisked away on… What did he call it? A romantic adventure.” Her eyebrow quirks in her teasing manner.

“You know, I think I did hear something about that.”

“I won’t be here long. I just need to check on some things.”

“Do you want a ride home later?”

“My driver knew to stay around until 1. But…” She taps her fingers on the desk. “I wouldn’t be opposed to you flying by the penthouse later.” She winks.

Supergirl’s arm uncross, and she straightens as she bites her lip. “Of course, Miss Luthor.” She winks.

“See you around, Supergirl.” Both of Lena’s eyebrows raise this time.

“Yes, you will.” In a heartbeat, Supergirl is next to Lena behind her desk. “Text me?” Her soft voice hits Lena’s lips that are inches away.

“Of course;” she whispers before closing the distance between their lips. She pulls back too soon for either of their liking and grins at Supergirl’s still closed eyes.

A moment later, Supergirl’s eyes flutter open, and a grin takes over her face. “Bye,” she whispers. In a quick burst of speed, she leaves another kiss on Lena’s lips before flying out of the balcony door.

Shaking her head while laughing, Lena sits at her desk with the intent to leave as soon as possible.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm not longer a bunch of chapters ahead. I'll be posting less often, since I have to wait until after I finish writing chapters. Also I'm planning the outline for the story that's like 10 after this one.

Poll:
Danvers-Luthor
or
Luthor-Danvers?

I can't help but feel that the first one flows better with the "s" leading into the "l," as opposed to "r" to "d." What do y'all think?
The First Hire

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena fails to wipe the giddy smile off of her face while she types away on her laptop. She sent a text to Darias to inform him that she will be downstairs in 15 minutes. Fighting back the thoughts swirling around her head leading into utterly cliche territory, the CEO tries to focus on the latest results from Dr. Sanchez as opposed to the flips happening in her stomach.

Seeing the endless letters and numbers of the report provides an odd sense of comfort. Surely, if the events of her evening were all part of an elaborate dream, there would not be this much work to manage. With that thought, her mind swirls back to Kara. She kissed Kara. Kara kissed her.

“Damn,” Lena whispers and bites her thumb. “Since when am I a teenager?” She shakes her head as if the movement will clear thoughts of Kara and kissing from her mind. Her eyes resume perusing through Dr. Sanchez’s findings from the day.

Lena pauses her steady scrolling for a moment, and her mouse backtracks several lines. As she reads every word, her eyebrows raise higher and higher. “Oh,” she says on an exhale. “That’s… going to be a big help.”

Slowly leaning back into her chair, she allows her gaze to shift to the skyline outside her balcony as she spins her chair to the side. Her phone beeps with the reminder she set, and she pulls her eyes away from the dark sky. Quickly gathering her things, she makes her way to the awaiting car downstairs.

Darias closes the door after she slides into her seat, and she allows her mind to wander during the drive.

“Jess,” Lena spoke to the woman who just walked into her small lab, “it’s not too late to back out.”

The assistant was unaffected by the raised eyebrow she received from her boss. “Of the trip or the move?”

Lena closed the notebook on the desk in front of her. “Yes.” Her face stayed neutral.

Jess looked around the lab she had familiarized herself with over the past six months, since her boss refused to even go near the executive floor since her return. “The driver is here to take us to the airport, Miss Luthor.”

Hearing the name caused an unpleasant sensation in Lena’s stomach, and she unconsciously squeezed her hands into fists out of view of Jess. The cold, impassive mask she had worn for the past year remained firmly in place as she regarded her assistant. “Very well, Jess.” She slipped her notebook and laptop in a bag and shouldered it. “Let’s get on with it.” Jess held the door open, and Lena strode through with her head held high.

Both women’s eyes were glued to their tablets during the drive. When the driver held the door open for Lena, she stepped out with her eyes trained forward in steel defiance only she knew the source of. Jess followed a respectful distance behind to the awaiting jet. Lena refused to look at the fresh paint hiding the LuthorCorp logo from view. Ignoring her elevating heart race, she took a seat at the
window with a view of the right wing. Jess moved to the back of the private jet and spoke with one of the attendants. After a few moments, the pilot alerted them of their departure.

Lena spent the cross-country flight distracting herself with the portfolio on her lap, ensuring she was fully prepared for her impending meeting. When the announcement of their upcoming arrival broke the silence of the cabin, Lena saw Jess settle herself into a seat inside of the peripherals of Lena’s vision. Jess buckled her seatbelt without comment, and Lena felt a twinge of gratitude at the silent gesture of support. She held her breath when she felt the jet had begun its descent, although her face showed no sign of discontent apart from her jaw tightening. Her breath escaped through her nose when the sound of the wheels finally gaining friction reached her ears. She let the pilot’s voice filter out of her focus and watched the blurs outside the window become solid objects.

Jess stood first, while Lena gathered her bag and put on her sunglasses. Lena paused before the open door, taking in the sound of planes not far away. Nodding to herself, she stepped into the sunlight streaming down into the doorway. She was immediately pleased with herself for her jacket choice, since California in February was significantly warmer than the Delaware chill she just left. Her green eyes, hidden behind dark shades, scanned the immediate area. A black car waited several yards from the bottom of the steps, where Jess was speaking with a man wearing a suit and shades darker than her own. Lena noticed how intently the man was listening to everything Jess was saying, while still surveying his surroundings often. A light breeze fluttered the bottom of her blazer as she descended the stairs to the asphalt. Her heels made a distinct pattern on her path to the car. Jess’ back straightened at the sound, and her attention turned from the driver to Lena.

“Miss Luthor,” Jess said formally. She stepped back to gesture to the driver, who was quick to extend his hand to Lena.

“Darias, ma’am.” He shook Lena’s hand once before releasing it. The perceptive man saw Lena’s nearly imperceptible tightening of her jaw in reaction to her name. “It’s a pleasure.”

Lena smiled professionally. “Indeed.” She turned to Jess. “We’ll go through the itinerary one final time on the way to Cordova.” Darias took the hint, and held open the car door. Jess walked around to the other side, so Lena wouldn’t have to slide across the seat. By the time she joined Lena in the back seat, her boss was engrossed in emails.

Not wasting any time, Jess tapped open the needed document on her tablet. “We are 15 minutes ahead of schedule, and it will take us…”

The words filtered into Lena’s mind, as she mentally prepared herself for the hectic day in National City.

__________________________________________________________

The car pulled into a garage off of Cordova St per Lena’s request. She stayed hidden behind her thick sunglasses, and stepped out of the door that Darias opened for her. “Thank you, Darias.” She gave him a polite smile and secured the strap of her bag over her shoulder. Jess fell in half a step diagonally behind Lena, and they walked toward the elevator.

Lena rolled her eyes at the logo that greeted them when the doors slid open, immediately turning her back to it once inside the metal box. Jess selected the button for the lobby. They stepped out into an eerily quiet lobby with only a security guard sitting at a small table. He stood up at the ding of the elevators and approached the women.

“What are you doing here?” He sounded more annoyed at having his lazy Sunday afternoon interrupted than concerned about the security of the building.
Raising an eyebrow in challenge, Lena stared at the man for a tense moment. “Check your security clearance, and you will find a Tess Mercer has been granted access for an unguided tour for the day.”

The man sucked his teeth with an audible sound that was joined by a small eye roll. “Wait here.” He turned back to his computer, and Jess moved toward the man with the intention of broaching his lack of professionalism. Lena raised a hand to halt her, making a mental note to create her own security team from scratch. The security guard walked back to them, grumbling under his breath. “There ain’t much to see, but you’ve got full access. I’ll have to get ya a key card.”

Keeping her cold eyes on the man, Lena produced a silver and blue card from her bag to show him with a miniscule smirk.

“Have at it.” He waved a dismissive hand, turning back to his desk.

Lena quirked an eyebrow. Without a word, she turned on her heel and motioned Jess to follow her. They slipped around a corner in eerie silence. Lena expected the building to be devoid of life, but experiencing it was different than knowing. When Lex was first captured last July, many employees left. Even more left at the news of Lena Luthor taking the position. Of the employees left after that, a scarce number made it through the new CEO’s background checks. She had left the bare minimum in National City’s branch of LuthorCorp and began the process of shutting down the Metropolis office entirely. The few people innocent of siding with Lex were personally given the option of specifically catered severance packages, a new position elsewhere, or a recommendation.

They walked through each floor of the building, and both women took extensive notes on changes that would need to be made over the next six months. Lena spent a significant amount of time in the control room of the security network to install the codes she created herself. She was thoroughly impressed with what the building had to offer, deciding it would be sufficient for her new main office.

Finding a floor with a number of larger rooms and a layout she was quite fond of, Lena selected it as her own floor. She discovered a room with a wall of windows facing the National City skyline. Soon, she was imagining what the view would be like after a long day of work, and she surprised herself by the thoughts of a balcony. For a brief moment, she wondered if the balcony would lead to a recent, heroic addition to the city taking it upon herself to use it as easy access to keep tabs on the new Luthor. The thought vanished quickly.

“Jess,” Lena said to get the attention of the woman tapping furiously on her tablet.

“Yes, Miss Luthor?” The tablet was ignored to give full attention to her boss.

“While I’m at my next appointment, I need you to draft up a detailed layout of this floor. Get everything you can on room sizes, electrical capabilities, access… all of it.” She did a small spin to take in her future office that was currently being used as some sort of lounge. “Begin vetting a list of contractors and designers.”

“Yes, ma’am.” She took notes on her tablet. “Will you be needing the car, Miss Luthor?”

“No, not just yet. Do send me his number though.” Jess was quick to send the message. “Take a break when you need it. I will return by 6.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess began walking around the office to inspect its features.

Satisfied, Lena left the room to go straight to the elevator nearest her future office. Her eyes stayed away from the LuthorCorp logo taunting her on the back wall. She swiped her proximity card over
the reader before pressing the button that would take her to the floor of labs that stood out to her
during her tour. She took the brief trip to input a note on her phone to switch this floor to a two-point
security clearance with biometric requirements.

The elevator doors slid open to reveal black walls lit with striking fluorescent lights. An order for
paint had already been placed onto her list of notes for this floor - as well as many other parts of the
building. Lex had the LuthorCorp logo plastered gaudily in an exuberant amount of places, and they
all had to be removed or covered before she would begin working there. There was a particularly
large lab near the service elevator that had piqued her interest earlier, and she wanted to get a
closer look by herself.

The lab was situated at the bend in the wide corridor, providing it with two adjacent walls shared
with the hallway. Each wall had a double door leading into the lab with a passcode entrance. Lena
had scoffed at the low-level security measures, realizing how little Lex cared for this branch of the
company. The lab was a long rectangle full of metal tables with little to no sign of use. This building
was less than two years old, and that showed in the evident lack of use of a majority of the building.
Some of the equipment still remained in boxes. She deliberately walked the perimeter and between
each table, gathering complete knowledge of the room. It was, by far, the largest lab in the entire
building, giving some of the labs back in Metropolis a run for their money. Half of the far wall was
equipped with large vents, containment units, fridges, and storage shelves, creating an alcove with
the other half of the wall and the adjacent one. Upon further inspection, she found that the machines
and storage units were bolted in place. They wouldn’t be difficult to move, but Lena was drawn to
the alcove they created. It would easily fit a few tables, some equipment, and other necessities for a
single-person lab. Taking several pictures of everything, Lena finished with that room. There was
one other room she wanted to look at, but would wait until after her next appointment.

Shooting off a quick message to Darias from her business cell phone, she began the walk back to the
elevator. The drive was uneventful, and Lena was grateful for the man’s professionalism and
discretion. He made a point to pull the car into the back of the parking lot of the local coffee shop
she had researched a week prior. When she informed him that she did not want to be dropped off in
the front, he adjusted course without question. She opened her own door and smoothed her blouse
with one hand before walking away from the car.

With her sunglasses firmly in place, she pulled the door open to the sound of instrumental music.
Keeping one hand on her bag, she waited behind a couple of women in line. Lena stayed alert to her
surroundings, but found herself quirking an eyebrow at a few of the odd comments coming from the
conversation in front of her.

The shorter woman appeared to be using coffee with an unhealthy amount of sugar to distract the
other from possibly getting fired over something to do with glasses. Lena pulled out her phone, as
she tried to tune out the women several feet in front of her. She couldn’t make out the words the
taller woman was saying, but she picked up on the exasperated tone she was using. The two women
were handed their coffees. As they walked away, a few words hit her ears: “assistant,” “literally
everything,” “two years,” and “elevator.”

Idly, Lena reminded herself that she would need to hire at least two more assistants as she stepped
up to the counter to order the darkest roast they had to offer. Customers were scattered around
at the quaint tables. The amount of laptops and textbooks opened led Lena to believe that National City
University must have been in the throes of midterm season. She took the coffee with a “thank you”
to the college-aged woman and claimed a table in a fairly empty corner. Her seat gave her a view of
the entrance, but the counter afforded her some privacy from the larger section of the shop. While
her coffee cooled enough to be safe for human consumption, Lena removed the notebook she needed
from her bag. She flipped it open on the table before testing the temperature of her coffee.
Lena heard the door open, but kept her eyes on the notebook in front of her. After several minutes, she saw someone coming near in her peripheral vision. With the powerful grace of a lioness, the young CEO leaned against the back of the chair and crossed her legs at the knees in the same motion to gaze at the woman that walked up to her. A sly grin teased at the corner of her lips.

“Am I late?” The woman asked Lena.

“Not at all.” She gestured to the seat across from her. “Have a seat, Dr. Sanchez.”

The woman sat down, setting her coffee on the table gently. “It’s nice to finally meet after so many months of correspondence.”

“That it is.” Lena took a sip of her coffee. “You were not an easy woman to find.”

“Me specifically, or someone with my skillset?”

“Yes.” Lena’s eyebrow did its signature quirk.

The older woman paused to drink from her coffee cup. She waited until her cup was back on the table before she spoke again. “Can we skip to the part where we don’t pretend that I haven’t discovered your real name?”

Lena’s smirk turned devilish. “And there’s the fire I was waiting for under those two doctorates.”

“Your doctorate and two master’s degrees are rather impressive too.”

“It’s gratifying to know you are forward enough to examine before you experiment.”

Dr. Sanchez chuckled. “Is that your way of saying ‘look before you leap’?”

Somehow, Lena made shrugging her shoulders look absolutely elegant. “It’s far more relative.”

Nodding, the older woman took another sip of her coffee. “So,” she began as she leaned forward, “I’m assuming you do not want me to say your name with what’s going on at the moment. Shall I continue to call you Miss Mercer?”

“If you insist.” Lena’s thumb tapped against her coffee cup.

“Very well.” Dr. Sanchez leaned back in her chair again. “Miss Mercer, I believe you had a proposition for me.”

“I did.” She paused to drink more of her coffee. Her hands laid flat on the notebook in front of her when she set the cup back down. “I’m moving to National City by the end of the summer.” She looked intently at the woman across from her. “I’d like to work with you on a project I think you will find interesting.”

Darias put the car in park in the garage of LuthorCorp. He exited the car and opened the door for both woman to exit. The conversation flowed easily between the women about various engineering topics, as Lena led Dr. Sanchez into the elevator. Soon, they were exiting onto the specified floor.

“The space truly is ideal. It offers both discretion and opportunities for higher security… without being too obvious, of course.” Lena’s voice grew a touch more animated as she led her companion through the corridors.

When they passed the service elevator, Dr. Sanchez brightened slightly. “This floor was clearly
designed to cater to a need for bringing in large equipment.”

“Yes, I intend to take full advantage of that.” Lena smirked easily. “Here it is.” A wave of her proximity card unlocked the door, and Lena held it open for Dr. Sanchez to precede her into the lab.

“You weren’t wrong,” Dr. Sanchez commented. She scanned the barren room. “It could work, yes.” She looked back at Lena. “Should I choose to come aboard.”

“Should you choose to come aboard,” Lena agreed.

“I must say it is as intriguing as it is mysterious,” Dr. Sanchez spoke of Lena’s offer.

“As I said, Dr. Sanchez, full disclosure is not an option without a contract.” Lena held her hands in front of her.

Dr. Sanchez walked around the room in thought for a few moments. She stopped across the room from Lena and turned back to face her. “Okay, Miss Luthor. Where do we begin?”

A smile that showed her teeth spread across Lena’s features, her eyes holding a hint of mischief. “I already have the paperwork.”

“Yes,” the secretary spoke as her eyes glanced at her computer, “there you are.” Lena stood in front of the desk expectantly. “You can head on up, ma’am. He’s expecting you.” The secretary barely spared her a glance as he dismissed her with a wave of his hand toward the elevator. “Top floor.”

Lena wasn’t surprised by the encounter or the location of her meeting. She made her way to the elevator without comment, and the elevator opened a second after she pressed the button. 30 floors passed her by, and she took the time to ensure that her stoic mask was firmly in place and ready for anything. She allowed the doors to fully open before stepping out into the lobby.

“Ah, Luthor.”

Slowly, Lena looked over her left shoulder toward the source of the voice. Her face remained impassive as her eyes found a familiar face. “Lord.” Not an ounce of any emotion could be detected in her voice.

“I’m glad you could make it.” Maxwell Lord grinned conspiratorially at Lena. “It really has been too long since we last spoke.”

“Not long enough.”

“Oh, don’t be that way, Luthor.” He walked closer to her. “We haven’t gotten to the gun part yet.” Lena turned to face him fully. “You’ve got 30 minutes. I have a flight to catch.”

“You mean you don’t want to spend time catching up, or I can give you plenty of tips on being the new big, bad CEO in town?” He was only a touch disappointed when he received no reaction from Lena. “Fine. Follow me.”

He walked past Lena, and waved her down the hallway. After a moment, she began walking with him. Both remained silence until Maxwell closed the door to a conference room they entered. “What do you want?” Lena asked from the opposite side of the table from Maxwell.
“Please sit.” His smile didn’t reach his eyes. He sat down in a chair, and his eyebrows lifted toward Lena as he waited for her to sit. She made him wait a moment before taking the seat furthest from Maxwell. “That’s better.” His fingers tapped on the table.

“27 minutes.”

“My company was recently... targeted.” A darker tone entered his voice. “LuthorCorp has been known to have developed defenses against these kind of attacks.”

Lena watched him closely. “I’ve seen some of your security technology, Mr. Lord. They aren’t necessarily lacking in top of the line mechanisms. Why don’t you just ask me what you really want to know about?”

His lips twitched minutely. “Okay.” He leaned his forearms on the table. “I saw some weapons in action that were very familiar. Recently, I realized why that was. Your brother has had access to some... unique minerals.”

It took every ounce of self-control Lena had to not react to the implication. “And you are under the impression that I kept any of my brother’s creations from madness?”

“You’re a business woman, Lena. Why would you toss out nearly a decade of research that cost your company who knows how much money?”

“Because that money is useless if the world is blown up, Mr. Lord.” She leaned back in the chair. “Besides, Lex was thorough. No trace of his off the record research has been found. It would seem that you have reached a dead end.”

“There are no dead ends if you know what explosives to use.”

“I can’t say I have the explosives you are looking for.”

He watched her for a few tense moments of silence. Their eyes fenced in a battle of will. “Pity.” Maxwell finally settled back into his chair. “Perhaps it’s for the best. I trust my own inventions more than that of others.”

Lena stood from her chair. “As I said, I don’t have what you are looking for.”

“Woah, hold on.” He stood as well. “I still have 10 minutes, right?” His eyes shifted to his watch briefly. “Aren’t you at least curious about what this mineral is?”

“Mr. Lord, I have no interest in weapons.”

“But you are interested in defense against aliens.” Lena stiffened. “You don’t have to want to kill them off to want to be safe.”

“You are treading into risky territory, Mr. Lord. I don’t trust alien technology - their minerals included.”

“It’s not alien if it’s synthesized.”

“Will that be all, Mr. Lord?”

“For now.” He walked to the door, but paused with his hand on the handle. “I will be expecting more of your time next month.” He smiled when Lena gave him a questioning glance. “You didn’t think I would miss the biggest trial of the century, did you?”
Lena started walking to the door. “You’ll have to make an appointment.” She feigned an air of disinterest.

Maxwell opened the door, but blocked her exit with his body. His gaze turned serious. “Don’t I always?” He swiftly moved out of the way.

“Good evening, Mr. Lord.” Lena walked out of the door.

“See you soon, Lena.”

Lena feels a new wave of energy flow through her when she exits her private elevator into her apartment. As long as her day was, she can’t fight the rush of giddiness fighting through the exhaustion. It has been less than an hour since she has seen Kara, but she surprises herself with how much she is looking forward to seeing her again.

“Well…” She looked around her apartment that suddenly felt too large. “She did say to text her.”

Supergirl hovers outside of the DEO, taking deep breaths to combat the butterflies taking residence in her abdominals. She attempts to wipe the overwhelming smile on her face, but it’s to no avail. With a shrug, she flies in through her designated entrance to land in the nearly empty command center.

“Supergirl,” J’onn speaks from the opposite side of the table, “Agent Danvers informed us of your mission.” His arms are crossed, and he’s watching her closely.

Her smile only falters slightly at the implications of J’onn’s tone. “Yes, I had to make sure Lena was fine before I came in. He had taken us somewhere else, but he is gone now.”

“Just like that?” Alex’s voice lifts from behind Supergirl.

“Alex!” Supergirl spins around to face her sister. “What are you doing here?”

“I came in to check on you.” She crosses her arms. “What do you expect when you barely give me any answers through the phone.”

“Oh.” Supergirl fidgets under Alex’s questioning stare. “I couldn’t exactly talk about it around Lena?” The sentence comes out as a question, and Supergirl internally winces.

“Okay.” Alex draws out the word. “So what happened?” Her stance relaxes, and it is evident that she is tired when she joins the two aliens at the table in the command center.

“He tried kidnapping Lena and…” she quickly decides to leave Batwoman out of the discussion, “then I followed them. He transported us somewhere else. I’m not even sure where. But that’s not really important here.” She shakes her head into focus. “He had us in these dresses, and people were dancing, so I thought maybe he wanted us to dance or something like that.” She throws a sheepish smile at her sister. “I mean it made sense because of his hint about us being a team, so I figured out that he meant Lena and me. Then after we… after a little while, we were back in Lena’s office. It was like nothing happened. No signals have gone off or anything as far as I know.”

Alex and J’onn stare at her with unreadable expressions until she begins to squirm in the silence. “So,” Alex begins, “you had to dance with Lena Luthor in order to send him back to the fifth dimension?”
“Well when you put it like that…” Supergirl’s eyebrows furrow together.

“Agent Williams,” J’onn speaks to an agent typing furiously on a computer, “will you run Agent Schott’s program to confirm that Mr. Mxyzptlk is, in fact, gone from our dimension?”

“Yes sir.” The woman goes to another computer.

Alex looks at her sister, whose eyes won’t meet hers. She narrows her eyes, watching Supergirl focus on anything else in the room. “Ka-

“Sir,” Agent Williams interrupts, “I’ve run the program twice here and in Metropolis. There is not a single trace of him.”

“Is that normal?” Supergirl asks J’onn. “Does he always just disappear with everything he created?”

“As far as our records go, yes.” J’onn nods. “He has to be here in order for any of his creations to remain.”

“Well, that’s a good thing, right?” Supergirl asks, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

J’onn hums deep in his throat. “Good job, Supergirl. Get some rest.” He nods at both sisters, and leaves the command center to get sleep himself.

Supergirl watches him go, and Alex watches her. The superphone vibrates under her cape, and she pulls it out to check it.

Lois Lane 2.0: I heard you had a busy day. I don’t suppose you were able to squeeze in a real dinner?

A giddy smile overtakes her face as she quickly types out a response.

Super Babe: I can hardly remember the last time I ate.

The hero looks up at her sister, the smile still playing at her lips. With her arms crossed over her chest, Alex raises an eyebrow at her sister. Supergirl bites her lip to control the smile. “I’ve had a long day. I’m gonna-” She points over her shoulder with her thumb, but Alex interrupts her.

“What’s up with you?”

“What?” Supergirl looks at her innocently. “I’m fine.” Her phone buzzes again, and a smile tugs at her lips when she opens the message.

Lois Lane 2.0: Well we can’t have that.

“I can see that.” Alex doesn’t miss the smile, but can’t see the screen.

“What?” Supergirl asks, her face snapping up to face her sister.

“You’re not telling me something.”

“It’s been a crazy day. A lot has happened.”

“Did that imp do something to you?”

“You mean other than having me fly all over National City today?”
Alex narrows her eyes when she sees that her sister is trying to hold back a smile. “Kara.”

“Alex.”

“Fine.” She throws up her hands, spinning around to leave. “Don’t tell me.” She begins walking away. “Tell Lena I said ‘hi.’” Alex waves a hand over her shoulder.

Supergirl sputters at Alex’s retreating back, clutching her superphone to her chest. “But…” Her eyes are wide, but the corners of her lips are upturned. “I…” She gets another text.

**Lois Lane 2.0:** My balcony door is a much more efficient entrance than the lobby.

A giggle escaped the superhero, causing a nearby agent to glance at her with a startled expression. She decides to take Lena up on her offer, and end this odd day on a good note.

Supergirl flies high over National City to prevent any curious eyes from seeing the Girl of Steel flying toward a random multi-use building to land on one of the balconies on the top floor. The smile that overcame her features at the sight of the building only grows when her boots touch down gently on the balcony. Overcome with a wave of giddiness, she immediately grabs the door handle and slides it open.

Music reaches her ears, and she steps into Lena’s large living room. The television is open to Lena’s Spotify, but the woman is nowhere in sight. Closing the door behind herself, Supergirl ventures to the kitchen in search of Lena… of her girlfriend. She absolutely beams at the thought of Lena being her girlfriend.

“Oh,” Lena almost yelps when she turns a corner to almost collide into Supergirl. She has changed into pajamas, and her hair flows over her shoulders, “you’re here. I didn’t hear you come in.” A smile that fully displays her dimples brightens her features.

“The door was open.” Suddenly, Supergirl’s smile turns shy now that she is faced with Lena.

Lena tilts her head with a smirk. “No it wasn’t.” Before Supergirl can say anything back, Lena closes the distance between them. Placing a hand on the House of El crest, she leans in to place a soft kiss on Supergirl’s cheek. “Hi,” she says with a shy smile as she steps back.

Supergirl blinks out of her dazed state, and smiles back. “Hi.” She clears her throat. “Um, what did you mean by-”

“The door not being open?” That smirk is back on Lena’s face.

“Yeah.”

Without breaking eye contact with the hero, Lena reaches for her hand. Supergirl immediately begins playing with Lena’s fingers, which puts a dimpled smile on Lena’s face. “Do you remember when I first showed you how that door works? With the biometric scanner?”

Supergirl nods. “Did you turn that off?”

“No, I would never.” Lena glances down at their hands that are sharing soft touches. “When I had you grab it, the scanner record your biometric data.”

“So you-”

“Gave you full access to my penthouse… balcony or elevator.”
“Oh.” Supergirl’s voice is thoughtful and small. “Oh.” Her voice fills with understanding and wonder, her eyebrows shooting up to her hairline. “Why didn’t you tell me before?”

Lena chuckles with a shake of her head. “It was never the right time. Besides… while Supergirl and I were friends, we weren’t quite that close for that sort of permission to make sense. With Kara Danvers, I would have had no way of explaining how I acquired your biometrics.”

“That… makes sense.” Supergirl watches their fingers slide together, and smiles at the small shiver that runs through Lena when she slides her fingertips across the woman’s palm.

“I am very thorough.”

Supergirl lifts her eyes to find that Lena is intently watching her. “I’ve noticed.” Her voice is a touch breathless.

“Flatterer.” Lena teases. After a few moments of silence, she grips the hand in hers. “I believe I promised you dinner.” She tugs the hand in hers. “You go change into something less super and more snug, and I will meet you in the kitchen.”

Supergirl giggles, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “You know, I can totally beat you there.” Her eyes hint at mischief.

Lena releases her hand, her eyes rolling playfully. She steps past Supergirl, nudging her shoulder on the way. “A Luthor knows when not to accept a challenge.” For once, there is no shame when she says the name. She continues to walk to the kitchen.

“Aww,” Supergirl pouts, “but I thought Luthors love going up against Supers.”

Stopping in the middle of the hallway, Lena looks over her shoulder with a smirk and raised eyebrow. “We do.” Her eyes make a slow path down to her feet and back up to her eyes. “When the time comes, I can assure you that you will enjoy going up against me just as much.” A ghost of a wink finishes her statement. When she turns back to begin walking again, her hair flips over her shoulder. Her smirk grows when she hears the shocked sound that escapes her girlfriend, being somewhere between a gasp and a squeak. She bites her lip when the sound of fumbling steps reaches her ears.

The August weather sent a light breeze through the eerily silent streets surrounding LuthorCorp. The company’s new CEO discreetly entered one of the almost hidden side doors. She locked the door behind herself, and walked through the deserted hallway. The doors were officially locked the previous week, and the CEO had seen that each employee was taken care of as needed. She stopped outside of a door, and placed her hand on the scanner. With a heavy click, the door unlocked. After propping it open with a chair, she entered her lab. She rolled open a large paper on one of the tables, and focused her attention to making notes.

“Miss Luthor?” A voice called from the doorway after several minutes.

Lena looked up at the doorway, spotting the temporary assistant she hired upon her return to Metropolis. “Jess.” She set her pen down, and straightened. “Come in.”

Jess tightened her grip on the bag over her shoulder, and joined Lena at the opposite side of the table. “I have the last of the paperwork for you to sign.” She pulled out a stack of papers, and slid them across the table. Lena immediately began going through them. “I also have pictures.” She shyly held up a USB drive.
“Pictures?” Lena raised an eyebrow.

Fidgeting with the USB drive, Jess nodded. “My brother... He lives in National City. Not too far from there. I asked him to get these.” Before she could lose her nerves, she thrust the USB drive out toward her boss.

Slowly, Lena stretched her hand across the table. Her fingers grasped the object, and Jess instantly released it and pulled her hand back. The CEO drew the item closer to her, turning it over in her fingers. “My building?” Her voice held no emotion, but a touch of surprise ran through her body.

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess was timid.

Lena stared at the object in her hands. The unasked for gesture of kindness was far past unexpected. After Lex’s arrest last month, being a Luthor started to become an ostracized way of life. It had taken weeks to find someone not only some semblance of trustworthy, but also willing to work for her. “Thank you, Jess.” She offered the woman a small, genuine smile. “I will take a look at these tonight.” She held up the USB drive before putting it in her pocket for safekeeping.

“It’s no problem at all, Miss Luthor.” She smiled. “I was just as curious as you to see it.”

The CEO chuckled. “Being a part of the creation process will do that to you.” Her focus turned back to the details of the building. “I have the final layouts for the penthouse.” She pushed the large paper closer to the middle of the table, permitting Jess to look as well. Pulling out a pen, she made some notes. “I was able to program the circuitry here. That allowed me to run the grid for the network here, and now the wall here is available for the lead plates to be installed.” Lena’s voice started to hold a hint of excitement.

“Wow.” Jess leaned closer over the paper.

Lena straightened, and began rolling up the plans. “Did the architect sign the last contract?”

“Yes, ma’am.” Jess pulled out a tablet from her bag, and began scrolling and tapping. “All of your messages were returned for the building, and I have the final list of all employee files. I composed a spreadsheet of those that you cleared.”

“Excellent. I want to hold a meeting for those. Book a room suitable for the size of people on that list, and I will have an email for you by the end of the week. Find something for four weeks from now.”

“What accommodations will you need?”

“Tables for the employees in banquet style, a podium without a platform, and catering options.”

Jess took notes. “Yes, Miss Luthor.”

Lena flipped through the documents Jess brought. “Be sure to reserve it under the name I provided you with.” She paused on a particular contract. “I’ll need accommodations in National City for February. Begin looking for possibilities and contact my new pilot, and I will have further details by the end of the week.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”

Closing the last document, Lena walked around the table to a safe in the wall. Her palm unlocked the safe, and she pulled the door open to reveal a briefcase. She grabbed the handle and placed it on the table. It had a key code combination lock. The CEO reached under the table to bring up a
cardboard box, and she carefully placed the briefcase inside of the box. She rested a hand on top of it.

“I’ll need you to stop by the post office.” Her free hand slipped into her pocket to pull out a folded piece of paper. She rubbed her fingers over the paper before setting it on top of the box. “Have this overnighted to that address.” She pushed the box across the table. “J. Sanchez.”

Jess stepped closer to the table, placing a hand on the box. “Yes, Miss Luthor.”

“Thank you, Jess.” Lena sat down on a stool. “That will be all for today. Send me the tracking number for the package.”

The secretary put her tablet on the box before bringing it into her arms. “Of course, Miss Luthor.” She left with a polite smile.

Lena relaxed into her seat when she could no longer hear Jess’ footsteps. While there was not an ounce of venom in Jess’ voice, she internally winced when she heard her last name. She made it her goal to not only rid herself of the subconscious urge to feel guilt at the name, but to also turn this company, her company, into a force for good. She believed the Luthor name would always be feared during her lifetime, but LuthorCorp could one day be seen as something good. She was fine with ending the Luthor line, as long as what she left behind would help as many people as possible.

Flicking on the lights in the kitchen, Lena enters the room with a smile on her face. She opens a cabinet to grab glasses for Kara and herself. Just as her fingertips touched cool glass, a breeze fluttered Lena’s hair, and a hand suddenly rested on the cup she was reaching for.

“Let me,” Kara quietly says in her ear.

“Oh.” Lena jerks her hand away, her heart racing.

Kara steps back away from Lena, allowing her a few feet of space. “Sorry.” She looks down at the cup in her hands.

Lena clears her throat, settling her breath and heart. She takes a step toward Kara, so she can lay her hands on Kara’s fidgeting ones. “It’s okay. You just took me by surprise.” She tries to smile reassuringly at Kara, who is looking up at her through her lashes.

“I just… sorry.” She shrugs sheepishly. “I thought…”

Squeezing Kara’s hands, Lena takes another step closer. “You thought you could let go now that we’ve officially acknowledged that I know.” She doesn’t say it like a question.

“Um… yes?” Kara’s shoulders sag in defeat.

Chapter End Notes

Another poll of sorts...

I need help with a SuperCorp kid name. I can't give any details on the kid, but I want a name that y'all will appreciate. Will the kid keep up the Luthor tradition of having an "L" name? Do they name her after a family member? Is she going to have some cute
name with a meaning in another language?

If you have a name in mind, add it in the comments. Feel free to add the why or meaning behind the name. Later, I'll take the top names, and create a poll. Discussion are welcomed and encouraged!

The story line is at least two years away from a SuperCorp kid, but I'm working on that outline now. As always, thanks for you support, feedback, kudos, and interest!
Honesty

Chapter Notes

Here's a long chapter before spoiler start happening tomorrow with the viewing in LA! That last episode... Damn. That's what I signed up for when I started watching this show. Power to the girls, indeed. I have one more chapter in the "Superman's Best Friend" storyline. I want to have it up before the episode airs on Monday. I'll try my best!

As always, I love reading and responding to your comments <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kara,” Lena raises one hand to touch Kara’s chin, “look at me.” Hesitantly, Kara raises her head to make eye contact with Lena. “You can.”

“What?” Kara’s eyebrows scrunch together in slight confusion.

Lena cups Kara’s cheek. “You can just be yourself with me. I’m not... worried you will use your powers to hurt me. It will just take some getting used to seeing you use them out of the suit. I... Knowing and seeing are two different things.” She places a small kiss on Kara’s lips. “I...” Lena looks down with a self-deprecating chuckle before meeting Kara’s eyes again. “It’s funny. I had gotten so used to going along with the whole double life thing. I would spend... more nights than I’m willing to admit imagining what the reveal would be like... if it ever would-”

“I always wanted you to know. I trust you, and-”

“Kara.” Lena rubs her thumb along Kara’s cheek. “I’m not mad that you didn’t tell me.”

“Y-you’re not?”

“No.” Lena shakes her head.

“How did you...”

“Know that’s what you were worried about?” Lena raises a knowing eyebrow.

“Yes.” Kara nods.

“Because I know you, Kara. Your heart is far too large to not worry about how I would feel about this.”

“How long?”

“Have I known?” Lena waits for Kara to nod. “When you walked into my office with Superman’s alter ego and started talking about Supergirl, I had my suspicions. Before you ask, my knowing that is a story for another time... After my first encounter with Supergirl, my suspicions were confirmed. I won’t say something cruel about the glasses not being the best disguise. It clearly works for the general population; however, I had the honor of spending time with both Supergirl and Kara Danvers.”
“That… makes sense.” Kara nods in thought.

“I… I won’t ask you when you would have told me. It’s your secret to share, and everyone has secrets. I meant it when we talked about us having time.”

“So did I.”

Lena nods, moving her hand from Kara’s cheek to rest on her chest where she can feel the Kryptonian’s heartbeat. “Trust has never been one of my stronger suits. I have never trusted anyone near as much as I trust you.” She looks down again, her fingers idly tapping on Kara’s chest.

“It wasn’t about trust.” Kara whispers. She takes her girlfriend not looking up as a sign to continue. “Having a secret identity… Rao, it’s… not something I can tell everyone I talk to. Not that I’m saying you’re just like anyone.” She rushes to reassure Lena. “But in the beginning, obviously, it was all professional. Well, mostly. I related to what you said about making a name for yourself outside of family. Then, for a while, the alien detection device made me nervous about how you would feel about being friends with an alien. By the time we started saving each other… almost regularly, it seems…” Kara furrows her eyebrows for a moment, and Lena quirks an eyebrow in acknowledgement. “We became closer as Kara and Lena, and I really saw you as a friend.”

“You being Supergirl had no influence on me wanting to be your friend.” Lena assured her.

Kara smiles shyly. “But then there seemed to always be something going on. I was so focused for a while on just trying to protect you, or defend you, or rescue you… I never even had time to think about the whole ‘I’m Supergirl’ thing. Before I even realized what was happening, we had become close, and I almost felt that I was in too deep. I worried about how you would feel about me keeping it from you for so long.”

Lena nods, knowing her worries were similar. “I couldn’t help but wonder when you would trust me enough… or feel comfortable enough.”

“In full disclosure, I was so scared to lose that closeness we built. You cared about Kara Danvers. You looked at Kara Danvers like she was someone special. You didn’t expect me to be the strong hero at all times. You let me just be me.” Lena opens her mouth to begin speaking, but Kara shakes her head slightly. “When I realized you knew, but didn’t seem mad, I didn’t know what to feel anymore. It was… different than any of the other people that know. I’ve only ever actually told one person, Winn. I’m sure they don’t realize it, but people treat me differently after they know.”

“Oh, Kara.” Lena squeezes Kara’s hand that is still in hers.

Kara squeezes her hand back. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. When she opens her eyes, she finds Lena’s eyes intently watching her. “Lena… I’m Supergirl.”

Lena’s eyes soften, and she releases Kara’s hand to bring it up to Kara’s cheek. She brings the other hand off Kara’s chest, so she is cupping both cheeks. Kara swallows heavily, and Lena wipes away a single tear that escapes. “You’ll always be Kara to me. I’m sorry not everyone can see past one part of who you are.”

A smile that Lena has never seen before comes across Kara’s face. “I wish everyone could see past your last name to the amazing woman that I have the honor of calling my girlfriend.”

A gasp escapes Lena’s lips, her jaw dropping as she searches Kara’s eyes. All of her thoughts halt, as her senses fill with the woman in front of her. In a burst of motion, she flings her arms around Kara’s neck to pull her into a kiss full of the emotions she feels for her. Kara wraps her arms around
Lena’s waist, and kisses her back just as fiercely. Overcome with a wave of giddiness, Kara lifts Lena off her feet to swirl her around in a tight circle. When she feels Lena smiling against her lips, she sets her back on her feet gently. They pull back with smiles on their faces. Tears are threatening to fall from Lena’s eyes.

Kara pulls Lena flush against her body for a hug. Lena buries her face in Kara’s neck, and feels Kara do the same. “I trust you, Lena.” Kara whispers inches from Lena’s ear. “So much.”

“I trust you too, Kara.” She pulls back, so they can look at each other. After a moment, they lean forward at the same time. When they pull back from the kiss, happy sighs leave both women’s lips.

“I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of that.”

Lena chuckles before placing another kiss on Kara’s lips. She hums in contentment. “I think we’ve had enough heavy stuff for one night.” She takes a step back to walk to the fridge. “How about we feed you before you get cranky?”

Kara raises a hand to her chest in mock offense. “I do not get cranky, Lena.”

From the open fridge, Lena looks over her shoulder with a raised eyebrow. “Okay.” She goes back to looking for something to eat.

“No one understands how important food is. Gosh.” Kara mumbles as she shuffles her bare feet on the floor. She’s wearing borrowed pajamas from Lena. She left her hair down, but she is wearing her glasses.

“What was that?” Lena looks at her with a teasing smirk.

“Um…”

Lena laughs. “What do you feel like? I have that sauce you liked last time if you want pasta, or I still have a few frozen pizzas tucked away for emergencies.”

Kara skips to Lena’s side with an excited squeal. “I love pizza emergencies! But that sauce was sooo good!” She angles herself behind Lena, and rests her chin on Lena’s shoulder. “What do you want?”

Ignoring her elevating heart rate, Lena decides against making a comment that would further increase it. “Pasta would be ready faster.”

“Okay!” Kara beams in excitement and places a quick kiss on Lena’s cheek. She’s rapidly becoming addicted to kissing Lena. She knows she will have to think further about that later, and she is due for a talk with Alex after some self analyzing. For now, she decides to go with what feels natural… as long as Lena doesn’t mind.

Lena reaches for the sauce. “If you want to get st-” A slight breeze interrupts her. With the jar in her hand, she turns to see Kara already at the stove using the pot filler. The pasta is on the counter beside the stove, and Kara turns to her with a smile. “Well.” Lena shakes her head with a fond chuckle. “That’s one use for super speed.”

Kara’s nose crinkles as her smile grows. “You should see me cook with my heat vision.”

“Is that healthy?” Lena sets the jar on the counter, and leans her hip against it to face Kara. “I hardly use microwaves due to the radiation.” Lena’s tone holds no judgement, only intrigue.

“Um.” Kara shuts the water off. “Alex has never really said anything otherwise, and she has no
problem using me as her personal microwave.”

“So I take it Alex is more than just a normal agent?” Lena tilts her head in curiosity.

Kara fidgets with her glasses. “She’s kind of like my doctor in a way. She’s a bio-engineer. National City Med School.”

“Is that how she got into the DEO?”

“Uh…” Kara’s jaw falls open, and she stumbles a moment to find words. “You know what…” She rubs her forehead. “I really should not be surprised. You’re a genius, afterall.”

Smirking, Lena pats Kara’s arm. “If it makes you feel any better, it wasn’t you that gave it away.”

“No?”

“I was hacked, and the path leading back to the DEO was really a disappointing challenge.”

A small growl rumbles in Kara’s chest. “So you knew about that?”

“I did.” Lena’s voice is quieter than it was before.

“I yelled at her.”

“What?”

“When I found out… I yelled at Alex about that. I was so… mad.” The water boiling provides a distraction, and Kara is quick to put the pasta inside of the pot. “I’m sorry about that by the way.”

Lena waves a hand. “Hey, if something goes wrong, people presume it’s the Luthor.”

Kara shakes her head, her face turning serious. “That’s not right, Lena. People will see how good you are. Your last name doesn’t define you. You taught me that more than anyone.”

“Do you practice your flattery, Miss Danvers?” Lena’s smirk turns flirty as she becomes determined to move to lighter topics.

“I don’t need to as long as I speak the truth.” Kara returns her smile.

They spend dinner holding lighter conversation. Kara tells Lena the details of Mr. Mxyzptlk’s various tricks. Lena explains how Batwoman told her that she was following a lead on Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy. After discussing it, Kara and Lena come to the conclusion that the imp had likely led that path to National City for her. Kara tells Lena that she noticed Kate Kane speaking with Mr. Mxyztplk while they were dancing, and they assume she is somewhere safe. Kara talks about her powers, and has no problem answering Lena’s questions. Lena shares a few stories from her MIT days.

Their eyes are heavy by the time they finish eating. Cleaning up is interspersed with lingering touches and stolen glances. Kara puts away the last plate, and turns to find Lena watching her closely. She slides her hand along the top of the kitchen island as she walks closer to Lena. Stopping with a foot of space between them, Kara shyly smiles at Lena, who bites her lip. Kara’s eyes dip down to watch the movement. When she looks up, Lena’s eyes are on her lips. Kara takes another step closer, so they are separated by an inch of air. Lena catches her eyes. Together, they close the distance. Kara’s hands find Lena’s waist, and Lena slides her hands up Kara’s arms until they reach her neck. They kiss is slow, but deep. Much too soon for either of their liking, the exhaustion catches
up to Lena, causing her to pull back a few inches. Lena watches Kara’s eyes flutter open.

“It’s late.” Kara whispers into the short distance between them. Lena nods. “I uh…” Kara scrunches up her forehead.

“Do you want to stay the night?” Lena whispers. “I’m not going to make you fly home after the day you had.”

Kara hums with a smile tugging at your lips. “Your bed is amazingly soft. Like… it’s as soft as you’d think a cloud would be by looking at it.”

A happy chuckle sounds deep in Lena’s throat. “If anyone would know what a cloud feels like, it would be you, Super Babe.”

Playfully groaning, Kara drops her forehead to Lena’s shoulder. “I forgot about that.”

“I didn’t.”

“Is that still the name for my superphone in your contacts?”

“Mnhmm.” Lena nods. “Do you really call it your superphone?”

Kara turns her head to the side, so she can look up at Lena’s profile. “Of course. What about me makes that a surprise?” She teases.

“Very good point. It’s not a surprise.”

Picking up her head, Kara places a kiss on Lena’s lips. “At least you’re the only one that knows about that name.”

“Oh, I’m not the only one.” Lena smirks.

“Poison Ivy doesn’t count.”

“Hmm, I forgot about her.” The smirk on Lena’s face becomes absolutely mischievous.

Kara’s eyes go wide, and she pulls back from Lena to get a better look at her face. “Who else knows?”

Smiling devilishly, Lena moves forward for a passionate kiss that leaves Kara a little dazed. “Come on.” She grabs hold of one of Kara’s hands. “It’s time for bed.”

A goofy smile stays on Kara’s face as she is pulled toward Lena’s bedroom. Lena stops at the foot of the bed and turns to face Kara. She squeezes Kara’s hand when she notices the dazed smile on Kara’s face. “I’m going to get ready for bed.” With a smirk, Lena lets their fingers slowly slip away as she walks to the bathroom. Before Kara came, she had already washed her face and changed into pajamas. She brushes her teeth, as she takes the time to steady her heartbeat.

After a final check in the mirror, she steps out of the bathroom to see Kara standing where she left her. “Kara?” Her voice is laced with concern.

Slowly, Kara turns to her with her eyebrows raised. “Hmm?”

“Your toothbrush is where you left it.” She holds back the urge to melt at Kara’s flustered state. “Take your time.”
Kara absentmindedly nods, and her feet begin to take her to the bathroom. She closes the door behind her, leaving her hand on the door as she takes deep breaths. “We’ve slept together before.” She whispers to herself and pushes off of the door. Her eyes widen when she realizes what she said. She clears her throat before beginning to brush her teeth. How is she so calm though? Kara lets her mind wander. She tells herself it’s silly to be this nervous, but she can’t help but feel as though she has been vibrating with energy since she landed on Lena’s balcony. Lena’s balcony… Lena gave me full access to her penthouse. The toothbrush hangs limply from her hand as she lets that thought sink into her conscious. She shakes her head into focus, and sets about to quickly finish.

Slipping out of the bathroom, Kara finds Lena sitting on her side of the bed with her eyes glued to her phone. Lena looks up when she hears the bathroom door close. Kara stands in front of the closed door with a shy smile directed toward Lena. “Hi,” Kara says quietly.

“How is she so calm though?” Lena says with a smile. With her right hand, she turns down the blankets on Kara’s side and pats the surface of the bed in invitation. “Bedtime for superheroes.”

Kara looks down, adjusting her glasses with a nervous chuckle. She walks around the bed and crawls under the covers. Laying on her side, she watches Lena plug her phone into the charger on her nightstand. Kara plugged in her phone when she changed into pajamas earlier.

Lena takes a deep breath before rolling over onto her side to face Kara. Each of them has one hand under their pillow, while the other rests on the sheets between them. Lena marvels at how natural this feels, and tries not to question how quickly they have become comfortable in this new facet to their relationship. Craving the closeness, but seeing the nervousness in Kara, Lena reaches for Kara’s hand. Their fingers interlace, and Lena hears Kara let out the softest sigh.

They both know there are many things yet to be said, but they are comfortable with where they are… with where they are going.

Gently, Kara tugs Lena’s hand as she rolls onto her back. Lena snugs into her side, and they mold together perfectly. Kara’s left arm wraps around Lena’s shoulders to pull her closer. The fingers of Lena’s left hand tangle into the material covering Kara’s stomach. When Kara rests her free hand on top of Lena’s, their fingers entwine together. Lena’s head is resting on Kara’s shoulder.

Kara places a kiss on Lena’s forehead. “Goodnight, Lena.”

“Goodnight, Kara.”

Once Lena’s heart settles into a restful rhythm, Kara allows her own breathing to even out into sleep.

An irritating sound nags at Kara’s senses. A warm feeling is covering half of her body, keeping her in a pleasant snooze. When the warm feeling tries to leave her, she refuses to remove her arm keeping it in place. A small, warm gust of air hits her neck, bringing a smile to her face. She hums when she hears a familiar, low sound right in her ear. Something pats her stomach, and she places her hand on top of the offending object. “Shh,” she mumbles.

Lena chuckles at Kara’s overly sleepy state. “Kara,” she says inches from Kara’s ear. Her alarm is still ringing behind her, but there is no breaking Kara’s steel grasp. “At least let me turn the alarm off.” She can’t help but laugh when Kara whines. “Kara, it’s 7. I have to be at work at 9.”

“No,” Kara mumbles.

“How is she so calm though?” Lena says with a smile. With her right hand, she turns down the blankets on Kara’s side and pats the surface of the bed in invitation. “Bedtime for superheroes.”

Kara looks down, adjusting her glasses with a nervous chuckle. She walks around the bed and crawls under the covers. Laying on her side, she watches Lena plug her phone into the charger on her nightstand. Kara plugged in her phone when she changed into pajamas earlier.

Lena takes a deep breath before rolling over onto her side to face Kara. Each of them has one hand under their pillow, while the other rests on the sheets between them. Lena marvels at how natural this feels, and tries not to question how quickly they have become comfortable in this new facet to their relationship. Craving the closeness, but seeing the nervousness in Kara, Lena reaches for Kara’s hand. Their fingers interlace, and Lena hears Kara let out the softest sigh.

They both know there are many things yet to be said, but they are comfortable with where they are...
“Shh, Lena’s sleeping.”

“No, Lena is awake.” Lena deadpans.

“No.”

Sighing, Lena tries to go for a different tactic. “Kara.” She places a kiss on Kara’s neck. “If you let me up now, I will make you breakfast.”

“Hmm, br’fast?” Kara mumbles.

“I have bacon.”

Kara’s eyes open wide. “Bacon?” Her eyebrows furrow in confusion for a moment, taking in where she is. In a second, the previous night comes back to her, and she turns to face Lena with a smile.

“Yes, bacon.” Lena laughs warmly. “But you’ll have to let me go.”

“Oh!” Kara blushed, and her hold on Lena loosens. “Sorry.”

Lena pats Kara’s stomach as she sits up in the bed to turn the alarm off. “It’s okay, Kara. You holding me hostage in bed was rather endearing.”

“I… oh, Rao. Was I holding you too tight?”

“No,” Lena shakes her head, “you weren’t. You did try to get me to be quiet because ‘Lena’s sleeping.’”

Kara groans in embarrassment. “Really?”

“Mnhmm.” Lena places a chaste kiss on Kara’s lips before getting out of the bed. “It was cute.”

“Why were you talking about bacon?” Kara suddenly remembers the word that woke her.

Lena stops at the bathroom door to smile over her shoulder at her girlfriend. “I had to find some way to get you to let me out of that bed.” She smirks. “Not that I would mind being a hostage to you in bed, but that’s for another day.” She winks before disappearing into the bathroom.

Kara lets out a slow, long breath, not at all oblivious to the implications of what Lena said… or to the feelings that stirs in her. She lays in bed smiling for a few minutes before checking her phone.

Both women work together to make breakfast. Kara is humming along to the music she chose on Pandora, while Lena listens to and watches her with a small smile full of adoration. They sit catty-corner from each other at the kitchen island. Lena nearly chokes on her coffee when Kara lets out an appreciative moan at the taste of the bacon, and she misses the satisfied smirk on Kara’s face.

“So,” Kara says after swallowing her mouthful of bacon. She doesn’t look up from her plate.

Lena quirks an eyebrow, and takes a bite of her eggs. “Hmm?”

“Can I tell my sister?” She whispers. Lena furrows her eyebrows in confusion, and Kara begins rambling. “I, um, think she already knows or thinks something. I don’t know, but when we talked yesterday, she, uh… she did the thing she does when she knows something, but won’t pressure me. I know we have only been technically together for like 8 hours, but, I don’t know, after everything we’ve been through, and I…”
“Kara.” Lena takes pity on her girlfriend, who lets out a relieved sigh at having her rambling stop. She places her hand on top of Kara’s on the counter. “Of course, you can tell your sister. Your relationship with your sister is important, and it’s your choice what you choose to tell her.” She squeezes Kara’s hand.

Letting out the breath she wasn’t aware she was holding, Kara flips her hand over to entwine her fingers with Lena’s. “I feel like we haven’t had a real talk in so long, but I want to tell her soon… today.”

Lena smiles at the knowledge of Kara not wanting to keep a relationship with her a secret. “Do you know what you’re going to say?”

Kara takes her time chewing the mouthful of food to think. Her free hand stabs the fork at the remaining eggs on her plate. “Everything.” Kara shrugs. “The truth. It took Mxy whisking us away for me to stop being afraid of… everything.”

“You were afraid?” Lena pushes her empty plate out of the way, so she can rest her free arm on the countertop.

Nodding her head, Kara pushes her now empty plate forward. “Not… not of you. I-I spent the first 11 years on this planet just trying to blend in as a human. To not be different. The Danvers helped me conceal who I was for the first 13 years of my life. Yes, I came out as a Kryptonian, but that was only when I was Supergirl. Kara Danvers still was a human. Everything I had learned about hiding kept me from being in touch with some of my emotions, I guess.” She shakes her head with a self-deprecating laugh. “I know everyone thinks I’m oblivious, but I don’t think that’s it. Rao,” She sighs and rubs her forehead, “I am not explaining myself well.”

“You’re doing just fine, Kara.” Lena moves closer. “I understand.”

“I like you, Lena. I have had feelings for you for a while now.” She smiles shyly. “I’m really happy that we’re…” She waves her free hand in the air to try to find the right word. “Us? Doing this. Together. Yes.”

Chuckling, Lena lifts Kara’s hand to place a kiss on her knuckles. “I’m happy too, Kara.”

Kara laughs, looking down with a slight shake of her head. “How is this all so… easy?” She looks back up at Lena. “It just feels…”

“Natural?” Lena raises an amused eyebrow. Kara nods. “I don’t know.” Lena shakes her head with a fond smile. “I was kind of wondering about that too.”

Smiling, Kara leans forward for a small kiss. When she starts to move back, Lena, in an impressive burst of speed and agility, pulls Kara closer to deepen the kiss for a few breathless moments. Smiles light up both of their faces when they separate. “So we’re doing this?” Kara whispers a few inches from Lena’s lips.

Lena nods. “We’re doing this.” She kisses Kara briefly again. “Can… can I be the one to tell Lois and Maggie?”

Kara sits back fully on her stool with wide eyes. Her mouth opens and closes a few times with incoherent sounds breaking the silence. “Um…” She scratches her head with her free hand. “Did I miss something?”

“Oh,” Lena laughs, “Yes, well…” She clears her throat. “Lois and I spent some time together while she was visiting. She told me some fun stories.” She winks at Kara.
“Uh oh.” Kara’s eyebrows raise.

“She’s quite fun when she drinks.”

“Oh no.” Kara shakes her head as she whines.

“You don’t mind, do you?”

“No!” Kara squeezes Lena’s hand. “Of course not, Lena! It’s great that you two got along! Lois is a pretty fierce friend. To be honest, I was worried she would go all hard-hitting reporter on you.”

Lena puts her free hand on top of their joined hands. “Lois has been lovely to me, Kara. I assure you. So has Maggie, which was even more surprising.” Kara tenses and narrows her eyes. “Are you okay?”

“Um.” Kara blinks her vision into focus. “Yes. Sorry. Um, when did you… how do you know Maggie?” She keeps her voice measured, and fights to control her negative thoughts.

“We shared a bottle of wine while you were in Metropolis.” She leaves out the pictures Maggie showed her for now. “I think we’re friends now.”

“Oh.” The crinkle appears on Kara’s forehead.

Lena tilts her head, looking closely at Kara. “Do… Kara, do you not like Maggie?”

“What?” Kara’s crinkle becomes more prominent. “No. I mean… Yes, Maggie is fine. I like her. I like that she makes my sister happy.”

“Okay,” Lena drags out the word. “Then what is going on between you two?”

A heavy sigh escapes Kara. “She arrested you for no reason,” She mumbles.

Lena blinks in surprise, wondering, again, what she did to deserve Kara, her fierce loyalty and unwavering support. “You’re mad at her for that? It was her job, Kara.” She squeezes Kara’s hand with a smile. “I wasn’t crazy about it either, but she did apologize.”

“She what?”

“She cleared the air between us, and she took the time to let me know there was nothing personal behind the arrest.” Lena still finds her to be a touch annoying at times, but they found some common ground.

“So… you and Maggie are friends?” Lena nods. “Okay.” Kara smiles and places a quick kiss on Lena’s lips. She stays a few inches from her lips. “But if she tries to arrest you again, I’m going to throw her into the ocean.” She kisses Lena again. After a moment, she pulls back. “Wh-what’s so funny?”

Biting her lip to keep the chuckles under control, Lena shakes her head. “Nothing. Nothing at all.” She kisses Kara before she can say anything else. “Darias will be here in 30 minutes.” Another kiss is planted on Kara’s lips. “I’m going to finish getting ready.” She stands up and releases Kara’s hand. “Would you like a ride home, or are you going to take off from my balcony?”

“As much as I’d love to spend the extra time with you, I’ll have to pass on the ride. I kind of missed out on work yesterday, so I’ll have to get in early.” Kara says as she stands.

“I’m sure Snapper can be appeased with a quote from Supergirl about the dinosaur she fought
yesterday.” She winks before sauntering off to her bedroom.

“Yeah,” Kara says quietly as she watches Lena disappear around the corner.

Once in the back seat of the car, Lena pulls out her phone to check through emails. The lock screen image of her and Kara steals her attention. A fond smile overtakes her lips as she recalls the rooftop dinner for Kara’s birthday.

Kara begged for so many pictures, Lena felt as if the waiter was now giving them a mini photoshoot. When she later went through the pictures by herself, this one immediately became her favorite. If she knew about it before leaving the venue, she likely would have tripled the waiter’s tip.

It’s a candid shot beautifully lit by a nearby lamppost. Lena is on the right side of the picture. She’s biting her lip with her head angled down, but she’s looking up at Kara through her eyelashes. Kara is taking up the left side of the picture.

After a round of posed shots, Kara had excitedly rushed to a bush. By the time Lena had caught up to her, Kara was spinning back to face her with one hand hidden behind her back. The other hand was gesturing to the bush behind her.

“Lena, I had no idea this color even existed! It’s funny. You’d think that green wouldn’t really be a good color for a flower because there’s so much green in plant life already, and the point of flowers is for them to be all pretty and stand out, but look at this!” Kara pulled the hand from behind her back to reveal an arguably perfect rose the color of… “Lena, it’s the same shade as your eyes!” Kara’s excitement didn’t allow her to hear the increase in Lena’s heart rate.

“Is that so?” Lena’s voice sounded amused. She just barely hid a tremor.

“Yes!” Kara stepped closer to Lena. Both women missed the chuckle from the waiter. “Look.” She held the rose in the small amount of air between them. “It’s beautiful.” Kara’s voice had dropped to a whisper.

When Lena looked up from the petals, her eyes met Kara’s. She swallowed heavily. “I’m glad you like them.” Her voice was barely above a whisper now. She looked back down, unable to hold Kara’s gaze for fear of acting on the emotions threatening to bubble over all day.

Kara’s smiled shyly. “The color, somehow, makes your eyes shine even more.” She brought her right hand up painfully slow to tuck Lena’s hair behind her ear. Biting her lip, Lena chanced to only move her eyes up to look at Kara. She didn’t trust her voice at the moment. With a touch more confidence, Kara brought the rose up to Lena’s ear with her shy smile still firmly in place. Neither of them noticed the waiter bringing up the phone for another picture.

An actual giggle flutters out of Lena’s throat. If Darias hears, he’s professional enough now to react. With one last look, Lena opens up her messaging application. *Emails can wait a few minutes,* she tells herself.

**Lena Luthor:** Hey Lois, do you have any free time today. I have something to share with you. Before you can even ask… it’s very much off the record. And personal. And has to do with Kara.

She bites her lip as she hits send, wondering if that last sentence alone was a giveaway. While
waiting for a response from a woman two hours ahead of her, she opens another message thread.

**Lena Luthor:** Hello, Maggie. Kara is going to steal Alex for a Danvers Sister Night.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Yeah?

**Lena Luthor:** She wants to talk to her about something.

**Maggie Sawyer:** About something? Or someone?

**Maggie Sawyer:** Don’t answer that. Here’s the plan. I bring Alex lunch to make sure she’s in a good mood. Then you and I meet up while they do their thing.

**Lena Luthor:** You assume I have free time on a Tuesday night.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I can come hang at L-Corp.

**Maggie Sawyer:** I’ll text you with more details later.

**Lena Luthor:** Very well, Detective Sawyer.

Maggie sets down her phone on Alex’s kitchen counter. She picks up her coffee, turning to see Alex coming out of her bedroom.

“Morning, Danvers.” Maggie smirks behind her coffee cup at the unpleasant grumble Alex releases. Alex is exhausted from going into the DEO to talk to Kara. “Coffee?”

“Is that a real question?” Alex leans on the opposite side of the kitchen island from Maggie.

Maggie chuckles as she makes a cup of coffee for her girlfriend. “How’d it go last night?”

Alex takes a sip. “She got rid of the guy, but didn’t go into too many details.”

“Wasn’t worth going in, was it?” Maggie teases.

Rolling her eyes, Alex turns to take her coffee to the couch. “She text me about having a sister night tonight, so I’ll probably hear all about what happened yesterday.”

Maggie walks over to the back of the couch just behind Alex. “Sounds like fun.” She places a kiss on the top of Alex’s head. “I gotta get ready for work.”

“Okay.” Alex turns her head to kiss Maggie on the lips.

Maggie walks back out of the bedroom several minutes later to see Alex eating a bagel and texting in the kitchen. She joins Alex, placing a kiss on her cheek.

“Time to go?” Alex asks.

“Yup, but I’ll stop by for lunch.” They share a quick kiss. “Text me what time works.”

“Of course.” Alex steals another kiss.

“Hey, Danvers!” Alex turns at the sound of the familiar voice to see her girlfriend walking up to her. “I got your favorite.” She holds up the bag of food.
“Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes.” She kisses Maggie when she reaches her.

“Long morning?”

Alex groans as she motions for Maggie to follow her down the hallway. “Mostly paperwork and damage control with everything that happened yesterday. When something that resembles a dinosaur is seen flying over an elementary school, people take notice.”

They walk into an empty meeting room, and Maggie sets the bag of food down on the table. “Any leads on the refugee attacks?”

“Unfortunately, no. We haven’t been able to find any witnesses or suspects.”

“Suspects apart from the obvious one?” Maggie sends Alex a knowing glance.

Alex shakes her head. “We’re trying not to jump to that conclusion, but…”

“But they’re the most likely cause.”

“Exactly.”

Maggie unpacks their food as they sit down. “So,” she decides to change the subject, “what are you and Kara doing tonight?”

Swallowing her food, Alex shrugs. “Probably the usual. Unhealthy food and Netflix until she is ready to talk.”

“Hmm,” Maggie hums in acknowledgement. “Sounds like we should get some sparring in then.” She winks.

“Is that a challenge, Sawyer?”

“Scared, Danvers?”

“You wish.” Alex throws a balled up napkin at Maggie’s head, but the detective swats it away.

“That’s foul play,” Maggie teases.

“All’s fair.”

“I’ll show you fair.” The detective leans in conspiratorially. “Two out of three pins wins.”

Alex hums in thought. “If I win, date night next week will be at the new gun range.”

“And if I win, we go to that juice bar uptown.” Maggie’s smile is devilish.

“Bring it, Sawyer.”

“Last round, Danvers.” Maggie smirks at Alex standing on the opposite side of the sparring ring. “Ready for me to break the-“

Maggie’s jaw drops when Alex pulls her shirt off over her head, leaving her in a sports bra and pants. Alex’s expression turns smug. “What were you saying, Sawyer?”

Instead of responding with words, Maggie pulls her own shirt off and tosses it Alex, who instinctively catches it with wide eyes. “You alright?” Maggie smirks.
“Yup!” Alex tosses Maggie’s shirt on top of her own. “Just ready to check out that new range.”

“Someone’s confident.”

“I have a reason to be.”

“Ooo,” Maggie coos as she starts walking closer.

“We’ve got ten minutes. Let’s do this, detective.”

“As you wish, agent.”

Lena sits at her desk with her attention on the laptop in front of her. The setting sun casts an orange glow over the office.

Her intercom buzzes to life. “Miss Luthor.”

“Jess, it’s 6:30. You were supposed to go home 30 minutes ago.”

“There’s… Detective Sawyer is here to see you.”

Lena closes her eyes with a small sigh. “Send her in, and then you can go home.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”

The door glides open within a few seconds. Maggie strolls past Jess holding the door open for her. “Thank you, Jess.” With a professional nod, Jess closes the door. Turning her attention back to her laptop, Lena accepts that she is likely not to get an abundance of work done. “Hello, Maggie.”

Maggie crosses the office with a grin to sink into one of the chairs in front of Lena’s desk. “So.”

When Maggie remains silent, Lena risks darting her eyes up to look at the woman across from her. She regrets it immediately. Maggie, completely relaxed in the chair, is directing a knowing smirk and raised eyebrow at Lena. In turn, Lena raises one of her own eyebrows. Maggie’s smirk turns into a smile as they continue their silent battle.

“I’m glad everything turned out alright yesterday.” Maggie is the one to break the silence.

The corner of Lena’s lip quirs ever so slightly. “Yes, it was quite the eventful day.”

“Eventful, huh?”

Placing her forearms on her desk, the CEO leans closer as she fights back a giddy smile. “Something happened.”

*Lena led Maggie out of the elevator leading into her apartment. Her purse was slung over one shoulder, and her coat was tucked over her arm. Maggie followed her with a paper bag in her hands. She had insisted on carrying their alcohol.*

“Damn, Luthor.” Maggie took in everything around her as Lena led them to the kitchen. “An entire floor to yourself, huh?”

“Mmhmm.” Turning on the light, Lena gestured for Maggie to set the bag down on the kitchen island. She placed her purse and coat on the counter and kicked off her heels. She grabbed glasses
from her cabinet before turning toward Maggie. “We can take these to the living room or out on my patio.”

“A patio on the roof?” Maggie sounded impressed. “I wanna check this out.”

“This way.” Lena waved a hand for Maggie to follow her. She picked up a tablet from her living room as they passed it. Maggie furrowed her eyebrows in confusion when they saw they walked past a large balcony on the opposite side of the living room, but continued to follow Lena down a hallway. They stopped at another sliding door, and Lena opened it and stepped aside for Maggie to precede her. She nearly collided with Maggie before she realized the older woman had stopped. Lena raised her eyebrow and cleared her throat.

Maggie half turned to face her. “There are backyards smaller than this patio, Luthor!”

Lena shrugged as she walked past Maggie. With a few taps on her tablet, a lamppost near the door illuminated them. “Where would you like to sit?” Lena didn’t look up from her tablet as she found a suitable playlist to play over the outdoor speakers.

Tapping her fingers against the bag in her arms, Maggie looked around at her options in thought. The fire pit looked inviting, and she imagined the warmth it would give them as the October night turned colder. She could see comfortable loungers near the inground pool, but her eyes kept going back to the fire pit. “Have you ever lit that pit?”

Turning to look at Maggie, Lena shook her head. “I haven’t spent much time out here at all.”

“Time to change that then.” Maggie walked over to the fire pit. She pulled the bottles out of the bag to place them on the table nearby.

Lena set the glasses and corkscrew down on the table before sitting on one of the chairs. “Do you have any particular requests for dinner?”

Maggie sat on a chair opposite Lena as she inspected the label of one of the bottles Lena purchased for them. “Considering I know how Kara eats, I’m sure you’re wanting a break from the junk food as much as I am.”

“I know a place.” Lena smiled down at her tablet. They discussed what they wanted to order, and Lena waved off all attempts from Maggie to pay for the food.

“Hey.” Maggie set her glass down on the table. “How does this pit work? I’m guessing it’s a gas one.”

“The cleanest natural gas fire pit there is,” Lena says with obvious pride, “and this is how it works.” She turned the screen of her tablet back on, and a fire ignited after a few taps.

“That’s efficient.” Maggie’s eyebrows raised as she leaned closer to inspect the pit. “What kind of rocks are those?”

“Lava rocks with post-industrial glass from old L-Corp buildings along the outside.”

“What other eco-friendly features do you have hiding in this place?” Maggie picked up her glass again.

With a smirk, Lena took a sip of her wine. “Did I forget to mention that I designed the building?”

Maggie nearly choked on her drink. “No shit!” Her eyebrows shot up. “But this building started
Humming, Lena nodded as her finger played with the stem of her glass. “That’s right.”

While they waited for the food, Lena proudly detailed her favorite features of her apartment and the building. Maggie attempted to get her to install a few in her own apartment. Lena received a call about the food going up the elevator. They both went back inside, deciding to enjoy their food in the kitchen. Maggie insisted on grabbing the food. Lena turned off everything outside from a stool at the kitchen island, and she quickly adjusted her playlist to play through the kitchen speakers.

“Now I understand why you have furniture in your elevator.” Maggie joined her with their food. “I didn’t wanna be rude and question if that was a rich person thing, but I get it now. You never let anyone up here, huh?”

They began going through their food. “That elevator and my entire floor all run on a network I created that’s completely independent. Without approved biometrics, that elevator does not move without my permission.” She waved her phone. “I get a notification with a live camera feed on an app that is accessed with my thumbprint.”

“Now I understand why you have furniture in your elevator.” Maggie joined her with their food. “I didn’t wanna be rude and question if that was a rich person thing, but I get it now. You never let anyone up here, huh?”

“They began going through their food. “That elevator and my entire floor all run on a network I created that’s completely independent. Without approved biometrics, that elevator does not move without my permission.” She waved her phone. “I get a notification with a live camera feed on an app that is accessed with my thumbprint.”

“You know,” Maggie said after swallowing her first bite, “I would make a comment about that being overkill, but… and please don’t take this the wrong way or be offended, but knowing the shit you’ve been through, it does seem a bit, um…”

“Like a necessary evil?” Lena quirked her eyebrow.

“Eh, I guess precaution would be a better word.” Maggie got Lena to share a little more about her security measures, and made a mental note to suggest some of the ideas at work or to Alex. After eating, Maggie was even given a brief tour of some of Lena’s favorite part of the penthouse. Maggie was especially impressed with Lena’s contingencies for electrical problems and the well-hidden emergency staircases. When Maggie used the guest bathroom, she couldn’t help but snoop around out of pure curiosity stemmed from the unique features. At the top of the sleek closet, a small box amongst the matching linens and toiletries caught her eye. It was red and well-worn. Unable to resist her detective tendencies, she swiftly brought the box down. Something about it was familiar. Cautiously, she opened it facing away from her. “Huh,” she said in amusement, “wonder if Lena knows about this.” Quickly putting the box back, she left the room with the intention of keeping the secret for the time being.

Maggie found Lena refilling their glasses in the kitchen. Relocating to the armchairs in the living room, Lena realized she felt not entirely guarded with the woman. She had managed to laugh more than she thought that night, and Lena believed she had found a new friend. “So Maggie,” she placed her glass on the coffee table, “about those pictures…”

Maggie’s smile overtook her features, showing her dimples to their extent. “I know that face.” She leans forward as well. “That’s your ‘talking about Kara’ face.”

“My what?”

The detective waves off the question. “Later. Tell me what happened.”

Lena lets out a small, self-deprecating chuckle, asking herself, not for the first time, how a friendship this comfortable developed with the detective. “Okay, but we will go back to that.” She looks down a moment before meeting her friend’s eyes again with a teasing smirk. “Do you want the quick version, or do you want to hear it from the beginning?”
Pursing her lips, Maggie takes a moment to seriously contemplate the question. She can tell Lena wants to talk about this by the smile she is holding back and the almost imperceptible movement of Lena’s fingers against each other with her hands clasped. The biggest tell is simply the fact that Lena initiated the conversation at all. Maggie won’t claim that she knows Lena well, but spending a night drinking with someone gives you a special insight into conversational cues and mannerisms. Making a decision, Maggie reclines back in her chair while gesturing both hands in a ‘lay it on me’ gesture. “Start from the beginning. Don’t leave anything good out.”

Finally, a genuine smile eases onto Lena’s face. “Is it safe to assume you know about the fifth dimensional visitor yesterday?” Lena unclasps her hands to bring one up to bite at her thumb.

The gears turn in Maggie’s head as she slowly nods, wondering where this could possibly be going. “Uh-huh,” she murmurs an affirmative answer.

Lena gathers her thoughts before removing her thumb from her mouth. “From what I understand, he comes from the fifth dimension and can only be sent back by a predetermined action of some sort.” A smile plays at the corners of her lips.

Maggie tilts her head. “What was the action?” Biting her lip to fight the goofy smile she can feel threatening to break out on her face, the CEO closes the laptop still open on her desk and kicks off her heels. Maggie’s eyebrows raise as she lets out a bark of laughter. “Anyone ever tell you that you’re kind of extra?”

“Pardon?” Lena asks from her comfortable position in her chair.

“Damn, Luthor. How busy does this place keep you from the youth speech of today?”

“Do you want to hear this story or not?” Lena smiles to remove any sting from the words, but there is a firmness to her smirk.

Maggie lifts her hands palms facing Lena in a gesture of peace. “Carry on.”

Lena details the events of the previous day. She begins with the last minute meeting with Kara that Mr. Mxyzptlk orchestrated. Maggie is easily able to picture the exasperated face Lena likely made. They both laugh when Lena recounts the conversation on the CatCo roof. The discussion shifts from the imp’s pranks as Lena gives the details of the thugs that couldn’t make it past the lobby of L-Corp.

“I walked out into the lobby,” Lena says, “and before I could begin to react to the intruders, there was a black blur swinging from somewhere that I haven’t even bothered to figure out where. They clearly were no match for this woman in a cape that wasn’t Supergirl, and she had it handled in short order. Next thing I know, she’s sauntering over to me like she owns the place. I hadn’t decided what to make of her before K-Supergirl showed up. So that’s how I met Batwoman and saw a sassy Supergirl within the encounter.”

“Batwoman?” Maggie’s smile slips into a confused expression. “Red hair? From Gotham?”

“That’s the one.”

“Interesting.” Maggie rubs her chin in thought. “She say what brought her here?”

“Something about a lead on some anti-heroes. Given what I now know, I have no doubt that Mxy played a role in her appearance.”

“I see. So what did sassy Supergirl do?”
Lena recounts the interaction with clear amusement. Her side of the story leaves out most of Mr. Mxyztplk’s pranks, since she was not directly involved in those. When she begins describing Supergirl following her out to the beach, Lena’s voice softens into an almost wistful tone. Her descriptions become more vibrant, and she moves her hands as she speaks.

“So,” Maggie’s voice turns thoughtful, “you do know. Well… did know… before the imp revealed her.” It isn’t a question.

“I did.”

Maggie shakes her head fondly. “And she knew?” She laughs. “She would still try to freak out though.”

“That’s it?”

“What do you mean?” Maggie asks.

“No comment on me knowing the identity of your girlfriend’s superhero sister?”

Shrugging, Maggie waves off the concern. “I figured it out too. Alex and I have talked about it. Sure, the glasses are okay from a distance, but they don’t work with people that interact with Kara and Supergirl.”

“That’s what I said last night.”

“Last night?” Maggie’s eyebrows disappear in her hairline.

Lena clears her throat and adjusts her position in her chair. “We’re getting there.” She continues with her story, picking up with being whisked off to a still unknown location.

“Wait.” Maggie holds up a hand. “Are we talking Cinderella style ballroom dance or high school prom?”

“Definitely Cinderella. Actually,” she pauses, “it was more like that movie very loosely based on the Romanov family.” She looks off in thought. “Anastasia, I believe. I only saw it the one time, and it was outstandingly far from the true story, but that’s not the point here.” Lena catches her own tangent with a sweeping motion of her hands. “The people around us weren’t really people. They were just creations of that Mxy.”

“Okay, I know what you’re talking about. Sorry. Go on.” She smirks at Lena.

She tells Maggie about Kara’s attempts at trying to talk to the people around them, but leaves out how endearing she found the endeavor to be. She is biased, after all. Maggie chuckles until Lena gets to the obvious flirting of Batwoman, who whisked Lena off to the dance floor. Lena is careful to not use Batwoman’s real name.

“Kara and I haven’t talked about… that yet, but I’m certain she was watching us. As soon as Batwoman stopped dancing and seemed to be attempting to kiss me, Kara was standing right next to us. I hadn’t even had time to truly think about what was happening, and Kara was there…” she giggles, “asking to cut in.” Lena sighs as she relives that moment.

Maggie points a finger at Lena. “I knew you were the sappy type.” Her tone and smile are teasing.

Rolling her eyes, Lena tosses a nearby paperclip at the older woman. “Pointing is considered rude in some cultures.”
“Not in mine!” Maggie smiles brightly. Her fingers play with the paper clip she easily caught. “But I will say this this,” she holds up the paper clip, “playful side is unexpected.”

Lena’s scoff is slightly ruined by the blush coloring her cheeks. Maggie bites her tongue on any further teasing… for now. “As I was saying…” The smile is evident in Lena’s voice as she wistfully describes their dance to Maggie.

“Woah! So you’re basically saying is she’s the one that… well obviously you both initiated it with all the soft talk and the getting closer… but she’s the one that like…” Maggie waves a hand in the air as if she can catch the words she’s seeking.

“Closed the distance?” Lena offers.

“You make it sound so literary.” Maggie playfully huffs.

Lena laughs with a fond shake of her head. “It works though.”

“Well?”

“Well what?”

“How was it? What happened?”

A breathy sigh trickles from Lena’s lips, ending with a dazzling smile. *Is there even a powerful enough word?* She searches her rather extensive, internal, multi-lingual dictionary.

“Wow. That answers the first question. So where were the imp and Batwoman when all of this rom-com stuff was going on?”

“Oh.” Lena shakes her head into focus on the present time. “When we opened our eyes-”

“Finally,” Maggie mumbles.

“We were back in my office in our own clothes.” Lena chooses to flow past Maggie’s comment. “Everything he had created was gone, and we haven’t heard from Batwoman since. Although, Kara said she saw them-”

“Hold on!” Maggie sits up straighter. “Are you telling me that you two had to kiss to get him to go home?”

Lena blinks several times at Maggie. “Um.”

“An elementary school was attacked by a dinosaur because you two being a true team meant making out while dancing in midair like some fairy tale couple?”

“I-well-”

“Perry the freaking Platypus was loose on the streets of National City just to get you and Kara to admit those damn obvious feelings you two have for each other? Seriously?” Maggie’s eyes are wide in an incredulous expression. She slumps back into her seat and rubs her forehead.

“When you put it that way-”

Maggie starts laughing suddenly, taking Lena by surprise. “Oh, I’m sorry. I’m just realizing how lucky we all got.”
“Um, what?” Lena’s eyes go wide in confusion and slight concern for Maggie’s mental state.

“It’s just that…” Maggie wipes a tear from under her eye. “With how stubborn you two are… not to mention how oblivious Kara can be at times, shit, Lena… we could have had that guy here for way more than a day. Hell, he could have turned L-Corp into a tower with a dragon flying around, while you were laid out in a pink dress, and Kara still would have tried waking you up by throwing water on you.” With that image firmly in mind, Maggie doubles over in laughter.

“I…” Lena stares at the laughing woman, her face growing hotter each second. “I assure you, Kara is not as oblivious as everyone believes her to be.”

Maggie perks up, gaining control of her chuckles. “Oh, really?” She raises an eyebrow, her tone full of innuendo.

“Yes. Now, would you like to hear the end of the story, or not?”

Obediently, Maggie sits back quietly. “Don’t cheat me now, Luthor.”

“We’re together.” Lena says straightforwardly.

“What!” Maggie bolts upright again. “No! Wait. What? No! No, you can’t just go through all of that build up and the details and descriptions and emotion to just end with… with… that!” Her hands grip the armrests of the chair.

Lena’s responding chuckle is full of mischief. “Yes, well, Luthors are excellent at playing the long game.”

Maggie groans dramatically and slumps back into her chair. “All that build up…” She bemoans. “I’m still waiting for Xena and Gabrielle to get married.”

The CEO hums in thought. “Xena, huh? How old are you, Detective Sawyer?” Lena teases.

“You’re forgetting that I handled your warrant and intake paperwork, Miss Luthor. I’m sure a mutual friend of ours would do just about anything to acquire that date of your birth.” Maggie meets Lena’s eyes directly.

Instantly, Lena sobered into her CEO mask. “Is that a threat, Detective?”

“That depends.”

The two women hold eye contact without a single twitch of their lips. For an endless moment, the air tenses as two strong-minded individuals silently communicate.

“Fine,” Lena huffs out, “I’ll tell you the rest of the story.”

The smirk that takes over Maggie’s face is positively smug. She wordlessly sits back to hear the rest of the story. Soon, both women are wearing soft smiles as Lena recounts the previous night. Lena leaves out the fact that they know the true identity of Batwoman, who now knows that Kara is Supergirl. She summarizes their discussion at home into a few, light sentences that leave out the more personal and heavy bits. Maggie finds Kara’s responses to Lena’s more flirtatious remarks to be amusing.

“I gotta ask this.” Maggie’s voice turns serious. “Am I the first to know?”

Lena picks up her phone from its face down position, and Maggie assumes she’s checking the time.
“Y-yes. Technically.” She puts the phone back down on the desk with the screen showing. “I was texting Lois during lunch, but she didn’t have much time. She said she would text me when she was free in the evening.” A smile plays at the corner of her lips. “Kara will be telling Alex tonight.” The phone buzzes. Her smile becomes almost blinding when her eyes find the screen.

Maggie manages to hold back a teasing remark, deciding to inspect this new facial expression on the CEO. After a moment, she breaks the silence. “Is that Lois?”

“Oh.” Lena finishes her reply before setting the phone down. “No, it’s Kara. Alex just got to her place. She was held up with something. So wh-” She’s interrupted by her phone. Her smile changes when she sees the screen. It’s still a smile, but it’s not the same one from before. “That would be Lois.” She picks up her phone, and speaks without looking up from it. “She wants to call me now.” She turns her attention to Maggie. “Would you-”

“Put her on speakerphone!” Maggie perks up in her seat.

“Do you know Lois?” Lena asks tentatively.

“Remember that night Kara drunk-texted you until Lois took her phone?” The detectives eyebrows raise in question.

“Yes,” Lena says slowly. “I wasn’t aware that they told anyone about that.”

Maggie smiles reassuringly. “They didn’t, but I was there for it. Kara was pretty obvious with all of the giggling at her phone. Anyways… yes, I do know Lois. Go ahead. Call her. It’ll be fun.”

“That’s actually not helping your argument,” Lena counters skeptically.

“I have her number, so there’s not much of an argument to make. It’ll be more efficient this way.”

Her dimples show with the smile she gives Lena.

Letting out a sigh, Lena hits the call button. I’m going to ask myself why I did this later.

“Well if it isn’t National City’s very own Lois Lane,” Lois drawls. Lena rolls her eyes, and Maggie hides a laugh behind her hand. “Or should I say Super Babe’s Lois Lane? Or did I read between the lines wrong this afternoon?”

Lena groans with slight regret for this conversation already, and places an elbow on her desk to rest her head against her hand. “Say hello to Maggie Sawyer, Lois.”

“Hey, Lois!” Maggie smiles.

“Oh, shit! You got this bitch to hang out with you again?” Lois sounds impressed.

“Again?” Lena raises an eyebrow at Maggie.

Lois laughs. “Hold on, babe. You’ve been dying to tell me something all day, and I have a feeling that Maggie already knows, so spill.”

Lena rolls her eyes, while Maggie’s go wide in response to how Lois talks to Lena. With a long-suffering sigh, Lena gives Lois the short version of the previous night’s events.

“Oh my god! That is like… sickeningly cute.” Lois chuckles. “Totally something I would expect from Kara, but never knew you had that much of a soft side. Although… considering how in l-”

“Yes, well,” Lena talks over Lois, “I was just caught up in all of the magic of the night.” Maggie
chokes back laughter, and Lena glares at her. “Literal magic.” She’s quick to assert. “With all of his magic tricks.” Lena clears her throat, suddenly not feeling the confident Luthor.

“We got it,” Maggie manages to choke out through her barely controlled laughter.

“You two are aging me more than my company or name.” Lena groans with her face in her hands.

Lois and Maggie laugh. “You’re only 24. Don’t get all dramatic on us,” Maggie teases.

“What!” Lois shouts, and Lena’s eyes go wide. “Bitch, what the hell? When I was your age, I was just getting my feet wet at the Daily Planet! I also hadn’t figured out the whole super thing yet.”

“That only aides my point, Lois.” Lena rolls her eyes again.

“It’s all good,” Lois says. “Kara will bring out the inner child in you.”

“I look forward to seeing that,” Maggie comments.

The three women banter for several more minutes until Lois is called away. “That was… something.” Lena shakes her head after ending the phone call.

“Got any plans tonight?” Maggie asks with a mischievous grin.

Kara paces in her apartment, talking to herself under her breath. She checks the time. “5:30. Okay. You have time.” For the past 30 minutes, Kara has been agonizing over what to say when her sister arrives. She still has 30 more minutes until her sister is supposed to arrive. Her phone rings from the charger in the kitchen. She automatically smiles at the name.

“Lena, hi,” Kara breathes out with giddy smile.

“Hey, Kara. I hope this isn’t a bad time. I tried to catch you before Alex came over.”

“N-no Lena, this is perfect.”

A silent moment passes between them. “You sound a little stressed. Is everything okay?”

“Yes. Yes, I was just…” She lets out another breath. “I may be a little nervous.”

“Oh, Kara. Your sister loves you. I don’t think you have anything to worry about.”

“No, no. I know. It’s just… I don’t know how she’s going to respond.”

“Kara, I have seen you two together and have heard enough stories to know how much you both mean to each other.”

Kara sighs. “You’re right. Sorry… you must have called me for a reason, and am over here just…” She clears her throat.

“No, Kara. I-I actually just called to, um, check on you. I know you were a little nervous earlier, and then when we were texting…” She lets out a breath. “Sorry if that’s weird.”

Biting her lip, Kara shakes her head with open fondness. “It’s not weird at all, Lena. It’s… you… thank you.” She giggles. “Talking to you actually helped a lot.”

“Hmm, is that so?” Lena’s tone turns flirty.
“Mmhmm.” Kara feels her cheeks warm. “It did.”

“Well then I’m honored.” Kara lets out a small laugh. “How long until Alex gets there?”

“She was planning on 6, but I haven’t heard from her since earlier this afternoon.”

“I’m here if you need anything, Kara.”

“Thank you, Lena.”

“Text me with any updates?” Lena asks.

“Of course,” Kara responds with a smile. “I...I’ll talk to you later?” This is their first phone call as a couple, and Kara is unsure how to end it.

Lena’s amused chuckle filters through the connection. “I look forward to it. Have a good sister night, Kara.”

“Thanks!” Kara beams. “Don’t work too late, Lena.”

“I’ll do my best.” Her smile can be heard in her voice.

“Bye,” Kara says almost shyly.

“Bye, Kara.”

Still smiling, Kara turns her eyes to her phone screen. Her background image makes her smile grow wider. The image has only been there for a week. She had fallen in love with it from the moment she saw it, but was too nervous to have it on display every time her screen would come alive. While going through old pictures in her phone while she was bored at the DEO last week, she fell in love with the snapshot all over again. The picture was taken during her day at the beach with Lena.

_There were a plethora of dogs running around the beach. Kara had squealed in delight when she saw a pack of corgis playing. Lena wasn’t surprised in the slightest with how quickly Kara had gotten the owners to warm up to her. The group of women in yoga pants laughed at Kara’s antics with their dogs, and Lena watched with a fond smile._

_“Lena! Come meet this little cutie!” Kara’s enthusiasm was absolutely infectious._

_Before Lena could fully process what walking into a group of excited dogs would likely lead to, she was standing beside a crouching Kara, who was petting a tri-color corgi puppy. Kara bounced up with the puppy in her arms. Lena had laughed at the cuteness overload, and happily pet the puppy. Kara pushed the puppy into Lena’s arms before the woman could protest, and handed off her phone to one of the nearby owners for a picture. Another wiggling body pranced around Lena’s feet for attention._

_“Aww,” Kara cooed, “that one likes you!” Grabbing onto Lena’s arm, Kara pulled her down to kneel with the squirming bodies. “Okay, smile!” Kara enthusiastically told Lena._

_“What?” Lena turned to Kara with a furrowed brow, but she was still smiling._

_Kara nudged her. “Picture.” She motioned with her head toward the woman holding her cellphone, since her hands were busy playing with one of the dogs._

_“Oh!” Lena gathered herself to throw a radiant smile at the camera. The puppy in Lena’s arms squirmed for attention, and Kara turned at the motion._
When Kara and Lena retreated to relax on a blanket, Kara opened up the pictures. They both laughed and smiled fondly at the five pictures the woman took.

Kara laughs at the memory. In the picture, Lena and Kara are kneeling in the sand with several dogs enjoying their attention. Their sides are pressed together, and both women are smiling brightly at the camera. Even the puppy in Lena’s arms is amazingly staying still, and she even looks as though she’s posing for the camera with her head tilted adorably. A content sigh escapes Kara as the screen of her phone turns black.

After setting her phone down, she seeks out a snack. After taking a large bite of a candy bar, her phone buzzes. Alex texts her to let her know she is still held up at the DEO, but should be finished soon. Flopping onto her couch with Netflix, she updates Lena on the slight change in plans. After a few encouraging words, Kara leaves her alone to finish whatever she is working on at the moment. About an hour later, Alex lets her know that she is on her way. She sends off a quick text to Lena when she hears Alex coming down the hallway. With a nervous smile, she opens the door just as Alex lifts a hand to knock.

“Alex!” Kara’s exclamation makes Alex’s eyes widen slightly. She steps back to allow Alex to walk into the apartment.

“Hey, Kara. Sorry it took so long. I had to finish up an experiment.” After a quick hug, Alex drops her jacket onto a chair at the table before walking to the couch. Kara follows her several steps behind, but sits down slower than Alex does. “Everything go okay at CatCo after missing all of yesterday?”

“Yeah… yeah.” Kara shakes her head. “James had covered for me early on, and Lena gave me this idea for an article that I wrote up this morning. I only had to edit it once, and Snapper accepted my not being there yesterday to chase down the scoop.”

Kara did not see Alex’s eyebrows go up when she mentioned Lena. “Well that’s good. You did enough chasing yesterday to last at least… a few days.” Alex teases.

With a groan, Kara plops her head onto the back of the couch. “I don’t know how my cousin deals with him more than once.”

Alex laughs and nudges Kara’s arm. “I heard about the platypus.”

Kara rolls her head to the side to glare at her sister. “It smelled funny.”

That only makes Alex laugh more. “So,” she turns sideways on the couch to face Kara, “what’s going on?”

Sighing, Kara turns to face her sister as well. She opens her mouth, but no words come out at first. Clearing her throat, she attempts to gather her nerves. “I-I didn’t tell you what we had to do to get Mxy to leave. It… it wasn’t really about the dancing. I don’t think.”

“Okay,” Alex says encouragingly.

Standing up, Kara paces to the opposite side of the coffee table with her thumbnail between her teeth. She stops. Her body is angled sideways from Alex, so she can see her in her peripheral vision. “Now that I’m thinking about all of this, it… I’m… scared.” She breathes out the last word.

Before Alex can stand, Kara is pacing a small path between the kitchen and living space. “What are you scared of, Kara?” Alex’s eyebrows are furrowed in concern.
Kara paces in silence for a few more moments before stopping with her back to her sister. “We kissed.” Her voice is barely above a whisper.

“What?”

Taking a deep breath, Kara turns over her shoulder to face her sister. “We kissed.”

Alex takes in the distraught look on Kara’s face, and stands up to rush to her. She stands in front of Kara, immediately grabbing both of her hands. “You and Lena?” Kara nods. “Is that what you had to do to get him to leave?” She nods again. “Kara,” Alex’s tone is confused, “that’s… an odd thing for him to want you to do, but, hey… he’s gone now. It’s all over. Obviously she’s not mad at you, or you wouldn’t have been happy to be texting her last night.”

Kara shakes her head. “No, she’s not…” She stops mid sentence with a tilt of her head. “How did you know she’s the one that text me?”

Alex shrugs. “It made sense. You did just rescue her, and she’s the only person that texts your burner phone.”

“Superphone,” Kara corrects with a small smile.

“Whatever.” Alex rolls her eyes. “You haven’t answered my question. What’s scaring you?”

Kara steps back, releasing her sister’s hands. She walks over to the couch, sitting down in silence. Alex watches her, but remains standing to give her sister some space. “What if it was just because of the magic or whatever it was that he does?” Kara picks at the hem of her shirt. “We, um… she said she likes me. I like her, too. But… what if it was just like a heat of the moment type of thing?”

Alex tilts her head as pieces start to fall together. She crosses her arms over her chest. “Kara, what happened between you two?”

The younger sister silently watches her own fingers fidget for a moment. “We talked… about us.”

With wide eyes, Alex’s arms fall to her side. She takes slow steps to join her sister on the couch. She sits sideways, so she can give Kara her full attention. “How did that go?”

Still not looking up at Alex, Kara continues to fidget with her hands. “She, um, asked me to go out with her.”

With a slow nod that’s more for herself than Kara, Alex quickly thinks about the implications of Kara and Lena moving beyond friendship, but ultimately focuses on what her sister needs right now. “And what did you say?”

“Yes.” The corner of Kara’s lip quirks upward for a moment. “That’s the short version at least.”

“So,” Alex thinks of what’s most bothering her sister, “are you wishing you hadn’t now?”

“No!” Kara is quick to insist. “I just… I don’t want…” She pauses to sort her emotions. “What if something goes wrong?”

Alex grabs her sister’s hand. “Hey… you are a superhero. You face risks all of the time. It’s in our line of work, Kara… but during those times when you aren’t punching a rogue alien or stopping a forest fire, you should take advantage of that time to live your life the way you want.” She squeezes Kara’s hand. “Do you like her?” She keeps her voice low.
Kara bites her lip before finally meeting her sister’s eyes. “I do, Alex. It’s… I never thought… Apart from you, she’s my best friend. And it’s not something I actively thought of before. She’s just… Lena to me.” She shrugs. “I didn’t know I could develop feelings for a…” Her crinkle appears on her forehead as she looks away in thought.

With a fond chuckle, Alex tucks a loose strand of hair behind Kara’s ear. “Wasn’t Krypton a culture where bonds were based on compatibility over anything else?”

“Yes?” Kara looks back at Alex with the crinkle still in place.

“Even though you’ve spent the past 13 years blending into Earth’s customs, you are still Kryptonian, Kara. Your developmental years were on Krypton.”

Kara nods slowly. “But… I-I grew up here?”

“Sure, according to Earth’s standards to put a label on everything, you may consider yourself straight. But that doesn’t matter if you, Kara Zor-El, find someone that you ultimately connect with.”

Kara’s eyes stare into Alex’s for a silent moment. Suddenly, she launches at her sister with a hug as tight as she dares. Without hesitation, Alex wraps her arms around her little sister. When she feels Kara’s shoulder shaking, Alex begins rubbing her back. “What do I do though?” Kara asks when she gets her sobs under control.

Gently, Alex pushes Kara back, so they can look at each other. With a smile, Alex wipes away the tears left on Kara’s cheeks. “You know, I happen to have taken a rather big romantic risk recently. And I got to say, it pays off. Maybe she’s worth a shot.”

A radiant smile takes its time spreading across Kara’s face. Despite her own setbacks with Maggie Sawyer, Kara can see how genuinely happy she makes Alex. “You do know that I am so happy for you, right?”

Alex pulls her in for another hug. “Thank you, Kara.” They pull back from the hug. “As long as Lena makes you happy, then I’m happy.” Kara opens her mouth to speak, but Alex beats her to it. “And I am working on trusting her. Really. I am. She’s given us no reason to suspect her of anything.” Kara smile grows. “You’re my little sister, Kara. I love you. I’m always going to want to see you happy.”

“I love you too, Alex!” They hug again.

Alex’s smile turns mischievous when lean back. “But that’s not going to stop me from being the intimidating big sister, and I will make sure she regrets it if she ever hurts you.”

Shaking her head, Kara only laughs. “Honestly, I can’t say I would expect anything less from you.”

“To be fair, you did threaten to throw my girlfriend into space.”

“Only if she hurts you!” Kara defends.

“That’s my point!” Alex laughs.

“You’re just jealous that you could never give a shovel talk as awesome as Supergirl.”

“At least I know how not to smile when I’m threatening someone.” Alex throws back.

“Smiling is all part of my strategy.” Kara crosses her arms over her chest with a defiant huff.
“Whatever you say, Kara.”

Chapter End Notes

I keep thinking about how amazing it would be to have some fan art made from something in this series. I've thought about drawing that dancing scene in the ballroom. I have this image in my head of Mxy looking all pleased with himself in the background. But if I go and do that, I'll never get any writing done... Ah, one can dream though.

I have a question for y'all. My plan has always been to line the storyline up with real time. Currently, the story is in Oct. 2017. Would y'all like me to keep to that plan, or would it be preferred if I strayed away?

I'm working on the list for the next "season" of my series, and curious about what y'all would like to see. While I've been a fan of the DCU for a long time, I will never claim to know everything and all of the possibilities. What would be most fun for y'all to read? What special guests would you like to have? Anyone you think should become a regular? This "season" will end with these regulars: Kara, Lena, Alex, Maggie, Winn, James, and J'onn. Scheduled guests (that won't reveal any spoilers): Lucy Lane, Lois Lane, Clark Kent, M'gann M'orzz, Kate Kane, Barry Allen, Cat Grant, Jess, Agent Vasquez, Livewire, and Eliza Danvers.

Feel free to comment any requests/prompts/ideas/questions/etc on here. You can also use "CatarinaElibeth" to find me on Twitter and Tumblr. I've started posting fun snippets on Tumblr. I'll try to have this story finished before Monday's episode! I'm patiently waiting to see which Supergirl sub-fandoms will be disappointed. ;p

And as always... thanks for coming along for this long ride. I'm so excited to be getting into the good stuff now that they are together. AKA all of the badass team ups waiting to happen.
Alex laughs teasingly at her little sister, who groans in response. “Ugh.” Kara stands. “I’m getting ice cream.” She walks to her freezer.

“Have you even had dinner?” Alex calls after her.

“That’s why I’m getting ice cream, Alex.” Kara states as if it’s obvious as she pulls out one of the cartons of ice cream Lena had brought over last week. She pops off the top before grabbing a spoon to scoop a large bite into her mouth. “Lena stocked up my ice cream supply. What fla…” She furrows her eyebrows together when her eyes catch the devilish smile Alex is giving her. “Why are you looking at me like that?”

Without a word, Alex stands up and walks to the kitchen. She steps past Kara to open the freezer door. Kara holds her ice cream close to her chest as she brings another spoonful to her mouth. With one hand on the freezer door and one on her hip, Alex looks over her shoulder at Kara with a knowing smirk.

“What?” Kara asks with innocent eyes. Alex narrows her eyes at Kara, making the younger woman begin to squirm. She makes a point to fit a large scoop of ice cream into her mouth. There’s a knock on the door, and Kara slightly jumps. “I’ll get that.” In a blur, Kara is opening the door with her spoon hanging out of her mouth and the ice cream carton in the hand not holding the door. “Lena!” Without conscious thought, she catches the spoon that falls from her mouth as she absolutely beams at her girlfriend. “Hi.”

Lena’s smile rivals Kara’s radiance. “Hello, Kara.” They smile at each other on opposite sides of the doorway.

“If you could just let me in, you two can continue having your moment.” Maggie’s voice sounds from behind Lena, breaking both of them out of their trances. Kara stammers as her face colors,
while Lena brushes her hands down the front of her skirt. Biting her lip, Lena brushes past Kara to stop just inside of the apartment.

“Hello, Agent Danvers.” Lena smiles politely at Alex.

With a playful eye roll, Maggie walks past the couple with two pizza boxes. “Alex, are you about to eat ice cream?”

Alex shuts the freezer door quickly. “Hey, Luthor.”

Lena laughs when she finally sees the ice cream in Kara’s hand. “So both Danvers sisters have questionable eating habits?” Lena teases.

“Ice cream is amazing. It’s also technically dairy, so…” Kara scoops a small amount onto her spoon. Acting purely on instinct with no consideration to her audience, she holds the spoon in front of Lena’s lips with a challenging eyebrow raise and smile.

Lena’s eyes flick down to the spoon and back up to Kara’s eyes. Maintaining eye contact, she slowly takes the spoon into her mouth. When she pulls back, she winks at Kara, who swallows heavily.

A choking sound breaks their moment, and Kara and Lena turn to see Maggie patting Alex on the back as she carefully sets down her open bottle of beer. “Don’t die on me, Danvers.” Maggie teases playfully. Alex glares at Maggie as she gains control of her breathing. Maggie only laughs. “Let your sister have her moment with her new girlfriend.”

Alex’s eyes go wide. She turns to look back and forth between Kara and Lena. Kara is still awkwardly holding the spoon in the air, and Lena is watching Alex with a raised eyebrow. “Oh,” Alex says with next to no emotion. Her eyes flick back and forth a few more times. “Oh!” She says louder as her eyebrows shoot to the top of her forehead.

Lena’s face twists in confusion, and she turns back to Kara with a questioning look touched with hurt. “I thought-”

“I told-” Kara is interrupted by Alex.

“Oh no! Sorry!” Alex composes herself. She waves her hands in front of herself. Maggie watches in amusement, while Kara and Lena wear confused expressions. “When you told me she asked you out, I guess I thought you meant… never mind.” Alex shakes her head with a self-deprecating laugh.

Understanding dawning on her, Lena smirks before throwing a sultry grin over her shoulder at Kara. “Your ice cream is melting.”

Eyes going wide, Kara glances down at her ice cream. She blows a quick burst of freeze breath over the ice cream. “All better.” She smiles triumphantly at Lena.

“Kara!” Alex admonishes.

“What?” Kara’s eyes are wide at her sister. Alex gestures wildly between Lena and the ice cream. “Oh.” Kara lets out a laugh. “About that…”

Alex sighs. “You’re telling Pam.”

“Who?” Kara’s eyebrows furrow.

“Forget it. I’ll let J’onn deal with that.” Alex shakes her head before taking a long sip of her beer.
“Let’s eat.” She turns one of the pizza boxes around to open it.

Alex and Maggie begin chatting amongst themselves, leaving Lena to turn to Kara. “Well that was interesting.”

Kara laughs nervously. “Yeah.” She bites her lip. “Not that I am not really happy to see you, but what are you and Maggie doing here?”

“That would be Maggie’s idea.” Lena removes her coat and puts it on the hook. “I’ll explain later.” She turns back to Kara. “I hope it’s okay though… that-”

“No,” Kara insists, “it’s perfectly alright.” She grabs Lena’s hand with her free hand. “I’m happy to see you.”

“So everything went okay with Alex?”

Kara nods. “I’ll tell you all about it later.” She smiles.

“You didn’t eat dinner, did you?” Lena recognizes the signs of hunger in her girlfriend.

With a sheepish expression, Kara holds up the ice cream. “Well…”

Laughing, Lena nudges Kara toward the kitchen. “Let’s get you fed. Will you be okay with…” She nods her head toward the table where Alex and Maggie are setting plates down.

Nodding, Kara smiles at her reassuringly. “Of course.”

“Okay. I don’t want you to be uncomfortable.” She smiles at Kara. “Go put away your ice cream.”

“You’re the best.” Kara puts the ice cream away in a second. She stands back in front of Lena with a mischievous smile. “Done.”

Shaking her head fondly, Lena takes a step toward the table, but Kara steps closer to her. She looks at Kara with a raised eyebrow in question. Lena doesn’t have time to register the sparkle in Kara’s eyes before lips are touching hers. She responds to the kiss immediately, placing her hands on Kara’s stomach.

Suddenly, Kara pulls back with a slight flinch. Lena furrows her brow at Kara, but Kara misses it due to the glare she throws at Alex.

Alex is taking a sip of her beer nonchalantly, and Maggie is watching Kara and Lena with a smirk. “Alex,” Kara’s tone is accusing.

“Alex,” Kara mimics Kara’s tone, meeting her sister’s eyes unflinchingly.

“Kara,” Alex mimics Kara’s tone, meeting her sister’s eyes unflinchingly.

Lena’s face grows more confused when Kara turns her attention to the floor. “What are-”

“Ha!” Kara squats down to pick up something from the floor. She holds up a beer cap triumphantly. Nodding her head in understanding, Lena smirk contrasts the crinkle that forms on Kara’s forehead. “It’s not nice to throw things.” Kara admonishes her sister.

“It’s not nice to make out with your girlfriend while we’re trying to have dinner.”

Rolling her eyes, Kara tugs Lena’s hand toward the table. “We didn’t tell you to wait for us,” Kara tells her sister as she sits down across from her. Lena sits beside Kara and across from Maggie, who turns the box of pizza she knows Lena wants toward her, allowing the sisters to continue their
bickering. Kara grabs slices from the other box.

Alex takes a bite of her pizza and swallows before responding. “And since when do you wait to eat?”

Kara shrugs as she chews her pizza. Lena hides a smile by taking a sip of water, thinking of the multiple times Kara has put off eating for her. She had put up a valiant effort against Maggie in coming tonight, but she ultimately did not want the possible alternatives. Either Maggie would show up, and Kara would have to deal with that tension on her own, or she would be left alone after Alex went home. Either way, Lena wanted to offer her support to Kara after her talk with Alex. She knows Kara and Maggie both dearly love Alex, and neither woman would let the tensions between them affect their relationships with Alex. The two women just need to find common ground beyond Alex.

The light banter turns into discussion of their days. Eventually, Kara is is convinced to talk about the Mxyzptlk pranks. With the events feeling farther in the past than they actually are, Kara feels comfortable to laugh at some of the more humorous pranks.

“You do have to admit that he got you good on that one,” Alex says in regards to Mr. Mxyzptlk pretending saying his name backwards had worked.

Kara groans with a playful eye roll. “You wouldn’t laugh if it was you.”

“That’s very true,” Maggie adds.

“Okay, but can we agree that Kara’s idea was very clever?” Lena asks.

Alex rolls her eyes. “Is this how it’s going to be now?” She looks pointedly at Lena.

“I’m sure I don’t know what you mean, Agent Danvers.” Lena raises an eyebrow.

Narrowing her eyes, Alex decides to give up on that line of teasing. “How would you have gotten him to say it?” She asks Maggie.

“Probably a joke or something.” Her nonchalant tone draws everyone’s eyes. She shrugs in response. “He’s a prankster. Games are his thing, right? Play a game right back, and he’ll be too distracted to notice what you’re doing.”

“That something you learn from being a detective, Maggie?” Lena teases.


“You were in Gotham?” Alex asks in surprise.

Maggie uses grabbing another slice of pizza to avoid meeting anyone’s eyes. “Yeah, for a little while. Some of us from MPD went there for hurricane backup. I hung out there for a couple of weeks.”

“I have a question.” Lena leans forward conspiratorially. “Were you into the dark leather look before or after your stay there?

A surprised burst of laughter escapes Maggie, and she has to cover her mouth to calm it down. “I got into it sometime after leaving Nebraska.”

“It’s a good look for you.” Alex smiles at Maggie.
Kara smiles, feeling so happy for and proud of her sister. Their conversation is light as they finish eating. Lena offers to help Kara clean up everything. “Thanks for having me over,” Lena says when they are in the kitchen.

“You’re always welcome, Lena.” Kara’s response is instinctive and immediate.

“You’re too sweet.” Lena stands leans her hip against the counter.

“For you? Never.” Kara leans her own hip a foot in front of Lena. She sets her hand on top of the hand Lena has on the counter.

“Such a way with words, Miss Danvers.” Lena bites her lip.

Kara absentmindedly rubs her thumb over Lena’s knuckles. “It’s my duty to speak the truth, Miss Luthor.”

“So you’ve said.” Lena shifts closer to Kara.

“You know we’re still here, right?” Alex’s voice comes from the other side of the kitchen island. Kara and Lena turn toward Alex and Maggie.

“I would never forget you, Alex.” Kara smiles at her sister.

Alex smiles and shakes her head fondly. “I love you too, Kara.”

“Are you two leaving?” Kara notices that they are both wearing their jackets.

“Yeah, I have an early morning,” Maggie answers.

“Stop by tomorrow afternoon?” Alex asks Kara, making sure not to mention the DEO around Lena.

“Yup, I’ll be there.” Kara hugs her sister. “Drive safe, okay?”

“I am happy for you, Kara,” Alex quietly says near Kara’s ear.

“I love you, Alex.”

Alex squeezes Kara before releasing her and stepping back. “It was good to see you, Lena.” She smiles politely at the CEO.

“You too, Agent Danvers.” Lena returns the smile. Alex quirks her eyebrow, but doesn’t say anything more.

“You two have a good night.” Maggie smiles at both women.

Kara smiles at Maggie. Lena smirks and says, “You too, Maggie.” She watches Kara walk the other couple to the door, suddenly wondering if she should leave too. Kara breaks her out of her thoughts.

“I know it’s like 9 and you probably have to work early tomorrow, but do you want to stay a little longer?” Kara leans her forearms on the kitchen island opposite from where Lena is standing.

Tapping her fingers on the countertop, Lena quickly reviews her Wednesday morning. She makes a decision with a smile. “What did you have in mind?” Her posture mirrors Kara’s.

Reaching across the counter, Kara grabs one of Lena’s hands. “Anything with you sounds great to me.”
Lena smiles softly at Kara. “Sweet talker.”

They spend an hour talking on opposite ends of the couch with their legs tangled together in the center. Lena’s favorite blanket of Kara’s is covering their legs, and they each have a glass of wine. Conversation flows easily, allowing both women to purely enjoy one another’s company. When Lena’s driver arrives downstairs, Kara offers to walk with her. To Kara’s surprise, Darias is not waiting outside of the car. Lena notices the question on Kara’s face. “I told him he could stay in the car,” she tells Kara with a squeeze to their joined hands.

“Oh.” Kara relaxes and throws a smile at Lena. They stop beside the back door of the vehicle. “I’m glad you stayed.”

“Thanks for having me.” They stand facing each other. “It was a nice night.”

Kara tugs on the hand in hers to pull Lena into a hug. Lena’s arms slide around Kara’s neck as Kara holds her closely around the waist. Slowly, they pull back while keeping their arms around each other. Kara’s eyes flick down to Lena’s lips. When they come back up, she catches Lena’s eyes coming back from her lips. Leaning forward, their lips meet in the middle. The kiss lasts a few seconds, but it’s full of emotion. Pulling back, Kara’s eyes flutter open to find Lena smiling at her.

“Text me when you get home?” Kara whispers into the small space between them.

“Of course,” Lena responds with a soft smile. Kara releases Lena’s waist, and Lena steps back. Opening the door to the car, Kara smiles shyly at Lena. “Thank you, Kara.” Lena steps inside of the door and leans against it to place another kiss on Kara’s lips. “Good night,” she whispers.

“Good night,” Kara whispers back.

Agent Danvers is standing at the table in the command center with Winn and Agent Vasquez. They are reviewing information from Vasquez’s research.

“Hey Alex,” Winn interrupts with a tone mixed with fear and an apology.

Alex looks at the man. “What?”

Winn gestures somewhere behind Alex. “Um, your, uh, Detective Sawyer is here.” Alex recently introduced everyone to Maggie at the alien bar, but they have all only hung out at the one game night before Lillian Luthor’s trial. That night is still remembered for how it ended.

Turning around, Alex finds Maggie walking toward her. Automatically, a smile graces Alex’s features when she sees Maggie’s smile. She quickly turns back to Winn and Vasquez. “We’ll pick this up after lunch.”

They nod respectfully before Alex goes to meet her girlfriend. “Hey,” Maggie says when they stop in front of each other. “I got your text. Thought I could steal you for lunch.”

Earlier, Kara had notified Alex that she would not make it into the DEO until later in the afternoon. She also asked Alex for some advice on surprising Lena for lunch, but Alex left that part out of her text message to Maggie. “I’m all yours. Lead the way, Sawyer.” Alex bumps shoulders with Maggie as they start walking.

A whooshing sound halts their movements, and Alex puts a hand on her gun in reflex. Superman lands at the bottom of the main stairs. Alex straightens and crosses her arms.
Superman steps toward her purposefully with a concerned expression. “Is everyone okay?” He sounds almost annoyed.

Alex looks around, internally proud of the professional agents still focused on their work. “Everyone here is fine, Superman.” J’onn’s deep voice catches their attention as he joins them. “I assume Mr. Mxyzptlk kept you indisposed.”

Crossing his arms, Superman addresses J’onn. “I was stranded at the Fortress of Solitude.”

“But how-” Alex begins with confusion written on her face.

“He showed up right after Supergirl left. He made sure I would be out of the way of whatever his plans were. I would have been here as soon as the spell was broken, but I was needed in Gotham yesterday.”

“Supergirl did an excellent job at sending him back to the fifth dimension,” J’onn states with a touch of pride.

“Good. He hasn’t come in years. I had almost thought he was done with his pranks.”

“Well he certainly pulled plenty of his tricks on Monday,” Alex exclaims.

“It used to be easier to get rid of him. He’d come every three months, and I would be prepared with another way to get him to say his name backwards. One day, he came back frustrated and saying he now had to say his name twice. After that, he didn’t show up for a couple years. When he did come back, he talked about how the name thing was far too boring, so there would be different rules each time.”

“Wait.” Maggie looks back and forth between Alex and Superman. “What did he do to you?” She asks the hero.

Eyes fall on Maggie before shifting curiously to Superman, who crosses his arms and clears his throat. “He trapped me in the Fortress... without my powers... with a friend of mine.”

“He can take away powers?” Alex’s eyes go wide.

“Not exactly.” Superman winces ever so slightly. “He turned me into an infant. Kryptonians’ powers don’t develop until puberty under a yellow sun.”

Maggie’s eyebrows raise, but she doesn’t say anything or allow herself to laugh. Alex rubs her nose to hide her smile. J’onn nods slowly in thought, serious expression on his face. “And with him going back to the fifth dimension, everything he did was undone.” J’onn clarifies.

“Right,” Superman says with a firm nod. Everyone is silent for a few moments as they go into their own thoughts. “Where is Supergirl?” Superman looks around him before turning his eyes to J’onn.

Maggie looks at Alex, who crosses her arms and doesn’t look at Superman. J’onn, having read the thoughts of Alex and Maggie, steps past Alex, closer to Superman. “Supergirl is making up for her lost day of work on Monday. She will be here this afternoon.”

Taking advantage of not having any focus on her, Maggie pulls out her phone to text Lois.

**Maggie Sawyer:** Superman is looking for Supergirl while Kara Danvers is having lunch with her Luthor girlfriend.
The detective hears the awkward conversation going on around her, but doesn’t join. After a few minutes with no response from Lois, Superman suddenly reaches into his boot. “Hold that thought,” he says to J’onn. “Hello?” His face turns from serious to slightly sheepish after a few seconds. “Lunch… Yes… okay… I-I will. Right away, Mr. White.” He hangs up and puts the phone back in his boot. “I’m glad everything is all good here.” He nods respectfully at J’onn. “Tell Supergirl that I’m proud of her.” He smiles at Alex before taking off out of the window.

Maggie looks at Alex. “So… lunch?”

Alex laughs. “Please.” She turns to J’onn. “I’ll let Kara know.”

“Let her enjoy her lunch, Agent Danvers… as you should, too. We’ll debrief this afternoon.” He nods at the two women before turning on his heel to speak with Agent Vasquez.

“Maybe we should get out of here before another alien shows up,” Maggie jokes.

“Couldn’t agree more.”

“I think both Danvers girls deserve one uninterrupted lunch.”

With a chuckle, Alex smiles fondly. “Don’t jinx us, Sawyer.”

“Of course not.” Maggie holds her hands up in a placating gesture. “Hey, do you think Lena is going to have lunch with Kara or Supergirl?”

“No,” Alex turns to her with a stern look. “We are not going to start betting on things between the two of them.”

“Okay, okay.” They get to the door in comfortable silence. “Did you know she keeps a spare pair of glasses at Lena’s place?”

Alex walks into the door frame.

Lena steps out of the meeting room with her CEO mask firmly in place. Her heels echo in a distinct rhythm down the hallway toward her office. She stops in front of Jess’ desk., and the assistant's attention is on her instantly.

“Jess, has Dr. Sanchez received my message?”

“Yes, ma’am. She will be up here at 10:30.”

Glancing at the clock behind Jess’ desk, Lena sees that she has 30 minutes. “Thank you, Jess.” Lena begins to turn, but Jess hurried to speak.

“Will you be needing me to order your lunch, Miss Luthor?”

Lena pauses and looks over her shoulder at Jess. “Actually, I placed an order already with Noonan’s. Have Alana pick it up at 12:30.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”

With a nod, Lena turns and goes into her office. When her office door closes, she takes in a deep breath of the fresh air blowing in through the balcony door she has propped open. She stands in front of her desk chair, taking in the folders on her desk with her fingertips resting on the white table top. After a moment of thought with her fingers lightly tapping on the desk, she slides the folders out of
the way. Pulling her laptop toward her, she takes a seat before opening it.

“Rough morning?”

Lena’s head jerks up with her eyes wide to see Supergirl sitting in one of the seats across from her desk. Her senses are filled with her racing heart, and she sits up straighter to gain control of her body. She ignores the knowing smirk on the hero’s face. “Supergirl,” her voice is only a touch breathless, “to what do I owe the pleasure?”

Supergirl crosses her legs at her knees. “Oh, you know... I was in the neighborhood.” She waves a hand nonchalantly. “I delivered some would-be bank robbers to the police, and I saw that your door was open. Thought I’d check on National City’s most powerful resident.” The sneakest wink ghosts on Supergirl’s face.

Humming in thought, Lena leans forward with her forearms on the desk. “I would have thought that title to be yours, Supergirl.”

“Nah,” her tone is playful, “that title is all yours, Miss Luthor.” She smiles. “What you do is far more impressive.”

“Is that so?” Lena’s signature smirk takes over her features.

“Absolutely!” There’s no hesitation in Supergirl’s response. She leans toward Lena. “And you’re super smart.”

Lena’s eyebrow quirks. “Are you this flattering to all of the CEOs you encounter?”

“Only when they’re as amazing as you.” Supergirl tilts her head with a smile.

“Why Supergirl… if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were flirting with me.” Lena’s expression is a mix between scandalized and playful.

Uncrossing her legs, Supergirl slides to the edge of her seat and rests her elbows on her knees. With an amazing amount of willpower, she refrains from breaking her serious expression. “Is that so hard to believe?” Her tone is sincere.

“A Super coming onto a Luthor?” The CEO further leans on her forearms. “I must say, Supergirl…” She bites her lip as she looks closely at Supergirl. “You sure know how to subvert expectations.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Supergirl grins.

Lena makes a noncommittal hum as she sits back in her chair. “You would.”

Supergirl sits back in her chair with a shrug and a smirk. “You don’t seem to be complaining.” She smiles wide. “Maybe you even enjoy it.” She pauses to bite her lip. “Maybe I could even talk you into having lunch with me.”

“I’m sorry, Supergirl.” Lena’s face remains stoic and a little apologetic. “I must politely decline.”

“Really?” Supergirl’s eyebrows furrow together.

“Mmmmm, I already have plans.”

“Maybe we could meet up later then.”

Lena bites back a smirk. “Again, I will have to decline.”
“Is it because I’m a Super?” The hero asks as she places her hand on her chest in mock offense.

The CEO’s eyes close for a moment as a chuckle threatens to escape. She gathers herself quickly and focuses on Supergirl again. “I have no qualms with looking past your name, but I am unavailable, Supergirl.”

“You are?” The corner of Supergirl’s lips threaten to break into a smile.


Supergirl stands up and leans sideways against Lena’s desk. “Pity.” She smirks down at Lena, who reclines in her seat to look up at the hero. “I’m happy for you though. You deserve to be happy, Lena.”

“Ever the selfless hero,” Lena teases.

“What can I say?” Supergirl straightens off of the desk and takes a step back to strike her trademark pose. “It’s what I do.” She winks at the CEO. “See you around, Lena.”

“Bye, Supergirl.” She smiles brightly at the hero. In a light breeze, Supergirl escapes through the open door. With a fond shake of her head and a laugh, Lena turns her attention back to her laptop. “Who knew Kara could switch from best friend to girlfriend so quickly?” She muses as she skirts around the fact that she has done the same.

Lena’s intercom comes to life beside her. “Miss Luthor.”

“Yes, Jess?”

“Dr. Sanchez has arrived early.”

“You can send her in,” Lena states as she adjusts in her chair to prepare for the meeting.

“The sample is simply far too synthesized to be melded with any of the natural minerals.” Dr. Sanchez is sitting across from Lena with a tablet in her hands. With an impassive expression, Lena has a tablet with the reports from the S-Lab on her desk. “Without any specifications, it’s risky to test it with any of our existing material. Is there any way-”

“No.” Lena sits up straighter in her seat, pressing her palm onto the desk to center herself. “Contacting him is not an option.” She nods more to herself than to Dr. Sanchez. “That variation isn’t particularly as important to our goal.”

“With it, we can find the difference between a psychological and a physiological reaction in the-”

“It’s not worth the risk. You’ve seen the footage. We are putting ourselves at a great risk just by having that small sample.”

“Should we dispose of it?”

Lena pauses to give the question the amount of thought it requires. “We need to remove its qualities before we can discuss how to dispose of it safely.”

Dr. Sanchez taps on her tablet as she searches for a specific report. “I know you were hesitant to radiate it, but-”

“There is still the chance it will render its radiation powerless; however, there is just as much
possibility of the sample simply being altered.” She sits up straighter as she start typing on her tablet. “I want to attempt to melt it down first. If we can do that, we can encase it with a molded version of the magno-x. That should contain any of the mineral’s radiation left over.”

“So you want a double fail safe?” Dr. Sanchez looks up and pauses in her typing.

“Precisely.” Lena sets her tablet on her desk.

“I will begin tests on the sample’s melting point.” Dr. Sanchez stands. “Anything else for now?”

“No, let’s make that sample inert before we venture into other minerals.”

“You got it.” Dr. Sanchez pauses in her walk to the door, her eyes straying to the coffee table. “Did you notice your pieces are set up incorrectly?” She asks without taking her eyes off of the coffee table.

Sitting up straighter, Lena’s face loses any sign of emotion. “That must have been Kara. She was fiddling with the pieces before you came up here.”

“Oh, okay.” Dr. Sanchez smiles over her shoulder. “Have a good day, Lena.”

“You too, Jenny.” Lena’s eyes don’t stray from Jenny until the door is closed behind her. She lets out a slow breath once the door closes. “Fuck,” she mutters under her breath. The fingers of one hand tap on the desk as the thumb of the other hand finds its way between her teeth. Looking at the time, she sees that she has less than 15 minutes before her next scheduled appointment.

Lena abandons her desk to walk over to her couch. Her eyes stare at the chess board with coldness as she sits on the white cushions. The white queen’s knight is directly in front of the black king. The nose of the knight is facing the black king’s knight. The white pawn from B2, the square in front of the queen’s white knight, is now taking the knight’s position. The misplaced black pawn is on B2. Lena’s lips purse as she takes in the placement. A stony expression comes across her face before she bends forward to pick up the white pawn that’s been moved.

---

Lena leaned against a lab table with her television remote in her hands, he attention on the screen before her.

“... and it’s been a long time coming, Dan. Alexander Luthor’s trial is set to start on Monday, and it has been hinted that a key witness will be the Man of Steel himself.” A woman’s voice spoke over various footage of damage done to Metropolis. Lena changed the channel.

“... Lex Luthor…”

The channel is changed again.

“...Luthor, being charged of…”

She changed the channel.

“... Supergirl.” Lena slowly brought the remote back to rest against her chin. “Yes, as you can see here, the Girl of Steel hurls Cat Grant from the top of CatCo in National City.” A man described the grainy video.

A woman picked up the conversation. “Later, Supergirl was seen battling on a street full of civilians. This led to another alien being revealed.”
“Yes, but that is an entirely different discussion, Pam. In the last weeks, we’ve seen a decrease in
trust of Supergirl.”

“That’s true. Even with word getting out about some form of poison affecting National City’s hero,
it’s not easy to gain back that faith we once had in the hero.”

“Can we even still call her a hero?”

Lena watched as different footage and images were displayed on the screen. The words filtered out
of her focus as she took notice of the differences in the Supergirl wearing black and the one in a
skirt.

“It’s impressive, isn’t it?”

Looking over her shoulder, she found the source of the familiar and unwelcome voice. “Mr. Lord,”
Lena says coldly, “I suppose that’s your doing then.” It wasn’t a question. She turned back to the
Television.

Maxwell Lord started walking toward her. He stopped behind her on the opposite side of the lab
table. “It wasn’t the result I was hoping for, but this is what happens when gods walk on our
planet.”

Lena’s jaw tensed, and she refused to turn around to take the bait. “That’s what you wanted the
kryptonite for.”

He laughed. “Unfortunately, Supergirl was not my target. No… I was after some bigger fish. I do
have a new plan though.”

“And you honestly expect that I will be willing to help you after seeing the result of your last plan?”
Lena finally turned to face him, the television forgotten behind her.

“Lena,” he spoke as if talking to a child, “you know aliens with these powers are a danger to
humans… to Earth. Think about what could happen if these so-called heroes decide to turn on us.
Think about your brother locked away, awaiting trial right now.”

“I am not my brother, Mr. Lord.” Her voice grew colder.

“No.” He tilted his head as he seemed to inspect her. “You’re not.” He took a step closer and rested
his hands on the lab table. “You’re much better… All the Luthor power and brains without the
insanity… and you were smart enough to say ‘yes’ to me.” A smug grin spread across his lips.

Lena raised her chin and narrowed her eyes. “Why are you here, Mr. Lord?”

Without a word, he put the briefcase in his hands on the table. “For your ingenuity, of course.” He
opened the briefcase, pulling out what looked like a headset. “There’s something brewing in
National City, and I’m going to be the one to save us.”

“How selfless,” Lena deadpanned.

“This,” he holds up the headset, “is how we win. I’ll even let you have one.” Lena tensed her jaw in
defiance and stared at him for several moments. “We both know you really don’t have a choice
here. We don’t do this, and humans will be overrun.” He grinned. “We both know you don’t have it
in you to let people get hurt.”

She reached her hand out and plucked the device from his fingers. Turning it over in her hands, she
took the time to observe the headset. “An ion blocker.” She looked up at Maxwell.

His grin turned devilish. “Nothing gets by you, Lena.”

“Since when do you need help with your mad scientist ventures?”

He stretched across the table to take back the headset. “I need to make a smaller one.”

“How small?”

“What do you know about making earrings?”

Lena turns the white pawn around in her fingers, her mind running through various thoughts. Without taking her eyes off of the pawn in her hands, she reaches for the misplaced white knight. After a few moments, she corrects the pieces on her board. She walks back to her desk, picking up her cellphone on her way to stand facing her floor-to-ceiling windows.

She speaks as soon as the call is answered. “Mr. Wayne.”

“Miss Luthor, I presume.” He chuckles without warmth “I wondered when I would be receiving a call from the newest CEO. I shouldn’t be surprised that you managed to track down my direct office line.”

“I recently had a dalliance with one of your COOs, and I believe our collaboration on a project would be mutually beneficial.”

“I see. Why not get in touch with them directly?”

Lena turns back to look at the chess board over her shoulder. “When you hear what I have to propose, you may have interest in handling some of the affairs personally.”

The line is silent for several heartbeats. “Which COO?”

Smirking, Lena turns to sit in her desk chair. “The one that was recently in National City.” She pauses a moment. “She may even still be here.”

“Fine.” A longer silence stretches between them. “You will hear from her soon. Is that all, Miss Luthor?”

“For now.”

“Goodbye, Miss Luthor.”

“I’ll talk to you soon, Mr. Wayne.” He hangs up quickly, and Lena places her phone back on her desk. A knocking on her office door sounds a moment before it opens.

“Miss Luthor,” Alana, one of Lena’s assistants, says as she carries takeout bags into the room.

Lena stands as she gestures to the coffee table. “Ah, Alana. You can set those down there. Thank you.”

Alana sets the two bags on the table, remaining mindful of the expensive chess set in the middle of the table. She straightens and faces Lena with her hands behind her back. When she opens her mouth to speak, the office door opens again.
“Lena!” Kara smiles widely at her girlfriend. “Sorry, I’m running a little late. There was…” She notices they are not alone in the office. “Traffic… on the way here.”

Lena offers a small, genuine smile to Kara. “It’s quite alright, Kara.” She turns back to Alana. “Thank you, Alana. Make sure you take a lunch break yourself.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.” Alana looks between the two woman before exiting the office.

“Sorry if I was interrupting something important.” Kara is still just inside of the door.

“No, Alana was just dropping off our lunch.” Lena gestures toward the couch as she goes to take a seat.

Kara joins her with a smile. “Is she new? I don’t think I’ve seen her before.”

Lena speaks as she unloads their food. “I just hired her last week. While Jess does admirable work, I’m afraid having just one executive assistant is not the wisest option at this point.” She hands Kara a box of food.

“Hey! This is my favorite!” Kara beams at Lena.

“I know.” Lena smiles with a quirk of her eyebrow.

“You’re the best.” She leans forward to place a quick kiss on Lena’s lips, giggling slightly when she pulls back.

“You probably say that to anyone that hands you food.”

“That’s not true.” Kara says around a mouthful of food. Lena only laughs and takes her own bite of food. “So how is your day going so far?”

“I am still making up several meetings I missed on Monday.” She gives Kara a knowing look. “Sorry about that.”

“It’s not your fault some alien leprechaun showed up.”

“Leprechaun? That’s a new one.” Kara laughs.

“I’m not his biggest fan.”

“I don’t think anyone is… well he seems like the kind of person to be his own biggest fan. Hopefully, if he comes back, he’ll go back to messing with my cousin.”

“Speaking of your cousin… where was he when Mxy was harassing you?”

Kara shrugs and swallows her food. “We didn’t know exactly what, but Mxy did something to Kal to keep him from interfering.”

“How meticulous of him.” Lena’s tone is dripping with dislike.

“Be lucky you missed out on the Supergirl versus Perry the Platypus fight. That thing smelled funny.” Kara stabs at her food with some aggression.

“Lucky me. Oh. That reminds me…” Lena’s eyes sparkle with mischief. “I had a visitor today.”
Kara quickly catches onto the playful tone. “Really? Whoever could it be?” Her tone is excessively curious, feigning that she does not know the answer.

“Supergirl.” Lena smirks. “She stopped by to chat. Of course, she has clearly taken the balcony door as her own personal entrance.”

“Well it more convenient for her, I’m sure.” Kara bites her lip to keep from grinning. “Can you imagine how your employees would react if she waltzed through the front entrance?”

“I do wonder… being the Girl of Steel and all… Would she set off the metal detectors?”

Kara shakes her head as she laughs and pushes up her glasses. “I don’t think she’s literally made of steel.”

“I suppose I could have asked.” She shifts closer to Kara on the couch, momentarily ignoring her food on the coffee table. “I’m sure she would have been more than willing to fill me in on her impressive biology.”

Swallowing heavily, Kara sets aside her own food. “And why do you think that?”

Lena smirks. “She may have attempted to take me from our lunch plans.”

“Really?” Kara’s tone mimics Lena’s playfulness.

“Oh, she was flirting quite heavily with me.”

Kara brings a hand to her chest in mock offense. “How dare she?”

“Don’t worry, Kara.” Lena places a hand on Kara’s thigh and leans closer to her. She doesn’t speak until their lips are inches apart. “I told her I was unavailable.” Kara parts her lips, but Lena moves out of her space before Kara can connect their lips. Lena chuckles at the pout forming on Kara’s face. “Your food is going to get cold, Kara.”

Kara clears her throat and turns her attention back to her food. “We both know that’s not a hard fix.”

“How could I forget?” Lena teases. “Your sister’s face last night was priceless.”

Laughing, Kara shrugs. “I guess I didn’t think about bringing up the whole ‘Lena knows I’m Supergirl’ thing when we talked. You and I had danced around it for so long, it’s now an adjustment to have it out in the open.”

“I must admit that I will admit teasing you.”

“What!” Kara nearly chokes on her food.

Lena laughs brightly. “That’s right. I have yet to tell you about one of my guilty pleasures.”

Kara groans. “Why do I have a bad feeling about this?”

Leaning over, Lena places a kiss on Kara’s cheek. “Don’t worry. It’s not that embarrassing. Lois loved it actually.”

“That doesn’t make me feel any better.” Kara grumbles. Lena laughs again before grabbing Kara’s chin. She turns Kara’s head to face her and leans in for a slow kiss. Kara’s eyes flutter open when Lena pulls back. “Okay. That helps a little.”
Rolling her eyes playfully, Lena releases Kara’s chin. “Eat your lunch, Supergirl.”

Chapter End Notes

I keep thinking about how amazing it would be to have some fan art made from something in this series. I’ve thought about drawing that dancing scene in the ballroom. I have this image in my head of Mxy looking all pleased with himself in the background. But if I go and do that, I’ll never get any writing done... Ah, one can dream though.

I have a question for y’all. My plan has always been to line the storyline up with real time. Currently, the story is in Oct. 2017. Would y’all like me to keep to that plan, or would it be preferred if I strayed away?

I’m working on the list for the next "season" of my series, and curious about what y’all would like to see. While I’ve been a fan of the DCU for a long time, I will never claim to know everything and all of the possibilities. What would be most fun for y'all to read? What special guests would you like to have? Anyone you think should become a regular? This "season" will end with these regulars: Kara, Lena, Alex, Maggie, Winn, James, and J'onn. Scheduled guests (that won't reveal any spoilers): Lucy Lane, Lois Lane, Clark Kent, M'gann M'orzz, Kate Kane, Barry Allen, Cat Grant, Jess, Agent Vasquez, Livewire, and Eliza Danvers.

Feel free to comment any requests/prompts/ideas/questions/etc on here. You can also use "CatarinaElibeth" to find me on Twitter and Tumblr. I've started posting fun snippets on Tumblr.

And as always... thanks for coming along for this long ride. I'm so excited to be getting into the good stuff now that they are together. AKA all of the badass team ups waiting to happen.
Chapter Summary

First official date! (I did hours and hours of research for a chapter of pure fluff)

Chapter Notes

A new, beautifully made video has been recently posted. I highly recommend it. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TIFZGztkfvg It would just be so groundbreaking if a full-length movie this high quality about superheroes with a lesbian lead was made.

Oh and I want to share a fun thing I did today. I added two piercings to my left ear... something I've been wanting to do for quite some time. I was bored going through SuperCorp gifs, and seeing all of her piercings finally got me to make the decision.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m dating Lena Luthor,” Kara whispers.

“Yes.”

“I’m dating Lena Luthor,” Kara says a little louder.

“Kara-”

“I am in a relationship with Lena Luthor!” Kara’s eyes go wide.

“Are you-”

“Oh Rao! Lena Luthor is my girlfriend, and I haven’t even taken her on a date yet!”

Alex is sitting on the large couch in her apartment, watching Kara pace in front of the fireplace. “Kara,” Alex says in a tone similar to what a person would use around an easily spooked horse.

Suddenly, Kara stops her pacing. Her gaze goes unseeing as her eyes widen in near horror. “Alex… my girlfriend is a powerful CEO, and I’m just starting my reporting career. How do I… What do I…”

“Kara!” Alex stands across from her sister. “I can’t help if you keep talking before I can say anything.”

“Right.” Kara’s hands are fidgeting together.

“Do you want to sit down and talk now?” Alex maintains a calm voice. Kara takes slow steps around the coffee table to sit on the couch. Alex waits a moment with wary eyes watching her sister before she joins her. “Okay,” she begins calmly, “tell me what’s up.”
Kara takes a deep breath and lets it out before speaking. “I’m… realizing how easy everything seemed in the beginning… and it’s scaring me.”

“Easy?” Alex tries not to look too skeptical, considering all of the things both Kara and Lena have gone through since their first meeting.

“We, uh, shifted from just friends to more than friends, and it almost feels like it happened too easily, I guess. I don’t know, but shouldn’t there have been more…” She waves her hands as she thinks of what to say. “Bumps?” The crinkles appears on Kara’s forehead. “I am not complaining. I’m happy… Lena makes me happy. But… what if this just means something bad is going to happen?”

“Okay.” Alex pauses to better formulate a response. “Let me make sure I understand. You are now in a relationship that didn’t begin with your usual anxieties of awkward first dates or fear of not being able to be yourself or having someone else standing in the way, and now you are surprised at how easily you were able to switch from best friends to girlfriends. Does that sound about right?”

Kara nods and pushes up her glasses. “Basically.”

Alex purses her lips in thought. “Maybe you shouldn’t think of this as a change in relationship.”

“What do you mean?”

“If you take out the kissing and new title to it, how different is your relationship really?”

“Um.” Kara tilts her head. “It- it’s not.” Her surprise is evident in her tone.

“When Maggie and I took that step, it was like adding something new to our existing relationship. We didn’t suddenly change or have to get to know each other all over again. It feels…” Alex lets out a happy sigh. “It’s like that piece of our relationship was missing, and when it finally fell into place… it just felt right… like it belonged that way.”

Kara smiles adoringly at her sister, so happy to see her sister with someone that puts that smile on her face. “You look happy.”

“I am happy. I’m so happy, Kara.” Looking down, Kara can’t help the giddy laugh that bubbles out of her chest. “But we’re talking about you right now.” Kara looks back up at her sister. “You and Lena are still best friends. Your history together doesn’t have to be rewritten now that you two have admitted your feelings for each other. If you ask me, you two are lucky to be dating your best friend. From my experience, the strongest relationships are multifaceted. Just look at us.” She gestures between the two of them. “Best friends and sisters.”

“We also make an awesome crime-fighting duo.”

Alex pulls Kara into a hug. “The Danvers sisters… you’d have to be crazy to go up against us.”

Laughing, Kara leans back from the hug. “You have mentioned that we should come with a warning.”

Bumping her shoulder against Kara’s, Alex laughs. “We really should.”

Kara’s head falls onto Alex’s shoulder. After a moment of silence, a playful smile grows on Kara’s face. “Does all of your new wisdom come from your old age or coming out of the closet?”

Groaning in annoyance, Alex pushes Kara, who allows the shove to move her a few inches. “Just for that, I’m not ordering pineapple.” Alex picks up her phone.
Gasping in mock offense, Kara holds a hand to her open mouth. “You wouldn’t.”

Alex rolls her eyes and begins ordering their usual online. “So,” Alex says with a grin, “tell me about your girl.”

Lena relaxes in her desk chair when her office door closes behind her COO after their regular Friday meeting. She spins her chair sideways, giving her a view of the sky. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees the door to her office open. She internally groans, thinking her next meeting is beginning sooner than she previously thought.

Spinning back to face her office, she finds an incredibly welcome sight. “Kara.” When she sees the flowers in Kara’s hands, her smile grows to show her dimples fully. She stands as Kara walks toward her, stopping in front of her desk.

Kara stops beside one of the chairs in front of Lena’s desk, leaving them standing several feet apart. “I brought these for you.” Kara holds up the bouquet of red calla lilies and yellow lilies in a simple vase.

Supergirl flew into the DEO with a large cardboard box in her arms. She sped past the command center to go straight to J’onn’s office. Arriving outside of the closed door, she shifted the box in order to knock on the door.

The door opened to reveal a confused J’onn. “Supergirl, what are you doing here at six in the morning?”

The hero shoved the box into his arms. “Here.” She took a step back and to the side of the door. J’onn watched with furrowed eyebrows as Kara pushed two more boxes across the floor. “Chocos, your favorite.”

“What?” If it weren’t a Kryptonian he was speaking to, he could have easily read their mind. Unfortunately, he would have to do this the hard way.

“I got you Chocos. I bought out a few different stores.”

J’onn slowly set the box in his arms on the floor beside him. He turned back to Supergirl and crossed his arms. “Do you want something, or did you do something?”

Kara’s crinkle appeared. “What?”

“Supergirl… you are never awake this early unless there is a reason. Is everything okay?”

“Everything is great! I just thought you may enjoy a large supply of your favorite food… before I ask if you could please cover any super emergencies that may come up on Saturday.”

J’onn raised one eyebrow. “And you thought I would have to be bribed in order to give you a break.”

“Well,” she dragged out the word, “I want to go out of town for the day, and I won’t be alone, so it will be hard to get back unless it was an absolute emergency.”

“Going to Metropolis again already?”

“Um.” Kara crossed her arms. “No.”
“Is this a trip for Kara Danvers or Supergirl?”

*Supergirl put on her best pout. “Which one will get me a ‘yes’?”*

*J’onn narrowed his eyes. Kara’s pout grew. After a moment, he let out a sigh. “You don’t belong to us, Supergirl. If you need a break, then you need a break.”*

*The hero’s pout instantly turned into a smile. “Thanks, J’onn.” She pulled him into a hug.*

*He released her with a small smile. “Make sure Agent Danvers knows. I don’t need her threatening my agents to find out where you are.”*

*“Done!” Supergirl gives him one last hug.*

_Lena smiles, wondering if Kara knows the meanings behind her flower choices. “You’re so sweet.” She reaches out to grab the flowers. “Thank you, Kara.” After smelling them with a fond smile, she sets them down on her desk. Her fingertips brush over one of the calla lilies. “They’re beautiful.” She turns her attention back to Kara._

*“Just like you,” she blurts out. Biting her lip, Kara feels her cheeks warm.*

_A fond laugh escapes Lena as she smiles back at Kara. “You are something else, Miss Danvers.”_

*“I thought I was out of this world.” Kara smirks._

_A near uncontrollable laugh bursts out of Lena. She shakes her head, trying to gain control of her laughter. “So you do like alien jokes,” Lena teases._

*“Not always, but subtle ones with some thought are rare.”*_

*“I’ll keep that in mind.” Lena smirks at her girlfriend._

_Smiling, Kara lifts a hand to adjust her glasses. “I, um, wanted to ask you something.”_  

_Lena gives her an encouraging smile, and Kara takes a step closer to reach for one of Lena’s hands. “I… Do…” She takes a steadying breath. “Would you like to go on an official date with me?” As Kara’s words set in, Lena’s smile hesitantly grows until it fully reaches her eyes. Kara’s nerves get the better of her, and she begins rambling. “I know we said all those times before were pre-dates, and we’ve hung out and stuff since Tuesday when we officially became… us, but I- I want to take you out somewhere… if you’ll let me. I got the entire day off tomorrow from super duties, and I’d really like it if I could fly you somewhere that didn’t involve a rescue. And I…” She stops at the look on Lena’s face. Lena is biting her lip to keep from laughing, and her eyes hold nothing but adoration. “Um.”_

*“Yes.”*_

_Winn had one elbow resting on his desk with his chin on his fist while his other hand scrolled with his mouse. The DEO was quiet, and Winn entertained himself by looking for any signs of kryptonite radiation. He felt a tap on his shoulder and spun around to see no one in sight. With a confused expression, he turned back to his computer to see a milkshake on his desk. “What the-”*_

*“Boo!” Kara said from behind Winn, who spun back to face her with a hand to his chest and wide eyes.*
“Kara!” He took several heavy breaths. “Giving people heart attacks is not cool!”

Kara laughed as she sat on the side of Winn’s desk. “Sorry, you just looked so bored.”

“Not much going on today.” He shrugged. “Were you called in?”

“No. I, uh, came to ask you a favor.” She pushed up her glasses.

Without breaking eye contact with Kara, Winn reached behind him to grab his smoothie. He maintained a serious expression as he brought the straw to his lips and took a hearty sip. With an audible sound, he smacked his lips together as if testing the taste of the drink. “Okay,” he said with a nod, “you have my attention.”

Kara shook her head with a fond smile, thinking about how much of a nerd he was. “Please tell me you don’t have plans Saturday.”

“I don’t have plans Saturday,” he said in a tone that slightly mimiced Kara’s intonation.

She let out a breath that puffed out her cheeks. “I need you to be the Man in the Van, so I can take a trip out of town.”

Winn lit up entirely. “Really?”

“Just… promise you won’t get yourself killed, okay?” She tried not to sound exasperated.

“Scout’s honor!” He held up two fingers.

With a playful eye roll, Kara pushed off his desk to walk away. “Good. I have to get to work. I swear if you get hurt-”

“I know. I know. We’ll be good!” He waved at her with a giddy smile.

“Y-yes?”

“I’d love to.”

Kara’s entire demeanor brightens significantly. “Really? Even the flying part, because I know you’re not comfortable with flying, but-”

“Kara,” Lena interrupts, “I trust you.” She leaves out the fact that her many rescues have altered her stance on flying… when she is in Supergirl’s arms. “Although, I am curious what sort of plans you have in mind if flying is involved.”

“It’s a surprise!” Kara bounces on the balls of her feet and squeezes Lena’s hand. “But don’t worry!” She tugs Lena’s hand, making the other woman take a step closer to her. “It’s not a far flight at all. I ran a test flight with Alex last night, and it took 20 minutes.”

Lena bites her lip. “You got your sister to spend 40 minutes flying around with you for our date?” She tugs Kara closer, leaving mere inches of space between their bodies. Her free hand rests in the center of Kara’s chest.

Kara nods as her cheeks turn pink. “But it was more like three hours.” Lena’s eyebrows shoot up to her hairline. “I wanted it to be just right,” she says with a small voice and a shrug.

“How on earth did you talk your sister into that?” Lena’s tone is filled with awe.
With her free hand, Kara pushes up her glasses. “It’s a long story.”

“So do you have an idea in mind for where you want to take her?” Alex asked while they ate their pizza.

Kara quickly swallowed her bite of pizza. “Um.” She furrowed her eyebrows together in thought. “I, uh, wanted to do something that would be fun for her… something that would get her to just relax and enjoy it. I don’t know if there’s anywhere here though where she won’t be on guard, worried about being recognized. Everything with Lillian escaping is still a little fresh.”

Alex nodded along with Kara’s words, pursing her lips in thought. “Maybe a museum. You said she likes engineering more than Winn.”

“Yeah… I think I have an idea.”

“Going to share?”

“Not yet.”

Thursday night, Kara knocked on Alex’s door with a hand behind her back. She smiled widely at her sister when Alex opened the door. “Alex!”

“Hey, Kar. What’s up?” She stepped back to allow Kara entry into the apartment.

Kara turned to face Alex when she was inside, watching Alex close the door and turn to face her with a questioning look. Pulling her hand from behind her back, Kara revealed a paper bag. “For you.”

With a surprised smile, Alex grabbed the bag from Kara’s hand. “Is this from-”

“The place in Chicago? Yes. I stopped there on my way back.”

Alex looked up from inside of the bag with a raised eyebrow. “On your way back from where?”

“Chicago.” Kara smiled innocently.

Alex walked to her kitchen island and sat on one of the stools. She stared at Kara expectantly until she joined her at the island. “I’m listening.”

With a laugh somewhere between giddy and nervous, Kara walked to the fridge to grab a drink before sitting on a stool opposite her sister. “I went to Chicago to check out my idea for the date.”

“You’re taking her to Chicago?” Both of Alex’s eyebrows rose, pausing mid-bite to stare at her sister in surprise.

“I’m hoping to.” Kara’s smile turned into a nervous lip bite. “I need your help with something.”

“What is it?” Alex took a bite of her food.

“Will you fly with me to Chicago for a test run?”

Alex started to choke on her food, but recovered quickly. She took a drink of the beer she had next to her. “Um, sure.” She cleared her throat. “When?”

Kara’s expression immediately turned sheepish. “When you’re done eating?” Her voice was higher
than normal and sounded more like a question.

Sighing, Alex shook her head fondly. “You’re really lucky I love you.”

Squealing, Kara bounced off her stool to wrap her arms around Alex in a hug. “Thank you!”

“Super strength,” Alex wheezed.

“Sorry.” Kara loosened her grip. “You’re the best big sister ever. You know that?” She pulled back with her hands holding onto Alex’s shoulders.

“So you’ve said.” Alex smirked. Kara sat back on her stool to let Alex finish eating. Suddenly, Alex came up with an idea. “Don’t make any plans for tomorrow night.”

Kara tilted her head in question. “Okay?”

“Come over for dinner with Maggie and me.”

Taken aback, Kara barely held back a reaction to having to spend time with Maggie and the still lingering tension. “Um, okay. Sure. Any particular reason why? Not that I have a problem with that or anything. Just wondering if it’s a special occasion.”

Alex shrugged with her mouth full. “You can tell us all about asking Lena out on your first official date, and we can help you through any nervousness for the date itself.”

“Okay.” Kara gave her a close-lipped smile.

“Hmm,” Lena hums as her fingers play with the material of Kara’s shirt. “Maybe you can tell me on the flight.”

“I can do that,” Kara whispers, distracted by the feeling of Lena’s fingers.

Lena moves Kara’s hand she is holding to her hip, and she brings her newly freed hand to Kara’s neck as Kara’s free hand goes to her waist. The silence becomes tense for several heartbeats as both women get lost in each other’s eyes. In sync, they close the distance between their lips. Kara pulls Lena flush against her body, and Lena gasps at the action. With an impressive amount of self-control, Lena breaks the kiss to rest her forehead against Kara’s. “Do I get to know anything about this date?” Her voice is a touch breathless.

“Be ready by 10:30 tomorrow morning. Wear something you don’t mind walking in for a while.” Kara’s voice is soft.

Pulling her head back to get a better look at Kara, Lena tilts her head. “That’s all I get?”

“You’re too smart. If I say any more, you’ll figure it out.” For the first time in years, Lena’s eyebrows pull together as she pouts. Kara’s breath catches in her throat, absolutely shocked to see Lena Luthor pouting. She takes a slow breath and bites her lip. After a moment staring at that adorable pout, Kara shakes her head in an attempt to stitch together the cracks in her resolve. “Okay,” she squeaks. With a quick decision, she places a chaste kiss on Lena’s lips. “I have to get back to CatCo.” She kisses Lena again, who begins to chuckle lightly. “Text me later?” She moves back, but keeps her hands on Lena’s waist.

Chuckling, Lena lets her hands slide from around Kara’s neck until they fall to her own sides. Kara hesitantly removes her own hands from Lena’s waist. “I will.” Lena bites her lip again.
“Okay, good.” Kara starts walking backwards toward the door. “Great.”

“Are you okay, Kara?” Lena’s tone is teasing.

“Yup!” She stumbles minutely. “Have a great day, Lena! Make sure you eat lunch!”

“Bye, Kara.” Lena smirks.

Kara wakes up early to fly to Chicago one last time to ensure that she knows exactly which way to go. On her way back, she takes a detour down south to Round Rock, Texas. She had searched for the best donuts on Google, and a popular opinion could be found in the Central Texas city. With the bag of warm donuts, she discreetly lands near Lena’s apartment. In the blink of an eye, Kara Danvers is walking down the sidewalk to the entrance of Lena’s building. Not for the first time, Kara is amazed that Lena not only owns the building, but that she had a large hand in the designing of it. She greets the security guard with a smile.

“Morning, Miss Danvers.” The guard nods her through the checkpoint.

She walks straight to the elevator that will lead her to the hidden room on the seventh floor that will lead her to Lena’s private elevator. Before the door can close, she presses her thumb to the designated button. She bounces on the balls of her feet in excitement. The secret back door opens to the seventh floor room, and she steps out to go to the private elevator. Holding her breath in anticipation, she places her hand on the biometric scanner. She can’t hold the tiny gasp of surprise when the elevator opens for her.

The fingers of her free hand tap a rhythm against her thigh as she watches the numbers carry her to the top floor. When the elevator slows to a stop, she grips the strap of her bag over her shoulder and readjusts her grip on the bag of donuts. A large coat rests over the arm holding the donuts. She steps out into the atrium and pauses before the hallway that will lead her to the rest of the penthouse. Biting her lip, she realizes she doesn’t know the protocol when there isn’t a door to knock on to alert Lena of her arrival.

“I’m in the kitchen, Kara.” Lena’s voice, spoken at a level as if Kara were standing next to her, easily reaches Kara’s ears.

With a smile, Kara walks with a small skip to the kitchen. Her smile grows when she sees Lena. “Hey, Lena!” She walks up to the opposite side of the kitchen island, leaning against the countertop after setting her bag of donuts on the counter and her other items on a stool.

Lena turns with a genuine smile and slides a cup of coffee across the island toward Kara, who accepts it with a smile. “Good morning.”

“Thank you,” Kara says before taking a sip of the coffee. “You look…” She takes a breath. “Great.” She smiles at her girlfriend.

“You’re so sweet, Kara. Thank you. You’re looking great yourself.” Kara looks down shyly. Wrapping her hands around her own mug, Lena leans her forearms against the countertop. “So do I finally get to know your mystery plans for our first date?” She bites her lip as she looks at Kara expectantly.

Kara tears her eyes away from Lena and picks up the paper bag from the counter. “I Googled the best donuts in the country.” She holds the bag in front of Lena. “Breakfast of champions.”

Lena takes the bag with a quirk of her eyebrow. “Didn’t you say the same thing about ice cream
once?” She pulls a donut from the bag before handing it back to Kara.

Laughing, Kara adjusts her glasses. “Anything sweet really.”

“Hmm, that’s fitting.” Lena teases Kara as she tears off a piece of the donut. “So was you changing the subject your way of keeping me from finding out our date plans?”

Kara laughs nervously. “Is it working?”

“I’ll let it slide… for now.”

Their conversation is light as they finish their coffee and donuts. When they finish, Lena washes their mugs while Kara throws away the trash. Kara slides a hand along the countertop as she walks toward Lena, stopping just outside her personal space. Lena puts the towel down that she just used to dry her hands before reaching out with one hand to grab Kara’s on the counter. Kara has a small smile playing at her lips as she looks down at their joined hands. “Ready?” Kara meets Lena’s eyes.

“Almost.” Lena smirks, and Kara tilts her head in question. In lieu of words, Lena closes the distance between them with one step and places a kiss on Kara’s lips. She pulls back before the kiss can be deepened. “Now I’m ready.”

Kara giggles and looks down for a moment. When she looks up, she’s biting her lip. “Okay, let’s do this.” She pulls Lena by the hand to walk around to the other side of the kitchen island, where her purse and coat are waiting. “I had Winn design something for you.” Kara picks the coat up, running her fingers over the material. “I know you’re not crazy about flying even though you aren’t totally against it if it’s with me, but…” She looks down at the coat. “I want to make you as comfortable as possible. I’m obviously not going to be flying anywhere near full speed with you, but going the same speed we usually do would take a long time for us to get to Chicago. This,” she holds up the coat, “will help with the wind and air chill up there.” She holds it up for Lena to examine. “It’s also bulletproof… just in case.” She adds a sheepish smile.

Lena runs her fingers over the material. The outer layer is the same color and material as Kara’s suit. The inside is black with several hidden pockets. “Kara, this is… Wow.” She smiles up at Kara. “I can’t believe you did this.” Kara bites her lip. “Thank you.”

A bright smile breaks out on Kara’s face. “No need to thank me, Lena.” She holds open the coat. “Try it on.” With a smirk, Lena turns her back to Kara, who helps slide the jacket onto her arms. Lena raises her eyebrows in surprise at how light it feels. She spins back around to face Kara. “How is it?”

“It’s perfect, Kara.” Lena braces both hands on Kara’s stomach and leans in for a quick kiss.

Smiling, Kara steals another kiss. “You ready to go to Chicago?”

“Chicago?” Lena’s eyebrows shoot up to her hairline.

Kara’s hands on her waist squeeze in reassurance. “Yup! Let’s go!” She takes a step back from Lena. “Wait… one sec!” Before Lena can question Kara, she’s grabbed her purse, changed in the bathroom, and is standing in front of Lena in her super suit. “Okay! Now we can go!” She adjusts the strap of her purse on her shoulder.

“Leave it to Supergirl to take someone on a first date to another time zone.” Lena shakes her head fondly.

Throwing her head back in a laugh, Supergirl surprises herself by thinking she would like this to be
her last first date. “In my defense,” she begins, “I'm not taking you to Chicago because I wanted to use my powers. I'm taking you there because it had the **perfect** place.” She also knows Lena is likely to not even get a single double take in Chicago.

Lena hums in acknowledgement. “So I take it by you putting on your suit now that we will be leaving from a balcony.”

“I don’t think Kara going up the elevator, and Supergirl going down would be the best idea. Plus this is faster.” Supergirl quirks an eyebrow.

“Good point.” Lena nods in agreement. “Shall we?” She holds out a hand for the hero to take.

“Absolutely!” Taking Lena’s hand, Supergirl leads her to the patio. Since the indoor space of the apartment surrounds most of the patio, it makes the ideal spot to take off without being seen. It also doesn’t hurt that this is one of the tallest buildings for several miles. They stop by the pool, and Supergirl turns to Lena. “Ready?”

“Up, up, and away.” Lena smirks.

Supergirl scoops Lena into her arms. “You know… that’s more of my cousin’s line.”

“Should we come up with something just for you then?”

Supergirl tilts her head in thought for a moment. “I’ll think about it.” She meets Lena’s eyes under the hood of the coat. “Hold on,” she says with a smile.

“I plan on it,” Lena says under her breath.

Choosing to not react to the comment, Supergirl takes off into the sky. “Let me know if I’m going to fast or anything, okay?”

Supergirl finds a discreet location to land down the street from their destination. She sets Lena down gently in the alley, keeping a hand on her elbow until she knows Lena is steady after the long flight. “You okay?” Supergirl is fighting back a giddy smile.

Lena takes in a slow, deep breath as she mentally assesses herself. “I’m just fine.” She smiles genuinely.

“Okay. Perfect. Great.” Supergirl checks around them to ensure they are indeed secluded and unable to be seen. “I’ll take that for you.” She slides the jacket off of Lena’s shoulders. “Time me.”

“What?” Lena tries to not look as confused as he feels.

“Start counting.” Her eyes are full of mischief.

Narrowing her eyes in apprehension, Lena purses her lips. After a moment watching her girlfriend’s mischievous smile grow, she nods her head once. “Fine.” She smirks. “One.” Supergirl takes off before she can finish the single syllable. Lena’s smirk turns into an amused smile. “Two. Three.”

“What was my time?” Kara lands behind her, adjusting her glasses as Lena spins around to face her with a sly grin.

“Just at four seconds.”

“Darn. I was going for three.”
Lena laughs. “I can only imagine how much I could do with your speed… Testing and adjusting L-Corp tech would take minutes.”

Kara bites her lip, loving the expression on Lena’s face. *She is going to do so many amazing things to help people.* “Maybe I can help you someday.”

Raising an eyebrow, Lena finds herself suddenly curious about Kara’s scientific abilities. “Maybe,” she says thoughtfully.

Clapping her hands together, Kara bounces lightly on the balls of her feet. “Okay! So I hid the jacket in my bag on the roof here. We’re just around the corner from the place.” She extends her right hand toward Lena. “Ready for our first date?”

Lena interlaces their fingers together. “Lead the way.”

With a gentle tug, Kara pulls them out onto the sidewalk. They pass a red building before Lena’s eyes settle on the large building past the trees in front of them. They only have to cross two streets to get to the large building that Lena assumes is their destination. Crossing 57th street, Lena is finally able to read the sign of the building.

“Museum of Science and Industry?” Her voice is almost wistful and full of surprise. She tugs Kara to a stop in front of the concrete sign, turning to look at her with a wide smile.

Kara’s smile is a touch shy, and she reaches up to adjust her glasses with her free hand. “I was doing research on the best interactive exhibits in the country. I- I thought you would like to have some fun, but a geeky, science kind of fun.”

Squeezing Kara’s hand, Lena turns to look at the building in front of them. “I love it.” She turns back with an even wider smile that brings out her dimples. “Let’s do this.”

They step into a immense lobby with only a few groups of people exploring or getting in line. Kara pulls out their tickets that include several tours. Before leaving the lobby, Kara insists they go into the train there after reading about it online. “Alex helped me pick out which exhibits would be the most interesting, and we checked on the reviews too.”

Kara immediately pushes the button in the train that projects a man telling the story of the train. A few seconds into the lecture, and Kara is tugging Lena away from the projection. “What’s back here?” They discover an interesting bathroom setup that Kara insists on taking a picture of to show Alex later. Lena doesn’t question it.

They explore the robotics exhibit, and a smile that Kara has come to call Lena’s “coming up with an idea smile” remains firmly on her face. By the time they reach the Future Energy Chicago exhibit, Lena resembles a child in a toy shop. Lena dives straight into the simulation that allows participants to reinvent Chicago’s energy landscape. Kara becomes so overtaken by the pure joy coming from Lena that she chooses to record Lena excitedly going through the simulation. After each round, Lena excitedly looks up at Kara to explain an even more efficient idea.

“I came up with a similar idea to this back in college!” Lena gushed about a particular idea.

Kara giggles. “You mean when you were 12?”

“I was 15, thank you very much.” Lena playfully rolls her eyes, knowing that Kara is teasing her.

“You’re so smart.” Kara kisses Lena on the cheek.
They joke and laugh their way through several more exhibits before come to the mirror maze. “Lena! We **have** to do this!”

“I think you have an unfair advantage, Kara.” She taps the side of one of her eyes.

“What?” Kara’s eyebrows crinkle together until realization dawns on her. “Oh! No.” She laughs. “I promise I won’t.” She pouts a little. “You’d be able to tell because I’d have to take off my glasses.”

“Fine,” Lena relents, “but you’re leading. I don’t want you sneaking out your phone to record me bouncing off of the glass.”

“I wouldn’t—”


They laugh almost the entire way through the maze. At one point, she catches Kara reaching up to her glasses, but quickly pulls Kara’s hand away from her face. Kara pouts, but Lena kisses it away before taking the lead through the maze.

Lena has to pull Kara away from the children’s exhibit before the Kryptonian can get any crazy ideas and drag her to the storm exhibit. Kara spends ten minutes playing with a tornado simulator. The walls of the simulator can be moved to changed what kind of tornado it makes. “Lena! Look at this one!” The CEO manages to get several minutes of video of Kara playing with the mini tornadoes.

Although Kara insists on going to the Earth Revealed exhibit, Lena manages to talk her out of it. She distracts Kara by exclaiming her excitement for the Inventing the Future exhibit. She doesn’t admit that she fears for Kara’s emotions when it comes to a space or planet exhibit.

Kara’s mood absolutely brightens when she hears the small gasp that escapes Lena when she sees the sign for the tour they are about to take. Although Lena designs technology far beyond the laser cutter they will be using, a childlike joy overtakes Lena at being able to just play in an interactive exhibit. While Lena admires her creation, Kara takes a candid photo before slipping her phone back into her pocket.

“One day,” Kara says as she slings an arm around Lena’s shoulders, “there’s going to be a full wall about you in here.”

Lena’s head jerks up to take in the different innovators highlighted on the walls. She turns to Kara with a smile to see that Kara has been watching her with complete adoration. “I’m sure a Supergirl exhibit will show up first.”

Kara shakes her head. “Nope. Not a chance.”

“This is one of those things that Alex and Maggie would bet on, isn’t it?” Lena avoids allowing the mood to turn heavy.

Laughing fondly, Kara kisses Lena’s temple. “Probably, but I would definitely win.”

“Confident, aren’t we?”

“I believe in you,” Kara says casually as if she were simply stating the weather conditions.

Lena’s breath is taken away, and she has to mentally force her lungs to breath again. “I’m still trying
to get used to that.”

“We have time,” Kara states with a smile and a shrug. She squeezes Lena’s shoulders in a one-armed hug.

“We have time,” Lena repeats, recognizing their reversed roles from the last time they exchanged those exact words.

“I think we’ve seen all of the exhibits we wanted to.”

“Do you want to see anything again, or do you want to start heading out?”

“We can start heading out?” Kara suggests as a question. “If we see anything we missed on the way out, we can stop.”

Lena nods. “Sounds good to me.”

Kara removes her arm from around Lena’s shoulders to grasp her hand instead. Both women are smiling as they walk down a colorful hallway. “Oh! Look!” Kara points out a group of young girls. “A field trip!”

With an amused chuckle, Lena watches the girls excitedly explore the exhibit. As if by unspoken consent, their steps slow to watch the children enjoy themselves. “They are fortunate to have a place like this to visit.”

“What do you think about the lack of women in STEM fields? You are probably one of the most influential women in technology, after all.”

Lena purses her lips. “I don’t know about that, but I do know first hand the women to men ratio. Intelligence isn’t inherent to one gender over the other, but not every young girl has the opportunity to see women in power in a variety of fields.” They stop walking, and Lena focuses on the group of girls. “The drive to be your best self has to come from inside, yes, but a spark of inspiration can ignite fierce determination if given.” When Kara is silent for a few moments, Lena turns back to see Kara with a smile and dampening eyes. “What?” Kara swallows the lump in her throat. She squeezes Lena’s hand before tugging her toward the group of girls. “Kara, what?”

Kara smiles and waves brightly at one of the teachers, whose eyes go wide. The teacher waves back after getting over her confusion. “Class field trip?”

The woman nods. “Do you work here?”

“Oh. No.” Kara laughs. “We’re just visiting like all of you.” Releasing Lena’s hand, she extends it to the teacher for her to shake. “I’m Kara. This is Lena.”

“Julia.” The teacher can’t help but smile in response to Kara’s bright smile.

She smiles as she looks around at the kids. “I never got to go on trips like this when I was in school.”

“This is our first trip here. We received a grant this year.” The teacher resigns herself to talking to this kind stranger. “It’s difficult to really do something like this as a public school.”

Something catches Lena’s attention, and she steps away with a polite smile. Kara nods thoughtfully at the woman. “That’s understandable.” She smiles. “Hopefully, there are some future scientists in the mix.”
“Hi.” Lena stands beside a girl intently reading one of the boards in the Doomsday Clock exhibit.

The girl turns to Lena with wide eyes, slightly startled, but recovers quickly. “Um, hi.”

Lena presses one of the buttons on the board, and they both turn to see the images it brings to the screen. “Why aren’t you playing with the interactive exhibits like everyone else?” She keeps her tone friendly while making sure not to get too close to the girl.

The girl shrugs. “This was more interesting.”

Kara and Julia turn to watch the encounter. A proud smile appears on Kara’s face. “Is that your girlfriend?” Julia asks.

Nodding, Kara doesn’t take her eyes off of Lena. “She’s the smartest person I know. When we saw your class, we started talking about female role models in STEM fields. She is well on her way to becoming one of the best.”

“She looks familiar.” Julia turns to Kara with narrowed eyes.

Immediately tensing, Kara prepares to defend Lena yet again. “Oh?”

The teacher looks back at Lena, pursing her lips in deep thought. “Was she on the cover of CatCo magazine not too long ago?”

Kara bites her lip, debating what to say. “She was.”

“I thought so.” The teacher’s tone is thoughtful, and it brings Kara’s eyes to focus on the teacher. “She’s the CEO of that big tech company, right?”

“She is.” Kara is still prepared to defend Lena.

The teacher turns to watch Lena and the little girl again. They are standing side by side, facing a display. Lena has her arms crossed, and the girl’s hands are on the button panel. “This is something everybody in the world should be worried about.” The girl’s voice breaks the silence, but her eyes remain on the display in front of her. “More people should focus on saving the earth.” Her tone shows that she believes this to be an obvious fact.

Lena’s nod is minute, but thoughtful. “If everyone thought that, the clock would be going backward.”

Silence descends upon them for several minutes until the girl speaks again. “Do you think that way?”

“I do.”

The girl turns and looks up at Lena. “Are you doing anything about it?”

Lena is completely taken aback by the sudden, direct question from a child that doesn’t even know her. Her head whips down to face the girl, and Lena can’t bring herself to care about the evident shock that ran across her features. She blinks several times before she can manage a response. “I do what I can.”

Nodding slowly, the girl turns back to the display - apparently satisfied with Lena’s answer. “I recycle paper at home.” Still watching the girl, Lena tilts her head. Her eyebrow quirks into an impressed expression. “I take boxes to school to collect paper. Every weekend, I recycle as much as I can. On Mondays, my mom and I take the recycled paper to different places around the city. Last
week, we took five boxes to an orphanage.” Lena’s breath catches in her throat. She tenses her jaw and turns back to the display. “She grew up there.”

The whispered declaration causes both of Lena’s eyebrows to shoot high up on her forehead. “It sounds like you are already on your way to changing the world.” Lena’s voice is soft, and she briefly wonders if Kara is listening to their conversation.

Stubbornly, the girl shakes her head. “It’s not enough.” She points to the hands of the clock.

Looking down, Lena tries not to see herself in this girl. She tries not to think of those exact words running through her mind every day. No suitable response comes to mind.

Fortunately, she’s saved from answering by a hand settling on her lower back. She smiles gratefully at Kara, who smiles back instantly. Kara doesn’t take her eyes off Lena’s as she talks to the little girl still staring at the display. “Even if what you do only helps one person, it will always be more than enough.” She looks down at the girl, who is now watching her. “If you find something you believe in, people will start believing in you.” She briefly turns to wink at Lena before kneeling down in front of the girl. “Even Supergirl had to start somewhere.”

The girl blinks at her a few times before nodding at Kara. She turns her attention back to the display yet again. Kara stands, and Lena’s hand immediately finds hers. “I don’t think I’d want to help people by having super powers,” the girl seems to say to herself. Lena squeezes Kara’s hand. “I like what heroes do, but I think it’s better to make things that change the world.” She points to the clock again. “That way there’s a world for the heroes to save.”

Kara and Lena turn to each other with smiles. Leaning close to Lena, Kara whispers, “Told you.” Lena smiles, keeping her eyes on the clock. One of the teachers calls the class to assemble to move on to the next exhibit. The girl turns to smile at Kara and Lena before walking away without a word. They watch the class disappear. Kara tugs on Lena’s hand. “Come on,” she whispers. Nodding, Lena follows Kara back in the direction they were originally going before their detour. The silence that settles over them is comfortable as both women get lost in their thoughts. Near the lobby, Lena sees a sign for something that piques her interest. Without saying anything, she draws Kara in that direction by their joined hands.

Lena leads them into the Whispering Gallery. She smirks at Kara before letting go of her hand. “You take this one.” She points to one of the whispering domes.

“Okay,” Kara agrees without question. She stands on the footprints and waits for Lena to walk to the dome on the other side of the room.

“Can you hear me?” Lena’s whispered voice reaches Kara’s ears as if she were standing right next to her.

Kara giggles, thinking that she could hear her without the dome. “I think we should really be asking if you can hear me,” she whispers back to Lena.

“Just tune out your super hearing. I’m sure you can.” Lena’s voice is teasing. Since their backs are facing one another, Lena can’t see Kara’s smile. “Is this what it’s like for you? Does it sound like people are right next to you when you use your super hearing?”

“Um… No. Not really. It carries differently. I can tell there’s a distance.”

“Interesting.” Lena goes silent for a few moments. “Thank you, Kara.” Her whisper is even softer. “This has been one of the most wonderful days of my life.”
Kara’s answering smile is blinding. “Lena.” She steps out of the bubble and crosses the room.

A pleased smile accompanies the shocked eyebrow raise on Lena’s face at suddenly seeing Kara. “Kara, what—”

Her question is cut off by a pair of strong arms engulfing her in a warm hug. Both women close their eyes with genuine smiles. They pull back from the hug, but keep their arms around each other. Lena smirks before closing the distance between their lips. The kiss is all too brief, but they are smiling when they separate. “I’m glad you enjoyed today, Lena,” Kara whispers.

“I always enjoy spending time with you.” Lena’s smile turns a touch mischievous. “Although, I wouldn’t complain if we were to have fewer kidnappings and assassination attempts.”

Kara throws her head back in laughter, allowing Lena to lighten the mood. “We can absolutely agree on that.” They turn when a few laughing teenagers walk into the exhibit. “So there was this place across the street I thought we could eat at.”

It’s Lena’s turn to laugh. “I was wondering when you would be getting hungry.”

Groaning playfully, Kara drops her arms from around Lena to grasp one of her hands. “Come on.” She tugs Lena’s hand and begins walking toward the lobby.

The restaurant Kara chose has a menu with options that greatly please both women. They share their favorite moments and exhibits of the day. When they finish eating, they pull out their phones to go through pictures and videos. Even the more teasing videos are laughed at and cherished.

“This one is my favorite!” Kara holds her phone up for Lena’s inspection. It’s a picture of the two of them that a kind woman offered to take when she saw them trying to properly angle a selfie. Kara and Lena look overwhelmingly ecstatic, and the lighting and colors surrounding them make their beauty even more captivating. Their conversation continues when they leave the restaurant. Lena’s arm is tucked into Kara’s as they walk down the sidewalk toward the alley they landed in when they got there.

Kara spins to face Lena when they stop in the exact same spot they landed. She opens her mouth to speak, but Lena speaks first. “Want me to time you?” One eyebrow elegantly raises.

“Yes!” Kara beams.


“What was my time?” Supergirl lands roughly on the asphalt, coming close to cracking the ground.

“Two seconds.”

Kara pumps her fist into the air. “Yes! New record!” She looks at Lena with a serious expression. “It’s a lot harder than it seems. It’s not just about going fast. If I don’t do the calculations just right, damages happen.”

“Well, alright then.” Lena adds the fact to her mental log of information she has about Kara.

“Here.” Kara holds Lena’s jacket open for Lena, who slides her arms into the sleeves. “Ready?”

“Take us home, Supergirl.”

Supergirl gently lands on Lena’s patio. The sun has begun its descent, and the sky is starting to take
on multiple shades of color. Finding her land legs, Lena pushes the hood of the coat off of her head. “Do you have to be anywhere?” Lena asks before Kara can start rambling or they have to figure out what to do next.

“Nope. I’m all yours today.” Supergirl smiles.

Lena bites her lip for a moment. “Would you like to eat some ice cream and pick up where we left off on Pretty Little Liars? We’re almost done with season two, and you haven’t guessed who A is… or at least who I’m sure A is.”

“Yes!” The alien practically vibrates with excitement. “I’m so in!”

The two settle on Lena’s couch with their ice cream. Kara has changed back into her normal clothes, but her shoes are on the floor by the couch. They are leaning against one another with Lena’s vicuna blanket covering their laps. Once the ice cream is finished, Kara places the cartons and spoons on the table. Her right arm instantly wraps around Lena’s shoulders as they melt into each other.


Lena chuckles, biting her lip. “You alright there, Kara?” She asks in a teasing voice. With the scene unfolding before them, Lena is now certain she accurately guessed the identity of A.

Kara brings her free hand up to pick at her lip, intensely focused on the television. “But… how?” Her eyes go wide when the reveal is finally made, and she turns to Lena to see her biting her lip to keep from laughing. “You were right, weren’t you?” Lena smirks in response, and Kara narrows her eyes with a crinkle. “Of course you were. Why did I bother asking?” She turns her focus back to the television.

When the finale of the season ends, they agree to stop for the night since they are both feeling the long day.

“I should go,” Kara whispers as the home screen of Netflix casts a glow over the room. Her right arm is around Lena’s shoulders, and her free hand is playing with the fingers of Lena’s left hand.

“Thank you again, Kara. Today was just…” She sucks in an audible breath. “I had a truly wonderful day with you.” Both sets of eyes are watching Kara’s fingers play with Lena’s.

“Good. I’m glad.” Kara smiles. “I had a great time with you, too.” The apartment settles into silence for a few moments. “I should go. I don’t want to keep you, since you have to go to work tomorrow.”

Lena wants to ask her to stay, but can’t convince herself to vocalize the desire. She nods thoughtfully before turning to smile at Kara. “Right,” she says quietly.

Kara stands up, tugging Lena into a hug. “Promise you won’t work too hard?”

“I’ll try.” Lena is smiling contently. Kara pulls back from the hug slowly, keeping her arms around Lena’s waist. A sly grin is on her face. Before Lena can say anything, Kara closes the distance between their lips. Lena’s arms tighten around Kara’s neck, leaving no air between their bodies. Kara slows the kiss and places several small pecks on Lena’s lips before resting her forehead against Lena’s. Blue eyes meet green, and Kara is biting her lip. “Fine,” Lena breathes out, “I promise.”

A bright smile forms on Kara’s lips before she leaves another quick kiss on Lena’s lips. “Yay!”

“Hard to hide anything from those eyes.” Lena quirks an eyebrow, but her lips don’t betray her emotions.
Kara’s laugh causes her to loosen her hold on Lena enough to give them a few inches of space. “Well I… Wait. Was that another alien joke?” Lena only smirks. “That was a Supergirl joke,” Kara says with a slack jaw and wide eyes. “How many alien jokes do have have hidden in there?” She asks as she tucks a loose strand of hair behind Lena’s ear.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Lena steals another breathless kiss. She steps back, grabbing one of Kara’s hands. “Guess you’ll have to wait and see.” Kara tries to pout, but Lena turns around and pulls Kara with her toward the elevator atrium. “You and that damn pout.”

Skipping to Lena’s side, Kara giggles. “You like my pout,” she says with a surprisingly smug tone. “You have no proof of that.” They stop in front of the elevator to face each other.

“I’m a reporter. I know how to gather evidence and sources. You just wait and see.”

“Then I guess we will both be doing some waiting.” Lena winks with a smirk.

“We have time.” Kara smiles brightly.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is moving slowly for me right now. I have about a week of vacation time from work. I'll be mostly working out and studying for my next belt test, but I promise I will try to get up at least two chapters! (I'm not at all regretting that promise. Nope. Not at all.)

I'm considering using Tumblr more. I haven't had it very long, and go on sporadically. I'll be posting stuff from here on there. Like the little tidbits and hints I have strewn in here, but won't delve into. I'll also start a running list of easter eggs and various hints I've thrown into the story that will come up later. https://catarinaelibeth.tumblr.com/

Almost forgot about the poll! Here are the top choices for the SuperCorp kid name:

Leah - light of the sun in Irish
Leia - homage to Katie’s love for Star Wars
Lori - Lena’s child in comics
Lara - combo of Kara and Lena

Comment your choice! The one with the most votes wins - I have zero say.
Chapter Summary

From the moment Kara and Lena became girlfriends, Lena prepared herself for the inevitable talks she would acquire from the many people in Kara's life. She knows it's going to happen. She expects it to happen with multiple people. She has accepted the distrust people automatically have for her. This wasn't what she anticipated.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was going to be longer, but I felt bad about making y'all wait. I'm still reading your comments as soon as they come in, and I respond when appropriate.

Stepping out of the elevator, Lena walks to her office with her phone in her hands and a smile teasing at the corner of her lips.

Sunshine Danvers: Yes! Absolutely! Can’t wait!

Lena Beana: I look forward to it too. I'll see you at 1.

Sunshine Danvers: Have a great morning, Lena! :D

“Miss Luthor.” Lena looks up to see Alana waiting outside of her office with a tablet in her hands.

“Good morning, Alana.” Lena smiles politely as she walks through the door Alana opens for her.

Alana follows her into the room. “There are a few pending changes to your schedule awaiting your approval,” she says as they walk toward Lena’s desk. Lena stands in front of her desk chair, and Alana takes up position on the other side of the desk. “The Board of Directors requested to move the meeting to this afternoon. Two are stuck in Metropolis this morning.”

No more explanation is offered, and Lena immediately not only knows which two board members are the culprits, but she knows they are more likely testing her authority and position than genuinely delayed across the county. As the only two outside directors, they are the most vocal against many of Lena’s decisions as the Chairman of the board. While Lena is immensely different from her brother and father, she found their concept of being both CEO and Chairman to be the best choice for her. Personally owning 51% of the company as well as being CEO, Lena has the inside and outside perspectives for the company. There are five people on the Board of Directors for L-Corp besides Lena, none of whom were around during Lex’s reign.

“Change it to the same time tomorrow morning.” She is aware of the slight power play, but the two men were recently notified that they will be under review by the stockholders soon.

Alana nods as she types the note. “Dr. Riaz and Dr. Mant from R&D have the prototype you asked
“Perfect. They can take the open meeting time this morning.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Is there anything else?”

“Yes.” Alana taps on the tablet a few times. “There was one more request for a meeting from outside L-Corp.”

---

**Clark Kent:** Hey, Kara. Can you come by tonight?

**Kara Danvers:** Sure! Is everything okay? I can come now if you need me!

**Clark Kent:** No, no. No rush. Just need your input on something.

Kara smiles absently at her phone as she twirls her desk chair several inches side-to-side. She can’t help but feel a flood of various emotions. Just a little over two years ago, she donned the cape and took to the hero life. Usually, Kara is the one to seek out her cousin’s advice or thoughts on matters.

**Kara Danvers:** Okay! When?

**Clark Kent:** Between 6 and 7.

**Kara Danvers:** I’ll be there!

Setting her phone down with a smile, Kara turns her attention back to the blank document in front of her. Her elbow rests on her desk as her fingers pick at her lip. Focusing on drafting questions for an article she intends to pitch to Snapper is proving to be quite difficult as Kara’s mind keeps formulating different possibilities for what her cousin wants to talk about with her. As far as she knows, there have been no new leads on the attack of the alien refugee warehouse. The conundrum has sparked Kara’s interest though, and she wants to start diving more into the investigative side of journalism. At dinner with Alex and Maggie before her first date with Lena, the detective told a story of one of her earliest cases she solved. Kara warmed up to the passion freely pouring from Maggie when she talked about her work in the Science Division. Since National City has one of the larger alien populations in the country, Kara thinks about writing an article on the different people around the city that work to integrate the alien population in various ways.

As Kara’s mind begins to remember how she came up with the idea for this article, she finds her focus narrowing to the task at hand. The words come easily when she thinks of Maggie’s passion for her job and the sight of the dead alien refugees. Several pages in, Kara is solely focused on her document.

The sound of a throat clearing draws her eyes from her laptop to the door of her office. “Lena!” A smile breaks out on Kara’s face at the sight of Lena casually leaning against the doorframe.

“New article?” Lena smirks and pushes off of the doorframe to walk closer to Kara’s desk.

“Hopefully!” Kara stands and walks around the desk to greet her girlfriend with a quick kiss. “I’m working on a pitch for Snapper.”

“I haven’t seen you so focused that you didn’t notice I walked into the room since the night you came over after fighting that huge forest fire.”
Kara groans and drops her head to Lena’s shoulder. “I could literally feel my stomach eating itself by the time I got to your place.” She picks her head back up to look at Lena. “Plus that chicken was amazing, and you told me to keep eating while you took that secret phone call.”

“Yes, but I didn’t think you would forget I existed after being gone for two minutes.”

“I would never forget you existed… I just didn’t hear you come back.”

“I could tell,” Lena says with a teasing voice.

Kara tilts her head as a thought comes to mind. “Now that I know you knew about the Supergirl thing, what you said about BBQ doesn’t seem so random.”

Lena laughs and grabs Kara’s hand. “Oh, Kara. There were so many times you made it so I just couldn’t help myself. Did you know that I used to count how many slip-ups you made?”

“There weren’t that many,” Kara insists.

“Kara… I stopped counting on your birthday after slip-up number 37.” Kara huffs with a small pout. “Do you remember how you told me you got to L-Corp at our first interview?”

“I played that off!” Kara’s eyes go wide. “I was really proud of that one!”

Instead of saying anything, Lena opts to steal a kiss. She feels Kara smile against her lips. They both pull apart with smiles on their faces. “Speaking of food,” Lena says as she holds up the bag in her hand.

“Do you want to go eat on the big balcony?”

---

**Kara:** Hey Alex! I’m heading to Metropolis to help Clark with something. I shouldn’t be gone too long though.

**Alex:** Everything okay?

**Kara:** I think so. He texted me this morning asking if I can come by.

**Alex:** Okay. Fly safe. Let me know if you need anything.

**Kara:** Will do! :D

Supergirl tucks her phone into the pocket under the clasp of her cape after checking the text from Clark about where they are meeting. She takes off from the roof of CatCo, heading east to Delaware. Once she gets above cloud level, she accelerates to her full speed. Five minutes later, she is slowing down to lower through the clouds and land on the roof of the Daily Planet.

While admiring the Daily Planet globe above her head, she hears a door open before footsteps begin coming closer to her. “Hey, Kal-El!” She turns with a smile. “What… Oh.” Her eyes widen in surprise when she sees who is smiling back at her. “Hi, Lois.”

With an amused chuckle, Lois closes the distance between them to pull Supergirl into a hug. “Hey, Kara.” She releases Supergirl and steps back to look at her.

“Umm.” Supergirl glances around with her confusion evident on her face.
“He’s not coming.” Lois smirks.

“What?” The crinkle appears on Supergirl’s forehead. “Is he okay? Did something happen?”

Lois is quick to reassure her. “Everyone is fine, babe. He doesn’t even know you’re here. I borrowed his phone this morning. Don’t worry though. I deleted the texts.”

“So… it was you that asked me to come?” Supergirl tilts her head. “Wh-why didn’t you just ask me yourself?”

Waving her hand as if brushing the question off, Lois laughs. “Where would the fun in that be?”

Supergirl lets out a small sigh. “Okay.” She drags out the word. “Um, are you okay?”

“Oh, I am so okay, babe.”

Nodding, Supergirl sucks her lips between her teeth. “Um.” She shuffles a little on her feet. “Am I supposed to guess why I’m here?”

“You spoil my fun.” Lois huffs out with a playful eye roll.

Supergirl shrugs. “You did just have me fly across the country without telling me why, so…” Lois purses her lips and scrutinizes the alien standing in front of her until she starts to squirm under the intense gaze. Supergirl is acutely aware that this is the most serious expression she has ever seen on Lois’ face, and the older woman’s heart rate is eerily steady.

Reaching a hand into her blazer jacket, Lois doesn’t break eye contact with Supergirl as she pulls out a pair of glasses. She holds them out to the hero. “Put these on.”

“What?” Supergirl only looks more confused, but takes the glasses into her hand.

Lois crosses her arms and narrows her eyes at Supergirl. “I need to talk to Kara Danvers… not Supergirl.” She pointedly draws her eyes down to the glasses before meeting Supergirl’s eyes again. Still unsure of what is happening, but trusting Lois, the hero places the glasses on her face. “Okay?”

“This too.” Lois tugs her blazer off and hands it to Kara.

“What?” Supergirl only looks more confused, but takes the glasses into her hand.

Lois crosses her arms and narrows her eyes at Supergirl. “I need to talk to Kara Danvers… not Supergirl.” She pointedly draws her eyes down to the glasses before meeting Supergirl’s eyes again. Still unsure of what is happening, but trusting Lois, the hero places the glasses on her face. “Okay?”

“This too.” Lois tugs her blazer off and hands it to Kara.

“Lois, is this really necessary?” She takes the blazer with a small roll of her eyes. Lois raises her eyebrows, but says nothing. Kara groans as she complies. “There. I can see why you’re a Pulitzer-winning reporter,” she grumbles. Lois winks at her. “Can you be done being cryptic now?”

“Lena Luthor.” Lois’ tone reveals not a trace of emotion.

Instantly, Kara’s entire body tenses. She hasn’t had to defend Lena since earlier this month, and Lois is the only person in Kara’s life that hasn’t jumped to conclusions with Lena. “What about Lena?”

She adjusts the glasses on her nose.

Lois stares into her eyes for several moments. “What’s going on with the two of you?”

Kara’s head shakily jerks in confusion. “Um, I-I thought you… I thought she told… um, we-”

“Breathe, bitch. I know you two are together. Yes, she did tell me, but I want to hear your side of things.”

“What do you mean?” Kara crosses her arms in defense.
A sly grin appears on Lois’ face. “How do you feel about her?”

“Um.” Kara fidgets with her glasses again. “I like her… a lot. She’s my best friend, and I care for her.” Biting her lip, she pauses to gather her words. “I did get… scared when it, um, hit me that my best friend is my girlfriend now. It’s just…” She let’s out a self-deprecating laugh with a shake of her head. “All of my other relationships started out with so much awkwardness and drama and uncertainty and weirdness.” She lets out a breath. “So I didn’t know what to do when I suddenly felt really comfortable being with someone without having to go through something crazy to get there. I still don’t.”

Lois laughs full-heartedly. She brings a hand to her mouth to help stifle the laughter. Once she gains control of her breathing, she smiles at Kara. “Babe, have you really forgotten how much crazy shit you two have been through? Come on, Kara. You two met because of a plane crash. Kara Danvers, you. She met Supergirl, you, when you saved her helicopter from being shot out of the sky.”

“That’s… true.” Kara laughs awkwardly. “Wait, how do you know about the helicopter thing?”

“Lena told me,” Lois says with a nonchalant wave of her hand. “The point here is that you two have been through some shit to finally end up together.” Kara nods. Lois’ voice becomes serious again. “So you really like her, huh?”

“I do.” A carefree smile comes onto Kara’s face.

Lois nods thoughtfully. “She’s an amazing woman, Kara.” Kara’s smile grows as her eyes brighten. “Don’t hurt her, Kara.” Lois’ tone is a swirl of emotions. Kara’s breath is completely taken away at the obvious care for Lena she can hear in Lois’s voice. Lois takes a step closer to Kara. “I know you and Lena relate to each other with many significant pieces of your lives, but… there’s one new, important facet to her life that… Even though she will be resistant to admit how much, she could use a support system.”

Kara furrows her eyebrows together. “I support Lena in everything.”

“I know you do, Kara. It’s amazing how much you care for each other. I just want to make sure you are aware of what this means for her.”

“What what means?”

“The two of you… Lena is knowingly dating a superhero - specifically the secret identity of a superhero. Being who she is, she already goes through more shit than anyone with a heart like hers should ever have to endure. She’s been hurt by her family and many others. I just hope you don’t get added to the list of people that have hurt her.”

“Um.” Kara adjusts uncomfortably under the intense gaze coming from Lois. “Is this… Are you…”

“Yes.” Lois steps closer again. “Kara, nobody respects what you supers do more than me. Don’t tell Smallville this, by the way, but… don’t underestimate how truly difficult it is to love one of you. I love you, and you are part of my family whether Clark and I ever get married or not, but you’ll need to ask Rao for help if you ever hurt Lena.”

“I would never want to-”

“I know, Kara. I do. Trust me. I just had to get that out there. You’ve been together a couple of weeks now, and I have no doubt that Lena will end up getting more of these talks than you, but I think she needs someone to speak for her more.”
Kara’s eyes go wide, and her jaw falls slightly. “I-I didn’t even think of that.”

“What?” Lois scrunches her eyebrows together in confusion.

“I’ve only told Alex to be nice to her. Well… I told her that before Lena and I started dating, but it should still hold… right? But I didn’t think of the other people that might try talking to her. Oh Rao! You don’t think they’ll threaten her, do you?”

“I wouldn’t put it past some of your family members, but I’ve also seen you yell at Jimmy with one of your Lena Lectures, so it’s a toss up.”

Kara rolls her eyes. “Oh no. You call them Lena Lectures, too?”

“Bitch, we all do.”

Cringing, Kara rubs the bridge of her nose with her thumb. “Really?”

“Well… I don’t know if Lena knows about them, but I figured she’s never witnessed one before.”

“No, and I’m okay keeping it that way. Alex has started to really warm up to her. If she can, I think there’s hope for everyone else.” She pauses and her face falls a little. “Maybe everyone… Does Kal-El know?”

Lois shakes her head. “It’s not my news to share, but I have been warming him up to Lena in general. When he came back from NC that first time, he had a few decent things to say about her, but it was more of a professional, at a distance kind of respect. He doesn’t see her as being like the other Luthors, but he still has moments where he thinks about Lex. He fought with Lex for almost a decade.”

“So you think I should wait to tell him?”

“I think that should be your decision, Kara. He’s your cousin. He’s your blood. You two have this very unique connection. I do know he will still love and care about you. You’re family.”

Nodding, Kara looks out over the Metropolis skyline. “I’m so glad he has you.” She turns back to Lois with obvious love in her eyes. “You’re family too, Lois.” She smiles. “I know we’ve never been great at keeping in touch, and we haven’t exactly spent all that much time together, but… I do consider you family. Deep down, Alex does too.”

“Thanks, Kara.” Kara pulls her into a tight hug. Suddenly, she starts laughing, and Lois pushes her back from the hug. “What?”

“Nothing. I just thought of something funny.” Lois raises an eyebrow at her to encourage her to explain. Kara laughs and adjusts her glasses. “Lois Lane just threatened Supergirl about her own Lois Lane.” Her crinkle appears as she replays what she just said to herself. “Did that even make sense?” She more asks herself than Lois.

Lois’ outburst of laughter shocks Kara. “Are you talking about the Lois Lane 2.0 and Super Babe thing?”

Kara’s eyes go wide, and she opens her mouth a few times to try to find her voice. “I- uh- You… How do you know about that?”

“How do you think, babe?”
“I didn’t know you two were close enough to share that kind of thing.”

“Oh, Kara. You have no idea. You are just now dipping your toes into the world of getting drunk.”

“You got my girlfriend drunk?” Kara’s voice raises in exasperation and shock.

“She is an adult that chose what and how much she drank.”

Kara shakes her head. “Do you use alcohol during your interviews?”

“One day, we should have a little reporter chat.” She winks. “Rule number three: do whatever it takes to get the story, babe.”

“I remember you saying that last month.”

“I’m surprised you remember that considering how drunk you got.”

“I was not that drunk.” Kara crosses her arms with a scoff.

“Kara… you drunkenly flirted with Lena through text. At one point, you ended up in my sister’s lap. I even had to threaten to sic Alex on you when you wouldn’t give me your phone.”

“I was not flirting with Lena,” Kara insists.

“That’s the only part you heard, isn’t it?” Lois’ voice is teasing.

“No,” she responds with a defiant pout.

“Sure.”

“Was I really in your sister’s lap?” Kara winces a little.

“I can’t make that shit up.”

“Oh no.” Kara groans.

“Don’t worry. It was very funny to see you scrambling to get up while Lucy’s eyes were wider than I’ve ever seen them.”

“Ugh, great. She already thinks I’m annoying.”

“That’s not true,” Lucy says reassuringly. Kara gives her a pointed look. “Okay, but not in a bad way. I think you two could have been really good friends if all this shit with Jimmy didn’t get weird, but that’s totally on him. Don’t get me started on that punk. Honestly, she does see you as a friend, but she’s really good at keeping people at a distance.”

“Oh.” Kara looks thoughtful.

“Will you keep an eye on her for me? I worry about her getting too lonely over there.”

Kara perks up with an idea. “Absolutely! I like Lucy! She did help me save my sister once, and we totally made a good team.”

Lois smiles. “I don’t think I’ve heard that story.”

“It’s not really a time any of us like to bring up, you know?”
“I get it.”

Kara’s phone buzzes in her pocket. She pulls it out and smiles when she sees Lena’s name with the text message notification.

“You’re sickeningly cute, you know that?”

“Huh?” Kara looks up with wide eyes.

Lois points to the phone. “Is that Lena?”

“How did y-”

“Your smile.”

“Oh.” She looks back at her phone while biting her lip.

“Go home to your girl, Super Babe.”

“Hey!” Kara looks up with a playful glare. “Only Lena can call me that.” A sultry grin spreads across Lois’ face. “No. I know that look. Don’t say anything.”

“I wasn’t going to say anything.”

“Sure.” Kara types out a quick response before putting her phone away. “I have-”

“Go on.” Lois smiles. “Your cousin should be getting back from Gotham soon. I’m sure you aren’t ready to explain what you were doing here just yet.”

Kara smiles gratefully as she takes off the blazer. She hands it to Lois before returning the glasses too. “Thanks, Lois.”

“For what?”

“For everything with Lena.” Supergirl hugs her.

Lois smiles when the hero steps back from the hug. “You don’t have to thank me.”

The hero beams at her. “Next time I visit, I want to hear about your other rules.”

Laughing, Lois waves at the hero. “We’ll see if you can handle them. Have a safe flight, Kara.”

“Bye, Lois.”

Supergirl’s take off leaves a breeze that pushes Lois’ hair off of her shoulders. She watches the hero soar out of sight. “Take care of her, Supergirl,” she whispers.

“Miss Luthor.” Jess’ voice comes through the intercom on Lena’s desk. “There’s a Miss Lane here to see you.”

Lena blinks in surprise, thinking Lois would have given her some sort of warning if she were in National City. “You can send her in, Jess.”

“Yes, Miss Luthor.”
Several moments later, the door opens. Jess holds the door open, but Lois Lane doesn’t walk into the room. Lena manages to control her features from showing her shock. Jess closes the door behind the visitor, who walks straight to Lena’s desk. Lena stands to greet her. “This is a surprise,” she says politely.

“Imagine how I feel.” Lucy Lane stops in front of Lena’s desk. “Mind if I sit?”

Lena gestures to the chair nearest Lucy. “Please do.” She sits at the same time as Lucy. “To what do I owe this unexpected visit?”

With a smile that seems to hide a touch of discomfort, Lucy removes the messenger bag from over her shoulder. “Kara,” she says as if that one word adequately explains her presence. She flips open the bag and pulls out a stack of forms. After straightening them in her lap, she places them on Lena’s desk. “She didn’t want Director Henshaw or Alex to come here, and it’s a conflict of interest for her to bring this for you to sign. It’s the non-disclosure for the super secret.” Lena raises an eyebrow in surprise. “Yes, Kara told me what happened with you two. She claims she wanted me to bring this because I’m a lawyer, but I find that difficult to believe. She was wearing the smile she gets when she’s trying not to say something that might hurt someone.” She pauses a moment in thought. “I know that look intimately.”

Lena’s heart rate picks up as she ponders the implications of what Lucy just told her. “Kara can be quite convincing with only a look. Let’s just say that I used to stay at work much later, but Kara has a routine down pat to get me out of this chair and in bed.” She leaves the innuendo open for interpretation, and she’s pleased to see the quirk in Lucy’s eyebrow.

“So you know that saying ‘no’ wasn’t exactly the easier choice, but I don’t mind.”

“No?”

Lucy shakes her head. “My sister had many good things to say about you, and you know what it’s like to be the little sister of someone with a rather popular name.”

“Although your sibling’s status is famous, while mine is quite infamous.”

Shrugging, Lucy crosses her legs at the knee. “We can’t control our sibling’s notoriety, but we can make a name for ourselves. From what I’ve seen, you’ve already been doing that.”

“As have you.”

“Right, so I think we’ve established some level of trust through our significant similarity. Would you like to discuss what’s in the NDA?”

Lena reaches forward and slides the document toward herself before opening it. She skims through the pages. “Do I really have a choice in signing this?” She looks up at Lucy with a raised eyebrow.

Lucy smirks. “Do you want an answer from Major Lane, the lawyer, or from a friend of your girlfriend? Even though I’m sure you know both answers already.”

“Which one would you want?” She smirks back at Lucy.

Switching which leg is on top, Lucy leans back in the chair. “Miss Luthor-”

“Lena, please.”

“Lena, you’re an intelligent woman, and I’m sure you have a hand in drafting your company’s
NDAs. Is it safe to assume your employees are required to sign NDAs in order to gain entry into your labs?” Lena nods. “I know you are aware of the DEO. They are protective of their secrets, which includes Supergirl’s civilian identity. While I don’t agree with the practice personally, they have been known to hold threats to Supergirl’s identity until it was handled.”

“I see.” Lena rests a hand on the papers.

“Now, Kara would never let that happen to you. Trust me. There are limits to even her reach, though. That NDA, specifically, is crafted especially for you.”

“Did she talk you into that?”

Lucy nods. “I agree with her though. You shouldn’t have to be at risk of be unlawfully detained even if I am of the belief you are unlikely to betray her.”

“So what is the adjustment made?”

“I added what I am about to tell you to the NDA. Don’t ask me how Kara convinced Director Henshaw to agree with it, because I have no idea. The Director of the DEO is a Martian, a fact I am sure you are aware of. Martians have telepathic powers. By signing this, you are permitting him to wipe Kara, Supergirl, and anything related to the DEO from your mind should you breach the NDA.”

Lena sucks in a breath at the thought of having every memory of Kara stolen from her. “If I ever break Kara’s trust, I won’t deserve to have any memory of her.” Both of Lucy’s eyebrows raise, and her jaw falls slightly. Without another word, Lena signs the document before sliding it back toward Lucy.

Lucy is obviously impressed. “It’s that simple?”

“It’s that simple.”

“You really care about her, don’t you?” Lucy tilts her head in genuine curiosity.

“I do.” Lena tenses her jaw, preparing for what she assumes to be a discussion about what would happen if she were to hurt Kara.

Lucy nods slowly with a thoughtful expression. “Good.” She bends down to her messenger bag and misses the look of surprise on Lena’s face. When Lucy sits back up, she pulls a small, black box with her. “There’s something else Kara asked me to do.” She uncrosses her legs as her fingers play with the box in her hands. “She would usually go to Winn for something like this, but you two are clearly being patient about telling people. My sister has one of these, so Kara went to ask her about it. Once it was ready, she brought it to me with the big speech. I’m not one for giving speeches myself, but I agree that you should have this.” She places the box on the edge of the desk before sliding it back toward Lena.

Hesitantly, Lena touches the box. She slowly opens it, and her eyebrows raise. “Something tells me there’s more to this than a fashion statement.”

Lucy actually laughs. “Honestly, I was surprised you didn’t already have one. No offense, but you get attacked a lot.”

An amused burst of laughter escapes Lena. “Hard to take offense to something that truthful.”

“Good point. Now that you are dating a Super, Kara is taking extra precautions in regards to your
safety. I know all about the danger my sister has gone through. She has never regretted it, but Clark is always concerned for her safety.” She points to the box. “That’s a signal bracelet. May I?” She gestures to the box.

“Oh of course.” Lena nods.

Standing, Lucy leans over the front of Lena’s desk to pull the bracelet out of the box. The silver, chain bracelet has a plated part of the band with “El Mayarah” engraved across it in an elegant script. “If you slide this plate,” Lucy says as she demonstrates the movement, “you can push this button if you ever need to call on Supergirl. It emits a frequency specific to you that can be picked up by super hearing. I know you have this whole ‘I’m a badass, not a damsel in distress’ thing going, but don’t be afraid to use it if you need it. Kara would just end up yelling at you if you don’t. Then she would find me to yell at me. It would just start this whole thing where Kara yells at everybody, and I’d really like to avoid that. I still have a hard time distinguishing Kara and Supergirl. I don’t need to have to deal with Kara getting Supergirl-level mad.” She hands the bracelet to Lena after closing the panel.

Lena slides the bracelet through her fingers. “I’m not sure which part of that to respond to first, so I’ll just settle on saying ‘thank you.’ I’ll try to keep Kara from yelling at you.”

“I appreciate that.” Lucy watches Lena put on the bracelet.

“I’m sure,” Lena says in a teasing voice.

“Excellent.” Lucy picks up the papers from Lena’s desk. “I’ve done what I came here to do.” She slides the documents into her bag and turns to Lena with a smile.

“You really just came to L-Corp to get me to sign papers?” Lena tries to sound nonchalant, although she feels disbelieving that she was initially wrong about the purpose of this conversation.

“And to give you the bracelet.” Lucy shrugs as she puts the bag back over her shoulder. “I don’t mind. Like I said before… I understand what it’s like to feel like you’re in the shadow of an older sibling. I hate being considered ‘the other Lane.’ I’m rooting for you, Lena.”

“Thank you, Lucy.” She stands to extend her hand to Lucy, who shakes it with a smile. “I know you intend to move out of National City and have a position within the military, but I have heard about your impressive feats and intellect. Should you choose to step away from your family’s expectations, I can guarantee you there is a place in National City that would be honored to have you.”

Lucy puts her hands on her hips with a smirk. “Needing help with intellectual property, Miss Luthor?”

“Major Lane, I would never insult your wide set of skills and experience. You should know…” Lena raises an eyebrow as she pauses for a moment. “L-Corp does not presently have a CLO.”

“Oh.” Lucy’s eyes go wide as her hands fall from her hips.

Lena hums in acknowledgement. “I do have a team doing the work right now, but I have yet to find a suitable candidate… until now.” She quirks an eyebrow. “Of course, National City is the home base for L-Corp, so it would have to be someone willing to live here at least nine months out of the year… with many travel opportunities.”

Lucy purses her lips as she thinks for a moment. “Let’s find a time to talk more.” A victorious smirk spreads onto Lena’s face. “I’m not saying ‘yes.’”
“But you’re not saying ‘no.’”

A smirk finds its way onto Lucy’s lips. “Have a good day, Lena.” She turns and begins walking to the door. With her hand on the door handle, Lucy looks over her shoulder at Lena. “Good luck being the Lois Lane of National City.” She winks before walking out of the office.

Laughing, Lena sits down on her chair. “Well that was something.” She shakes her head in amusement. Tapping her fingers on the desk, she wonders, not for the first time, which of Kara’s family and friends will be the first to have a discussion with her about her relationship with Kara. She thought it would have occurred by now. With a shrug, she turns her focus back to the reports on her laptop. Dr. Sanchez sent her new results, and she intends to spend the next week running experiments on mineral 143.

Her phone buzzes with a text from Kara about getting dinner. After an affirmative response, she runs a finger over the bracelet on her wrist. A fond smile plays at her lips. “The Lois Lane of National City, huh?”

Chapter End Notes

I love each and every one of you, and the support I have gotten from y’all on AO3 has helped push me to finally begin my own production company.

And again... sorry this is so short. I can hardly focus on anything else, but I PROMISE I am working on the long chapter for this story and three prompts for "Green Isn't Always a Weakness."

End Notes

Of all of the fan-made videos that have been out there, this is the only one that I have ever classified as truly beautiful. Excellent. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NX8OqDDn2eI

I post info and tidbits and hints on Tumblr @CatarinaElibeth. I do accept prompts.

Find me @CatarinaElibeth on social media, or my web series is @thebechshow and is our youtube.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!