Rivals - Book One

by rTracker

Summary

If it's Alex and Lena smut you are looking for, come on in.

The reviews are in!! Listen to what readers are saying about Rivals:

masterpiece…of plot, smut, romance, kink, and angst - charzbeirne

this is like a drug - Linda

Oh God its just killing me!!!!!!!!! - Louhaught

I'm completely hooked - Sadna

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST - bakedvick

I AM SHOOK - Danverss .

I need a cold shower - 0Montes_In_Ze1

impressed and amazed with this whole damn experience - KaseyZoom

Notes

Comments welcome and appreciated. :)

See the end of the work for more notes.
It was still pitch black out. The sun wasn’t due for another hour and a half. Kara flew to her apartment window and silently floated in, careful to not alert the neighbors. Or accidentally pull down her curtains - like that time last year when her phone rang and she answered it just as she was flying through the window and got tangled up in the curtains, ripped them out of the wall and crash landed on the floor completely balled up in them.

And would you believe Alex was the one calling her? And would you believe that Alex was calling her from inside Kara’s apartment? And saw the whole thing? Kara couldn’t see Alex because, you know, completely balled up in curtains on the floor. Looking like a curtain mummy. But she could hear Alex’s laughter. From two places. From within the room and from her phone.

Kara used her x-ray vision and say Alex hysterically laughing and crying and pointing at her. Seeing the girl of steel sitting on the ground like hapless curtain mummy. Alex had never seen anything so funny in all her life she started hyperventilating and had to avert eyes so she wouldn’t literally die laughing.

Kara could have easily used her super strength to tear her way out of the curtains, but she’d just bought them from Target and didn’t want to have to buy a new set. She loathed shopping to begin with and after having to replace her entire wardrobe after burning them during her Red K episode, Kara couldn’t even think about stepping inside another department store without breaking out into super hives.

The solution was to slowly and carefully figure out how to “reverse ball” herself out without damaging the curtains. Alex turned and saw the curtain mummy twisting and twitching, lifting arms this way and that to figure out the origami. Alex started hyperventilating again but at least this time was sane enough to reach for her phone. Kara used her x ray vision and saw Alex start to record the scene as it literally unfolded before her. Kara stopped for a moment, made a motion and said “Alex, I’m giving you the finger right now. You just can’t see it.”

This only served to make Alex laugh even louder and longer. And the laughter was still coming at Kara from two places, because her phone was still wrapped up against her head. One of the neighbors called the apartment landline to complain. Alex put the phone up to Kara’s mummified head Kara apologized for the noise and promised that it would never happen again.

Alex laughed so long and hard that morning that her face and stomach muscles were pained for the rest of the day. Kara didn’t remember how she even got out of those curtains. But she always remembered to silently and oh so carefully fly through her apartment windows.)

Kara slipped in with such stealth and grace that when her feet padded to the ground even a mouse wouldn’t have noticed.

But Alex wasn’t a mouse. She was there waiting for Kara. And had been waiting for hours.

“Where have you been?”

The truth was...Kara had been with Lena all night. But Kara didn’t want to tell Alex that. Because then she might ask what her and Lena were doing. And Kara knew Alex would just plain freak.
Kara could barely wrap her own mind around it. Forget explaining it to someone else. Kara decided she could not, would not tell Alex.

“I was out. I can go out, can’t I?”

“Obviously you were out. Out where?”

Kara and Alex continued to exchange tense words. Kara accused Alex of acting like her parent. Alex played the concern card. Kara wondered what Alex was doing in her apartment in the first place. Alex explained that the power went out in her building and she needed a place to stay. “Why didn’t you stay at Maggie's?” “Because she was working an overnight shift and we haven’t exchanged keys yet. Do you not want me here?” Kara sighed. She loved her sister so much and explained that she just needs some privacy. Alex volleyed back that they both gave that up once they became a DEO agents.

Kara walked away from the conversation. She went into her bedroom and started to change into pajamas. Maybe she could get a few hours of shut eye before her meeting with Snapper at 10am.

Alex calmed herself. I mean, Kara was home. And safe. That’s all she really wanted to know. But Alex being Alex had questions. Alex followed Kara and peppered her with them. “Well, were you out fighting crime? Where were you?” Alex stood in Kara’s bedroom door waiting for answers.

Kara sighed as she found her favorite pair of flannel pjs - the ones with a repeating print of golden retrievers at play. Kara turned her back to Alex as she started to undress. It was easier to tell her the truth without looking at her. Looking down at her shoes as she started to untied them. “I was with Lena.”

Alex was surprised.

“Lena Luthor?”

“Yes. Lena Luthor.”

Kara pulled her shirt off. Her back was covered in bruises and welts.

Alex gasped.

“Lena is my friend, Alex. I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t gasp every time you hear her name.”

Kara had no idea the bruises were there.

A few days ago, Lena had created a compound to mimic the effects of a very mild version of Kryptonite, so that Kara could...feel more. It quickly became a staple in their evening play sessions.

Alex didn’t know what to say. Her heart was beating a million miles a minute but something told her to keep quiet.

Kara strung together a quick lie. “We were...watching movies. And I... fell asleep on her couch. I forgot...that I put phone was on silent.”

Kara slipped the pj top over her head. The bruises disappeared under a montage of prancing puppies on flannel.
Kara turned to face Alex. “It was totally innocent.”

Alex knew Kara was lying. Kara was the worst liar in the world. Alex figured, one good lie deserves another.

“Okay. I’ll drop it. I’m just glad you’re home safe.”

Kara smiled wide and slipped under her bedcovers, not knowing that Alex wasn’t dropping anything.

Alex always had a bad feeling about Lena Luthor. It was high time she finally confronted her.

Chapter End Notes

Smut starts in chapter 2
Chapter 2

Alex spent all day at the DEO, stewing over Lena Luthor and basically being a moody bitch to everyone, especially Winn, who eventually made up some excuse about needing to check on the servers so he could flee to the basement and escape Alex’s withering gaze.

By day’s end, Alex had spent so much mental energy being furious at Lena, thinking of what to say to her, what to yell at her, how to accuse her, how to get the truth out of her, finding out WHY and HOW Lena gave Kara those welts on her back...honestly Alex was spent.

She started to think about all the things that could go wrong if she confronted Lena. What if Kara wasn’t even with Lena - what if that was part of the lie? What if Kara found out Alex was sneaking around and accusing Lena? If Kara found out she’d be furious.

Almost on autopilot, Alex drove to L Corp, still wearing her uniform. Switched her badges from DEO to FBI and headed up the elevator. It was 8 o’clock. Maybe Lena wouldn’t even be there. Alex almost hoped she wouldn’t be.

Jess escorted Alex into Lena’s office. Lena was working at her desk, typing away at her laptop.

“Ms. Luthor? Alex Danvers here to see you.” Lena didn’t even look up. “Thank you, Jess. Alex, please have a seat. I’ll be right with you.” Lena kept typing. “Jess, do I have any more appointments today?” “No, Miss Luthor.” “See you tomorrow, then.” Jess left with a spring in her step, glad to be heading home before 9pm, closing the office door behind her. Alex just stood there waiting. So much for storming into Lena’s office with fire and brimstone.

Alex didn’t sit down. She knew to have power in this situation she’d have to remain standing.

Lena finished her email and hit send. She looked up at Alex. “Hello Alex. What can I do for you?”

There was an electricity between the two them. The electricity of mistrust. The electricity shared between two rivals. You see, they were both Kara’s number one. Alex for longer. And because she was family. Lena was the shiny new, brilliant gorgeous friend. Kara chose her. And lately, now that Alex was spending so much time with Maggie, it was as if Kara had...replaced her with Lena. The two of them were each keenly aware they played very similar roles and neither knew who was #1. Kara wanted everyone to feel #1. That might have been possible on Krypton, however both Alex and Lena knew that on earth there was only one winner. One #1.

“You can tell me where you were last night, who you were with and what you were doing.”

Usually Alex tried to stave off her dirty looks and play nice. Lena was surprised at Alex’s tone of open enmity, but quickly regained her composure.

“Is this an official FBI investigation? Do I need my attorney?”

“Only if you have something to hide.”

Lena realized instantly that Alex didn’t know anything about what happened last night. Lena had all the power. Whatever this little cat and mouse game was, Lena was already enjoying it - because she was winning.

“It sounds like you've talked with Supergirl?”
“Yes.”

“Yes,”

Then what else do you need to know?”

Lena got up from behind her desk. Slinking around the side of it until she was mere inches from Alex. Lena seemed to have an uncanny ability to suddenly charge all the atoms in the room with sexual tension.

Inside, Alex started to wither. Lena’s raw sexuality was powerful. Even to Alex. She was intimidating. Her beauty. Her brains. The world constantly scorning the evils of all things Luthor contrasted with Kara continually singing the praises of all things Lena. Alex puffed herself up and reminded herself why she was here in the first place.

“How did Supergirl get those bruises on her back?”

Lena almost went pale. She would have never expected for anyone to see those marks on Supergirl. They should have been gone at the first blush of sunlight. Alex studied Lena’s face and saw guilt.

“You did that to her?”

"Funny, I didn't know Supergirl worked with the FBI."

"Well, she does."

Lena looked like she was about to laugh out loud. "That's lucky!"

Alex couldn't tell if Lena was serious or mocking her. This was the exact type of Lena Luthor behavior that Alex couldn't stand.

Alex rushed right up to Lena and grabbed her, locking her hands around Lena’s upper arms. Alex looked menacing, Lena’s composure barely changed at all. She’d been grabbed by FBI agents, Lex, criminals, board members. So many people have grabbed Lena that by 18 she had a concealed carry license in 20 states, owns several handguns and has a taser within three feet of her person at all times. Alex grabbing her was nothing. Lena looked down at her breasts pressed up against Alex’s. This is interesting, thought Lena.

Alex didn’t let go. She wanted Lena to know she was serious. Because Lena didn’t seem to be taking this very seriously.

Lena looked at Alex’s hands, their firm grip, the anger and passion in Alex’s eyes. And somehow all of this made Lena incredibly turned on. She looked at Alex’s face - rosy lips and flushed cheeks, piercing eyes. She knew Alex had recently come out of the closet. She knew Alex probably wasn’t very experienced.

Lena started to feel like the wolf stumbling across little red riding hood. She immediately came up with a plan to have a little fun with the agent.

Lena spoke coolly, “I’m happy to explain everything to you.”

That’s what Alex wanted to hear. Finally she had the upper hand. Alex let Lena go.

Lena walked over to her safe. Punched in a few numbers. It clicked open. Lena pulled out a long thin case and brought it before Alex.

“What’s that?”
Lena opened the case and inside was a long black baton with a handle on one end and a flat rectangle on the other. Alex was having a hard time understanding. Lena explained. “It’s a riding crop.”

Lena pulled the crop out of it’s case and caressed it. Alex was mesmerized by the sensual movements of Lena’s fingers as they traced along the thin baton. Lena put the handle of the crop in her left hand and opened the palm of her right hand.

“This is what happened to Supergirl.”

In a lightning fast motion, Lena brought the crop down on her own palm, demonstrating the satisfying SMACK sound it made when it connected with bare flesh.

The crop left a slight but distinct red mark on Lena’s palm. It was the exact same size and shape of the marks on Kara’s back.

Alex fell backwards into the chair that faced Lena’s desk. Her eyes were opened wide. Staring up at Lena who, in her skirt and stilettos and high pony tail now looked nothing like a CEO and everything like a dominatrix.

Alex turned bright red, dropped her head in her hands and started muttering. “Oh my god, oh my god. You two are...you’ve been having...”

Lena leaned against her desk, still looming over Alex. “I’m afraid I’m not a very forgetful person.”

Alex looked up at Lena with pleading eyes. “I don’t want to hear about how you...how you beat Supergirl with that...thing.” Alex looked disgusted. And afraid.

Lena was loving every single moment of this. She had bested her rival. Alex was a puddle before her. There was something so satisfying about it that Lena didn’t want it to end.

Lena looked at the crop with love and admiration. “This isn’t a weapon, Agent Danvers.”

Lena took the crops paddle in hand, then dangled the handle of the crop inches from Alex’s hands. Offering it to her. “It’s a tool. And when used properly it can be very useful.”

Alex’s head was spinning. The electric air between them had gone from anger, to innuendo to confession to instruction.

Alex’s hands instinctively grabbed the leather handle. The feel and weight of the object felt somehow...right.

Alex raised the crop so that she could smack her own hand - just like Lena had done - but Lena said, “No no no.” Alex stopped her motion, the crop hanging in mid air. Lena continued, “You need to learn how to use this. It’s very powerful. And it’s power doesn’t come from how hard you can smack it.”

Alex loved learning about new weapons, medicines, technologies. She was immediately captivated by Lena’s instructions.

“Let’s start with something simple.” Lena thought for a moment. “Take the crop and...slowly...put the paddle inside one of my knees.” Alex looked at Lena wondering where this was going. Lena continued, “Then by using just a little bit of pressure, you gently indicate that you want me to...spread my legs for you.”
Alex felt a hot bolt of heat shoot right down into her center.

Lena waited to see what Alex would do.
Chapter 3

Alex and Lena locked eyes. Lena was challenging her rival in a new type of game. Would Alex refuse? Refusing would be admitting that Lena Luthor had bested her again. Maybe if Alex played the game and won, she’d be back on equal footing.

As she watched Alex contemplate her next move, Lena couldn’t help but feel hopeful. She wanted Alex to play with her. She wanted power over her. She wanted to know why Kara loved her so much.

Alex saw that Lena’s eyes were no longer teasing. She looked full of genuine desire. She wanted Alex to...use the new tool on her. She couldn’t have been more explicit. Now it was up to Alex if this little scenario would continue.

If it wasn’t for years and years of police training, Alex might have blinked. Might have let her nerves get the best of her. Might have chuckled or made a joke or turned away in shame. But her instincts had been honed to “take the shot.” Alex slowly put the tip of the crop on the top of Lena’s right knee. Then slid the flat panel to inside Lena’s knee. Lena’s heart was beating deep and fast. Alex looked up at her, locking eyes with the Luthor. Lena felt Alex gently but firmly press the crop against her knee. Beckoning her to spread herself open. Lena’s lower lip opened just a tinge, an almost imperceptible quiver as her right thigh went open at the crop’s insistence. Alex looked down to watch. Then, as if she was holding a magic wand, lightly moved the crop to other other knee. And with a feather light touch, gently moved that one open, too.

Alex had spread Lena open as wide as Lena’s skirt would allow, just a few inches above her knees. It looked lewd. And Alex enjoyed the view. Lena was about to give Alex another suggestion but it wasn’t necessary. Alex delicately took the crop and placed the head of it directly against the skirts taut hem. Then with another feather light motion, gently pushed it in an upward direction. With almost lazy eyes, she looked back at Lena to make sure Lena understood the command.

Lena tried to not move too much, keeping her position leaning back against the desk, legs spread just a certain amount, as she took her hands and started hiking her skirt up, inch by inch. Alex kept the crop in position, continuing to command that the skirt keep going up further and further.

Lena didn’t stop looking into Alex’s eyes. It was obvious to Alex that Lena really got off on eye contact. Maybe because as a Luthor, many people turned away from her. Alex enjoyed looking deeply into Lena’s eyes as Lena followed orders. Lena tried not to pant as she twisted her hips, hiking the skirt over her ass and hips until it was just on her waist. Lena was wearing emerald green lace panties which pulled tight against a clearly visible full sized set of lips. Alex immediately wanted to take her fingers and caress them through the smooth silky fabric but the sound of Lena’s voice broke the spell.

“See anything you like?”

Alex looked away from Lena and looked at the crop. “You’re leaning against the desk, but I want you sitting on it.” Alex looked at Lena. Before Lena had a chance to obey, Alex repeated the command, with more authority. “Get your ass on that desk.” Lena pushed herself up on the desk. Alex took two quick steps towards Lena. “Take your shoes off.” Alex slapped the crop against the stiletto heel. CRACK. Lena took that stiletto off. Alex slapped the crop against the other heel. CRACK. Lena quickly took that heel off. Discarding the $1000 shoes on the floor without a
seconds hesitation.

Alex placed the flat head of the crop on the bottom of Lena’s foot, guiding it up until it was on the desk. Then used the crop to guide the other foot up until it was also on the desk. Lena had to put her arms and hands behind her to keep her balance. She was well and fully spread open for Agent Danvers. But not enough for Alex’s liking. She put the crop against each of Lena’s thighs until she was as wide open as possible.

Lena had never been spread so far open for someone before. She could feel her lips and clit pressing against her panties. She hadn’t even been kissed. Her bra and shirt were still on. Hell, technically her skirt was still on. Lena was most definitely enjoying every moment of this.

So was Alex. Maggie and Alex had plenty of sex. And it was great. It was loving. Maggie was caring. And sexual and sensual. But...but not like Lena. Maggie was small and compact, eager to please and eager to teach. All of Maggie’s eagerness and swagger somehow felt like a child pretending to be a grown up compared to Lena. Lena’s full milky thighs, her ample breasts, her long deep breaths, her patience, her daring. Lena was a woman and understood the carnal pleasures that the female body could attain...and give.

Alex took the crop and glided down the buttons of Lena’s shirt. Lena wasn’t sure if this was instruction or not. The crop kept gliding down until it’s head was pressed flat up against the green panties - directly over Lena’s clit. Alex put a nice amount of pressure and started making deep circles with it over the silky fabric, fingering Lena’s clit with the crop. After a few deep swirls, which Lena obviously found pleasureable, Alex looked Lena deep in the eyes and said, “Better get comfortable because this is all you’ll be getting for a little while.”

Lena leaned back to relax herself into the exquisite teasing. Somehow her legs spread even further. Alex kept pressing and swirling the crop against Lena’s clit. The silk fabric pushing against her clit felt so, so good. Lena’s hips bucked in time with Alex’s rhythmic swirling. Alex enjoyed watching Lena enjoy the sensations. So much so that Lena’s breathing turned into a type of cooing. Lena’s breath started to form words. “Ooh. Oooh.” Matching each swirl. Lena’s head fell back and Alex saw her Lena’s eyes half close as she started to fall deeper and deeper.

Seeing that she was losing Lena to reverie, Alex lifted the crop less than an inch from Lena’s panty covered clit and brought it down against it with a feather light *smack*. Lena’s eyes flew open as the electric sex shocks pulsated through her clit and her whole body. Alex raised the crop and used it to flick at the top button of Lena’s shirt. “I want to see those Luthor tits.”
Chapter 4

Lena brought her hands to the top button of her blouse and slowly undid it. Then the next one. And the next one. Alex’s gaze traveled all over Lena’s decolletage. Once the shirt was unbuttoned completely, Alex was breathing heavy. She looked up to see Lena cocking an eyebrow, then with the tips of her fingers, pulling the blouse to the side and revealing the white lace bra that could barely hold in Lena’s magnificent breasts.

Alex swallowed hard. Lena smirked. Alex smirked right back and said, “Can’t afford a matching set?” Lena laughed. “I wasn’t expecting company.” She raised her eyebrows some more and continued. “But you’re right, white’s not exactly my color.” Lena reached behind her and unclasped the white bra. She thought about removing her bra and dangling it in front of Alex, but then thought against it. Too “stripper role play.” There was something real and raw about this scene. She wanted to see what Alex would do next, without prompting her. Instead, Lena slid the bra straps down her arms and leaned all the way forward until the bra slipped all the way off and down to the floor.

Lena’s legs were dangling off the desk, her hands clasping at the desk’s edges. She leaned her chest forward, arching her back a little so that her breasts were in full view. Without words, Lena was inviting Alex - nay, daring Alex - to take them any way she wanted them.

“Here they are,” said Lena.

Alex was standing there, mesmerized, but Lena’s voice brought her back.

With a hint of disdain in her voice, Alex said, “I bet you’d love to have my mouth on them. Wouldn’t you?”

“Yes.”

The reply was so plain. No passion. No breathy exhortation. Just the truth. This might have been the most truthful thing anyone had ever said to Alex. It was exhilarating.

“Then show me. Give them to me. I want you to put one in each hand and offer them to me.”

Lena was more than pleasantly surprised with this little bit of dominance and desire. Lena cupped each of her breasts, giving each a little squeeze so the top of her tits and nipples heaved toward Alex. Lena felt her clit ache as heat and blood ran towards her nipples.

“Go ahead and give them a little flick. Make them hard for me.”

Lena’s mouth went dry at this and she licked her lips as her fingers started to pinch and roll at her nubs until they were rock hard for Alex. Then Lena gently caressed her finger directly across their tops. This was obviously a very sensitive spot for Lena, as her hips and back ached and arched a little as she lightly fingered her nipples for Alex.

Alex wanted them in her mouth, but this little show Lena was putting on was too good to stop. With her eyes watching Lena’s fingering, Alex’s hand reached into her utility belt and unclasped something. Lena was wondering what it would take for Alex to finally touch her when suddenly there was the sound of a metal click. Lena looked down and Alex was holding a 3” utility knife in her right hand.

Lena stopped touching herself immediately. She looked...not afraid...tentative. Alex tried to calm
Lena by softening her approach. Her tone was caring and almost charming when Alex said, “You know what? Green isn’t your color either.” Alex looked at the panties. Then at the knife. Then at Lena. Lena realized Alex wanted to cut the panties right off of her. Alex waited for permission. Lena took a moment to consider this. There was flicker of emotion that washed over Alex’s face. Regret. Alex wondered if she’d gone too far. Lena could see that Alex was still the submissive in this game. Lena was still calling the shots. ALL of them. Lena opened her legs.

Alex carefully, tenderly lifted each side of the waistband and, using the knife to cut away from Lena’s body, sliced clear through until the front panel of the panties slowly fell forward, exposing Lena’s wet (and very much smelling of sex) pussy. A trail of slick juice ran from Lena’s slit to the panties that were pressed up against it a moment ago.

Alex was still holding the knife. Lena spoke, “We’re done with that now. Put it away, please.” Alex did as she was told, closing the knife carefully and sheathing it back in her utility belt. Alex was a bit lost. No knife. No crop. Just her hands. Alex took a few tentative breaths and placed her hands on Lena’s knees. It was the first time she’d touched Lena all night. Save for when she was violently grabbing at her arms. Alex caressed Lena’s knees and opened them at the same time. Then caressed Lena’s thighs until Alex’s hands were at Lena’s hips. Lena’s pussy lips floated open as she widened.

“Up.” Said Alex. Alex took the panties in one hand and guided Lena’s hips up with the other. Alex slid the panties out from under Lena and then brought them to her face to smell them. Alex would remember that smell for the rest of her life. With one hand she put the panties in her back pocket. The other hand pushed down on Lena’s chest and until Lena was flat on her back, lying on the desk with her hips flush to the edge so Alex could...begin.

Lena was so ready for it. All of it. What she wasn’t ready for was the teasing. “You were afraid of my knife? Lena Luthor is such a sensitive little flower. I’ll be sure to be gentle.” Lena started to roll her eyes, but then felt the soft tip of Alex’s tongue gently graze the opening of Lena’s soft wet slit. Lena inhaled. Then Alex wet her lips, tenderly puckered them and kissed right on Lena’s clit. Making sure to make loud sweet kissing sounds after each tender rosebud shaped kiss.

Lena had never been kissed like that before, down there. Wet puckered lips, noisy luscious smacking sounds. In between kisses Alex would occasionally softly blow on Lena’s clit. Lena was going crazy. “Who knew you were so sweet and sensitive, Lena Luthor?”

Lena balled her hands into fists. She was about to grab Alex by the hair and start grinding her pussy against Alex’s face. Finally, Alex’s hot wet mouth engulfed Lena’s clit and started sucking on it. Lena was in ecstasy. At last. She was going to get the sucking of her life from this newly gay lass with 35 years of pent up desires.

Lena was right. Alex’s soft wet mouth and tongue couldn’t get enough, applying just the right amount of pressure, swirling around Lena’s clit, sucking and licking at it like a delicious piece of hard candy. 60 more seconds of this and Lena would have come in Alex’s face no doubt about it. But after what seemed like mere moments of bliss, Lena’s clit was no longer being sucked on. Alex’s tongue had gone flat, licked all the way down Lena’s wet hot slit and slid deep inside her hole. Alex grabbed Lena’s hips for leverage as she shoved her tongue in deeper and deeper, giving the Luthor a proper tongue fucking.

Lena grabbed Alex’s hair and started riding Alex’s face the best she could. Alex pulled away and moved back to the clt. Sucking it. Then sliding her tongue back down the slit for a few more deep licks of Lena from the inside. This continued until Lena, almost breathless, said, “Put your fingers inside me and suck on my clit.” Alex did just as she was told. Her fingers slipped inside, her mouth
simultaneously working Lena’s clit. Lena immediately started to feel the sensations of orgasm build up. “Don’t stop. Don’t stop.” Alex didn’t stop, she was fingering and sucking fast and hard until Lena’s whole body shook with orgasm. Alex felt Lena’s pussy clench tight around her fingers. She lifted her face and watched Lena’s neck throw her head this way and that as her hips rode out wave after wave...

Lena finally opened her eyes. The look on Alex’s face was familiar. It was the look that said, “Holy shit. I just fucked Lena Luthor.” Lena didn’t mind. She was more than satisfied. And knew there was more fun in store.

Lena looked at Alex and said, “Take those clothes off now. I want to feel your skin against me.”
Alex paused for a moment and starting tearing off her uniform. She pulled her top off, revealing a very lackluster sports bra. There was a glint in Lena’s eyes as she mentally filed this little piece of information away for later use, probably to tease and torment the agent. The bra took a bit of maneuvering for Alex to get up and over her head. Then Alex looked down at her utility belt and started unclasping it in three different areas.

“Agent Danvers, this is taking an eternity.”

Alex looked up guilty. It *was* taking an eternity and there was still her pants and work boots to go. Lena sighed, slid off the desk, walked up to the bare-chested Alex and pressed up against her. Their flesh, their breasts, their nipples touching for the first time. Lena’s hands traveled up Alex’s back, caressing, feeling her skin, her muscles, her bones. Alex ran her hands up Lena’s sides, catching the outermost parts of her bosoms, then exploring the soft skin of Lena’s upper arms and shoulders...when suddenly she felt the tips of Lena’s fingers slide down her back and dip just below the waist almost touching Alex’s ass.

“Keep undressing. I’ll be right back.”

Lena pulled away and Alex watched as Lena sauntered to her office washroom and closed the door behind her.

Alex got to work on removing her boots. Frantically tugging at the double knots. Why did I double knot!? She thought to herself. Probably because she was so angry that morning. Angry at Lena Luthor. And now here she was in Lena’s office - getting naked for her! One boot off. Alex worked at untying the other knot. This is crazy. This is the craziest thing I’ve ever done in my life, she thought. The knot was undone. She kicked the boot off. Stood up, undid her hands, slid them down, stepped out of them. And then - suddenly - it hit her.

As she stood in Lena’s office. Alone. Wearing just her underwear. Her clothes, boots, badge, pants - all strewn about. Nearly naked (she still had her underwear on) and waiting on Lena to return. In this moment of raw vulnerability, Alex realized….just….how….stupid….this.....was.

For starters:

What if Kara standing on the balcony right now, as Supergirl?

Alex whipped around to the large windows behind her. Supergirl was not there. THANK GOD.

But the windows had no curtains. And the light from Lena’s desk lamp was bright enough so that anyone with a telescope from any of the hundreds of high rise windows that faced Lena’s suite could be watching. Alex rushed to the lamps around the room, turning them off one by one. Alex rushed to Lena’s desk and turned the desk lamp off. The room turned considerably darker. All that was left were a few small recessed lights pointing to artwork and the light in the fish tank in the corner.

Fish tank?

How could I not notice there’s been a fishtank in here this entire time? I’m a trained DEO agent. I’m supposed to see everything. Alex started to feel far beyond exposed. She felt….stupid. And weak. Alex hated those feelings more than anything.
Suddenly the image of Maggie appeared in her mind. Sweet, loyal Maggie smiling at Alex as Alex walked into a room. With Maggie she never felt those feelings. Maggie in a prom dress, on Valentine's. Maggie behind the pool cue, looking up at her with rascal eyes. Maggie saying, “I love you, Danvers.”

Alex got a pit deep in her stomach. She heard the water stop running in Lena’s restroom. Which somehow made everything feel extra silent. And made her feel extra sick.

Lena opened the door and sauntered out, immediately noticing the lighting in the office was considerably darker.

“Mood lighting. I like it.”

Lena smiled and walked towards Alex like a Panther towards it’s prey. Alex wasn’t sure what to say or do. Just as Lena got close, Alex backed away.

“This was wrong.”

Rejection. It stopped Lena in her tracks. Somehow everything had changed during her trip to the bathroom. The rejection always devastating. More than she could handle. Which is odd since she’s been getting it her whole life from...everyone really. Mothers, teachers, classmates, lovers, co-workers. Everyone but Lex. Until he went off the rails. Lena always blamed herself for not seeing it coming. Because - that’s what happens in her life. People reject her.

Lena started, intellectualizing, distancing, criticizing. These were her coping techniques and the thoughts raced through her head.

As a Luthor, I’ve had to put up with so many wrong things and still carry on... To think that Alex Danvers - an FBI agent! - would give up in the middle of this one time opportunity to indulge in some self reflective moral quandary bullshit was what really, really, REALLY irritated Lena. More than anyone, Alex Danvers should know how to commit and to finish something even when...parts of it...seemed wrong. As an FBI agent, she literally does morally ambiguous things for a living! Like lying to entire groups of citizens about the activities of their own government, for starters!

Alex couldn’t help but notice the annoyance on Lena’s face. She suddenly looked exactly how Alex imagined a Luthor would look.

Lena was adept at reading microexpressions and quickly turned her countenance of annoyance to that of a more studied, placid expression. She certainly wasn’t going to beg Alex to continue their little evening. Lena never begged. For anything. And certainly not for someone to love her. Not that this was love. But it was something...real. And Lena was...mad at herself for not having seen that it had ended already.

Lena pointed at the door.

“You can leave how you came in.”

Lena had a signature way of throwing people out of her office. There were always people who had issues with her, her company, her family. Instructing people to leave was second nature to her.

Alex just stood there. She hadn’t expected that her statement...her realization...about this...encounter....would lead to an abrupt ejection. Although where did she think it would lead to? A discussion about monogamy and broken promises with Lena Luthor? Alex shaked her head a
few times to get rid of the brain fog that had obviously taken over.

Bored with her companion’s inner turmoil, Lena walked over to her couch and had a seat.

Unfortunately, Alex couldn’t simply just storm out of the office. She was all but naked. Getting dressed again was going to take another eternity, Alex realized ruefully. Thank god she was still wearing her underwear! Alex walked over to her clothes and started gathering her boots, her socks, her bra, her shirt, her belt and her badge up from the floor. When she picked her pants up, Lena’s torn green panties fell out of the pant’s back pocket.

Alex heard Lena chuckle and realized that Lena had sat herself on the couch just so she could watch.

Alex swallowed hard, knowing the Luthor had bested her yet again.

Alex grimaced in anger, thinking of something to say. Something hurtful. Her mind was blank. There was too much shame and confusion to formulate a quick comeback. Maybe if she looked up at Lena, she’d see something and find the words. Alex flung her head towards Lena, eyes red with emotion, shame, anger. Alex was prepared to see Lena sitting there, smug and satisfied at having played the agent for fool, for using her, for...for...for being a Luthor.

When she saw Lena thought. All those thoughts disappeared.

Lena wasn’t smug or angry. She was sitting on the couch, looking at Alex and...and holding the crop. Caressing it like she had been before. Alex’s brain was suddenly playing catch up.

“Pity you’ll be leaving before finding out how Supergirl got her bruises.”
Oh, shit, thought Alex.

Lena was still caressing the crop. “I mean, she is the girl of steel. How on *earth* did that happen?”

Lena emphasized the word earth to remind Alex that those bruises was on an extraterrestrial. Those bruises should never have happened. Alex gulped. She realized the entire point of her mission in confronting Lena had been…well…moot.

Lena continued, “Frankly, I thought maybe you were going to use…certain methods to extract the truth out of me.” Lena lightly slapped her open palm with the crop a few times to illustrate her point. “I’m disappointed.”

Alex opened her mouth to say something -- but Lena wasn’t done.

“...in you.”

There it was. The insult. Alex had been waiting for. And yet it was also a challenge. An invitation to continue their game. The heat of Alex’s shame turned into sexual desire in an instant. Alex couldn’t believe Lena still wanted her. Lena was like a goddess. And the games she played were everything Alex had never dared to dream about. And suddenly she started to feel that heady mix of power and powerlessness.

Alex threw her bundle of clothes back to the floor and strode over to Lena.

“Tell me.”

Lena looked up at Alex with a calculated defiance. “No.”

Alex grabbed Lena and pulled her up off the couch. Lena was surprised at the small woman’s physical power. Electricity raced through Lena’s body as Alex twisted Lena’s arm behind her back and easily brought Lena to the floor on her knees.

“Tell me how you bruised Supergirl.”

Lena was enjoying Alex manhandling her. And with ease. And authority. The raw emotion from earlier was starting to return. Lena knew how to draw out the scene.

“We already discussed this Agent Danvers. It was with the crop.”

Alex used her other hand to grab Lena by the hair, pulling her head back and exposing her long neck. Lena started breathing hard. She wasn’t in any pain, but Alex was definitely in control, for Lena was powerless to escape the hold.

Since Lena was nude and on her knees, with Alex behind her and pinning Lena’s arm behind her chest, Lena’s breasts were out. Alex leaned her mouth close to Lena’s ear and said, “I’m giving you until the count of three. Then I break your arm.”

Lena said nothing. Almost daring Alex to continue.

“One.”
Lena was finding all of this incredibly sexy. And decided to let Alex know.

“Why don’t you count to ten instead?”

Alex realized Lena was enjoying this. How did Lena keep stealing the power back in every god damn situation???

“TWO.”

Alex used emphasis to let Lena know she was only counting to three. It was now or never for the Luthor.

“Fine, I’ll tell you.”

“Good choice.”

“You’ll need to let me go first.”

Alex thought for a moment then released Lena. Lena turned to face the Agent.

“I created a compound that mimics the effects of Kryptonite at 1/100th strength. Very mild. But enough to make steel...bruise a little.”

Alex was stunned. “You...you created a synthetic version of Kryptonite?”

“Not exactly. Kryptonite is 100 times more powerful than what I was able to create in the my lab.”

Alex’s science brain was battling with her DEO brain around the consequences and possibilities.

“How did you even manage to do that?”

Lena paused. Then jutted out her spectacular jaw line as she explained how.

“I’m a fucking genius.”

This wasn’t hyperbole. It was stone cold fact. There was an entire dossier on Lena at the DEO attesting to this. Hell, Alex helped compile some of it. Lena’s brains were the sexiest thing about her.

It always, alway, always drove Alex crazy how some students wouldn’t even have to study and yet still they got better grades than her. It was more than photographic memory. More than brains. It was something else and Alex was never able to get to the bottom of it. Alex studied her ASS off in medical school and still only graduated 97th in her class. Lena graduated first at MIT. How the fucking fuckity fuck, thought Alex.

Alex was suddenly desperate to find out more about this woman, this genius. Somehow studying Lena Luthor and talking to Lena Luthor only made her all the more mysterious. Maybe kissing Lena Luthor would do the trick.

She grabbed Lena’s face and pressed her lips against the genius. The goddess. Hard, then suddenly soft and passionate. Lena opened her mouth and let Agent Danvers tongue enter and explore.

Both were on their knees, kissing deeply. Alex’s hands tangled in Lena’s hair, kissing her, tasting her. Alex could somehow feel that she was kissing Lena, the real Lena. Not the CEO. Not the hated Luthor child. Lena.
It was as if Lena felt the intimacy and decided to end it. Lena pulled away just a bit. “Stick out your tongue, Alex.” Was this the first time Lena said her name? The brain fog was back. Alex was unsure what Lena wanted or why but she did as she was told and stuck out her tongue.

Lena quickly put her whole mouth on it and started sucking on it, moving her mouth up and down the length of it. Giving Alex’s tongue a veritable blow job.

Lena had all the power again. And Alex was loving every second of it. That is, until her phone started buzzing.

They broke apart. The mundane tone of a text coming in suddenly shattered the rarefied air the two had created and been living in. Alex looked at her phone, which was on the ground nearby. It was Kara.

Lena’s phone then buzzed with a text. Lena got up and walked over to her desk.

“Kara is also texting me. She wants to know if I want to get ice cream.”

Alex read her text. “Same.”

They each stood there. Not knowing what to say or do.

Alex sat on the couch, dumbfounded and ashamed. “I can’t believe I just had sex with...Supergirl's girlfriend.”

She was surprised when she heard Lena exclaim, “WHAT? I’m not Supergirl's girlfriend.”

“But you...flogged her with your sex crop.”

Lena burst out laughing, literally doubling over on her desk.

“It’s not funny!"

“Actually, ‘sex crop’ is fucking hilarious.”

Alex started putting her clothes on in haste.

“I should have never come here.”

Since Alex was already on her way to being half dressed, Lena threw her blazer on so she wouldn’t be prancing around completely naked.

“Alex, Supergirl and I are just colleagues. Yes, we have been experimenting with synthetic Kryptonite and testing its strength. But that’s it. We weren’t using the sex crop as a sex crop.”

Lena used her fingers to make dramatic air quotes every time she said sex crop.

“Stop making air quotes at me,” said Alex.

Lena looked at her quizzically, “Stop making air quotes?” Naturally Lena made big air quotes as she said air quotes.

Alex smiled. Sexy Lena Luthor was half naked *and* making Alex laugh and feel better? Alex was falling under her spell again.

“So...I didn’t just have sex with my si...Supergirl's girlfriend?” What Alex meant to say was ‘my
sister's girlfriend' but she caught it in time.

“No, you didn’t.”

Alex was relieved. Profoundly relieved.

Lena walked up to Alex and caressed her face. Alex allowed herself to fully enjoy Lena's touch.

“But you did just cheat on your girlfriend Marjorie.”

All the blood drained from Alex’s face.

“Maggie.”

“Whatever.” Lena kissed Alex’s cheek. “She barged in here and arrested me for no reason so...I basically don't care.” Lena patted Alex on the cheek and said, "Thanks for stopping by." The she walked back behind her desk, opened her laptop and started answering emails, like a boss.

Alex got dressed and left without saying goodbye. She didn't know if she should confront Kara or tell Kara. She didn't know if she should fess up to Maggie. She didn't know what the ramifications of mock kryptonite were.

And she certainly didn't know that Lena Luthor had caught the feels.
Ding! The elevator finally reached the ground floor. Alex turned sideways to slip out the doors before they were even half open. Despite walking as fast as humanly possible, it seemed to take Alex an eternity to cross the vast, ground floor lobby of the L Corp building.

She could feel the many security cameras recording her. She tried to just keep moving quickly and with purpose. She tried to look like an FBI agent who came to question someone and then left. Yes. That’s what happened. She tried this lie on to see if it would fit. I mean, it was partially true. It was the reason she came here in the first place. It was Lena Luthor who turned it into...something else.

When she exited the double glass doors to street, the cool night air hit Alex’s body like knives. What the fuck, she thought. It wasn’t that cold out, yet her skin cells were sensitive, sharp and aching. Alex got into her car and locked the doors. Her DEO training kicked in. Alone and in the safety of her locked vehicle, Alex automatically began assessing the situation. Her brain raced down several different tracks.

Supergirl was experimenting with Lena Luthor with fake Kryptonite. And keeping it a secret. Wait. Back up. Lena Luthor has figured out a way to make Kryptonite! A synthetic Kryptonite - but still!! Luthors controlling Kryptonite!? Not to mention that Supergirl is having Lena Luthor beat her with a crop. And that fact that Kara is straight up lying about these secret experiments. Lying to her sister. To the DEO. Not open lies but...lies of omission. And lying to Superman! Who really should be kept in the loop if someone is building a secret supply of Kryptonite. Especially when that person is a Luthor. Alex slammed her fists against the wheel of her car again and again. This was a cluster fuck!!

Her hands burned and snapped against the steering wheel leather. Not with the heat of anger - but the crack of cold. Alex often pounded her steering wheel in anger and her body's response this evening wasn't normal. Automatically, she questioned: What was going on with her body, medically? She started a self scan, starting from the top of her head and working her way down, checking her vitals, her organs. She was almost at her sternum when she realized what it was. She hadn’t orgasmed.

Her eyes went white with rage when she realized that, once again, the source of her pain was Lena Luthor. Alex slammed her hands down on the wheel again. Then grabbed it tight, squeezing with all her might. The heat and anger and blood constricting in her hands and forearms and neck started her clit throbbing with an insistent need. Satisfaction was the only solution. Medically speaking. And it needed to happen NOW.

Alex turned her phone off. Started her car and drove towards an alley where she knew there weren’t any security cameras. As she neared it, she turned the car headlights off, threw the car in neutral and glided into the dark alley like a phantom. She parked in the shadows, cloaked in near complete darkness. Determined to get down to business and finish her mission asap, she looked around, confirmed there was no one else in the alley, then unhooked her belt, unbuttoned and unzipped her pants. Leaning her seat back a bit, Alex quickly shimmied her pants and underwear down around her knees, exposing everything below the waist: the small triangle of auburn pubic hair, her clit, pussy and upper thighs. Her entire sex laid bare, craving any type of touch that would bring climax. The sensation of her ass and pussy against her car seat was almost exhilarating in its strangeness.

Alex suddenly realized that, despite taking precautions, she was in a very vulnerable position. Anyone could approach her window and look straight down at her nakedness. She opened the
glove compartment and took out her gun. Just to be safe.

The weapon felt so good, filling her hand with it's heft. The wide handle, the steel, the power. Holding guns made Alex feel powerful. Much more powerful than the thin leather handle of that crop she'd been holding earlier. Lena gave me that crop to use and somehow still ended up controlling me with it! Alex thought ruefully.

If I had my gun with me, I bet Lena Luthor wouldn’t have gotten the upper hand. She would have realized that *I’m* the one with the power. Alex pictured Lena Luthor cowering before her. Submitting to Alex's power. Alex started breathing heavy. Yes, this gun would be all I need to bring Lean Luthor down to size.

Alex moved the gun towards her crotch and started sliding the smooth steel of it's barrel along her clit, which immediately responded to combination of cool night air and cold metal. Her clit was soon engorged and her hips started to sway in circles to increase the pleasure.

This was the closest Alex had come to public nudity. Again and again, Alex slid the weapon up and down along the sides of her clit, twisting it slightly as she guided it. Stroking the left side. Stroking the right side.

She suddenly imagined someone coming to the window to watch. A homeless man. At the window. Close. Looking straight down at Alex’s naked pussy. He doesn’t dare say a word because he can see Alex has a gun. Instead, he pulls out his dirty cock and starts giving himself a hand-job as he watches Alex work her hard little nub.

Alex was surprised this scenario came to mind. She didn’t want to have sex with men, she was a lesbian and sure of that now. But when she was dating men, she had to admit that she loved seeing how hard their dicks would get for her. Undeniable, proof positive of their sexual attraction for her. Her power over their body’s reaction. She pictured the homeless man’s cock hard and red as his hand moved up and down it in time with Alex sliding the gun along her red hard clit.

The idea of being inappropriate, in a public place, while someone else watched and pleasured themselves while Alex performed lewd acts on herself - she’d never imagined anything like this before. It was really turning her on. Her brain suddenly wondered how the homeless man would wet his cock? Maybe he’d spit in his hand. Or maybe he’d have a discarded ketchup packet in his pocket and use that.

Discarded ketchup packet!? Alex immediately changed the channel in her brain. Aghast at what her imagination had conjured. Alex stroking herself with angry, mechanical movements to finish the task, still wondering where on earth those disgusting and depraved ideas could have possibly come from?

She didn’t have time to sort this out. She needed to orgasm and fast before fantasy really did turn into reality. Alex didn't really want anyone watching her get herself off. She needed to come - fast - when suddenly, she realized who was to blame for all this depravity.

Lena. Luthor.

Alex was so angry. Alex pictured the smirking, brunette on her knees, quaking in her tight little CEO skirt as Alex stood over her, brandishing her weapon. Lena's face a mixture of fear and lust, quivering at Alex’s power. Suddenly neither Alex nor Lena were wearing any clothes.

The sensations of an approaching orgasm built up fast in Alex as she pictured the L Corp CEO leaning her head forward until all of Alex’s pussy lips, hood and clit were swallowed up by Lena in
one soft wet hot mouthful. Alex breathed hard at the thought of Lena’s cheekbones becoming more defined as she greedily sucked on Alex’s sex. Lena’s hot tongue exploring Alex’s every fold. Lena's hands reaching up and grabbing Alex’s ass as Lena buried her face deeper and deeper into her master’s cunt. Her master, Alex Danvers.

Alex kept gliding the gun shaft along her clit and came hard, her body shuddering and shivering at the thought of Lena’s mouth and hands on her. As soon as her pent up sexual energy had finally been released from her body, Alex came to her senses. What on earth was she doing in a dark alley with her pants around her ankles?

Alex was horrified at all the choices she’d made over the past few hours. She quickly put the gun on the passenger seat and pulled her pants up. Adjusted her seat. Put the gun away. Reversed out of the alley. Drove a block in the opposite direction. Finally turned her headlights on. Then remembered that her phone had been off, too, to avoid GPS tracking. She turned that on, too.

The first notification that popped up was from Maggie.

“Danvers - where u at???”

Alex groaned and didn’t know where to drive. To Maggie's? To the DEO? To her apartment? She probably smelled of Lena Luthor. No. She definitely smelled of Lena Luthor. Of Lena’s perfume. Of Lena’s hair products. Of Lena’s sex. Alex could still smell Lena’s sex so clearly. It was intoxicating and shameful and sinful. It was like Lena was right there with Alex.

Then Alex remembered. Her hand rushed to her back pocket and pulled out Lena’s cut up, sex soaked panties. The scent filled the car. It filled Alex's soul. Her body started to respond with a familiar ache. And it hadn’t even recovered from the release just moments ago. The memories the sight and scent of them brought on. Alex thought about throwing the panties right out the window.

She couldn’t do it. They were like a magic object. Too precious to discard. She needed to keep them. To hide them. And as quick as she was to covet her prize, she was irate at the realization that hands, hair and clothes were undoubtably covered in the Luthor’s scent. Better to realize this now than later, she thought. What would happen if I got home smelling of Lena Luthor’s perfume and sex if Maggie there waiting for me??!

Alex quickly decided to drive to her 24 hour gym. There was a shower there. And a clean set of workout clothes in her locker. She made a sharp left turn on Maple Ave and headed toward WorkOut World. Jesus, she thought as she stepped on the gas. This is exactly what a cheater does.

At the gym, Alex spent a long time under the hot shower jets. I’m NOT a cheater, she thought. This was all Lena Luthor's fault. She told herself this and believed it. As she scrubbed every inch of herself raw, she concluded that she hated Lena Luthor. Now more than ever.

Standing in front of her locker, white gym towel tightly wrapped around her, freshly showered, clean, renewed and reset, finally feeling like herself again - Alex pulled out her phone and texted Maggie.

“I was at the gym! Coming home now. Xoxoxo”

By the time Alex dried off, dressed and stuffed her sex-smelling clothes in her duffle bag, she vowed that this would never ever happen again. With anyone.

So then why did Alex then empty the ziplock bag holding her deodorant, toothpaste and toothbrush and carefully replace them with Lena’s panties, locking them inside her gym locker for safe-
keeping?
Alex woke up with Maggie's arms and legs wrapped around her. She tried to silently slip out of the embrace to get the coffee started, but Maggie spooned her even tighter.

"Not a chance, Danvers. You are mine."

Alex relented and relaxed into the warm embrace. "I'm yours."

Maggie nuzzled her face into Alex's hair, breathing in her essence. Alex realized that Maggie suspected nothing. Thank God. Last night was over and done with. In the past. Finito.

--

Lena woke up at 5:30am, did 20 downward facing dogs and 20 sun salutations. Meditated for 15 minutes, then popped into the shower at 6:05am sharp. She knew the chef would be arriving at 6:15am to start her breakfast shake of kale, blueberries, fresh squeezed cashew milk, and vitamins and coconut oil. Lena didn't realize that their encounter had deeply confused Alex. And when Alex didn't know what to do, she got angry and found people to blame.

Which is why, as Lena soaped herself up, mentally reviewing all the meetings and conference calls the day had in store, she pictured what it would be like to wake up with Alex. What if Alex was here with me in this shower? What if these were hands washing my body after a night of tender love making?

--

Kara always jumped out of bed as soon as the alarm went off. Snapper had given her a plum assignment - assisting him in a multi-party story that examined political campaign fundraising. As she started to select her outfit for the day, Kara turned and looked at her back in the full length mirror. No marks. No bruises. They hadn't been there for days. Kara wished they were still there. As she got dressed, she remembered how they got there in the first place...

Several months ago, Kara and Lena had been discussing Supergirl and how amazing she was for saving Lena's life again and again. Lena was pressing Kara for details about Supergirl - how did they meet? What do they talk about over coffee? Kara was naturally flustered and mumbled nonsense while pushing her glasses this way and that. Kryptonite was mentioned. Lena explained Lex had once tried to make a synthetic Kryptonite to defeat Superman. Kara was visibly upset at this notion. Until Lena mused that maybe one day she could use Lex's research to make an anti-Kryptonite.

That night, Supergirl landed on Lena's balcony and asked Lena if she would begin working on it.

"I'd first need to create the mock Kryptonite. Which might be impossible. And maybe illegal."

Supergirl put her hands on her hips. "Science isn't illegal. And I trust you."

Lena smiled. "If I can create a synthetic Krptonite, then I could work backwards from it to hopefully discover a neutralizing compound."

They made a pact to work together. Lena worked on it in secret, in her spare time. One day she had a breakthrough, quite accidentally, and asked Kara to contact Supergirl. Lena wouldn't say what for. Supergirl arrived on her balcony that night.
"Supergirl! Thank you for coming."

"Ms. Luthor. Is everything okay?"

"Our project...there's been a development. I'd been contacted by a firm to assist in the clean up of an oil spill - separating oil from water in a chemically efficient way - when I realized the amino acids in the ocean's algae proteins could act as the..."

Lena realized she was being too much of a nerd. "I think I might have created a synthetic Kryptonite."

Lena looked at Supergirl with caution. To Supergirl, kryptonite was, well, kryptonite!

Supergirl took a few confident steps forward. "Let's try it."

Lena pulled out a box with a vial of green liquid. It was the synth K. "I don't want to...hurt you."

Supergirl looked downright cocky. "Is that it? Because frankly, I feel fine."

Lena smiled and walked the vial towards Supergirl. "That's because I haven't opened it yet." She walked right up to Supergirl. "Ready?"

"Open it."


Lena was so disappointed. Supergirl continued to visit each time Lena thought she had something until finally one day she opened the vial and Supergirl...swooned.

Lena looked into Supergirl's eyes. "Are you feeling something?"

Supergirl was feeling something. "I feel, lighter. And more awake." Lena ran to her notebook and started jotting down what Supergirl said.

Lena repeated Supergirl's words. "Lighter. More awake. How's your vision?"

Supergirl checked her vision. "It's...fine. Regular." Lena scratched down more notes. There was something incredibly...intimate...as Lena asked all sorts of questions about Supergirl's body and the sensations it was feeling, recording every detail with care in her notebook. Supergirl was tasked with noticing herself in new ways, subtle ways. Lena guiding her through this. After each answer, the room was incredibly silent. The scratch of Lena's pen on paper the only sound. Somehow Lena paying attention to her like this was making Supergirl feel...making Kara feel...

Maybe it was the synth-K.

Lena was suddenly before Supergirl and took her hand. "Ready?" Supergirl nodded yes. Lena used her fingernail, lightly dragging it along the inside of Supergirl's palm. It left a line of red. They both looked up at each other with excitement in their eyes.

"Did you feel that?"

"Yes."

Lena gently rolled up Supergirl's sleeve and dragged her nail up Supergirl's forearm, leaving a red mark all the way up to the crook of Supergirl's elbow. Supergirl was loving being touched so carefully, feeling both pain and pleasure. It was an entirely new sensation and it was intoxicating.
With Lena standing so close, holding her, scratching her...Supergirl suddenly felt more susceptible to Lena's perfume. Dizzy. It must...it HAD to be the synth K.

"I feel...lightheaded. My heart rate is speeding up."

Lena looked into Supergirl's eyes with passion. The passion of scientific discovery. She ran back to her notebook, her pen furiously scratching down notes. The sounds of the pen created sensations in Supergirl that she didn't understand. A tingle ran up the back of her neck and along her skull. Well, we are dealing with a new compound - I guess these new feelings makes sense, thought Supergirl.

Lena looked up from her notebook and said with a clinical tone, "We should measure your pain tolerance." For some reason this sounded like an absolute fantastic idea to Supergirl. They decided her palms and forearms were too small of a skin surface to be working with... Next thing they knew, Supergirl had pushed her cape to the side, unzipped the back of her costume and was bent over Lena's couch, her hands on the couch's arms, propping up and exposing her beautiful bare back to the Luthor. Lena had been riding earlier that week and knew her crop was in her closet. It was the perfect instrument for this series of experiments.

"I'm going to count to ten. If you need me to stop, say 'stop'."

"Stop means stop. Got it."


"I don't feel anything. Harder."

Lena gulped. She suddenly saw the absolutely erotic nature of the scene. Supergirl bent over in front of Lena, begging for Lena to do it to her harder...Was this really in service to science? Or something else? Lena brought the crop down with more firmness. CRACK. A faint red mark on Supergirl's back appeared.

"Oh!" Said Supergirl. It was like the crop had kissed her with it's delicious snap.

"Did you feel that, Supergirl?"

"Yes." There was an erotic breathlessness to Supergirl's response.

Lena got closer to Supergirl's skin, examining it up close. "It left a red mark." Lena's hand caressed the mark on Supergirl's back. The combination of pain and the soothing pleasure from Lena's fingers was...so wonderful.

The two of them hardly spoke for the rest of the night. They both needed to keep doing this. For so many reasons. Lena bringing the crop down on Supergirl. Creating beautiful red lines everywhere. Occasionally caressing and soothing her flesh. Making notes in her notebook.

Supergirl made sure to regulate her breathing. She was feeling sensations all over now. In her nipples and in her sex. She didn't mention any of this to Lena. She didn't want to say anything that might make Lena stop. Meanwhile, Lena couldn't believe that her hands were exploring the naked flesh of the girl of Steel.

Lena knew this wasn no longer for science. She broke the silence. Allowing herself to speak with the tender passion she was feeling for Supergirl. "You're all red." And she was. Every inch of Supergirl's back was a delicious shade of pink, with lines criss crossing this way and that.
Supergirl said "It's doesn't hurt that much." The pads of Lena's fingers caressed the lines. "You're making it feel...better"

Lena couldn't stop herself. She blew on Supergirl's back. Supergirl's stomach dropped with pleasure. She wanted nothing more than for Lena to kiss every mark she'd made. Instead Lena kept softly blowing on the marks, first on Supergirl's shoulders, then down her spine...

Suddenly someone tried to open the door to Lena's office. Lena jumped back, away from Supergirl. Luckily the door was locked. But the person on the other side kept pulling and rattling the handle. Supergirl stood up, the cape covering her back, and used her X ray vision to look through the door.

"Janitor."

Lena sighed with relief. She looked at the clock.

"Oh my god. It's 5 in the morning." Lena took the vial of synth K, screwed the cap on tight, placed it back in the lock box and put the lock box in her safe.

Supergirl zipped up her costume. "You did it, Lena."

"That compound is only 1/100th the strength of Kryptonite. But it should be enough to begin working on anti Kryptonite." Lena smiled proudly. So did Supergirl. They had accomplished something that could change everything.

Lena was embarrassed as a long yawn escaped her.

Supergirl said, "Time for bed."

Lena said, "Yes."

They both were thinking the same thing. And it wasn't sleep. But neither of them broke professionalism.

"Thanks for your help, Supergirl. I'll be in touch."

Lena's touch would not be forgotten any time soon. Supergirl flew off the balcony and straight into cloud 9.

As Kara dressed for her day with Snapper at CatCo - she knew she wanted to do it again. Wanted to spend time with Lena and her crop. Dressed as Supergirl. But Lena made it clear the experiments were a success and they didn't need to meet again until her next development. Well, if Supergirl can't see Lena...Kara can.

I'll invite Lena to game night!
Chapter 9

Winn gave the delivery man the cash and carried a tower of pizza boxes to Kara’s butcher block kitchen table. Alex put out paper plates and napkins. James cracked open a few two litre bottles of soda. Kara set up the board game (Risk) in the living room.

Knock knock. Alex opened the door. It was Maggie - holding a giant bag of ice.

“Hey babe.” Alex hugged Maggie and brought her to the kitchen. Maggie put the ice in the sink. It was one big block and needed to be broken down. In addition, she didn’t see any alcohol.

“Danvers, we aren’t drinking soda - are we?”

“Absolutely not.” Alex pulled out a bottle of scotch.

“Have I mentioned that I love you?” said Maggie.

There was another knock at the door. Alex answered it. And when she did, her face turned ashen.

It was Lena Luthor. Looking drop dead gorgeous.

Alex’s stomach dropped. They stared at each other for a moment.

Maggie had found a kitchen knife and starting stabbing at the block of ice. Stab, stab, stab.

From deep within the apartment, Kara yelled out, “Is that Lena?”

Alex said to Lena under her breath, “What are you doing here?”

Kara continued yelling, “Lena, come in!”

Lena didn’t bother to dignify Alex’s question with a response as the answer was evident. Kara had invited her!

Kara bounded over, grabbed Lena by the hand and led her inside. “Everybody, you all know Lena. Lena this is everybody.”

Lena immediately went on the charm offensive. The entire night she was amusing, clever, quick to laugh at herself, a great listener and not too shabby at the game either.

Alex avoided looking at Lena all night long. Except for all the times that she was staring at Lena, watching every move she made. Lena never, not once, made eye contact with Alex. It was like Lena was ghosting Alex in plain sight. As if the night Lena and Alex shared never even happened. Alex felt both ignored and paranoid.

Meanwhile, Kara was all over Lena. Teaching her the game, making jokes. Alex noticed that Kara constantly had her hands on Lena’s shoulders, occasionally rubbing Lena’s back as Lena debated where to move her pieces. Finally, Lena quipped, “this game is strangely like running L Corp” and Kara started laughing so loud and hard she wound up her hand and brought it down on Lena’s back with a loud SLAP.

Lena winced. The slap was a little too hard and eager. Lena tried to not look too pained.

“It was a real back slapper!” said Kara.
“Ouch.” Lena winced.

Everyone winced. It was a Supergirl slap. Not a Kara slap. Every single person in the room shot Kara daggers. She almost gave away her secret identity to Lena Luthor!

“Oh, Lena, I’m sorry. I...um...sorry. I get excited sometimes.”

“Kara, it’s nothing. Don’t worry about it. I love your enthusiasm.”

Alex rolled her eyes. Hard. She knew EXACTLY what was going on. All of Kara’s attentiveness and back rubs and now this backslapping nonsense? Supergirl. Lena. The crop. The marks on Kara’s back. It was all so clear to Alex. Kara had no game but was desperately trying to conjure up something. Yet it all seemed to fly right over Lena’s head.

Maggie’s phone rang. It was the precinct. She had to go.

“I’ll come with you.” said Alex.

“The evidence locker was ransacked. I need to supervise as they take inventory. Thanks for offering but there’s nothing you can do to help.”

Everyone bade Maggie goodbye and Alex showed her to the door. “I’ll call you tomorrow.”

Instead of joining the group, Alex collected some empty glasses and brought them into the kitchen. The evening was winding down. Might as well start cleaning up. Alex filled the sink to do some dishes.

Suddenly Lena was next to her. She, too, had collected some glasses.

“You can just put them down there,” said Alex.

Lena placed the glasses on the counter. Since Alex’s hands were both plunged deep in the sink of soapy water, she was absolutely helpless when Lena then traced her index finger along the back of Alex’s thigh, gliding it all the way up Alex’s ass. Alex was helpless to stop her. Or to say anything.

The combination of the hot water covering her wrists and Lena’s fingernail traveling up Alex’s body plus with the moment’s clandestine nature caused an immediate heat in Alex’s crotch. Lena most definitely had remembered their night together. She’d just been playing it cool all evening. Alex was turned on. By Lena’s suave demeanor. By her calculated advance. By her just taking what she wanted. Lena was fearless.

Lena whispered in Alex’s ear. “I’m heading back to my office.” Alex was too stunned to speak.

Lena continued, “FYI.”

Lena left the kitchen. Said goodbye to everyone. Got and gave big hugs. And walked out the door.

Alex’s heart was pounding. She’d never done dishes so fast in her life.

--

It was 11:30pm. Alex knocked at Lena’s office door. Lena answered it.

“Agent Danvers. What a surprise.” Lena had a big smile on.

Alex entered. Lena closed and locked the door.
“What do you think you’re doing?” said Alex.

The tone was less than cordial.

“Excuse me?” said Lena.

“You heard me.” Alex sounded...not angry...righteous. It was tone people often took with Luthors. And Lena didn’t appreciate it. Ever. This was NOT what she expected. At ALL.

“Did you not like me touching your ass tonight?” Lena waited for Alex to respond.

Alex didn’t answer. The truth was, she loved Lena’s sly, sensual caress.

Alex looked pained as she lied to Lena.

“No. I didn’t.”

Lena just stood there. Letting Alex’s response hang in the air until Alex actually heard it and understood the ramifications - that she was ending this. It finally dawned on Alex and she gulped. Deep down that wasn’t what she wanted.

Finally, Lena spoke. “I’m sorry. It won’t happen again.”

Just like that - there was suddenly was no reason for Alex to be there.

Alex didn’t know what to say. She fumbled for anything. Anything to keep talking to Lena.

“What about the synthetic Kryptonite?” asked Alex.

Lena was annoyed but tried to not go full Luthor on Alex because in this moment Alex looked....a bit like a lost child.

“I’m trying to discover how to make anti-Kryptonite. If you want more details, get them from Supergirl.” Lena waited for Alex to respond. Alex said nothing.

Lena continued, “Agent Danvers, I’m a good person.”

“I know you are,” said Alex.

“So why are you so hostile towards me?” Lena looked sad and vulnerable. She was really opening up. The honesty was contagious.

“I’m cop. I’m supposed to be in control of my actions and emotions. I felt so out of control that night we were together. I didn’t recognize myself.”

“Look,” said Lena, “I really enjoyed our...fun...the other night...you were the good cop and I was the bad Luthor. But I don’t want that every night. I get enough of that during the day.”

Alex took a tentative step towards Lena. Lena cocked her head to the side, looking cautious.

“What do you want?” asked Alex.

Lena raised an eyebrow. “Tonight?”

Alex nodded her head yes.

Lena could tell that Alex’s inner submissive was coming out to play.
“I want...your trust.”

“How can I…”

“By doing exactly what I tell you to do.”

Alex nodded her head yes. Lena ran her finger over Alex’s lips. “Good girl.” Lena praising her for following orders made Alex hot all over. Alex just stood there, instinctively knowing not to move or say anything unless Lena said.

Lena circled Alex like a shark. Then stood in front of her and started asking questions.

“How do you think I’m pretty, Agent Danvers?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like my body?”

“Yes.”

Lena took her fingers and started to caress her own nipples through her shirt and bra.

“Have you ever touched yourself when thinking of me.”

Alex gulped. “Yes.”

“Show me where you touched yourself.”

Alex took both of her hands and slid them over the front of her pants, keeping eye contact with Lena the entire time. Lena kept circling her own tits with her fingers and hands.

“Did you come?”

“Yes.”

Alex started rubbing her crotch a bit harder.

Lena untucked her shirt. Alex got excited, thinking Lena would soon be getting naked. She couldn’t wait to see Lena’s glorious, milky white curves, her pink nipples, her dark strip of pubic hair, her ass. Lena slipped off her skirt and shoes, leaving on her bra and silk button down shirt and panties. She then slid onto her couch, sitting on her feet, slightly askew.

Lena pulled out a remote control and an atmospheric beat emitted from the sound system.

“I’m in the mood for a lapdance.”

Alex’s eyes grew like saucers. She immediately confessed.

“But I don’t know how to give a lapdance!”
Chapter 10

Alex could shoot guns, lasers, was proficient in the art of deadly hand to hand combat, could stitch up wounds with a toothpick and dental floss...hell she flew a fucking spaceship a few months back. But could she dance sexy? While someone else watched?

The answer was NO.

“Oh how nice. Looks like I get to teach you...to do it...exactly...how I like.” Lena looked at Alex with even more desire.

“Come to me my little pet.” Lena stuck out her index finger and curled it towards her, bidding Alex toward her. Alex stood in front of the couch. Waiting for the next command.

“First you’ll need to take off those clothes, except your bra and panties, of course.”

Alex bent over to start untying her shoes.

“Uh, uh, uh.” Lena wasn’t having it. Alex looked up. She didn’t know what she did wrong.

“I want you looking right here at me the entire time.” Alex looked into Lena’s eyes. Lena continued. “Start with your shirt.” Alex reached for the bottom of her shirt, careful to not break eye contact. She was about to lift the shirt clear up over her head when Lena again interrupted.

“Stop.” Alex stopped, her shirt bunched up in her fists just below her chest. “Go slower. Go much, much slower.” Alex started to lift the shirt up, staring at Lena, her arms lifting at a glacial pace as she stared at Lena.

Lena was pleased and said so. “I’m having you go slow so I can memorize what you look like when you’re undressing for me.” Alex’s pussy started to tingle. Lena really was studying Alex. Memorizing the ripples in Alex’s forearms as she pulled her shirt up. Studying Alex’s hands and fingers, and how they gripped at her clothes to remove them. Alex’s nipples immediately got hard when her shirt finally lifted up over her chest. Then Alex quickly popped her head through the neck hole - to ensure the lack of eye contact was just for a moment. Lena nodded in approval.

Alex’s arms were stretched over her head, still bound in the tight fabric of the shirt's arms. “Hold right there,” said Lena, as she took in the sight of Alex’s toned arms, flexed biceps, her lace bra shifting this way and that. Alex looked both strong and helpless. Lena loved this sight. “Very nice.” Alex smiled, knowing Lena was pleased. Lena waved her hand, signalling for Alex to continue.

Lena only had to use her eyes to show Alex what she wanted removed next. The belt. Alex looked at Lena and slowly pulled her belt out from the loops. Once removed, Alex held it and waited for instruction.

“Hmmm.” Lena thought out loud. "We might be using that later. Best to give it to me.”

Lena held out her hand. Alex walked towards Lena and placed the belt in Lena's palm. Lena suddenly took Alex's hand and pulled it close. Alex was surprised when Lena took Alex's fingers one by one and gently kissing them. Alex swooned.

Lena then looked down at Alex’s feet. Alex slipped out of her shoes. Then Lena raised an eyebrow. There was only one garment left.
Alex slowly unbuttoned and unzipped her pants. Looking at Lena the whole time. Shimmying them down over her hips as Lena used her hand to indicate “slower...slower…”

Alex loved being undressed by Lena in this way. Soon Alex was standing in just her bra and panties.

“So perfect.” Alex felt flush hearing Lena’s praise.

“Take your hands and...slowly...slide them down over the front of your panties.”

Alex brought her hands down to her panties. Her clit was already swollen, and she only needed to lightly graze the soft fabric to start eliciting pleasure. Lena enjoyed watching Alex touch herself. Alex kept up the eye contact.

“Now use your hips.” Alex kept caressing her clit through her panties, as her hips starting to make low and slow circles to push her clit towards her fingers.

“Keep those hips moving...but i want your hands on your breasts.” Alex did as instruction, raising her hands to her breasts, clutching one in each hand. Her hips kept moving, trying in vain to stimulate her clit against the fabric of her underwear. It only gave a light, pleasurable sensation that created a even more urgent desires.

Alex tried squirming and shimmying in earnest so that her panties might start stretching and pulling against her clit. “That’s it baby.” Alex realized she was suddenly grinding with the music in the most sensual way. Lena had taught her how to dance like a right proper slut.

“Come closer.” Lena put her feet on the ground and sat right on the edge of the couch. “I want you doing that right between my knees.”

This was a real lap dance. Alex's panties were wet and almost at eye level. Lena started running her hands up along the sides of Alex’s thighs.

“You know, if we were in a strip club, I wouldn’t be allowed to touch you.” Lena slipped her fingers up under the waistband of Alex’s panties. Alex kept grinding away, trying to pleasure herself in the way Lena had instructed.

Alex was loving every minute of this. Being controlled. Used. Fondled. Lena was just touching any part of Alex that she wanted. Lena caressed Alex’s abs and belly button. Then slid her fingers down the front of Alex’s panties, and began diddling at the wafer thin fabric covering Alex’s swollen clit and lips. “Good thing we’re in my office and you've promised to do anything I say.”

Lena kept diddling Alex over her underwear. Fuck, Alex thought, I could come from this alone. “Take that bra off for me.” Alex reached her hands behind her back and unclasped her bra. "Don’t stop those hips,” said Lena. Alex had to concentrate. This wasn’t easy. Keeping eye contact with Lena. Taking her bra off. Grinding her hips against while Lena kept teasing and stroking Alex's sweet center. Alex wanted to say something. She knew she wasn’t allowed. So she bit her lip, hard.

“Touch those nipples for me.” Alex had just slipped her bra off and the commands kept coming one after another. Alex tried to keep up, pinching her nipples as Lena’s light diddling continued. Alex couldn't help but lunge forward a bit, trying to increase the pressure. “Tits, Danvers.” Alex stopped trying to bring on relief and instead rolled her nipples under her thumbs and middle fingers. Looking at Lena with a half pout, Lena really liked that. The stimulation was so intense that Alex closed her eyes in order to cope. Lena didn’t mind. The picture before her was incredible.

Lena slipped one of her fingers up under Alex's panties and along her soaking wet slit. Alex threw
her head back and moaned with pleasure. She wanted to sit on that finger. But she knew she wasn't
allowed. So she bit down on her lip, kept her hips swaying, her hands working her nipples...but the
pleasure from Lena's finger sliding so near her entrance was so great...that when Alex's head
started to fall backwards, exposing her long neck...

...that Alex lost her balance and fell backwards onto the rug.

At first Alex didn't know which way was up. But she quickly righted herself, and was afraid Lena
would be laughing at her. But Lena was already at Alex’s side checking on her.

“Are you alright?” Lena held Alex's face in her hands, caressing Alex's hair, checking her pupils.

Alex looked sheepish and sly. “Am i allowed to speak?”

Lena smiled wide at this bit of cheek and decided to up the ante. “Speak...slave.”

“Slave?”

Lena decided to give Alex even more cheek by throwing her own words back at her.

“You heard me.”

Alex smiled at that. Nothing escaped Lena’s notice. Not one thing. This made Alex feel safe.

“I’m fine.”

“Good.”

Lena took Alex’s face in her hands and planted a long, sweet slow tender kiss right on Alex’s lips.
There was no master / slave dynamic in this kiss. It was intimate and caring. Then hot and
passionate. Two mouths tasting, teasing, licking. Lena was the first to pull away. Alex panted,
wanting more.

Lena looked at Alex with urgency. “I want my fingers inside you.”

Hearing Lena say this, a bolt of heat shot down Alex right to the center of her sex.

“Are you ready?” Alex was more than ready.

Lena laid Alex down on the rug, on her side. Lena carefully slipped Alex’s panties down, but not
all the way, keeping them around Alex’s knees. Alex knew Lena’s fingers would soon be inside
her. She could feel her pussy get even wetter in anticipation.

Lena took off the rest of her clothes. Lena was now fully nude. Alex’s eyes roved all over Lena’s
body. What a goddess. Lena then kneeled over Alex and slid her two fingers slowly, and deeply up
inside Alex slick wet slit until they were buried inside her. Alex’s pussy had never been so open
and ready. Alex’s hips started moving like they’d been earlier. And Alex’s mouth was slightly
ajar, her lower jaw jutting out as she let out long low breaths as Lena’s fingers slid in deeper and
deeper.

“I’m not done.” Alex opened her eyes and saw Lena’s other hand dip into Lena’s pussy. Her two
fingers gathering up her slit’s juices, swirling them around until they were covered in Lena’s slick
sex.

“I want these fingers inside you, too.” Before Alex knew what was happening, Lena’s sex covered
fingers were at Alex’s mouth. “Taste me.”
Alex started licking and sucking every last bit of Lena’s juice off of her fingers. “Yes. That’s it. Suck them.” Alex started sucking on them. Soon it wasn’t about getting the taste of Lena in her mouth. Lena was in her mouth.

“Do you like that? Both of your wet holes filled with my fingers?”

Alex could only muffle an “mmm-hmmmmm.” Her mouth was so full. Her pussy was so full. Lena didn’t mind that Alex’s eyes were closed. Alex was getting lost in the rhythm of sucking and fucking. There was something so soothing and satisfying being filled up in this way. Every hole wet and filled with Lena Luthor.

“God I love your hot little mouth and your hot little pussy both so wet and open for me.” Alex just nodded and kept sucking. Her tongue and mouth gliding up and down the fingers seemed to only heighten the sensation of Lena fingering Alex’s pussy.

“Alex you look so beautiful.” Alex kept sucking and grinding. Lena was in no rush. She loved getting Alex to this place. Of pure receptivity, pure pleasure, pure submission. Lena’s hips started to sway. Her clit would soon need satisfaction.

“You like sucking on me, don't you.” said Lena. Alex nodded in assent. Lena took her fingers out of Alex's mouth and put her chest near Alex's face. "Suck on my tits." Alex lips immediately took in Lena's left nipple and greedily licked and sucked with a delicious pressure. Lena took out that tit and replaced it with her right tit. "Yes, baby. I love my slave sucking on my tits." Alex's pussy was a geyser at Lena's filthy bedroom talk.

Lena suddenly took the fingers out of Alex’s pussy and popped them in Alex’s mouth, forcing her to taste her own juice. Lena’s free fingers were quickly buried in Alex’s puss. This surprise switch was so erotic to Alex. She had no choice in the matter. Lena’s fingers would go where they wanted. Lena fucked her like this for a bit, then switched the fingers from mouth to pussy. Then after a few sucks and fucks, switched fingers from pussy to mouth. Alex was dizzy and aching to come. Her body a mess of erotic sensations. Her neural pathways were all screwed up. Where was the pleasure coming from? Everywhere.

“Are you ready to come for me?” asked Lena.

“Yes, oh god, yes,” said Alex.

Lena placed Alex on her hands and knees, then Lena slid three of her fingers deep inside Alex’s slit. Alex groaned in pleasure as she shifted her hips left and right to help fit Lena's fingers in all the way. With her other free hand, Lena reached around and started sliding it over Alex’s clit. The sharp pleasure her clit felt with each stroke was sending Alex over the edge.

“Lena, oh my god, I’m gonna come.”

Lena kept sliding her finger over Alex's thickly coated with sex clit again and again.

“Yeah? You like it when I finger your clit, you like a woman's finger on your bare pussy, just diddling you and fingering you...”

“Oh, my god!” Alex’s head jerked back. Her pussy clamped down hard on Lena’s three fingers as she started orgasming hard. Lena didn’t stop fingering Alex's clit and Alex’s head jerked back and then forward with each stroke. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!” Alex cried as she kept swirling her hips down on Lena’s hand and fingers to help ride out every last bit of pleasure and pain.

Suddenly the grinding slowed as Alex’s whole body tensed up. Her body had gone past the point of
orgasm to over-stimulation. Lena relented. Taking her hand away from Alex’s clit Lena gently placed it on Alex’s back. Alex hands and knees collapsed from underneath her. She was a puddle on the floor. Lena slipped her fingers out from Alex’s pussy. Alex whimpered in protest.

Lena leaned in towards Alex. She noticed Alex’s eyes had some tears in them. Just from the intensity. Lena dried them with her thumbs. Alex was still panting and used the wee bit of strength she’s collected to pull Lena in close, holding her, wrapping her legs around Lena’s. Alex looked at Lena’s face with awe and wonder. Touching her hair. Staring into her eyes.

“Lena you are...you are…”

Alex couldn’t find the words. Lena filled the silence. “You were so good tonight, Alex. You did everything I wanted. You trusted me.” Alex quickly kissed Lena’s beautiful lips.

Alex then pulled away and said with some measure of authority, “I’ve got to have my mouth on you.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Alex let her head fall back on the floor.

Lena knew what to do. She got on her knees and straddled Alex’s face. Alex licked and sucked on Lena’s pussy like it was made of nectar, holding Lena's ass in her hands, exploring every beautiful inch of them.

“I don’t want you to just lick me...I want you to eat my pussy.”

Alex loved every dirty command that came out of Lena’s mouth. It was always so specific, assured, filthy. Alex did as she was told, making sure to get each of Lena’s folds inside her mouth, tasting and consuming and eating every bit of that Lena's sweet snatch. Lena was so turned on by Alex’s earlier show of...trust...that Lena came in less than a minute, making sure to grind her clit all over Alex's as she wrung out every last bit of orgasm, rubbing her cum soaked folds all over Alex's mouth and chin in a sloppy but effective display of power.

Once she was done, Lena tried to get off Alex’s face, but Alex’s powerful arms grabbed and held Lena down, keeping her hips in place. Lena was always surprised at Alex's physical strength. Alex held her there, firmly in place, until Alex had licked up every bit of cum from Lena's slit. When Alex finally finished and Lena was licked clean, Alex allowed Lena to shift her hips until they laid over Alex’s. They each took the other’s face in their hands and kissed tenderly. Sweetly. Like lovers. Rolling around on the rug, carefree, their only concerns being keeping as much skin to skin contact as possible as they kissed and drank in each other’s breath.

“I want you to promise me something.” Alex was surprised to hear Lena say this. Alex was even more surprised with what she said in response.

“Anything.”

Alex was truly ready to give Lena anything she asked.

Lena looked relieved. Happy. Then suddenly...fiendish.

“The next time we have sex...it will be in your bed.”
Chapter 11

If Lena’s office had blankets, they probably would have spent the entire evening entwined in each other’s arms. But Alex and Lena both knew it was time to leave. They dressed and Lena held Alex’s hand as they walked to the elevator.

Lena could sense Alex’s concern about the facing the lobby’s security cameras.

“I’ll take you out the back entrance.”

They descended all the way down to the parking garage, where Lena’s driver was waiting. (He often slept in the car. Lena paid him handsomely and his long hours consisted mostly of waiting, napping and reading. He thought it was the best job in the world and loved the secret college funds he’d created for his three grandchildren with his ample salary.)

They drove out the parking garage and Alex was dropped off at her car. They kissed in the backseat, a long, lingering kiss goodbye. The kind of kiss that said, “I don’t know when I’ll see you again and I hope it’s soon and I’ve got to memorize the feeling of your lips on mine and you are so beautiful.” They didn’t say goodbye. Alex just slipped out and as soon as she was inside her locked car, Lena drove off. It was 2am.

--

Lena Luthor lied in her plush bed. Like most CEO’s Lena only slept 4 ½ hours a night. And even though it was a Saturday, waking at 7:30am was sleeping in. Instead of starting her exercises, Lena cuddled herself in the soft silky sheets and plush comforter. Fantasizing about Alex being her girlfriend. Lying in bed with her in the sleepy early hours of morning. Lena remembered the sensation of Alex’s fingertips casually stroking down Lena’s naked back. Lena laid in bed to try and remain in this feeling as long as possible.

She thought back to just a few hours ago - Alex’s fingers were deep inside her. Remembering how much Alex truly wanted to please Lena, make her feel good submit to her and let her know she trusted her. And to think that Alex, just a few days earlier, only saw the bad in Lena...now was cuddling and caressing her. Lena never thought that was possible. That someone would go from seeing the bad to the good. But in Alex it happened.

I mean, Lena had originally wished this would happen with Kara. But clearly that was never going to happen. First of all, Kara never saw Lena as Bad. Not even when Clark Kent tried to flush out some type of confession from Lena connecting her to the city’s most recent misfortunes. Kara only saw Lena’ as good. Took everything Lena said at face value. Kara believed and trusted Lena from the start. This was something Lena never even imagined. So naturally she didn’t have a sexual scenario concocted around it. Still, Kara’s tight body, long legs, pert ass, golden tresses and puppy dog eyes were irresistible and Lena quickly found herself flirting, inviting, smiling, hugging, praising, shoulder crying, cooing, worshipping -- she’s used every single trick in the book to get out of the friend zone. She even picked at glazed donuts with her fingers, eating and licking them while her knees touched Kara’s on the couch! Simply put, Kara was just not having it.

Lena kept up the flirting solely as a way to amuse herself. And frankly, if she stopped it would now seem out of character. But she had long resigned herself to the fact that Kara and her would be nothing more than friends. Maybe it was for the best. Maybe she was destined to be with Kara’s sister. Thank God Kara and I never crossed that line, though Lena.
Her thoughts drifted back to Alex and she smiled. Kara was almost too perfect. Alex, on the other hand, was real. The over-protective, all too vulnerable, recently-out lesbian, the federal agent, the mistrustful, occasionally angry, try-hard mad scientist / doctor / weapons expert. Alex was so many things. And perfect wasn’t one of them.

Lena’s fingers drifted down as she recalled Alex’s tender fingers exploring Lena’s folds, her flesh, plunging deep inside Lena’s wet, open pussy - sliding in and out, gently fingering and fucking at the perfect deep slow pace. Lena was touching herself as she then remembered their first night together. Alex’s pert pink lips...wet and puckering, kissing Lena’s clit over and over...blowing on her with hot breath...teasing her...doing everything in her power to make Lena feel safe and crazy and loved...Lena pulled our her vibrator from the side drawer, turned it on and...took her time...

--

Alex woke up at 9am. Still dead tired. She rubbed her eyes to try and get the sleep out of them and failed. She had every reason to be tired. She didn’t get home until 3am. That was...she craned to look at the alarm clock...only six hours ago. I need more than 6 hours of sleep, she thought. Her body fell back down on the bed. Eyes shut tight. She thought about all the sexual, mental and emotional energy the games with Lena used up. That must be why I’m this tired, she thought. She remembered Lena’s hungry looks as Alex danced for her. Lena’s taking off her clothes, revealing her beautiful breasts, Lena’s dark hair cascading down over them, perfect pink nipples peeking out through the dark tresses. And of course, the feeling of Lena’s hot fingers exploring deep inside Alex. Alex’s pussy ached at the memory and she realized her poor puss hadn’t been properly washed since it’s epic finger fucking-

Alex sat bolt upright in terror! She hadn’t fucking showered after fucking! She leapt out of bed to correct this matter and suddenly realized that her bedsheets were all...contaminated...for lack of a better word. Alex yanked off the fitted and flat sheet and the pillow cases and her clothes from the night before and, still nude and half awake, jammed them all into the washing machine.

She looked at her apartment’s front door. Maggie could be knocking on it at any moment. She thought about turning her phone off but in those seconds Maggie could arrive and it was better to just get in the shower asap.

Before she knew it she was under the jets, soaping up and scrubbing every inch of herself, washing her hair, scrubbing her face and pussy and ass and legs and tits and back. Working furiously to cover every inch. It was exhausting. Alex knew she couldn’t keep doing this. It was...it was wrong. She knew that. Now she was living the reality of lies and covering up. This wasn’t who Alex was and it wasn’t who she was going to be.

It was still a stressful morning. Alex didn’t want Maggie to see her washing sheets or making the bed. Alex doing basic laundry at any point was suspicious. To be washing her bedsheets? First thing in the morning on a Saturday? That’s not how Alex wanted to initiate conversation.

Finally, the sheets were laundered and back on the bed. Alex was clean. The apartment was eerily silent. Not one word from Maggie. Alex didn’t know if she should text her own girlfriend or not. Were they still girlfriends? Were they already broken up? Alex didn’t know the rules.

She made herself breakfast. Coffee might bring clarity. Alex was too nervous and distracted to do anything with her day except wait around in her apartment. By 2pm...still not a word from Maggie. Alex decided to text.

“Howdy stranger!?”
Alex saw the bubble, indicating Maggie was writing back. Alex’s heart was racing with guilt.

“Inventory until 7am!! Gah!! Gonna keep sleeping. Call u later. X”

Alex wasn’t the type of person to feel lonely but today her apartment felt like an enormous empty cavern. The text from Maggie made her feel better and she longed for that Sawyer smile. On Saturdays, Maggie and Alex would usually hit the farmer’s market, then maybe take a motorcycle ride up the coast to that fish shack. They talked last week about maybe joining a softball league - firefighters vs. police - but they forgot to talk about it and now Maggie was sleeping in.

Alex felt lost without her. She knew it was her co-dependant tendencies. At least that’s what that therapist said those years ago. Once she moved away from home and went to college - it was more about leaving Kara than starting college. Anxiety cropped up and she couldn’t be truthful with her therapist about the real source of anxiety - that her sister was an alien with superpowers and Alex had been charged by her parents as Kara’s protector, baby sitter, cultural ambassador - and even more roles than that! The therapist did correctly identify the resulting dynamic as co-dependence and suggested techniques that would assist Alex in dealing with...certain emotions as they arose. Alex was diligent with the exercises and they worked. She didn’t stick with the therapy. What is the point of therapy if you’re lying the whole time

Lies! Secrets! Alex had so many of them and now after this night - nights! - with Lena she had even more. Alex sat on the edge of her bed - the bed Lena wanted to have sex in! - put her head in her hands and cried. When she found herself overwhelmed in moments like this -- it was Maggie who comforted her.

Alex didn’t want to lose Maggie. Maggie was her real life. Lena was...Lena was a fantasy. This distancing technique started to bring relief. Alex continued thinking along those lines. Lena would never love me the way Maggie loves me. What - this gorgeous bajillionaire CEO is going to date me, a lowly cop with a one bedroom apartment. Not even one bedroom. Loft! Fine, i’m not really a cop. I’m a FBI agent but still. What could *I* ever be to Lena Luthor - other than her toy. People get bored with toys. Then donate them to charity. Alex ruefully dried her tears. She didn’t want to be thrown away.

Alex suddenly had clarity and purpose.

I’ll confess to Maggie. Hopefully she won’t leave me.

---

Kara had been cleaning her apartment that morning, too. It only took 5 minutes because she always used superspeed to deal with common household tasks and chores. She soon found the entire place scrubbed, dusted and windexed. Her thoughts also seemed to go at super speed. Kara couldn’t help but think about what she could have done differently last night.

Lena was her friend. And yet now...she was seemed to be having...different feelings. Well, for sure Supergirl was having different feelings for Lena. It was Supergirl with her costume pulled down. Supergirl’s back being kissed with Lena’s crop. But wasn’t it Kara’s back, too? Were’nt they one in the same? No, they weren’t. Kara was Lena’s friend. Supergirl wasn’t.

Lena didn’t seem interested in receiving Kara’s touches during game night. Not like how she was interested in touching Supergirl, carefully noting every little thing that happened when her crop came down on Kara’s flesh. Supergirl’s flesh! It was all so confusing! Of course -- this all might all
be chalked up to the effects of the synthetic Kryptonite. Kara wished she could simply talk to Lena about this - but she couldn’t risk revealing her secret identity. Nor could she risk ruining their friendship.

Then Kara got an idea! She’d use her reporter skills to investigate. Kara turned on her computer and started searching the term “riding crop”. Images of crops for sale, horses, professional riders, races, jockeys, derbys. This wasn’t it. She then typed in “riding crop, human back” and suddenly the strangest images flooded the search results screen. Hundreds of thumbnail images of skin and leather and -- is that..is that a chain? Kara clicked on it.

It was a picture of a woman, blonde and blindfolded with a leather eye mask. Her arms and hands were stretched over her head. Both of her wrists in leather cuffs. These cuffs had metal rings attached and those rings had a chain looped through them...she was strung up from the ceiling. Kara knew those chains wouldn’t restrain her at all. But to this woman, this helpless human, she was powerless to use her arms and hands to stop anyone from hurting her. Not to mention that, as a human, she didn’t have X-Ray vision. She was also powerless to know what was coming...or when. This woman was defenseless. Kara gasped with concern. What villain was behind this cruelty?? Kara quickly surveyed the rest of the image looking for clues.

The woman in the cruel trap had been stripped of nearly all her clothes. She was wearing only a leather collar, a garter belt, pull ups and 5” heels. This woman is clearly someone’s sex slave! Kara started to feel her Superhero instincts kick in. This woman needed saving - fast!

Kara quickly scanned the woman standing in front of her captive. Her back was turned so her face wasn’t visible. But she was a brunette, wearing a leather bustier, thigh high leather boots and nothing else. Except that in her hand was a leather riding crop. She was facing the her captive. It was clear the she was going to use it on her. The captive’s face - Kara studied it and realized there was no fear. No tension. Kara searched the room for clues. The room was devoid of all furniture except for the ring and the chains coming down from the ceiling binding the blindfolded, nearly naked female.

Kara realized the image was actually a link. She clicked it and was immediately taken to a hard-core, adult streaming site. “HOT DOMME LADIES AND THEIR SEXXY SUBMISSIVES.” Kara’s head started to scramble. So this, this is sex? I mean, porn?

Kara clicked on the video. The thumbnail image was clearly from the middle of the video, since the blonde entered the room fully clothed. That is, if you consider wearing a lacy bra and panty set as clothes. The brunette entered carrying the crop. The blonde looked excited and they had a little dialogue about how the Blonde had been bad and needed punishment. The blonde was visibly excited about this. The Brunette stalked and strutted with her crop. Openly ogling the Blonde’s body, and demanding this and that, all of which the Blonde happily complied with - stripping off her bra, allowing the Brunette to put cuffs on her. Being strung up to the wall.

As this happened, the Brunette often took her time to lavish attention on the Blonde’s ass, her face, her breasts. The Blonde was powerless to stop the advances. Fingers and hands touched and caressed wherever they wanted, however they wanted. The Blonde was clearly enjoying every moment of pleasure the Brunette delivered. Until finally the brunette raised the crop. Fear and excitement flashed across the Blonde’s eyes. The Brunette lifted the Blonde’s breast, until the nipple was jutting out flat against the Brunette’s palm. Suddenly the crop came down sharply against the nipple. The Brunette had created a little surface, a table to smack the nipple against with the crop. The Blonde winced in exquisite pain.

The Brunette kept tapping that nipple, lightly tapping at it, rapid fire. As Kara watched this, she
couldn’t help but picture being strung up for Lena, Lena tapping at Kara’s tits. At Supergirl’s tits. Shit. Who am I in this fantasy?? Kara couldn’t figure it out. Her panties were a sopping mess. She was still in her sweatpants from cleaning and slipped a finger down towards her clit, sliding it into her slickness and rubbing it all over the hood of her clit as the video continued. The Domme was now calling the Blonde her slave and this made Kara’s cunt throb. Kara closed her eyes and listened to the video, but picturing in her mind’s eye Lena delivering the lines.

“You’re powerless to stop these beatings, you know that, don’t you?”

“Yes mistress.” Replied the Blonde.

Kara fingered herself deeply and tried saying it. “Yes, Mistress Lena.”

Saying these words, out loud, using Lena’s name...Kara was never more turned on. She usually masterbated in her bed, but there wasn’t time for that. Kara dropped to the floor, pulled her pants down to her ankles and started working her clit in earnest. The audio from the clip was more faint now that Kara was on the floor, so she turned up her super hearing. Each time there was the smack of the crop, Kara pictured Lena standing over her, smacking lightly on Kara’s clit. Lena was smiling as she did this. Smiling because Kara was being a good little slave for her.

Kara started slapping her own clit with her fingers, mimicking Lena’s crop. She saw Lena in a leather bustier and leather thigh high boots and nothing else. Kara wondered what Lena’s pussy looked like. Bald? Landing strip? Tasteful triangle bush? Kara pictured herself reaching up and touching Lena there while Lena kept tapping with her crop right on Supergirl’s clit. Yes. She was Supergirl in this scenario. Supergirl - naked except for her cape. Her suit crumpled up on the floor beside her. Lena standing over her, legs spread in a power position. Holding her crop.

Kara slapped at her clit faster and faster and in seconds, tingling and heat swelled up in her hips, her center and then straight up into her clit which protruded with pleasure, sticking its neck up so that it could be beaten senseless, so that it’s full orgasm would be wrung out of it like every drop from a wet rag. Kara exploded, tensing and shivering and squirming. As orgasm started to sate, Kara felt a sharpness from the very tip of her clit. What the hell is that? Kara looked down at her sore nether regions and realized...she had squirted. Not from her clit of course, but that’s where she felt it. Oh, Rao. She thought. I didn’t know I could do that. Kara panted, still breathing heavy and now in awe of her new “superpower.” She wished Lena was here to see it. To see what she made Kara do.

Kara was determined that this was going to happen. Somehow. Someday.

And Soon.

Because if there was one thing she was now certain of...it was this:

This wasn’t the effects of synthetic Kryptonite.

Kara spent the rest of the day watching several videos with women in various restraints getting their tits, ass, and pussy flogged. Educating herself on her body, it’s needs, her tastes, her desires...and all the possibilities of pleasure, pain and powerlessness...with Lena.
Maggie texted Alex that evening. She wanted to go out to dinner. Perfect, thought Alex. A restaurant would be the ideal place to have a conversation. Maggie would be less likely to shoot her dead if they were in a public place.

They went to a Mexican restaurant on the far side of town. Even though it wasn't fancy, the place was insanely popular. When Maggie and Alex rolled up, there was already a line of 25 people lined up outside. The hostesses said it would be a 45 minute wait for a table. Alex shifted uncomfortably. She sort of was hoping to sit down and, in the privacy provided by noisy surrounding, seek absolution. Instead she was standing with her beautiful girlfriend, in sweet silence of the cool night air under the stars.

Minutes later, the manager appeared and beckoned Maggie and Alex to the front of the line. The hostess had seen Maggie's badge poking out from under her belt. As soon as Maggie realized she was cutting the line, she started to refuse, and words were exchanged in Spanish as the rest of patrons in line, realizing that the teeny tiny person amongst them was a police officer, they eagerly waved her ahead - knowing she was truly putting herself in harms way to protect others, just due to her size alone. (How were they to know she always registered 90% accuracy or above at the shooting range.). Maggie expressed gratitude by waving at the people in line like a prom queen. Everyone chuckled, clapped and whistled. Maggie then took Alex’s hand in hers and followed the hostess to a booth in the back.

Everything about the restaurant was romantic. Low lighting, lots of red faux leather and carved wood, waitresses in low cut shirts, soft guitar music, the murmur of a crowd excited to be out on a Saturday night. The waitress appeared and set down a shallow bowl of salt, coated the rims of two glasses with a lime ridge, turned the glasses upside down, ground them in the salt, then poured two large Margaritas from giant glass pitcher beaded with sweat.

"Did I mention that this place does table side Margaritas?"

They clinked glasses at their good fortune and sipped on their drinks.

"Wow. Delicious." Alex was impressed. Maggie had outdone herself once again. This place really was the bomb.

Maggie was animated, more than usual. Story after story poured out of her as she recalled the details of the all nighter she and several other officers pulled to inventory the evidence locker. By the time Maggie revealed that nothing was missing and one elderly officer had been filing all the U evidence in the V box, both Maggie and Alex were laughing their ass off.

As the rolling laughter subsided, suddenly, Alex felt a burst of courage. She blurted out, "I have to tell you something."

Maggie didn't look surprised. And she didn't look eager to hear what Alex had to say. She looked -- what's the word? -- resigned.

"I know."

Alex could see in an instant that the reason Maggie's stories had been coming so fast and furious because she was trying to prevent...or at least delay...whatever Alex was going to share.

A pit formed in Alex's stomach. That was to be expected. She forced herself to continue.
"This isn't easy for me to say..."

Maggie took a long swig from her Margarita, completely finishing it. Maggie put down her glass, wiped her mouth with her napkin and said,

"Then I'll say it for you."

Alex waited with suspense.

"You and Lena Luthor?"

Alex's eyes turned to saucers. Maggie waved her hand at the waitress and pointed to the empty glasses on the table, indicating 'two more please.'

Even though Alex knew she was the one who was supposed to be supplying the details, she found herself waiting for Maggie to do so.

"Danvers, I'm not sure if you know this or not...but I'm a detective. I detect."

Alex felt humbled. And relieved. If Maggie already knew about Lena, and she was still willing to go out... and have fun... and share a romantic meal with Alex... on a Saturday night... then they were probably still good. The pit in Alex's stomach seemed to...lessen.

"How did you know?"

"Game night? You were staring at her the entire time."

"NO I wasn't."

Maggie rolled her eyes as new Margaritas were salted and poured. "Alex, are we going to have a serious conversation about this or is this going to be a whole thing where you deny it? Because I'm not down for that."

Alex immediately apologized. "I'm sorry." I guess Maggie knew the whole time. I should have given her more credit, thought Alex. Even Maggie is too good for me.

"So...after I left game night and headed to the precinct...what happened?..........................Did you guys kiss?"

Record scratch. The pit in Alex's stomach was as heavy as ever. Did Maggie really not know that Alex and Lena kissed? And did way more than that? Was Maggie just trying to see if Alex would be truthful with her? Maybe this was all a very refined interrogation technique? Alex was mad at herself for not being able to tell. And proud of Maggie for being a great detective. But mostly, Alex was scared. She promised she was going to be completely honest -- but maybe, she was realizing -- perhaps that wasn't the best idea.

"Did we kiss?"

This 'answering a question with a question' response was all Maggie needed to know.

"OMG you kissed Lena Luthor!?" Maggie seemed...pleased and delighted to hear this. "Who kissed who??"

Alex was now certain - Maggie didn't know.

"You're...not mad?"
"Oh my God, Danvers!" Maggie's hand slapped down on the table with excitement. "This is amazing! Tell me everything. Every last detail!"

Alex's head scrambled. She repeated herself.

"You're not mad??"

Maggie took another swig, wiped the juice from her smile and broke it down.

"Danvers, a couple things. One - you just came out of the closet. As a 'seasoned gay' I knew that you would be needing...experiences. It's one the main reason I was hesitant to get into a relationship with you."

Ouch, that smarts, thought Alex. She sipped water to smooth her throat, which suddenly started to hurt and scratch.

Maggie continued with her nonchalant assessment. "Frankly I thought it was going to be with Vasquez..."

Alex almost choked on her water. "Vasquez?"

"Oh, she is so thirsty. Please." Maggie shot Alex a look that said - bish, be real. "Second - Lena Luthor is like, the hottest woman in all of National City. She's everyone's "free pass." Male, female, gay, straight, pan, bi, poly - anyone in any relationship of any kind is allowed to get with Lena Luthor with no ramifications."

"Who says that?"

"Danvers, you need more gay friends. And straight friends. Friends in general. Because every damn person says it. Now enough with the questions. Start ponying up details."

Alex's head was spinning. "What do you want to know?"

"So you two kissed?"

Alex nodded yes.

"Did you..." Maggie leaned forward and whispered "get to second base?"

Alex looked horrified. Maggie -- incorrectly -- interpreted this as a no. She leaned in and whispered over the table.

"Did you at least touch her over the shirt??"

Alex suddenly knew she was not going to share one single salacious detail with Maggie. Maggie's questions felt cheap and invasive. And they were so off base in every way. Instead, Alex let Maggie think that, after game night, Lena kissed Alex goodbye on the lips. She didn't share anything else.

Maggie was so turned on by this juicy little details that she spent the rest of the night looking at Alex like she was a giant pork chop. Alex couldn't help but feel, sexy and desirable -- knowing somehow it was all because of Lena Luthor.

And Alex felt relieved. The conversation had gone...beyond better than expected. It has gone fantastic. Maggie had just told her that, when it comes to Lena Luthor, Alex has a free pass! Alex reveled in that thought as they left the restaurant and walked hand in hand under full moon.
Alex and Maggie went back to Alex's loft. As soon as the door closed behind them, Maggie was tearing away at Alex's clothes, unbuttoning Alex's shirt as fast as she could. It wasn't going fast enough. Alex's hands started untucking her shirt and unbuttoning from the opposite end.

Maggie grabbed at Alex's face and kissed hard and deep. Then leaned away to take in Alex's doe eyes and auburn hair. Alex felt special and seen.

"My girlfriend is so hot, Lena Luthor can't keep her hands off her."

Suddenly Alex's feelings of connection flew out the window. She felt...what was it she felt? She couldn't say but she suddenly was no longer in the mood. She stepped back from Maggie. Her unbuttoned shirt billowing at her sides, Alex crossed her arms in front of her chest. Trying to contain the weird feeling suddenly in her stomach.

Maggie figured Alex was still feeling guilt. But that wasn't it. Alex was feeling...protective. Her experiences with Lena were special. So special. And all night Maggie had been using it as...as cheap fodder for her own amusement! Yes. That was the feeling. Maggie was cheapening it.

"Can you please stop talking about Lena Luthor?" Alex was setting a boundary. Would Maggie honor it?

Maggie pursed her lips and contemplated her next move.

"Well Danvers...What do you want me to talk about?"

It was a tease. It was a dare. Maggie's eyes smoldered with an open invitation for a bedroom...battle.

An unknown emotion welled up in Alex. Anger, mixed with passion, the desire to control something. The desire to end something. Alex walked up to Maggie and grabbed her by the shoulders -- the same way she'd grabbed Lena that first night.

"I don't want you to say anything."

Maggie seemed excited and...somewhat helpless. Not completely, of course, because unlike Lena, Maggie was well trained in not just self defense but take down combat. Maggie could put up a fair fight with Alex. If she wanted to. But she didn't want to. She let Alex roughly grab her from behind her neck and pull her in for a firm kiss. An angry kiss. A kiss that said, "SHUT UP."

Alex kept Maggie's face forcefully pushed up against hers as she led the two of them back, back, back into the loft until Alex finally broke off the kiss by pushing Maggie down on the giant bed.

"Take your clothes off," Alex commanded.

"Yes ma'am."

Alex put her finger against Maggie's lips. "No more talking."

Maggie started stripping off her clothes. Alex watched as Maggie pulled her shirt over her head. Pulled her bra off. Shimmied out of her pants. Her movements were eager. Hasty. It seemed like in seconds, Maggie was completely naked. All Alex could think of was Lena. Lena wasn't hasty. She was deliberate. She took her time. She understood each moment of intimacy and how to...
"Come and get it, Danvers."

Alex was suddenly so angry!!

She's just told Maggie not to say another word! But there Maggie was - talking! Ruining the game! Even worse, Maggie didn't seem to know that a game was being played.

Alex felt lonely and unfulfilled in an instant. Maggie didn't notice. Maggie was just kneeling on the bed, swishing her naked hips around, waiting for Alex to take her.

Lena seemed to take hours to get undressed. And those hours were both exquisite torture and refined pleasure. Like unwrapping an expensive gift, you start by slowly pulling at the lush ribbon's end until the bow comes undone, then turning the package over and around until you see the exact place to slip your finger under the heavy, printed paper...

The fact that Maggie had just torn off all her clothes...it seemed...

Childish.

She couldn't say that to Maggie, of course. What could she say now? Now that they were already at this...stage. Not just in their relationship but at this stage of the evening. Alex HAD tried to tell Maggie not to talk. But that didn't work. Then she tried telling Maggie to take off her clothes…but before Alex could even tell Maggie to slow down, the clothes were gone. Alex felt so frustrated!!! Maggie was just doing what Maggie wanted. Not what Alex wanted. She wasn't even giving Alex a chance to participate.

A thousand thoughts and emotions like these raced through Alex in a instant.

Maggie took Alex's long pause as an indication of her enjoying the fact that Maggie's body was so ready and available.

Maggie couldn't have been more wrong.

"What are you waiting for?" Maggie taunted.

That was the tipping point.

Alex reached her hands out and grabbed Maggie's breasts forcefully. Squeezing them. Hard. Much harder than she'd ever before. They were small and Alex's hands easily could squeeze the full of each breast in her hands. Alex mashed and squeezed. Maggie loved being touched roughly like this.

"Yeah, baby. Get it." said Maggie.

Alex suddenly hated Maggie's bedroom talk. Suddenly it was basic and boring. It wasn't clever or sexy. It didn't create a dynamic that enhanced what was already happening. It wasn't...like how Lena talked.

Suddenly Alex took each of Maggie's nipples in her fingertips and started twisting at them hard. Almost punishing them for not being Lena's.

Maggie writhed. She enjoyed this level of pain. A surge of heat went through Maggie's body causing and her vaginal walls to ache with need.

Much to Alex's dismay, Maggie kept talking. "I want you to use the strap on."
Alex said nothing. She didn't want to be doing this. Any of it. But instead of saying something, she figured it would be easier to just go along until it was over.

Maggie was certainly enjoying herself. A LOT. Sometimes this is what you do when you're in a relationship, thought Alex. You please your partner by…sometimes doing things you don't want to do.

Alex started to disrobe completely, dispassionate, disengaged. Maggie leaned over to the dresser and pulled out the harness and dildo, put them together and helped Alex step into it. All of it felt so…mechanical. Transactional. A means to an end. Maggie wanted to get fucked. Alex was going to do the fucking.

Maggie flipped the top open on a bottle of lube, coated her hands, then lubed up the dildo. Alex felt like she was…not really there.

Maggie laid on her back and splayed her legs open wide, then used her hands to spread her labia to each side. Her pussy was primed and ready for the dildo to slide on in.

It was all too easy. There was no game to it. No challenge. No boundaries to conquer. No quest. No prize. In fact, it wasn't even Maggie topping from the bottom. It felt like it was just...Maggie doing things that would please Maggie.

Alex felt only the burden of having to deliver and perform.

Alex got up on her knees, and moved in between Maggie's hips. Alex knew Maggie loved missionary style, loved feeling her partner's body heavy against her own as she was being fucked. She loved kissing and being kissed as her lover thrust a dildo inside her.

Maybe the evening could still be salvaged, thought Alex. She took the well lubed dildo in her right hand and started sliding her hand up and down the shaft, making sure every inch was coated with lube. "You want this?"

"Uh, yeah. Yeah I do."

That was it.

Another childish, inelegant bit of bedroom talk. It wasn't just childish. It was beyond that. It was like Maggie was telling Alex to 'get on with it already'!! Alex felt shamed.

She decided she was going to return the favor.

"Then get on your knees."

Concern flashed across Maggie's face. This isn't how it was going to go.

"But..."

Alex kept stroking her cock. "If you want this in your pussy, then turn over and get on your fucking knees."

Maggie wasn't sure how she felt about this new "persona" Alex was adopting. There was something new and thrilling about it - for sure. But it also wasn't exactly what Maggie was hoping for. Maggie searched Alex's face and guessed - correctly - that this is the only way she was going to get any tonight. She decided to go with it.
Maggie turned over. Getting up on her hands and knees.

Alex slapped Maggie's ass. SMACK!

"Danvers, such a hard ass tonight." Again - another bit of teasing. Alex felt like Maggie was subconsciously trying to take her down a peg. Alex had had quite enough.

Suddenly Alex was on top of Maggie, her hands suddenly smothering Maggie's mouth. It was sudden and hard. Sneak attack. It was...like how a perp might grab someone. Maggie really was turned on.

"I've told you to stop talking but you didn't listen. Now I have to take matters in my own hands."

Just as suddenly, Alex's hands and body were off Maggie. Maggie gulped as Alex pulled a pillow case off, and quickly twisted it up into a tight spiral. Maggie now realized that something very, very new was happening. And she wasn't sure what that was.

The pillowcase was now like a rope. Alex held both ends tight. From her position behind Maggie, pulled it down in front of Maggie’s face.

"Open your mouth."

Maggie instinctively opened wide. Alex pulled the tight twist of fabric into Maggie’s mouth, made her bite down on it. Alex wasn't trying to hurt Maggie. She just...needed to be in control. Alex tied the impromptu gag behind Maggie's head. Tight.

Maggie's heart started to race. It was hard to breathe, but...doable.

Alex could tell this wasn't too much for her. So she guided Maggie's face down into the pillow, and pulled Maggie's hips up and back.

The cock was back in Alex's hand again and Alex used it to slap at Maggie's clit from underneath.

Maggie winced.

Then Alex slapped Maggie's ass with her hand. SMACK. SMACK. Alex didn't say what for. But in her mind, she knew she was spanking Maggie for speaking out of turn.

Without giving Maggie any further preparation, Alex took the dildo and slid the tip right into Maggie's slit. Alex listened to Maggie's groans and breathing to determine if it was okay to proceed. Sensing the exact moment that Maggie's cunt could bear some more length, then sliding it in deeper and deeper. Not allowing Maggie’s cunt to get comfortable and swallow the cock, but somehow sensing the exact moment the her pussy walls were...not ready for more... but wanting more.

Maggie had never been entered so quickly, so fully, so deeply. Her breathing was labored, shallow. Her eyes watered and her mouth started to drool on the gag. Alex could see all of it. She had a perfect view from above at Maggie's face, pressed sideways into the pillow. Maggie tried to breathe as Alex slid the dildo almost all the way out and then thrusted it’s entire length back in as deep as before.

Faster and faster Alex started pounding Maggie's pussy. Using her hands to pull Maggie's hips back on the cock. The pace and depth made for a punishing pounding.

Maggie couldn't help but enjoy the roughness. She wanted to see Alex's face. Needed to see it.
Maggie used her hands to lift her chest up so she could crane her neck around. As soon as Alex saw Maggie make these moves, Alex pushed down on the center of Maggie's back, forcing her down. Face flat against the bed. Pussy full of hot wet cock.

Ass in the air.

Alex got an idea. She slid the cock out of Maggie - a sloppy, pop sound as it exited the gaping puss. Maggie groaned at it’s absence. Then she suddenly felt the wet tip of the cock pressing up against her asshole. Gently swirling lube and pussy juice all over the entrance, teasing it, massaging it. It felt fantastic. Then it started to...ever so gently... press down at the entrance. Spreading her circle an imperceptible amount. Maggie started a muffled protest. Alex left the tip of the cock there. Gauging whether the protest was real.

Maggie stopped mumbling into her gag. Alex waited another moment. The tip of the cock not moving, but still very much pressed against the entrance of Maggie's ass. They both realized the silence was assent. Alex grabbed for the lube, pouring it down the crack of Maggie’s ass and all over the top of the cock pressed against the entrance. It was sinful the amount of lube that was everywhere. Alex smeared it all over Maggie, whose hips squirmed with pleasure. Alex pushed the tip in a bit more, spreading Maggie’s dark rosebud open just mere millimeters. It still felt really really good. But they weren’t “there” yet. Not even close.

Maggie bit down on the gag. In anticipation. Maggie nodded "yes." She was ready for it. All of it.

Alex pushed the cock in further, Maggie’s hot wet asshole opened another centimeter. Alex watched as Maggie’s asshole widened for her. Maggie kept nodding yes. Alex pushed the dildo in further and in second Maggie's dark hole was now fully open to the dildo’s full width. Maggie started taking deep breaths. Alex plunged the entire length cock deep into Alex's ass. It slid in easily and fully. The entire length being swallowed up. Maggie felt pleasure and pain, a new type of fullness. Alex felt power and total control.

Maggie kept nodding her head in a yes yes yes motion. Alex didn’t care. She fucked that ass hard and deep for what seemed like an eternity. Occasionally slapping Maggie’s ass checks. The sights and sounds of Maggie dealing with the pleasure and pain, gagging and drooling on the twisted length of pillow case made Alex so wet. She started fucking in a rhythm that ensured the base of the dildo would slap directly on Alex's erect clit. Suddenly there was nothing Alex wanted more than to make Maggie cum while being so completely fucked and controlled.

Alex kept thrusting deep into Maggie's ass, then reaching around with her left hand to the front of Maggie’s hips, started flicking and fingering Maggie's clit with her left hand. Her non-dominant hand. Making sure that the fingering would purposefully sloppy. Maybe it would make Maggie come. Maybe not. Maggie sighed and moaned so loud into her gag. Her clit was in ecstasy - but it wasn’t getting what it needed to push her over the edge. Tears flowed from her eyes. She started beating her head against the bed. Trying to take the cock in her ass and press her clit against Alex’s fingers, her girlfriend behind her, over her, inside her...

Alex stopped rubbing the clit and instead began gliding multiple fingers randomly over the clit’s wet hood. Maggie was getting even less than what she needed! Maggie felt so used and spread open and raw that she immediately began climaxing. Alex kept sliding her fingers over the clit, teasing out the first few waves of pleasure…but stopped before Maggie was even halfway through her clit’s exquisite throbbing.

As a last act of punishment, Alex slid the dildo out of Maggie's ass, got off the bed and headed to the bathroom to wash up. Leaving Maggie on the bed, ass in the air, asshole gaping, clit aching, mouth gagged, eyes watering. What the hell just happened? Maggie had no idea. She just reached
down to her clit and started finishing herself off.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Alex slipped out of the harness and thought, "That ought to teach her…to never speak to me about Lena Luthor."

Lena Luthor.

Just the name brought a smile to Alex’s face. She wondered when she would see her again…
It was a typical Monday morning in National City. Evil angry aliens were causing havoc. I mean, this type of news was normal. Typical. It had been decades since the people of earth learned there were aliens among them. And, like Lex and Lillian Luthor said, some of them were bad. And ALL of them had either superhuman strength or extraterrestrial abilities. Or both. Ice breath. Mind control. Flight. Sonic death vibrations. Shape Shifting. If you could dream it up, some alien was probably had it and was doing it. To someone. Somewhere.

So when the morning news reported that three aliens had tunneled under NaCMA (The National City Museum of Antiquities) and tried to steal some ancient urns - most people barely batted an eye.

Lena Luthor wasn't most people.

She was in her bathroom, putting on her face. Her game face. Her work face. The face of a Luthor. Painted. Potent. Poised. The lipstick she chose was a custom blend from an atelier in France. She met him back when she was 16 and considering perhaps creating her own line of clothes and cosmetics.

She spent that summer traveling Europe (yes, alone, as a 16 year old) touring studios in Paris, observing up close the exquisite craftsmanship of France's couture embroiderers - watching closely as they stitched individual sequins into gossamer. Then traveling throughout the Italian countryside to investigate cobblers who still practiced hundred year old traditions of hand making leather boots.

By the end of the trip, she realized that it wasn't fashion that inspired her (although she did cultivate a life long appreciation for fabric, cut, design, proportion)...it was the people behind the creations that stuck with her. It was their dedication to being the best they could be that shaped her future. Lena knew that her greatest potential lied in her intelligence, specifically in STEM. When she returned home from her European summer, she applied for early admission to MIT.

The people she met in both Paris and "the old country" kept in touch. Often sending Lena one of a kind pieces. Earrings. Shoes. Handbags. Lena's charm and sincerity was undeniable and these artisans couldn't understand why this beautiful teenage girl was all alone for the summer. They all wanted to take her in and make her feel special. They knew she *was* special.

Lena always sent them personalized thank you notes on custom stationary, written with the glass pen she bought in Venice, ink from Belgium, using long stemmed matches from Portugal to drip a circle of hot wax on the envelope, then sealing it with with a bespoke, custom brass "LL" seal which was engraved and cast for her in County Cork, Ireland.

So as she was applying her lipstick that morning, the morning news airing on a tv built into the wall (what? She's a billionaire. You don't think she has a tv in the bathroom? In all her bathrooms? Well, she does so jot that down...) as she was putting on the custom lipstick and seeing the image of NaMCA's ancient urn...she remembered back to being 16 years old...

She was visiting the tiny town of Pitigliano, Italy. Luigi was the local shoemaker's flamboyant cousin and quickly appointed himself as the town's cultural ambassador - making sure that the world's most famous teenager saw, understood and appreciated all the beauty and history the little town had to offer.

Luigi's family called him the town's ambassador - meaning his theatrical nature and non-stop
storytelling was more embarrassing than anything. Luigi was clearly sensitive and wilted under his family's teasing, which instantly endeared him to Lena, who slipped her arm through his and spent the day visiting every cultural spot the teeny town had to offer. Which was exactly three. Three spots. The leather shoe "factory" ran by his cousin, the town square and the local museum.

The urn on the tv news looked very, very similar to an urn Luigi pointed out to her during their museum stop. As they looked at the urn, which seemed quite unremarkable to a 16 year old girl, Luigi continued with his history lecture, explaining that the run was an artifact rom the Etruscan Age.

750 years before Christ was born...Italy was run by extremely powerful and wealthy families. Brilliant and powerful families.

"Much like yours..." Said Luigi.

This little comment struck Lena. Right in the heart. And stayed with her. For her whole life.

Lena had never considered that there were families like hers littered throughout history. Powerful families deciding the fates of the masses. Enslaving people. Liberating people. In a moment, the whole of man's history was more dangerous and more familiar than ever before. History was just a series of powerful families and the individuals within. Who were either benevolent...or not. Maybe now with technology, with people having access to nearly all of earth's knowledge in the palm of their hands, maybe Lena's would be the last family to wield that kind of control.

Luigi was bursting with pride at Italy's long and proven history of cultural sophistication and technological advances. He pointed at lettering which encircled the urn's base and remarked that the Etruscan's had a complex language which has never been fully decoded.

"Legend says... that the urn once belonged to Hesphestus, the God of Blacksmiths. While forging a golden winged helmet for Hermes, a white hot flint flew up and into the back of the god's hand." Luigi acted out this scene as he told the story. "He quickly plunged his hand into the urn! Which was filled with cool water... to cure his wound. Legend has it that if you could read the incantation on the urn, and stick your hand in it, your hand would emerge with whatever power you envision." Luigi pulled his hand of the imaginary urn and stared at it, as if the hand now had magical properties.

Lena looked at the Luigi's hand as if he was...being rather colorful in his story telling.

"Legend has it that Homer asked to be a writer. Stuck his hand into the urn and - poofy poof pow! - next thing he did was pen the Iliad."

Poofy poof pow? Luigi's storytelling flourishes were a touch embarrassing.

Lena squinted, not one to believe in legend or lore. "Wasn't Homer...Greek?"

Luigi looked deflated, but immediately puffed himself up. "Maybe he had to travel to Italy to learn how to write!"

Lena laughed and the two of them moved on to the next artifact, the next legend, the next outrageous story. That night she dined with the Luigi's entire family, some of whom traveled several miles to attend. It was a meal with never ending courses, for a never ending parade of relatives.

The news program was now talking about the birth of a baby Panda in Metropolis City Zoo.
Lena finished putting on her lipstick and headed to the office. Not giving the urn or the legend another thought. She had a busy day ahead of her.

---

Alex's day was also busy. The overnight security personnel who worked the overnight shift at NaCMA were caught completely unawares when they heard rumbling from the Etruscan wing. One of them went to investigate and was beyond shocked to see the marble floor start to buckle upwards and then three angry aliens push their way out of it. I mean, knowing that there are aliens with violent and criminal intentions was one thing. Seeing them up close was another. The security guard was frozen as he took in the sight of aliens climbing out of a giant hole.

Aliens just came out of the floor and are now in the Etruscan wing. It was just so incongruous!

As the aliens crawled out, they emerged to see the stupefied human and couldn't help but smile. Humans were so weak sometimes - mentally weak - it was almost...charming.

Almost.

The aliens knew he would have to be dispatched. One took out a metal object from his back pocket and turned it on. It looked like a robotic version of a ninja star. It started to glow and spin.

This woke the guard right up. He pressed the button on his radio and yelled into it, "Serenade! Serenade!"

The other guard heard it through his own radio, from the "safety" of the security office. "Serenade" was the code that indicated deadly alien interference and to somehow contact Supergirl. They'd been trained to use this code but never in the museum's history had it ever been used. For a split second he wondered if this might be a prank. But the ZAAPP and painful groan that followed let him know that not only was this very real, but his partner was probably already dead. He looked at the banks of video monitors and saw the chaos. His partner was on the ground, not moving. Three aliens were bashing open glass cases.

The remaining guard immediately called 911 and reported the situation. 911 sent out an APB, which was immediately picked up by the DEO, who texted Supergirl, who was on the scene exactly 128 seconds after the aliens took down the guard.

The aliens would have made it out with the urn with plenty of time to spare...IF they were able to correctly identify the urn they needed. There were at least 10 different urns! When Supergirl arrived, the several protective cases had been smashed open and the three of them were each holding an urn, bickering about which one was the right one.

Supergirl appeared, hands on hips, with the self assurance that these three would be no match for her.

"Didn't you read the signs? Don't touch the art!"

Now it was the aliens turn to stand there helpless. Each was holding a rare and precious urn. An urn that they could not drop or break. None of them were sure what to do. Supergirl started to advance. Two of them decided to put down their urns and fight.

Combat was...interesting. Supergirl didn't want to damage any of the art, so it was almost a waltz. As they rushed at her, she used their weight and force to swing and direct them away from the statues and displays, holding them like they were dancing, eventually employing sleeper holds to subdue. After her second "dance partner" was "asleep" on the ground, Supergirl looked for the
third. Where was he? Gone.

Supergirl quickly realized that he'd taken the third urn and slipped down the hole.

In seconds, Supergirl was in the subterranean passage, traveling the entire length in nanoseconds, immediately catching up to the alien, subduing him, reclaiming the urn and identifying the illegal passage way's entrance with ease. (A sewer grate 100 yards from the museum entrance.)

Not bad for three minutes work, thought Supergirl.

By the time she flew back to the museum with National City's latest baddie, Alex and a few other DEO agents were already on scene, "bagging and tagging." Which was DEO lingo for how they processed, locked up, and entered each criminal alien into their system, both physically and electronically.

"Great work, Supergirl." said Alex.

"You know art is one of my favorite subjects," winked Supergirl.

---

Since her day had started at 2am, Alex was encouraged to leave work at 2pm.

"Get some sleep," said J'onn. Alex knew that was a good idea. Maybe the best idea, however, she had something to take care of first.

---

Jess pressed on her intercom. "Ms. Luthor, Alex Danvers here to see you."

Seconds felt like hours. Alex went from feeling bold and confident to doubtful and nervous and used all of her training to not show it. After what seemed to be an eternity, Lena's voice came through the intercom.

"I'll be right out."

What? She's not going to let me into her office? Now Alex was feeling downright insecure.

Jess didn't seem surprised by this turn of events at all. "Ms. Luthor will be right with you." Alex spun around and saw a few chairs against the wall to sit in. Before she was able to choose one, Lena's office door opened and Lena emerged, carrying her purse.

"Agent Danvers. To what do I owe the pleasure?" Lena cocked her eyebrow and gave Alex a charming version of side eye.

Jess was already up from her desk and helping slip Lena into her purple coat, guiding each one of Lena's arms from behind. Alex wasn't sure what to say. Not with Jess right there.

Lena decided to play with Alex.

"Is the FBI investigating me?" Lena was really milking this. She shot Jess a look and added, "...Again?"

Jess smirked. Lena was not just National City's most powerful CEO, she was also devilishly funny.
Jess saw this side of Lena more than anyone. Jess loved being Lena's gal Friday, her right hand man, her rock. It was an important role. And Jess truly admired Lena, respected her. Jess knew she would be and do...anything...that Lena needed.

Jess handed Lena two large envelopes. "These are the meeting materials."

"Thank you, Jess."

Jess then handed Lena a thumb drive. "And this is the PowerPoint presentation from marketing." Lena took the drive and slipped it into her coat pocket.

Alex suddenly felt like she wasn't even in the room. Her palms got sweaty and she rubbed them along the front of her pants. Lena caught this out of the corner of her eye. It made her smile.

"I'm heading across town to a meeting. You have the length of one elevator ride to state your business."

Lena was being very bossy. She didn't look back as she strode to the elevator and pressed the down button. Alex caught up to her just as the elevator doors opened. The two of them stepped inside. As the doors closed, Lena pulled out a special key, placed it inside the control panel and turned it - ensuring it would be a private ride all the way down.

Both of them stood next to each other, staring straight ahead. Like any two strangers would who were sharing an elevator. Alex wasn't sure what to say or do. Lena was enjoying this little game and wasn't going to give Alex any hints on how to move forward.

The numbers over head started to count down the elevators descent...and the amount of time Alex had.

37, 36, 35...

"Ms. Luthor..." Alex began.

Lena chuckled. Ms. Luthor? We've literally fucked the living daylights out of each other, thought Lena. This little "Ms. Luthor" really made Lena laugh.

"Great opening gambit."

"That's a chess term, isn't it?" inquired Alex.

"Correct."

Alex took a deep breath.

"I'm here to talk about...the next time we see each other."

Lena was pleased. She'd been wondering when that would happen.

"Well, we've already decided *where* we'll be seeing each other..." Lena let that hang in the air. Alex knew what Lena was referring to. Alex's bedroom. Alex's bed.

27, 26, 25...

"Yeah...about that..." Alex's tone made it sound like...it wasn't going to happen.

Lena tensed up inside. Just a bit. Was Alex going to go back on her promise? Was Alex...ending
this? Lena held her breath.

24, 23, 22...

If she was going to be rejected, Lena wanted it over and done with by the end of their elevator ride.

"Yes?" Lena prodded.

Alex was unusually tongue tied.

"I was wondering..."

21, 20, 19...

"If I could..."

18, 17, 16...

Lena was filled with dread. She started putting on a full suit of emotional armor. Just say it already! Lena thought.

"Lena, I'd..."

15, 14, 13...

"...I don't want to take you home. I want to take you out. On a date."

Lena's stomach was still in knots. Still anticipating rejection. Did Lena hear that right? Was Alex not rejecting her?

12, 11, 10...

"Lena?"

Alex turned to face Lena. Lean's face seemed unusually...vulnerable. Alex suddenly understood exactly what to say.

"Lena Luthor, I'm asking you out. On a date. Will you go out with me?"

9, 8, 7...

Lena's heart started to quicken.

Alex waited. Patiently.

6, 5, 4...

Lena was surprised to hear how heartfelt her answer sounded.

"I...I'd love to."

3, 2, 1...

DING! Elevator doors opened. Lena was still facing forward. Alex knew the cameras were on them. Very stealthfully Alex took her index finger and secretly caressed the inside of Lena's left palm. Heat flushed through Lena's body as the two stood staring out the open elevator doors at the underground parking garage.
Lena was over the moon. And made sure not to show it. She went back into game mode. Without looking at Alex, Lena said "Call me." Then strode right out of the elevator. Not looking back.

Alex’s face exploded into a big smile. The doors started to close and suddenly...

Alex yelled to Lena!

"Lena!"

Lena spun around - the two women looking at each other for the first time since stepping on the elevator.

"Can I have your number??"

Lena and Alex looked at each other, both beaming at each other. Realizing this one minor detail had been overlooked. Realizing that they were going out on a date.

The elevator doors quietly closed before they could say another word.
Chapter 14

Several years ago, Lionel Luthor had a number of congressmen in his pocket. And he made sure that no government search engine could access the details of him or any of his immediate family. That means no police database, no department of motor vehicles search engine, no social security administration, no passport office...no TSA, NSA, FBI, CIA -- no government agency could access a Luthor address, birthday, social security number, license plate, email address or private telephone number without congressional approval. This was back in the 80s. Before Lionel died. Before Lex...turned. Before Lillian...radicalized. Before Lena stopped sleeping with her Teddy Bear.

Lena spent many hours of her adult life thanking her deceased father for his foresight. You see, Lena was often on lists. Lists like "America's hottest CEOs!" And "Metropolis' most eligible women under 30!" These types of things attracted...attention...and Lena's personal security firm often reported an uptick of google searches for Lena's personal details. She was glad these types of attempts to contact her were always futile.

And that brought a smile to her face. Even though Alex was an FBI agent, Lena knew it would be more than just a few keystrokes for Agent Danvers to find her personal cell phone number. So Lena decided it would be a fun game...if she texted Alex first. Hmmm.

Lena smiled as she envisioned a text from her popping up on Alex's phone. Maybe something along the lines of "...what's taking you so long?"

Yes. Perfect.

Alex would be surprised, turned on, teased. Lena pictured Alex's face flush with the feelings when the object of desire is just out of reach.

Lena told Jess to get Alex's number. She didn't say why. She just said "As soon as possible."

Jess immediately set aside the other duties on her desk and got to work. Lena rarely used those words. And when she did, Jess knew it was an opportunity to shine.

A simple Internet search revealed that Alex Danvers was related to one Kara Danvers. Kara Danvers worked at CatCo. Jess didn't realize the two were related. Jess had met Kara Danvers several times. She didn't look like Alex Danvers at all. Different skin tons, different hair color, different eyes, height, build. No matter. I guess they're related, thought Jess. That's lucky!

Jess dialed Kara straight away.

---

"Kara Danvers, CatCo Magazine."

"Kara. Hi. It's Jess from Lena Luthor's office."

"Jess! Hi! What can I do for you?"

Kara was over the moon to be hearing from Jess first thing Monday morning. Kara's heart started beating a little bit faster as her brain immediately realized the purpose to the call. Lena wanted to have lunch, of course! Maybe this afternoon! Kara checked her outfit and decided it was cute enough. Or maybe it would be for later in the week. If that's the case, I could wear my hair in braids. I remember Lena complimenting me on my braids once. Kara immediately opened her
calendar so she could check her schedule with Jess.

"I was calling for a favor."

A favor? Lena needs a favor?

"Of course, Jess. Anything."

"Are you related to Alex Danvers?"

"She's my sister."

"Could I have her phone number?"

Kara's stomach sank. Why on earth did Lena's personal secretary need her sister's phone number? There were so many terrible reasons.

"Uh, sure."

"Thank you so much."

There was a long pause. Kara realized Jess was waiting for Kara to give up the digits. Kara's body just didn't seem to be responding.

"Is everything okay?"

Honestly, Jess had no freaking clue why Lena wanted it. And as soon as Kara asked why, Jess realized that maybe this endeavor should have been done with more...discretion.

Now it was Jess who was taking a long time to respond.

Kara noticed.

She'd never had a more awkward interaction with Jess -- well, not since the time Kara used super speed to barge into Lena's office. Suddenly, all the goodwill, friendly vibes and camaraderie Jess and Kara had cultivated since that time immediately evaporated.

Jess used her professional voice. "Should I not have called?"

"No, no, Jess. Of course. Call me anytime."

Kara gave Jess's number and they both felt regret. For a bunch of reasons.

"Thank you, Kara. I'm sure I'll be calling again soon to schedule a lunch."

Both hung up without saying goodbye.

--

When Jess called Lena through the intercom literally five minutes later with Alex's number, Lena pulled out one of her special pens and wrote it down on a piece of paper.

Looking at the number, Lena felt incredible. The thrill of the chase, the excitement of their date...their....

OH SHIT.
Lena realized that the reason Jess got the number so quickly.

She called Kara.

Damn it.

Lena felt sick.

Lena made a mistake. She never made mistakes.

She realized she must really have the feels for Alex if she making amateur hour moves.

Lena took the number, folded it up and placed it in her purse. Her little game was a lot less fun all of a sudden. She decided to just focus on the days work and that she'd figure out a way to talk to Kara, and repair things, later.

--

MEANWHILE...AT THE DEO...

Lena would have been surprised to learn that Alex had not spent any time at all trying to track down her number. Instead, she'd spent the entire morning studying crime scene photographs.

Which is exactly what she was doing when, less than one minute after she hung up with Jess, Kara swooped up next to Alex's work station.

"Hey Alex. Whatcha doin?"

"Kara. Hey."

Alex didn't look away from the photographs. Instead she just reached her hand out and touched Kara's arm to acknowledge her presence. Kara stepped away, breaking the contact.

"What you been up to, Alex?"

Alex clicked on computer images and enlarged them, assuming Kara was interested in the DEO's latest case.

"Remember the incident at the museum? Those urns were moved to a secure facility, off site, so they could be dusted for prints. Etc. Somehow...whoever wanted those urns found out their location and staged another break in -- much more sophisticated than the previous attempt."

Alex played the security footage for Kara. Shelves with urns on them. Then the footage stops.

"Someone found out the location, cut the feed, stole all three urns. And left without a trace." Alex sighed. "We have no leads. I've been studying this video footage all morning."

Vasquez approached. "Except for the three goons we captured from the museum break in. But they aren't talking."

"Oh, wow." Said Kara. "What makes this a DEO case?"

"Since aliens were involved in the first attempt, it's likely this second one was also EO. We're assisting the investigation until it's proved otherwise."

Kara nodded. "So, uh, other than that...what's up?" Kara's attempt to pivot the conversation was
unusually ham-fisted. Kara looked at Alex like there was no one else in the room.

Vasquez had seen this look before. She sensed Kara was interested in getting to the bottom of things...but what mystery was she trying to solve? It was clear Kara couldn't care less about this case.

Alex's didn't notice. She went right on sharing her theories.

"If someone was interested in stealing priceless art to sell it on the black market - there are literally hundreds of other pieces that are way more valuable. And smaller. Easier to transport. Looks like the only lead we have is -- Why these urns? If we can figure what's so special about them, maybe we can find out who wanted them so much. Enough to steal."

"Interesting" mused Kara. "So...how was your weekend? What did you do? Who did you see?"

Alex could tell from Kara's tone she was heading somewhere...somewhere...not good. "What are you getting at, Kara?"

Vasquez could tell this was quickly turning into a DSM. A "Danvers Sister Moment." Vasquez starting slowly backing away. Neither of the Danvers noticed.

Kara leaned in and whispering in a harsh, hushed tone. The type of tone two sisters took when they wanted to have a petty argument in a public place.

"What's going on with you and Lena Luthor?"

Vasquez took two more giant steps backwards, spun on her heel and turned away from them both. She slid into the safety of her workstation at the opposite end of the room and quickly put on headphones.

Before thinking it through, Alex went on the offense.

"I should be asking Supergirl the same thing."

Kara got flush. She went from feeling that she was the one who deserved answers to feeling like she was the one with the secret.

"What?" Said Kara.

"What is Supergirl doing with Lena Luthor?" Alex suddenly had the upper hand. Kara hated when her sister did that.

"Supergirl has worked with Lena Luthor on several projects that have saved both mankind and...alien kind." Kara thought this was a good save.

"Well, as a DEO agent...whenever there is a project that involves aliens...you can assume that I know about it," Alex countered.

They glared at each other. Both wondering how much the other knew. About their relationship with Lena Luthor.

"Lena is also my friend."

"I know that."

"If there's something going on..."
Alex dreaded what was coming next.
"...with Lena's safety, I want to know."

Dread suddenly turned to relief.

"I promise you...If there is ever a concern with Lena's safety, I will tell you." Alex hoped this would quell Kara's questioning. It didn't.

"Then what are you calling her for?"

Alex paused before answering. In addition to Vasquez, there were about 5 other DEO agents at workstations. All were all doing their best to NOT listen to the most recent installment of the Danvers Sisters whisper war.

Alex took Kara's hand and led her into the hallway. As they exited, the entire room sighed with relief.

"Kara, I know why Supergirl has been meeting with Lena. Synthetic Kryptonite."

"Lena told you?"

"YOU told me."

"What are you talking about?"

"Kara. I saw."

"Saw WHAT?"

"Kara...I saw the marks on your back."

Kara flashed back to that night - she flew home, Alex was waiting for her, she changed into pajamas, Alex must have seen the marks. She put her hands up to cover her mouth.

Kara turned bright red. She was mortified. Even though there was no way for Alex to know just how much Kara...enjoyed it.

The rest of the conversation was about everything *except* Lena Luthor. It was all about the dangers of a synthetic kryptonite and the possibilities of an antidote. The merits of these scientific explorations were debated in earnest.

Alex shared that her job at the DEO was on the line just by knowing about this and not reporting it to J'onn. Kara shared that her life was on the line if anti kryptonite wasn't discovered. There were no easy answers.

"You have to trust me, Alex."

"I do trust you."

"Then please, trust Lena, too."

"I do trust Lena!"

Kara was taken aback at how quickly this came out. Alex had a now or never moment.
"Kara, I...I've been dating Lena."

Kara looked like she literally didn't hear what Alex said. Even though she had heard every word.

"What?"

"Maggie and I had a discussion and we decided that we...weren't exclusive."

"What??"

"And I asked Lena out on a date."

Kara's ears started ringing. She stuck her finger in her ear and started shaking it around.

"You asked Lena out on a date?"

"Yes. And she said yes."

Kara was the girl of steel. She'd pulled airplanes down from the sky and pushed spaceships back up. She'd battled the worst and most powerful earth and aliens had to offer. She was invincible. Invulnerable.

So why did it feel like she'd just been punched in the stomach?

---

Kara started pushing her glasses this way and that, fidgeting, deeply uncomfortable.

"That's great, Alex." Kara's mouth just started serving up the right words to say in this type of situation...even thought her heart and her brain were not behind any of them. It wasn't great. At all.

"Thanks."

"And I'm sorry about Maggie." Kara also wasn't sorry about Maggie. In fact, she only brought the subject of Maggie up to somehow highlight just how messed up this was.

"It was Maggie's idea."

"Oh." Kara just had no clue on how to respond to any of this. This was getting worse by the moment. She decided the best place to be was CatCo. "I...I have to get back to work."

"Wait." Alex grabbed Kara's arm.

"Alex, I'm fine with this," said Kara, flashing a big smile and while trying to make a quick exit.

That wasn't why Alex was grabbing her.

"No, um...can you give me Lena's cell?"

Kara didn't go back to CatCo. After giving out Lena's number, Kara walked straight to the combat chamber and punched concrete for a good hour.

---

It was the end of the day, and Lena was still buried in emails and proposals and board meeting minutes. Her phone dinged with a text from an unknown number.
"Up for an evening stroll?"

A big smile spread across Lena's face. Alex had found my number. Lena felt warm and sexy. Lena texted back.

"Meet me by the river walkway entrance at 8pm."

Lena was glad she was in her comfortable heels. An evening stroll by the river, under the moonlight…a perfect first date. Agent Danvers was doing good.

---

It was 7:59 when Lena's driver pulled up to the river walkway entrance. Lena knew Alex would be prompt, so she got out and walked to the river's edge to wait for her date. Her driver pulled away. He needed to circle the block to find parking.

The sound of the river lapping up against the concrete wall was hypnotic. The sound of approaching footsteps broke her reverie. She turned and with a big smile, looked straight at...

A tall, thin man wearing all black stepped out of the shadows. His look was head to toe elegance. Three piece suit, pocket watch in the vest. Tie - a windsor knot. Shiny, black, straight laced, wingtip shoes. His face was thin and pale. The only thing unkempt was his hair, thin like combed silk, the breeze blew it this way and that, white wisps chaotically dancing on his skullcap.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with me."

He stepped closer and Lena then could see that his skin wasn’t pale, it glowed a translucent white. Lena gasped.

He was alien. Either that or a ghost. And his face. It was just a bit thinner than a human male. Lena’s eyes shot down to his fingers. Each was long. Too long. And tapered like candles. Also glowing. Not so much that anyone would notice from a distance. But enough to let Lena know she was in danger.

"Who are you?"

Before he could answer, Lena scanned the area. No Alex. No driver. No joggers or anyone else who might hear her screams. Lena circled away from the river's edge and towards the park. She didn't want to be pushed in.

"There's no need for concern, Ms. Luthor. I mean you no harm. People call me...The Scavenger."

The name didn’t match the look. Lena put on her game face. What else could she do?

"What do you want?"

---

Alex had spent a long day at the DEO. Interviewing Museum curators and docents, learning about the vases, reading about pottery, glazing, the Etruscan age, interrogating the three aliens (they were hired and paid anonymously)...when she wasn’t riding motorcycles and shooting guns...her job involved a lot of reading and research. She was dead tired by the time she got home. But needed to eat. She started pulling out ingredients for a grilled cheese when there was a knock at the door.

Alex looked through the peephole.
It was Lena. She looked scared.

Alex flung the door open.

“Lena.”

“I need to talk to you. Maybe I come in?”

Alex nodded yes. Lena stepped inside and Alex locked the door behind her.

Lena straightened her coat and clothes, took a deep breath and shared with Alex what happened at the river.

The Scavenger specialized in the...procurement…of alien artifacts. In other words, a thief and a fence. He had a client who was interested in those vases. Now those vases have been stolen. The Scavenger wanted to meet Supergirl to discuss the matter and perhaps share information that might lead to their…return. Would Lena be willing to arrange such a thing?

Lena had agreed. In the moment, she felt like her life depended on it.

“Why did he contact you to get to Supergirl?” asked Alex.

“Ever since I switched the isotope, I guess most aliens think I have Supergirl’s phone number. Little do they realize I have to call your sister to get to her.”

Alex gulped. “Yeah, she’s…uh…close with Supergirl.”

“They get coffee. Late at night.” Lena looked at Alex, hoping for some type of explanation.

“I guess they both work weird hours.”

“I guess,” said Lena. “Do you think Supergirl will do it?”

“I’ll make sure she’s there.”

“You can do that?”

“Yes. We'll find out what this guy wants and make sure he leaves you alone.”

"Thank you, Alex."

And just like that, all of their professional business concluded. They both stood awkwardly. Like two teenagers.

Alex broke the silence.

"So...this is my place."

Lena laughed, taking in her surroundings for the first time.

"I don't usually show up unannounced."

"That's funny, because Kara tells me that you do it all the time."

“She says that about me?” Lena made a faux gasp, a glint of mischief in her eyes.

Alex stepped towards Lena and wrapped her arms around Lena’s waist. Lena was hesitant, leaning
away ever so slightly. She was still shook from earlier events.

"Lena, why did you agree to meet him at the river in the first place?"

Lena gulped. "I thought it was YOU." Lena leaned her forehead down, down until it was resting on Alex’s clavicle. “I thought you were asking me out on a date.”

"Oh." Alex suddenly felt responsible.

Lena’s head jerked up. ”Which reminds me…” Lena was now wrapping her arms around Alex’s waist. “Why didn’t you text me to ask me out on a date?”

Now Alex looked bashful. "I…I…didn't want to seem too eager."

Lena beamed. "Alex Danvers...are you trying to look cool in front of me?"

Alex raised her head and looked at Lena. They were holding each other. Looking straight into each others eyes.

“Yes."

“Well stop that…right now."

Alex didn’t need further instruction. She pulled Lena towards her, hard. Lips crashing together in a powerful closed mouth kiss, every inch of lips were pressed against each other, fully and hard. Hands grabbed with the same force, pushing off coats and pulling backs towards each other so their whole bodies were also pressed up against each other.

They tumbled like this onto Alex’s couch. Lena’s hair started falling out of it’s bun. Lena reached her hands up over her head to undo it and Alex used this opportunity to grab Lena’s face and neck and pull her face close for another hard full kiss. The kind of kiss that indicated not just desire, but possession.

Lena’s hair finally came down, cascading over her shoulders. Alex’s eyes grew wide and her heart beat faster. Lena was preparing herself for Alex. How did I get so lucky, thought Alex.

Lena had a devilish look in her eyes as her fingers reached behind her neck and started to unzip the back of her dress, enjoying the look on Alex’s face as the zipper traveled down her back.

“Will you help me unzip my dress?”

Alex’s mind scrambled. Of course she wanted to help Lena Luthor unzip her dress! Of course she wanted to peel Lena Luthor out of her clothes and have her naked on the couch. Exploring every inch of her.

So Lena was more than curious when Alex raised a hand, indicating for Lena to wait a moment.

"Lena, I’ve been thinking about you all day...about where our first date should be. Wondering what you might like..."

Lena used her hands and started to crawl closer to Alex.

"Well, now you know..." Lena looked deeply into Alex's eyes. "I like long walks by the river."

Alex chuckled. “I’m serious. I…I wanted to have a first date with you because I wanted…”
Lena was now on top of Alex. She leaned in close to Alex’s ear, ghosting her lips over it as she whispered. “Go on…”

Alex found it hard to speak. Or breathe. Lena kept ghosting her lips over Alex’s earlobe, neck…

“I… I was… wanting…”

Lena’s lips didn’t stop. They were now on Alex’s face. Ghosting her lips along Alex’s neck, cheekbones. Alex closed her eyes and Lena ghosted ever so lightly over the eyelids. Alex was so blissfully relaxed and turned on her mind went blank.

Lena moved her lips to Alex’s other ear and continued her ghosting and whispering. “Alex, tell me…”

The combination of Lena’s lips, low voice and hot breath on Alex’s ear… It was like Lena had put Alex into a trance. Alex still had her eyes closed and from this trance-like state, Alex spoke as if Lena had just administered truth serum.

“I was thinking about what it would be like if we met in high school. If you were my first kiss. If I were your first kiss…” Alex was breathing hard. Lena started delivering soft baby kisses along Alex’s neck.

“…sweet and tender touching... oh, Lena… I wish I was your first.” Lena’s heart skipped a beat, but she kept kissing, knowing Alex had more to say and somehow this kissing was drawing forth this love confession.

“You wish you were my first?”

Alex’s eyes popped open. She was out of the trance. Lena was hoping for more. Lucky for her, Alex wasn’t near done.

Alex put her hands on Lena’s upper arms. “I wish I was there to see your face when you were touched for the first time.”

“My first time wasn’t all that great.”

Alex sat up. “That’s why I wish it was me. I would have made sure every part of you, every inch of you… felt so loved.”

Lena looked into Alex’s eyes… so full of concern, regret and hope. Alex was missing Lena. Missing the parts of Lena’s life that were lived before they met each other. Lena felt… cherished.

It didn’t feel good.

I mean, technically it felt… amazing. But it was so foreign. Strange. She’d never felt that before and therefore it was new and therefore it wasn’t… immediately comfortable. Lena’s brain didn’t know where to put this feeling. Or how to respond to it. It was as if her mind was trying to create new file folder to put it in. Her heart on the other hand…

Alex sat up and saw tears pooling in Lena’s eyes. “What’s wrong?”

Lena said with emotion, “That would have been nice.”

And with that, tears fell down Lena’s face. Strangely, she wasn’t crying. But tears were falling. She felt so loved and cherished and at the same time remembering back to when she was a teenager and
feeling…the exact opposite…the amazing love in the present somehow illuminating for the first time the true extent of how lonely childhood was…it was sudden and overwhelming.

All that…combined with feeling like she was going to be murdered earlier juxtaposed with the warm safety of Alex’s apartment…and Alex’s arms…

Alex had pulled Lena in for a deep hug, drawing them both down so that they were lying together, arms wrapped around each other, Lena nuzzled into Alex’s side, Lena’s head resting on Alex’s chest. Silent tears still falling.

Although now they were now tears of relief. At having finally found her way home.

They both stayed like that for a long time, not saying a word. Just feeling each others heartbeats.
They fell asleep that way. Lena nestled up against Alex on the couch. A deep sleep, that felt like hours. As if they'd slept in that position countless times before.

Until a familiar noise stirred them awake. A buzzing.

Lena hoisted herself up. Alex's eyes were bleary. The noise was coming from Lena's coat pocket. Which was in a heap. On the floor. All the way across the room. Lena instinctively knew who it was from.

Alex rubbed her eyes. Lena crawled off the couch with as much grace as possible, heading for the buzzing coat. Another careless mistake, she thought. That's two for today. First, having my assistant call my best friend for her sister's number so I can date her sister behind her back. Second, letting my driver wait outside indefinitely without any warning. Yup. She checked the text. It was her driver. And then there's the matter of meeting a underworld alien at the river earlier this evening without any security whatsoever...that makes it a perfect three. Lena made it a habit to review all mistakes in an effort to not repeat them. She didn't know it conveniently doubled as a continual stream of self criticism. Something she'd picked up as a child from Lillian. Old habits are hard to break.

Meanwhile, Alex hoisted her sleepy body off the couch, took Lena's coat and hung it in the closet. Alex then went to the bathroom. Started to brush her teeth. Lena texted her driver to return at 8am. Stayed crouched on the floor. Checked a few emails on her phone.

Alex finished her teeth and moved to the bedroom to find Lena something to wear. Lena finished with her phone, made her way to the bathroom. Found Alex's toothbrush and toothpaste and got to work.

The way they were silently moving about the apartment was like an intimate dance. Lena moving about the space, finding things naturally, without Alex needing to show her where this was or that was. Alex one step ahead of her, taking care of things. No words spoken. No glances shared. Both careful not to break the silence of sleep that pervaded the apartment. Everything felt...surreal. Moves choreographed and practiced in another lifetime were suddenly happening in the here and now.

As Alex carefully rummaged through her t shirt inventory, she saw memories: of concerts, of college, of silly adventures at theme parks, each suddenly a story she wanted to share with Lena.

She decided not to go down memory lane. It was late and they'd have time for that later. She settled on largest, the oldest, the softest one she had. She got it for a weekend volunteering, planting seedling trees along a new hiking trail. The white lettering on the green t shirt now illegible after
countless washings over the years. She walked the shirt to the bathroom and gently rapped on the door.

Lena opened it, toothbrush in her mouth. Her eyes spoke volumes. ‘Hi. I have your toothbrush in my mouth. That's okay, right? Because we've made out a bunch.’ Alex smiled. Lena's eyes smiled right back. Her mouth almost smiled, too, but toothpaste started dripping out the sides. Lena grabbed the shirt and gently shut the door so she could spit in the sink in private. They'd shared a lot, but they weren't "there" yet. Alex left to turn down the bed.

After finishing with her teeth, Lena looked in the bathroom mirror. She was fastidious about her skincare regime. (Skin that flawless doesn't come from wearing makeup to bed!). But Alex had never seen her without makeup. Lena recalled making Alex promise their next meeting would take place in Alex's bed. Lena sighed. Never in a million years did she imagine spending the night...without makeup. Somehow not having her makeup on made Lena feel more naked than being nude.

As Alex placed glasses of water on each end table, Lena came out of the bathroom. Alex turned and was stunned. Lena looked...young. No eyeliner, no deep red lip, no colored eyelids. Light freckles dusted her cheeks. Alex's heart raced. Whatever reservations Lena had about revealing this part of herself vanished instantly.

And the t-shirt. Alex swam in it. On Lena, it was tight. Alex's eye went straight to Lena's breasts. Both pressed tight against the wafer thin fabric. Lena looked down to see what Alex was looking at. Oh, these? Lena quickly pulling and flicking them so they were fully erect, peeking through the sheer cotton, right in Alex's face. It looked downright scandalous. That was Lena's intent. Lena's eyes smoldered with power and mischief.

Lena Luthor. In my bedroom. In my clothes. Seducing me. Alex's head scrambled as her eyes traveled down. Lena looked like a dirty 80s poster. The t-shirt, being so full with breasts, stopped right at the bottom of Lena's crotch. And as Lena kept slowly caressing and flicking her nipples, the t-shirt hem danced up, giving little quick peeks of Lena's pussy lips. Alex started breathing hard. So did Lena. She loved the obvious lust she inspired in Alex.

Lena was the first to break the silence.

"Are you...disappointed...that I'm not a virgin?"

Lena was in full game playing mode.

Alex didn't respond. She didn't know how. What game were they playing? Her mind still trying to take it all in. Taking in Lena Luthor in was no easy feat. Even when she's fully clothed! Even when she's keeping you at a distance… Men in boardrooms have literally quaked as Lena asked pointed questions, quickly assessing data and immediately zeroing in on the weaknesses of a property, a proposal, a person. Naked Lena Luthor, moving in on you, intent to consume you body and soul...that was another matter entirely. Thank God for all the years Alex spent in combat, counterintelligence and reconnaissance training. Without them, she wouldn't have stood a chance.

Lena lowered her hands to the very bottom of the shirt and pulled it down, stretching it a few inches past her crotch. Swiveling her hips, grinding her tits and crotch strictly for Alex’s viewing pleasure. Alex swallowed hard. Lena let the shirt go. Her pert breasts bounced back into position, nipples still erect.

Bare-assed and barefoot Lena slowly advanced towards Alex, purposefully swaying a bit as she drew closer.
"Because I'm an experienced woman. And I know what I like. What my body likes."

She was at Alex now, who could not stop staring. Alex’s breathing was shallow and labored. She could feel the heat coming off of Lena's body. She could see the rise and fall of Lena's chest with each inhale.

Alex suddenly realized she was still in her DEO issued pants and shirt. Why am I still in my clothes!? Thank God I took off my belt and shoes when I got home! Alex remembered back to how it took ages to disrobe in Lena’s office. Lena could see Alex start to drift off. She gently took Alex's hands in hers. Lena's touch instantly bringing Alex back to the moment.

"I'm not an innocent little girl."

Lena started to softly twist and weave her fingers through Alex's. The effect was intoxicating.

"But if you want...I could pretend to be one..."

Lena raised an eyebrow. Searching Alex’s face. Inviting her to the game. Alex’s wits came back to her. Lena was practically begging for some role play. Alex glanced at the clock. It was only 12:15am.

Plenty of time for some games, she thought.

---

Alex gently put her hand behind Lena's head, and having captured the bulk of Lena's hair in her hand, slowly balling it into her fist. Causing Lena's head to pull back, her neck extending, her mouth reflexively gaping open. Alex stared her down hard.

"No Luthor could ever pretend to be innocent. You're all freaks. And you deserve what's coming to you."

Lena's eyes lit up. She did like it extreme. Her body quivered with excitement, wondering what kinky little scene Alex had in mind.

--

Alex turned Lena around, putting her hands behind her back. Her movements were quick and rough. With a mechanical, dispassionate speed and precision accrued from hundreds of arrests. Lena’s breath hitched. This was getting fun.

Suddenly, the sound of metal. Clinking. Before Lena could tell what was happening, she was handcuffed. Lena suddenly wasn’t so sure about things. Games were one thing. Truly being at a physical disadvantage was another.

“Sit down, inmate.”

This made Lena smile. Okay. So this really is role play. Alex isn’t handcuffing me. It’s just part of the game. Lena wiped the smile off her face and turned to face Alex. Lena served up major inmate attitude face. A real sour puss.

Alex looked beyond tired of it.
“Sit DOWN, inmate.”

Alex put her hands on Lena’s shoulders and shoved her down, forcefully sitting Lena at the foot of the bed. Lena was pleased. She made sure not to show it.

“Just because you’re a cop doesn’t mean you can man-handle me.”

“I think you’ll find...that I can do whatever I want with you.”

“I’m a Luthor. My lawyers will eat you for breakfast.”

Alex paid this no attention. As if that name meant less than nothing to her.

“Inmate, you were seen receiving contraband. We’ve checked every inch of your cell. Couldn’t find it.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You leave me no choice then.” Alex walked to the bathroom.

Lena thought about upping the ante. She could “escape” and run to the front door, but how would she open it? With her mouth? She liked the idea of Alex giving chase. Needing to find and return the prisoner. Maybe punish the prisoner. But Even if she made it to the hallway, what then? What if Alex followed her to the hallway and, as punishment, took Lena right there.

Lena pictured Alex on her knees, her head just under the green t-shirt, licking and sucking on Lena’s pussy, right there in the hallway, Lena pressed up against the wall. Anyone might walk by...and see them. Lena couldn’t scream for help. That would ensure someone would come and see the infamous ungrateful daughter, bitch, heroine, naked from the waist down, with a woman’s mouth buried in her crotch. No. She couldn’t scream. Lena would just have to stand there quiet as a mouse, handcuffed while Alex finished her off.

The sound of a hard plastic SNAP brought Lena out of this little fantasy. She looked up and saw Alex wearing surgical gloves.

Alex walked in front of Lena and kept up the ‘officer on a power trip but pretending to be bored’ act.

“Inmate, because you were seen with contraband and have refused to cooperate...there will now be a visual and manual search of your person.”

---

Before Lena could protest, Alex took her gloved hands and began sifting them through Lena’s hair, front to back, side to side. Lifting sections, visually inspecting each section, running her hand along each portion of hair. Alex was doing this by the book. It felt incredible for Alex to be treating Lena’s body like an object. There was a tingling safe sensation along Lena’s scalp and neck caused by this impersonal, medical inspection. And yet at the same time it was pure harassment and humiliation. This was...fantastic.

Lena kept on her game face but was pleased. Beyond pleased. Impressed. Alex had chosen a scenario where she got to see and touch every inch of Lena. Have total power over her. Lena was powerful enough in her day to day life. She relished someone else being in charge. Of everything. And especially of her. Best of all, Lena knew exactly how the game would end. And she was looking forward to it.
Alex pulled a mini flashlight out of her pocket and started inspecting inside Lena’s ears. Manipulating her head with her hands and curt verbal commands. “Turn.” “Other way.” Leaning Lena’s head back to look up her nostrils. “Head back.” Lena performed all of these motions with a surly attitude. Alex barely paid Lena any attention. Yet every part of Lena was being inspected. Alex’s hands gripped Lena’s jaw. “Open.” Alex lifted Lena’s arms and ran her hands inside each armpit.

She then hiked up the t shirt, exposing Lena’s breasts. Alex lifted each breast, running her hands underneath it along the ribs. Then finally broke procedure and indulged in a good long look at Lena’s breasts.

Lena narrowed her eyes. “You’re really enjoying this, aren’t you?”

Alex stepped close, in between Lena’s legs. Lena loved Alex’s alpha attitude. She played this butch, power-trip cop thing to perfection. It was so sexy. Felt so real. Alex looked down at Lena’s exposed breasts.

“Enjoying what?”

Before Lena could answer, Alex was touching Lena’s nipples. A cop on a power trip. Touching wherever, whatever she wanted. A helpless, handcuffed inmate.

“Stop touching me!” Lena protested. Alex didn’t stop. She just kept fingering and playing with Lena’s tits. She DGAF.

Lena looked indignant at being fondled against her will but the sensations from the rubber gloved fingers on her tits were shooting straight down to Lena’s clit, which tingled and ached for more. Lena’s hips reflexively squirmed on the bed.

After a few moments, Alex pulled the t shirt back down over Lena’s chest. Lena’s eyes were watering from pleasure.

“On all fours, inmate.” Alex raised an eyebrow. It was time for Lena to submit. Fully.

Alex struck a power pose, her hands on hips. Similar to Supergirl, thought Lena.

“Now, inmate.”

Lena wanted a bit more fun. “This is outrageous. You cops are all the same.”

“Inmate, stop talking or I guarantee you will find yourself in a bad position.”

“I bet you’d like that, wouldn’t you? Fucking dyke cop.”

Alex just stuck out her index finger and started twirling it. Lena did as instructed. Turning around and getting on all fours, her rear pointing towards Alex.

Alex snapped each of her gloves on tighter. With each snap, she saw a little shiver run up Lena’s back. Good, thought Alex. Alex smiled knowing that Lena was enjoying herself. Lena put her head down on the bed, fully submitting to this next part.

Back to her clinical movements. Alex spread Lena’s knees apart. Then ran her hands along the length of each leg, as if patting her down for weapons. Alex then spread each of Lena’s toes apart. For some reason this made Lena’s pussy tingle with need. Lena licked her lips and closed her eyes. That was all that she could do to help herself.
“First we inspect the external portions of the vaginal area.”

Alex’s hands glided back up to Lena’s crotch. She was gentle and methodical in her examination of Lena’s vagina. Using her fingers, she spread Lena’s outer lips (labia majora)...then gently pulled and tugged Lena’s inner lips, fully feeling along every inch. Finally, Alex tenderly pinched the entire clitoral area, tugging up on the deep clitoral root. Lena bit down on the blanket, trying to not moan in pleasure. After a few gentle tugs and twists, Alex released.

“Now, usually we have lubricant to assist in the internal inspection....” Alex’s tone turned slightly sinister. “Unfortunately...we’re fresh out. Hmmmm. What to do? I need that pussy of your nice and wet so I can really get in there. I guess the only option is manual stimulation.”

Lena’s pussy was dripping wet at this point. Alex pretended not to notice. She took her fingers and started running them along Lena’s soaking wet folds and up to Lena’s clit, which Alex started to finger and fondle in earnest.

Alex’s rubber gloved fingers, covered with Lena’s slick juices, gliding all over Lena’s clit...the sensations were maddening and exquisite.

“No, you might not like cops, Ms. Luthor...but your pussy sure seems to.”

Hearing Alex say her name, for the first time since they started playing, sent a pang in Lena’s heart. This cop does know who I am, thought Lena, relishing her role as the dirty inmate on all fours.

“Because that Luthor pussy seems to be getting real wet from being fingered by a fucking dyke cop. You Luthors are such freaks.”

Alex started flicking the clit faster and with more pressure, to emphasize her point.

Lena kneaded her face into the bed to cope with all the feelings. Lena couldn’t hide her pleasure. Her hips started moving in little circles.

Alex gave Lena’s bottom a slap. Lena’s head shot up.

“You love this, don’t you?...inmate. Is that why you had contraband...so you could have your pussy searched?” Alex began sliding her fingers up and down Lena’s hot, wet slit. Lena moaned.

Without warning, Alex started placing delicate, baby kisses all along Lena’s beautiful ass cheeks. Suddenly she was worshipping Lena, her mouth, so tender and sweet. Lena could feel Alex’s eyelashes fluttering on her backside as her mouth kept puckering and softly kissing.

With eyes closed and her face pressed down on the bed, Lena cooed to Alex.

“Baby, I love it so much.”

Alex kept kissing and touching...and soon slid two fingers inside Lena. Lena muttered sweet nothings at Alex. “Yes, baby, yes.” Alex put one hand on Lena’s ass, the other hands fingers rhythmically sliding, fucking and filling.

The hand on Lena’s ass moved to her clit. Lena thought she was going to come right then and there, but it turned out her pussy needed a long, hard fuck. Alex kept pumping, Lena’s hands and shoulders were tiring from being pinned behind her back but she needed to come in this position. Alex kept finger fucking and clit flicking, picking up the pace, faster and faster, harder and harder. Sweat pouring off of Alex. Lena’s pussy was insatiable tonight.
“Harder, Alex. Don’t stop. Don’t stop.” Lena pleaded. Commanded.

Alex’s arm started to ache. Maybe if she...Alex slipped a third finger inside Lena. It was a tight, but Lena took it all in.

“Oh, God - YES.”

Alex kept on fucking deeply, then remembered to curl her fingers just a bit to make sure Lena’s g spot was getting hit. Lena was about to come.

“Get my clit. Don’t stop that. Keep getting my clit.”

Maybe Lena’s clit needed more lube. Alex spit on her left fingers, and brought them back to Lena’s nub. The sound of Alex spitting was what did it. With three more deep finger fucks while sloppy wet rubber fingers rubbed her clit, Lena came hard. “Fuck, Alex, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck….”

Lena collapsed and pulled her knees in tight. She could take no more. Alex withdrew her hand from Lena’s clit, while Lena’s twitching cunt slowly released it’s grip on Alex’s other hand.

Lena fell to her side. Alex took the cuffs off, rubbing and kissing Lena’s wrists. Lena just panted, mouth agape and stared up at the ceiling.

She swore she could see stars.
Chapter 16

Lena was still seeing stars while Alex stripped down to nothing, pulled the covers back and gently
guided Lena under them so she was actually in the bed. Lena could barely speak. She was spent.
Yet her eyes looked at Alex with gratitude and...apology.

“We’ll get to me another time,” said Alex, turning Lena around, then scooping her up, spooning
her from behind. Lena took Alex’s hands. Kissing her fingertips. The back of her palm. Then fell
fast asleep. Alex dozed off trying to memorize what it felt to hold Lena in this kind of embrace.

---

Lena’s eyes popped open at 5:30am sharp. She didn’t need an alarm. Her body clock got her up at
this time no matter what. She looked around. Took in her surroundings in a new way. Alex had
drifted to the other side of the bed and was out cold. Heavy sleeper. Got it. Lena looked at the
sheets, the dresser, the art on the wall. Each a little indication of who Alex was and how Alex
lived. Somehow the green t shirt had made its way to the floor.

Silently she climbed out of bed and, completely nude, started exploring Alex’s loft. Made her way
into the kitchen. Opened the fridge. Looked inside. Not...terrible. Opened some drawers. Found
some teas. I can work with this. Moved to the living room. Saw some framed family photographs.
Kara was in them. Lena moved away. There was no need to think about Kara right now.

Maybe, I’ll…….Lena opened a closet and found Alex’s workout gear, which included a yoga mat.
Lena moved the coffee table to the side, rolled out her yoga mat and did her morning floor routine
of sun salutations, downward facing dog. She was glad to be keeping up her regimen despite not
having prepared.

With her palms on the mat and her ass in the air, Lena wondered what the look might be on Alex’s
face if she woke up to find Lena Luthor spread eagle in her living room. She enjoyed her poses a
bit more than usual knowing this might happen.

Alex barely stirred. Lena finished. Rolled up and replaced the mat. Made tea. Answered emails on
her phone. Gotta ask Alex what her wifi password is, she thought. Foraged for breakfast - feeding
herself with the healthiest things she could find. Almond butter, cashews, sesame seeds, a few dried
cranberries. It was almost 7am. Driver wouldn’t be here until 8am. Lena decided to crawl back into
bed.

She slid right up to Alex’s warm naked body. Staring at her. Studying her lips, the cupid’s bow at
the top, the lines at the corners. Her nose. Her closed, doe eyes. Like something out of Bambi,
thought Lena. Alex had mastered the art of sleep during medical school. The sound of an
ambulance wouldn’t have woken her.

Lena wanted to see more. So she slowly...ever so slowly...drew the sheets down. Alex - being dead
asleep - didn’t protest. Peeling sheets further down, revealing Alex’s bare shoulders, clavicle,
upper chest. Tugging them down further, to the tops of Alex’s breasts...excited at what was next,
dragging them slowly, over and past Alex’s nipples. Both in plain view. Sleepy and flat. Lena
wanted to touch them. Pinch them. Tug on them and make them hard. But at the same time...she
didn’t want to wake Alex. Although that was starting to feel downright impossible at this point.

Lena was feeling very cheeky and turned on. She was now pushing the covers to the side, exposing
Alex’s stomach, then finally her crotch and legs. Lena took in the sight. Alex on her back, dead
asleep, nude head to toe. Legs open a bit, one bent at the knee, pointing towards Lena, the other straight.

Looking at Alex’s auburn bush, Lena just couldn’t help herself. She ghosted the tips of her fingers along the tops of Alex’s pubic hair. Alex slept right through. Lena couldn’t stop. Her fingers played with the hair a bit, then ghosted down, barely touching the tip of Alex’s hood. The outline of her lower lips. Lena staring at Alex’s face the whole time to see if she would react.

Nothing. Dead to the world.

Lena increased the pressure just a little bit, still ghosting her finger up and down the lips, which were soft and dry...smooth like a flower petal. Still watching Alex’s face. No reaction. Back up to the pubic hair. Caressing it. Nothing.

Lena decided she wouldn’t exactly...mind...if Alex woke up. She decided to push the envelope. Placing two fingers just above her clit, petting the skin, lightly tugging it, making Alex’s clit do a little shimmy. Alex’s sleepy mouth opened, seemingly in reaction. Lena liked this. Alex was feeling it but was still asleep. Lena took her middle finger and put it in her mouth, swirling saliva all over it. Then brought it down to Alex’s clit. Ghosting it with wet.

Alex’s hips arched up -- just a teeny bit. Lena found this so hot. She filled her mouth with more spit, pulled her middle finger back inside her mouth to reload, then brought the soaking wet digit back to Alex’s clit and started sliding it up and down and around the hood. Even though Alex was asleep, her body was enjoying it. Involuntary, micro movements, hips swirling, bucking up, mouth opening, heavier breathing.

Lena was now sliding her wet finger up and down Alex’s slit, caressing inside her folds. Lena was loving it. Loving Alex’s body reacting to her touch.

It wasn’t about Lena Luthor, the CEO, the outcast, the billionaire (well, at least in stock value), it wasn’t about her looks, or who she knew or what kind of access or opportunities she might provide...it was just about her touch, her skill. Lena paid attention. She saw what worked. As a scientist, she developed keen powers of observation. In the lab, she cultivated a steady hand. As a Luthor, she learned not just stealth, but how to read a room, a face, a gesture. All these skills that she developed and honed, they were now a part of her personality, who she was. They were what made her a master in the bedroom. She knew exactly where to touch, for how long, when to stop so that ache and desire would build.

And this morning, she loved nothing more than seeing and feeling Alex’s pussy generate hot wet juice so that whoever’s fingers were touching it might slide deep inside it’s ready and willing entrance. It was proof. Proof of skill. Proof of desire. Proof that Lena...delivered. Proof that people liked her. Ever since elementary school, Lena never quite knew if people were her friends for her, or her family. The language of the bedroom never lied.

She was proud of herself. And of her good work. One of the reasons she did so well in school and in life...is because Lena used a reward system. And based on her good work so far this morning, Lena decided that she deserved a taste.

After sliding her fingers up and down a few times along the inside of Alex’s slick slit, Lena raised her dripping wet finger to her lips and sucked on it. Looking like something out of Caligula. A decadent royal using Alex’s pussy as an amuse-bouche. Tasting Alex like a connoisseur. With the finger in her mouth, rolling on her tongue, a curious expression on her face. Interesting, she surmised. Velvety, sumptuous texture. Clean and bright. Top notes of mulled wine.
Alex was dreaming. She was at the DEO working on a case. Vasquez brought sandwiches for everyone. Grinders. Alex’s favorite.

Vasquez threw a wrapped sandwich at Alex. Alex unwrapped the aluminum roll. It was a steak and cheese sub.

“Vasquez...how did you know?”

Vasquez walked up behind Alex and put her hands on her shoulders. “Danvers, we’ve worked together for five years. I know what you like.”

Alex looked at the sandwich. Hot cheese started melting out the slit. Did Vasquez just say “I know what your body likes??” Alex couldn’t figure out what she said. She got nervous.

Vasquez’s hands were on Alex’s shoulders. “Wow. Tense much?” Alex was tense. Why am I so tense? Vasquez started rubbing Alex’s shoulders. Oh, no. Oh NO. Vasquez is my employee. Everyone is watching us. Her. I’ve got to stop this. This is wrong.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to.”

Vasquez’s hands were strong. The rub down was deep and thorough. Alex started to feel hot and relaxed. Vasquez leaned down and asked Alex in a conspiratorial tone, “So I heard....you and Lena Luthor...”

Alex was powerless to stop Vasquez’s hands from touching her. It was a dream and parts of Alex...just weren’t working. She couldn’t speak.

Vasquez kept at it. “What’s she like?”

Alex tried to say ‘sexy’ but no words came out. Thank God I didn’t just say that out loud! Alex felt like she was sinking down in the chair. She felt like she was almost lying down. But she wasn’t lying down. She was sitting at her desk. Vasquez still kneading her shoulders, neck and back. Alex’s eyes were closed. She couldn’t open them. Yet somehow she could still see what was going on in the DEO.

Suddenly Rhea walked in. Vasquez and Rhea exchanged harsh words. Alex couldn’t hear what they said. Rhea had taken control of Vasquez. Vasquez held Alex down in her chair, obeying her commands. Alex realized she wasn’t wearing any clothes.

---

Lena lazily put her finger back, sliding it all the way up the length of Alex’s folds, then over her clit, then all the way back down to the entrance. Circling the opening, but not going in. Lingering there. Teasing it. Tempting it. Then gliding it up again, back over the clit again, giving that a few swirls…

All the while, reading Alex’s body for signs. Alex’s pussy was now red and swollen, her hips moving ever so slightly, eyes still closed shut with sleep. Lena saw the tip of Alex’s tongue emerge...touching the bottom of Alex’s teeth. Lena started to ache with sudden need. She took her soaking finger and brought it to her own clit, fingering herself a few times. Alex’s juices serving as lube. Lena was going to finger herself to orgasm right then and there when she noticed...that Alex’s
other nipple was now also hard. Not rock hard, but standing up, flush with the effects of arousal.

Lena chose to forego her own needs, quickly resuming her work. Sliding her finger up and down Alex’s slit. Ghosting the circles over her clit. Back down the slit. Alex was breathing fast. Her nipples turning redder, her hips grinding. Lena wasn’t using any decorum or restraint, this slit teasing and fingering was now deep and dirty.

---

Vasquez pinned Alex down in her chair. Rhea got on her knees and spread Alex open. Alex was powerless to stop her. Rhea’s fingers were sliding up and down Alex’s slit, fingerin her clit. Alex prayed Supergirl wouldn’t arrive. Or J’onn. How many people were in the room watching this? 4 agents? Five?? Rhea’s face dropped between Alex’s legs. Her mouth fully engulfing Alex’s pussy, Rhea’s tongue licking all the way up and down Alex’s slit.

It felt so real.

Vasquez watched while holding Alex down. She started whispering in Alex’s ear. “I’ve always wanted to eat you out, Danvers. Just say the word.” Alex could barely breathe, she desperately tried to open her eyes. Rhea’s hands were on her thighs, holding them open as her tongue continued making long laps up and down. Even though her eyes were closed, she could see Rhea’s long, raven hair between her legs.

Vasquez asked, “Is Rhea better than Lena?”

Alex’s pussy was being licked by the enemy and she was powerless to stop it. Alex felt so weak. Earth’s biggest foe, the most evil woman in national city was licking Alex’s bare, wet pussy. Alex was burning up -- with the heat of shame and humiliation. And...HOW did everyone at the DEO know about Lena?

Alex gasped! Her eyes flew open!

She was awake. Naked. And just like the dream, there was a brunette between her legs, eating her out. Alex felt shame and fear. Horror at unforeseen consequences.

“Stop, stop, stop, stop.”

Lena lifted her head, a wild look in her eyes. She was on a mission.

Alex saw it wasn’t Rhea. It was Lena. But the question remained...was she with Earth’s biggest foe? Was National City’s most evil woman between her legs? Alex couldn’t tell.

“May I?” Lena was asking if she could continue.

Alex blinked a few times. The hunger inside her spoke.

“Finish me.”

Lena went straight down, back to work. Licking. Lapping. Sucking. God her mouth felt so warm and perfect on Alex. Alex stretched her arms out wide, grabbing fist fulls of pillow. Giving Lena full reign over her nether regions.

Lena’s perfect full lips and tongue licked and sucked Alex to orgasm in short order. Alex shuddering and throwing her head back again and again as each wave pulsated through her cunt. Lena made lewd sucking noises as she milked the remaining sensations out of Alex’s clit.
Now it was Alex naked on the bed, speechless.

Lena was…pleased. Very pleased. She’d done a good job. She was a good girl. She was a good person. A worthy person. A person who made other people...feel good. This meant everything to Lena.

Alex was so out of sorts. The dream. Sleeping with the enemy. Lena Luthor. Who just last week was her rival. Who was developing Kryptonite. HAD developed Kryptonite. Experimented in secret on Supergirl. Now was in the home of a DEO agent, unsupervised. Alex wasn’t sure about anything. Lena Luthor being in her bed suddenly made no sense at all.

Except...for the fact that Lena Luthor was crazy level beautiful and sexy.

Lena crawled up to Alex. Smiled wickedly. Cocked an eyebrow and said, “Good morning.”

Lena gave Alex a soft kiss on the lips. Alex didn’t exactly kiss back. Instead, she gave a half smile. Lena thought it was because Alex was still in the throes. That wasn’t exactly it. Alex’s heart swooned but her stomach sank and her mind raced with...thoughts, scenarios.

Am I being played? Is this a long con?

Lena snuggled up into the crook of Alex’s arm, cozy and content. Alex stared at the ceiling. Every cell on high alert.

Alex was taught to trust her instincts. Every institution Alex worked for cited gut feelings as often being the key when making life and death decisions. Alex wondered if her dream...was actually a message.

She didn’t have time to search her feelings. There was a knock at the door.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

“Danvers! Wake up!”

It was Maggie.
Chapter 17

When someone arrests you and frog marches you past all your employees and out the building with your name on it, you don't forget the sound of their voice. Lena knew right away it was Detective Sawyer.

Alex and Lena didn't look at each other. Alex just slipped out of the bed, grabbed the first pair of shorts and t shirt she could find and headed to the door.

In less than half an instant, Lena realized...that her assumption...that Alex had called things off with Maggie...was dead wrong.

Lena knew Alex had been dating Maggie. She knew that through Kara. Kara talked to Lena about Alex's entire coming out process as it happened in real time. Sharing all the details with her bff over lunches and kombucha: Alex falling in love with her NCPD counterpart, being rejected by her, then finding love with her. Lena found it all so...sweet and.............predictable. Such a happy ending. Such a supportive family.

Fucking Barf, though Lena. She'd never consciously admitted it made her envious. But it did. And this type of envy not only gnawed at her inside. It drove her. To achieve. To succeed. She learned at young age that if she was ever going to get a happy ending, it would be because she made it happen.

All that 'happy ever after ending nuclear family' bullshit -- well, it just goes to show that money can't buy you everything. Anyone would have traded places with Lena, just for her money. But they didn't understand what it was like to grow up in that family, in that way. Lena would have paid any amount of money to go back and...somehow be raised by a loving, normal family. 'Maybe one day L Corp will build a time machine.' That was a joke she told herself when she was tired, working late, alone at her desk, no one to go home to.

Kara did provide some of that normalcy for Lena. Being friends with Kara...It was like living in a Brady Bunch episode. Just sunshine days and love and support and donuts and flowers and Britney Spears.

Lena often felt a genuine connection to Kara. Often felt truly loved and supported by Kara. Other times, sitting across from Kara...Lena felt like she was watching a movie. A movie about friendship. Is this what friendship is? Lena would think. Or are we just performing acts of friendship? Maybe acts of friendship is all friendship is. Deep down Lena hungered for a feeling and sometimes it was there and...sometimes not. How could Kara ever understand what Lena really felt inside. How could anyone? Could someone like Kara really be friends with a Luthor, when Kara's family was so...perfect?

Well, maybe not as perfect as Lena once thought. Alex, for example. Was a bit of a hot mess. Supple, vulnerable, brash, bratty, yearning. Kara strove to be better. A better friend, a better reporter. But it wasn't like Alex's striving. Alex had degrees and experience and security clearance and guns, but still she radiated the need to prove herself. She was genuinely an authority figure -- an FBI agent -- but for some reason Alex wore it like a front. Like she wasn't really in the FBI. Like the whole thing was a sham. Lena could relate to that. Lena often felt like a fraud. Lena wanted to be close to someone like her. Because maybe someone like her...could...like her. Really like her.

Lena wanted Alex as her girlfriend. And the time to make that happen was now.
As Alex pad-footed to the door, Lena decided to take matters into her own hands. Lying on the bed, Lena propped herself up on her elbows, ensuring Maggie would see her face, then lounging the rest of her body like a lioness in a lair. An in-your-face, unapologetic pose serving as proof of ownership.

Lena wanted that door to open. Wanted Maggie to see her. She wanted Maggie out of the picture and was going to make that happen by pushing her clear out of frame. Her face adopted an expression of "I'm the one in Alex's bed now. Bye, bitch."

Alex was at the door. Lena's heart raced as the moment of truth neared. Once that door opened, the whole "Maggie and Alex" charade would be over and Lena and Alex, her new girlfriend, would have a proper start. Lena knew there'd be a fight, a commotion. She was fine with that. Sometimes you gotta fight for what you want. Sometimes you gotta do the hard thing to get the reward. Her eyes widened for battle, confident she'd already won. Relishing that, to the victor goes the spoils. And she was going to spoil Alex so hard. Once they were girlfriends.

As soon as that door opens, Alex and I will officially be together.

---

But the door didn't open. Not exactly.

Alex went to the door's edge and opened it just a crack. An inch.

Maggie saw an eyeball and half a check.

"Danvers?"

The eyeball took in the situation in the hallway. Maggie wore her gun, belt and badge. She was obviously working. Next to her was a uniformed NCPD officer.

"What's going on?" asked Alex's eyeball.

"What's going on with you?" Maggie asked. Incredulous. Alex was acting hella suspicious.

The eyeball went to the uniformed officer, then back to Maggie.

The officer gave Alex a ready-made excuse to not open the door. She was protecting her modesty! That went without saying.

She said it anyway.

"I'm not dressed."

Alex had never been more excited to see a policeman in all her life. And that includes the time she was dangling from the edge of a billboard by her bare hands after chasing an alien hell bent on covering the city with anti human graffiti. A beat cop pulled her to safety just as her hands were about to give out. This was before Kara "came out" as Supergirl. Was Alex safer now that Supergirl was part of the team? Alex felt so. But truthfully, there as was dramatic increase in EO activity ever since Supergirl's protection of National City began. It was as if aliens, the bad aliens, felt like they had more of a right to wreak havoc now that National City had an alien protector.

"Well, get dressed. There's a crack in the case. The vase case." Maggie looked impatient.
Lena couldn't hear what they were saying. She didn't need to. The door didn't open. The reveal didn't happen. Lena felt stupid as she realized she was the secret. She was the "other." She wasn't the point of pride. Wasn't the girlfriend. She wasn't someone to be shared with the world. No. She was to be kept hidden. She was the shame.

Lena felt stabbed in the heart.

This would NOT do. The power pose of a lioness in luxury turned to an ice sculpture.

"I'll be right there." Alex assured Maggie a speedy return. The closed the door.

A moment later, Maggie and the uniformed officer heard a "click." Alex had locked the door.

Why? Everyone in the department knew Maggie and Alex were an item. Half of them high fived her once they found out who she was banging. "Sanvers" as they guys in the precinct called them, were the hottest two lesbians...ever. Locking the door...on Maggie...on the NCPD...it was a big WTF moment. Maggie couldn't have felt more shut out or shunned. It didn't make sense. She stood in the hallway for the longest, most awkward two minutes ever. Maggie was humiliated and said nothing. Neither did the officer. After about 90 seconds, Maggie realized that Lena Luthor was inside.

Alex regretted locking the door the instant she did it. It was a spontaneous thing. A gut instinct. Welp, no going back now. She went right to the bedroom and started to put on clothes in haste. MAJOR HASTE. Lena watched from the bed.

"I've gotta go. A work thing."

Lena said nothing. Alex kept her voice low as she pulled on pants and socks.

"The uh, alien artifacts. There's a lead. Or something."

Maybe this breakthrough would be something that would help keep Lena out of harm's way, hoped Alex. She went to the bathroom, ran a comb through her hair, swilled mouthwash. Retuned and put on her belt, badge and gun.

Lena still hadn't moved. She just watched Alex. She'd been watching Alex this whole time.

Alex was ready to head out. She looked at Lena. In her bed. Only sheets covering her lower half. A living Venus De Milo on top. Alex couldn't just throw her out. She also couldn't just leave her here. She looked at Lena, hoping she might supply the answer to this obvious dilemma. Lena said nothing.

From a dish of jewelry and coins on her dresser, Alex fished out her spare key. Held it up.

"Can you lock up before you leave?"

Lena paused. "Of course."

Alex tossed the key to Lena. Lena made no attempt to catch it. It just landed on the bed next to her.
Alex smiled awkwardly, turned and headed out the door.

No kiss goodbye.

---

Lena watched as Alex walked away from her. Towards the door that didn't open. To go do whatever it is she does when she's with Detective Maggie Sawyer. Alex slipped out, closed the door and with another "click" locked Lena in the apartment.

Lena got up. Put on her dress, her eyeliner, her lipstick, her shoes. Called her driver. Told him she was ready - now. He was already outside. (He'd arrived at 6:30am. Just in case. He knew Lena's habits by now. One night stands often ended in a hasty exit.)

Exiting, she noticed the green t shirt on the floor. Picked it up, stuffed it in her purse, headed down to the street.

Her car was waiting right out front. Engine on. She strode towards it, confident, head held high (just in case any paparazzi were lurking.) Noticed something. A municipal garbage can on the corner. She looked around and, seeing no spies or eyes, walked over to it, took the t shirt from her purse and jammed it down the bin's open hole.

---

She called Jess and started running calls from the car. Jess kept a running list of people waiting to get in touch with Lena. More than half were ranking executives at L Corp. Jess would call them back and, if they were available, patch them through to Lena who gave them each a firm 5 minutes. They could either talk for five, talk for one and listen for four, it didn't matter. After 5 minutes exactly, Jess would hop on the call, thank the person and move on to the next. Lena knew just about everything could be solved in five minutes or less. Anything more than that was just indulgent ranting. Lena was in the mood to cross things off her list.

---

It was an awkward ride as Maggie, Alex and the uniformed officer headed to the museum.

Maggie was experienced. She knew this was partially her own doing. She knew her and Alex were never going to go the distance. She told her that. Maggie spent the ride admitting to herself that the whole "free pass" situation was just her way of speeding up the inevitable.

Alex wondered if she needed to give Maggie a break up speech. Or if she should turn to Maggie for help. Neither felt right. Alex kept her mouth shut.

The uniformed officer's mother was a lesbian. He knew this silence was major lesbian drama. He for sure kept his mouth shut.

At the museum, there was a man from Sao Paolo, an expert in ancient pottery. He wore a colorful bow tie and round glasses. The museum had hi-res 360 degree photographs of all the pieces in it's collection. The man from Sao Paolo zoomed in to the images of the vases at a level where he was inspecting the pieces millimeter by millimeter.

"They are fakes."

The vases were donated by the Rubensteins, had acquired them thirty years ago. They were a
wealthy family from Houston and amassed one of the nation's most important art collections. Some pieces having been handed down over generations, ever since their great, great grandfather made his fortune selling steel when railroads were first being built, in an effort to connect the continental United States coast to coast.

Prior to them being acquired by the Rubensteins, the vases had been in France for a few hundred years, in a private museum owned by the oldest family in Champagne. Prior to that, records indicate they were given as a gift from the royal family of...Transylvania.

Maggie tried to keep up. "Like, as in Dracula?"

The man from Sao Paolo clarified. "As in Madame Bathory.

Alex chimed in. "The woman who bathed in the blood of virgins to keep her youthful glow?"

The man in the bow tie smiled. "Exactly. So even though these vases, all three, are fakes. They are very old fakes. Hundreds of years old and very precious artifacts with rich histories. They just aren't from the Etruscan age. And they aren't from Italy."

He had noticed microscopic bubbles in the glaze. Near the base. To the trained eye it was a dead giveaway. But they didn't have hi res images in the 1600s. And the hundreds of years of fan fare and special treatment these vases had as they traveled from one storied environment to another gave them an authenticity that no one questioned.

Until now.

Maggie and Alex conferred in silence. Alex told Maggie about what happened with Lena Luthor and The Scavenger. Maggie felt a little better. Knowing Alex trusted her, as a person and a detective. One of the things Maggie and Alex had in common was the love of their work. It came first.

This was a big break in the case. Did the thief know they had fakes? Maybe this could be used as leverage. Or in some type of sting.

They decided to see what The Scavenger had to say before formulating a plan. They met with Kara that afternoon and told her all the details. Kara promised to meet the Scavenger at his requested time and place. By the river. Midnight tomorrow. Alex and Maggie would join her. As backup.

The rest of the day was spent with Winn at the DEO, scanning the database to determine what race of alien the Scavenger was and identify his possible weaknesses, identify what weapons might be effective if the meeting went sideways.

Maggie and Alex worked well together and it was like the morning...had never happened.

---

It was now 9pm. It had been a long work day but Lena didn't want to go home. She took her notebook out of the safe, brought it to her desk, stared at the pages. Creating the opposite of an element not on the periodic table (anti-kryptonite) was just the distraction she needed. She poured over her handwritten notes, equations, formulas. Hoping inspiration would strike.

It didn't.

Maybe a drink would loosen her up. She poured a scotch and sipped it, barely wetting her lips. She didn't feel like being drunk. She felt like being angry. She wanted to...solve a problem.
Swoosh.

Supergirl landed on Lena's balcony.

Lena couldn't help but get a childlike thrill every time that happened. The look on Lena's face. Surprise and delight. Kara's heart skipped a beat.

There was hope for her yet.


Supergirl stepped inside.

"Ms. Luthor."

"Call me Lena. Please."

"Okay...Lena."

Lena was in a mood. Anger often inspired the Panther in Lena to sometimes reach out her powerful paw and give people a playful swat.

"And what shall I call you?"

An obvious attempt in having Supergirl reveal her identity.

A rush in Kara's chest. She put her hands on her hips to remind herself who she was.

"Supergirl is fine."

Lena smiled. Raised her glass to Supergirl.

"Supergirl, it is. What brings you to my office tonight?"

"I heard you needed my assistance with an alien known as...The Scavenger?"

Lena had completely forgotten. Alex must have contacted Kara who contacted Supergirl. Lena's late night flirt session with Supergirl came to an abrupt end as Lena mused, 'I guess Alex was at least thinking about me today.' Then immediately put Alex out of her mind. There were other issues at hand. Namely, the two aliens she had to deal with. The Scavenger and Supergirl.

"Yes. He'd like to meet you. You have no obligation to do this, I realize. I'm not asking for a favor. In fact, part of me doesn't want you to meet with him. I'm not accustomed to giving in to alien demands."

Supergirl's eyes went wide. Kara had spent much of the week picturing that very scenario. Kara, the alien, demanding filthy things from Lena Luthor. And Lena Luthor giving in to every last one.

Lena wrapped her arms under her chest. A subconscious gesture. Of physical and emotional protection.

"The problem is...he didn't threaten me. In fact, he assured my safety. He was...a gentleman. He's claiming to have information that would help you. Something related to the museum break in? I have no idea what he real intentions are. I'm just...passing along the message."

Kara realized, for the first time, just how human Lena Luthor was. She was utterly defenseless if
someone were to...try to harm her. She wasn't strong. Couldn't run to save her life. The only thing she can do to help herself is use weapons. To someone like Supergirl, bullets were like shooting peas through a straw. A taser? More like a French tickler. To someone like The Scavenger, Lena could be mincemeat.

Lena waited for Supergirl's response. A rueful defiance in her eyes. At having to be a pawn in the games between aliens. And also a hope, that Supergirl might once again come to her rescue.

Kara imagined Lena at the river. Facing this...this...Scavenger. Kara started to imagine...what if he hadn't been a gentleman? What if things had gone wrong? Kara felt sick and heartbroken and protective. Supergirl and Kara both felt...so much, for Lena.

"I've already decided to meet with him."

"Oh." Lena tried to play it cool, but she was clearly relieved.

In the course of normal conversation, people tend to break eye contact every 2-5 seconds. Quick little breaks from the emotional intensity. It's better for everyone. Letting everyone know, you're not a threat. This conversation doesn't require all of your emotions, all of your everything. There's something...reassuring...when someone breaks eye contact and then immediately returns to you. A little game of peek a boo. Abandonment. Then immediate reassurance. I came back. I'll never leave you. You're important to me.

But after Supergirl let Lena know she'd meet with the Scavenger, they looked at each other and...didn't look away. They held it. To communicate a few things. Things like 'thank you' and 'I won't let anything happen to you.' And after those sentiments were seen and shared...they both waited for the other to look away. But neither did. And then suddenly, three seconds led to four seconds to five to....six.

And after the sixth second, both had created and traveled into...a liminal space. A space where the normal rules of behavior and expectation and social norms disappeared. The liminal space was a blank canvas. It could bring individuals together, bend time, span dimensions, create new contracts, relationships, identities.

Neither knew where they were heading. They just both knew that to look away was to leave where they were. So they didn't. There were unusually long pauses as they spoke to each other.

Lena. "That's that then."

Beat.

Kara. "That's that."

Lena blushed and looked down at her shoes. What had just happened was so intense...even Lena Luthor needed a beat. Supergirl took in a deep breath.

It was prudent for Lena to be concerned about this Scavenger. "Did Agent Danvers tell you where and when he wanted to meet?"

"Agent Danvers? Um. Yes. She told Kara and Kara told me."

The liminal space, there were still hints of it, lingering in the atmosphere. Kara tried searched for a door that might lead them back there.

Supergirl asked casually..."Kara told me you that...you and Agent Danvers are dating?"
Lena's face turned pure poker. "Kara told you that?"

"She mentioned it. Offhandedly."

"She's mistaken."

"Really?"

"Quite."

Kara, lacking game, wasn't 100% sure what was going on or how to benefit from it.

"Oh." Said Supergirl.

"Honestly, I don't know why she said that."

Lena was annoyed that Kara was discussing her private life. And it came out in her tone.

Before Supergirl could respond, Lena changed the topic. She went to the notebook on her desk.

"You know, Supergirl, while you're here...I was reviewing some formulas I was working on. I have an idea...but it requires Iridium. My facility in South Africa has a supply of it but it will take at least 4 days for it to get here."

Lena looked at Supergirl.

Supergirl shot her back a cocky grin. Kara might have fucked up. But Kara wasn't here. Supergirl was. Supergirl could still...save the day.

"Be right back."

Supergirl flew out the window. 10 seconds later she returned. Box of Iridium in hand.

And just like that, Lena Luthor was a charmed child who'd just seen the best magic trick in the world. Lena's heart soared. Supergirl literally inspired awe.

In moments like this, Lena could clearly see that Supergirl was incredible, amazing...powerful.

Certainly, more powerful than any Luthor. And sometimes Lena just fucking loved that.

Being raised as a Luthor was similar to being raised in a cult. It's members trained to believe no one was more powerful than them. When Superman arrived, he up-ended that notion. Erasing the very foundation of their identity. That was the real underlying reason for the Super / Luthor rivalry. It wasn't about being number one. It was about their existence.

So it was only natural that Supergirl could inspire in Lena feelings of family rebellion, bringing Lena back to when she was a teenager and wanting to tell her mother -- her adoptive mother -- Lillian... to fuck right off.

Supergirl handed the box over.

"So...they had this waiting for me at the front desk?"

"What can I say?" Lena took the box and was back to being both brazen and bashful. "I was hoping this might happen." They shared a smile. "Success tends to happen when you prepare for best case scenarios."
They were closer now. Physically. They held eye contact.

One.

"Thank you." Said Lena. She meant it. Deeply.

Supergirl just looked at her.

Two.

Lena's heart skipped a beat. "This will certainly help with my next round of lab experiments."

Three.

Supergirl's eyes were deep dreamy blue. Lena's were hazel, hints of emerald green.

"Glad to help, Ms. Luthor."

Four.

"Please. Call me, Lena."

Five.

"Lena."

...Six.

They were back. Back in that delicious space of intimacy and possibilities.

Lena knew this space well. Knew how to stay here. Knew what to do here. This was the place where games, terms, boundaries and power were negotiated, traded, exchanged.

Most people, most ordinary people...as soon as this space appears, go in for the kiss. Why? The liminal space could be heady and confusing. Identity seems to go right out the window as new versions of you await to be called out of the ether and replace who you once were. When you don't know who you are -- that can be downright terrifying. And when people feel fear, they tend to act. When people enter a liminal space, they tend to make quick exits. They tend to remain who they always were. Their time in the liminal space could be measured in nanoseconds.

Lena Luthor knew you can't live in fear. And...she liked to take risks. She liked the possibility of being a different person. She spent most of her life trying to be anyone other than Lena Luthor. Spending time in the liminal space was the riskiest, sexiest thing Lena Luthor had ever known. It was her second home.

She contemplated what games she might play with Supergirl when...she wasn't sure why...but she suddenly thought of Kara.

The idea of Kara threw Lena off. Practical, present day's concerns wafted like clouds over Lena's playground.

You see, Lena didn't see the benefits of being shy, but at the same time she did try to be as discreet as possible about her affairs. Especially her love affairs. Kara talking about Lena's private life with anyone was a major no no. Even Supergirl. Lena knew it was now or never in terms of extracting a bit more information from Supergirl before having "the big talk" with Kara. They had a LOT of things to discuss. Maybe Lena could stay in the liminal space AND get the practical information
she wanted.

Sometime the games Lena Luthor liked to play...were with herself.

Lena Luthor kept looking deep into Supergirl's eyes as she spoke.

"So, Kara Danvers..."

Supergirl almost passed out on the spot. Had Lena figured out her identity??

Lena continued, "...was talking about...who I date...with Supergirl?"

Supergirl was in the clear. But Kara on the other hand...

Supergirl realized. Lena found this a major invasion of privacy.

Which Kara thought was quite rich -- considering it was Lena who'd gone behind Kara's back in the first place!

But since it was Supergirl, not Kara, who was here with Lena...

Supergirl had to think quick to clean up this mess.

"I asked her."

Lena looked at Supergirl. Did I just hear that right?

"You asked Kara if I was dating anyone?"

Lena's heart hitched. Who knew Supergirl could be so forward?

Gulp. Kara didn't mean for Supergirl to sound that way at all! Kara started bumbling and backtracking.

"Yes, well, we were having coffee and...I...um...I thought it was strange that you had been talking with Agent Danvers about aliens and was wondering what the connection was. So I asked about what was going on there. Casually. And she casually mentioned that you two were dating. Actually, I think she said that maybe you might be dating. I don't remember her exact words. She's the reporter, not me. It was an offhanded comment."

Lena watched Supergirl trying to cover her tracks.

It was all SO obvious.

Supergirl had asked Kara if I'm single.

Supergirl is interested. In me. In dating me.

Lena, chess master extraordinaire, master of seeing outcomes several moves in advance, never saw this coming.

Supergirl was everyone's fantasy, sure. Including Lena's. She was human after all. She thought about it. Especially after Supergirl carried her up to her balcony, bridal style, cradling Lena's lower back and legs, Supergirl's strong hands so close to Lena's ass, inches from her sex. Lena went home that night and pleasured herself, imagining what might have happened, while being cradled high in the sky, if Supergirl's hands had slid up Lena's skirt...
All the hurt from this morning disappeared. Supergirl likes me!

Lena smirked. Alex Danvers can go to hell.

Lena moved an inch closer.

"Well, I'm not seeing her. We had something that...couldn't even count as a first date...and it didn't work out."

Lena spoke with finality. Making sure Supergirl knew that her and Alex were Finito. Done. Over. Cancelled. Deleted. Blocked.

Kara couldn't believe her good luck. Alex had chosen Maggie over Lena! Lena was available. No strings attached.

"In fact, I'm not seeing anyone," Lena offered.

"I guess that means you don't have any evening plans," said Supergirl.

"Not a single one," said Lena.

Supergirl smiled.

Lena bit her lip.

Game on.
Chapter 18

Jess was working late at her desk. Creating a spreadsheet that had all of Lena’s travel plans for the rest of the calendar year. Each trip was color coded, cross-referenced, synced across calendars, mobile devices, alerts… to do lists were attached, hotel reservations confirmed, double checked, points accrued and allotted, bonus miles applied, concierges called and consulted, restaurant lists compiled, sorted by cuisine and location, options for breakfast, lunch or dinner meetings, car services lined up, same-day dry cleaners located, complete contact information for everyone Lena would be meeting, their names, emails, work addresses, work phones, mobile phones, mini biographies, summaries of meeting agendas and goals…then there were the “free time” activities that needed arranging. Depending on wherever Lena was going, Jess scored ballet tickets, baseball tickets, private tours of historical residences, you name it. Whatever the best things to do, whether in Zurich, Zimbabwe, Brussels, wherever Lena was going, Jess made sure Lena didn’t miss anything on that city’s “can’t miss” list.

Her job was basically to make sure Lena was living a five-star life. And Jess took pride in her work. Took pride in taking care of Lena. And Lena appreciated it. Mostly by paying Jess very well. Not only did Jess earn a salary, she was paid an hourly rate x2 for any hours worked over 50. Jess literally loved working until 11pm. Even midnight! She was paying down her undergraduate student loans and saving up to get her MBA. And last year, as a holiday bonus, Lena gifted Jess with two round trip tickets to anywhere in the world. Jess took her sister (who had never been out of National City, much less the country) on a two week vacation to Southeast Asia. (Yes, that was when Lillian pulled all her Cadmus bullshit and paid off those temporary assistants but let’s not even go there.)

So there Jess was, happily typing away, entering data, emailing information, syncing calendars… not minding in the least that it was already past 9pm.

—

And not knowing that just on the other side of the doorway… Lena Luthor was about to have some five-star Supergirl.

“’I guess that means you don’t have any evening plans,” said Supergirl.

"Not a single one," said Lena.

Supergirl smiled.

Lena bit her lip.

And Jess’s voice came through the intercom.

“Ms. Luthor.”

Lena and Supergirl were looking at each other. Giddy. Hungry. As she spoke to Jess, Lena kept looking right at Supergirl, not breaking eye contact.

“Jess, that’s all for tonight. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Normally, Jess would happily collect her things, save her work and head home. This wasn’t a normally type of situation.
“Ms. Luthor, could you please pick up?”

Okay. That was odd.

Lena broke eye contact, went to her desk and picked the phone.

“What is it, Jess?”

“Maggie Sawyer is here to see you.”

—

Earlier that day, after Maggie and Alex left the museum, they headed to the DEO and worked with Winn, combing the database for any aliens that matched the description of The Scavenger. There were whole sections of aliens who glowed: photoautotrophic aliens (Kara was one of those), aliens with a radiation signature, translucent, transparent and opaque aliens, aliens who could initiate exothermic reactions...the list went on and on.

Winn finally stated the obvious. “Do you know what would save hours of guess work? Bringing Lena Luthor in to look at mug shots.”

Maggie and Alex just stared straight ahead. Neither about to touch that name with a ten foot pole.

Winn continued.

“I mean, she’s the one who saw him, right?”

Again. Not a peep from Alex or Maggie. Why wasn’t anyone listening to him?


Alex, being the DEO agent in charge, filled the silence. “Well, for starters, this -“

Maggie cut her off. “I think it’s a great idea.”

Winn quick to respond. “THANK YOU.”

Alex kept right on talking over them. “This is a secret government agency.”

“Why not get the information straight from the horse’s mouth?” said Winn.

“Don’t call her a whore,” said Maggie.

“I didn’t! I said HORSE.”

“OH. Got it. My mistake.”

There was no mistake. Maggie knew exactly what he had said.

“I don’t talk about women like that.” Winn said.

“Not unless they ask you to.” Maggie said.

Winn cackled and raised his fist so he and Maggie could pound it out.

Maggie looked cool as shit giving Winn a fist bump.
Winn and Maggie’s sudden gruesome twosome side-show made Alex deeply uncomfortable. For so many reasons.

Winn wasn’t picking up on any of it. “Lena’s my home girl. We’ve done science together. Let’s bring her in and get this shiite done.”

Maggie put on a big smile.

“Yeah, Danvers. Call Lena.” Beat. “You have her number…right?”

And that’s the moment Alex realized Maggie knew.

Alex’s mood soured considerably. Her tone dripped with sarcasm, “Yes. Let’s go ask J’onn to let a Luthor into the DEO and pour over the DEO alien database. Great idea, Winn.”

Winn went from pound town to frown town. “It was just a suggestion.”

“Oh, that’s right,” said Maggie. She wasn’t nearly done with her shit stirring. “Lena Luthor and the DEO…they don’t mix do they?”

Maggie was really turning the screws on Alex.

Alex shot Maggie a look.

Maggie shot back a big, faux-innocent smile. “Or do they?”

Winn was still sulking. “You should at least take Lena back to the river where she saw the guy.”

Maggie’s question still hung in the air. Heavy and unanswered. It was time they had the talk.

—

Alex brought Maggie to the DEO cafeteria. They had a sit down. Alex came clean. About everything. Well, not EVERYTHING. Not what they did, or what they said. Just, the basics. That she and Lena…hooked up…and they both wanted to…explore what might be there. Alex confessed that Lena had spent the night and that’s why…Alex was so weird at the door.

Maggie didn’t speak right away. None of this was a surprise. She’d known all of it ever since first thing this morning. What was a surprise was what Alex shared next. That she wasn’t sure if she could trust Lena. That maybe it was all a Luthor set up. That maybe Alex was being used. For something nefarious like Cadmus. Maybe this was Cadmus 2.0!

She looked afraid. Alex couldn’t bear to lose her job or disappoint her family. If things went wrong with Lena, Alex wouldn’t be able to handle the consequences. She wouldn’t be able to live with herself. She wouldn’t be able to forgive herself. She just wouldn’t.

Maybe someone else in Maggie’s position would have been angry, or upset. But in this moment, all Maggie felt for Alex was compassion. Alex was truly a lost, baby gay in the woods. So lost and so inexperienced and so, so, SO over her head. Maggie couldn’t help but…help.

“Danvers. How many years have you been on the force?”

“Eleven.”

“Eleven years of elite training and you can’t see that Lena Luthor is, like, a smol bean?”
“I don’t know what that means.”

“It means…Oh, Danvers. It means that Lena Luthor has done nothing wrong. Ever. In her life.”

“Neither did Lex. Until he did.”

“Lena’s a good person. And you’re punishing her because you think maybe one day she might do something wrong. That’s pretty shitty, Alex.”

Maggie gave Alex a look. Alex’s shoulders sunk as she remembered back to the morning. She did act shitty.

“What should I do?”

“I’m being friend-zoned. I get it. Hey, I did it to you first. So payback and karma and whatnot. But like, real talk? I can’t be your relationship coach. It’s like…that’s too messed up.”

Alex’s eyes welled up with tears. Her first break up just happened and she didn’t even know until it was over.

Alex took Maggie’s hand. “I love you, Maggie. Can we still be friends? I need you. I think I’m always going to need you.”

“We can be friends. Someday.”

Alex’s heart sank.

“That’s just how this stuff goes. It takes time.”

“Understood.”

Alex felt like there was a brick in her stomach. This felt absolutely awful. Gut wrenching. She was losing her best friend.

Maggie also felt empty…but also proud. She was Alex’s first love. Her first lesbian kiss, relationship, so many firsts. And that was…well, Maggie wasn’t sure what it was. It meant something. Maggie had been several women’s first kiss and first…roll in the gay hay. Never pursuing anything serious with them. So in a curious sort of way, Alex was also Maggie’s first.

All this made Maggie feel magnanimous. “I will give you one more piece of relationship coaching. Because I think you’re going to need it.”

“Shoot.”

“Maybe give some thought to the whole Kara and Lena situation.”

“Oh. Thanks. I have. Dating my sisters best friend. That might be tricky but I think it will be okay if.”

“Danvers.” Maggie cut her off. Sharply. “I’m only going to say this once.” Pausing for emphasis. “Kara is completely in love with Lena.”

Alex’s neck jerked back with disbelief. “No she’s not. They’re just friends.”

Maggie’s shrugged her shoulders. “Don’t say I didn’t tell you.”
Alex thought to herself that Maggie was way way off base on that.

So they just sat there. A lot had transpired. Finally Maggie spoke.

“Winn was right. We should bring her to the river. See if she remembers anything.”

Alex nodded in agreement. “Maybe bring Supergirl. Do a run through before the actual meeting tomorrow night.”

They were back on the case. In sync and lock step. They worked well together.

That would never change.

___

Lena was on the phone with Jess.

“Maggie Sawyer is here to see you.”

Lena’s mind raced. Detective Maggie Sawyer is here. Here to arrest me? Again? Or, more likely, to confront me about Alex. A jilted lover scenario. None of these options were anything she wanted to deal with right now.

Supergirl didn’t use her super hearing to eaves drop. She didn’t think there was any reason to. Plus, she was too busy looking at Lena. Heart pounding, knowing that finally, FINALLY, they were going to kiss. Ever since that night with the crop, Kara started looking back and realizing that she did have feelings for Lena. She just didn’t know it.

She sure knew it now. All she could see was Lena’s beautiful ass and the long lines of her legs and the high heel shoes. Supergirl pictured being walked on, Lena walking on Supergirl’s stomach in her heels. Supergirl imagined that would feel nice. Lena’s toes pressing down through the Italian leather sole. The stiletto tip tapping along behind. Maybe it would tickle. Maybe it would feel like a massage.

Jess continued speaking.

“Alex Danvers is also here.”

A surge of heat went through Lena’s heart. Alex was here! Before she could think, the emotion of thrill was felt just at hearing Alex’s name. Thrill at Alex being here to see her.

But with Maggie.

Why would Alex be here with Maggie? Lena’s mind immediately came to the only conclusion. It was obvious. Alex and Maggie were here to let Lena know, in no uncertain terms, that they were an item and Lena wasn’t going to come between them. FUCKING BARF, thought Lena. Yes. That’s it. Why else would they be here? Talk about petty. They think they can just show up at my office, unannounced and have it be two against one?

Well, surprise bitches. Supergirl is here.

“Send them in.”
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Listen up my pets! I adore each and every one of you. I've been writing like a maniac for you but at some point I will have to return to posting a chapter a week. !!! But I don't want to lose you! Love each and every one of you sexy biitches. :)))

Keep commenting. I truly love hearing what you think and feel about this as you read it. Xx. rTracker

Alex watched Jess on the phone. Her heart beating faster as Jess spoke her name to Lena.

"Alex Danvers is also here."

Jess looked at Alex when she said her name. Suspect. Wondering what the reason for this late night visit would be.

Alex was excited and nervous to see her lover, Lena Luthor, the most beautiful, brilliant, sexy, sphinx of a woman in all of National City.

As Jess listened to Lena's response, it felt like an eternity was passing. Alex started to wonder if Lena would even see her. Why wouldn't she? Just last night they fell asleep in each other's arms on Alex's couch, cooing at each other, petting each other, playing with each other. She literally woke me up by eating me out. That was like, 14 hours ago. So I left in a hurry. No big deal. I'm an FBI agent. Or so she thinks. My real job is pretty close to that. Lena's understands the important of work. Alex's mind was racing.

Meanwhile, Maggie sized up Jess. Noticed her striking beauty. Tight body. Raven hair. Perfectly arched brows. Why are all these assistants of Lena's such beautys? Maggie chuckled to herself, noticing Lena's brazen policy of only hiring 8s, 9s and 10s as her assistants. (Jess didn't have hostility towards Maggie - she wasn't there when Maggie arrested Lena.). Must be good to be King, thought Maggie.

Jess hung up her phone. She'd obviously got the clearance to let them both in to see Lena. And didn't exactly look happy about it.

"I'll show you in."

She got up from behind her desk, slowly.

"Next time, please call ahead." Meow!

Maggie was in no mood to be put in her place.

"This is official police business." Maggie pulled her jacket to one side and flashed her police badge. Then took a look at the name plate on the desk. "so jot that down..Jessica." Damn. Maggie was not having it tonight.

Jess DGAF.
"If you don't how to your use mobile phone, I'd be happy to show you how."

Jess kept walking to the door, back turned to them both. Not caring a wit how they felt about her Executive Assistant level sass.

Maggie and Alex shared a look that said, damn! That was a good burn. Even though she didn't see it, Jess could feel their appreciation. There was a reason she was Lena Luthor's assistant. And it wasn't just for her color coded spreadsheets!

Jess opened the door and immediately saw Lena...and Supergirl. SUPERGIRL. Right there. In the office. Jess stopped in her tracks. She was stunned. Was she more stunned to see Supergirl? In the flesh? She'd seen Supergirl on the TV and in magazines. But she never seemed...real. So seeing her in the flesh. It was like seeing a mall Santa. The costume...it was a costume! The red cape similar to Santa's big red belly. It looked positively insane next to people in normal clothes. And yet, the sight of it elicited a child-like Pavlovian response out of...everyone...everywhere. This figure in red...this...magical person...was just like Santa...a person you could whisper your most secret wishes and desires to...and they would fulfill them. IF...you were nice. (Coal for the baddies.)

Jess did an obvious double take. Supergirl looked fake and yet...registered as something realer than real. Supergirl radiated...otherness. Even just standing there, Supergirl radiated...as a powerful alien.

Suddenly Jess was more stunned that someone...anyone...was in Lena's office. Someone Jess didn't let in! Jess was the gatekeeper! And yet, Lena wasn't alone. This. Did. Not. Compute. Jess's stomach dropped. She realized that Supergirl, who was standing RIGHT THERE, had flown all the way up to the 37th floor balcony and walked right in. It was amazing and terrifying.

Jess quickly composed herself. Tried to look professional. Stepped aside to let in the visitors.

Alex was the first to walk in.

As soon as she saw Ales, Lena's heart started to soar. Lena immediately grabbed it before it leapt clear out of her chest and stuffed it back inside.

Alex strode in with purpose and confidence. Eager. That is...until she saw Lena's face: Eyes slightly narrowed. Jaw clenched. Alex had an 'oh shit' moment.

Then Alex saw Supergirl.

And Supergirl saw Alex.

They both had a MAJOR oh shit moment. Both suprised, nay, aghast at seeing each other.

"Supergirl." Alex waited for an answer.

Kara just opened her eyes wide and closed her mouth tight.

Alex saw this...defiance...and her eyes filled with confusion and then...accusation. What the fuck was Kara doing here?? In her Supersuit??? Alex remembered what happened last time Kara was here as Supergirl. Kara's powers were down and Lena was flogging Kara's bare back with a crop. Now that Alex knew Lena a little bit better...she understood exactly what this kind of scenario could lead to. Alex was furious. Fucking Hell Kara! I told you I wanted Lena's number to date her! What the fuuuuuuuuck!!!!

Alex saw red.
Maggie got to the door. Immediately did the math. She saw Lena and Supergirl. Saw Alex see Lena and Supergirl. Saw Alex see...Kara and Lena. Together. Late at night. As Supergirl. A rendezvous. A secret tete a tete that clearly even sassy Jessica didn't know about. She saw Lena pissed at Alex and at the same time positively enjoying this Supergirl reveal. Glances. Relationships. Dynamics. Flying around the room. Maggie saw the whole damn thing. Maggie positively sauntered into the room. Wry grin on her face. This was going to be quite a show.

Kara instantly recognized Alex's displeasure, anger and scolding eyes. She fought against feeling guilty. What do I have to feel guilty about! Alex chose Maggie! They were here, together, right now, in front of Lena! What right does Alex have to try to tell me who I can or can not see?! Especially when her and Lena were over. Lena even said they were!

Kara stared her sister down.

This made Alex even more angry!

Lena watched Alex size up Supergirl. It was...positively delectable. Alex looked...worried and territorial. She looked like she was losing. She looked like she was lost. She looked like she *had* lost. HA! Thought Lena. Her quick little plan was working to perfection. This ought to teach Alex Danvers that I'm not someone who'll stand for...that type of treatment. Doesn't she know that I'm a LUTHOR? Lena smoldered with pride and power. Relishing being so desired yet so out of reach. Untouchable.

Alex's eyes were trained right on Supergirl. "What are you doing here?"

Kara did not appreciate Alex's tone. Not. One. Bit. She put her hands on her hips and reminded Alex, in her own way, that tonight...they weren't sisters.

"Agent Danvers." That's all Kara said. Cold and cordial. Letting everyone know, especially Agent Danvers, that Supergirl didn't answer to the FBI. In fact, how it worked was...the FBI were the grateful recipients of Supergirl's help. Kara's tone was pure "You're welcome."

Alex was put in check. Lena didn't know Supergirl and Alex were sisters. Lena didn't know Kara was Supergirl. These were important secrets that needing...keeping. Round one: Kara.

Lena cocked an eyebrow. Pleased. Supergirl was my guest. And she wasn't going to be pushed around by an FBI agent. Excellent. Round two: Lena.

Not one person was looking at Maggie. Maggie was 100% fine with that. This was just desserts for Alex as far as she was concerned. And if anyone deserved a front row seat to this shit show...it was Maggie.

No one spoke. It was a Mexican stand off of Lesbianic looks.

Jess stayed in the room. Trying to figure out why these power lesbians were visiting Lena. Why Supergirl was there. No one was asking her to leave. So she stayed in the background, observing and not being seen.

As Supergirl and Agent Danvers just stood there, looking at each other, Lena and Maggie caught each other's eye. The last time they saw each other, Maggie was arresting Lena. For a crime she didn't commit. Now she had stolen Maggie's girlfriend and was apparently throwing her in the garbage. Touché, thought Maggie. Lena saw all of this in Maggie's expression. Lena remained in CEO mode.

Lean decided to show everyone in the room who was in charge.
"It's late. I would appreciate it if you would state your business."

Supergirl smirked at Alex. Round Three: Kara and Lena.

Alex was getting it from all sides. Literally. She had to girl up and fast. So she did.

"Supergirl, I'm glad you're here."

Kara was like - what? Lena was like - whaataat? Maggie was like - WHAT? Jess just stayed in the corner hoping no one would notice.

Alex continued, deftly wielding this new position of power. "We're here about tomorrow's meeting. At the river.

All the sexy undertones of power and position vanished instantly. Alex was talking about The Scavenger. This was a real and present threat to Lena. And possibly the city. Lena felt vulnerable. What on earth was wrong with the meeting? Did he cancel? Did he not get what he wanted? Would he come back to me with more demands?

Supergirl spoke quickly. "What about the meeting?"

Alex kept it 100. "We need to stage a run through. Determine where to place agents. Review the tech of the op." Alex looked at Lena. "We were hoping you would join us, walk us through exactly where you were, where he was."

Supergirl sighed. Her plans for the evening officially over. RATS. Lena's safety of course came first. "Yes." Supergirl looked at Lena. "We should do that."

Alex chimed in. "That's what I just said."

And just like that, the two sisters were competing again!

Lena enjoyed seeing Supergirl and Alex vie for her. And yet, it was confusing. Even for Lena. Maybe it was the whole situation with The Scavenger. It was a potentially dangerous situation. Lena felt...overwhelmed. It was rare for her to feel that way. Despite the fact that the NCPD, the FBI and even Supergirl were all together to ensure her protection, Lena felt like she had no one in her corner.

"I'll get my purse." Lena had to move forward, despite her feelings. Her safety depended on it.

One by one they filed out past Jess. Alex was the first to leave. Then Maggie. Then Supergirl. Jess held the door for Lena.

Lena go to the door and paused. Everyone turned and looked at her. What was she waiting for?

Lena said, "I need to make a call before I leave."

Jess closed the door to Lena's office. Sat back down at her desk. And watched as Supergirl, Alex and Maggie all waited for Lena to call...whoever she need to call.

The wait was awkward.

Ten seconds later. There was a ring.

It was coming from Supergirl's boot. Supergirl pulled out her phone.
Lena was calling.

Supergirl had to think fast. It was so late and so quiet, Lena might hear the ringtone from her office. Supergirl immediately answered the call. She turned and walked to the far end of the hallway. It was only 10" from Jess's desk.

"Hi." Supergirl ducked her head and tried to talk covertly. Tried to sound like Kara. "What's...going on?"

Lena explained to Kara that there was a lot going on and she really needed a friend. Could Kara meet her for lunch? Or coffee? Or anything? Lena promised to make herself available whenever Kara was.

Kara spoke in a low voice. "Of course. Yes. Um, I'll call you tomorrow and we'll get together." She felt like such a liar and a fraud. Like a bad friend. Like a sad puppy.

Lena, on the other hand, was so grateful. Kara said she'd always be there for her. And Lena was glad that she meant it. She thanked Kara profusely. Promising to call in the morning. Kara hung up. Quickly stuffing the phone back in her boot before Lena came out of the office.

EVERYONE KNEW WHAT JUST HAPPENED. Lena called Kara.

Alex knew it.

Maggie knew it.

And Jess knew it.

Jess knew Kara Danvers...was Supergirl.

Supergirl gave Jess a look that said, "I'm so sorry. Please, please don't tell Lena."

Alex upped the ante and shot Jess a much harsher look. A look that said - this is a state secret. It was the realest look Jess had ever seen. It was a look that said, if you tell Lena this, you will go to jail, you will lose everything.

Jess had never kept a secret from Lena. Not one. She looked back at Alex in acknowledgement and agreement.

Lena opened her office door and briskly walking towards Jess.

"Thank you Jess. See you in the morning."

"Yes Miss Luthor."

Lena continued briskly walking to the elevator. The other three following. Supergirl giving Jess a look of thanks. Alex giving Jess a look of 'you better keep that up.' Maggie giving her a look of 'yup, you're fucked now."

And that's exactly how Jess felt.

And that's the story of how Jess learned Supergirl's identity.
Chapter 20

Lena hung up her cell phone. Immediately feeling better knowing she’d be seeing Kara tomorrow. Lena was looking forward to confessing and having a sounding board. She needed one. Especially since she couldn’t exactly call Fiona about this matter.

---

When Lena’s father passed away, Lillian was at least smart enough to get Lena into therapy. She was going to need someone to talk to about this...life event. And Lillian...well what was she going to do? Sit and listen to the bastard child she’d been forced to raise? Lillian and Lionel had never really sorted things out on that matter. Now that he was dead, Lillian would never get the closure she needed. Her anger over Lena only intensified. Somehow blaming Lena, not for Lionel’s death, but for being a constant and living reminder of all the ways Lionel put himself first. Put Lillian and Lex in second. Sometimes third, fourth, even fifth. Lillian had so much resentment. So did Lex. And we all know how that turned out.

And yet, despite all the resentment, the blindsides, the callousness...Lillian chose to love Lena. She made that decision. And when Lillian made a decision, that was that. To Lillian, that’s what love was. A choice. So, having made that choice, Lena was put into therapy. As an act of love.

It was a Wednesday afternoon when Lillian’s driver helped little Lena Luthor into the family town car. (She’s not alone! She’s with our driver! She’s not a child, you know! She’s ten! That town car is the safest place in the whole city! It’s locked, bulletproof, one of our employees escorting her! Why should I ride across the city? Honestly if you are worried about her safety, me being there just makes her even more of a target. Lillian often had fights with Lionel...dead Lionel...in her head. Justifying this or that. Especially when it came to Lena). Together Lena and the driver rode across Metropolis until they arrived at a row of discrete brownstones that looked like homes but were actually offices. One of which was Fiona’s. Lillian had heard Fiona was the best. So Fiona it was.

Lillian figured four sessions should do the trick.

Fiona was in her late thirties. MSW from Metropolis City College. Lena arrived on time and presented as well dressed, articulate, full of poise. Respectful of authority figures. Thoughtful. Able to recount details and facts starting from age 4. Possibly a bit earlier. Dry sense of humor. It did not take Fiona long to realize that when Lena told a fact, a fact like, “my mother died when I was four”...there was no emotion in her voice. All the emotions in Lena were locked deep inside. Lena locked them in a place where no one could hurt, harm or endanger her...any further. And she threw away the key.

Four sessions was what it took for Fiona to realize that Lena needed serious help. Despite how she presented, in many ways Lena was hanging on by a thread. And there wasn’t anyone to catch her if that thread were to snap. Fiona left a message with Lillian’s secretary.

With hugely wealthy families like the Luthor’s...you don’t just “call” their cell phone. I mean, you do, but that call is first patched through to the family secretary, who answers, checks in on the caller, their business, and then and only then, patches them through. That is, IF the recipient of the call chooses to accept. It was a whole thing. Needed to keep out the riff raff and hangers on and solicitations. And I don’t mean from magazines. I mean from people in power, like other CEOs and world leaders and charities and board members. The more you have...the more people want
something from you. When Lena turned sixteen, she prided herself on having a cell phone that people could call directly. Not everyone. Just the people to whom she gave her number. Which, admittedly, was scant.

The message Fiona left for Lillian was vague. It would be a major ethics breach for her to share anything Lena said in session with anyone, including her mother. Adoptive mother. Legal guardian. Whoever Lillian truly was to Lena. What Fiona did make clear was that she needed to speak with Lillian. Her hope was to explain that it was vital Lena continued therapy. But Lillian never called back. Not on Thursday. And not on Friday. Fiona couldn’t help but spend more than a few moments over the weekend hoping Lillian would get in touch on Monday. Lena truly needed therapy. She needed…someone. Monday no call. Tuesday no call. Wednesday. No call.

Fiona was sad. She practiced professional detachment. Fiona couldn’t force anyone to keep their kid in therapy. And certainly not Lillian Luthor. Fiona dropped the matter, moving Lena’s client file folder from active to archive.

So you can imagine her surprise when Lena Luthor arrived that afternoon, exactly 3pm, just like she had the previous 4 weeks. The driver had taken Lillian upstate that day. Luckily, Lena had figured out the public transport system, took a subway then transferred over to a bus and made it to her appointment.

Fiona wasn’t sure what to do. She didn’t have the heart to tell Lena that her mother hadn’t approved any more sessions. That her mother wouldn’t even return her call. It was then that Fiona understood, in a new way, the level of abandonment Lena experienced every day. Little emotional abandonments, like landmines hidden in the fabric of everyday life activities and appointments. Even in the disappointments. In fact, especially there.

That afternoon, Fiona did something…unprofessional. She let Lena stay. Gave her the hour. Fiona didn’t have the heart to turn a child away. They continued right where they left off. Lena sharing that, at age four, she learned how to play chess. A game for adults. A game where you use strategy to keep taking things from someone until they have lost completely. A game where the person opposite you tries to pick away at your defenses, staring you down as they do it.

That night, after going home, making dinner, and watching some TV with her husband (Jeopardy!), Fiona logged into her laptop to some some personal banking. An automatic payment from the Luthors had posted to her account. The next week, Lena showed up again. Fiona gave her the hour. Checked her bank account, saw the Luthor cash.

Did Lillian forget to turn off the automatic payments? Was Lillian going to find out that Fiona had kept seeing Lena without approval? Would she be sued? Or was this Lillian’s way…of making sure that Lena got the therapy she needed…without Lillian ever having to hear about it? Whatever it was…it was very, very, very fucked up. And this little fucked up system of payment without communication is how it went for the next 14 years. Every few years or so, Fiona left a message about a standard rate increase. No one called her back. The automatic deposit adjusted. Like I said - very fucked up!

When Lena went to MIT, they continued over Skype sessions. Lena would rent a hotel room at the Cambridge Hyatt each week to ensure her privacy. She didn’t want roommates overhearing or interrupting. MIT was incredibly demanding. The suicide rate almost double the national average. Child prodigies learning they weren’t the most special, they weren’t the smartest, the best, the brightest. At MIT they were average. Some jumped right off the roof of their dorms.

Lena was diligent about keeping her weekly appointments. They kept her alive in environments that other people…didn’t make it through. Couldn’t make it through. They were the reason she
grew up to be a sane, loving adult. They were the backbone of her self-belief. The foundation of her commitment to doing good. Her will to live and achieve.

Let’s be real — it wasn’t like all of Lena’s issues were…solved. Hardly. Those things never go away completely. But they did stop running her life. With therapy, Lena created healthy habits. And more importantly, was able to unload and release many of her most secret feelings…of shame, abandonment, worthlessness. Lena and Fiona were like two lock pickers, carefully listening, gently prodding, using tools to find their way into Lena’s deepest self.

As Lena grew up, new issues and situations presented. Life expanded. Lena’s roles multiplied. It was hard to keep up. Friendships, frenemies, family, colleagues, lab partners, professors, thesis advisors, the press! Life as a public figure, as an incredibly wealthy person…that itself was a whole ball of wax. And of course…sex.

Fiona was always there for Lena. As a sounding board. An advisor. A trusted, compassionate adult. Fiona said to Lena, think of me as the person in your corner. Lena was, in her essential nature, a complex person with many layers. Being a Luthor only serving to complicate and magnify every issue exponentially. Fiona never said so, but she often wondered if she was…keeping up…with Lena’s needs. She wasn’t. But Lena didn’t know that. Lena was grateful for the attention, guidance and progress.

No one knew Lena had this standing therapy appointment. As a teen, her friends understood that Lena sometimes went places and did things that she was never going to share with them. Fiona was just one of those things. Once, in a discussion about friendship and intimacy and boundaries, Lena once admitted that people found her to be mysterious and aloof. Fiona replied, what people think of you is none of your business! Lena liked Fiona so much.

Frankly, Lena didn’t want to answer other people’s questions. My life isn’t a curiosity to be gawked at. Mysterious and aloof is fine by me. In college, many people assumed Lena was having an affair. Maybe with one of the professors. Lena furtively heading to a hotel each week? Ardent to ensure she wasn’t even one minute late? It was Fiona. It was always Fiona.

Until one November evening. About 6:30pm. An early dinner for Fiona, her husband and son. A local Italian restaurant that frankly wasn’t that good but the portions were large and it was near Fiona’s suburban home. Fiona felt off. Sour stomach. Came on suddenly. Maybe it was something she ate. Fiona got up. To head to the ladies room. Crossing the noisy dining room, suddenly dizzy. Reaching to grab the back of someone’s chair. Missing it completely. Falling to the floor.

She was out cold. An ambulance was called. Still breathing. Still a pulse. No one could figure out what was wrong. The EMTs loaded Fiona onto a gurney. Strapping her in, carefully loading her in the back of the ambulance. Husband tried to pay the bill. The owners refusing to accept payment. The whole restaurant watching. Everyone’s food getting cold. Wondering…what if that was me? What if that was my wife? My mother? Fiona’s husband and child followed the emergency vehicle to Saint Elizabeth Hospital. Fiona died before arriving. Doctors guessed it was a ruptured brain aneurysm. Post mortem tests confirmed.

Lena didn’t mention her passing. To anyone. Instead, she decided to make good on something she’d been discussing with Fiona: move to National City, rebrand LexCorp into L Corp and turn it into a force for good. Lena never found a new therapist. She didn’t want to face more grief and loss. Losing Fiona was, in some ways, more painful than losing her birth mother. Lena resented losing someone else. Losing this mother figure, this best friend, this caring, loving female figure.
Tears started to well up in Lena’s eyes as she felt the loss of Fiona. Then she remembered.

They were all waiting for her. Alex, Supergirl, Maggie. Were on the other side of the door. Waiting. Lena held in her tears, quickly realizing that making them all wait was a boss bitch power move. Lena instantly feeling better at having pulled it.

She opened the door to her office and strode past Jess.

"Thank you Jess. See you in the morning."

Lena didn’t notice the strange looks they were all exchanging. Jess had just found out that Supergirl was Kara Danvers. Or was Kara Danvers Supergirl? Jess kept her eyes low as Alex shot daggers and Maggie followed with sly ‘bye bish’ face. Nope. Lena just kept striding past with purpose and power, walking up to the elevator like she owned it. Guess what? SHE DID.

The rest of the ladies followed, swept along by Lena’s gravitational pull.

DING. The elevator arrived and Lena entered. Put her key in, hit the lobby button, then positioned herself against the back wall, dead center, arms folded, purse over her shoulder swinging wide to the side. Lena was taking up a LOT of space. Physical, psychological. If anyone stood next to her, they’d be squeezed into a corner. Lena was playing some grade A chess. She knew where to put herself on the board so these pawns couldn’t get near her.

The rest of the gang filed in, stood in a line facing the doors. Supergirl on the left, Alex in the middle, Maggie on the right. Lena’s eyes bored into their backs.

It was the LONGEST. ELEVATOR. RIDE. EVER.

---

Lena remembered the last time her and Alex were in this elevator. Realized Maggie was with them that night, too. Just not physically.

Meanwhile, the peanut gallery in the front row faced forward. Alex’s hand almost grazed Maggies. Alex quickly folded her arms tight across her chest, terrified what the consequences might be if Lena saw something like that. I mean, can you imagine??

Noticing Alex had folded her arms, Kara did a monkey see, monkey do move and folded her arms across her chest. Making sure her arms were higher, folded more powerfully. Maggie rubbed her temple. It physically hurt to see how pathetic Kara could be when it came to wooing women.

When they go to the lobby, everyone filed out - except Lena, who didn’t budge.

"Aren't you coming?" asked Supergirl.

"I'll have my driver take me," explained Lena, who pushed the garage button.

"We can give you a ride," said Alex.

The doors started to close.

"Yeah, I'm good," said Lena. Ouch. Alex felt that. Lena didn’t see to mind that one bit. Her affect
flat as the doors closed shut.

"I could fly you there!"

Supergirl had just yelled at a pair of closed doors.

Alex swatted Kara in the arm. Hard. Maggie just walked away, heading to the car. Alex stomped off after her. Kara still standing there. Wondering how on Earth she could have super speed and yet be still so slow.

“Wait up!” Kara picked up the pace, trailing a few feet behind.

They all were moody as the made the long walk across the vast L Corp lobby. It was understood no one was going to breathe one word about anything until they were well clear of the building plastered inside and out with Lena Luthor's signature L.

Maggie's unmarked police car was parked in the red zone just across the street. Maggie got into the drivers side. Alex opened the passenger door and noticed Supergirl was about to take flight.

"Don't even THINK about it." Said Alex. Supergirl’s arms went down.

"Get in." Alex's tone was half big sister Mom and Dad left in charge while they're away, half do what I say or I kill you.

It had the desired effect on Kara, who seemed to regress on the spot. Sliding into the middle of the back seat. Looking like a Freshman tagging along with two Seniors. Feeling stymied and scolded.

Maggie just drove. This area of town was the financial district and few cars were on the road. Thank God. The air in the car was positively stifling.

Alex wanted to scream at Kara. But Maggie was right there.

Kara, too, was bursting at the seam…with a million things to say to Alex. But again, Maggie was right there. What could I say that wouldn't...offend Maggie? Kara's mind was a blank.

Alex was ready, mentally ready, to rip into Kara at the first sound to escape her lips. She could feel it was coming.

So could Maggie. Her sixth sense telling her that a particularly nasty DSM (Danver's Sister Moment) was at hand. Similar to when the animals flee before a tsunami hits, Maggie turned on the stereo, blasted Led Zeppelin's Immigrant Song waaaaaaaay too loud for there to be any conversation of any kind, and lead footed it for the rest of the ride.

They got to the river. There was a two mile stretch of park along each side, lined by a wide paved walkway, footlights every 12 feet. Lampposts were infrequent. One about every 1/4 mile. Lit just enough so no one would trip and fall in the dark. Dark enough to discourage evening use. Metal railing to protect people from falling in the river. Benches. Trees. Bushes. They scoped out sight lines. Noting what cars were there. Taking down license plate numbers. Noticing what offices had views of the park, and which one's lights were on.

Everyone stopped when they saw Lena. She was walking down from her car to meet them at the river's edge. He kept the car on. Doubled parked. Her driver was not going to circle the block. Ever again.
Lena was a vision. All of the weirdness of the past day just vanished as they all watched this...this ravishing beauty, click click click along in her high heels down the sloping sidewalk towards them. Even Maggie had to catch her breath. Lena looked like something out of a magazine. Bright blue trench coat. Long, dark hair shimmering and swaying. Catching moonlight. Pale skin. Big beautiful eyes. Sharp jaw. Cheekbones. By the time Lena walked up to them they all just stood there, gobsmacked.

"Well?" Said Lena.

Alex and Supergirl both paused. They didn’t want to start fighting and one upping each other again. But didn’t exactly want to concede to the other, either. Maggie decided to seize an opportunity.

"Why don't you show us...exactly what happened last night?" Maggie smiled. Knowing full well that after Lena saw the Scavenger, she slept with Alex. This double meaning wasn't lost on anyone. Except Kara. Who thought it was a great place to start.

“Yes. Where were you when you first saw him?” asked Supergirl. Trying to look very serious and profesh while entirely missing…I mean do I even need to explain further? Good. I didn’t think so. We all know how Kara can be.

As far as Lena was concerned, she was glad there was at least ONE person didn't know every single detail of her personal life.

"It was down here a bit," said Lena as she walked them to the rendezvous point.

As the four of them strode down the river path, with the city’s giant skyscrapers behind them, they looked exactly like a scene from The Wizard of Oz. Lena in her blue coat, with her dark hair was Dorothy, the star, the beauty, her purse doubling as toto's basket, her stilettos...the ruby slippers. Alex was the Scarecrow. Bumbling, striving, her brain giving her trouble, over-thinking things, making the wrong decisions, trying to be better, and smarter, at everything. Kara the Tin Man. Stiff. Awkward. Not knowing how she felt about anything, the connection to her heart on some sort of time delay, caused by years in the phantom zone and that little matter of being born on another planet, with different customs, languages, losing her family, losing everything. The girl needed oil. Lastly, Maggie as the Cowardly Lion. A dandelion. Who deep down was courageous, lovable, loyal and funny as fuck. These four women couldn’t see it, but they were destined to take this walk together. Always had been. And here it was. Finally happening. Sometimes, when you are finally with your soulmates...sometimes you don’t know it’s happening. These four wouldn’t know or understand their connection for a very long time. Right now it just felt like one big clusterf*ck.

When they arrived at the location, Lena went over exactly how and where The Scavenger first appeared. Kara used her X Ray vision, penetrating the darkness, seeing through the trees, bushes, even into the cars parked nearby. No one. Alex and Maggie combed the immediate area, looking for anything obvious. They discussed where to place agents. What type of weapons to use. Supergirl decided to do a few passes overhead, scanning where a sniper could be planted. Swoosh. Supergirl was gone. Now it was just Maggie, Alex and Lena.

Maggie felt like a third wheel. And she had much too much pride to hang around. "I'll radio the precinct. Let them know the needs list for tomorrow." Maggie turned and walked away, immediately speaking into her police radio. Lena and Alex were finally alone.

"Are we done here?" Lena asked. Now it was the CEO wielding double entendres.
Alex's eyes flooded with emotion. Full of that same hope and regret Lena saw last night, when Alex wished she'd been Lena's first. It hit Lena right in the feels. Although Alex's eyes said it all, her mouth tried it's clumsy best to help the the cause.

"Lena...I fucking hope we aren't done."

It was a good first start. Lena noted the passion. But she wasn't going to just let Alex off the hook, or let her back in, not for a "I fucking hope we aren't." No no no no no.

Lena didn't move an inch. But she was still standing there. Still waiting and listening. This was good news.

"Can we sit? Please?" Alex pointed to the bench nearby.

Lena slowly, slowly walked over to it. They sat. Turned, facing each other. About a foot apart. It felt like a mile.

Lena clearly was waiting for an explanation. Alex chose the exact wrong thing to say next.

"Listen, Lena, I don't know what Supergirl was doing in your office tonight..."

Lena's hand flew up, indicating 'stop right there.' Her words came out sharp and fast.

"You really have no right to be asking me about anyone or anything..." She cut herself off. She’d had enough. Started to get up. Alex grabbed her arm. Hard. Stopping her movement. They were touching. Lena’s heart hitched at being controlled by Alex's strong hand.

"Lena, I'm sorry. That was the wrong thing to say. Please sit down."

It was more a command than an ask. Something deep inside Lena responded to this. Heat. In her core. She sat down. Looked at Alex's hand on her forearm. Alex let it go. Lena... liked being held like that...by Alex. But she couldn’t let it show. She was still...hurt.

Alex realized she need to do something. To say something.

"I can explain."

Lena looked like she’d heard those words before. And she had. Lionel said them a lot. Growing up, those three little words...never seemed to be followed with anything good. Lena looked like she was ready to be...abandoned. As Lena and Alex looked into each other's eyes. Volumes were exchanged. Emotions. Hopes and memories of events that happened…and might never happen.

Alex had only seconds to fix things. Possibly forever. She dumped all her cards on the table.

"I was waiting to call you because I had to break up with Maggie. So we could have a fresh start."

WE.

Lena's eyes betrayed how much this meant to her. Then her eyes started to wonder when and if this break up would Maggie would ever happen.

"And I did. We're done. I broke up with her. Today. For you."

Lena cocked her head. It didn't make sense. Alex and Maggie were literally together. They were together this morning. They stormed Lena's office together. They drove to the river together.
Alex reading all of this. Frantically trying to verbally fill in the blanks.

"Today is just work. We're just working this case. That's it. She knows…about me and you. About us.

US.

Lena took this in. It was a word that meant a lot to Lena. She…started to soften. JUST A TEENY TINY BIT. Just enough to start to let Alex know…how angry she was.

"Last night...you told me you wished you'd been my first.” Lena’s guard was still up, but at least she was talking. “Let me tell you about my first time, Alex. I thought it was love.” Lena laughed at her innocence. “We slept together. And do you know what happened? The next day he just…woke up and walked away.” Lena was so vulnerable. This little story revealing so many layers. Alex felt terrible. She also noted that Lena wasn’t a gold star lesbian. Did she even identify as a lesbian? Does she think she’s bisexual? Because clearly she’s a great big lez.

Alex thought all of these thing and felt even more terrible for doing so, especially since Lena was still in the middle of her story, the point of which was most definitely not about being with a man, which again, was a detail Alex couldn’t shake. Which didn’t make sense since she herself had slept with men and she was definitely a great big lez so she figured maybe it didn't matter.

“Want to know the worst part?”

Oh, damn. This story’s still happening. Alex made sure to look like she’d been paying attention the whole time and hadn’t been sidetracked by heterosexuality.

“He didn’t even kiss me goodbye. So, you know, in a way, Agent Danvers...being with you...was sort of just like my first time.”

Oh, Fuck. Dagger to the heart. Alex knew she deserved it. Big time. Alex put her head in her hands. She had messed up.

"I am so stupid sometimes and, Lena, I am so sorry I didn't kiss you goodbye this morning.”

No excuses. No big long story. Just a simple apology. Lena didn’t get those very often. Admission of fault. Of flaw. This honestly…kept softening Lena. Alex saw it working. Kept it up.

“Especially when…all I want…is to kiss you.”

Alex looked down. Saw Lena’s knee. Covered in silky sheer black hose. Peeking out from under the hem of her dress. Propped up on the bench due to how Lena was turned so they could face each other. Alex put her fingertips on Lena’s knee. Alex's touch somehow immediately causing Lena’s body to react. Electricity shot up Lena’s leg. Lena was experienced. Why did Alex’s touch…cause her to feel so much heat!?

Was it because it was a woman hurting her, then apologizing? Was it the pleading? Being grabbed? The declarations? Lena tried to solve the moment like an equation. Whatever it was, it was working for Lena.

She’d been planning on giving Alex the shaft. Now here they were by the river, exactly how Lena thought they’d be on their first date. Alex kept the eye contact. Her fingertips lightly caressing their way up the inside of Lena's thigh. Lena melting while Alex’s fingers kept ghosting over the silky hose, slowly exploring the soft flesh of Lena’s inner thigh, traveling up closer and closer towards...you know where.
"All I think about are your lips. Kissing them. Tasting them."

Lena shivered at Alex’s words, at her touch. Part of Lena was hesitant. Didn’t want to give in. Didn’t want to be hurt again. Didn’t want to be abandoned again. Not by a woman who she was starting to feel emotionally dependent on. She didn’t want to go through that again!!! That voice inside was small. A lone dissenting vote, the rest of Lena unanimous in moving forward...in every way.

Alex leaned a bit closer, her hand now fully on the inside of Lena’s thigh. Hot and powerful. Lena’s lower half starting to ache, knowing that, if she wanted to, Alex could push Lena’s thigh and open her, right here in the park, on this dark bench by the river and start having her in lewd ways.

Hints of pleasure and pain. Of risk and redemption. The public place thing. The punishment and reward thing. This moment was a perfect storm of kink! Lena’s clit started to throb, pressing against the tight hose. Aching for attention and touch.

“I love being close to you...” said Alex, keeping the eye contact while the tips of her fingers glided up under Lena’s dress, now mere inches from Lena’s center. Lena shuddered, knowing how good it would feel, once Alex started petting her pussy and clit through the tight silky hosiery. Here on the public park bench. Under the moonlight. Alex’s face inches from Lena’s. “You think I didn’t want to kiss you? All I want...is to kiss you."

Lena sucked in her lips. Wetting them. Her mouth opened. Lena’s lips - both of them - so soft and flush and open and ready. To be kissed. And fingered. She was hoping Alex knew...she wanted to be taken, in both places, at the same time. Alex could see it. Sense it. They had a psychic connection at times, and this was one of them. The time was...now.

“Well, what are you waiting for?”

Standing just behind the bench, watching, with his black suit and glowing flesh...was The Scavenger.

“Kiss her already!”
Chapter 21

Alex’s reflexes had never been faster. Never. With one motion, her left hand pulled Lena close and down, her right hand drawing her weapon, aiming it right at The Scavenger.

He didn’t seem bothered one bit.

“Don’t stop on my account.”

Lena’s adrenaline was through the roof. One second she was sitting on the bench with Alex, who she was mad at, yet whose hands were traveling up her thighs and words like honey...the next second, the sound of her alien stalker and being yanked down to "safety" pressed firmly against Alex. Her body holding out a weapon, that weapon an extension of a woman who now felt like she was made of iron, shaped and forged with power for one sole and solitary purpose. To Kill.

Lena could feel, from the tension and precision of Alex's arm, neck, check, her entire posture, that Alex would not hesitate. She would shoot to kill. In an instant. He training had kicked in and it was...undeniably sexy. So different from how she’d been in the bedroom and in the office. Lena suddenly knew that they’d just been playing games. This here was real.

Lena had shot people before, but never killed. She was always glad about that. Didn't want to have to add "killer" to her never ending list of "qualities." She realized, in this instant, that she'd been sleeping with a killer. I mean, from the way she pulled her weapon, so fast and assured, anger in her eyes, a relentless, unforgiving aim. Alex could kill someone. With a weapon. With her bare hands. Maybe she already had killed someone. Maybe...many someones. The power of it was sexy, but wasn't getting away from killing and bloodshed exactly what she'd been trying to do with L Corp?? Lena was scared and conflicted, yet also felt..safe?

Alex’s eyes narrowed, cocked her weapon. The Scavenger took note of the "click."

"Step back, Scavenger," said Alex.

"It's THE Scavenger." He waited half a second, then took a jaunty step back. He was a gentleman and a dapper dandy. There was a glint in his eye. Which Alex could see were pure black. Well, the iris’s were black. It was very unnerving.

“And may I add...It’s not polite to point guns...at a friend.”

Swooooosh! Supergirl landed. Right in between The Scavenger and Alex and Lena. The fact that Alex was now pointing a gun right at her meant less than nothing.

“She said, STEP BACK.”

The Scavenger did step back two more steps. Were they from him being surprised? At this new person — alien — just appearing out of nowhere? Or was he intimidated by Supergirl? Or other aliens in general?

“Supergirl. Hello. Pleasure to meet you.”

Supergirl walked towards him. He kept walking backwards. Lena poked her head up. I mean, Supergirl was here. Now she really was safe. Alex loosened her left arm, releasing Lena.

Maggie ran up to the scene with her gun drawn, pointed right at him.
He was very, very much out numbered. He counted the arsenal facing him.

“One, two guns…and a Supergirl. Oh, three guns and a Supergirl.”

Everyone turned for a moment. Lena was now pointing her gun at The Scavenger. Picture it ladies: Maggie, Alex and Lena all aiming their weapons! Ready to kill! And Supergirl! Ready to do Super Stuff! It was fucking fierce! Oh, you should have been there to see it.

"A bit overkill if you ask me. Especially since I am here to help you. I'm starting to feel...offended."

Supergirl, Maggie and Alex could not have cared less that The Scavenger's delicate sensibilities were being infringed upon. Lena, however, could sense that he truly was feeling like the...hospitality?...currently being offered was, frankly, rude. Lena and The Scavenger's eyes met. Lena lowered her gun, a bit, to let him know that he'd been heard and, at least one person here, respected him.

"I always knew the Luthors were a cut above the rest."

The other ladies...didn't share Lena's POV. Their questions came fast and furious.

Alex started, “What kind of alien are you?” Naturally her question had a DEO angle.

Maggie. "How did you get here?" Practical. Wanting to know points of entry.

Supergirl. "What do you want with Lena Luthor?"

Lena's heart skipped a beat, knowing Supergirl's only concern in this moment was...Lena's safety.

Alex's heart also skipped a beat. For a different reason. Her eyes and gun, however, never left the target.

The whispy, white haired, glowing man in the black suit looked at Alex, at Maggie, at Superigrl. They'd all asked questions at the same time. Who to answer first? Answering all of the questions at once was impossible. And as he looked from questioner to questioner, he was somehow proffering the most charming insult, illuminating their chaotic choice to all barrage him with questions at once. The charm came from trying to fulfill this impossible request, of course.

Lena put her gun down all the way. She could...just tell...that The Scavenger was not going to harm her. Or anyone. Tonight.

The Scavenger pulled out a pocket watch from his waist coat. It glowed almost as bright as his white, tapered fingers. As did the chain it hung on. He checked the time.

"I have an appointment shortly. To meet a friend about a lovely RaoLight Gazer. Circa 8th parsec."

Supergirl's eyes grew wide. She knew exactly what he was talking about.

"Yes, from Krypton. Mint condition. Yulixium" The other women were clueless. He explained. "A...what's the earth term...vintage...navigation tool used to help Kryptonians find their way through the two black holes that once separated their planet from the nearest Galaxy. Yulixium is a wonderful element similar to brass, or gold."

"More rose colored." Offered Supergirl.

"Quite." The Scavenger looked charmed. At having charmed Supergirl. Lena thought to herself,
damn this guy is good. "Maybe one day I will be able to arrange for my client to give you a private viewing. Until then..." He checked his watch. His tone became more clipped and serious. "Supergirl, those vases that were stolen...they are fakes."

Alex chimed in. "We know that."

The Scavenger was impressed. Only for a moment. "My family owns the originals. Someone is trying to find them. Obviously. And I believe that someone..." He looked left. He looked right. Confirming they were alone. "...is a Goren."

Everyone looked clueless. Not Supergirl. She knew the name.

"That is very helpful. Thank you," said Supergirl. Supergirl then looked around. Not a Goren in sight.

The Scavenger smiled. "I'm glad you understand the magnitude of this situation."

"Whoever he is...we will find him and stop him."

The Scavenger smiled. "Pleasure to meet you, Supergirl." Pleasure to see you again, Ms. Luthor." The Scavenger looked at Maggie and Alex. Who were still pointing guns at him. He didn't say goodbye to them. Instead, he just...dematerialized. And just like that they were all standing in the middle of the park. Just the four of them.

"What the hell is a Goren?" Alex asked Supergirl.

Supergirl explained, "They are obsessed with finding magical objects and using them to enslave populations. They've obviously identified those vases as having power over the human race."

Maggie asked, "Magical objects? Mass enslavement?"

Supergirl explained, "Ten planets and counting. They do their homework."

Maggie, "Jesus."

Supergirl continued. "The good news is they have a very particular vibrational heat signature."

Alex and Supergirl locked eyes. "Winn."

Alex said to Supergirl. "Go. I'll be right there."

Supergirl shot up into the sky. Lena watched with childlike wonder and thrill. It never got old.

Once again it was Maggie, Alex and Lena. Maggie was well and truly fucking sick of being in this position.

"So looks like tomorrow's op is...no longer necessary?"

Alex looked at Maggie. Nodded yes. And the yes meant a whole lot more. It mean, Yes tomorrow's op is cancelled. Yes, we are still cancelled. Yes, I am going to leave with Lena. Yes, this is awkward and you deserve better and Yes I'm sorry and I hope we can still be friends.

Maggie just looked back with her own yes. Yes, Alex. This fucking sucks. It fucking sucks to have to walk away from you and Lena Luthor, standing together in the park under the moonlight while she stands there looking fabulous in her blue coat and I really shouldn't have to see this especially on the day you dumped me. It's not right. At. All. Her eyes said ALL of that.
"I'll call the precinct and let them know." Maggie holstered her weapon and walked away. Leaving. She radioed her station, got into her car and drove off.

Alex also holstered her weapon. Turned to Lena. Who was still holding her gun. Absentmindedly. She wasn't a trained assassin like Alex. Alex noticed and tried to share some best practices with Lena.

"Maybe it's time to put that away."

Lena came back to the present. As a Luthor she was used to high pressure environments. But being with her lover, her ex-lover? her ex-lover's ex-lover?, Supergirl, a glowing alien, witnessing a dematerialization, seeing Supergirl fly, drawing her weapons...almost kissing Alex...feeling her touch...and now being embroiled in the middle of a mass enslavement investigation? It was a big night.

Lena closed her eyes and took a breath. An image of Fiona flashed in her mind. Fiona saying the phrase, "healthy habits." Lena opened her eyes, put the safety back on, and put her gun back in her purse. Alex and Lena walked toward her car, together, in silence.

Alex considered taking Lena's hand on the walk. It didn't feel...right. That's because with each step, Lena was remembering the hurt from this morning. She'd spent ALL DAY thinking things like...I was fucking throwing myself at her...I just showed up at her house, spent the night...she hadn't even called me yet!...lying there thinking like I'm the prize...only to be walked out on. I'm not going to be walked out on again. She said she's sorry. But father often said that. Only to have it happen again and again. Those thoughts went on all day. 8 minutes with Alex apologizing and touching her and telling her...whatever it was that she said...it didn't go away. Lena had already filed Alex in the box that included people who disappointed her: father, mother, her first sexual experience, her therapist...Lena had issues for days people FOR DAYS. What do you think that whole chapter about her childhood therapist was for? Alex was now a part of those issues. Honestly...when wasn't she?

Lena's car was on the street. Still double parked. Engine running. Lena looked like she was just going to get in the backseat.

Alex said, "Good night kiss?". The tone was hopeful and pleading. It bothered Lena. She was in no mood to start making Alex feel better. It was ALEX who should be making ME feel better. Lena was supremely annoyed by this. It reminded her of Lillian. Who would do something inconsiderate, then expect Lena to play nice. If she didn't, Lillian would come down even harder on Lena. It was a cycle that Lena did NOT participate in anymore. So after ALEX had disappointed LENA...to now ask for a kiss goodnight? Lena knew it was Alex seeking reassurance. Why should I have to reassure her! She's the one who fucked up! Lena was furious.

Lena gave Alex a cold look letting her know a goodnight kiss was NOT going to happen. Alex was bummmmmmmmmmed. Alex was a hot mess, sure, but her family was basically healthy. Apologies happeened. Forgiveness exchanged, love salved and solved. Bygones were bye and gone. Alex had no idea what it was like to grow up with out those things. Lena's own mother would use love and words and apologies...only to manipulate Lena into killing every alien on earth! To break her out of jail and turn her into a criminal! To kill Supergirl along with the Daxums. And that's just the shit Lillian has pulled since Lena moved to National City. She'd been doing shit like this her whole life. Apologies and words...didn't do much for Lena. She knew better.

Lena pulled something out from her coat pocket and held it up to Alex.

"I forgot to return your house key."
Alex felt punched in the stomach. Lena was slipping through her fingers!

Lena held it up. Waiting for Alex to take it.

Alex's adrenaline was still amped from the impromptu meeting with The Scavenger. She used it to her advantage.

Alex grabbed Lena's arm, pulled her in and kissed her hard on the lips. Lena didn't kiss back. Alex didn't care. Her arms wrapped around Lena's neck and kept kissing her. Hard. Lena liked being taken like this. By Alex. Feeling Alex's skin, her heat, her hair, her scent. Lena's mouth opened and her and Alex's mouths and lips merged, soft and open and wet. Kissing deeply. Softly. Inhaling each other's essence. Tasting each other. Suddenly nothing on their minds except the feeling of each other's soft lips, the tips of their tongues softly darting out, sweet little licks...

Alex's hands unbuttoned Lena's coat in a fury. Lena caressed Alex's hair, her long fingers petting and caressing so tenderly. Once the coat was open, Alex put her arms inside, wrapping her arms around Lena's body, pulling her close, pressing her up against Alex. They kept kissing. Even deeper now. Tongues fully in each other's mouth, long licks, filling each other. It was hard to breathe. They pulled away, each taking a quick breath, then back into another deep, open mouthed kiss. Lena realized her and Alex were not over.

It became a long and proper moonlit make out session in the park. Long deep tongue kisses, lip sucking, shallow breaths. Lena now properly hot and bothered, Alex's warm mouth and wet tongue melting her in places far lower than her neck.

Lena's driver adjusted the rear view mirror and watched.

Lena's hands grabbed fist fulls of Alex's hair. Which was hard because one of her hands had a key in it. The key fell out of Lena's palm. Got tangled in Alex's hair. Lena tried to catch it before it fell further. The make out session stopped and it turned into a find the key in Alex's hair situation.

Alex's hands left the confines of the trench coat to aid the efforts. Eventually Lena got the key and handed it to Alex.

Alex handed it right back.

"Keep it."

Lena gave it back. Pressed it firmly into Alex's palm.

"It's not time for this."

She was right. Alex kept the key. Immediately regretting trying to get to that place so soon. It was amateur hour all over again.

The driver adjusted the mirror back. He knew Lena by now. It was time to hit the road.

Lena chose a mysterious and aloof look. Didn't say goodbye. Got into her car and drove away.

Alex watched the car disappear down the street. Where did she and Lena stand? Their make out session was HOT. Lena was into it. So why did she seem so...aloof and mysterious! Alex was turned on. Confused. Maddened. ...Determined.

She realized she needed to get to the DEO. And find this...this Goren. It was then Alex realized that she was alone in the park, with no ride.
She pressed a few buttons on her phone and waited for an Uber.

---

At the DEO, Winn, Supergirl, J'onn and Vasquez all worked until 3am until they found the Goren's lair. It was 100 miles north of the city, in a dimensional octave just lower than that of Earth's. They were hiding in plain sight. Figuring out how to fight aliens who could shift between the closest vibrational realities was the next order of business.

Everyone was tired. J'onn forced everyone to go home and sleep. They would resume strategizing in the morning.

Winn and Vasquez were both bleary eyed and exhausted, walked each other to their cars. J'onn had on site quarters which he retreated to. Alex and Supergirl were the last to leave.

"Kara...before you go..." Alex was going there!

Kara turned around. So ready for this.

"What?" said Kara.

Alex was back in big sister tone. Bullying Kara into giving answers under the guise of being older and wiser and concerned about her welfare.

"What was Supergirl doing at Lena's tonight?"

Now the tone was "what were you doing at MY girlfriend's office this evening?"

"Funny you should ask that..." Said Kara.

"What's so funny about it? We're dating. Naturally I would be curious," said Alex.

Kara eyes blew wide open.

"Oh, you're dating? Now that's REALLY funny."

"Why?"

"Because Lena said you weren't."

"What?"


"No she didn't."

"YES she did."

Kara had finally, FINALLY, found the gumption to start participating in this...battle...for Lena's...attention. Alex tried to stand her ground.

"Well we are."

Kara just laughed at Alex. Laughed right in her face.

Alex burned and snapped at Kara.
"Stay away from Lena!"

"Why should I?"

"Because I asked you for her number! I told you I was dating her! We're sisters Kara! Sisters don't just move in on who their sister is dating!" Alex and Kara were both regressing to their childhood selves. When Kara had first entered the Danvers family. An extraordinary child who seemed to suck up all the love and attention of Alex's parents, who Alex had to grow up fast for, take responsibility for, share things with...Alex was an only child prior to Kara. Kara was the cure to Alex's loneliness, the sister she'd always craved, her best friend...but she was also the person who took things from Alex. This child within Alex was the next to speak.

"I was there first!"

Kara now had the upper hand. Kara wasn't always slow on the uptake. Not when it came to Alex. Alex was the human Kara studied most. Alex's personality was the first to offer clues on how to be human. She knew Alex's strengths and weaknesses, her motives, her reasons. Ever since Alex asked Kara for Lena's number, Kara had given this whole "Alex and Lena" thing some thought. It was the perfect time to let her sister know what she'd deduced.

"You know Alex...that's funny. Because I remember crashing into the curtains. You were waiting for me in my apartment, uninvited...you saw the bruises on my back. I told you I was with Lena. So you KNEW I was with Lena with my shirt off, getting marked by her...and THEN AND ONLY THEN...after you knew we were already interacting like that...did you take it upon yourself to go after her. So really, Alex, I was there first! ME."

Alex was stunned. Stupefied. She literally had no idea what to say.

Kara continued.

"So by your logic...sister code dictates that YOU should step back."

"Kara, I went there to protect you."

Kara scoffed with disdain. "You keep telling yourself that."

"It's true!"

Kara was digging in her heels.

"Just because you believe it doesn't make it true. You believe that because you have to. Once you realize that's a lie, you'll have to face the fact that YOU were the one inserting yourself into MY relationship."

Alex was spinning inside. Kara had never confronted her like this. Never. There were too many conflicting dynamics inside Alex to count. Pages and pages.

"So...what does this mean?"

"It means...good luck competing with Supergirl." Kara turned on her heels and walked away.

It was...Sibling Rivalry.

And it was over Lena Luthor.
All the women went to bed feeling frustrated, angry, hopeful and anxious.

Lena went to bed thinking of Alex. Wanting things to be good between them, better than good. Wanting things to be great. But one mistake is all it takes for Lena to start to build walls, plant land mines in the expanse between her kingdom and potential invaders. Lena was a scientist CEO. Her business was to innovate, to imagine, to create new technologies while protecting herself from hostile takeovers and corporate espionage. She was in her head, and always on high alert for threats. She knew it wasn't a "healthy habit" but it was the best she could do. She had to be on her own side. Sometimes she was all she had. Lena punched her pillow, folded it in half and threw her head down on it, frustrated as fuck that she couldn't call Fiona. The most powerful female CEO, one of the smartest woman on the planet, rich as fuck...and still she lays in bed with her needs not met, wanting to talk to someone who is dead, just...alone and feeling sad.

I guess I have Kara, she thought.

Kara also laid in bed. Wide awake. Staring at the ceiling. She also wished she had someone to talk to. Usually that person would be Alex. But now Alex was her...romantic rival. Which was so weird!! Kara reminded herself that even though they were sisters...they weren't reeeeeeally sisters. In fact, they weren't even the same race! And by race I mean HUMAN race. Kara was Kara Zor-El from Krypton a full blooded Kryptonian. So all the haters can take a seat. There was nothing wrong at all with Kara and Alex having feelings for the same woman.

Except you know, the potential emotional labyrinth of betrayals and secrets that were about to be in play -- but let's get real. Over the course of their lives, the amount of secrets those sisters had kept from the world could have filled the Byzantine library! Granted, it was usually for the world’s benefit, usually to save the world’s ass. The point it, they were no strangers to secrets. As for family betrayals...how about the time when Alex killed Kara’s last living relative? Or when their father joined Cadmus and helped work to kill the rest of the aliens! The list of fucked up emotional family betrayal was already far too long people! Been there done that! So you can see why Kara found this...little thing...with Lena...to be a drop in the bucket.

So there Kara was, in her bed, arms crossed behind her head, trying to work out how she might woo Lena Luthor away from Alex. Kara had never wooed a woman. She’d never wooed, period. What was woo? She was a reporter She could investigate. Figure out woo and then pitch that woo. Exactly how does one pitch woo? She’d thought to herself, I’ve pitched stories to Snapper. Maybe Supergirl...could pitch the idea of dating to Lena?

Something about that felt wrong. Supergirl shouldn't have to pitch the idea of being a good person to date! She was literally the symbol for good! Plus, even if she DID make a pitch, it would probably be rejected. Snapper rejected 80% of all Kara's story ideas. (Truthfully it was more like 95%). Why does Snapper keep rejecting all my story ideas!? Kara kicked the bed with her foot. Breaking yet another slat. The lower half of the bed drooped to the floor. God damn, thought Kara. She would be sleeping on a slope. Again.

And yet, this idea, this idea of pitching and Snapper, was starting to...take shape. With Cat Grant gone, Snapper was the closest thing she's had to a mentor. And she had to admit that under his tutelage, she’d become a better writing and reporter. Maybe Snapper...could help her become a better wooer?

Alex didn't even get in bed. She just sat on the edge. Stewing. Maggie had called all of this. And it
was Maggie would know exactly how Alex should navigate it. But Alex couldn't possibly, no, no way, no how, not in a million years call Maggie for advice. So Alex sat. Contemplating. Knowing full well that she was too close to the situation to see it with any perspective. Yet trying to wrap her mind around the angles, anyway.

Alex decided that her and Kara would eventually get over it. That whoever Lena chose, the other would accept it, respect it, embrace it. They’d continue to get along and move forward as sisters, best friends and family. Alex was certain of it.

I mean, not 100% certain. Who could be? Nevertheless, she decided it would be the hypothesis that she would embrace as she entered this new set of circumstances. Ever since Kara was transported to the "fake Krypton" in her comatose state and Alex convinced her to return to Earth and her Earth family...Alex's belief in the power of their bond became unshakeable. It was how she was able to tell Kara that she believed in her, when Kara pushed Alex's spaceship back to Earth. It was how they did...everything. Alex decided that Lena Luthor was powerful, but she wasn't more powerful than the bond she shared with Kara Zor-El. They were ride or die.

And with that, Alex came to the conclusion that, if her and Kara were going to be sibling rivals and romantic rivals...then it should at least be...fun.

What's more fun than one upping your sister?

I'll tell you what. One upping Supergirl! And one upping them both at the same time was going to be the best of all. Alex Danvers vs. Supergirl. Alex figured, if she could beat Supergirl...at anything!...then she more than deserved the prize that came with the win.

Alex was not just an agent, her specializations were primarily as scientist, surgeon and battle field technician and weapons proficiencies. Her job was to achieve objectives no matter the obstacle. Alex knew the only way to win was to make the right diagnosis, then strike with surgical precision at your opponent's weak spot.

And with that, Alex laid her head down to sleep. Satisfied. Her heart and stomach were still mixed up. But her brain was fully on board - to pursue Lena Luthor with everything she's got. In fact, she already started to formulate a plan...

The only one who DIDN'T lay awake pining was Maggie Sawyer.

After calling the station and calling off the operation, Maggie drove straight to Bar Hybrid, the bar where aliens and humans mix, to blow off a little steam. What happened next was the craziest night she’s ever had in her whole life. Dear reader, I would tell you ALL about it but this is a Alex and Lena smut fic and I must keep on track. Perhaps at the end of the story I will share with you all the xxx details. Meanwhile, let's get on the with what happened the next morning.

---

Kara was at CatCo. Lena texted her. They agreed to have lunch. Early. 11:45am. Lena had to be somewhere at 1. Yes, at the Kombucha place. (It also sold salads.) Kara literally spat out the Kombucha the first time they went there. Lena didn’t see because Kara, using super speed, turned, spit it out in the base of a huge potted tree, then turned back before anyone could notice. Kara was fine going back because she knew Lena would like it, plus, Kara had already decided to get a hamburger from Noonan’s on her way back to CatCo.
She actually started to wonder if she’d be able to eat at all! She was very nervous to meet Lena for lunch. Oh. Yeah. Speaking of food…. Kara remembered what to do. Seeing that no one was in Cat's office… (James's office)… she slipped in. Went to the balcony. Poof. Changed into Supergirl. Flew off to get something. Moments later returned holding a pink box, dressed as Kara Danvers.

And it was with this pink box that Kara marched into Snapper's office.

Snapper didn't even look up. He was editing a story.

"Leave. Now."

"Good morning, Snapper. I have a quick question."

"I have a quick answer. NO." Sill didn't look up.

"I need your help...your advice...with a situation in my personal life."

Snapper looked up, finally.

"Absolutely not."

Snapper looked back down, pretending not to listen.

In truth, Snapper was listening solely so he could figure out exactly what this 'personal' problem was...for the express purpose of steering clear of it!

Kara continued as if Snapper had agreed to listen and play the sage.

"You see, I have this...friend...and I think we're going to start dating...Well, I hope we're going to..."

Snapper rolled his eyes. Nothing could be more boring than listening to a millennial's love life. Resumed his edit. Changed a verb tense.

Kara continued.

"I'm not sure how to go...from friendship...to dateship."

"Dateship isn't a word, Danvers. Now get out of my office before I have you arrested for criminal abuse of the English Language."

"And um, what I haven't mentioned is...that...my friend...well, she's...um...she's..."

Snapper kept his cool. But inside, as he listened to Kara fumble and stumble with her words and push her glasses this way and that and nervously smooth her skirt...in Snapper's mind it was like the Matrix, thousands of numbers falling in front of him as reams and reams of data entered his brain bank.

Did I hear that right? Kara Danvers wants to eat box?


"She's um...she's... She's a...she."

Kara finished speaking and waited. Snapper finally looked up and gave his cub reporter his best 'I am supremely pissed off' face.
"I have NO idea why you would come to me for advice on how to be a lesbian, Danvers. And I don't want to! Get. Out. Of. My. Office."

Kara opened the pink box. Displaying an array of pastries. One of which was a blueberry ricotta Danish pastry drizzled with glaze that was positively calling to Snapper. He couldn't resist. It was his kryptonite! His fat fingers went right for it, grabbing it, circling it so the very best bite was facing him and then jamming that very bite right into his maw.

It was delicious. He closed his eyes, his face contorting into an expression of sublime pleasure. Snapper was a "super taster" (real term! Look it up!). He could have easily continued as a restaurant critic (his first job - 30+ years ago) but his anger at injustice and dedication to speaking truth to power was too great and he changed his focus to hard news and thus began his trajectory up the editorial ladder. What didn't change was his ability to savor the good things in life. Including pastry.

When his eyes flittered open, he saw Sunny Danvers still standing in front of him. His countenance returning to that of perma-scowl. He spoke with his mouth full.

"You have one minute."

Kara was happy. The Danish did the trick. She knew it would!

Snapper looked at the clock. To Snapper, one minute meant 60 seconds. Which was now 59 seconds. 58 seconds.

Kara had to be quick. She blasted out her question.

"What can I do to let her know that I like her and that she should date me?"

And waited for his reply.

Snapper was caught off guard. He expected for Kara to do her usual rambling on and on, eating away at precious time while he ate away at precious danish. This was perhaps the first time Kara Danvers was succinct and to the point. She was learning. Awww. Snapper felt...proud. He didn't show it.

He was also on the spot. This poor puppy needed help. Snapper didn't know the first thing about dating Lesbians. I mean, lesbians *was* the first thing he searched for when surfing porn sites. But those videos didn't usually feature women asking each other out on dates. They were usually about what happened at the end of the date. Or about what happened when a massage got out of hand. Or what happened when a woman seeks some after hours advice from her female divorce attorney. Sometimes they were about a step mother teaching her husband's just-turned-18-years-old daughter about what to do on a date with a woman. Snapper hoped to God that wasn't what Kara was asking about.

"Snapper?"

Oh, shit. He'd been thinking about lesbian porn while eating a delicious Danish right in front of delicious Danvers. Delicious Danvers? His Catholic guilt went into overdrive. I mean, had he thought about giving Kara some primo journalism tips by bending her over his desk and sliding that hot tip right into her wet little pussy? Yes. Had he thought about Danvers on her knees? Sucking his cock in order to get a plum assignment? He knew it was wrong. But the answer was -yes! Of course he had! Kara's sweet blonde little braids and her glasses, in one of those tight preppy skirts, her mouth full of his hot dick, bobbing up and down under his desk...slobbering all over
him, two handed and open mouthed, working his fat cock so earnestly. He'd never been sucked so earnestly! The idea of her trying to do her very best and prove to her boss that she really and truly could suck him off...it was one of the hottest scenarios he'd ever thought about. So yes, he'd thought about all of this and more. But he thought these things at home! Not in his office! And NOT during work hours!

Which is where they were right now.

"Snapper!"

Snapper snapped back. To the here and now. Danvers and him. Fully clothed. Boss and employee. Real world. Real people. Real consequences. Like losing his pension. He was NEVER going to make that mistake. His pension was 60% of his salary, every week for the rest of his natural life. The might add up to literally over a million dollars if he lived to age 90, which considering his current level of fitness and health wasn't likely but still. Snapper had done the math on this long before meeting Sunny D Danvers. This dollars and cents appraisal of an office romance was why Snapper would never, ever, EVER do anything inappropriate with an employee. He was paying enough in alimony. He wasn't going to lose his pension, too. So these thoughts were 100% taboo, toxic and banned. Which were exactly why they was such a great scenario for his at-home spank bank. (And also why he decided that he was for sure going to church this weekend.)

"Danvers, why are you coming to me with this?"

"You've been married twice."

"I've been divorced twice."

"Both times to women."

"Of course both times to women!" Kara cocked her head. Snapper remembered that he was talking to a gay. Or was she bisexual? Pan? Poly? There were so many words these days. In fact, that reminded him. He needed to create and implement a new standards and practices regarding gender pronouns. Snapper checked his heterosexual business at the door and got serious.

"Okay Danvers. Um...well, first thing you do is you ask them out. To do something you think they'd like." Snapper shuddered. This conversation was making him physically ill. There was still 20 seconds on the clock. He had to fill time. " And uh...also...um... A gift. Yeah. Girls like gifts. Get her something a girl would like. Well, in this case, maybe something a dude would like? Just...gifts are good."

His advice was so incredibly vague and simplistic but to Kara it was as if she'd just unearthed the Rosetta Stone.

Kara was so happy. She'd brought Snapper a gift. The pastries. And those worked like a charm. She could certainly figure out a good gift for Lena. Who knew Lena better than Kara? Kara's shopping skills had been honed while working for Ms. Grant. Kara was going to shop for Supergirl!

"Thanks Snapper!"

"Don't ever come to me about a personal matter ever again."

Kara took the box of pastries and started to head out.

"Hey!" Snapper clearly wanted her to leave the box of goodies behind.
"One more question?" Snapper eyed the pastries. Kara could tell he was on the fence. She asked her question before he could say no.

"What if that’s not enough?"

Snapper reached his arm out for the pastries, snapping his fingers, trying to beckon them towards his desk. It wasn’t working. The pastries were still across the room with Danvers. He’d need to give one last piece of advice to get them.

"If you want someone to like you...Get a friend to talk you up."

Kara put the pink box on Snapper's desk. Turned and marched out of his office with a spring in her step.

"NEVER. AGAIN." Snapper yelled after her.

"Thank you, Snapper!" she said over her shoulder.

Snapper growled. Ate more pastry. Went back to his document.

---

Kara walked up to the Kombucha spot (which was named Booch, btw.) Lena’s car was waiting outside. As soon as she saw Kara, Lena got out and joined her.

They hugged hello. Ordered. The girl behind the counter didn’t even recognize Lena (which Lena enjoyed). They took their salads to the back patio, where no one was sitting (it wasn’t actually even lunch hour) and started chatting.

Kara was like - it’s great to see you.

Lena was like - it's’ great to see you. Sorry I’ve been so busy.

Yadda yadda yadda. A whole lot of small talk.

Inside, Lena knew she was avoiding the topic. Several topics. She just wasn’t sure how to bring them up.

Kara picked at her salad. Also uncomfortable at the conversation that was to come…but even more nervous the possibility of it not coming up at all!

Lena kept delaying. “Did you hear that N’Sync might join Justin Timberlake for the Super Bowl halftime show?”

Kara needed to start making MOVES. So she did.

“You know who we’ve never discussed? The Spice Girls.”

“Oh, I love them.”

“You do? You love those girls? The Spice Girls?”

“Of course.”

Kara was happy.
“Which one would you be?”

“Well…since they don’t have Science Spice…I guess I’d be Posh Spice.”

“Yeah I guess that’s right.”

“You’d be Baby Spice.”

Kara laughed. Of course she’d be Baby Spice. Wait. I don’t want Lena to look at me like a baby! In her mind's eye she pictured Alex treating her like a little kid. Her reporter instincts kicked in. She needed to...get control of the narrative.

“Well, you know, there’s another side to me that’s very…Ginger Spice.”

This caught Lena’s attention.

“You? Ginger Spice?” Lena sounded more than incredulous. “How so?”

Kara pushed her glasses around.

“You know Lena, there’s a lot to me that you don’t know. Like, a lot.”

Lena put down her fork. Had a devilish look in her eye. Raised an eyebrow.

“Go on then.”

“Go on with what?”

“Kara, it sounds like you want to tell me something.”

Kara’s eyes grew wide. She’d made a bold move. So bold she was now in danger of falling clear off the game board. Get the interview subject comfortable, then hit them with the questions. Kara was using all her tricks.

“This lunch was about YOU needing to talk to ME, remember?”

Lena did remember. They had twenty minutes left. It was now or never.

“Yes, I did. Didn’t I?”

Lena came clean. Sort of. She told Kara that she…kissed Alex. Kara didn’t ask questions. Just let Lena sort of tell her story in her own time. Lena took long pauses. It was hard for her to tell her best friend about kissing her sister, and then maybe it not working out and then maybe they actually still might go on a date??? Of course the REAL situation was NOTHING at ALL like how Lena was presenting it. But it was what she felt comfortable sharing and not one word of it was a lie. Lena made sure to tell Kara that she is sorry if this is weird and she hopes it doesn’t affect their friendship and if it does please let me know and she hopes they can work it out…

Kara was more than cool with it. Totally cool. That’s all she said. Gave Lena her blessing. And it was…sort of understood…that Lena wouldn’t be sharing details of her dating life with Kara when it came to Alex.

Lena was relieved. Profoundly. So relieved that Kara didn’t turn on her, or was upset with her and in fact was still firmly in her corner…that Lena was positively giddy. The 14oz fermented drink wasn’t exactly keeping Lena’s feet on the ground, either. Lena felt somewhat…drunk? Mmm…more like…high on life.
“Can I ask you a question…about Supergirl?”

“Of course!” said Kara.

Now it was Lena making awkward movements, picking at her salad with her fork, nervous energy flowing…

“I was, um, with Supergirl the other night. Not WITH Supergirl. She dropped by my office to discuss something…and um…Oh, I don’t know…never mind.”

“Lena - what is it?”

Lena kept moving a chickpea from one side of the plate to the other with her fork. “I felt like, I know this is going to sound absolutely insane…I don’t know…it felt like…listen, before I say this I want you to know that I don’t have a massively inflated ego…but it felt like…and believe me I’ve read these types of things SO wrongly before…so I’m not sure…but it felt like…like maybe…Supergirl was flirting with me.”

Kara barely waited a half second before responding.

“Supergirl likes you. She told me.”

Lena was so stunned that she pushed her fork down on the chickpea. Instead of the prong entering it, it slid down it’s side, shooting the chickpea across the room.

Kara and Lena both leaned over the table, just like two best friends would, so they could whisper the rest of their conversation to each other.

“Supergirl said that?”

“Yes. She likes you. She wants to ask you out on a date.”

Lena’s eyes grew wide. “Kara. Holy Shit!” Lena literally looked like this was the most amazing, sensational, unbelievable news anyone had ever heard ever.

Kara just sat and watched Lena’s reaction. Took it in. Lena Luthor likes me. ME. Kara wondered what it would be like to just keep leaning over the table until her lips took Lena’s. Lena’s lips looked so beautiful. Lena’s eyes looked so beautiful. Everything about Lena was beautiful.

Her face.

So pale.

So rosy.

Actually…

It was bright red.

Lena was blushing so hard at the thought of Supergirl liking her!

Then Kara started blushing. Lena is obviously smitten with Supergirl! Which means she’s smitten
with Kara! Which means she’s smitten with ME!

Not exactly.

Why was Lena Luthor so interested, so charmed, so simply over the moon at the idea of Supergirl crushing on her? Look - anyone would have been freaking out. But for Lena it was extra. She’s Lena Luthor! The Luthor girl that so many sneered at and used, the unwanted adopted almost orphan, who spent her entire life as the “other.” For a Super to like a Luthor? This was just…it was better than a double rainbow on a white Christmas morning with hot chocolate and presents as far as the eye could see. It was the ultimate validation that Lena was good and worthy. Lena just sat there beaming. BEAMING. Not to mention that dating Supergirl would be the world’s biggest fuck you to Lillian but Lena wasn’t even considering that angle at the moment. She was feeling too special to have thoughts of sticking it to her stepmother. That would come later.

As for Kara, she resumed the role of Kara Danvers, best friend at large. But in this moment, she was really Supergirl in disguise.

“So…would you say yes? If Supergirl asked you out?”

“Of course I would! Are you joking??”

Kara was so, so pleased.

Lena was barely in her body much less the restaurant. “So what did you say?”

“What did I say when?”

Lena was really whispering now.

“What did you say when Supergirl said she liked me?”

Kara thought for a second. Inspiration struck.

“I did what any best friend would do. I chatted you up. I told her you were the best. Because you ARE the best.”

Kara looked at Lena. Hoping Lena would someday, somehow understand that it was Kara all along and maybe they’d remember back to this very moment and realize that Supergirl Kara Danvers was telling Lena Luthor show she feels about her and it will be the best “how we got together story” ever.

“I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. Kara Danvers, you are my hero.”

Kara beamed. Pushed the envelope a bit more.

“So Supergirl visits you at your office? Who knows? Maybe she’ll...swing by tonight and ask you out.”

Lena’s face turned sour.

“Honestly, her stopping by my office unannounced is actually very annoying.”

Kara stopped in her tracks.

Lena continued.
“I mean, when it’s a ‘time is of the essence life saving emergency’, then fine. When it’s not? It’s really invasive. Drives me crazy.”

Kara didn’t say one fucking word. She was mortified beyond belief. Supergirl wasn’t going to make that mistake again.

“Will you give her my number?” asked Lena.

“Give Supergirl your number? Sure. Yes. I will do that. I will give Supergirl your number.”

“Wait. Don’t.”

“Don’t?”

“Only give it to her if she asks for it.”

“Got it.”

As they bussed their trays, Kara said to Lena, “I have a feeling she’s going ask for your number.”

Lena grabbed Kara’s forearm. Gave her a conspiratorial look. The kind of look you give your bezzie mate when she’s about to do some romantic recon on your behalf. “Call me if she does.”

Oh, I will, thought Kara.

---

---

Alex spent the day at the DEO, working with the boys in the interdimensional department. They were a great bunch, experts. They worked hard to crack the interdimensional frequency code that would be needed to infiltrate the Goren lair. She was confident it would be cracked in the next 48 hours. Plenty of time for her to execute and enjoy her plan.

Kara decided to not get a hamburger before returning to CatCo. Instead she got an idea and ran (flew?) a quick errand.

Lena’s 1pm meeting was a hair appointment. Every Wednesday from 1-3pm, her favorite salon closed it’s doors, the owner and his assistant took care of Lena’s. Jess was always there. Working on her laptop. Answering calls. Asking Lena about this and that. Lena in the chair, in front of the mirror, getting her hair trimmed, answering questions, brainstorming ideas, dictating emails.

For Jess, it was nice to get out of the office. The salon had a great, relaxed yet chic vibe. The music was soothing. Jess enjoyed working with Lena in a more informal environment. There was something playful about it. They felt almost like friends. Probably because Lena was at her most relaxed here. Sergio’s big strong gay hands massaging Lena’s scalp, her head reclined in the basin as warm water washed over her, knowing that later the pampering would continue. As Sergio touched up her color, Pierre the assistant would rub Lena’s feet and massage her calves.

Pierre loved touching her legs so much. Was it because she was a glamorous, powerful woman? Of course! Even though he was 110% gay, Pierre respected women. He knew how hard it was to be a woman. The world seemed to require them to put on war paint each morning, step into pointed shoes and literally walk around on tiptoe. If they wanted to be...treated with respect. Living in the
irony of this required a warrior spirit. That reminded Pierre. Ask Sergio to take me to see Wonder Woman this weekend. Yes. Sergio and Pierre were sleeping together despite their 25 year age difference. It worked for them.

Sergio had always dated outside his age range. When he was 20, he dated a 50 year old man. That man owned a business. He mentored Sergio. Told him it was important to find a passion. "it doesn't have to be THE passion. That's the mistake people make! Just find A passion. And make pursuing that passion your business. Then in your spare time, keep finding other passions." He paid for Sergio to attend beauty school and 8 years later Sergio opened his first salon. Then a line of hair care products. Then that company was purchased by L'Oreal, and Sergio retired.

He got bored. Traveled a bit. Started dating younger men and mentoring them. He bought a historic home in National City with a kidney shaped pool in the back and decided to go back to work, doing what he loved. Making beautiful women even more beautiful. And mentoring other stylists. He was an international fashion icon. Yet here he was, snipping away with scissors, just like any other hair jockey. Of course, he was an artist. He could read the texture of hair, read the curvature of the skull and know exactly how it would fall, knowing exactly where to cut so that it fell in a decadent flowing shape, perfectly framing the face, caressing the shoulders, accenting the cheekbones. He already decided he would leave this salon to Pierre, if he continued to work hard and not get spoiled. Sergio met Pierre at friend's apartment in Paris. Pierre arrived wearing platform heels, fishnet stockings, and a five o'clock shadow. It was love at first sight.

Jess got a call from the second assistant. (There was always someone seated outside Lena's office during business hours.). There'd been a delivery. They sent Jess a screen shot. Jess announced it to the whole salon.

"Someone just had a bouquet of flowers delivered to them."

Lena's heart skipped a beat. Maybe they're from Alex. Lena got a lot of flowers. After meetings. From companies hoping L Corp would invest in them. From charities thanking her for a donation. Etc. Etc. But after last night...it was probably Alex who sent flowers. She was surprised because it didn't seem like something that Alex would do. She wondered if there was a card.

Sergio and Pierre immediately started hooting and hollering in a way most gay. Speaking in French, exclaiming OOH LA LA!! MON DIEU! And all sorts of other over the top things. Lena made sure not to blush. She bit her lip, not to flirt, but to stop herself from laughing at her own expense.

"Jess, when I fire you, remember this moment as one of the reasons why."

Jess knew this was an empty threat. Lena was loving being treated like a normal person. Being teased and celebrated at the same time. Behind locked doors, by people she paid. For Lena, this was close enough. At times like these, they really did feel like family. Lena's real family.

"Show me the flowers!" said Sergio

"Oui, oui!" exclaimed Pierre.

Jess passed the phone around. "Beautiful! Gorgeous." Lena was the last to see. When she did, she saw a dozen perfect purple tulips. Interesting choice, she thought. Tulips often were sent as a symbol of perfect love. Purple tulips, however, represented royalty. Was this a reference to Lena being her queen? Was it a chess reference? Have we begun a new game? Of strategy? Lena was pleased. She saw a card.
Feeling frisky and fun, Lena said to Jess, "Let's see what's in that card."

Lena hoped the card wouldn't contain an apology. Tulips were also sent to ask for forgiveness. Jess texted the other assistant, who opened the card, took a screenshot of it, texted it to Jess. Jess took a quick look and handed her phone to Lena.

Lena enlarged the pic of the card with her fingers so she could read it.

"Tulips from Holland. I picked them for you this morning."

Bottom of the card was a mobile number.

And the letter 'S.'

Sergio and Pierre read the card over Lena's shoulder.

"Who is this Mr. S?"

Lena realized the tulips were from Supergirl. She'd flown to Holland and picked her tulips. HOLY CRAP.

"Mademoiselle, who is your admirer?" Sergio continued cutting.

Pierre lounged in the chair beside her. "Let us guess...who is the S." Pleased with his rhyme.

Lena deleted the pic from Jess's phone.

Sergio shot Pierre a very subtle look that said, no more. You don't make a career out of tending to the world's most glamorous ladies without developing a sixth sense as to when to dote and when to disappear. Discretion was paramount. Especially with Ms. Lena.

Jess was on it. The time for fooling around was over. Jess texted the second assistant to delete the pic and put the flowers on the water table in Lena's office.

Lena was both excited to hear from Supergirl. And mad at Alex. Who was lagging. Lacking. Losing.

As she was leaving the salon, Jess handing over the cash tip, Lena got a text. From Alex.

"I'm coming by your office tonight."

Compared to fresh picked flowers flown halfway around the world to her desk, this presumptuously little text message left Lena downright snippy.

Lena texted back right away.

"Don't. I'm busy."

"See you at 8."

---

Lena spent the rest of the day working on project, meeting managers and even heading to the lab level to check on an analog device she was considering mass producing as part of an emergency survival communications kit in the event of satellite shut down. In the back of her mind...all day long...she wondered if Alex was going to disobey her and show up despite being expressly told not
This question, this not knowing, needled at Lena. Would she be defied? Or would Alex back down and blow her off? By the time Lena realized she was in a lose-lose situation, she also realized that Alex had already won this little game. She had Alex thinking about her. All day. In anticipation. Of being disappointed. Of conflict. Lena was really riled up. She didn't know which one would be worse.

It was almost 8pm. Lena sat at her desk utterly pissed off. She had half a mind to just leave early. I'm not going to leave my own office in my own company in my own building just so Alex Danvers will show up and find me not here. Yet if I stay and she doesn't show, I know I'm going to be even more angry...

The intercom buzzed. Jess announced, "Alex Danvers here to see you."

Lena's heart soared. She came! Lena's heart raced. She hadn't contemplated what she might do if Alex actually showed up. She had sort of pictured Alex barging in. Jess announcing her, however, gave Lena the opportunity to decline to see her. Perfect, thought Lena. I'll tell Jess to have her make an appointment and come back another time. That'll teach her.

Lena pressed the button to respond to Jess, just as Alex let herself into Lena's office. Fuck! I took too much time! And Alex barged in -- just as I thought she would!

Jess practically ran after Alex, looking at Lena with eyes that said "she barged in before I could get up from behind my desk!"

Lena looked at Alex. Not pleased. Lena looked at Jess. Alex was already here. It was time for the next part of the game. Waved her away. Jess went back to her desk, closing the door behind her.

Alex and Lena were alone at last.

"I told you I'm busy," said Lena.

"I won't be staying long," said Alex.

"I know," said Lena. Implying that if she tries to stay, Lena will call security and throw Alex's ass out the door.

Alex had a certain, relaxed swagger to her. She walked towards Lena's desk slowly.

Lena played the role of very busy lady.

"What do you want?"

Alex took her time responding. Getting closer to Lena's desk. When she got to the desk, she started pushing things around. Moving little papers an inch this way. Pushing the screen of Lena's laptop a bit forward.

"Do you mind??" Said Lena.

"If you don't like it...you can call security."

Alex came around to the side of Lena's desk. Lena's legs were crossed, and she did NOT turn to face Alex. This wasn't going to be sexy time.

"I'm about to."
Alex looked at Lena's phone. "There's the phone." Lena could tell a game was at hand but she wasn't sure what kind. Lena was glad she showed up. Was glad that Alex followed through. That she wasn't abandoned. That Alex was at least trying to have some modicum of power.

"I'm here to let you know," said Alex, looking down at Lena, speaking very matter of fact, "that tonight, I'm going to let myself into your apartment, into your bedroom..."

Lena cut her off.

"You don't know where I live."

"I'm going to follow you home. Now as I was saying...I'm going to let myself into your apartment..."

Lena cut her off again.

"Fat chance. My building is like Fort Knox."

Alex picked up Lena's favorite pen from the desk, twirling it absentmindedly as she continued. "I'm going to let myself into your apartment...I'm going to let myself into your bedroom...and then I am going to take...everything...that I want."

Alex seemed to mean every word. Lena knew this was impossible, but the thought of Alex pulling a breaking and entering scenario...it was hot. Alex wasn't looking at Lena. She was looking at the pen. Lena wanted Alex's eyes on her. They were so close. There was an undeniable, almost explosive chemistry when they were this close. Lena started to get very angry that Alex wasn't looking at her! She wanted Alex to look at her with lust.

Alex kept looking at the pen.

"We're going to need a safe word for this situation. Red light means stop. Yellow light means caution. Green light means go."

Finally, Alex looked at Lena.

Lena served up a face that said 'I'm not even responding to this.'

Alex didn't seem at all perturbed. "I know you heard me. Do you understand?"

Lena just sat there. Refusing to answer. Refusing to give anything. Very passive aggressive. AND PEOPLE, THIS IS WHAT PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE ACTUALLY MEANS. IT MEANS 'DOING NOTHING' and through doing nothing, one intentionally causes distress. Please jot that down. I beg of you.

Alex's eyes looked positively dreamy. She smirked at Lena. As if Alex held all the cards. "If you don't want this to happen. The time to say 'Red Light' is now."

"I’m not playing some silly game with you. And you will not be in my apartment tonight."

"I know you heard me. Red light yellow light green light. It’s important."

Alex waited for Lena's answer. Lena said nothing.

"Excellent. Then it's a date."

Lena's eyes went wide. Alex had used her non response as an assent. Alex smiled. Then held the
pen up for Lena to take. Lena didn't take it. Alex opened her fingers and the pen fell to the floor.

Alex's eyes didn't leave Lena's as she said, "You dropped something."

Alex walked out of the office, not looking back.

---

Lena was turned on. Games. Power. Boundaries. Violations. One up man ship. This was a nice first start for them. Unfortunately, what Alex thought might happen tonight was simply, positively and utterly impossible. The level of security that Lena lived with...it was simply not possible!

Lena was excited though. What if she tried it? That would be charming. Her trying to scale the walls of my castle? It was...romantic. Lena worked for ten more minutes and couldn't help herself. If Alex was going to follow her home...if Alex was going to TRY to follow her home...Lena was going to make it as difficult as possible.

Lena called for her car.

---

She told her driver she thought someone might be following her. This was not unusual. He'd been driving Lena for years. Before that he was in the Israeli army. (Don't ask because he won't tell.). He knew how to lose a tail. In addition, Lena decided it was a good evening to do some errands.

He drove her around the city. Taking strange routes. Lena looked around, trying to see if a car was following her. She didn't see one. Then to drug store across town where Lena bought floss (that she didn't need). When she left, she looked for any cars that seemed familiar. She barely saw any cars at all. Then to the mall, just before closing, entering the underground garage's east entrance, winding all the way through until they were at the west end. Lena walking through the parked cars to the elevator, looking between cars and behind poles. Was Alex actually following her? She didn't see her anywhere.

Then through the mall, which was just about to close. Hardly anyone in sight. Lena looked everywhere, walking with purpose towards Cartier, yet straining her peripheral vision to see if perhaps Alex was on the escalator, on the balcony, behind the directory.

Lena bought new earrings. Called her driver to meet her at the north entrance. She'd be waiting outside. Taking a long, circuitous walk. Ensuring 100,000% that if anyone was tailing her, they would be so far from their vehicle that it would be quite impossible to follow her home.

He arrived just as Lena stepped out of the mall and into the night air. Lena was disappointed that she'd lost Alex.

She got to her building. No one tailing her. The building had a door man. An on site security team. Every window and door alarmed to the hilt. She arrived at her penthouse door, punched in her security code, let herself inside and immediately locked the entire place again. If someone so much as touches a windowsill, the doorman, the security team and the NCPD would all be called. Plus an alarm would sound. Lena had so enjoyed her little evening jaunt around the city, playing the femme fatale spy, that she felt...slightly let down now that she was alone and it was over.

She ate a yogurt. Took off her make up and settled in to watch an episode of Game of Thrones. She was only on season three. She was a busy CEO! She couldn't get into it. She kept thinking about her game with Alex. She realized that Alex had done it again! She'd made Lena spend hours thinking about her. Obsessing about her. Getting angry and anxious and excited. Lena couldn't help
but smile. Alex had really outdone herself. No one had bested Lena twice in one day.

What could she say? She liked a mind game. It's just that no one ever beat Lena at mind games. No one. No wonder she wasn't expecting it.

As she scraped the bottom of her yogurt container, she wondered...is it really over? Alex did say she'd break in. Lena couldn't help herself. She raced through her apartment, checking every window, every door, every curtain and closet, in the cabinets and under the bed. Every single human sized hiding place, and every point of entry. Nothing. Nada. No one.

Lena was depressed. I guess my home is too impenetrable. I guess I'M too impenetrable. For a Luthor that’s a good thing. Just not when it comes to relationships. Lena checked her phone. No message from Alex.

Lena decided to turn in. Washes up. Puts on a nightshirt. A 100% pure cotton oversized V neck. Goes to bed.

Checks her cell phone one last time for a message. None.


Five minutes later, she reaches to her bedside table to check her phone again.

As she goes to pick it up, a hand clasped over hers.

Lena’s heart leaps out of her fucking chest!

It’s Alex. Holding Lena's hand down. In the dark. Dressed in all black. Looking very much like a cat burglar.

Lena was in stunned silence. Her eyes said it all.

How did you get in here??!!

Alex's powerful and precise movements came fast. She pulled out a strip of duct tape and covered Lena's mouth with it. Lena sucked in air from her nose, afraid, turned on, mixed up. Heart pounding. Alex spun Lena around and in seconds, Lena's hands were tied behind her back with rope. Alex pushed Lena down. Lena was tied up, lying on her side, gagged. Lena's night shirt had been hiked up to her waist during the manhandling. Her rear end completely exposed, facing Alex.

Alex ran her index finger along the length of Lena's ass.

"Good evening, Miss Luthor."
Chapter 23

There she was. Lying in the darkness of her bedroom, in her ultra secure penthouse, in National City's most luxurious private high rise residence, with state of the art security. A penthouse that Lena herself locked and thoroughly checked before heading to bed. In her ultimate sanctuary...alone, no make up, a thin, white, cotton v neck t shirt and nothing else. Feeling frustrated. Alone. Unreachable.

Wanting Alex. Wanting to know that despite being the most unreachable woman in National City, that Alex Danvers hadn't given up on her. But that's how she felt. The idea of Alex trying to storm her castle and scale her walls, she knew it would never happen, but the idea of her attempting it… Lena had always longed for someone to at least...try to get to her.

So when Alex's hand slammed down on Lena's - in the darkness - Lena could tell right away it was Alex. Lena's body had immediately recognized the weight and shape of Alex's fingers, the texture of Alex's skin. Those fingers had been all over Lena's body. They'd been inside Lena's body. She knew it was Alex. Immediately.

And yet her heart - her adrenaline - Lena's heart leapt right out of her chest. Lena's body knew it was Alex...but her brain. Her brain was trying to calculate how she got in, how she achieved the impossible...and whether or not Lena's apartment was safe at all? In this way, Lena was genuinely terrified.

Before Lena could get a word out, Alex slapped duct tape over Lena's mouth. Lena was already breathless. So when the tape sealed her mouth shut, her body immediately started sucking in as much air as possible through her nose to quickly get what felt like an emergency supply of oxygen.

As her body was trying to get the oxygen it needed, Lena was spun around and her hands were tied behind her back. Alex hastily winding the soft rope around Lena's wrists several times. Lena could barely keep up with what was happening.

Alex inspected her handiwork. Lena Luthor's arms bound tight behind her back, forcing her beautiful chest up and out, Lena's hair cascading down her back, down her arms which were pinned behind her. It was hot as fuck. But this was not the time to admire Lena. This was the time to let Lena know who was in charge.

As soon as the rope was on, Alex shoved Lena down on the bed. Despite her size, Alex had a lot of physical power. And she used it. Even with all the adrenaline running through Lena's body, Alex pushed Lena down like a rag doll.

Lena's face hit the bed. Ooof. Her eyes went wide. Her hair partially in her face. She couldn't push it away with her hands. They were tied behind her back. She couldn't blow it off of her eyes. Her mouth was sealed shut with duct tape. She couldn’t breathe. Remembered to breathe through her nose. Deep nostril inhale. She couldn’t see Alex, who was behind her.

Then that feeling. A finger dragging it's way down the length of her bare ass. Her naked pussy mere inches away. One single solitary lightly roving digit. Caressing, taunting. Letting Lena know it could do anything it wanted. Anywhere it wanted.

Alex's voice was assured. Confident. Sultry.

"Good evening, Miss Luthor."
What sent the shiver up Lena's backside? Was it Alex's touch? Her voice? Both laden with the promise of so much more? Was it being powerless? Physically? Intellectually? Alex had just done what Lena was sure was impossible. Was it the feeling of being found, finally? Discovered? Taken? And in being taken...rescued?

The other half of Lena’s mind kept getting signals from the body. She was a captive. Trapped. She needed to escape. Those are the just some of the feelings the body sends when it’s tied up in rope. Lena's mind raced through possibilities. What could she do? How could she help herself?

Her heart beat wildly. Her mind raced. Alex had literally and figuratively made it past every single wall that Lena Luthor had constructed.

And so...her entire body also sent deep aching feelings of need and lust. Being found wasn’t enough. Lena needed to be completely taken. Entered. Penetrated. Consumed. Alex could have slide her whole hand in Lena's pussy, Lena was so ready. So open for Alex, the devilish brute and tender tyrant. Alex had never been more a mystery to Lena. Yet Lena never felt more desire and...trust. And oddly, respect. Intellectually. Alex showed Lena that she was...smart. As smart as Lena. At least in this one instance. Lena found that sooooo god damn erotic.

There was another woman in the room. Alex spoke to her.

"Alexa...open curtains."

Alexa answered, dutifully.

"I see you're in the bedroom. Would you like the bedroom curtains open?"

"Yes."

"I can do that for you."

The automated curtains on windows drew open. Moonlight shining in. Giving Alex and Lena the perfect amount of light they'd need for their evening of...home invasion.

Lena already felt fully exposed. Somehow this little move was able to intensify it three fold. Moon lighting. Mood lighting. Potential voyeurism through the open windows. Not to mention turning her personal assistant against her! So delicious.

For a woman like Lena Luthor, to feel powerless was exquisite. A rare delicacy. And then to find there was even more powerlessness. And even more past that? She was falling so deep into her own desires, discovering levels of vulnerability and wanting...it was exhilarating and...scary.

Lena's brain was trying to figure out how to regain control. That part of her was automatic. She was wondering how on earth Alex got into her apartment. Did she follow her home? Did she already know where she lived? Did she walk right past the doorman? Did she scale the exterior wall?

The answers would have been easy enough to find out. The person who knew the answers was in the room with her. But since Lena's mouth was taped up, she couldn't ask. Couldn't speak. The time for talking was hours ago, back in the office, when Alex asked for red light yellow light green light. Lena didn't understand. And now everything was happening so fast...

Alex was enjoying traveling her finger down Lena's milky white backside that she brought the finger up to repeat the journey, although this time, much much closer to Lena's center.

The moonlight shone right across Lena's exposed nether region.
"Oh, look."

Unlike the first straight line Alex drew on Lena's ass, her finger was now slowly, snaking its way down, tracing half circles, showing Lena's body that it would in fact roam any damn place it pleased.

"You're not shaved for me."

Lena's face flushed red. There was something so erotic and humiliating being examined like this.

"There’s some stubble on that puss."

Lena had never felt more naked in her life.

"I find that very sexy..."

Alex drew her finger along Lena's bikini line, dancing along the faint stubble. Lena's belly started to tremble. Her opening started to ache with memories of those fingers and what they've done.

"It let's me know you weren't expecting to share your sweet little pussy this evening."

Alex took the finger away. Lena was still face down on the bed. The only part of Lena that could move, really, were her eyes. They darted around the room. She couldn't see Alex at all. Instead, she felt Alex's hands lands on her ass cheeks, pushing and spreading them apart. Crudely exposing Lena's vagina for better viewing.

"And yet, here it is. Right for the taking."

Alex took the finger away. Lena was still face down on the bed. The only part of Lena that could move, really, were her eyes. They darted around the room. She couldn't see Alex at all. Instead, she felt Alex's hands lands on her ass cheeks, pushing and spreading them apart. Crudely exposing Lena's vagina for better viewing.

"Gotta be honest with you. Waking this sweet little pussy up so I can play with it? That makes me very wet."

Two could play at this game. And Lena finally realized how.

Lena pushed up on her knees. Made a mad scramble across the bed, away from Alex.

It was an incredible sight. Lena Luthor, naked save for a sheer white t shirt. Mouth taped shut. Arms bound behind her back. Scrambling on her knees across the bed, her bare feet pushing herself forward. Bunching up the sheets in a frantic attempt at traction. All in the hopes of putting a few precious feet between her and her...assailant.

It was so much hotter than Alex could have ever imagined. Alex was taken by surprise. By the move. By the sight. By the heat it caused in her.

Lena barely made gained 18 inches before Alex grabbed both of her ankles. Harshly. Pulling both of Lena's legs toward her in one quick, powerful motion. Lena fell down on her stomach. Alex dragged Lena back, on her stomach. With her legs under Alex's control and her hands bound.
behind her, as Alex dragged Lena, her mons rubbed against the bedsheets, causing a deep tug near her clit. The friction sending a long electric, erotic surge throughout Lena's body. Lena almost came right there.

"Tut-tut-tut."

Alex held Lena’s legs down, with force.

“I…strongly…advise you to not try anything like that again."

This was real power Alex was asserting. Lena understood. She chose to lay completely still. Alex holding her ankles. Waiting. Watching. Lena kept still. Until they both understood this stillness was, for the moment, compliance.

Alex resumed. Her tone...mocking. Taunting.

“Lena Luthor is a runner. Big shock."

Ooooh. Alex was starting to comment on Lena's psychology. Her fear of intimacy. Her abandonment issues. Lena wanted to defend herself. Lena wasn’t the only one with issues. Lena had about three comebacks she wanted to spit out. Again. Mouth taped shut, face down on the bed. It wasn't gonna happen. Lena was stymied.

"Luckily, I prepared for that."

Lena felt something heavy land on the bed. Lena turned her head to catch a glance of the black duffel bag Alex brought. Alex unzipped it, pulled out two leather cuffs. Lena understood tonight would not simply be about control…but also restraint.

Alex made idle conversation while she slipped a cuff on Lena’s left ankle.

"How did you not know that I'd come for you?"

Then tightened the cuff, pulling the velcro snug against Lena's body. Lena could have kicked. Could have scrambled. But Alex had just…advised…not to do that. She just laid there on her belly and listened.

Alex was watching Lena like a hawk. She adjusted the cuff on the other ankle. Ripping the velcro. Tightening it just so. Lean could hear that a metal ring was attached to each leather cuff.

"I thought you were the smartest woman in National City?"

Now she was insulting Lena's intelligence! In any other circumstance, this would have really rubbed Lena the wrong way, but her body was being touched in so many new and unexpected ways…by Alex…whose soft and firm hands…were doing whatever she wanted with Lena’s body…. Lena's emotions were all over the map. There was far too much pleasure. These little insults were just adding to the intensity.

Face down, ass up. Mouth taped shut. Hair everywhere. Hands bound behind her back with rope. Snow White skin and two black leather cuffs around her ankles. Alex couldn't help herself. She needed to be close to this vision of a woman.

Alex climbed on the bed, crawling over Lena's body, up Lena's back, Alex’s chest and pelvis lightly pressing against Lena along the way. Alex got right in Lena’s face.
"What do you have to say to that?"

Since Lena's mouth and body were...unable to move...Lena’s eyes took on an intensity of expression that Alex had never seen before. It was breathtaking. Lena looking at her like that.

“You have nothing to say?”

Alex waited for an answer. Of course, Lena's mouth was taped shut. She couldn't say a word. Alex was playing so many cheeky games.

Lena's eyes smoldered. Burned. Thoughts. Desires. Accusations. Willful defiance. All being thrown at Alex through Lena’s eyes.

Alex smiled wide. She saw it all and it was charming and thrilling and erotic and…lovable.

Lena saw Alex loving life. And it made Lena smile. Of course, not with her lips. But in her eyes, there was just a hint of a smile in Lena's eyes...smiling at the delicious pleasure she was having playing this particularly tormenting and tortuous game. With Alex.

Alex saw it.

And Alex looked back at Lena with...such deep love. They shared a moment. A moment of intimacy and trust. Lena felt safe. A part of her knew she'd never been more safe.

Alex’s face fell. Sharply. She resumed her role of invader, captor, controller.

Alex straddled Lena’s body. Flipped her over. Looking down into Lena’s eyes from above with a calculated, icy disdain.

"Since you've just shown me that you are...inclined...to try to escape...I'll have to take measures."

Alex’s tone so cold and clinical that Lena's heart couldn't help itself. It hitched right back into fear. Alex got up off the bed. Stood at the bottom of it. Surveying her captive. Her victim.

Lena was lying on her back, on top of her bound wrists. They arched her back up. Pushing her pussy up towards Alex.

Alex shoved Lena’s left leg open. Then shoved her right open. Spreading her wide. The cool air hitting Lena's labia, causing another shiver up her spine. Lena’s heart was beating hard. Her pussy so open and aching to be taken. Fear. Excitement.

Alex reached into the duffel bag. Pulled out some ropes. Started tying each of Lena's ankles to legs of the bed. Not breaking eye contact with Lena the entire time.

"I knew you were a runner..."

Looping the first rope through the ring on the ankle restraint. Then tying to the leg of the bed. Mostly maintaining eye contact as she did so. Lena's eyes followed Alex's every move.

"...when you gave me my key back."

Alex took her time crossing the foot of the bed towards Lena's other leg. Calling Lena on her shit big time. Lena wanted to call Alex on her shit! It wasn't time to exchange keys! Alas, Lena could say nothing. The mouth restraint was proving more frustrating than thee damn ropes. Lena was getting riled up.
Alex looking at her. Tying and checking the second rope.

"That's fine..."

Pulling it. Testing the knot. Secure.

“Because...as you’ve figured out...I don't need your key, either.“

Eyes never leaving Lena's. Reminding her that Alex had total control. Total. She could get into Lena’s apartment, her bedroom, her legs any damn time she wanted. Key or no key.


Every last part of her was now Alex's. Tonight...Alex owned her body. Lena was tied up and spread open. Powerless in every way.

But was she really?

Lena tried to find some power. She tried to communicate with her eyes. She stared at Alex hard. Her eyes saying “Go on then. Take me. I’m lying here spread open for you. TAKE ME. I want you to.”

If Alex understood that’s what Lena’s eyes were saying, she certainly didn’t let on.

Lena’s hot cunt was right there, wide open. Ready to be ravaged in every way.

But Alex was in no rush. She looked Lena’s feet, so pale in the moonlight. So helpless cuffed and tied to each edge of the bed.

"Such pretty feet and toes. Perfectly manicured. What a big girl, Lena Luthor is, with these manicured toes."

Alex used her thumb and forefinger to touch the tip of every toe.

"This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed home..."

The contrast was incredible. After being tied and bound, after being roughly shoved and dragged and forced open...to have Alex's fingers now delicately touching her toes, gently wiggling each one, as tender as one would touch a baby...Lena's heart melted as her core burned like a furnace for more.

"This little piggy had roast beef...and this little piggy..."

Alex looked up at Lena.

"...gave me every inch of her hot wet cunt...to lick...and eat...and fuck....to my heart's content."

Lena gasped. The gasp got caught in her throat, which was sealed shut with duct tape. She was forced to suck air in throat her nose. Lena's chest rising even further as it drew in air to cope with all the feels.

“You see, Lena...the purpose of my visit...is so I can get to know you better.”

Alex started to feel up Lena’s legs.

“And what I want to know is...”
Alex’s hands getting closer and closer to Lena’s center. Right where Lena wanted them.

Lena looking at Alex.

So beautiful.

Powerful.

Tender.

...Tyrannical.

“...is exactly how many times I need to make you come for you to lose ALL sense of yourself.”
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

One

Unlike earlier that day, when Alex made Lena those promises, promises to follow Lena home, promises to break into her apartment, promises to take everything she wanted...this promise that Alex just made...to deliver so much pleasure to Lena's body that Lena's internal sense of control, her very sense of herself...would come undone...Lena hadn't realized that the promises made in her office were going to come true. So when Alex was making this new promise, Lena sort of thought...there was a chance...that it might just actually happen.

At the very least, Lena knew that she was going to be in for an epic ravaging. She was so turned on already. This game of home invasion...of being over powered...of helplessness...of being so wanted by Alex that she would tie Lena up so she could have her completely, in every way imaginable...Lena never felt so desired.

Alex stood at the end of the bed surveying. There was something so erotic and exquisite, for Lena, every inch of her thighs and pussy spread out and splayed open for Alex's viewing pleasure. Her belly button and the soft little pouch between it and Lena's mons, and of course her Labia minor, those sweet thin pussy lips of Lena's which gaped open, her legs spread so wide, and her entrance, already wet and throbbing, aching to be filled with Alex. Lena wanted Alex to crawl between her legs and slide so many fingers inside, to put her mouth on Lena's clit, fucking and sucking every last bit of her. Total consumption. Lena was so ready for it. She tried to convey all of this to Alex through her eyes. She was so sure Alex got the message.

Alex reached into her bag. Pulled out a long, smooth, pink phallus shaped object. Alex took on a more clinical disposition. The tool in her hand suddenly felt more, medical. More...lab experiment.

Alex crawled up on the bed, placing herself right between Lena's legs, resting on her knees. Alex wouldn't look Lena in the eye. She just looked at her pussy. A hint of lust under her dispassionate, clinical demeanor.

Alex took the pink dildo and brought it right to Lena's entrance. Lena had to reconcile that she wouldn't be filled with Alex's fingers. Lena couldn't ask for what she wanted. She just had to watch. No eye contact. No communication.

Alex slid the dildo's head, not inside Lena, but up and down her wet folds. Putting an ample amount of lubricant over the tip and sides. Lena's walls ached. Her clit pulsed. Almost...touched. Alex made sure it wasn't.

Alex looked at Lena's pussy like she was looking at an agar dish in the lab. This was her...work space. Sliding the dildo up and down, spinning it, coating it. Lena's pussy entrance and lips felt deep tingling sensations.

Lena closed her eyes. Wanting to see if she could increase the sensation. Alex was lightly sliding the dildo up and down, spinning it along Lena's slit and avoiding her clit. Closing her eyes didn't work. She opened them. Alex was looking down at Lena's pussy. Looking at the pink shaft caressing it, sliding all over it. Alex was clearly enjoying the view. Yes. Watching Alex was what
Lena could do to increase the feeling.

Alex pulled the dildo off Lena. Lena's lips - the ones under the duct tape - pursed together in an expression of protest and frustration. Alex looked at the dildo. It was very very wet. Alex, still not looking at Lena, took the dildo and placed the tip of it directly at Lena's entrance. Maybe now the eye contact will happen, thought Lena. Look at me when you stick it inside me...yes...please, I want to see your face when you enter me.

Alex's eyes didn't leave Lena's pussy entrance. She watched the pink dildo tip slide inside Lena. Slowly. Spreading open to take it in. So so slowly. Stretching Lena. Opening her. Entering her. Watching each millimeter widen and accept the shaft. Her hole opening wider until the entire width of it was inside her. Only one and half inches deep. Then Alex stopped. Just left it there.

Lena didn't understand what was going on. Didn't Alex want to fuck her?

Alex examined the dildo. It could have easily slid in more. She left it right where it was. She didn't look at Lena. This little pause conveyed it all. This is not about you and what you want. This is about what I want. I don't want to fuck this pussy. I want to play with it.

Alex slowly started making circles with the dildo. Caressing the most sensitive pussy walls, the ones right near the entrance. Alex slowly spinning the dildo left and right, and at the same time, swirling it so the walls were experiencing just a hint of an internal massage.

It was maddening. Lena wanted so much more and was getting so little. And yet this slow tender tease...she tried to relax into it. It was incredible in its own way - and yet frustrating. And yet, felt so good. Alex slide another half inch into Lena. Just a bit more of this inner massage. Pulling and siding against the inside of her walls, her entrance. Lena's pussy started to ache so deeply. Aching for more. Alex wasn't giving it any more.

Lena wondered how long this torture would continue. Surely this night of eternal orgasm wasn't going to happen if Alex kept up with this junior high level exploration. Lena needed deep fucking. Hard clit sucking. Lena knew what she needed to come and this was not going to do it. I guess maybe Alex is going to have me come undone by not making me come. Lena was frustrated. And not in a good way. Alex couldn't tell. And maybe she didn't care. She didn't look at Lena at all.

What she did look at was her watch. She checked the time. She was timing this. And that's how the first one happened. Alex just sliding this pink phallus 2 inches inside Lena, swirling it, twisting it. After three minutes of this, something delicious and unexpected happened. Lena started to feel a new sensation build up inside her. Waves of pleasure started to build. Where was it coming from? Her hips? Heat was being conjured up from her sacrum like a spell, burning under her clit and inside her vagina. This sensation came up fast. Lena never knew her body could react like this, feel like this...she knew orgasm could happen if Alex just kept at it, yet it was...a slightly different feeling, very very similar but slightly different to how she'd been on the cusp of orgasm before. Alex kept at it. A scientist patiently conducting her experiment. Tugging and massaging the walls of Lena's entrance. Alex checked her watch. Seeing Alex timing her body's reactions sent a bolt of heat through Lena. Right to her clit. It was so hard. Throbbing.

Alex saw they were at minute four. She could hear Lena breathing so heavy. Panting. Holding her breath for long periods. Trying her best to help get her body up and over the edge. Trying to participate, to control the outcome. Alex decided to take that away from her, too.

Alex took the dildo in her left hand, her non dominant hand, then swiped her right middle finger in and around Lena's soaking wet folds, making it slick...
"Jesus Christ Lena, let's get this first one over with." Alex sounded perturbed! As if Lena was the one holding things up! Alex took her wet finger and started sliding it all over Lena's hood and clit. Roughly, sloppily. Lena's entire lower region exploded in waves of sensation. Orgasm was nearly instant. Alex kept flicking and sliding her finger over Lena's clit. The walls of Lena's pussy involuntarily sucked on the dildo. Alex held on it tight, not allowing it to slide any deeper inside Lena. Lena's aching need for more seemed to build even though she was shuddering in fulfillment. It was a paradox her body couldn't resolve. Alex flicked the clit a few more times. Dispassionately. Not wanting Lena to feel any sensual or emotional comfort. Just wanting to hurry it up. Just wanting her to feel like her clit was simply an object for Alex to use and manipulate. Lena's clit surged upward for more of this touch. Alex didn't give it to her.

"That's one."

Lena needed more relief. There were a few more waves of pleasure to be milked out of her clit. She wasn't going to get it. Alex slid the dildo out and stopped her frigging. She got off the bed. Putting the dildo down with no regard. It slid and landed against Lena's thigh. Wet with cum. Sticking to Lena's skin. Lena was powerless to move it. Powerless to finger herself and eek out those last waves of pleasure. She'd just orgasmed and yet was aching for more.

Alex was looking around for something. Walking around the bed. Investigating the bedside tables. The lamps. On the right side. On the left. Lena shifted her body and head to track Alex's movements. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Alex moved like a prowler. Like a panther.

"Alexis, close bedroom curtains."

"Close bedroom curtains. I can do that for you."

The bedroom curtains closed. The room was now in darkness. Lena's eyes tried to adjust. They weren't fast enough. Alex had disappeared.

Suddenly the lamp on the furthest bedside table turned on. Alex turned it on. Even though the lamp was at the lowest light level, the room seemed suddenly amply lit.

They made eye contact. Nothing was communicated. Both just looking at each other.

"I'll need something to help me keep count."

Alex walked away. The bedroom was large. Enormous. There was a master bath attached. Alex went inside it and turned the lights on. Lena could hear Alex open drawers and a cabinet. Alex turned the bathroom light off and exited.

What was she holding up in her hand?

"This will help us keep count."

She took the cap off a tube of Lena's lipstick and held it up. Lena saw. Alex turned the lipstick base, pushing the red nub up higher and higher. Just like she's done with Lena's clit a few minutes ago.

Alex turned and walked to the wall facing Lena, and using the lipstick, drew a long line on it. Indicating "one."

Lena was incensed! Not only was Alex going through her belongings! She was using a $75 dollar lipstick to mark her walls!
Alex turned and smirked. She could see Lena's nostrils flare at such flagrant abuse of her property. More violations.

"Your body will need a few more minutes to recuperate for what I have planned next...how shall I entertain myself until then?"

The duct tape covering Lena's mouth made all questions rhetorical.

Alex sauntered over to the other nightstand. Picked up Lena's phone. Lena felt yet another violation! Lena was surprised that could even happen!

"Hmmm. Locked." Alex couldn't get into the phone. Lena felt a small comfort at this.

"I know..." Said Alex. Obviously getting an idea.

Suddenly Alex was on the bed, twisting Lena's body roughly to the side, exposing her bound hands. Alex grabbed Lena's index finger to press it against the phone's home button. Lena tried to curl her fingers but Alex easily pried them open, knowing that gently pulling on the pinky finger opened up a fist like a morning glory. Once her fingers were dangling open, Alex pressed Lena's fingerprint on the unlock button. Suddenly the home screen appeared.

"Thank you."

Alex got off the bed. Lena twisted herself back into a position where she could see the most of what was happening. Alex had just taken Lena's phone and forced it open. More heat of feeling violated and exposed.

"Let's see what's in here." Alex sat on the foot of the bed, swiping open Lena's emails, her texts, her contacts, reading through the apps. Commenting on what she saw. Rating all of it as...

"...boring, boring, boring."

Alex sighed.

"I hope you at least have some interesting photos." Alex tapped the photo app. Looking through it. Lab photos. Property photos. A few art shots of flowers and landscapes.

"I'm disappointed. Very disappointed. This won't do. This must be rectified."

Alex pressed a few buttons.

Lena saw the camera flash turn on.

"Let's make some memories."
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Long ass night, long ass chapter.

With her hands tied behind her back, Lena had to shift to her side for comfort.
And so she could watch as Alex thumbed through the contents of Lena’s cell phone.
"Let's see what's in here."

It was strange, lying there. Post orgasm. No hug. No tender caresses. Lena's legs spread open. Tied open. Alex not even looking at her. Just tapping and swiping to her heart's content.

First the emails. So many work emails. She could see an expression of genuine surprise take hold of Alex's face. Hundreds of emails a day. Every day.

Inside Alex was like "shit." She really was getting to know Lena better. Alex never knew anyone could get these many emails. None of them were spam. Meetings. Circle backs. Corporate lingo. Spec. Deal memos. Travel arrangements. Internal memos. Drafts, drafts and more drafts. Contracts. Contract edits. Approvals. Requests. 50 a day from Jess about little details. Lunch orders. Exchanging a handbag at Bergdorfs.

Alex narrated her findings as she came across them. Using her investigative skills to narrate a character composite.

"Individual is in the tech field. Owns a company...named after herself. Possible narcissist."

"Business concerns, national and international. Frequent traveler. Private. Luxury accommodations under a series of....various alias."

Lena just laid there and enjoyed the theater Alex was providing.

"Lock screen is a dog. Yet doesn't own a dog."

This was actually touching on something.

Something somewhat real. Lena would love to have a dog. She traveled too much. Worked too long. It wouldn't be fair. This was something Lena wrestled with at least once a week. Longing for a pet and thinking she wouldn't be good for it.

"Indulges in some areas. Extreme denial in others."

Alex was pinning the tail on the donkey. She was good at her job.

"Conclusion: Disordered personality."

This made Lena start to chuckle. Alex heard it. Time to assert some more power.

"Consistent with the Luthor name."
Lena tried so hard to distance herself from Lex's choices, his madness, his mission. Hearing Alex talk about her, in such broad strokes, lumping her in with the rest of her family, diagnosing her as damaged and unredeemable? These were the thoughts that Lena tried to avoid thinking. They were her worst fears.

And yet here they were, being casually uttered by her...lovers? Captor? Enemy? Her worst fear come to life. Yet, Lena knew she was being teased. Or was she? She was. Alex would never jeopardize her job by cavorting with someone who was truly insane. Truly a threat. Truly a criminal element.

It was strange to come face to face with her worst fear. To live it and...have it be...okay. Have it be...an...non-event. Something inside Lena started shifting and recalculating on a level she didn't have access to.

Alex moved on to the text messages.

Lena watched Alex open each text thread. Scrolling down. Alex was having a hard time finding ANYTHING juicy. Lena knew this because Lena was soooo cautious with her communications.

"Boring, boring, boring..."

Being a Luthor, you knew your mobile device might one day be subpoenaed. Stolen. Or hacked. Or...some feisty lesbian might break into your home and start perusing it without your consent. Lena was surprised that very thing hadn’t happened to Lex. Maybe it did.

The point was...Lena kept everything on her phone PG. Not only PG. Downright impersonal. She enjoyed having this little bit of power over Alex in this moment. Alex was finding nothing. And Lena was loving it.

"Communications are cold. Impersonal. Individual has a hard time connecting with others. Few friends. Trust issues."

Lena settled in, fully understanding how the rest of this 'phone violation' would go. IE: being taunted with this character profile / assassination.

Alex scrolled down, to find all the people Lena texts.

Then she paused.

Just for a half second.

Lena knew why.

Alex had come upon her messages with Kara Danvers. Not only her best friend. Not only the reporter who often came to Lena for exclusives. But Alex's sister, as well.

That would have been the juiciest text thread of all to read.

Yet...Alex didn't open it.

Lena could see that Alex didn't want to "go there." There seemed to be something...more. Something more than just..."I don't want to think about my sister while I'm having sex'.

The sight of Kara's name prompted Alex to move off the texts entirely.
"I hope you at least have some interesting photos."

If Alex thought the texts were boring. The photos were a downright snooze. The pictures were nearly all work related. Pics of properties and lab results. A few travel shots.

Lena's body was almost fully recovered from the first orgasm. Her whole body was...relaxing. It felt comfortable to be here...like this...with Alex. It felt oddly natural and normal. Alex thumbing through Lena's phone, casually, as if it were a cheap airport magazine. Lena half naked and spread eagle.

Lena's closed her eyes. Day dreaming about Alex's fingers. Tried to remember the feeling of Alex throwing her over, prying at Lena’s fingers, forcing Lena to put her fingerprint on the home button. The feeling of their fingers, touching. The feeling of Alex's hands on her, pushing her down.

Lena craved the feel of Alex's hands on her skin. Being caressed by them.

It would certainly happen soon.

"I'm disappointed. Very disappointed. This won't do. This must be rectified."

Alex's tone was clearly not that of disappointment. There was something gleeful about it. She'd obviously came up with a dastardly idea.

Lena took in a nice long breath, relishing the idea of finally being touched all over.

Instead, from behind her closed eyes, Lena felt a bright light turn on. Pointing right at her.

Lena opened her eyes. It was the camera flash. Alex was pointing the camera right at her.

"Let's make some memories."

---

Alex started taking snaps. It was a proper photo shoot. That comfort, that feeling of normal and natural and right...disappeared. With each photo, Lena felt more and more exposed. She'd never let anyone take nudes of her.

Back in high school, Roulette had begged and begged for some nude pics. Lena always said no. Can you imagine if the tabloids got a hold of them? But Roulette was on a mission.

One day, Roulette snuck up on Lena in the shower, camera in hand. Lena grabbed the shower curtain just in time, twisting it around her body. Roulette held the camera in one hand and with the other, she tried grabbing the shower curtain away from Lena. Hoping to reveal Lena's completely nude, smoking hot...and soaking wet...body.

Instead of protecting her modesty, Lena concentrated her efforts on the camera. She swatted it hard out of Roulette's hands. On to the floor.

The lens cracked. And a few pieces of plastic broke off the camera's corner. Broken and beyond repair in an instant.

"Hey!" Exclaimed Roulette.
As if Lena was the one who had just done something beyond the pale!

"That camera is my father’s! It costs thousands of dollars!"

Roulette knew her father was going to go apeshit.

Lena walked out of the shower. Wrapped her towel around herself, took her bucket of toiletries and left. Saying nothing to Roulette. In fact, Lena would not speak to Roulette again until well after graduation. Roulette and her were done.

It was a big deal on campus. The private, all girls school that Lena (and Roulette) attended in the middle of Metropolis was hotbed of gossip and same sex liaisons. All of which were kept from the teachers, parents and administration. These girls were learning so many things. Not just history, literature and science. At school they learned how to create and navigate social structures. Class systems. Exclusivity. Bonds. Loyalties.

How better to practice loyalty than through the practice of extreme secret keeping?

Keeping their affairs private was an unspoken code upheld and passed down from one class to another spanning generations of the cities “best” families. Even girls who weren't interested at all in same-sex would indulge. (Ask Cat Grant. Ask President Marsdin.) Oftentimes just to see if it could stay private. Just to see if they choose a partner would keep it secret. Being able to select people you could trust was a very important skill these girls would need once they entered the “real world.” Plus, it was tradition.

Of course, not all these high school dalliances were secret. Some were open secrets. That was an entirely other level of secrecy, respected and embraced by the student body. Those open secrets went beyond partnerships. They created communities. Those were the secrets everyone kept, and in doing so, unified the student body and gave it autonomy and agency. It pitted it against the powers that be. The administration. The faculty. The world.

Lena and Roulette were one of those secrets. When they walked together into assembly halls, TPTB would watch as the other students automatically gave way, gave the best seats, gave deferential treatment. Silently conferring on them "King and Queen" status. Lena and Roulette were the honorary leaders of the student body. Silently showing the administration that "there was another hierarchy at work here, and you can't stop it."

So when Lena Luthor one day stopped talking to Roulette. Stopped walking with Roulette. Stopped sitting with Roulette. The entire student body experienced a collective shudder. They tried to not...gossip. Yet it was imperative to find out what happened. It was even more imperative...to choose a side.

Lena had perfected her Luthor walk at home. She wasn't allowed to slouch. Shoulders back. Head up. Then perfected it in elementary school. A regal walk around the playground, towards her desk. Carrying her Hello Kitty pencil case.

In high school, this walk was so natural, so second nature, that when she walked away from Roulette in the shower, Roulette felt a chill travel right through her stomach. She knew in that moment Lena and her were over. Lena had pulled every last atom that they shared, took it with her and threw it in the garbage before she even left the bathroom.

And to make her win even more clear...Lena didn't care...genuinely did not care what anyone thought or how anyone treated Roulette. Lena didn't care if anyone picked sides. Whoever did whatever...with Roulette or anyone else... didn't change how Lena walked, talked or conducted
herself. That was real power. Power Roulette had never cultivated.

Roulette couldn't stop herself. From looking at Lena when she walked down the hall, walked into the cafeteria, walked out the school doors and into the waiting town car. Roulette was weak. She needed approval. Needed status. Needed to be seen as something special. Someone special.

And when she was with Lena, this need was met. Lena also needed to be someone special. But Lena never showed it. And Lena knew it was up to her to make that happen. It wasn’t going to be conferred on her by others. The others would figure it out after it happened.

Roulette sexualized herself. She wanted all eyes on her. She wanted Lena's eyes on her most of all. And with a picture of Lena Luthor, naked, she could have those eyes any time she wanted. Trying to take that picture was pure hubris. In that moment, Roulette became Icarus, flying too close to the sun. Trying to take something down from far far above, a liberty, a photograph, and in doing so...would lose everything.


When Roulette arrived at the double door in the rear of the auditorium, there was a murmur. The clear passage that had been made for Lena, disappeared. Closed up. Girls filling it. Like a swarm. Roulette was just one of many now. That was now canon.

Everyone in the administration and faculty noticed.

And the girls, ALL of them, relished this power. Relished showing the adults that there was a change in the social order. That collectively the girls had orchestrated an ostracization. Established a new ruling body. And they weren't going to explain it. So who sat next to Lena? Marcia Goldberg, student body president and regarded by the school's administration to be their closest asset in understanding the needs and primary conduit of information between the graduating glass and TPTB. Marcia sitting next to Lena was the student's way of telling the administration "don't even speak the names Lena Luthor and Roulette in the same sentence."

And so they didn't. Lena graduated valedictorian. Gave a lovely address. Got a standing ovation. And never stepped foot in that school again. Yet every year, they school sends letters. Asking her to visit, to mentor, to speak, to give. One day Lena will do that. At the right time. At the time of her choosing.

All of these memories flooded Lena as Alex happily snapped away. Not just at Lena's nude body. At her spread eagle body. At duct taped mouth. At her wild hair. At her arms tied behind her back.

"Gimme a big smile."

Alex looked right at Lena, shooting her a look that said, you can't smile because I taped that pretty mouth of yours shut.

Yet Alex continued taking pictures as if Lena was serving up exactly what Alex had asked.

"Oh, yes. Such a pretty smile."

Her eyes were her only weapon. She made her eyes cold. Made herself look like she was TRULY a captive in this situation. Lena NEEDED some power. Alex didn't give it to her.

“Such pearly whites.”
Lena’s only other choice was to submit. Again. So Lena did. She relaxed a bit.

Alex climbed right in between Lena's legs. Put the camera up close. Took some extreme close ups of Lena's wet and used snatch.

Alex looked at the images.

"Oh, that's nice."

Alex noticed the pink dildo on the bed. Took it with one hand and, holding the camera in the other, pressed it against Lena's entrance. But not entering her. Snapping away. Truly enjoying herself. Alex had real voyeuristic streak when it came to penetration. Teasing both her and Lena with the prospect of this dildo sliding inside, but not delivering...just yet.

"Very nice."

This was getting Lena hot. Alex was playing with Lena’s body. Discovering new things to do and enjoy. Lena felt a surge of personal power. Right down to her center of her legs. The very part Alex was so transfixed with. Lena wondered if this is how Roulette felt. Did Roulette feel this urgent need, deep between her legs, when she was with Lena? Is that why she needed the picture? If this is what Roulette was going through...then Roulette deserved forgiveness. The feeling was too intense to resist. Lena wanted Alex to spend all night in between her legs. Photographing every last inch of Lena for future viewing. So Alex could see and have her and crave her even when they were apart.

Alex was having a hard time holding the camera with one hand and sliding the dildo up and down Lena's slit and hitting the button required to take the picture.

"Oh, I know!"

Alex dropped the dildo. Used both hands to change the camera settings.

“There we go…”

She was now filming Lena.

No more pressing required. It was easy to hold the camera in her right hand and use the dildo with her left. Alex picked it back up and slid it up and down Lena’s pussy lips, smearing Lena's cum all over it. Filming the pink shaft up close, as it teasing the slit, slipping and sliding up and down the folds.

Something about the change, the change from still photographs to live action filming, created an impulse in Lena that she was acting on before she’d even realized it was happening. She was preening for the camera. Preening and posing. Lengthening her spine. Her neck. Hiking her back up on her bound hands. Serving fierce looks. Pure exhibitionism.

Alex sensed this. She turned the camera up so it would capture not just HD pussy, but the whole of Lena's body. Lena had successfully captured Alex's attention. Exactly how Lena wanted it. Lena started swaying and grinding her hips. The camera panned back down.

Lena wanted this camera all over it.

Still holding the camera in her right hand, Alex brought the camera back to Lena’s crotch. Extreme close up as Alex slowly pushed the dildo into Lena’s hole. Just like she had before. Stopping after it was two inches deep.
Alex panned out, bringing the camera up so she could capture both Lena's and face pussy. She wanted to capture the action and Lena’s reaction at the same time...

Alex twisted the base of the dildo. It turned on. Powerfully vibrating against the inside of Lena's cunt, twitching and vibrating against the soft walls of nerve endings that only got attention through fucking. The vibrations were so rapid, so intense that Lena's neck went up, pressing her head back against the bed. As if somehow putting pressure on the back of her head would bring relief to the stifled words and sounds that couldn't come pouring out the front.

Alex slowly fucked Lena with the vibrator, only entering her by inches. Filming the entire thing. So close up at times. Other times, panning up Lena's body, getting her face and eyes as Lena experienced the overwhelming sensations. Lena came without even having her clit touched. Her pussy walls fluttering against the vibrator. Does Alex even know I'm coming?? Lena threw her head back a few times. In pleasure. In protest. A plaintive act signally carnal pleasure. Alex got the picture. After a few moments, she took the vibrator out and slid it up along the sides of Lena's clit. Lena's head thrashed from side to side. Finally, Alex stopped. Pulled the vibrator away. Turned it off. Turned the camera off.

Lena ached to be held. Kissed. Caressed. It didn't happen.

Instead, Alex got off the bed.

Took the lipstick off the counter.

Drew another long red line down the wall. Right beside to the previous mark.

The same way a prisoner marks his days in captivity.

"That's two."

---

It was midnight. Kara had spent the evening on the 'net. On Google. On Amazon. On Wikipedia. On Travelocity. On Yelp. Surfing and searching for a gift ideas. Date ideas. For her and Lena. For Supergirl and Lena.

Kara was feeling herself. Reviewing the events of the day again and again. Beaming over each little detail. Her and Lena met for lunch. Why? Because Lena had breathlessly asked Kara to meet her. Lena needed Kara. Needed to see her. Needed her help. Beaming over each little confirmation of their connection. They went to their special lunch place. Sat together, in the back, hunched over, whispering, sharing confidences, making each other laugh. Beaming over Lena getting jittery at the thought of dating Supergirl.

Kara felt confident and proud. She put her skills to work all night, Combing all the back issues of CatCo magazine, through scores of top 10 lists: top ten essential restaurants, romantic restaurants, first date restaurants, restaurants with the best outdoor patios. Top 10 best gift ideas, best gift ideas for women, best gift ideas for her, best gift ideas for him, best graduation gifts...Kara was getting desperate. Lena truly was the woman who had everything. No one knew Lena better than me, Kara thought, so why is this so hard?!

Kara decided she'd sleep on it. She put on her puppy pajamas. The same pajamas that she'd worn after Lena and Supergirl first...experimented. She let herself pretend the pajamas were a great big sexy hug, wrapping around her. Perhaps the way Lena might wrap her arms around Supergirl on
After drawing the bright red line down the wall, marking “two”...Alex went right back to Lena's phone. Reviewed the video footage. Fast forwarding. Rewinding. Replaying. Alex was feeling herself. The camera had caught it all.

Lena’s eyes on the phone in Alex’s hand. Desperate for Alex to share the movie they’d just made. This little slight-of-hand, knowing Lena’s eyes were on the phone... allowed Alex to sneak little peeks at Lena. Lying on the bed, spread eagle. Her pussy swollen. A Deep pink.

Alex resumed her casual banter. Talking to Lena without looking at her. Talking to her as if his mouth wasn't taped shut.

"Do you have snapchat? Do you want me to put this in a story?"

Alex looked up at Lena, waiting for an answer. Lena shot back a look that said "how droll." Alex chuckled. With only her eyes at her disposal, Lena Luthor displayed a rapier wit.

"Honestly, I don't even know what Snapchat is. I'm a grown woman and you're like...a recent college graduate? There seems to be a bit of an age difference between us."

Alex had a tone of "maybe that's why we won't work out." Lena called bullshit on this. The bulk of her relationships were with people generations older than her. She was their employer, their fellow board member...they were her investor's, her corporate rivals.

"How old are you?"

Lena obviously couldn't answer.

"You can blink it out."

Lena's face went flat. She was not going to blink 24 times for Alex. Alex stood there. Waiting.

"Fine. Have it your way."

Alex walked out of the room.

Lena shifted back to center. Yup. Alex was gone. And not to the bathroom. Out the hall.

Lena shifted and shimmied, tightening her core, pushing down behind herself with her hands, trying to hoist herself up into a sitting position. It was a process. As she did it, her hair fell in front of her face. Lena thought that 'Alex is missing a real show here'. Finally Lena was upright. She had a much better view. The phone was between her feet. Lena tried to lean forward. Maybe she could grab it with her mouth. She wasn't flexible enough. Maybe I ought to renew my membership to that Pilates studio? Maybe Kara will go with me? Lena quickly put the idea of Kara out of her head.

Turning her attention to Alex. Who had disappeared into the darkness of the penthouse. Alex was only wearing thin socks during this home invasion game. The better to sneak up on her. And now, the better to sneak away.

Alex returned a few minutes later. Holding Lena's purse. And a glass of milk. Lena quickly knew
that Alex had been to the kitchen. Where both the purse and the milk were. Lena wanted to say to Alex, "why do all you home invaders always raid the fridge?" This duct tape was really ruining some classic lines.

Had she asked, Alex could have told her. Alex had spent a decade studying crime and criminals. Raiding the fridge was a power trip. A display of nothing being off limits. Going to the family's source of nourishment and feeding on that. Criminals are just people who lack love in their life. That includes individuals with severe frontal lobe damage. Those "love receptors"...those neurons are all messed up. The receptors are destroyed, deadened, corrupted, not active. The empathy is lowered to nearly non-existent levels. Behaviors do not disappear with frontal lobe damage. The need for domination, territory...to aggressively pursue nourishment...those primal urges come not from the frontal lobe but from the reptilian brain, the basal ganglia. The basal ganglia was the driving force during crime. Almost as if all the brainpower during the act of crime dropped to the very floor of the brain, a survival instinct so the criminal would have the resources and drive to finish what they started. This extreme level of brain activity...it could make you hungry.

Alex went into Lena's fridge solely to display all of this, in a new and interesting way. She was pulling out all the stops. She chose milk because it was white and pure, innocent. She knew Lena would appreciate this little touch. Almost as much as she appreciated the other touches. As far as the purse goes...it was sitting on the kitchen island. Like taking candy from a baby.

When she returned, carrying the purse and the milk, Alex was surprised to see Lena sitting up. It was an arresting image. An arresting notion. That Lena could do things that Alex hadn't expected. Alex's training kicked in immediately, her senses automatically heightening, calculations about what else Lena could or might do ran through Alex's mind. She realized that sitting up was all Lena could do. Alex calmed herself down. Lena wasn't really her prisoner. She wasn't the enemy. She just, surprised Alex. A surge of heat went through Alex's stomach, then...down lower. This beautiful, brilliant temptress was surprising. And that was only one of the reasons she...liked her...so much.

Alex made sure her movements were cool and casual. She set the milk down on the large dresser, next to the lipstick.

Lean started moaning in protest. Loudly. Sticking her neck out and using her nose to point at the glass. Shaking her head NO and jutting her head forward again and again at the glass.

What was going on? Alex had tied her up, taped her up, fucked her, filmed her...and none of that was met with this level of protest. Did Lena have a deadly milk allergy? Then why did she have milk in her refrigerator?? Whatever it was it was urgent. Lena was looking at that glass of milk like it was radioactive. Loud grunts, commands, her eyes and nose pointing at it with such intensity, Alex was about to take the tape off Lena's mouth when she realized...

Lena wanted Alex to put a coaster under it.

Alex rolled her eyes clear to the back of her head. Took the glass up off the dresser, which Alex now realized probably cost upwards of $25K. The glass was sweaty. And there was already a circle of condensation where it had sat. Lena calmed down as soon as the glass was raised, confirming that this communication was most definitely about Alex not completely ruining her furniture.

Alex opened a dresser drawer, hoping to find something to quickly wipe up the circle of water before any permanent damage occurred. The drawer was filled with Lena's intimate apparel. Alex was bummed that this moment of discovery of Lena's dresser drawer of drawers couldn't be more...drawn out. (Readers: I do NOT apologize for that.). Time was of the essence. The spill needed to be cleaned. Alex was suddenly doing what Lena was commanding.
Alex...was doing...what LENA...was commanding?!?

No, no, no, no, no. Alex needed to take back the power. NOW.

Alex reached into the drawer full of delicious, silky, lacy, tempting undergarments, picked one at random, held it up for Lena to see, wiped the circle of condensation with it. Lena looked relieved. Then Alex took the panties and threw it on the floor. Lena looked perturbed. Alex then took another pair of panties from the drawer. Held them up for Lena to see. Lena could see. Alex then dramatically placed the panties down on the dresser. Then placed the glass of milk right on top of them. Lena's panties were now the coaster she'd just been demanding. Alex had won this game. Lena couldn't help but smile. Behind the tape.

"Feel better?"

Lena nodded yes.

"What a princess."

Alex had won but she suddenly needed it to be a decisive victory. Alex looked at the drawer full of the most expensive undergarments money could buy. Packed with them.

"You need everything to be just so...don't you?"

Alex's fingers danced along the tops of the panties, folded neatly in the drawer, their fabric far finer than what she'd imagined. The feel was exquisite. Alex suddenly wanted Lena in every single one of them. Photographing her in every pose imaginable. Lena Luthor as Alex's personal Victoria's Secret catalog model.

Maybe later.

Alex started picking out panties one by one and started throwing them on the floor. Panties were flying everywhere. Left and right. The air was full of panties. Alex was littering Lena's bedroom with them. Destroying the order of things. Making a mess. A mess who's clean up Lena would have surely have to orchestrate.

As each panty flew out of the drawer, as each panty was flung, this way and that, as chaos was being created and multiplying around her, Lena really did start to feel...inside...that she was sort of...losing her shit.

---

It was now 12:15am. Jess couldn't sleep. She hadn't slept through the night...not since that night. The night when Kara showed up with women from the FBI and NCPD. Not since she learned that Kara was actually Supergirl. Not since Supergirl showed up with the FBI and NCPD. What the hell were Supergirl, the FBI and the NCPD doing there?? It had to be something big. Something dangerous.

Was it bigger than Cadmus? Was it bigger than the Daxamities trying to kill, destroy and enslave all of earth? Jess now carried Pepto-Bismol with her, swigging it to soothe her upset stomach. Hiding the bottle from prying eyes. Locking herself in the bathroom stall, taking swigs from it. She had the weight of the world on her shoulders. What was happening to mankind? How many days did they have left? Jess's mother was a worry wart. Passed it down to the kids. Jess turned worry into a the fuel and prime motivation behind her ambition and perfectionism. If she took care of everything in advance....if she took care of every single thing...then she could prevent disaster. It made her the most bomb ass executive assistant in all of National City. Not that anyone other than
Lena knew that. Lena was determined to give young women a chance. She gave Jess her first post-graduation job. Jess excelled immediately. Jess knew how to read people. Her father had a temper. He never hit anyone. Or verbally abused the kids. In fact, he was rather sweet and loving. But inanimate objects were often the targets of his tirades. He'd see something on the news and explode, screaming at the television. The car wouldn't start. Screaming. Something broke. Yelling. In Korean. In English. They'd all asked him to stop. Let him know it was annoying. It put the whole house on edge. They couldn't relax. Always wondering what might set father off.

He'd survived the No Gun Ri massacre. A child, running through his village, through fields, separated from his parents (who did not survive) as American planes flew overhead, dropping bombs, things exploding all around him. Objects. Once there. Now gone. Once permanent. Now exploding. Now shrapnel blasting into the flesh of the people next to him, suddenly these objects where shredding and killing his neighbors. Turning them into accidentally human shields as he continued to run, run run as fast as he could, not knowing which direction would lead to safety. Now, whenever an object betrayed him, he exploded with rage. A rage that would not be solved or soothed in this lifetime. The irony of making it to America, the very nation who dropped these bombs, to raise his family in a comfortable middle class existence...he never bothered to analyze. He had a good life. He had a good family. He loved them. He was doing his best. He decided a long time ago that he would never discuss those events. This was how he protected the ones he loved.

Once, when Jess was eight years old, her parents took her and her sisters for two-scoop ice cream cones, the annual family treat for girls who got all A's on their report cards. The top scoop of ice cream fell from Jess's cone. Splattering on the sidewalk. Her father went fucking crazy. Something about the falling, sound of the splat, the spray of the ice cream, droplets of it on her father's shoes...they never understood why it upset him so much. He took the cones right out his daughter's hands, threw them in the garbage, put the family back in the car and drove straight home. No one said a word. Later, as their mother put them to bed, she told the girls that sometimes adults have to keep secrets. And those secrets can be very painful. So never ever ever ask Daddy about his secret. Okay? The girls promised. And mom promised to get them ice cream later in the week. When Daddy was at work.

Jess always thought her mother was a simple woman who lived in denial. Jess was now the adult. The adult with a painful secret. Jess realized for the first time that he mother had lived, had wisdom, and was teaching her girls powerful powerful life lessons. Jess turned over. She had to keep this secret. The secret that National City was in grave danger. As she went to work each day, Jess passed by people, ignorant of the looming danger they were certainly all in. Jess had to keep this to herself. Maybe this is what people in the FBI felt every day. Maybe we were always in this much danger. Ignorance truly is bliss. There was some consolation in not knowing. Not actually knowing meant she didn't have to actually do anything about it.

There was also the secret that Kara Danvers was Supergirl. Did Lena know? She seemed to not know. If she did know, she didn't let Jess know she knew. How could Lena not know? She was the smartest woman in National City. Surely she knew. Maybe Lena was fighting crime with Supergirl. She'd helped Supergirl with baddies in the past. Why wouldn't Supergirl tell Lena her secret identity. Lena was probably sworn to secrecy and that's why she didn't tell Jess.

But then Supergirl - I mean Kara - Kara answered her phone as Kara but dressed as Supergirl and made sure Lena didn't know Supergirl was Kara. That made no sense! Jess kept trying to figure it out. Frustrated, she got out of bed to find her Pepto.

Little did Jess know...all the worry was all for naught. That night was just lesbian drama between two sisters, an ex girlfriend and her boss!

Lena watched as Alex flicked each one in the air. Lena’s eyes looked...strange. As the room became more disordered, so did Lena. This spontaneous panty raid, this disturbance, this mess...was having an effect on her. Alex knew to keep it up.

The drawer had so many panties inside of it...apparently having hundreds of millions of dollars meant having hundreds of millions of panties, thought Alex...flinging them out one at a time would take forever. Alex needed to make this...even more interesting.

With this next panty, Alex took her time, picking it up slowly, with a deliberate precision. She held it up for Lena to see. A high cut, white lace thong

"She loves me..."

Alex made a hopeful, excited face. Dropped the panties to the ground. Picked another pair from the drawer. Held it up. Red La Perla Brazilian Bikini Briefs.

"She loves me not..."

Alex made pouty face. Opened her finger. The panties fell to the floor.

Next. White silk seamless low rise.

"She loves me!" Alex really hamming it up. This was a performance. The panties fell to the floor.

Next. Half lace, black bikini bottoms with satin piping at the leg openings.

"She loves me not."

The atmosphere changed. Suddenly Alex and Lena were both hoping beyond hope that, when they reached the last panty...it would be she loves me. What if it didn't? They both hoped against hope this wouldn't happen. It felt so real. Like two high school girls pulling their first tarot cards, feeling their fates were suddenly about to be determined. Lena didn't want Alex to keep pulling panties. The consequence of ending with, no, no, it can't end on that. This might be our fate. This might seal our fate.

She kept picking panties. Like rose petals. She loves me. She loves me. Not.

Alex wished she hadn't started this game. If she stopped it, she'd look weak. She look like she was in love with Lena and then the whole house of cards that she'd constructed to play the home invasion game would come crumbling down. Alex kept pulling panties. “She loves me, she loves me not.” Sometimes in the bedroom, you have the power to say no, the power to stop...and yet something deep inside tells you to keep going, damn the consequences. If her and Lena Luthor weren't meant to be together forever, maybe they should find out. Now.

Panty after panty. Fate after fate. There was a knot in Lena's stomach.

The next selection: that damn black g string. Too little coverage. Too stringy. Lena knew Alex was at the rear of the drawer. Lena's back catalog of lingerie. Almost nearing the end. The answer.

"She loves me..."
"She loves me...not."

Alex dropped the last panty. A deep purple hipster thong that would look sensational with garters and pull ups. She couldn't see into the drawer, but Lena was desperate for their to be another panty in the drawer. Just one more.

But there wasn't.

"That's the last one." Alex didn't sound disappointed. At all. Lena was. But Alex was so...fine with this...more than fine...she was downright cheeky.

"She loves me not. Tsk, tsk, tsk. So this is just sex to you?" Alex didn't give Lena even a moment to respond. "Fine. Then let's get down to it. Let's satisfy that filthy whore pussy of yours."

Alex went to the bathroom. Lena heard her washing her hands. Even though Lena's heart had momentarily shattered, Alex had put it together again in an instant, letting Lena know that a child's game of roses and rose petals weren't going to determine their future. Lena knew that Alex was washing up so she could fill Lena with her. Lena's pussy almost cried with joy at what was to come.

Lena was still sitting up. Alex got right in between Lena's legs, they were face to face. Alex slid her fingers deep inside Lena, resting her forehead against Lena's, feeling Lena as she took in deep, soulful breaths through her nose while Alex's fingers rested deep inside her, not sliding in and out, rather, just pulsing, pulsing, pulsing against Lena's g spot, pulsing her palm against Lena's clit.

Three.

Lena fell backwards. Alex slipped her fingers out. Alex marked the wall.

They didn't speak. Alex caressed the length of Lena's legs. Lena almost orgasmed again just from the skin on skin contact. After a few minutes, Alex started diddling the area around Lena's clit. Edging her way in closer and closer until she was fingering Lena's slick cum all over the nub of nerves.

Lena's hips bucked up again and again.

Four.

Lena thought she'd have rest. Alex had been giving Lena's body ample opportunity to recuperate. Not this time. Alex lowered her head right to Lena's clit, puckered her mouth and sucking it until it was clean.

Five.

Then immediately fingering Lena again. First with one finger. Then two. Then three.

"No rest for the wicked," said Alex.

Pumping deep inside Lena. Lena barely hearing the words. She was too busy grinding. Lost in rhythm and feeling. Her pussy so wide open for Alex. She knew Alex was saying something filthy. Calling her a dirty whore or something. Lena's pussy loved hearing that. Somehow opening a bit more each time. Getting wetter. Wider.

Alex brought her face down to Lena's clit. Now licking and fingering her at the same time.
Multiple orgasms one after another.

Six. Seven. Eight.

Lena wanted badly to open her mouth and pant and scream. The duct tape holding it all in only served to send all this verbal urgency back down to her center.

Nine.

Lena was thrashing. Alex took her head off. Stopped the licking. Stopped the sucking. Lena was over the edge. Over stimulated. Way, way over.

Lena tried to close her legs. Impossible. Lena was nodding no. Her eyes begging, pleading - no more Alex! Please no more! I can't take it!

Alex got the picture. Slipped her fingers out.

Alex's face. Glistening. Covered with Lena's cum. Alex's hands. Also covered with cum. Her hair starting to mat with sweat. She'd been working hard. Lena loved this sight.

Alex wiped her hands on Lena's legs, using them as a towel. Debasing Lena in the most delicious way. Proof of her power. The power to do whatever she wanted. To Lena. To make her come again and again. To use her. Use her body. Anyway she wanted.

"It's getting hot in here."

Alex took her top off.

The sight of Alex's in just a bra, so much skin exposed. Lena's emotions lit up with new levels of craving. She wanted Alex to lay on top of her. Wanted to feel Alex's skin on hers.

Alex kept stripping. Reaching behind her. Unclasping her bra. Slipping it right off. It was sweaty. Alex sighed. Shook her shoulders. Shimmying for Lena.

"That's better."

Lena couldn't agree more.

Alex's panties were soaking wet. Alex's clit was on fire. The seam of her pants were pressed right up against her. Right where she needed it. Alex ground down on it for a bit. The deep frictions against the seam only serving to make her wetter.
Alex reached up and pinched her own nipples. Rolling them between her forefingers and thumb. Knowing full well Lena was enjoying the show. Remembering back to when Lena taught her how to dance for her.

Lena wished her hands were free. She would do that for Alex. Touch and pinch her nipples. Play with them, squeeze them, roll them in between her thumbs and forefingers. Lena wished her mouth wasn't taped. She'd gladly kiss and lick and suck them.

Instead, Lena just laid there. Bound.

Plus, after the last round of multiple orgasms, Lena simply had no energy to get up. No energy to physicalize her desires. No matter how much she wanted to. Even if she wasn't restrained, she would have been utterly helpless to move.

Alex stopped playing with her tits.
"Don't want to be derelict in my duties."

Alex got up. It almost hurt to stop grinding her clit against the seam of her pants. Alex realized she needed to come. Soon, she told herself. Soon.

She picked up the lipstick and went to the wall. Making strike marks to count the orgasms. Striking across four lines to mark a group of five. Adding another four lines for a total count of nine.

Lena was more than satisfied. Her cunt content. Her heart full. Her mind...blank. Total relaxation. Total.

Alex on the other hand wasn't nearly done. She didn't want Lena dozing off. They were just getting started. Alex pinched the inside of Lena's thighs. Hard.

Lena's eyes opened. Her chest lurching forward in reaction to the pain. What the fuck!?? Relaxation turned to sharp pain.

"Who said you could go to sleep?"

Alex slapped Lena's clit. Hard.

Another sharp bolt of electric pain all the way up Lena's body.

Lena was now very, very awake. The pain...somehow bringing out her more...Luthor...aspects. Lena’s eyes burned with revenge.

Alex walked on to the bed, standing right between Lena’s legs. Looking down on Lena as she started unbuttoning and unzipping her pants. Lena couldn't help it. Her body reacted with lust and heat.

"Such a fucking selfish lover. Such a pillow princess. Such a Luthor. Just take take take."

Alex took off her pants. Her socks. Then did a little hip sway for Lena's benefit as she took her time sliding her panties off. Alex was nude.

"Now it’s time for you to do something for me."

Lena would have liked nothing more. Alex lowered herself to her knees, straddling Lena’s face. Sitting right on it. Putting her pussy right on the duct tape and smearing it all over.

"Come on Lena. Kiss it."

Lena strained her lips up. Trying her best to push them up through the duct tape to give Alex as much as she could.

Alex kept grinding along the now soaking wet expanse covering Lena's mouth. She sounded desperate and disappointed.

"Come on Leeeeewwwwena. Lick me. Eat me."

Alex kept grinding on Lena's face. Lena’s lips and tongue helpless to do anything Alex asked.

Alex put her hands on the bed, resting one on either side of Lena's head. Lifted her pussy up off Lena's face. Lena's own was aching with the need to make Alex cum.
"Why won't you lick my pussy? I want it so bad, Lena."

Alex said her name. Lena's heart rose and sank at the same time. Rose at her lover uttering her name. At Alex openly craving Lena's mouth on her. Fell at the inability to give her this. At her ineptitude. Lena's sense of self continued to crumble away, like massive sheets of breaking off of an iceberg and disappearing into the ocean below.

Alex situated herself next to Lena. Putting her pussy right at eye level.

Lena watching in rapture as Alex slid two fingers into her own pussy. Deep fucking herself. Keeping eye contact with Lena the entire time. Occasionally moving her fingers up, out and over her clit, then back inside for more fucking. It only took a minute for Alex to come. Riding and grinding on herself, riding out the each surge of orgasm.

Lena was burning with desire. Burning. Tears starting to well up in Lena's eyes. Wet with having to deal with all the intensity.

Alex reached down between Lena's legs. Pinched the area around Lena's clit. Gave it a little shake.

Ten.

The tears fell down Lena's face. She wasn't crying, per se. The body was just releasing on all levels.

Alex marked the wall again. Crossing the next set of four with a red lipstick slash.

Then disappeared into the bathroom. Lena heard drawers and mirrored cabinets opening.

What on earth was Alex planning on next?

---

It was now 1:30. Bar Hybrid had closed and Maggie and her new paramour (yes, the very same one from the other night) went back to Maggie's place. Maggie was never the type to tolerate an empty bed for long. As mentioned previously - that's another story for another day.

---

Lena heard the water running. Then the water turning off. Alex returned carrying a wet washcloth. She placed it on the inside of Lena's thigh. The washcloth had been run under hot water.

"Too hot?"

Lena nodded no.

Alex started wiping Lena's crotch clean.

The heat of the cloth and Alex's tender ministrations were wonderful. Alex left the cloth resting on Lena's center. Went back to the bathroom. More water running. Water off again. Alex returned with glass of steaming hot water. Another towel. Shaving cream. And a razor.

"If I'm going to eat that pussy, I want it clean."
A shiver went up through Lena. So excited for this. But she was...also...uncomfortable. Alex could tell Lena had mixed feelings about this. Alex tried to figure out why without asking. Lena could see Alex pausing. Searching for the answer. Lena didn't want to ruin the moment. Lena served up puppy dog eyes. They caught Alex's attention. She kept up the role of invader. Captor.

"Well, what is it?"

Lena took a deep breath and gave her best whimper. Shifting around on the ropes tying her hands together. Alex understood. Lena was physically uncomfortable. She needed the ropes off.

Alex turned to put the water and the razor down on the cabinet. Realized she'd need a fucking coaster. Bent down and picked up a pair of boyshorts from the floor. Smoothed them out on the counter and put the glass and razor on it. Shaving cream and washcloth next to them.

Turned back to Lena.

"You want your hands free?"

Lena nodded yes. Looking like a victim. Asking for permission. With her eyes.

"I bet you do."

It was a stand off.

"Are you going to obey my every command?"

Lena nodded yes.

"Because you know that I can overpower you."

A bolt of heat went through Lena. Boy did she know that. She loved knowing that. Lena nodded. Assuring Alex of complete compliance.

Alex pursed her lips. A slight nod. Agreeing to this bit of...trust.

Alex searched the floor for her pants. There was a knife in hidden in her utility belt. Found it. Climbed on the bed, naked, except for the small lock-back knife.

Watching nude Alex crawl over her, weapon in hand, it was everything Lena had ever wanted and more. Alex's nipples. Alex's smooth toned stomach. Her amber locks. Her sleek and toned arms and legs. The small patch of bush over her clit and cunt. Her fingers. Her lips. Her eyes. Alex had never looked so beautiful or sexy.

It was because Alex was on a mission. A mission to both control Lena and give her latitude. A mission to free Lena and see if Lena was worthy of trust. Ultimately a mission to continue to ravage Lena in every way imaginable.

Alex straddled Lena's stomach. Alex's pussy was still wet with cum. Feeling Alex's wet puss slip and slide on her, caused Lena's clit to ache. And her heart to leap and sink all at once.

"If you try anything..."

Lena's eyes were saucers. She was loving this. Loving the power. The threats. Lena nodded her head no...no I won't try anything...yet at the same time, Lena started shifted her stomach left and right, a horizontal belly dance, sliding under Alex's clit, giving Alex a sweet little pussy ride. The captive was letting the captor know she would do EVERYTHING asked of her. Lena was letting
Alex knew her threats were empty...and she was loving every minute of them.

Alex was enjoying her bucking bronco ride. She leaned forward a bit on her knees. Lena arched up to keep the contact. Alex appreciated this. Lena was so fucking sexy and here she was, nude from the waist down, legs bound, hands bound...and still Lena was finding ways to touch Alex's clit and massage her pussy lips. Alex was so turned on. She needed more of Lena.

"First we've got to get this fucking t-shirt off of you."

Alex flicked the knife open. It was jet black. Even the blade. Serrated at points. Alex held it up so Lena could get a good look at it.

Faster than Lena could register, Alex put the knife right into the deep V of Lena's night shirt and cut it clear down the middle. Slicing it right open. Exposing Lena's large, full, natural breasts, which spread on either side of her chest, her nipples immediately becoming erect at the thrill and danger of being so close to a blade.

Lena was breathing heavy at this sudden move. Lena didn't exactly like knife play. But she trusted Alex. Somehow Lena was both scared and incredibly turned on.

Alex took the blade and brought the dull edge against one of Lena's nipples. Flicking at it. Alex had barely given Lena's nips any attention at all and the feel of the metal flicking her sent electricity right down to Lena's clit. Then Alex pressed the blade flat against the tip of the nipple, the cold of the metal providing a new layer of sensation. The fear of the blade yet another.

Not wanting to deny the other nipple these pleasures, Alex flicked it, too. Then looked at Lena with a mock "stern" tone.

"Be good."

It was time to cut Lena free.

Lena was in ecstasy at all the skin on skin contact and as Alex touched and moved Lena's in strange, unexpected places and ways to get to the ropes behind her, touching her in ways that were unintended for sexual arousal was an exquisite pleasure unto itself.

Alex turned Lena on her side and started cutting the ropes. Lena didn't want to get nicked. She stayed perfectly still. Suddenly feeling the ropes fall away.

Her wrists fell apart. Free. Lena's whole body relaxed. Her shoulders and back and arms no longer constrained, fell into their natural positions. Yet were extremely weary from the mild form of contortion they'd been in for the past few hours.

Alex watched Lena. Holding the knife in her right hand. Holding the threat, the promise, that any bad behavior will not be tolerated.

Lena wanted to rub her wrists and soothe them. But she knew this move would look alarming. She didn't move. She was proving to Alex she was going to comply. Lena just laid there. Breasts out. Legs apart. Arms at her side.

Alex got off the bed, gathered up her shaving gear. Got back into position between Lena's legs. Removed the hot cloth she'd placed there earlier. Shook the can of shaving cream while looking at Lena. Lathered up the sides of Lena's' pussy with the soft foam.

Then Alex came up with something...inspired.
She put the knife in her mouth. And kept it there. Like a pirate. Letting Lena know that punishment would be at the ready if she made any sudden moves.

Alex gently pulled Lena's labia apart with one hand, shaved it clean with the razor in the other. Shaving every inch of her like a pro. Until she was smooth.

Lena loved Alex's fingertips touching her, manipulating her, medically, cautiously, tenderly, clinically. The hot razor sliding over her. Then the washing. The wiping. By the time Alex was done, Lena was bald except for a small triangle above.

Alex made a few trips to the bathroom to put the items away, properly clean up Lena, properly dry her off. Lena laid back, luxuriating in having had this strange massage, during the course of which, Alex had somehow turned into Lena’s servant, quietly performing her work, her labor, on her queen. Alex the peon, the handmaiden, forced to tend to the Queen’s every need, tending even to her sex...cleaning it, grooming it...knowing the final task would be to satisfy it.

Alex cut the ropes tying each ankle down. Lena brought her stilluffed with leather ankles up towards her ass and shifted down towards the edge of the bed, ready to serve herself to her servant. Alex folded the knife. Placed it on the counter. Got right on her knees and started performing her servant work. Softly kissing every inch of Lena's sex. In a way befitting a queen who’d had other girls perform this same task and would certainly know how a truly dutiful and supplicant handmaids mouth should feel.

Lena sat up, putting her hands in Alex's hair. Scratching deep into Alex's skull as Alex slowly lapped her way up Lena's slit, kissing and sucking the queen’s clit, keeping her mouth and lips so soft as she sucked on each fold, her soft tongue exploring every inch of smooth shaved skin, inside and out, up along the sides, then, once she could tell her queen’s pussy was hot, soft and ready, nuzzling her whole face deep into the cunt. A proper face fucking. Lena grabbed fist fulls of Alex’s head and started pushing and twisting Alex's face deep into her.

Alex could feel Lena's need. The need to have Alex inside her. The need for her clit to rub against Alex until it exploded.

Alex put her hands on Lena's thighs, putting the slightest amount of pressure against them, indicating she should spread open just a bit more, just a teeny bit wider...Lena’s cunt responded, aching, opening.

Alex didn’t go deeper inside Lena. Instead she pulled her face away, back to square one, sweet kisses and licks, causing Lena to feel such urgency that she turned into a very imperious queen - forcing Alex's face right back into her slit. Sliding and grinding herself forcefully all over Alex's face. Trying to get her clit the rubbing it needed.

Alex let this go on for a few seconds, then pulled away.

Lena's eyes said it all. "What do you think you’re doing??"

Alex threaded her fingers into Lena's. This hand holding caused a heat bath all over Lena. Alex climbed onto the bed, pushing Lena back with her. Pushing Lena was under her.

"Let's take this off of you."

Alex slid the t shirt, which was now a vest, off off each of Lena's arms. Tossing it off the bed.

Lena now only had two leather cuffs on her ankles and duct tape on her mouth.
Lena's hair was a sweaty, sexy mess. She kept her arms to her side. As instructed. Alex put her hands up on Lena's hair and smoothed it off her face, tucking it behind her ears. Laid her back down.

Alex started to head back down, to complete her work. To continue kissing and running her tongue along every inch of Lena's now smooth as silk puss. Lena reached for Alex's tresses so she could...participate. Alex stopped her.

"Put your hands over your head."

Lena didn't want to. She wanted to touch Alex! Have Alex in her hands! Nevertheless, she did as she was told. Lena stretched her arms over head, Alex watching as Lena's beautiful breasts rise as she did so.

Alex crawled back down. Looking at Lena as she did so. And began lavishing Lena with the softest lips and tongue, kissing every inch, soft puckering kisses right on Lena's clit, just like on their first night together. Making sure to look up and make eye contact. Then down for a few more kisses and licks. Then up to look at Lena.

Lena was free. Her arms were free. Her legs were free. She was in her bed. With her lover. A lover who had spent the entire night catering to Lena's every need. Kissing and licking and fingering and fucking her into ecstasy. And it was still happening.

As Lena was being licked and sucked...Alex's lips and tongue were so wet...and so was Lean...that Lena couldn't tell what was her and what was Alex's mouth. It was all so wet and delicious. Alex couldn't stop. Wouldn't stop. Eating Lena Luthor's wet puss was what Alex wanted all night and it was finally here. She wasn't rushing this. She was savoring.

Lena couldn't take it anymore. She’d orgasmed too many times. Her pussy was confused. Could it even come again? Her heart was confused. Was she a captive? Was this all her idea? It felt that way? How much time had passed? Did Alex actually mark all the orgasms or had she forgotten some? What was my name? Lena Luthor. Lena Luthor. This is my home, right? Right? How did Alex even get in here? I must have let her in? I must have! More tears started flowing down Lena’s face. There was no way her body would possibly come again. It was simply not possible! Yet the pleasure continued...and the swell began...a surge of tingles and pleasures rising up from her crotch, her clit about to burst, the walls of her pussy suddenly ready to shudder, if Alex didn’t stop. Lena needed Alex to keep going. She couldn’t let Alex stop! She was almost there!

Without realizing what she was doing, Lena's hands started peeling the duct tape off of her mouth. Slowly so she wouldn't hurt herself. But it came off, and when it did, Alex heard the most breathtaking sound. Lena inhaling and saying her name.

"Oh, Alex..."

The emotion behind the words hit Alex right in the feels. Alex kept right on kissing, kept right on tenderly lapping her lips and sucking and darting her tongue deep into Lena's slit.

"Alex oh my God, yes. Yes. I want it. Don’t stop."

Alex increased the length of her tongue, going as deep into Lena as she could.

Lena brought her ankles to her hips again. Giving Alex the fullest, deepest possible angle of penetration. Alex started bobbing her face up and down as her tongue slipped into Lena's slit, deep tongue fucking her.
"God, fuck Alex, YES."

Alex was bobbing up and down, hard and fast. Lena clutched the sheets on either side of her. She was ready to come. Alex knew this tongue fucking simply wasn't going to do it.

She slid a finger inside Lena, soaking it, then slid it out and up... all the way up to Lena's clit.

As she did so, Alex brought herself up right alongside Lena, next to her, her face was right at Lena's. She wanted to be close to Lena, she wanted them looking right at each other as Lena came.

As Alex's finger traveled over the soaking wet, slippery clit again and again, she could see Lena was about to go over the edge.

Since Lena was able to breath through her mouth, she was taking large gasping gulps of air. Moaning loudly, making unabashed sounds as Alex fingered her. Lena wrapped her arms around Alex.

All night she'd wanted to feel Alex in her embrace. To draw her close. To be close. Her hands so long wanting to touch Alex's skin. Now every inch of her palms pressed against Alex's skin.

Alex's fingers flicking and diddling Lena. Lena and Alex looking deeply into each other's eyes. The sensations building up to crescendo. Lena started to come

And as she started to come...Lena's mouth, unable to speak for so long, started speaking before Lena realized what she was saying. Holding on to Alex, looking desperately into her eyes, a torrent of words spilled out of her. Her clit throbbing, her pussy shuddering, her mouth uttering.

"I love you, Alex. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you."

"I love you. I love you. I love you."

Lena stopped speaking. Eyes red. Wet. From exhaustion. From orgasm. From overwhelm. Searching for answers. They darted around the room as if they might catch sight of an angel who might provide a clue as to what was happening.

Alex watched.

Alex had no fucking idea how to respond.

Alex had done...too good of a job.

Lena was undone. In every way. Alex didn't think that was actually going to happen. She was just saying stuff to turn Lena on!

Lena grabbed Alex and pulled her close. Like a child gripping it's favorite stuffed animal. Pressing it tight against her chest.

Alex's face - mashed against Lena's bosom. With a "what do I do now?" type expression. She'd spent the whole night in control and...really didn't plan what would happen after.

Lena wrapped her legs around Alex, turning Alex into a giant body pillow. Lena hugging so tight.

Alex just lying there, being squeezed.

She was...not expecting this. What do you do in this situation? Did Lena want her to say it back? What did Lena want? Alex had a sobering realization. I have intimacy issues. If I don't know what to do or say or think or feel after the person I'm in bed with says "I love you" like a million times in my face...pretty sure that's an intimacy issue. This was a concrete sign. Absolute evidence. Yes siree Bob. Confirmed. Proven. Guilty as charged.

Lena was just laying there, holding. Panting.

Is this what being in the closet does to a person? Or is it all the government secrets? All the family secrets? Maybe it's the compartmentalization that I need to employ on the job? Intellectualizing. To dealt with the discomfort of the unknown. Alex didn't know how to have a conversation with Lena, so she had one with herself.

Lena sighed deeply and Alex rose and fell with her chest. She took her hands off Alex. Wiped the tears off her face. Gently shoved Alex off to the side.

Alex laid there. Watching as Lena climbed off the bed. Her legs wobbly. Hips swiveling this way and that.

Alex swelled with pride as Lena stumbled her way into the bathroom and didn't close the door.

Lena was DONE.

Alex sat up. Enjoyed the moment.
How long do you think that happened? Not long people! Alex Danvers has a lot of work to do on herself before she could just sit for an extended period an "enjoy the moment." The 'enjoying the moment' moment was as advertised: one single solitary moment. Then Alex noticed she was sitting alone in Lena's bedroom. She felt alone. Because she was alone. She also felt self-conscious. Alex had made herself vulnerable, too. Just in a very different way. She'd pulled out all the stops to impress Lena. To be close to Lena. To surprise Lena. Alex had put it all out there. Put herself out there. And now she was in the bedroom alone. She suddenly had a pit in her stomach.

Alex got off the bed, put her knife back into her utility belt. Folded her pants, her shirt, her shoes and put them in a neat pile. Looked at her clothes. Am I supposed to go home now? Maybe I'm supposed to sneak out? Last time I left Lena she was not happy. Alex took two steps this way, two steps that way. She was so lost.

Lena just sat on the toilet. Her mind still blank. Sat there for what seemed an eternity. Until finally a stream of pee started to come out. Lena knew that was important after all the penetration and oral. She mentally praised herself. On some level, self care was still happening. Healthy habits. Where were these thoughts coming from?

After she finished peeing, Lena just sat on the toilet for a bit. Still recovering. Her brain still not entirely online. Her emotions spent. Her self...somewhere else. She was sitting, waiting patiently, for it to find it's way back into her body. She didn't have the energy to get up anyway. Noticed the cuffs on her ankles. Just stared at them. Using the power of gravity, bending over, peeling them off.

Alex heard the rip of the Velcro from inside the bedroom. Lena was taking off the restraints. Alex was...getting nervous. What would Lena be like after she came back out of the bathroom? Alex looked around. Lena's place was fucking trashed. Panties everywhere. Dirty dildo. Bag of toys. 100$ underwear used as coasters. Cut up lengths of rope. Alex started to get really nervous. Maybe Lena would be...mad.

Alex heard the shower turn on.

Should I join her? Does she need to be alone? She didn't invite me to join her. Alex felt sick. And insecure. It didn't make sense. Lena had literally just looked her in the eye and said "I love you" over and over again. So why did Alex feel so terrible?

I mean, Lena just shoved me off of her and walked away from me without looking back. No acknowledgement. No goodbye.

No kiss goodbye.

OH.

So this is how Lena felt. When I walked away from her. When I didn't kiss her goodbye.

This felt like crap. Alex felt bad. Then...mad.

Was all of this Lena trying to get back at Alex? Had Lena waited until the very end of the game? Until the very last move? To turn the tables? And deliver this unexpected yet final blow? Prior to me breaking in, Lena was quite pissed off. Told me not to come to her office. Didn't agree to this late night visit.

From a quiet corner of her mind, a thought as soft as a whisper occurred to Alex. "Why can't I believe that someone would love me that much?". The whisper was so faint, Alex didn't hear it. It
was like smoke, disappearing into the ether. Deep down Alex didn't feel good enough. And the times she really didn't feel good enough were always the times when people were loving her so fiercely. Life a paradox.

You'd think Lena was in a nice steamy hot shower, but she wasn't. Her body couldn't take it. It was a lukewarm shower. The shower head jets turned to soft. She let the water bathe her, wash over her, taking all the energy of the evening and sending it down the drain. Cleaning and purifying not just her skin but her aura. Washing off all the games, the power struggles, the competition until it was just Lena standing there. And when it was finally Lena, in her body, her hands found the body gel, slowly made a lather and began smoothing it all over herself. Healthy habits. Healthy habits.

She was running at half speed. Cleaned herself thoroughly. Rinsed herself thoroughly. Her hands went to her face, feeling it, inspecting the skin. She couldn't go to work with sticky duct tape residue on her. What would people say? There were plenty of high end face products in her shower. She washed. Exfoliated. Rinsed. Checked again. It seemed fine. Lena's brain was at 50%. It was getting some stuff done! Lena still felt foggy but was proud. Healthy habits!

Alex had been so dominant. So assured. Cocky. She knew if she started cleaning up all the panties, Lena would see it as Alex with her tail between her legs. She left the panties. Gathered up the rope, the dildo, jammed them in the duffel bag. Still nervous with energy. Put Lena's phone on the night table. Back where she'd found it. Put Lena's purse on the counter. Criticized herself for cleaning up! She just didn't know what to do with herself! She saw Lena's cut up night shirt on the ground. Alex jammed that into the duffle bag, too. A souvenir? Or cleaning up the evidence? She had no idea.

Lena turned off the shower. Got out. Toweled off. Checked her face in the lighted magnifying mirror, every inch of her lips and jaw. She'd gotten it all. She would check again in the morning, just to be sure. Applied a few night creams. Suddenly SO thirsty! There were several bottles of Fiji spring water in a toweled basket under the sink. She grabbed one, opened it and chugged. Emptying it in seconds. Left it on the counter. Housekeeping would get it in the morning.

Maybe if I wasn't running around this room completely nude I'd feel better. Alex looked on the floor for the most comfortable pair of panties. Saw a pair of red hip huggers on the right hand side of the bed. Slipped them on.

Saw the glass of milk. Suddenly ravenous. Suddenly thirsty. Put her finger in it. It was warm. Don't drink it. Took the glass of milk. Used the panty coaster to wipe the counter. Threw that on the floor with the others and left. Headed to the kitchen.

Lastly, Lena brushed her hair smooth. Her arms felt like lead. Finally left the bathroom. Alex nowhere to be seen.

Did a quick inventory. Duffle bag packed. Clothes folded. Milk gone. Lena's brain was coming back online. 75%. She was reading the room. Gathering information. Drawing conclusions. The bag and clothes meant Alex would be coming back.

Underwear was still everywhere. Lena liked that.

Remembered the petal game. Smiled.

Remembered how it ended. She loves me not. Lena didn't like that.

Put that thought aside.
Lena went back into the bathroom, got the ankle cuffs. Put them in the duffle bag. Caught a glimpse of a harness and strap on. Hmmmm. Zipped the bag closed.

Saw her phone on the side table. Remembered. There were photos. Videos. Lena just didn't have the energy or internal resources to go there. That was going to be a whole thing she'd have to deal with later. Lena took in a deep satisfying breath. Crawled back into bed. Under her 500-thread-count white cotton percale sheets. Luxuriated. Clean and smooth skin and sheets. Crisp and fresh. Waited for Alex to return.

Alex took her time in Lena's kitchen. There were two refrigerators. Both packed with healthy foods. A wine fridge. Two sinks. One against the wall. One in the large island. The kitchen had low lighting under the cabinets which came on at night. Expressly for the purpose of illuminating a late night snack run. Alex could see hints of the open floor plan, the kitchen seamlessly flowing into an expansive living room, too dark to make anything out, hints of a terrace beyond that. Alex tried to wrap her mind around Lena's wealth. Understanding the fridges weren't filled with things that Lena herself bought. They'd been purchased by staff. Did Lena even know how to buy things at a grocery store? Did she think a banana cost $10?

Alex set the milk down on the counter. Got the idea to wash up. Used the kitchen soap. Cleaning her face. Pulling down her underwear. Cleaning between her legs. Using the kitchen towels to dry off her face. Paper towels to wipe between her legs. Looked everywhere to find the garbage. It was in a "hidden" cabinet with no handles. A gentle press caused it to slide open. Luxe.

Alex dumped the milk down the sink. Rinsed the glass. Then wiped it down, making sure to not leave her fingerprints. Why am I taking my fingerprints off the glass? Habit? Or am I afraid Lena might file charges? Alex got a shiver of fear. Started wiping down the handle of the fridge, cleaning off her prints. What am I doing?? What have I done? Alex's heart was beating fast. She was really scared. My DNA is all over those paper towels. All over Lena's bed. Lena's body. Well, she did just shower. All over these panties I'm wearing. Alex said to herself sternly 'get ahold of yourself!' She calmed down. Lena was into it. She was into ALL of it. She'd said I love you. Alex still had a pit in her stomach.

Found a fresh glass. Filled it with water from the sink. Downed it. Then wiped it clean of her prints. Again! She was mad at herself because she knew damn well she was never going to rid this house of physical evidence and she shouldn't have to! But she hit the sink, anyway, wiping it for prints. What the fuck am I doing?? Alex had to face the music. She had to face Lena. Lena was the one who would decide if Alex was going to jail or not. Maybe J'onn could do a mind erase. Make like this night never happened. Alex felt more fear than she could remember. None of her training was kicking in. She took a deep breath and headed back upstairs. To face the music.
Chapter 27

Alex arrived at the bedroom door, standing in the door jamb. Hesitant. Lena saw she was wearing her red hip huggers. Lena liked that. Smiled.

Alex saw the smile. Took a cautious step in.

Lena's brain was at 90%. She could sense Alex was...uncertain. Could see Alex was no longer the "powerhouse top" "home invader". She was back to being, the sensitive woman who needed to prove something. She was wondering...if she'd done a good job.

Lena pulled open the sheets.

"Get in here, dummy."

For some reason, this...jab...gave Alex a bit of her swagger back. Alex walked slowly towards the bed. Kicking the panties up with her feet like leaves in fall. Showing Lena... "Dummy? I broke into your house and fucked this whole place up."

Lena smiled wide. A new playfulness between them. Alex got to the bed. Lena was still holding up the covers, waiting for Alex to join her.

"Take those off please."

Lena eyeballed the panties Alex was wearing.

Alex slid the panties off. Not in a sexy way. Just pulled them down and crawled into bed. Naked. Beside Lena.

Lena's eyes were glassy, needing sleep. Immediately. She scooped Alex up, snuggling her against the crook of her shoulder. Indicating...you stay right here, be quiet, shhhh, hush little baby don't say a word, sleepy time now, bye bye, night-night.

Lena closed her eyes. She was lying on her back, right in the middle of the bed. Very much the queen in her royal quarters. Alex's sweet, soft breath escaping from her lips, warm against Lena's skin.

There was just something about Lena lying in the middle of the bed. She didn't make room for Alex. She'd invited Alex in. It made Alex feel odd. Special. Chosen. Yet also...maybe...perhaps...as if she was there...by special invitation. Limited engagement. One night only.

But what a night. And what an invitation. Honestly the unsaid and unexplained level of commitment sort of worked for Alex. The "I love you" thing...it was as if it had never happened. This made Alex feel much more comfortable. I guess it was just part of the game?

Who was holding who? Alex was pressed up against Lena. Lena's hair - damp and smooth. Lena's creamy soft skin - it smelled of lavender a hint of something else Alex couldn't identify. (Verbena). In Lena's bed - IN it. Not just tumbling about on top of it. On top of her. In it. With her. Alex felt the smooth sheets against her legs. This bed was better than the best bed Alex had ever laid in. Better than the bed at Metropolis' Royal Ace Hotel when her work paid for her to speak at the Citizens For Self Protection Conference. I think the Luthor Corp was a sponsor of that? Back when Lex was still in charge. Back when Lex was friends with Superman. Alex couldn't believe she was in Lena Luthor's bed. Alex had always seen the magazine covers and shoots of Lena. Kara showed
them to Alex whenever they came out. Usually because Kara had some hand in it. Alex put the thought of Kara out of her mind.

It was easy to do. Alex snuggled up against Lena's naked form and Lena's perfect body was suddenly the only thing on Alex's mind. She traced her fingertips over Lena's skin. Feeling her for what felt like the first time.

Was it the beauty products? The scents? The sheets? Was it Lena in the middle of her bed? Whatever it was...Alex suddenly felt...suddenly realized...that Lena was the richest, most powerful woman in the entire city.

Maybe the world.

"Go to sleep, my darling." Lena petting Alex's hair tenderly. It didn't sound like the type of endearment she said to just one person. It sounded like something Lean had said a lot of people. No matter. It felt fantastic to hear. Lena's voice low and sleepy. Slumber about to hit in seconds. However long this was going to last, Alex decided to enjoy herself. She molded her body against Lena. They fell into a deep slumber.

Not knowing at that very moment, something extremely sinister was occurring across town. Something that would threaten the safety of everyone in National City.

---

If you take the highway, head all the way east and exit via the Red Point off ramp, you enter warehouse district - a vast expanse of commercial and industrial buildings situated between the railroads and the river, far far away from the malls and coffee shops and parks and schools and high rise buildings that comprise the rest of National City. Many of the warehouses former factories, dating back to the turn of the century. The previous century's turn of the century. When the city rose to prominence as the nation’s leading garment manufacturer.

Immigrants flocked to these factories, migrating down from the mountain towns after all the gold had been panned up from the rivers. Finding work as seamstresses, cutting and pounding shoe leather. Working metal presses to fashion buttons and zippers and belt buckles. Hard labor. 12 hour days. Some of the materials were toxic. Luckily no one knew. They were glad to work and feed their families. Proud to make things the rest of the nation needed. Outfitting the world. The cutting edge of fashion.

National City grew quickly. Population swelling rapidly. The number of officers policing them...lagging far behind. Crime was sky high. The murder rate double the national average. City Hall put pressure on the local papers to not report all the murders. Newspapers are supposed to help the city, they said. These stories would only hurt the city, they said. Not to mention that a handful of politicians wined and dined the newspaper owners, providing them with...experiences...they wouldn't be afforded otherwise.

Plus, the citizens knew. Neighbors never came home. They were getting shanked. In bars during drunken fights. In illegal gambling halls over lost wages and bad bets. Or simply by coming home late for work.

Bodies were found on the street. Stripped of their wallets. Stripped of their boots. Well, they were wearing the best boots money could buy. The Red Point Boot Company gave each employee one pair of boots as a loyalty reward. Free advertising! thought the label owners. Job perk! Morale booster!
Employees at the nation's best boot company quickly fashioned themselves as the worst heeled workforce in the world. Keeping their prized pair hidden in their closet. Wearing only their most trashed and worn footwear to and from the factory. Men lurked in shadowy alleys to see if someone might be wearing a pair of Red Points. If so, they might be that night’s target. So the employees ridded themselves of potential misadventure entirely by hiding them at home, or at a relatives, sometimes even just selling them on the black market.

The owners of Red Point Boot Company discussed ending the free boot policy. Then were told by their sales reps in other cities and towns that the “gore lore” of the footwear was one of it’s major selling points. The owners kept giving employees their one pair. In a brown paper bag. With as little fan fare as possible. At each employee's three year anniversary. They were told not to wear them home.

This dangerous existence, the threat of being murdered for something as trivial as a pair of shoes, it became a point of pride for the early residents of National City. They felt tough. Fearless. That spirit of the city remains to this day. When aliens were first discovered on Earth, while the rest of the world panicked, tried to figure out what this meant and how to react...the headline of the National City Register read "Aliens Among Us." Then underneath in slightly smaller font: “Residents Shrug, Head Back to Work.” National City's bad ass attitude towards threat and mortality guided the rest of the country into alien acceptance. Honestly, what other option was there?

They day that paper came out, someone had silkscreened a t-shirt featuring the headline. All 1,000 were sold before lunch. Sure there are copies available but that original silkscreened run is a collectors item on eBay. Very rare. Auctions ranging between 600-700 dollars even if it’s used, washed, damaged and faded. Mint condition? Forget it.

Back during the manufacturing boom, there’d been a contest to come up with the city's official slogan. Nearly every entry was a fashion pun. The winner: "Dressed to Kill." The mayor rejected it. Announced his personal favorite, "Finest in the Land." Dressed to Kill was often spray painted over signs with the official motto. To this day there is a policy to immediately remove that graffiti. At great cost to the taxpayers. Seeing a "dressed to kill" tag remains one of the most sublime pleasures for residents. Uniting them. A rally cry of bravery.

This tough as nails attitude was what attracted Cat Grant to National City. She took it on as a personal mission to lead them back to innocence and hope. She liked to challenge herself. What greater challenge than to change the identity of an entire city? She never told anyone this. And hadn't made much headway...until Supergirl arrived. It was just one of the reasons she was...so fond...of Supergirl.

And this "we can take care of ourselves, thank you very much" attitude is exactly why Lex put Luthor Corp's main offices smack dab in the center of National City's Financial District. He still operated out of the Metropolis office, but the largest branch of Luthor Corp - from its executives down to janitorial - were National City born and raised. Extremely proud to work at Luthor Corp. Loyal. Luthor Corp was company that stood for human rights. HUMAN. After “the troubles”...after Lex went to jail...after Lena changed Luthor Corp to L Corp, nearly all of the employees stayed on. With just as much pride. No company since Red Point Boots had such a storied gore lore. Landing a job at L Crop meant you were certified bad ass. L Corp jobs were coveted. In L Corp swag, you felt dressed to kill. Plus, great pay and benefits. (No shoes, though.)

As you coast down the off ramp, towards the warehouse district, it pulls you into a sloping 270
degree turn. And if the time is right, you can see the most beautiful sunsets. Unused smoke stacks against a backdrop of scarlet, pink and magenta...stretching all as far as the eye can see.

One you're on the streets, you're in a maze. Long low buildings stretching the length of entire city blocks, only quick glimpses of sky as you pass them. No one on the sidewalks. Just tractor trailer trucks pulling up to loading bays. Cars parked in vast lots hidden to outsiders, found only by those who knew the exact sequence after the exit (left, left, straight four blocks, right, left, right.). To everyone else, a mystery. The streets an impenetrably labyrinth. The work day was 9-5. After five, the parking lots emptied. The area deserted. A veritable ghost town. Until morning.

That suited the Scavenger. He owned one of these warehouses. A former paint factory. Each loading bay bricked up. The front door on the corner was unmarked by number or name. Uninviting. Innocuous. That door never opened during the day. Never. Had anyone had dared open that door, without invitation, they would have seen a vast empty floor covered in dust and dirt undisturbed for 80+ years.

Late at night, under moonlight and cover of darkness...that was another matter entirely. Three times a year the Scavenger threw parties. For friends. For clients. Women were hired. To serve drinks. To serve food. To serve themselves.

The inside of the warehouse had been completely redesigned to suit The Scavenger's taste. He had a thing for the Victorian Age. Wood paneling, curtains, a large sweeping staircase and banister leading to the second level. Specifically for women in corsets and long gloves and hats. And giant skirts full of ruffles and other mysteries. Women bound with hundreds of hook and eye bodices and boots, needing fingers and tools and time to get them undressed.

The Scavenger knew much of the lost art of dressing. And undressing.

Of living. And un-living. Or as most people put it: un-deading.

Most of the people at the party weren't human or alien. They were the undead. The hybrids, walking in the 4th dimension. Slipping between the 3D earth plane bumping up against the 5th plane angelic realm. Barred from entering. This was their heaven. Their place of eternal rest. To do with what they pleased. This was where the phrase "heaven on earth" came from. From these posh and upper crust undead denizens. They knew how to have a good time.

The inside of the warehouse was pure 4th dimension paradise. Seen as a dusty abandoned interior to mortals. A Victorian salon to 4D walkers and their guests. The Scavenger could open it to assorted guests through his...mental intention...and their...willingness to step inside. It was one of the reasons he liked Lena Luthor so much. She understood the power of intention. Well, as much as a human could, it seemed.

The party was in full swing. (Undead) men arrived in top hats and top coats. (Undead) women in corsets and petticoats. A steampunk vibe. Industrial elements. Human women and men, regulars, paid handsomely for their company. There were other things for sale, too. Antiques from this dimension and beyond. From this planet and beyond. There was always silent auction and bidding could be fierce depending on the selection. Always a reminder that The Scavenger was the world’s most esteemed dealer of art and antiquities.

He was also the consummate host. This party was an event that...discerning collectors didn't miss. It was just too fabulous. He knew how to keep his clientele happy. It just so happened to be the same thing that kept him happy. Win win win.

An ornate silver tray passed before him, with etched coupe glasses filled with champagne. As he
reached for one, the lights started to flicker. A rumble was felt. Was this an earthquake? National City had been known to have them. The floor buckled, champagne spilled, people grabbed whatever was in arms reach to stabilize themselves.

And then, in the middle of the room. He appeared. Ryxlyn. The Goren with the intent to create Earth as his next slave planet.

The Scavenger recognized him immediately. The Scavenger filled with fear. Mostly for his life. For the undead most certainly could die. They just couldn't be killed by a human. And he was afraid for his business. And his auction. And his...vases. That was what they'd come for. Oh. No.

Ryxlyn looked similar to an ogre. Oversized. Brutish. But with grey skin virtually no facial features or hair. Creamy bloodshot eyes with no pupils. You couldn't tell which way he was looking. Dressed like a crude warlord. Weaponry at his side.

The Scavenger had no idea how he got inside. Without invitation. This was really a situation. The Scavenger silently cursed Supergirl and the humans she cavorted with. Protect National City? Ha. He’d warned them. And they did nothing.

Ryxlyn had two henchmen. Similar in size and dress. Naturally the humans at the party were scared witless. A few of them had passed out on sight.

“Scavenger...give it to me.”

Scavenger was surrounded by his most elite clientele. This night of pomp and pleasure was quickly turning into a PR disaster.

“It’s THE Scavenger. And I would appreciate it if…”

Ryxlyn, bored with the foppish speech, turned and saw the cabinet of china behind him. Walked towards it.

The Scavengers words trailed off…

“...if you would please show me your invitation…...”

The Scavenger had never looked so powerless.

Ryxlyn opened the cabinet. Speaking as he did so. To himself? To The Scavenger? To the people at the party? To no one at all? Answer: all of the above.

“Where do you hide a book? In a library.”

The cabinet was filled, jam packed with vases, serving bowls, decanters.

“Where do you hide a leaf? A forest.”

Ryxlyn saw the vase he’d come for. Grabbed it. Closed the case.

He walked back to his henchmen. Held the vase right up so The Scavenger could see it.

“Where do you hide a vase? A china cabinet.”

The Scavenger realized this brute was no dummy.

Ryxlyn addressed the entire party.
“Enjoy your evening. Tomorrow night you will all be my slaves.”

The lights flickered. The floor buckled. The air rumbled.

Ryxlyn and his Goons were gone.
Chapter 28

The guests just stood there. Shocked and frightened at the intruder who had just promised to enslave them all. The intruder who then disappeared without providing further clarification. Who had disrespected their host. Stolen something right from his cabinet. And caused several humans to faint.

The Scavenger silently cursed Supergirl and her merry band of humans. They were useless. USELESS. Ryxlyn now had the power to…

The Scavenger realized he was being stared at. By every single one of his guests. Which were his clients. Which were his livelihood. He had one moment to salvage his party, his reputation and his business. And that moment was right now.

So he turned to his guests, and sweeping his arms out like a true showman said, "Ladies and Gentlemen! As you have just witnessed...tonight, we have an extra special treat for you.” Making it up as he went along. “For tonight isn’t just a party…tonight….hopefully...you, too, like our surprise guest...will find something...in our very first…….Scavenger Hunt!"

There were oohs and aahs. The crowd was buying it!

"Like a leaf in a forest...like a book in a library...like a vase in a china cabinet..." The Scavenger was really selling it. His guests, his audience, were rapt on his every word. "There is something hidden in this house, hiding in plain sight, and in order to find it...you have...only one night."

The Scavenger was never so happy to end on a rhyme. His words were dripping with mystery. People were freaking out. "Whoever does find it...shall forever...possess...." To everyone else, it seemed as if The Scavenger was adding dramatic pauses for flair. Nope. He was trying to figure out what to say next. "Something dearly coveted...by every...other...guest." And that’s when he made a little flourish and bow. “Let the hunting begin!”

Everyone burst into applause! Wild with excitement! A treasure hunt was suddenly afoot!


What were they looking for? The Scavenger would figure that out later. He disappeared through a secret door. He needed to contact his cousin and let her know that the worst case scenario was happening.

---

Lena woke up at 5:30am. No alarm. Alex dead asleep next to her. Lena smiled. There was something so normal and domestic with Alex there, her arm over her head, hair mussed up, mouth agape.

Lena slipped out of bed, intending to do her yoga. Saw the panties everywhere. Paused. She could easily have housekeeping pick them up. Decided she didn't want that. Bent over, gathered every
last one up from the floor. Her arms soon laden with lingerie opened the drawer to put them away.

And that’s when she saw it. With staring into the drawer. Lena’s heart stopped. There it was. A green and black lace thong.

One last panty.

Alex had left it there. She’d purposefully ending the game on "she loves me not." Even though there was one more panty left. Why? To gain an edge over Lena? Or maybe she left this "she loves me" on purpose for me to find? Did she know this panty was here? Maybe it was in the back of the drawer and she didn’t see it and it moved forward when I pulled the drawer open.

Lena dumped all the panties in the drawer. Covering it. The morning, so simple and domestic just moments ago, was suddenly full of intrigue. Lena liked that.

She went down the hall to her walk in closet, which was really two gigantic rooms, put her on workout gear, went to her workout room, did her downward dogs, her sun salutations then headed down to the kitchen for sustenance.

The kitchen was quiet yet busy. The chef was there. So was housekeeping.

The chef was a buff blonde man named Julian. He was a chef and personal trainer. He made Lena’s breakasts and lunches, was a kale advocate, a juicer, a vegan who ate steak on weekends, and did all the grocery shopping for the penthouse, including items the other chefs might need. (Lena had several chefs on staff. Julian for healthy mornings and lunches. Mauricio for special events. Pam for weekends. Ethan for evenings at home. He usually ended up making meals and send them to Lena’s office at L Corp. Jess managed their schedules.).

The day time housekeeper was Regina. Regina worked for Lillian for 11 years. Until Lillian fired Regina for talking back. Lillian was constantly making little digs that undermined the staff. Commenting on how things were done wrong, inefficiently, in the wrong way, the wrong order, etc. etc. etc. Regina was a proud woman and after 11 years of this, one day she finally snapped.

On that day, Lillian and her friend aka frenemy aka arch society rival Constanse were discussing the gala they’d be co-hosting at the public library. Yes, that Constance. The one who Lionel maybe slept back in the 90s while Lillian was pregnant with Lex. Constance denied this up and down - so why did she look so...relieved...Lionel's funeral? It seemed to Lillian to be the exact kind of relief an adulteress feels when the only other person who knows her secret had literally just been put into the ground. Lillian only remained friends with Constance because if she iced her out - it would only serve to confirm to the whole of Metropolis that Lillian had been cheated on. And so these two women, who genuinely couldn’t stand each other, had spent the next 20 years acting like bffs.

Society women making interesting choices.

It was important for Lillian to feel superior to Constance. And in truth, she was. In every way. More money? Check. Better face? Better body? Smarter? Check. Check. Check. So why did Lionel cheat? She finally asked Peter, a very successful and very gay investment banker this very question. His response was simply this, “Show me a beautiful woman and I’ll show you a man who is tired of fucking her.” They were both very drunk at the time and Lillian didn’t understand and Peter understood that for all her brains, Lillian often missed the entire point of relationships.

So when Lillian looked down and saw Regina's footwear...black, heavy medical shoes...designed to cure Regina's plantar fasciitis...developed over years of walking to the Luthor Mansion, walking through the Luthor mansion, up and down stairs, through hardwood hallways, along tiled bathroom and kitchen floors, 7,000 steps daily, it took a toll on Regina’s feet and she needed special footwear
to correct the damage...but the shoes...so ugly they should have come with a prescription...suffice to say Lillian was embarrassed. She felt just a little less posh, just a little more gauche, just a little older, more tired, less fashionable and less special in front of Constance. Lillian needed to display some power in front of Constance.

“I’m not sure what exactly is on your feet, but I believe we pay you enough to afford shoes so please do so.” Regina had delivered impeccable service to Lillian for 11 years. And she’d been talked down to like this countless times. But there goddamn shoes were because Regina had sacrificed her feet to serve Lillian! Regina had to clap back.

The line was "You ain’t never reached for a plate in your damn life." It wasn’t even what she said. It was how she said it. Her tone was utter contempt.

At least five people heard it. Lillian and Regina, obviously. Constance. And two other staff members. Gael, the butler who at that very moment was serving the women two sidecars. And whose eyes turned wide saucers, filled with fear and delight at Regina's insubordination. He quickly regained his composure. Constance was in all her glory. Waiting to see how Lillian would react. The fifth person was Terry, Lillian's personal assistant. He just entering the room carrying a large binder with guest lists, seating charts, etc. Terry heard Regina deliver the line, literally twirled on the foot that had stepped into the room, pivoted like a ballerina and walked right out in the opposite direction hoping to God that no one saw him see that. (No one did. And when Lillian brought it up, he feigned shock and outrage, making like he was elsewhere when the high crime occurred.)

Regina regretted saying it instantly.

First of all, she knew before Lillian even responded that she'd lost her job. Gone. Poof. Over. Cancelled. Not to mention terrible references and instant blacklist with all the best, better and even wannabee families. Career Kaput.

Second, the clap back didn't make any sense. Yet everyone basically knew exactly what it meant. That Lillian was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, (she wasn’t - that’s another story for another day) had never worked a day in her life, (again, not true, she did have a few jobs and she never ever talks about them), got lucky and married well, (true), had inherited hundreds of millions from her deceased husband (again, true) and literally doesn’t lift a finger except to point it at people who she deemed as underperforming (again, true) So why mention plates? There wasn't a plate in sight. They were in the library. It's just what popped out of Regina's mouth.

"That will be all for today, Regina." replied Lillian. Cool as ice. Knowing full well, that later, Terry would call Regina at home to inform her she’d been terminated and that the contents of her locker...

Regina cut him off. Informed Terry she'd already emptied out her locker.

Terry loved Regina. They sat in silence on the phone. Both knowing that Lillian might be listening. She often listened in on the calls that came in and out of the house. She thought no one knew. Everyone knew. So Terry and Regina had a moment of silence. A moment of understanding. And in this silence they said I love you, good luck and goodbye without saying one single word. "Your final paycheck will be mailed to the address of record." Regina hung up the phone. Terry knew she was hanging up on Lillian and he felt great about it.

To this day, whenever Lillian is out of town and her house staff tease each other by saying "You
ain't never reached for a plate in ya whole damn life." Never fails to get a laugh.

Three months had passed before Lena heard Regina had been fired. Jess made the call, made the offer. Regina accepted, hung up the phone and literally cried in her husband's arms. It wasn't even a question to move to National City when Lena did. Regina would die for Lena. Literally DIE for her. And not just because Lena the one person that hated Lillian Luthor more than Regina did. It was because Lena was good and true and loyal.

Regina wanted so much to be a mother figure to Lena...but Lena didn't want a mother. The role of "mother" had already been too tainted and tarnished. To Lena, mother meant abandonment and abuse and neglect. So Regina did what she could, making sure Lena's home was clean and safe, would pray for Lena every night before bed, and while at work would silently send Lena loving mother energy when Lena wasn't looking.

It was almost 6:30am. Julian had just finished making a wheatgrass shot with hints of orange rind and ginger. Lillian came into the kitchen.

"Good morning, Ms. Luthor," said Regina.

"Miss Luthor...good morning to you," said Julian, handing over the wheatgrass shot.

"Good morning," said Lena, taking the shot, downing it, handing the glass back to Julian.

That’s when they saw it. Lena was...glowing. There was no hiding it. And she didn't have to. All of her house staff had signed ironclad NDAs. They'd be ruined if they breathed one word of what they saw or heard in that penthouse.

Regina wanted to run and put her arms around Lena. Squeeze her and ask her, "who did you meet? Tell me everything, my sweet girl!" She couldn't.

Lena wanted nothing more than to tell...someone...about her evening. Unfortunately, she had no one to tell. She certainly couldn't tell her best friend Kara. She had no therapist to confide in. No mother to turn to. No other friend to field her call. No sibling. No sister. And getting too familiar with the staff only led to problems. Lionel told her that. So did Lex. And they were right. So Lena keep her thoughts to herself and instead just...beamed...as she picked through the newspapers on the counter (delivered daily) and starting thumbing through the headlines.

Regina and Julian didn't dare look at each other. Carried on as professionals.

"Breakfast smoothie?"

"Yes, please," answered Lena. Julian started gathering ingredients from the fridge. Regina went to the living room and started fluffing pillows just so she wasn't hovering. "Make it a double. I have a friend who'll be joining us."

Even though they were in different rooms. Even though they weren't looking at each other. Regina and Julian both had huge ass smiles on their faces.

Lena put down the paper and headed back upstairs.

Regina marched right into the kitchen and stood right next to Julian until her looked her in the eye. The smiled like: this is it! It's happening! It's really happening!! They wanted Lena to be happy. To find someone. The penthouse had 12 rooms and was far too big for just Lena. They wanted her to find someone. She deserved it. Regina couldn't hug Lena so she grabbed Julian in her arms and
squeezed him until it hurt.

---

Upstairs, Lena entered the bedroom. Alex still dead asleep. Lena sat on the bed, gently pushing Alex's shoulder to wake her.

"What time is it?" Alex sounded groggy.

"It's CEO time." Replied Lena.

"What?" Alex had no idea what Lena was talking about.

"Time to get up."

Alex rubbed her eyes and sat up. Alex was naked. Lena in workout gear.

"Do you want something to eat?"

"Can't we sleep in?" Alex looked at the clock. It was 6:40am. "Scratch that. Can't we sleep until a reasonable hour?"

Lena sighed. "I have to leave here by 7:30. Which means you have to leave here by 7:20." Alex could hear the tone. This timeline was non negotiable. "So, would you like to join me for breakfast or not?"

"Can I...borrow something to wear?"

Lena led Alex out of bed, down the hall and into the first walk in closet. Alex was astounded at it's size. It looked like a museum of clothes. Alex tried to not look like a rube and made like she'd been in this size closet before. It literally was 10x fancier than the fanciest store Alex had ever shopped in. Lena opened a drawer and pulled out shorts and a t shirt. Alex slipped them on. And they headed downstairs to the kitchen.

Alex was surprised to see they weren't alone. A chef. A maid. People. Here. Looking at me. Wearing Lena's clothes. I obviously spent the night. With Lena. My hair is messed up. My feet are bare. And I'm not wearing a bra!!!!

Lena sat at the counter. Alex sat next to her. Julian and Regina slipped away, giving the ladies privacy. After a moment, Lena put her paper down. Looked at Alex.

"We have...something to discuss."

Here it comes, thought Alex. Lena had said “I love you.” A bunch of times. To me. And I didn’t say anything back.

"I guess we do," said Alex.

Is she going to say it was part of the game? Is she going to say she meant it? Is she going to

"Okay," said Lena. Waiting for Alex to say something.

But Alex was waiting for Lena to say something first.

Lena said, "I'm waiting."
Inside, Alex was like - She's waiting? Waiting for what? Waiting for me to say I love you back? If this is how she wants to hear something like that...that's fucked up. And yet, there she is, clearly waiting for me to say something.

"You mean...about...the coaster?" asked Alex.

Lena laughed. "Um. Okay. We can start there."

"Such precious furniture."

"It is precious. It's an antique."

"An antique. You like old things."

Lena gave Alex the up and down. "Clearly." Alex feigned hurt. "It's special to me. I got it in a small Italian village. Pitigliano."

Alex was surprised. "I know that town."

"Have you been?"

"No. I was reading about it the other day. The vases." Alex was clearly referring to the museum break in. And The Scavenger. "They were from Etruscan times, near that town."

Lena thought back to her museum tour. With Luigi. "Maybe they're the magic vases."

Alex raised her eyebrow, indicating a high level of skepticism. "Magic vases where you put your hand inside, wish for anything you want and it will come true." Alex waited for more. Lena didn't have more. That was it.

“So...like...lemme get this straight...you have a degree from MIT? That school’s going downhill.”

Lena took the paper and swatted Alex with it.

Alex found magic and legends boring. She didn't even read Harry Potter, much to Kara's eternal annoyance. Kara said refusing to read Harry Potter was a very Slytherin thing to do. Alex had no idea what that meant but assumed it was pretty dope.

"Can we get back to the elephant in the room?" Lena looked at Alex. Lena wanted answers.

"I...um...I don't know what...you want me to say," stammered Alex.

"Alex, last night was...fun and all. Game time is over. I need to know."

Alex gulped. She wasn't sure how she felt. About anything. Lena looked all business. Like this was some sort of transaction that she felt entitled to. Alex felt more controlled than ever. And not in a fun way. She started getting hot under the collar. Defensive. Confused.

"Alex, quit stalling. I need to know how you got into my apartment."

Alex was so relieved. Lena was not.

"Alex? If this penthouse has a security flaw, and it clearly does...I need it fixed immediately."

"Trust me, you have nothing to worry about. I would tell you."

"You WOULD tell me? You WILL tell me. Right now."
Alex downed the rest of her shake.

"Babe, I gotta go. Big work day for me, big CEO day for you..."

"Alex you are not leaving here until I know exactly how you..."

Alex leaned in and kissed Lena.

Lena felt Alex's cool lips on hers. Soft, cool and inviting. Melting into each other. Alex started talking during the kiss.

"I know you need a kiss goodbye in the mornings…"

Alex kissed Lena again and again and again.

Now Lena started talking during the kiss.

"I need to know."

More kisses.

“You're fine. The place is fine.”

Kiss.

"It's obviously NOT fine."

Kiss.

"It's perfectly secure."

Kiss kiss kiss.

"Alex, that's obviously NOT true."

Alex pulled her in for a deep, full, long and satisfying kiss goodbye. When they pulled apart, they held each other's lower backs. Swaying.

"Lena, you are safe. I promise you."

"Since we’re making promises...promise me you won't ever do that again."

Alex was surprised. At the boundary. At the vulnerability. "I promise."

"Unless I ask..." Lena cocked her eyebrow.

Alex smiled, went upstairs, changed into the clothes she'd arrived in, grabbed her duffle bag and headed out the door.

Out the front door.

When she got to her car, parked four blocks away, there was a ticket jammed on the window. Alex didn't even care. It was worth it.

Heading home for a quick shower and change of clothes before work, she decided to take the highway. From the elevated onramp, Alex could see the whole of the city.
And there in the distance, was a gigantic, ominous, terrifying blue cloud of electricity engulfing the entire north quarter of the city. Alex looked at the cloud. Saw powerful blue bolts of lightning striking down on buildings and homes.

What in the hell is that?

Alex's phone starting buzzing. A group text from J'onn to Alex and Supergirl.

"Red Wild."

That was code meaning to convene at DEO headquarters. Now.

"It’s like you can read my mind, J’onn."

Dear Reader,

I would not blame you for assuming that, at this point in the story, we would be following Alex to the DEO. For is this not, in essence, a Supergirl fan fic? And is that not what Supergirl and her super friends do? Huddle in the DEO? Where they figure out what the big bad is? And how to defeat it?

For there is a big bad. Rxylyn. The intergalactic Goren overlord. Hell bent on enslaveing his next planet. And the big blue electric cloud covering the northern quadrant of the city? Yup. That's his handiwork. Rxylyn's plot to enslave the population of earth has begun. And it's working.

The DEO needs to stop this. J'onn. Winn. Vasquez. Alex. Supergirl.

ESPECIALLY Supergirl. They're the earth's only hope.

So again, reader, if you thought that's where we would be heading...it's understandable. Yet incorrect.

For certainly, Alex is, right now, at the DEO. With Supergirl. With Winn. With J'onn. The entire DEO staff. It's an all hands on deck situation over there. Charts. Graphs. Read outs. Analysis. Weapons checks. Heated debates. Supergirl chomping at the bit, ready to fly off the handle and directly into the cloud. Alex trying to talk sense into her, yelling "what are you going to do -- punch a cloud??" Everyone wondering why Alex and Supergirl are yelling at each other. Assuming it's because this situation with this electric cloud is so intense. Everyone being SO very wrong about that, unaware of the intense rivalry that had developed over the past several days between the two sisters. (Vasquez sort of sensed it was about something else but didn't dare ask.)

Again! I don't blame you if you thought we'd be spending this chapter at the DEO! Getting swept up in the science and the technical drama… Learning everything about how to best face all the enemies and save National City!

But I must inform you that this is NOT where our chapter begins.

It begins... with Jess. Heading to work.

Because at the end of the day...or rather, at the beginning of the day...Jess is just another citizen of National City. A city where alien invasions happen every other week. A city were explosions and extraterrestrial gun fire are...somewhat...commonplace.

On this morning, Jess wakes up just like everyone else in National City does. She turns on the news and sees if it's safe to go outside.

The 6am news reports a gigantic blue electric cloud has formed over the sports arena in the north end. It's crackling. News anchors speculate as to it's origins. Is it weather? Man made? Alien made? Helicopters buzz about collecting aerial shots.

That arena is clear across the city. Jess gets in the shower.
She gets out. Blow dries her hair. Puts on deodorant. Back to her bedroom to pick out an outfit. Hears a bit more news.

The cloud has doubled in size. Engulfing several streets. Street lights non responsive. Powergrid failure. No one in the cloud seems to be leaving their homes. The cars that were on the streets have stopped. The people inside the cars...the helicopter cameras zoom in...they can't a good look...can't tell if the drivers are dead or alive or what.

Jess picks out an outfit. A pinstripe pencil skirt, white button down silk shirt, sassy, thin little bow tie. It's super cute. But maybe too "costume-y". Takes it off. She'll wear it out some night with her friends who will appreciate it. Lena Luthor needs her assistant to bring it. Not wing it. Jess replaces it with a simple gold choker. Perfect. Slips into heels. Checks the traffic report. All roads heading north are closed.

That shouldn't affect her too much. She leaves 10 minutes early.

Just another day in National City.

--

Jess arrives at her desk at L Corp. Lena's office door is open. She's already here. That's fine. Jess is still 10 minutes early. Jess takes off her coat, powers on her desktop computer. Checks the phone messages. Reviews the calendar for the day. Takes her tablet and her notebook and heads inside Lena's office.

The TV in on. News. The cloud has been doubling in size every 30 minutes. It’s now covering the entire northern section of National City. People are being told to evacuate their homes if they are in the cloud's path of expansion. Street names being listed. Repeated. Citizens on those streets urged to leave in the next 20 minutes.

Lena has her back to the newscast. Is staring out her balcony. She's got a bird's eye view of this cloud. It's mesmerizing. It's like...nothing she’s ever seen before. Similar to the image of Tesla in his lab. Just - orders of magnitude larger.

On the tv. Reporters interrupting reporters, live feeds changing, and suddenly we're on the ground.

"Viewers, we're about to go live to Clare Street where Raul Garcia is speaking with...."

The feed cuts to Raul, wearing a shirt and tie, holding a microphone. Next to Raul is Martin. He’s young. Wearing an official National City Shoemakers basketball jersey. He looks SHOOK.

"Raul Garcia here on Clare Street with Martin Locke, a National City resident who just 20 minutes ago, evaded the cloud path in a daring escape through the city streets. Martin, tell us what happened."

Martin was sweating. Tried to speak the facts.

"I woke up and the news was reporting for everyone on Remington Avenue to evacuate immediately. I didn't ask questions. I grabbed my wallet, knocked on my neighbor's door, he was on his way out, too. So we ran. Right down the stairs and out the door. The cloud was right down on the street. People were flooding out their homes. I saw some step right into the cloud. They just...froze. That's when we started running hard."

Raul interrupted.
"Martin, you've just said you saw people in the cloud."

"Yeah. They froze. Like this."

Martin made a running stance and froze in it.

Lena turned away from her view out the balcony. Turned towards the news report. Her and Jess watched together.

Raul turned to the camera. "We are hearing what seems to be the first eyewitness account of how the cloud is affecting humans coming in contact with it. One effect freezing people in place." He turned back to Martin, who stopped his freezing position. "Martin, were you able to tell if they were still alive?"

"I couldn't say for sure. Their eyes were open. They were just...frozen. Like this." Martin froze in a running position again.

The anchors were all talking over each other, flooding Raul's earpiece with questions.

"How long was the freeze for?"

"Their eyes were open - were their eyes moving?"

"Is the cloud cold? Is it freezing cold?"

Raul put his hands up to his earpiece, indicating too many questions.

"Tell us what you did next, Martin."

"We turned and ran as fast as we could in the opposite direction. I've never run that fast in my life. I knew both roads wound around the school, so we decided to run right through it. All the students were running out of their dorms. We were all running south."

The feed cut back to the newsroom, to the anchors.

"Breaking news. Police are reporting that the cloud appears to have stopped expanding. Yet evacuations are still being enforced. On your screens below we are scrolling the names of streets with mandatory evacuations."

Winn had just performed a bit of scientific magic from within the DEO to stop the cloud spread. For now.

There was a split screen. On the right, images of NCPD near the front lines, the cloud just a half mile down the road, temporarily halted in its advance.

Lena saw Maggie Sawyer on the TV. Talking on her police radio. She was on the ground. Right in the path of danger.

"The cloud appears to be...no longer advancing."

The anchors talked over each other.

"We are unable to determine at this time whether this is a temporary pause? Or if the cloud has reached maximum size. Stay tuned as we continue with our live coverage or follow our updates on Twitter, hashtag KNAT blue cloud."
Suddenly there was a commercial for bubble bath. The music too loud. The images, the ideas...so absurd juxtaposed against this monumental threat.

Lena turned down the TV. She walked to the balcony. Stood outside. Looked at the cloud from above. Jess followed her.

The cloud crackled, glowed. Lighting bolts within it.

"It's like nothing I've ever seen before." Lena's tone...she was marveling at the science of it. It was terrifying and yet...breathtaking.

Lena thought of how Maggie Sawyer was right there. Near the cloud. The idea of being close to the cloud wafted through Lena’s mind. If Maggie Sawyer could be that close...certainly I could.

Jess commented, "It's like...nothing on earth."

Lena nodded. Then, without her even intending to, the gears of Lena’s brain started turning.

"You're right. It IS like nothing on earth."

A thousand calculations. Possibilities, eventualities, outcomes, opportunities, infinite paths flooded her brain. The science side of Lena was automatic and instinctual.

"That cloud must have an element in it...that's not from this earth." Even Jess understood this must be true. Lena continued. “Something our periodic table has yet to categorize."

Lena realized that element might be the very thing she needed to create anti kryptonite. She kept that thought to herself.

Jess looked worried though. Lena had “that look.” Jess had seen it before. Lena was clearly coming up with designs. Dangerous ones.

"If L Corp could discover...find...capture...a new element..." Was Lena talking to herself? Or Jess? Jess kept silent but inside, was like - oh, NO. "We could study it. Bring an untold number of scientific advances. Medical. Technological. Geological. Nano. Who knows what kind of applications it could have for mankind?"

Lena burned with ideas and ambition. Full CEO mode. Full scientific discovery mode.

Full fulfillment mode.

And yes, was Lena feeling a bit "extra" after such an extreme evening of carnal pleasures and exceeded expectations? Absolutely.

But the MAIN reason she was feeling extra...was at having gained ALL the power back after their little evening of playing hostage.

Lena took ALL the power back? By taking up the middle of the bed? Certainly, that was power. By calling Alex a dummy? Yes, that, too, was power.

When she took ALL the power back was the next morning. In the kitchen. When she made Alex think that they were going to discuss the "I love you situation." Then the...faking Alex out. Acting like she meant something else entirely.

Watching all the anticipation and confusion build on Alex's face, knowing full well that Alex had no idea how to handle hearing those words during sex...then throwing them at her AGAIN in the
cold light of morning...ambushing her...watching Alex’s fear and anger at being put into a situation she wasn’t ready for...then turning the tables... changing the topic...playing like it was never even about the whole "I love you" thing. When it 100% absolutely was. Watching Alex feel so relieved. Watching all those emotions playing out on Alex’s face. Revealing absolutely everything about her...opponent’s...weaknesses.

Lena was loving every single minute of it.

Pure puppet master.

Dear Readers: If you didn’t think that Lena brought that topic up, in that very specific way...just so she could read the look on Alex's face...just to gauge exactly how it had landed with her --- then maybe you haven’t been reading this fic very closely!

Do you think one night with Alex turned Lena Luthor into a soft cinnamon roll? Think Again!

Please recall the power games! The sexual control Lena likes to exert! How she likes to...teach. Please recall the previous time she woke up with Alex. Posturing. Needing something more. Needing to show Maggie who now owned Alex’s bed. Please recall how, when Lena didn’t get what she wanted after sex (no marking her territory with Maggie, no kiss goodbye from Alex), Lena got positively hostile, stealing t shirts and throwing them in the garbage. Ice Queen mode - activated.

In this fic, Dear Reader, Lena Luthor is FUCKING EXTRA. In this fic...Lena ALWAYS wakes up after...extreme sex...needing...a bit more. She’s not thirsty. She’s hungry.

That little conversation in the kitchen was 100% on purpose. By design. Lena was in complete control that morning. Complete. Control.

Think on it.

Not only did Lena wake Alex up. Not only did Lena force Alex out of her bed. Lena damn well threw Alex out the door! Then...instead of asking Alex when they might see each other again, instead of making plans, instead of saying “call me”...no no no no no...Lena Luthor smiled at Alex and told her...not to come back without an invitation!

Best part? Alex LAPPED IT UP like a noob. Alex was being thrown out the door like a trick after a one night stand and all the while looking at Lena as if she was being the consummate host.

THAT is true power.

TRUE POWER is when the other person doesn't even know what's happening.

Lena was feeling fully, FULLY, in control that morning. She’s a chess player. She can see several moves ahead. She knew exactly what would happen. She 100% knew...that after the events of that morning...later on...Alex would start to obsess.

Later...it would dawn on Alex that Lena had thrown her out. That Lena hadn’t asked when they might see each other next. Alex would rationalize that Lena had a busy morning...but then she’d start thinking and over thinking...wondering who should call who? Wondering would should ask out who? She’d think that since Alex had arranged the home invasion game that it was certainly Lena’s turn to dream up a date. Then Alex would realize that they’ve never even actually been on a date! And then Alex would be back at square one again.

Lena decided during her morning yoga that she was NOT going to reach out to Alex. No way no
how. She was going to leave Alex wondering, obsessing...

On how many days to wait before texting, then getting mad at Lena for not calling first...then wanting to text yet stopping herself...then asking other people for advice, maybe even asking Maggie for advice - oh that would be SWEET - maybe showing up at L Corp unannounced - like she had so many times before - oh, if that happened Lena could chastise Alex...maybe punish her! Something devious and...! Oh, it was all so delicious! Lena knew Alex was going to twist in the wind over these details! And no matter what happened, there wasn’t one possible outcome that Lena wasn’t going to fully enjoy!

Alex was going to sweat. Maybe even turn into mush. A quivering teenager anxious over how to ask the prom queen out on a Saturday night.. Oooh - Lena was very much looking forward to it! She’d seen Sex God Alex. Now she wanted to see shy, nervous Alex. Butterflies in her stomach Alex. Blushing in front of her crush Alex. Yes. Lena wanted all of that. It was all so clear to her now.

Just thinking about Alex sweating over her...Lena’s pussy was still aching from the night before. It could still feel the memory of Alex’s fingers and tongue working every inch of it. Lena’s clit was throbbing.


And most of all...more power.

And so it was in this exact state of mind...that Lena Luthor was looking at the cloud.

And maybe if Alex hadn’t been to her apartment the night before, if she hadn’t been restrained and then given ten delicious orgasms...if she hadn’t been tied up, bound and gagged, then filled with fingers and tongues and vibrators, every inch of her flesh violated, photographed, videoed...then maybe Lena would have looked at cloud, this unfolding catastrophe...wished the best for the people and first responders...and went back to work.

But she had been restrained, violated, fingered, fucked, licked, photographed. All night long. All those things had happened. And so Lena was feeling her usual extra damn self.

It so...it was hardly her fault...that when she looked at the cloud...filled with her post-coitus primal need and insatiability...she looked at this cloud...this cloud with this...new element…

Naturally Lena started to imagine the possibilities of taking it.

Controlling it.

Owning it.

Yes. The idea was now fully formed.


Literally OWNING an element.

Now, THAT would put L Corp on the map in a bold new way. Lena personally overseeing that it was used for only good, of course. Lena would be the world’s first...elemental ambassador. That’s Nobel Prize stuff. Which Nobel Prize? Peace prize? Physics? Maybe both. Introducing it and it's powers to the people. Developing new products to heal and transform...
Jess saw that Lena had that...look. Jess piped up. Hoping to get Lena OFF whatever line of thinking she was on. Get her back on track. Back to work. Back to business.

"Um...so there are a number of very important meetings today..."

Jess swiped open her tablet. Maybe some visuals would help bring Lena back to the task at hand.

"Cancel them all.” Lena had that glint in her eye.

That Luthor glint.

“And call my helicopter.”

Chapter End Notes

*Sex God Alex moniker courtesy of KaseyZoom
Chapter 30

Now that your powers of recall have been finely tuned by the previous chapter, it shouldn't be too difficult to remember that the cloud had originally formed over the sports arena, for that little tidbit was also mentioned in the previous chapter. If you don’t happen to remember that, then you must be Linda, who only skims searching for smut. Which is fine, btw. Because all are welcome here. On the off chance that this sounds like you and yet you are fairly certain that you are not Linda, then consider giving her a ring because I think the two of you would get along. For the record, if any of my readers actually met because of this fic and subsequently started having very hot kinky sex, it would be my crowning achievement so please keep me posted.

In the meantime...the residents of National City are in grave danger. So can we get off the topic of your erotic needs and get back to trying to do some good in the world? (Linda, I know that as you were reading that sentence the words "we can get off" leapt off the page, blinking at you like a neon sign, and you wondered if I wrote them on purpose. Yes, bitch, I did. Everything in this fic is designed to tease you and please you. Enjoy.)

Now back to our story.

Right around the time that Winn managed to stop the cloud from spreading any further...right around the time that Lena ordered her helicopter...right around the time that Jess thought that something very, very bad was about to happen...right around the time that Maggie Sawyer was staring down Yosemite Way at the no longer approaching yet still very ominous and dangerous electric blue cloud that was shutting down the electric grid and freezing all life forms in it's path...right around the time the KNAT news anchors were daydreaming about winning an Emmy for their live coverage...right around the time that Supergirl was announcing to everyone in the DEO that she was the girl of steel and she was going to fly into the cloud right now no matter what anyone said...right around the time that J'onn responded by grabbing Kara's arm and said, "if we lose you now, Earth loses its greatest protector, forever"...Supergirl softened a bit, knowing that protecting the Earth was her sacred life's mission and she couldn’t jeopardize it, and so she seemed to take a breath and relent.

Which is when Alex got a smug little look on her face. Because she'd been trying to explain to Kara the exact same thing for the past few minutes and felt more than vindicated that Kara had finally come to her senses and could see that her older sister was, once again, right.

Which is when Kara caught Alex wearing that smug little look. A look Kara had seen so many times before, growing up alongside Alex. Alex constantly teaching Kara this and that about Earth, this and that about school, people, sports, games, humor. This and that about this, that and everything. This teacher / student dynamic that had been created, thrust upon them, when they were both immature. Well before Alex had the capacity to wrap her mind around what it must have been like to have your parents literally shoot you into space, never to see you again. All Alex could understand was the burden of having to be the sole source of cultural knowledge for some girl who was now taking up more than half of all the parental love and attention in the Danvers household. Even though they grew up to be best friends, sisters...soul mates!...there were times when this immature dynamic of "I told you so" reared it's ugly head.

So when Alex saw Kara see...that Kara was wrong and Alex was right...Alex somehow managed to turn that smug look on her face up all the way to 11, letting Kara know in no uncertain terms, that
big sister was not only right. Big sister had WON. AGAIN.

Which is when Kara got so infuriated, she turned her eyes to the ground and without meaning to, shot a blast of heat vision. Which just so happened to land right on the black duffle bag that Alex had brought to work, burning a hole right through it.

Leather items. Something pink and plastic. A hint of metal. The hole gave anyone who was looking at it a little peek inside. And Kara, having just delivered the heat blast that created the hole with her very own eyes, was looking directly into it. Kara couldn't imagine what on earth all that was. The rest of the DEO staff were also looking at the bag, although with much less advantageous sight lines. What they saw could only be described as black with hints of pink.

The only person who didn't see into the freshly singed hole, tiny embers falling from it's sides, was Vasquez, who surely would have known exactly what all that leather, metal and hard pink plastic all added up to. Unfortunately, right at that moment, Vasquez was staring at a video monitor trying to get a read on the electromagnetic output of the cloud. I say unfortunate because knowing that Alex Danvers had brought a dildo and harness into the DEO's situation room would have made Vasquez's entire year.

Alex leapt on the bag like it was a live grenade. A reaction that was so extreme that everyone sort of looked at her like - omg WHAT are you doing on the ground? Pancaked over your duffle bag? Alex felt like a fool. But far better to look like this kind of fool than the other kind. The kind of fool that brings her sex toys to work.

Alex looked up from her position on the ground, duffle bag under her belly, arms and legs splayed out, eyeing anyone who might get near like a feral dog protecting a juicy bone, then seeing the looks on their faces and realizing she needs to get up off the bag and explain herself. She did the first thing that came to mind. Blame Kara.

She gathered the bag up in her arms, pressing the open hole against her, which was still very hot and sent a somewhat painful warmth right through Alex's clothes and into her belly, a dull pain she'd just have to deal with because it was far more important to prevent anyone from seeing anything, and lifted herself off the ground, immediately chastising Kara as a diversion tactic while hastily walking backwards out of the room, sweat starting to form on her brow.

"What if this was flammable!? Get a hold of yourself, Supergirl!"

Yes. This was about Supergirl! And Supergirl's hotheaded, heat vision. Was anyone buying it? No matter. I'm almost out the door...

Kara could see it in Alex's eyes. Guilt. Kara knew that Alex was doing something shady AF and blaming it all on Kara. Alex did that sometimes. Kara had half a mind to use her x ray vision on the bag and see exactly what the fuck her sister was hiding.

Alex was almost out the door when she saw the gears turning in Kara's mind. Knew that x ray vision could happen at any moment.

"I'm going to put some water on this so it doesn't catch fire." Alex practically ran out the door. Racing towards the locker room. Where she did treat the hole with water, then locked the bag and it's contents in her lead lined locker. Heart pounding a million miles an hour.

Kara could have used her x ray vision. Could have looked right through Alex's body and into the bag as Alex was storming out. Kara had a feeling that whatever was in bag had something to do with Lena Luthor. And Kara...just didn't want to know. Didn't want to think about Alex and Lena.
That thought made Kara sick and mad. Mostly sick. Plus, National City needed saving and Kara as more than happy to let Alex show everyone that she valued the contents of that duffle bag more than the lives of the residents of National City. Kara's face was now smug as hell! Too bad Alex isn't here to see it! Why was Kara always winning when Alex wasn't around!! Kara got mad all over again!

Vasquez reported that the cloud should be stable enough for Supergirl to enter. With Alex out of the room, Winn, J'onn and Kara continued the debate about whether or not Supergirl should go forth. They figured it was now the best course of action. By the time Alex returned to the situation room, Supergirl was gone.

Alex felt stupid for not being a part of the team that deployed Supergirl. She was the second lead agent in charge, FFS. J'onn gave her a look, that seemed to ask "what is going on?" If he only knew. Alex suddenly realized that it wasn't just Supergirl's x Ray vision she needed to be wary of...it also was J'onn's mind reading!

Alex immediately pictured a gigantic block of Swiss cheese. It was a technique she'd taught herself years ago. She couldn't prevent him from reading her mind, but what she could do was fill her mind with an absolutely pointless image. She did NOT want J'onn learning the roots of this recent sibling rivalry. Didn't want him seeing Lena hitting -- and bruising! -- Supergirl's back with a crop. Didn't want him seeing a white wall with ten lipstick hashes on it. Didn't want J'onn to see Lena...Lena LUTHOR...tied up and gagged and most of all Alex didn't want him to see her face buried in Lena's wet, aching crotch, orally servicing the fair skinned, raven haired beauty with gusto.

SHIT!

Alex violently shook her head side to side.

SWISS CHEESE. SWISS CHEESE. SWISS CHEESE!

J'onn looked at Alex. She looked like an absolute maniac.

He'd been wondering what was going on with his girls. It was impossible not to notice. He wasn't just their boss. He was their de facto father. He kept a eye on them and they clearly were squabbling. And now it was affecting their work and their relationship. Staying out of it wasn't working. J'onn decided that he would sit them both down and have whatever issues brought out in the open and resolved the moment this cloud situation was handled. Little did he know!

---

Now, how many times do I have to tell you that the cloud had initially formed over the stadium?? The stadium is kind of a big deal. You know what? Forget it. We’ll talk about it in the next chapter.

Chapter End Notes

supershan413 ?? where did you go???? your comment made me so happy!! please come back.
The Terrance and Ethel Green Stadium at National City College was built 35 years ago. Nearly every member of the Green family attended NCC. Many of them serving as captains of both the men's and women's NCC soccer teams, which consistently ranked in the nation’s top ten. Competition and legacy was important to the Greens.

Ethel Green’s father, Ben, had purchased a car wash when he was 32. He and his wife already had four children and Ben became obsessed with maximizing profits. Crisp uniforms, fast efficient service, huge billboards...everything he could think of to increase revenue. Customers used to say Ben would have given them the shirt off his back, he was always out there shaking their hands as they waited for their cars, even offering them a stick of gum. Anything to engender goodwill and a positive experience.

He found himself buying so much gum that finally the guy he bought the gum from said Ben would save a lot of money if he bought a whole carton. So he did. One hundred packs of gum. What was he going to do with all that gum? He put it by the register so customers could buy a whole pack if they wanted - at a slight markup, of course. The gum flew out the door. Next week - another carton, another mark up, another sell out.

First gum, then candy, air fresheners, you name it, Ben bought it wholesale and sold it in his car wash. The returns were incredible. He build a custom stand to hold everything. Another car wash wanted that same stand. Next think you know, Ben is a multimillionaire, building and selling point-of-sale merchandising racks. Ka-Ching.

He became one of the most famous men in National City, making several large donations to public institutions, mainly National City College. Mainly to its business school and it's sports programs. Because he'd basically made his fortune selling gum and candy (not really yet sort of true), everyone started calling him The Candy Man. His response was always the same. Smiling and saying "Life is Sweet." One day he started calling his wife Sugar. She beamed. No one ever used her real name again.

Naturally, all of Ben's children attended NCC. Reginald (Reggie), William (Buck - why was his nickname Buck? That's a long story and not pertinent to today's events), June and Ethel. Ben loved keeping his children active. He enrolled them all in the youth soccer programs where they excelled, everyone born with the same robust constitution and drive as their father. Well, everyone except Ethel.

Ethel was always slight. She'd tried playing soccer. The shin guards flopping around her thin leg bones. Swimming in the uniform’s smallest sizes. Eventually she just sort of...stopped playing. Instead, Ethel made herself the unofficial mascot of every one of her brothers’ and sister’s games. Wearing their team colors. Cutting up oranges and passing them out to sweaty, dehydrated players at half time, painting her face, cheering her heart out. Ethel became an important fixture on the sidelines. A one woman institution of inspiration. The unofficial NCC soccer mascot. Teams often included her in their official photo, which still hang in the stadium’s lobby, next to the
Ethel met Terrence during a gap year between high school and college. Both building houses for lower income families in Trinidad. It was love at first sight. Not a burning, passionate love. Not the head over heels, holding on to your heart type love. It was a soft love. Like falling into feathers, like light rain in summer giving flowers a midday drink, natural and right, as destined as the dawn.

Terrance switched to NCC as soon as he could, to be closer to Ethel. They were engaged a year later. Married right after graduation. He took her last name. (His father had divorced his mother when he was eight and had little contact with Terrence or his mother after that.) Babies every other year after that. Three total.

On the morning of their ten year anniversary, Terrence and Ethel celebrated in the usual fashion, with Terrence flying them along the coast to watch the sunrise, just like he had done on the morning he proposed to Ethel. He always said he proposed at sunrise because he wanted the rest of the day with Ethel to celebrate. Ethel used to elbow him in the ribs (gently) and say it was because he was nervous and couldn't wait. Then Terrence would say, "couldn't wait to marry you."

They were the most romantic of Ben's children. Two of the kindest lovebirds you ever did meet. Ethel had always been that way. She was Ben's youngest and his favorite. Her brothers and sisters never begrudged her for this. She was their favorite, too. She was everyone's favorite. Never a bad word about anyone slipped from her lips. She was kind and generous.

The children were with two nannies that morning. Terrence and Ethel were at their 12 room "cabin" on Mt. Baywood, which had it's own airstrip. It was almost dawn. The plane was taxiing when a deer ran right in the middle of the runway. They must have tried to swerve. The plane fell on it's nose. Instantly exploded. The deer had been be badly burnt and was found half dead a few yards from the explosion. First responders put it down as soon as they arrived on scene in a compassionate measure to end it’s suffering.

Ethel and Terrence's children were taken in and raised by her sister June and her husband Yuri. They already had two children, 10 and 12, and folded Ethel's brood in as their younger brothers and sisters, aged 7, 5 and 3. Together they were known as the fabulous five. June and Yuri drilling into them the importance of family, legacy and winning. On holidays, Grandpa Ben would sit them all down and tell them stories of Ethel. In their child minds, Ethel grew to become a mythical figure who delivered love and harmony and hope to all she encountered. She was Mrs. Claus, an Angel and Mother Mary all rolled into one.

After Ethel's death, Ben and Sugar were on a precipice of grief, in danger of falling in forever. The Candy Man knew the only thing that could save them was a project in Ethel's name. The groundbreaking ceremony of The Green (as the Stadium would be come to called) took place a year to the day after her funeral and was finished just over a year later. Soon Ethel's nieces and nephews and eventually Ethel’s very own children would be playing in that stadium.

Yuri worked the fabulous five hard. Pushing them to compete, pushing them to achieve and break past limits, both physical and mental. They all played soccer, understanding that one day they would attend NCC and play in the stadium named after their mother.

Words cannot express the anticipation of this event. For the children. For June and Yuri. For Ben and Sugar. For the rest of the NCC soccer team. For the school administration, who would soon see on the scoreboard whether or not their biggest donor would continue his support of the school, and for the city. Candy Man's legacy. Would it continue?

When the first of the fabulous five entered NCC and joined the soccer team and scored in the
season's first game (they won) it was the main headline on the sports page: “Mean Green at The Green.” The photo was of Reggie throwing in the ball, his face a nasty scowl of intensity. Ben immediately bought twenty copies, framed one for his office and one for the great room at home.

The Green kids played with a vengeance that was scary and inspiring, all in the memory of their dead mother. A 10+ year stretch when there was at least one of Ethel's children scrambling around on that field, tearing past rival teams, scoring goals. The intensity of loss, the loss of their mother, fueled those kids with a burning desire to win. And win they did. None of the Green children EVER lost a game in that stadium.

The entire city got into it big time. That stadium was SRO for every Green game. The citizens cheering on these college kids as loud as they would for any professional sports game.

Maintaining the streak was a huge burden for the Greens. But one they carried with honor. The legacy, the streak, growing with every game, the stakes only increasing to keep winning...even though they were just one of many, a part of a team, all playing a part, all responsible for whether the team won or lost...but the need to win for Ethel, the gentle woman who cheered on others, who sacrificed her life for the life of a single, gentle doe...the burden of winning was adopted by every single teammate, coming together, united with a singular purpose. Plus, the streak was the biggest thing anyone on those teams would ever be a part of.

Ethel's youngest child was Edward. He was team captain. And on his very last game, the last game any of Ethel’s children would play in, the last game any living Green would play in, NCC shut out the other team 3-0. The streak was maintained. Only home game wins for teams with Greens. When the ref blew the whistle, calling time, Ed collapsed on the field, a lifelong burden, the family legacy, the streak..finally off his shoulders. He had no memories of her mother. Only photographs, stories from grandpa Ben and...this stadium. The Green. He'd been watching his cousins play there ever since she was six. The stadium was his mother. He fell into her arms.

Through his tears, he heard the stadium erupt. People were crying in the stands. The fabulous five did it. A perfect streak of 100% win record of home games at The Green. The residents were going crazy. They'd been watching these children, these orphans (and their half brother and sister, and their cousins), play their hearts out, running, kicking, sweating...all in the memory of Ethel. The Stadium represented grit, pride and honor to everyone in National City.

---

Rxylyn didn't know any of this history when he decided that the stadium would be the perfect place to begin his plot. It was large, centrally located with a large flat surface, a wide open space above it, plus walls to prevents people from seeing what he was doing.

Before sunrise, he placed the vases in the middle of the pitch, then with a hand-held flame thrower, began marking the lawn, burning a series of spirals around them in the ground. You don't just pick up a few vases and take over the world, people. There was sacred geometry involved. Rxylyn had studied warmongering and mass enslavement at IUNGgX. Which was an intergalactic war college that Rxylyn's father made him attend. Yes, this whole warlord thing was just a bid to win a father's love. There isn't a corner of the multiverse where that shit isn't happening.

Once the sacred lines were drawn, Rxylyn set the intention, spoke the incantation, and activated the power. A bright sapphire light emerged from the vases, growing, spreading, taking over the city. A light so powerful that energy blasts that looked like lightning formed and crackled in the now enormous blue cloud. A cloud which was short circuiting everything in it's path. Including all the humans. Doing what looked to be...freezing them.
But they weren't frozen. They had been stopped. Temporarily paused. While the blue sapphire light...reprogrammed them. Stripping them of their free will and replacing it with the will of Rxylyn.

No one at the DEO knew that, one by one, the humans were slowly coming back "online." Slowly un-freezing. Slowly turning towards Rxylyn, their new master. Slowly marching en masse towards the Terrace and Ethel Green Stadium at National City College.

---

Moments after the cloud formed, Rxylyn found himself engaged in battle. The Scavenger had arrived with his cousin Madame Bathory. She looked just like him, milky white skin, translucent, glowing, wearing an all black pant suit. Looking rather fierce, I might add. Her hair was ginger, voluminous. She looked like a cross between Dracula and a young Grace Coddington.

Lightning bolts shot out of her fingers. At Rxylyn. The Scavenger did the same. Rxylyn caught each bolt in his palms. It was not without effort. Catching the bolts was tiring and painful. And prevented him from attacking. Every so often, either The Scavenger or Madam Bathory would change their aim from his hands to his face, sneaking little blows against him. One giving him a little scar. It seemed to be working. A bit.

----

Meanwhile, let's not forget that at this very moment in our story, Lena Luthor was flying high over head. She'd attached a crane to the base of the helicopter. When they were directly over the stadium, Lena pressed a button and the crane’s winch began unwinding a 40' steel cable with a sensor designed to gather any and all isotopes and radioactive particulates it came into contact with.

The winch unspooled the cable at an agonizingly slow rate.

Lena looked down from the window. To monitor the cable and it's sensor. She saw the flashes of lightning from inside the stadium. They seemed...angry. Electric bolts shooting here and there. Firing at...something. A maelstrom of hostile activity below.

The pilot was sweating balls. Thinking things like 'If I live through this, I'm asking for a raise' and 'Lena Luthor is 100% the craziest female on this planet and no one even knows the half of it' and 'I think I'm gonna die. I think we're gonna die.' and 'Wow. So this is how my life ends.'

Lena had been in a state. A zone. The Luthor zone. She needed that isotope. And so here they were high above the earth in a helicopter, a deadly environment below. Her fear of flying kicked in. She was no longer in the zone. Suddenly realizing just how fucking dangerous this whole thing was. She wanted to tell the pilot to get out of here. Now. Pull up. Turn out. Fly fast and far from here! But the winch had already lowered 30' of cable. Just 10' more and she’d have her element. Why turn back now? Just because of fear? Lena knew you can’t live in fear. Although fear was the only thing she was feeling in this moment. They both were.

---

Maggie looked above the stadium and saw the 'copter. She got on her radio. "Whose chopper is that??" She figured it was a news outlet trying to get the scoop even though all areas within 100 yards of the cloud had been declared an emergency no fly zone. Police helicopters reported over the open police channel. "This is Heli Four. Aerial view of the helicopter in question. Markings indicate L Corp."
Maggie clicked her radio off so no one would hear what she said next. It went something like this: @#$%$@!!!

---

Inside the stadium, it was like a boxing match. Rxylyn, The Scavenger and Madame Bathory moving in circles, trying to find an opening to land a blow. And like any fight between a super villain and two criminal masterminds, there was a lot of trash talk.

"I can see that you are upset I'm the new owner of this planet," said Rxylyn. "Why so attached to Earth? Do you need to live on the dumbest planet in the galaxy in order to survive? Is it because the people are so simple minded that they don't know you are living amongst them?"

His words were partially true and it hurt both The Scavenger's and Madam Bathory's pride. They both shot blasts to his face at the same time. Freeing his hands. Which he immediately pushed towards them, causing a sonic wave to ripple through the atmosphere, pushing them both back several yards.

Madame Bathory immediately realized the error and shot lightning at his hands. But it wasn't enough. The Scavenger was still tumbling backwards, head over heels. Rxylyn pushed more sonic blasts towards them. Sending The Scavenger tumbling even harder, pushing Madame Bathory down into the grass, her body digging into the grass, thrust down into the field, her internal organs also being pushed down, almost about to burst.

In a whoosh, Supergirl entered the stadium, landing in front of the goal posts.

Right before Madame Bathory burst open, Rxylyn felt himself be pulled up into the air and then thrown to the ground several yards away. Making a three feet indentation in the field. Even though he was mere feet from the vases, they didn't move. They were...something else...at this point. The vases had become a singular point of power.

Bathory and Scavenger scrambled to their feet.

Saw Supergirl suspended in mid air. She'd just saved their lives.

Rxylyn looked up. Gathered himself. Addressed her.

"Supergirl. So now it's three against one."

Supergirl replied, "Stronger together. Surrender now or suffer the consequences."

The Scavenger and Madame Bathory started back in with their lightning bolt attacks.

Rxylyn, still in the ground, caught the lightning in his hands. He saw his two henchmen standing at the stadium doors. Looked back at Supergirl like he knew something that she didn't.

"The one who needs to be surrendering is you, Supergirl."

---

Maggie got her wits about her. Pulled out her cell phone and called Alex.

----

Alex was in an armored vehicle heading towards the cloud, when she got the call. Like the other DEO agents, she was donning safety gear that filtered her mouth and nose so she could enter the
cloud unaffected. (Winn ascertained the cloud had particulates that people were breathing in.). Alex picked up on the first ring.

Maggie spoke before Alex said anything.

"Your girlfriend is above the stadium in her helicopter."

Alex almost had a fucking heart attack. The only reason she didn't have a heart attack is because she couldn't believe what she'd just heard.

---

Ryxlyn was still circling, still being shot at with lightning, still trash talking. He spoke to Supergirl about her new allies. "Do you even know these people? They drink the blood of your precious humans to maintain their eternal life."

Supergirl looked horrified. Were The Scavenger and this woman...vampires?

The Scavenger tried to explain, while shooting lightning at Rxylyn. "That ended hundreds and hundreds of years ago." Both him and Bathory looked very guilty for past crimes and yet completely innocent of them in recent centuries.

Ryxlyn used Supergirl's moment of confusion to send a sonic blast her way. She blasted right back into the steel goal posts, which bent in the form of her body.

The four of them began a battle royale in earnest.

No one noticed that Rxylyn's henchmen had opened all the doors to the stadium.

---

Finally, Lena's equipment indicated the sensor had entered the cloud, was successfully gathering isotopes. Already at 50% capacity. Thank fucking God, thought the pilot. Lena looked below to monitor it's progress. Saw there was a red and blue streak darting in the stadium from end to end.

Supergirl.

The last time Lena was in her helicopter and saw Supergirl, her pilot was incapacitated and Lena almost fell from the sky and died. Lena’s fear turned to terror. Lena knew this was the stupidest thing she'd ever done in her life. She decided she had enough isotope to work with. What was more important was staying alive long enough to use it.

"Pull it up."

The pilot didn't even question. His hand hit the button so fast. The winch began ascending. Slowly. Lena's eyes filled with tears she was so scared. Good thing the pilot's eyes were hidden behind mirrored goggles. His eyes were also pooling with terror and regret.

---

Supergirl was landing some quality blows on Rxylyn. With the help of The Scavenger and Madame Bathory, with three against one, this fight was almost coming to an end.

That's when Supergirl got the call. The radio in her ear turned on, it was Alex.

"Lena is above the stadium. In a helicopter."
Supergirl looked up. Sure enough there was a helicopter high above.

Rxylyn shot a blast at Supergirl, blowing her into the stands, crushing several rows of seats. The Scavenger and Madame Bathory got a few quality strikes at Rxylyn's face. Two deep gashes.

Supergirl responded to Alex. "On it." She flew up into the sky. Rxylyn’s eyes followed her. Supergirl was heading to that flying metal thing. Rxylyn shot a thin but focused blast right at it.

Direct hit.

---

The main rotator blew right of the helicopter, sending it in a spiral. Supergirl grabbed one of the landing legs, just like she had that time before. Tried to control it. The centrifugal force spinning them all to the right. The remaining ten feet of cable wound around Supergirl's leg. What is that? She thought. There was no time to think. She needed to pull Lena to safety. Supergirl used super hearing. Heard Maggie on her police radio. Stopped the spinning then lowered and landed the helicopter on the street where Maggie was. Supergirl tore off the door to the helicopter like it was tin foil. Threw it to the ground. Looked Lena Luthor in the eyes.

"You're safe now."

Lena looked back at her like...like...there were too many emotions to count.

Naturally, Supergirl read it as love and gratitude.

---

People were flooding into the Stadium. Like zombies. An army of slaves. In service of their new master, Rxylyn. By the time Supergirl arrived back on the field, there were hundreds of people surrounding the vases. Staring blankly. Hundreds more still arriving.

Alex and her crew were just outside the stadium doors Alex used a megaphone to order them in the opposite direction. No one was paying any attention.

Alex radioed Supergirl.

"Supergirl - people are in the stadium. They don't seem to be in control of their actions."

---

Supergirl understood. "Slaves."

Satisfied that she'd just saved Lena's life, Supergirl was about to fly back to the stadium when she realized there was steel cable wrapped around her leg. She pulled it off like it was a paper. Threw it to the ground and zoomed back to face Rxylyn.

---

The Scavenger and Madame Bathory were exhausted. Rxylyn was rope a doping them. Having them use up all their strength and energy until they had no more. Weak sparks of lightning shot from their fingers. Rxylyn didn't even feel the need to deliver body blows. They were expiring right in front to him due to their own misuse of energy. He was enjoying that greatly.
Supergirl arrived. Quickly assessed. Decided the best thing for everyone's protection was to simply pick Rxylyn up and fly him out of the cloud and into an area where she could defeat him in open combat without hurting any of the residents that had gathered in the stadium.

Rxylyn saw Supergirl making plans. He pushed his hands towards her and shot a blast. This wasn’t like the last blast. This blast sent Supergirl right through the seats. Right through the stadium wall. And into an apartment building clear across the street. She landed right next to where Alex’s DEO van was parked. Alex saw the whole thing. She’d never seen Supergirl take a blow so hard.

"Supergirl!"

Supergirl gathered herself. "His powers have...magnified."

Supergirl zoomed back into the stadium.

Rxylyn stood among his slaves. Supergirl hovering above them. Staring at him. With confusion. Where was he getting all this power from?

"Let me tell you about 21st century slavery, Supergirl. It's not labor. It's about energy. Taking it and using it as your own." He was gathering all the power from the enslaved residents and channeling it through his own being. He shot another blast at Supergirl, who darted out of the way. It hit the scoreboard, which fell into the stands, crushing several rows of seats.

---

Lena unbuckled her seatbelt, raced towards the steel cable. Wobbly on her feet. Took the sensor off and crammed it in her purse.

Maggie marched right up to her.

"You are one bat-shit, crazy bitch."

Lena said nothing. Maggie was 100% right.

---

Supergirl and Rxylyn were battling. Supergirl wasn't making any headway. In fact, as more residents arrived, his powers only grew and grew. Supergirl's chances of defeating him lowering with every second.

"Alex, I don't know what to do."

Alex didn't know how to help her.

The cloud started growing again.

Winn radioed from the DEO. "It broke through our barriers."

Maggie saw the cloud coming towards them. Radioed Alex through the channel the NCPD shared with the DEO.

"Cloud's coming our way," said Maggie.

“Roger that,” said Alex.

Maggie wasn't going to be a petty bitch. She knew Alex would want to know if Lena was alive.
Plus, she knew Alex needed her focus if any of them were going to defeat this evil. Which wasn't looking likely.

"Also, Lena’s safe on the ground with us."

Somehow hearing Lena's name made Alex remember the story Lena told about the vases.

"Supergirl, it's the vases," said Alex. "Destroy them."

Lena and Maggie heard everything over the police radio.

Supergirl flew to the vases. Tried to pick them up and smash them. She couldn't lift them up. Rxylyn blasted her right through the east stadium wall.

Supergirl radioed Alex. "I can't even pick them up!"

Alex said the first thing that came to mind. "Try heat vision!"

Supergirl zoomed back in, heat vision blasting from her eyes right at the vases. Nothing. No effect at all.

Rxylyn was enjoying this. Too much.

The residents, although they were slaves, could still "see" Supergirl. The champion of National City. Being pummeled by this evil overlord.

Supergirl addressed the people as she kept up with the heat vision attack on the vases. "He's controlling you. This isn't you! You are the residents of National City and you are free!"

---

Supergirl's words were being broadcast throughout law enforcement. She turned up her heat vision. It had NO effect on the vases at all. "Alex it's not working! Heat vision isn't destroying the vases at all."

Alex didn't know what to do.

Lena heard everything through the police radio on Maggie's belt. The vases. The myth. Putting your hand inside and pulling out magic.

Lena looked at Maggie. Spoke with urgency. "She's got to shoot right INTO the vases."

---

Rxylyn was watching Supergirl's pathetic attempts to stop him. He enjoyed watching this confirmation of all that he was and was becoming: Master of all he surveyed.

---

Maggie didn't know what the fuck Lena was talking about...but somehow knew to pass this information along FAST.

---

Inside the stadium, The Scavenger and Madame Bathory had no more juice. They laid on the ground. Expiring.
Maggie radioed Alex. "Danvers, inside the vases. INSIDE."

The resident slaves were looking at each other. Looking at the stadium. Memories of Ethel Green and the fabulous five entered their minds. They seemed to be sharing a collective memory. Of winning. Of defeating.

Rxylyn had enough. It was time to deliver the deathblow.

Alex radioed Supergirl. "Supergirl, direct your heat vision into the vases. DIRECTLY INSIDE."

Supergirl flew over the vases, picking one and shooting her heat vision directly inside.

Rxylyn raised his hands in a pushing motion, when the first vase exploded into a million pieces.

Instead of Supergirl being blasted through yet another wall, Rxylyn stumbled backwards.

As this was happening, one of the slaves looked up and saw the name of the stadium on the fallen scoreboard. "Terrence and Ethel Green Stadium."

That resident just so happened to be Sugar Green.

Sugar's memory of her daughter, her fallen daughter, the fallen scoreboard, this stadium, the memorial to all things good and worth fighting for...it broke her slave spell. Sugar looked around her. At the other residents. Who could all "see" Sugar Green. One of National City's most famous residents. Right there among them. Sugar started repeating Supergirl's words. "You are the residents of National City and you are FREE!"

Sugar's words, the fact that there was a Green on the green in the Green...Ethel's name, the stadium’s history, the stadium's ENERGY...one by one, the people started coming back online. Despite two vases still being activated. Rxylyn was baffled and astounded. Not in ten galaxys had he seen such a thing.

Supergirl directed her heat vision into the next vase. Rxylyn raised his hands to give her a sonic blast. Just in the nick of time, as Rxylyn was about to deliver a crushing blow against Supergirl, several residents who had "freed" themselves and promptly decked him.

Giving Supergirl the precious seconds she needed. The second vase exploded. Half the citizens instantly came back to themselves. The cloud had faded significantly. Supergirl directed heat vision directly into the third and final vase. Rxylyn pushed off the humans, tried to deliver another sonic blast at Supergirl but dozens more residents swarmed him.

"Back off earthlings! You are under my command!"

Those were his final words as a crowd completely engulfed him, disappearing him into a righteous, angry mob as Supergirl blasted the final vase...causing the cloud to disappear and the last of the residents to regain their free will.

Because he was from a different dimension, Rxylyn's remains disappeared immediately once the
citizens had...exterminated....his life force completely.

What the residents didn't realize, was that their defeat of the evil, intergalactic overlord not just saved their city and the future of earth, but the destruction of Rxylyn’s life force immediately freed all the other planets that he had enslaved. In the historic annals of the galaxy, The Defeat of Rxylyn at The Green (at it came to be known) was one of the most celebrated battles of all time.

When Rxylyn's body disappeared, the humans cheered! Just like they'd been at a sporting match. Sugar didn't quite understand what brought them all into the stadium, but she knew that something glorious and good had happened and somehow her daughter Ethel was behind it. Sugar decided right then and there that it wouldn't just be the concession stands getting an upgrade. The entire stadium would get a 100 million dollar facelift. Candy Man would be in full agreement.

---

Supergirl met Alex outside the stadium.

"Great work Supergirl!"

They hugged so tight. They’d almost lost each other. Yet were with each other the whole way. Alex delivering the message, the solution that allowed Supergirl to defeat the Goren.

"I couldn't have done it without you,” Supergirl replied. “How did you know?”

Alex just said, “Long story.”

It was a long story. Lena had told Alex the story of the myth behind the vases over breakfast after Alex had spent the evening servicing after breaking into Lena’s house because Lena had really extreme sexual and emotional needs and Alex had to show Lena that she could deliver...let’s just say that it was not the time to tell Supergirl how Alex knew to shoot inside the vases.

Maggie and Lena pulled up in a police car. Rushed out to check on the Danvers sisters.

The four of them stood in a circle. No one knowing what to say. At least they were all still alive. In addition, Maggie and Alex were both very mad at Lena, for being in her helicopter which was shot during battle and needed rescue. On the other hand, they both knew that it was Lena who knew how to destroy the vases and if she hadn’t been in the helicopter and hadn’t been rescued by Supergirl and hadn’t heard everything through Maggie’s radio then maybe she wouldn’t have been able to give the information everyone needed and the earth truly would have ended up as slaves? Whenever these four were together, there was just messed up vibes all around.

That's when The Scavenger and Madame Bathory rolled up.

“Supergirl…” said The Scavenger. “Thank you for your service.” Supergirl responded, "It was a team effort." Put her arm around Alex. Nodded at Maggie.

The Scavenger turned his attention to Lena. He was clearly enchanted with Lena. Who wasn’t? I’ll tell you who. All the humans. Namely Maggie Sawyer and Alex Danvers, who both thought what Lena did was incredibly reckless, both of them wondering what on earth would have made her do that. Neither of them understanding that it was precisely the un-earthly elements that drew Lena in. The Scavenger paid the humans no mind.

“Lena...pleasure to see you. Thank you for contacting Supergirl for us. We knew she would save the day.” That was a lie. He was pissed with Supergirl but you know, he was one of those types who always wanted to have famous people as friends.
Lena turned to Supergirl. Then noticed the giant holes in the stadium and realized Supergirl had either created them or was blasted through them.

"Are you...okay?" Lena asked the Girl of Steel.

"I'm fine, Miss Luthor. How are you? Are you okay?"

Lena gulped. This situation was very overwhelming. "I'm..." Lena checked in with herself. "I'm...fine."

Lena and Supergirl looked at each other in that way we’ve all seen in countless gifs. Supergirl with eyes of puppy love. Lena looking back with her trademark inscrutable look of admiration? Lust? Amusement?

Supergirl’s arm was still around Alex, who bristled and tensed up at watching Lena and Supergirl express their concern for each other. Supergirl felt it. Remembered that her and Alex had been fighting before...all this...started.

Alex felt Supergirl grow cold. Sisters were shifting back into Rivals.

The Scavenger smoothed his suit and continued speaking. “I’m having a party to honor my cousin being in town.” He looked at Madame Bathory, who stood to the side, knowing that three’s a crowd and this was already a six. “It will be on the fourth dimension. I’d love to have you join us, Lena.”

A party on the fourth dimension?? This day was getting more and more intense and unbelievable. Before Lena could respond, The Scavenger turned to Supergirl. “And you, too, Supergirl. I insist.”

He was pretty unabashed about doling out these ultra exclusive invitations right in front of Alex and Maggie, who had drawn guns at him the last time they were together. He wasn’t normally so petty, but after almost dying at the hands of a Goren, he gave himself a pass.

All this pettiness made Alex pull away, out from under Supergirl's arm.

It sent Supergirl right over the edge. Supergirl spoke quickly, "We’ll be there.” Accepting for both herself and Lena.

The Scavenger lit up. “Delightful! The warehouse at the corner of Killian Row and 24th street. 10pm. See you tonight.” The Scavenger and his cousin dematerialized.

Alex was about to speak. Supergirl heard it with her super hearing. Heard Alex inhale, in preparation...but before she could utter a word, Supergirl turned to Lena and said, “I’ll take you home.” Then using super speed, scooped Lena up. Bridal style. Hovered ten feet in the air. Shot Alex a VERY smug look, made Alex watch as Supergirl cradled Lena's body even closer...then flew the fuck out of there. Carrying Lena with her right up into the sky.

“Looks like Supergirl just stole yo girl,” said Maggie. And with that, walked off.

Alex just stood there.

Completely owned.
Chapter 32

Alex was just about to say something. What was she going to say? She wasn't sure. Was she going to give The Scavenger a piece of her mind? Maybe. Was she going to give Lena Luthor a piece of her mind? Even more likely! But before she could get one word out, her sister, Supergirl, swooped in - literally swooped in! - wrapped her arms around Lena and flew away with her.

Alex just stood there. It was her worst fear. That she would never never never never never never ever be able to beat Supergirl in anything. A pit formed in Alex's stomach. As soon as Kara arrived on Earth, she'd been taking love from Alex. From their parents. From their friends at school. From teachers. When Kara started working with the DEO, even though Alex never admitted it, it hurt. Supergirl was now the star there, too.

Alex stood there. Realizing there was nothing Alex had that Kara couldn't take. Couldn't make Alex share. As she watched Supergirl fly away, holding the woman Alex had just spent the most erotic, electric, sensual, riskiest, passionate, tender night of her life with, Alex mentally added Lena Luthor to that list.

By the time Maggie added her little jab, "Looks like Supergirl just stole yo girl" - Alex couldn't feel a thing. She already had a bowling ball in her stomach. After a second, she saw Maggie growing smaller, too, walking away from her. Alex wondered if breaking up with Maggie was the biggest mistake of her life.

Alex stood there. It was her worst fear. That she would never never never never ever be able to beat Supergirl in anything. A pit formed in Alex's stomach. As soon as Kara arrived on Earth, she'd been taking love from Alex. From their parents. From their friends at school. From teachers. When Kara started working with the DEO, even though Alex never admitted it, it hurt. Supergirl was now the star there, too.

Alex stood there. Realizing there was nothing Alex had that Kara couldn't take. Couldn't make Alex share. As she watched Supergirl fly away, holding the woman Alex had just spent the most erotic, electric, sensual, riskiest, passionate, tender night of her life with, Alex mentally added Lena Luthor to that list.

By the time Maggie added her little jab, "Looks like Supergirl just stole yo girl" - Alex couldn't feel a thing. She already had a bowling ball in her stomach. After a second, she saw Maggie growing smaller, too, walking away from her. Alex wondered if breaking up with Maggie was the biggest mistake of her life.

She was still wearing her face mask and goggles, the ones that protected her from the cloud. They were no longer necessary. The cloud was gone. The Goren was gone. The Scavenger and his cousin were gone. So was Maggie. Kara. Lena. Everyone. Gone. Gone. Gone.

Alex turned off her radio and pulled off her mask. No one was there to see her lower lip trembling. She pushed her goggles up, sweeping her hair back, resting them on her head. Wiping her eyes of the sweat that was quickly turning to tears. It didn't matter. No one was there to see, anyway.

Alex took a deep breath. Compartmentalized. There was work to be done.

Alex walked back to the armored van. Team two was already arriving on scene to do clean up and containment. Team one (Alex's team - the strike team) was getting ready to head back to the DEO to write reports. She walked through the van's back doors. Two of her fellow agents closed them behind her. The van drove off.

---

It wasn't Lena's fault. Being scooped up by Supergirl. It's not like Lena asked for that. Recall that Lena has assassination plots against her, been been thrown in jail (wrongly), lied to and kidnapped by her own mother who then used her DNA to hatch an international alien-cleansing plot, nearly been forced into a heterosexual marriage (!!) the list of horrors that Lena Luthor has faced is long. All this to say - Lean Luthor was fearless. Of everything -- except flying.

She knew it was irrational. Fiona once suggested that Lena had SO many things to be frightened of, that "flying" was the place where Lena's subconscious could dump ALL other fears. Including her fear of abandonment (Her mother, Lex). Including her fear of people dying on her. (Lionel, Fiona.). Including her fear of rejection (for being a Luthor, for being...who she was). Flying was a socially acceptable Fear. Plenty of people had it. Plenty of normal people. Flying was a fear she didn't have to explain. Didn't have to justify it by revealing her the shameful details of her family history, her
personal history.

Fear of flying was also a fear of freedom. It meant a loss of control and therefore required faith and trust. Freedom. Faith. Trust. Lena hadn't received a master's degree in any of these. Fiona and her didn't spend much time exploring her fear of flying. There were too many other issues to talk about. Most of them involved loss and...rage. Fiona believed that as Lena learned to Trust...that life was on her side...her fear of flying would slowly dissolve on it's own. In the meantime, Lena developed techniques to assist her with flying. A few EMDR exercises. Visualization. Rationalization. Fiona would always tell her, "it's okay to have fear." Lena would answer, "Is it?" And Fiona would say, firmly, "Yes." Then they would just stare at each other. Then Fiona would say, "Is fear preventing you from living your life?" Lena would think and then say "no" then they would stare some more. Fiona was proud of her. Sometimes Fiona would even say so and it meant the world to Lena.

The point is that, despite all the therapy, the personal growth, the exercises, the inner credo of not living in fear...Lena was still afraid of flying! And recall that just moments ago...she was in her helicopter, which just had the propeller blown off by a sonic blast, was in a death spiral heading down to earth, then was ripped out of the sky, and pulled down to Earth in the hands of Supergirl. For the second time. Recall that Lena and Supergirl first laid eyes on each other in that very same helicopter. Supergirl's first words to Lena were "You're safe now." The very words Lena had longed to hear...longed to believe. Except this second helicopter rescue didn't involve being pulled down 40' to the landing pad. This involved Supergirl dragging the broken tin can (the helicopter felt like one as soon as the propeller broke off) down 500 feet to the street.

By the time the four of them (Maggie, Alex, Lena and Supergirl) were standing together, after having just worked together in an unexpected way to defeat the Goren and save National City...Lena was still on the verge of throwing up.

And because Lena wasn't law enforcement, wasn't DEO, wasn't Supergirl...there was a lot of information to take in. Visually. There was so much devastation all around her. Smashed buildings. Gaping holes clear through the stadium's thick walls. The other women had seen things like this before. Not Lena. She was...awestruck. She knew the holes were created by Supergirl. Somehow she had blasted right through the stands, the steel, the concrete...blasted clear through. Lena could see through the giant hole all the way to the other side of the stadium. It didn't make sense. Yet she understood that The Girl of Steel, this incredible, God-like creature...that looked human and was anything but...Supergirl had power beyond Lena's wildest dreams.

It was a lot to take in.

And before she could digest any of this, she was in the air again. Flying. In Supergirl's arms.

In the air...was the last place Lena wanted to be.

It wasn't like Lena was falling to her death. Not falling to her death in a helicopter. Not falling to her death off her balcony. Supergirl was just...giving Lena a ride home. A ride that Lena...didn't ask for. And didn't want.

Not to mention that being scooped up bridal style in front of the gang... (were they a 'gang'?)...it was sort of...humiliating...for Lena. I mean, sure. The first bridal style carry was different. She was unconscious. Being flown away in the nick of time from an exploding evil lair. Then the second bridal style, rising up in the arms of Supergirl...well that time was a delicious "Fuck You" to the goons who pushed her over the balcony. That second bridal style carry was pretty sweet.

But this one, this was just Supergirl...taking possession of Lena's body and doing what she wanted with her. It was odd because, like every sexual person in National City, Lena had at one time
fantasized about that very thing. Fine. Multiple times she had fantasized about it. But fantasy and real life are two different things. In a fantasy, you have control. Control over every single thing. Real life? Real life was...

Well, in this particular instance...Lena wasn't feeling sexy or sexual. She was on the verge of throwing up. Just getting used to being on the ground. When suddenly, Lena was high above the skyscrapers. Lena grabbed onto Supergirl so tight. Buried her head into Supergirl's chest. She didn't want to see how high they were. Didn't want to see anything. Just wanted this to be over.

Naturally, Supergirl read this as great big snuzzle. A gesture of supreme affection.

---


Lena took a few steps, feeling the balcony under her, remembering falling off of it, wishing she wasn't on the 37th floor, wanting to be on the ground, wanting to throw up. She clutched her purse against her chest like a child with a security blanket.

"Thank you?" said Lena.

Supergirl didn't register the question mark at the end of the sentence. Lena was glad Supergirl didn't catch the sarcasm. Supergirl had saved Lena's life countless times. Lena should be grateful. Lena told herself this. And when she did...she heard Lillian Luthor's voice. Ungrateful daughter.

"So, um....looks like we're going to a party tonight."

Oh my God, thought Lena. That's right. The Scavenger's party.

"What time should I pick you up?" asked Supergirl.

Lena had no idea what to say. Things were happening a mile a minute. All she knew in this moment was that she didn't want to fly again.

"I'll...meet you there."

Supergirl smiled. And not knowing what else to say, flew off. Up up and away. Disappearing in a flash over the skyline.

Now it was Lena who was standing alone. And it wasn't even noon.

This was NOT how Lena was expecting the cat and mouse "mind games" with Alex would go today.

Not at all.

Jess entered Lena's office. Saw Lena on the balcony and rushed out to meet her.

"Lena! Are you alright?"

Lena collected herself. "Yes. Of course I'm alright." Lena smoothed her outfit. "Just, you know...another life saving, balcony drop-off by Supergirl."

"I could tell," said Jess.
Lena walked inside, striding with purpose. Trying to get her CEO groove back. "Oh, really? How so?" asked Lena. Jess followed Lena into the office, closed the balcony door and responded, "Because your hair looks like a rat's nest."

Beat.

Lena stopped dead in her tracks. Started laughing SO fucking hard. Doubled over laughing. Fell to her knees. And it was there, on her hands and knees, on the floor, on all fours...so glad to be on the ground, in her office, with Jess...that Lena finally felt safe. The laughter poured out of her.

Jess watched as Lena's chest heaved up and down. With release. It was both sweet and...somewhat erotic. Jess couldn't help but take a mental snap shot of Lena on the ground, on all fours, heaving with breath and release. Then set the thought aside. For later.

Jess had impeccable timing. She pulled out a comb and handed it to Lena. Lena saw it and laughed even more.

---

Jess spent the rest of the day on the phone with the insurance company. Explaining to them the helicopter was totaled and that yes their policy included provisions for alien attack and mischief and no their coverage was not maxed out after the incident in the lobby.

Maggie called the hot alien she was seeing. They were already exclusive. Sort of. They hadn't said as much, but they were spending every night together so obviously there wasn't anyone else in the picture. Told her she was alright and that their plans were still on for tonight.

Lena got to work on the isotope. Brought it right down to the lab. Personally oversaw it's transfer to secure storage, personally oversaw the structural analysis. It was a thrilling day for her and the two employees she brought in on this top secret project. Results should be within a few days.

Kara changed and went back to work at CatCo. Snapper put her on blast for missing the biggest story to hit National City - Supergirl thwarts attack on Green Stadium. Kara wanted to tell him SO BAD that not only didn't she miss the story - she WAS the story! It didn't bother her that much. She knew the truth. And Snapper didn't. That made Kara the better reporter. She had the best source (herself) and was committed to protecting her source (again, herself.). Snapper told Kara to write a piece on the history of Green Stadium for CatCo's Sunday magazine. Starting with how Ben got the nickname of Candy Man and ending with the three to nothing shut out game that ended The Streak. Candy Man? The Streak? Kara had no idea what he was talking about. Sounded like a couple of super villains. Snapper threw her out of his office before she could ask any more irritating questions.

J'onn gave Winn the day off. He stayed home playing Xbox and drinking Mountain Dew in his boxer shorts and favorite Superman t shirt.

James was at the stadium taking pictures. (Let's take a moment to acknowledge that James has finally made it into this fic. His time in this fic reflects his screen time in season two. Almost nil.)

Vasquez was at the DEO, in the locker room, changing into her civvies after working the overnight shift and then straight into the morning shift, working point in the situation room during the Stadium attack. Vasquez pulled off her shirt, revealing her the large tattoo on her left shoulder blade. A scorpion holding a shield and sword. (Chicks fucking love it. It's why she wears to many tank tops when she's out on a bar crawl.) Vasquez's locker was next to Alex's. She looked down at it. She hadn't seen the hole in the bag. Hadn't seen what was inside. But she did watch Alex rush
out of the situation room with it. What the fuck was up with that? What was in that bag? Vasquez had half a mind to test her lock picking skills right then and there when Alex came walking in.

Alex sat on the bench facing the lockers and just...stared.

"What's up with you?"

Alex didn't have the energy to respond.

"You look positively morose."

Alex looked up at Vasquez. "Yeah?"

"Yeah. You look like...a black hole."

Vasquez looked at her with such...genuine concern...that Alex almost told her...everything. But no words came out. Her eyes, though...Alex's eyes said it all. It was romance related.

Vasquez sat down. Her shirt was still off. Wearing only her DEO combat trousers, boots and a black bra.

Oh. And that tattoo. That was there. And those big eyes, those cut biceps, those abs...they were all there, too. Alex couldn't help but notice.

Vasquez sat next to Alex. Put her hand on Alex's shoulder.

"If you need someone...to talk to...You know you can tell me anything."
Chapter 33

The Scavenger sent out the party invitations that afternoon at 4pm sharp. They arrived moments...seconds...later.

Lena was down on the fourth floor - the main L Corp laboratory - working on the isotope. She just so happened to be in the lavatory, washing her hands, when a shimmering card made of gold leaf suddenly appeared on the sink, seemingly straight out of thin air, or a dream. She knew at once it had to be from The Scavenger. He was the only thing (person?) that she had seen dematerialize. Stood to reason that he was behind a spontaneous materializations, as well.

Lena picked up the card. Surprised that her fingers actually touched it. Held it. Felt it's weight and texture. Surprised that it was...real. How did it get here? The multiverse, that she had read about so much (one of her favorite topics), was more real than ever to her. She longed to understand the science of how it arrived here. She spun the gold card around in her fingertips. Marveling at it. Watching it catch the light. Shimmering. Interacting with light rays, bending them, the gold leaf reflecting and absorbing color and wavelengths. It was breathtaking.

Suddenly realizing that someone could enter the bathroom at any moment, Lena jumped and looked at the door. She was alone. Just to be sure, she went back into a stall and closed the door. Locked it. Then opened the card. Written in what looked like fresh calligraphy, was simply the phrase:

Come As You Are...

Nothing else. No names. No addresses. No RSVP information at all. There was no indication whatsoever who this was from...or who it was to.

The letters started to disappear. The phrase was now...gone. The gold leaf dissolved and suddenly the invitation in her fingers dematerialized. She was holding nothing. Lena had several things slip right through her fingers. Business deals. Opportunities. Lovers. But this was like a magic trick. Instead of wishing things had gone another way...had gone her way...she just wished someone...anyone...was there to see what just happened. She wished she hadn't locked herself in a stall. Wished she wasn't alone. Wished she had someone to share this moment with. It was too wonderful. She was bursting with magic and zest for life. Too much for one person.

One person was all she was, though. Was it even real? Did that just happen? She let herself out of the stall and looked at herself in the mirror. Another person might help me keep a grip on reality, she chuckled to herself. She smoothed her hair. Remembered Jess teasing her about how unruly and windswept it was earlier, after being flown around, had another chuckle and went back to the lab.

---

Kara was at her desk at CatCo, while talking on the phone with Sugar Green. Setting up a time for their interview. Sugar was a very busy woman and nearly every moment of her days were booked.

That's when her invitation arrived. Kara just looked at it, like - huh? She'd seen enough weird shit to not completely freak out at something like this. It was still strange, though. She started stuttering and stammering, struggling to stay focused with the task at hand. "Um..um...so...wow...uh..."

Sugar was worried about her. "Are you alright honey?"
Kara just looked at the invite with wonder and suspicion. "Fine, I'm fine," said Kara, trying to get something on the books. "How about first thing tomorrow morning? Do you eat breakfast? There's a wonderful diner with Belgian Waffles that I just know you'll love. The place is very...."

Then the invitation, as if it was...angry...that it's recipient hadn't opened it yet...opened itself! With an indignant flourish. Showing Kara the message inside:

Come As You Are...

Kara read the phrase out loud. "...Come as you are..."

Sugar responded to this very positively! "Oh, honey. Do you know how wonderful it is to be invited somewhere that isn't pretentious? I am so sick of silver and China at breakfast. I would LOVE to meet you at a diner and share a Belgian Waffle with you. Email my secretary the details and I will see you tomorrow at 8am."

Sugar hung up the phone. The invitation dematerialized. And Kara just sat there thinking...

"SHARE a waffle??"

---

The party was in full swing by the time Lena's town car arrived. She decided on a high ponytail, cigarette pants, Louboutin heels, a halter top and a black leather clutch that contained exactly one item. Her favorite tube of lipstick. Lucky for Lena, Alex didn't choose to abuse that particular tube last night. They didn't make it any more. (Not that Lena couldn't have find a makeup manufacturer to copy it for her. Please.)

She exited the town car at 10pm on the dot. Was prepared to wait there until Supergirl arrived, which was exactly two seconds after Lena stepped onto the street and one second before she closed the door. Supergirl had been waiting on top of the adjacent building. Watched Lena's car pull up. Swooped down, took the car door in her hand and gently closed it for Lena.

Lena noticed Supergirl was in her Super Suit. Hmmm. Even for a party, thought Lena. Well...it's a look.

That's when Supergirl took Lena's hand and led her to the door.

It was...so weird...having Supergirl hold her hand. Supergirl's grip was steady and confident. But there was something else. Something Lena...couldn't identify. When they got to the warehouse door, Supergirl dropped Lena's hand and knocked.

Her hand went clear through the door, disappearing into another dimension. Lena and Supergirl looked at each other with wonder. Do we just...walk through the door? Walk into the door? This time it was Lena who took Supergirl's hand. For safety. Together, at the exact same time, they stepped inside. Disappearing from one reality and...entering another.

Strangely, it seemed so...regular. It looked exactly as if they'd walked through a regular door. They were inside the warehouse. There was a solid floor underneath them. Walls. People. Passed appetizers. Waiters with champagne flutes on platters. Guests. Revelers. Furniture. The party was in full swing.

An extra charge in the air. An electricity. An excitement. Far far beyond the normal excitement of attending these rare gatherings. Everyone almost died. These parties were almost...no more. Forever. So there was an air of celebration, much like a spontaneous tailgate party. There had been
a triumphant and unexpected win on the part of life, having cheated death, the odds on favorite. Death would have to wait another day.

Perhaps the most excited part of the party was the invitation. Not how it arrived, not the gold leaf, not the calligraphy. But the theme. "Come as you are." The Revelers knew exactly how to interpret this. It was to be a bacchanal. A parade of ID and ego. Sex and desire. True selves presented and revealed in a one night only super event.

As soon as they stepped inside, Supergirl scanned for threats. Lena, on the other hand, surveyed the guests. Most could be categorized as either human, alien, hybrid or alternative life form. Although Lena could just feel...their true natures. Somehow despite what they were wearing, she could just...sense...in a way she'd never sensed before...each guests essential yet often hidden inner nature.

There were scamps, scoundrels and rogues...prostitutes, strumpets, prudes and whores...exhibitionists and voyeurs...thieves, freaks, and con artists...white witches, and warlocks, straight edges from several galaxy's...couples, thruples, swingers, ringers...collectors, buyers, sellers...bi-sexuals, try-sexuals, nigh-sexuals, ne'er do wells, dommes and subs, tops, bottom, switches, bitches, bastards, dastards...the whole gamut. Even though it was just people standing around chatting, drinking, sipping, laughing, flirting, telling stories, meeting each other, introducing themselves, engaging in chit chat and pleasantry, discussing the Stadium battle, the events of the previous party, and other topics...somehow Lena could sense an undercurrent of...not perversion...but persuasion. She could somehow sense exactly what turned each person on. Where was this information coming from? She couldn't understand. Was she just imagining it?

There was a tap on her shoulder. It was The Scavenger.

"Ladies! I'm so glad you could...come."

He lingered on that last word. Lena got the double entendre. Supergirl put her hands on her hips.

(Author's note: I've got to stop dragging Supergirl. I know you all hate her by now and I only have myself to blame.)

"Thank you for having us," said Supergirl.

The Scavenger raised his eyebrow at hearing Supergirl suggest, however inadvertently, the idea of him 'having' her and Lena. Lena caught the whole thing. He was part rogue, part thief. Probably stole a few hearts in his day. Probably has a whole collection.

The Scavenger extended his hand. His glowing hand, with tapered fingers. Lena bravely extended her own. He was filled with delight. Intoxicated as his hand touched her, taking her fingers, her palm, her flesh in his hand. It was clearly a very, very sensual experience for him to touch her. Even in this polite fashion. He bent over and placed a delicate kiss on the back of her hand. It sent an unexpected shiver of pleasure through Lena. His soft and light touch, holding her hand, turning it over gently, raising it just a bit and then extending one barely there kiss on it, she felt like a jewel.

After the kiss, The Scavenger looked up into Lena's eyes. Not like a predatory wolf. Not like a creeper. But with such sincere affection and...friendship...that Lena somehow knew that from this moment forward, her and The Scavenger would always be in each other's lives.

He released her hand and was about to do the same with Supergirl, but Kara took her hand in hers and gave it a firm shake. (Author's note: I obviously can't stop dragging her. Forgive me.)
"As my honored guests, I'd like to give you a guided tour of my home."

He took each lass under his arms and led them through the house.

---

There were rooms with precious art and artifacts, architectural restorations, family portraits...The Scavenger's tour was chock full of stories, histories, fascinating anecdotes, lore, legend...Lena was in heaven. Kara, too. She was seeing things from other galaxies, things she'd read about in books as a child. She didn't share much of this, kept quiet during much of the tour, it was overwhelming to be suddenly surrounded with things she'd only heard about on Krypton. Mostly in stories her mother and father told her. 20 minutes into the tour, Kara was in her own world. She was a child again. On Krypton. This was the closest she'd ever felt to her parents since...since she was in the coma...since she was back "living" with them, as their adult daughter. Kara had a lump in her throat. Hung back.

Lena, on the other hand, kept peppering The Scavenger with questions, which he was more than happy to field. Lena was inquisitive and brilliant, yet still curious about all that she didn't know. The Scavenger thought this was one of her finest qualities. Eventually he was holding Lena's hand, leading her from one painting to another, from one curiosity on this mantle to another one over here in a drawer. They were like long lost friends reuniting after a long absence, catching up on all that they'd missed. The Scavenger was keen to compliment Lena along the way, asking her question about herself..."How long have you been interested in X?" And "When did you first hear about Y?"

All the while, they mixed and mingled with guests. Often were interrupted by Revelers wanting to pay their respects to their host. The Scavenger never failing to introduce both Lena and Supergirl to whoever approached. Guests were MUCH more interested in Supergirl than Lena. She was a bonafide celebrity in their midst and they often pulled her aside to ask her questions, fawn over her, etc. Kara was more than happy to...have fans. It helped distract her from the deep longing and loneliness this tour was inspiring. She'd been looking forward to this "date" with Lena for so long...ever since their first night with the crop...finally they were together, alone, at night, a party, just the two of them...and all Kara could feel was...homesick. So homesick that she was glad The Scavenger was soaking up all of Lena's time and attention. Supergirl didn't want Lena to see...how ambivalent she was feeling.

At one point, Lena watched as The Scavenger told a few off color tales about one of his guests. The guest was right there. Having a few choice secrets being revealed in front of his friends. And yet, seemed to be enjoying every moment of it. She continued scanning the party, everyone was having a blast. Yet there seemed to be something...an element...to the festivities that she seemed to be....missing. She finally put two and two together. There were...rooms...somewhere in the house...where people were obviously doing drugs. And coming back from them with extra energy, an extra charge to them. Ah, thought Lena.

The Scavenger had been watching Lena closely when she finally added things up. She looked both satisfied and somehow disappointed. The Scavenger excused himself and went straight for the Luthor.

"I can tell you now understand there is a whole other part to my home that people are enjoying." Lena nodded in the affirmative. "I'd like to take you there now. If you feel you are ready."

Lena took a deep breath and spoke with clarity and finality. "I drink but I don't do drugs. Thank you but...hard pass."

Supergirl was off in the corner, being photographed and glad handed.
The Scavenger laughed. "I don't do drugs. And I don't even drink. It's not good for you." Lena cocked and eyebrow. The Scavenger continued. "There are no drugs at this party. Although what I am about to show you might...have a similar effect."

A waitress in a harlequin mask and French maid's outfit handed Lean a champagne flute. Lena took it, raised it to The Scavenger in a toast and said, "Color me intrigued. Let's continue our tour."

The Scavenger led Lena over to Supergirl, begged his guests off and led the ladies to the uppermost level.

--

It was a hallway. Several wooden doors lined the sides. Seemingly ordinary in every way. Except for the line of guests waiting for their turn to enter. Occasionally people would exit, looking thrilled, confused, blissed out, shocked. And the next guest or guests would excitedly take their place.

Lena and Supergirl proceeded with caution as The Scavenger led them down the hall, pointing at each door and describing what was inside...

"As you know, my home borders on the fourth dimension. I've cultivated several gates that allow whoever enters to experience a few moments of...the various qualities of contained in the fifth dimension."

Lena already had a million questions. The Scavenger intuited what half of them were and addressed them.

"The fourth dimension is just a holding place. A gate between the third and fifth. People can't enter the fifth dimension. But they can...sometimes...enter the fourth, briefly...and from their get a glimpse, grab a moment, from the fifth."

Lena took his word for it.

The Scavenger pointed at the first room. "This is the room of time. Anyone who enters it can go back and relive any moment in their history."

Supergirl was so intrigued by this. "For how long?"

"Three minutes," answered The Scavenger.

Lena was less than interested. There was virtually nothing in her history that she wanted to go back and re-live.

The Scavenger was thinking this would have gone over a lot better than it had. He moved to the next room.

"This room is called seven minutes in heaven."

Lena chuckled. "Like from high school."

"Not quite," corrected The Scavenger. "This room allows you to connect with a loved one who has passed. Seven minutes with them."

Supergirl chimed in. "Anyone? Seven full minutes?"

Finally! The Scavenger was getting the reaction he was hoping for. "Seven minutes. Guaranteed."
Supergirl's mind went a mile a minute. So did Lena's. They could see their mothers. Lena on the other hand, she was less enthused. She had no memories of her birth mother. What if she...wasn't a good person? Never wanted Lena? Told Lena she was an accident. Told Lena she never loved Lionel. There were so many bad things that Lena could learn. She wasn't going to invite that heartbreak.

Supergirl on the other hand, remembered her mother, loved her and was loved by her. Just being in her mother's arms for seven minutes, without a word being said, would be worth it.

"Is it a hologram? A trick of the mind? What is it?" Supergirl's tone was somewhat demanding and incredulous.

"My dear..." The Scavenger placed his arms around Supergirl's shoulder. "Energy can not be destroyed. It just changes form. We all start in the fifth dimension and come down to the third to...learn lessons, be shaped and molded...then we return to the fifth to integrate and plan the next adventure."

Supergirl tried to make like she understood what The Scavenger was talking about.

"The one caveat is that you can only enter this room once. A lot of people...wait...until they know exactly who their visit will be with." The Scavenger turned to Lena to share a juicy tidbit. "Sometimes even waiting for someone to die before going in!" Lena's eyes grew wide. "Once a friend of mine was threatened with the old chestnut of 'over my dead body'...when that finally happened he entered the room just to laugh in his face!" The Scavenger loved human ego and frailty. It was always good for a joke.

He lead them to the third room.

"This is the room of truth."

This caught both Lena's and Supergirl's attention.

"Note that, unlike the others...this room...doesn’t have a line of people waiting to enter. It can be...an intense experience. Most people, when you get down to it...would rather not know. You see...anyone who enters that room...can only speak the truth."

Lena looked incredulous. "I have a lot of secrets. Corporate secrets. If someone were to say...push me into this room...they would have access to all of that?"

The Scavenger understood Lena's concerns.

"This isn't Wonder Woman's lasso. No one is forced to say anything. But everything the DO choose to say, when they are in the room, can only be truthful statements."

Lena felt comforted. Somewhat.

The Scavenger continued, "Like the other rooms, this too has a caveat." Lena waited for it. So did Supergirl.

"When you leave the room, your mind retains no memory of what was said or heard."

Lena looked completely and utterly confused. "Then what is the point?"

The Scavenger smiled wide. "Oh, there is most definitely a point." He paused for effect. "Care to
try it, with me?"

Lena thought for a moment. Carefully. The Scavenger was more than patient. The choice was hers to make. He'd clearly been in the room before and seemed to find it most enjoyable.

People exited the room of Truth. They looked dazed. But fine. More than fine. Better than fine, in face. Other people were waiting in line but the Scavenger waved the off. It was Lena's for the asking.

Lena looked at Supergirl. "Would you mind if I...popped in for a minute?"

The Scavenger took Lena by the arm and handed Supergirl his pocket watch. "Time us. Knock on the door after exactly one minute."

Supergirl was game. She opened the watch. Waited for the second hand to hit 12. The Scavenger put his a hand on the door knob.

"Ready...set...GO," said Supergirl.

The Scavenger opened the door and quickly ushered him and Lena Luthor inside.

The door closed shut.

Supergirl watched the second hand.

Tick.

Tick.

Tick.

---

The room was small and empty. Literally just hardwood floors and bare walls. The Scavenger looked like he was about to bite into a delicious piece of pie.

"Lena, what is the most secret project you're currently working on?" Scavenger waited.

Lena was surprised. Her heart started to race. She felt her mouth, felt it become dry. Concerned the words “Synthetic Kryptonite” would come tumbling out, against her will.

But they didn’t. She said nothing.

"See?" said The Scavenger. “You don’t have to say anything you don’t want to.”

Lena cracked a grin. She had power in this room. Good.

“Tick, tock, tick, tock,” said The Scavenger. “Our minute is counting down.” Lena understood a game was afoot. He looked at her with penetrating eyes. And began telling the truth. “Everyone at this party, including myself, would get on their knees in an instant to worship those beautiful breasts.” Lena’s look of surprise at his forwardness didn’t bother him in the least. He continued, talking extremely fast. Cramming in as many words as he could into the remaining minute. “You’re here with Supergirl as your date. Have you two been intimate?”

“No,” was Lena’s reply. The Scavenger wanted salacious details. He wanted to picture what was going to happen later. Supergirl and Lena Luthor hard core fucking. He kept at it like a machine
gun.

“Will you be intimate later tonight?”

“No,” said Lena. The word tumbled out of her before she even realized what she’d said.

The Scavenger was taken aback. “Why not?” Lena didn’t have an answer ready. “Not your type?”

Lena’s thoughts were going a mile a minute, crashing into each other like a demolition derby. The Scavenger took the lead once again.

“Are you a lesbian? Don’t you think Supergirl would do a Super Job eating your pussy?”

There was a knock at the door. Time was up. The Scavenger led Lena to the door, letting one last truth slip before they exited.

“If you ever need someone to lick and fuck you all night long, think of me.” Lena was shocked that her...friend...was saying such lewd and inappropriate things. He was clearly not the man she thought he was. This man is not my friend, thought Lena. He’s a sexual predator. An objectifier. A disgusting, one track minded...

...as soon as they left the room. Lena’s mind went blank. She had no recollection whatsoever as to what happened inside. Neither did The Scavenger!

They looked at each other and smiled. What a great party trick, though Lena.

“How long were we gone?” asked Lena.

“Exactly one minute and three seconds.” Supergirl handed the pocketwatch back to The Scavenger. “What did you guys talk about?”

Lena looked at The Scavenger. His mind was also truly blank. They looked at each other and laughed.

“I have no earthly idea,” said Lena.

“That’s the fun!” exclaimed The Scavenger.

Lena looked at The Scavenger and thought, now here’s a man who understands me. Who really respects my mind. He knew I’d love something like this. God, I’m so glad we’re friends. I’m looking forward to spending more time with him.

And when she thought that, she suddenly felt a...series of sensations. Along her breasts. In her panties. Faint whispers of a memory that the mind couldn’t for the life of itself conjure up.

Lena tuned into this right away and started scanning herself like a scientist. What happened in that room? She tried to figure it out.

Meanwhile, Supergirl had seen Lena try a room and was delighted with the results. These rooms really did have a “magic” to them. Supergirl started to...crave...her seven minutes in heaven. She had someone she wanted to talk to. Her mother.

Supergirl kept looking back at the door. The door to “heaven.” The Scavenger approached Supergirl.

“Care to...try a room?”
Supergirl hemmed and hawed. Spent a few minutes talking with The Scavenger who patiently explained the rules of the seven minutes in heaven room once again. Since the room’s power can only be experienced once by each living third dimensional entity, Supergirl wanted to make 100% sure she was making the right choice at the right time.

As Supergirl and The Scavenger spoke, Lena came to some conclusions.

Recall...that Lena Luthor is a fucking genius.

Lena realized the fun of the Truth room. Realized what The Scavenger had conveniently...deliberately...failed to mention. Yes, the mind was wiped of all memories. But the mind isn’t the only place where memories are stored! Muscle memory. Cellular memory. Scientific discoveries were learning that the heart was actually the biggest memory muscle in the body. Lena realized that The Scavenger must have...MUST HAVE...said something sexual to her. Her body was having a sexual, reaction memory just at the sight of him. What he said, she may never know. But the truth room was....not without consequence.

Now that really IS a fun party trick. Thought Lena Luthor.

Supergirl ran up to Lena. Excited. “Lena, would you mind if I leave you for a bit? I’m...I’m going to try one of the rooms.”

Lena was happy for Supergirl. “Of course. Enjoy.”

“Thanks.” Supergirl beamed, ready for her adventure. The Scavenger took Supergirl’s hand and led her down the hallway, to assist her in cutting the line. Making sure that she would be the next one inside. And ready to quell complaints and personally entertain the guests who had to miss a turn.

Lena remained where she was. Allowing The Scavenger to lavish some personal attention on Supergirl. Lena knew she’d been getting the lion’s share of it all night long. She drained the last bit of her champagne when the waitress in the french maid costume and harlequin mask appeared to take the empty glass out of her hand.

“Thank you,” said Lena, as she handed the glass over.

The waitress didn’t take it. Instead she pushed Lena Luthor right back into the room of truth. And locked the door.

“What the hell do you think you’re…”

The waitress pulled off her mask and wig. It was Alex.

---

Lena’s face broke out into the biggest smile. She looked Alex up and down, taking in every lascivious detail of the costume. “Oh, I really like this get up on you.”

Alex barely paid Lena any attention. Reached into her cleavage. Pulled out her DEO issued watch, pressed a few buttons, beep, beep, beep, and set a timer for six and a half minutes.

Lena kept up her prattle. “And since this is the room of truth, I guess I really do mean it. You look good, Agent Danvers.”

Alex was a lot more huffy and to the point. “Have you kissed Supergirl?” Lena didn’t appreciate
the artlessness. Didn’t appreciate being deposed. Lena said nothing. “Well, have you??”

Lena had questions of her own. “What are you doing here, Alex? Are you following me?”

“Yes! I’m following you!” The words tumbled out with such sincerity, it surprised them both. A salve that healed all wounds. Lena instantly softened. Alex was so vulnerable and hopeful and angry. It broke Lena’s heart and healed it all at once.

“Do you like Supergirl or do you like me? I need to know. I can’t play these games with you anymore.” Alex was putting all her cards on the table.

“Do you understand where we are?” asked Lena. “We’re in the room of truth.”

“I need the truth. That’s why I brought you in here.” Alex paused. Lena still wasn’t answering her question. “Lena, is this...anything. Am I...anything? To you?” Alex was done talking. With questions like those, Alex didn’t need Lena to say anything. Her silence, if she chose silence, would speak volumes.

Lena’s heart raced. Her mind raced. She had just been in the room of truth. She reminded herself that neither she nor Alex would remember anything that was said. Lena realized she didn’t have to call or fold. She could raise.

“Alex...you want to know if you're anything to me? You're everything to me. I've fallen in love with you.”

Alex’s mind couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Lena could see it. She continued telling the truth.

“Alex, you saved my life...at the L Corp rebranding announcement. Before that happened, I saw you in the crowd. I just...saw you. You were stunning. Then later when I met you at Kara’s house...I know I looked at you like I was disgusted but what I was disgusted with was me and the feelings I was having in that moment. It was love at first sight for the second time. And I was disgusted at myself for feeling so basic and fairy tale. I needed to see if it was real. That's why I started working on synthetic kryptonite. I thought that somehow...you would find out about it and...perhaps...come see me. And you did.”

Lena burst out laughing. She was spilling all of her secrets. Alex could barely keep up.

Lena saw the watch. The timer. Knew time was of the essence.

“I love you, Alex Danvers. I am in love with you. The question is...are you in love with me?”

Alex’s jaw was just...hanging open. She blinked a few times and replied, “I want to be.”

Wow. Okay. So that’s the truth. Lena was okay with that.

“Alex, listen to me.” Lena walked up to Alex, put her hands on Alex’s waist. Alex gulped. This was NOT what she had been expecting AT ALL. “You are the sexiest, most exciting, sweetest, softest, smartest woman I have ever met. Take all the time you need. I love you. I want you. And if one day you find that you’ve fallen in love with me, also...then I want you to ask me to marry you. I promise I’ll say yes.”

Lena’s hands were caressing Alex’s sides. Alex was looking everywhere except at Lena. Too bashful. Too overwhelmed.
Tick, tock, tick, tock.

“Also...if you do propose to me. I want you to do it in Ireland. In Glendalough. Wicklow County. It’s one of my favorite places.”

Alex looked like Lena just spat out a bunch of nonsense. Lena grabbed Alex’s watch. Saw there was just over a minute left.”

“Glendalough. Say it. Repeat it to me.”

Alex said it. “Glendalough.”

“Good.” Lena looked happy. Remembered something else. “Also...I know you work at the DEO. And I know Kara is Supergirl. And I would never in a million years sleep with your sister.”

Alex’s jaw dropped to the fucking floor. The timer went off.

Lena felt...so fucking boss. She played the 'show your cards' game and fucking won it. Won every single moment of it. And it felt...so good...to tell Alex what she’d been feeling all this time. Free herself of all the secrets she’d been carrying all this time. Although, really she had already told Alex how she felt. Last night. During orgasm. Over and over and over.

Alex seemed scared to hear it then, too.

Alex finally spoke. “I’ve got to get out of here. Kara will be so upset if she sees me.”

It was the truth. Alex and Lena locked eyes.

And in a moment of psychic mind meld soul mate connection, at the same time both of their hands grabbed at each other’s faces, pulled each other in for a deep, solid, passionate kiss. The kind of kiss that could seal two people’s fates.

Alex was the first to break away. Slipped on her wig, the mask, grabbed Lena’s hand and exited to the hallway. As soon as the door closed behind them...

They had no idea what just happened.

Lena could feel her heartbeat. Lena’s heart was beating out of her chest. She didn’t know it, but so was the waitress’s. In that moment, their hearts were beating as one.

The waitress quickly scurried off down the hallway and disappeared down the servant's stairwell.

Lena tried to figure out what just happened. Some waitress just pulled her into the room of truth? It didn’t make sense. What could they have possibly talked about? I guess it didn’t matter since neither of them would have any memory of it.

That’s when Lena saw Supergirl exit the seven minutes in heaven room. Lena strode down the hall to join her. Supergirl was overcome with emotion and was elated to see Lena. Took Lena into her arms. Gave her a huge hug. The Scavenger could tell that something very healing and profound had happened for Supergirl during her seven minutes. It made him so glad. Good deed aside, he also knew having Supergirl in his good graces was an asset for him. Professionally. For that moment alone, the party was a huge success.

Alex slipped out the rear service entrance, took off her disguise and walked to her car parked round
the block.

Feeling like somehow she’d done what she came to do...although knowing that she knew nothing more than when she’d arrived.

And yet, even though it didn’t make sense...somehow, somewhere deep inside, Alex felt...so very glad...that she’d taken Vasquez and J’onn’s advice to go find Lena.
Lena was used to people being...inappropriate...with her. At times. Wolf whistles in the street. From men. Leering glances in powder rooms from women. She chalked the whole being pushed into the room of truth incident with the waitress as one of these spontaneous moments of lascivious cheek. She’d obviously pushed Lena Luthor into the room of truth to say something filthy. Something out of earshot from her employer. Maybe make Lena an offer of sexual services that might have sounded too good to be true and at the same time letting Lena Luthor know it was 100% one the waitress was prepared to make good on.

Yes. That had to be it. It was one of those types of parties. Naturally, the staff would find themselves incredibly aroused. By the guests. By the sexual energy. By the sex. For amongst all the chit chat and laughter and small talk...hands were roaming. Down pants and up skirts. Over blouses. Over lips. Around dark corners, on couches, in between thighs, liberties were being taken. Naturally, the help couldn't help but want in on the action. Naturally, the help might try to...help themselves. Of course that's what happened in the room of truth, surmised Lena. Some filthy, dirty talk from one stranger to another. From the help to the guest. A real upstairs, downstairs moment. A moment without consequence since there would be no memory of it. No chance of being fired. It's the only thing that made sense. Lena checked her body. Was she feeling aroused? Was there...anything extra in her clit? Like what had happened with The Scavenger?

She scanned herself. Not exactly. She most definitely was NOT feeling the dull pain of erotic stimulation. She did feel...warm...all over. It was a feeling she’d never had before. There wasn't any part of her mind, or body, that had a name for it. Or a category.

Lena surmised that the dirty talk the waitress served up must not have been very good at all. And as her brain made that assumption and filed the moment away under the category of ‘meaningless encounter that doesn't require another second of my time’...it was like Lena’s heart shouted: "Wrong, wrong, wrong!"

It was at that moment of contradiction that Supergirl exited the seven minutes of heaven room. Lena followed her brain. The waitress and their unexpected time together went away. Lena sauntered towards the end of the hallway towards Supergirl. Supergirl's eyes met Lena's as she approached. Supergirl was overcome with emotion. Lena was so curious. What happened? Who did Supergirl see?

Right as she neared Supergirl, Lena opened her arms and Supergirl climbed into Lena's embrace. As she took Supergirl in her arms, Lena's brain made a calculation and needed Lena to understand. It spoke something loud and clear. “Supergirl was in the room for seven minutes. You were with the waitress for seven minutes.”

The Girl of Steel softened in Lena's embrace. Fully allowing herself to be hugged, comforted, embraced. The thought of the waitress, and their time together once again disappeared from Lena’s consciousness. It was as if the calculation never happened. There was a woman in her arms. A girl. A god. Feeling the steady safety and warmth of the someone else's arms. Of Lena's arms. In this present moment, it was the only thing that mattered.

Lena pulled Supergirl in tighter. Started rocking a bit. Letting Supergirl know, without saying a
word, that she could stay in Lena’s arms forever if she wanted to. Lena held her...not like a friend, not like a lover, not like a sister...but like a soulmate. Like family. Not the family you are born with. Not the family whose bonds last a merely a lifetime. Like the family you were in before you were born. The family you return to after you die. The family you are bonded with for eternity.

They stood there for a while. The other guests...watching. Realizing this hug was all they were going to see, they went back to their chit chat. The next person entered the seven minutes in heaven room. The Scavenger shaking hands as he made his way down the line, back to being the consummate host. It was time to check on the rest of the party, time to make sure things were getting hotter, time to make the guests even more comfortable, let them know that it was time for the bacchanal to go full tilt. He headed downstairs to cajole, supervise, spur, seduce...assist with the removal of inhibitions and clothes...create scenarios and games for guests to participate in and enjoy. Leaving Lena and Supergirl alone.

Supergirl smelled Lena's perfume. Kara Zor-El didn't know anything about scents. She had studied so many subjects on Krypton and earth. Scents wasn’t one of them. She could smell hot food coming out of the oven. Sugar coated this or that. Coffee. Cinnamon. The more rare and refined bouquets of flowers and acids and fruits and musks? Couldn't name them for the life of her. Despite all of this, as she was crooked into Lena’s neck and hair...Kara knew that Lena smelled like a lady.

Not a lady. A woman. An elegant, lady-woman. Mature and refined. So profoundly female she could embody every traditionally masculine trait and still radiate pure, undiluted femininity. A full bodied woman who’d been places. Seen things. Knew things. Things like which fork to use and which restaurant to eat at and how to order the right courses in the right progression..a woman who sniffed brandy and swirled her drink because she could taste the difference after aeration...who knew the right way to introduce this person to that person...how to touch strangers and lovers. Fancy things. Important things.

The smell let Supergirl know, now more than ever, that Lena and her were...fundamentally different. The things Lena knew weren't the things that Supergirl knew. Or would ever know. Kara Zor-El knew a completely different science, a science from galaxies away, based on a set of mathematical formulas and principles that didn't pertain to the laws of earth's physics. A science that was nearly useless where they currently stood. Kara Zor-El knew xenocide and planetary destruction. She knew what it was like to skip puberty and transition into a god. Kara knew things, too. They were just...so different from the things Lena knew.

Yet there was a profound bond between the two women. On a very real and immediate level, they both knew they would each spend the rest of their lives...in battle...against forces determined to destroy them. Determined to destroy those they loved.

It felt like a shared destiny. A shared purpose. To never give up. To always keep on fighting. To always keep on loving and believing. In themselves. In others. In mankind. No matter what challenges life continued to serve. A shared knowingness...that because of this constant battle...it was so, so very important to cherish and enjoy the simple things in life. Gestures of friendship and affection. An office overflowing with flowers. Two perfect donuts.

Supergirl pulled out of Lena's arms. Eyes welling with emotion from her experience in the room. Eyes brimming with gratitude for the holding.

"I have an early day tomorrow. Would you mind if we...called it a night?"
Lena was surprised. Supergirl was ending their date early. No one ended a date early with Lena Luthor. Everyone wanted to kiss her, get under her shirt. Get into her pants. Get as far as they could. Take what they could. Taste what they could. Lena Luthor had literally never experienced this before. She tried to find the words.


Supergirl looked grateful. Lena took Supergirl's hand. Walked with her, slowly winding their way through the party, through the guests, hand in hand as they made their way down the fourth floor of the warehouse towards the exit far below.

They didn't speak another word. They were a team. A duo. Radiating to everyone who looked "We are together. We are inseparable. We are one."

The party music had turned into a low, rhythmic beat, pulsing, the lyrics more of a guttural chant, was it even a song, portions of it seemingly going on forever on a loop, people moving in time with it. Lena and Supergirl held hands as they passed one lewd scene after another. Looking, watching everything as they passed. Supergirl felt so safe with Lena, she allowed herself to take in all that she saw without shame, looking at the women being felt up, sliding up and down in the laps of men, one room had a woman tied in a X position against the wall, a leather hood over her head. Another woman guided participants up towards the faceless female figure, to feel and touch and taste whatever they wanted.

Lena also felt safe in Supergirl's hand. Very very safe. They passed through the parlor. That's where The Scavenger was. He had his back towards them. Busy with the woman pressed up with her back against his front, holding her head, caressing it, as another woman crawled under her skirt. Lena and Supergirl passed through without saying a word. Without saying goodbye.

Next thing they knew, they were outside. In the crisp night air. Outside the warehouse, on the street corner. Lena's driver turned the car on, the tail lights cutting through the darkness with a bright red.

The party was a million miles away. It wasn't behind that door right there. It was..somewhere else. Lena and Supergirl were back on earth. Alone. Standing in front of an empty warehouse on a darkened street corner.

This was their first date. And it was time to say goodbye.

Lena's driver exited the car, went to the back door and opened it. Supergirl held Lena's hand and walked her towards her car. Spoke to Lena's driver.

"You'll get her home safely?"

Supergirl was talking to him. Talking right to him. He couldn't wait to tell his kids about this moment.

"I will Supergirl. You have my word."

Supergirl smiled. A sharp feeling of personal pride shot right through his heart. Supergirl putting her trust in him made him feel like a god-damn hero. His chest puffed up.

Lena saw it and smiled so warmly. Somehow she had played a very small part in him meeting Supergirl and having this moment. A small burst of personal pride shot through Lena.

Lena was feeling so emotional. SO emotional. It didn't make sense. Her heart was warm and
bursting and melting all at the same time. This little moment of affection and trust between Supergirl and her driver...it washed over every part of Lena, her every cell, her entire heart, resonating and rippling with emotion. She felt both full and empty all at once. What was happening and why??

Supergirl turned to Lena. "I had a great evening. One I will never forget. And I have you to thank."

There were so many emotions in Lena's body she had a hard time finding words. Her composure, usually her secret weapon, wasn't in her hip pocket where she usually kept it. She started babbling.

"Supergirl, once again you saved my life, saved the life of...everyone in National City...if anyone should be thanking anyone..."

Supergirl put one finger to Lena's lips. Silencing her with gentleness. Moved the finger to under Lena's chin. Lifted it up, leaned in and gave Lena...one perfect kiss...on the check.

Lena's whole body flushed. She’d been kissed by a superhero. Touched with the lips of a god. That had to be the reason for all this...emotion.

"Get home safe."

And with a - whoosh - Supergirl flew up into the sky and disappeared.

Lena and her driver...their heads both craned up at the same time, watching Supergirl fly up over the buildings and disappear. Their hearts hitched. It never got old.

The cold quiet air was deafening. Somewhere a cicada was chirping. The driver put his hands on the door and waited for Lena. She climbed into the back seat without looking at him.

Without saying a word.

He walked around to the drivers side. Excited to talk with Lena on their ride home about Supergirl and the party and watching her fly and what a thrill it all was.

So you can imagine his surprise when he got into the driver’s seat and saw Lena had already raised the privacy partition. A giant, black, soundproof barrier. She obviously wanted to be alone with her own thoughts.

He was disappointed, however, didn't take it personally. Lena Luthor was her own person. A true individual. Whatever she needed, he was glad to give her. The car glided out to the street. He drove so smooth, like a bead of water traveling along glass.

Lena sat in the back seat. Behind her the warehouse getting smaller and smaller as her car pulled away, eventually turning the corner and the warehouse disappeared from view.

Lena tried to understand why and how she was feeling so much. Was it because Supergirl...rejected her? No. That wasn't it. Was it because she almost died today? She'd almost died countless times before. What was she feeling? Why was her...body...feeling...so...pained?

She was craving arms around her. Craving a love and comfort that felt like...hers and hers alone and yet...where was it? Nowhere to be seen or found.

A backlog of emotion was finally coming to the surface. Tears fell from Lena’s eyes. She curled up
on the back seat in the fetal position, cradling herself. As the tears started to fall. Her brain and her heart were aching. It was the pain of separation. It made no sense at all.

Lena Luthor cried all the way home.

---

Meanwhile, high above National City. Supergirl was flying high. In more ways than one.

She couldn't wait to tell Alex what had happened...in "heaven."

Chapter End Notes

Message to Kasey's father:

hide your daughters
Chapter 35

Chapter Summary

two chapters in one day, bitches. must be love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Alex changed out of her French Maid costume in her car, stashed it and the wig in a shopping bag. Her duffle was still at the DEO. Gotta get that home soon, she thought. Started driving home. Hands on the steering wheel. Late. Hardly anyone else on the road. Warehouse district, practically deserted at night. Then up to the highway. Feeling surreal. The image of Lena in her halter top. Couldn’t stop thinking about her. What she looked like. At the party. It was as if Lena was staring at Alex. Staring right into her eyes, so deeply. Of course, that didn’t happen. Alex was undercover. Monitoring Lena’s date with Supergirl from afar.

She’d taken J’onn and Vasquez’s advice. Went to see Lena. Their words were, go to her. And that’s what Alex did. She went to Lena. Something felt all wrong. Alex’s mind felt like mush. Her heart felt like she’d failed her mission. She accidentally drove right past her exit ramp. She jolted in her seat. She was a field surgeon FFS. She didn’t make dumb mistakes like that. Instantly more awake and alert. High alert.

__

Lena was a few blocks from home. She started to gather herself. Wiping her tears. Tucking in her shirt. Fixing her face. Didn’t want her driver to know she’d been…whatever. It didn’t matter. She looked out the jet black tinted windows as they drove along the row of the city’s most high end luxury apartment buildings. That’s when she saw her. Alex. Standing outside on the corner. Waiting for her.

Alex recognized the car right away. Had memorized it’s plate. She wondered if Lena would see her. Wondered if she would stop.

The driver glided towards the building, slowing down to turn into the sweeping circular private driveway at the buildings fore. Lena saw Alex. Moved towards her instinctively. Finding herself pressed up against the glass of her window. Seeing Alex. Looking right at her. Alex couldn’t see inside. Lena started shouting, “Stop the car! Stop the car!” Turning to the partition and pounding on it with a flat hand. Pressing at the button which lowered it. The car glided past Alex. Lena almost frantic. All she had to do was press the intercom and he would have heard her, but her heart was beating so fast she wasn’t thinking straight. Her body was moving faster than her mind. Usually it was the opposite for her. The partition was down an inch, finally. He heard Lena pounding and shouting. “Stop, stop! Pull over!” Hit the brakes. Lena scrambled out the car. Ran to where Alex was standing, near the driveway entrance.

“Alex!”

And just like that. Lena Luthor was in front of Alex. In her halter top. Close. Very close. Looking right at her. Looking deep into Alex’s eyes.
Alex had a profound sense of déjà vu. It messed with all the instincts that she’d developed over her lifetime of training and undercover work and covert ops and field exercises. Two of National City’s most highly educated, scientific and tactical experts, versed in espionage and code…stared at each other not knowing what on earth to do. Or say. Or think. Or feel.

And yet the feelings. So many feelings. They were nearly breathless just from proximity alone. Their eyes, both searching the other’s for answers. Knowing on some level they were the answer. And yet, yet…so much mystery. So many questions.

The sight of Alex in front of her, in the moonlight, under the pristine street lamps the lined the circular driveway, under the sparkling fairy lights that were swirled in throughout the trees in giant pots that also circled the entrance. Lena was over the moon.

The sight of Lena so happy, after having been on a date with Supergirl, after Alex having fucked her senseless the night before…it pissed Alex right off. Now, THAT was a feeling Alex could identify. It felt so damn good to actually know what she was feeling and why…that she ran with it.

“I’m so fucking pissed off at you, Lena.”

Lena wasn’t even mad. Alex was there. With her. Talking to her. Telling Lena her feelings. Her real feelings. Lena just nodded. Alex had every right to feel this way. Lena could take it.

“You have nothing to say?” Alex waited for Lena to speak.

“Um…would you like to come up and talk about it?” Asked Lena.

Alex lowered her voice, knowing they were in public. Knowing that just 20 feet away was the valet, the doorman and behind the revolving door, a security guard and a front desk worker. They did need privacy.

“No, I don’t want to go up to your penthouse. You’re little…game playing lair.” Alex waved her hands to emphasize the sarcasm and disdain. “What were you doing?”

Lena took a breath. Alex deserved answers. “It was a party. Nothing happened. The Scavenger is a gentleman and we…”

Alex cut her off. “I’m talking about this afternoon when you were flying your goddamn helicopter in a no fly zone above a situation critical…God damn it, Lena! You could have gotten yourself killed!” Alex looked at Lena with eyes that asked ‘are you out of your goddamn mind?’

Lena remembered. Being the helicopter. Almost dying. Wow. That…that was earlier today. It felt like lifetimes ago. And yet now, with Alex in front of her, the idea of doing something crazy like that, doing something that could put her life in danger…suddenly was terrifying to Lena. The idea of doing anything like that…and not telling Alex…not running the idea by her first…it suddenly felt…unthinkable. Why?

“Alex, I’m so sorry.” Lena was sorry. She was so sorry. Her whole body ached with the urge to scoop Alex up in her arms, to let Alex’s body know…things…that Lena’s mind didn’t even know.

Alex’s anger wasn’t exactly quelled with Lena’s short and to the point apology.

“How can I trust you??” Alex asked in anger. Yet…sincerity. Lena was…sort of fucked. Trust had been broken. Lena put herself in danger. Without telling anyone. Without telling Alex. Without concern for…oh you get the idea.
Lena didn’t know what to say in response. Trust takes time to earn. Trust wasn’t going to be restored overnight. Lena bit her lip. Swallowed hard. “Alex, please…don’t give up on me.”

Seeing Lena look so vulnerable. So mature yet needy. Emotionally open. Honest. Caring. It was a lot for Alex to witness. She looked down at her feet. Jammed her hands into her jacket pocket. Nudged Lena’s stiletto’d covered toes with her shoe.

“Don’t do that again.”

Lena took a step closer. Got right into Alex’s personal space. Unzipped Alex’s jacket. Got inside that, too. Alex’s hands, still in her jacket pockets, wrapped the jacket, wrapped her arms around Lena. Lena put her forehead on Alex’s.

“Please come up.”

They closed their eyes and let their foreheads kiss for a bit. Then Alex looked up. Looked at Lena. Lena knew the answer was yes. It felt like absolutely everything had changed between them. And yet…what had changed? Lena pulled a risky stunt then went on a date with Supergirl? Alex almost was busted with sex toys at the DEO then helped fight off an alien invasion? What the fuck about today, thought Alex.

Lena ran back to the car. Grabbed her purse from the back seat. Thanked her driver and sent him home. Alex was next to her now. Lena took Alex’s hand, walked her straight into the lobby, past the front desk, to the elevator bay. Put her penthouse key in the special slot and turned it.

There had been so much hand holding this evening. Yet nothing, NOTHING, felt like Alex’s fingers intertwined in hers. Electricity. Excitement. Warmth. There was something extraordinary when they touched. Especially with their hands and fingers.

Silent for the entire elevator ride. They let their fingers explore. Touching hands. Fingers sliding over fingers. At one point, Alex turned Lena’s hand flat and traced every line of her palm. Ding. The doors opened and revealed the foyer of Lena’s penthouse. She led Alex inside. Like it was their first time. And it was. It was the first time Lena was bringing her in. There was a sweetness, a specialness to this that was undeniable to each of them. Alex walked in slowly. Taking in the details of the home, as it was meant to be experienced by a…guest…entering it.

Lena’s hosting instincts kicked in.

“Are you hungry?”

Alex checked in with herself. She wasn’t hungry. A yawn slipped out.

“Tired?” Asked Lena.

“It’s been a long day,” said Alex. She realized she’d need to sleep soon.

“Let’s get you to bed then.”

Lena Luthor inviting Alex to her bed, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, was one of the most sexy moments of Alex’s life that it felt like a dream. All of this felt like a waking dream. It didn’t feel real. Alex needed to be in reality. A part of her training kicked in. The training she’d learned about mind control and sensory deprivation suddenly came into play. Alex brought her hands to her face. Rubbing it all over. Slapping it.

Lena stepped forward. Alex looked slightly crazed. Lena took Alex’s hands in her. Took them
away from her face. Slowly. Tenderly. Looking at Alex with so much love and concern. Alex gulped.

“It’s okay, baby.” And with that…Lena leaned in and gave Alex a perfect, tender kiss square on her lips. Alex didn’t even kiss back. Just let Lena press into her. Just felt the softness. Accepted it. Felt Lena pucker her lips and press up a bit, taking Alex’s upper lip, giving it both a kiss and a lick. A bolt of heat shot straight down through Alex. Somehow, just kissing Alex made Lena feel the same.

Lena pulled away, just by an inch. Alex spoke. Her hands instinctively landing on Lena’s waist.

“Lena, I…I can’t have another night of crazy sex with you. If we’re gonna…if this is…” Alex realized that even naming what was happening between them was dangerous. She skipped over that part. “I’ve got to…” No. That wasn’t right either. Alex kept starting and stopping herself. Finally saying, asking, “Can we take it slow? I mean, we haven’t even gone on a date.”

Lena smiled. How very sensible. Looks like Lena would be the outrageous dreamer, the balloon dancing high in the air…and Alex would be the one holding it’s string. Rooting it to the earth. Lena had always imagined it would be the other way around, if she ever found…someone…to share her life with.

“We can go slow.” Lena started caressing Alex’s collarbone with her fingertips.

“That means I don’t spend the night.”

Lena was NOT expecting that. And…wasn’t going to agree with it, either. But she was sly so…Lena simply said, “You’re not going to go home right now, though, are you? You just got here.” Lena traced her fingers from Alex’s neck down the front of her shirt.

“I can…I can stay for a little bit.”

Lena looked up. Glint in both eyes. “Come with me then.” Took Alex’s hand and started pulling her deeper into the penthouse, towards the bedroom.

“Slow, Lena.”

Lena looked only slightly devilish. She shifted directions. Headed Alex towards the living room. The city lights and the moon illumining it though a vast expanse of windows along the north wall. “We’ll sit on the couch,” said Lena. “We’ll have rules.” Alex was intrigued. Lena was looking very devilish now, her tongue went up to the bottom of her top teeth. She was thinking of something tantalizing. “Tonights rule…in honor of going slow…is…second base only.”

Alex raised her eyebrows. Lena Luthor? Not having sex? Not having full on, penetrative sex? Not having oral sex? Not being orally serviced? Not having any of that? Had Lena Luthor ever stopped at second base even once in her life?

Alex was incredulous. “Um…do you even know what second base is?”

Lena smirked. Alex was teasing her. And Lena was loving every minute of it. She pushed Alex down, sitting her on the couch. Lena crawled on top of her, straddling her. “I sure do.” Lena petted Alex’s hair. Alex held Lena’s hips. Lena started to grind them in the air, swaying. They hadn’t even kissed yet.

Alex pushed Lena off of her. Pushed her down on the couch. Laid on top of her. They started making out like two teenagers.
Lips and tongues exploring. Soft kisses. Then deep kisses. Languid kisses. Furious kisses. They shifted positions constantly. Sitting up so they could neck. “Don’t give me a hickey,” Lena panted at one point. Alex pulled away, focused on the other side of Lena’s neck, drawing her tongue up it. Kissing Lena’s ear, putting her tongue right inside it, licking and lapping and kissing it like she had done with Lena’s pussy 24 hours ago. Lena’s eyes were rolling in the back of her head. She took Alex’s hand in hers. Caressed it. Alex was crawling all over Lena. She started to bite. “Alex, don’t.” Lena pulled Alex away. “It’s summertime and I have to go to meetings. I don’t want to have to wear turtlenecks in 90 degree heat.” Lena wasn’t mad. She was in control. She was guiding Alex. Alex was gulping in oxygen. Everything about Lena was breathtaking. Even when she was setting limits.

Both of their shirts and pants were on but... undone. So they could shift and reposition themselves without being pinched and pulled at by garments. Lena leaned back a bit. “If you need something to bite...” Lena pulled her halter top off over her head. Put both hands behind her back, unclasped her bra while looking right at Alex. Alex didn’t return her gaze. Alex’s eyes were looking right at the bra, which was right about to come off. Lena took her time. Letting the straps fall down her shoulders. Shimmying a bit. Swaying her half covered breasts at Alex. Alex looked up for permission. Lena didn’t say yes or no. Alex took her hands and delicately placed them on the lace trim lining the cups. Pulled it down, skimming Lena’s erect nipples as she took the bra off. Threw it to one side.

Lena swayed in front of Alex. Touched herself. Rolled her nipples between her thumb and forefinger. “This is still second base.”

Alex was so wet.

Lena put her hand on Alex’s chest. Slowly guided her down, they were laying side by side on the couch. A giant L shaped sectional (yes “L” shaped), with wide flat square cushions. Ample room for the two women to lay side by side.

Alex was so wet after watching Lena her roll and pinch her nipples. She pulled her thighs together tight to both contain and relieve herself.

Lena surveyed the length of Alex’s body. “Shirts off time.” Alex leaned up. Pulled her shirt over her head. Lena helped. Then Lena reached behind Alex’s back and unclasped the redhead’s bra. Pulled it down over her arms, and away for her chest. “Much better,” said Lena. She looked over Alex again. Raked her eyes over Alex’s form, her figure, distracted by Alex’s curves and skin.

Lena propped herself up on one elbow and with her free hand, caressed the length of her lover. Starting at Alex’s shoulder, down her chest bone, over her stomach and soft belly, over her hips, down the outside of her thighs. Then did the exact same route with her nails, telling Alex things while Lena’s eyes stared at the skin her fingertips were grazing over.

"So much I want to do to you, Alex. It's hard. Do you you how hard it is for me to be with you?“

Alex didn’t know. Nothing looked hard for Lena Luthor. She was in total control. Total.

Lena kept tracing, almost scratching.

“My mouth wants to be on your pussy right now...but you wanted slow...so maybe I should flip you over and spend the next hour massaging every inch of your shoulders and back. Take those pants off you and loosen up every single muscle in those legs...”. Alex was getting so hot, her
mouth open, her breath heavy with desire.

Lena’s hand dragged down Alex’s thigh as far as it could reach. Then went back up to her face, which Lena cupped with both hands. “A massage is PG. That would be within the rules.” She was full of cheek and sexy. Undulating like a snake as she spoke.

Alex heart skipped a beat, imagining how it would feel to have Lena’s hands massaging every inch of her body. Just holding her hand was a massive turn on. To have those hands running up and down Alex’s arms and spine…up and down her oiled and toned legs? The idea sounded just fine.

“Maybe another time,” said Lena. Lena got up on her knees again. “You know…you’ve barely said two words to me all night. Except for scolding me.” Lena put her hands on her breasts, pulling and twisting each of her nipples. Hard. Her hips danced as the sensation went straight to her clit. “I want to hear how much you’ve missed me.”

Alex nodded in the affirmative. Letting Lena know that she would do anything she asked.

Lena also nodded yes. Yes, meaning…yes, Alex. That’s right. Good girl. Do as instructed. Alex understood. Kept nodding.

Lena laid down alongside Alex again. Both topless. Except this time, Lena hiked herself up a few inches higher on the couch cushion. Her breasts right in Alex’s face. Lena placed her nipple on Alex’s wet lips, which parted instantly for it, taking it in, sucking it, her tongue curving under it, sliding up and down, then flicking over it.

Lena pulled the nipple out of her mouth. Quickly switched breasts. Pulling the other one forward, putting it right where Alex could get at it. She knew what to do. Lena didn’t have to ask. Alex greedily reached for it with both hands. Put her mouth on it. Kissing. Sucking.

Lena’s hands dove into Alex’s hair while the young agent worked her tits.

"Slow baby. Gentle." Lena telling Alex just how she wants it. Feeling Alex instantly soften her mouth and tongue, the pressure just right, Lena thinking her tits could feel the sensation of Alex’s open mouth kisses for hours, as waves of heat washed down deep into her pussy.

Lena pulled the nipple out of Alex’s mouth. Alex whimpered, wanting to latch on again, knowing, feeling just how much Lena is loving what she's doing to her. Alex’s hot wet mouth was agape. Lots without a piece of Lena inside of it.

"Baby...I'm in a very particular mood tonight.” Lena was cooing. “I want you sucking and playing with my tits…I also want to hear you. I want you to tell me sweet things. And dirty things. All night long.”

Alex nodded yes like she was in a trance. Lena wanted her tits sucked. And dirty talk. All at the same time. Lena smirked. A seemingly impossible ask. Alex determined to solve the riddle.

Lena took Alex’s hand, lightly guided her fingers and thumb to her nipple, indicating that Alex can softly…very softly…play with it…as Lena slid her other breast back up, feeding her nipple into Alex’s lips before she could utter a word. "Both of them at the same time baby, okay?" said Lena.

Alex’s mouth was already full of nipple, gently sucking on it, when she nodded her assent. Lena’s clit jumped at the unexpected suck and tug of Alex’s answer.

With a mouth working one nipple, and fingers languidly playing with the other, Lena was in heaven. Alex was way off base when she thought Lena might not know about second base. Second
base was one of Lena’s favorite bases. She could take hours and hours of it.

“I’m so fucking wet, Alex. Don’t stop. Do this all night long.”

Alex’s whole body shuddered. As if every one of her cells was responding. Crying out to Lena...I’d spend the rest of my life doing this with you. But Alex couldn't hear the cries of her own body. The only thing Alex could hear were Lena’s soft moans.

“Oh god, yes...mmmm...just like that.”

Alex pulled away. Kissed Lena’s cleavage, peppering it with baby kisses all over. “You scared me today, baby. Don’t do that, please. Promise me.” Alex kept placing kisses all over the soft flesh of Lena's breasts. Cherishing them. Her. This moment. Their togetherness. Lena felt so loved and cared for, her heart felt like an iron poker had stabbed it. It was hot and painful and searing and yet Alex’s lips felt like cool water, like aloe. Lena’s words tumbled out of her faster than she could think of them. “I promise, I promise, I promise.” Lena petting Alex’s head and shoulders. Hoping that if her words couldn’t convince her, maybe her hands would.

“Good,” said Alex. Petting Lena’s breasts with her fingers. “The world needs these magnificent breasts.”

“Only for you,” said Lena. “Just for you.”

Alex loved this dirty talk. Lena really knew how to sell it.

Alex settled in, back to lavishing Lena with long slow open mouth kisses on her nipples, switching back and forth, taking her time, fondling, sucking each one to perfection.

With no earthly idea that Lena’s dirty talk...was no game.

Lena was fine with that.

For now.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter's breast play smut is dedicated to Kassebaum, another smut fic writer on AO3, whose work I highly recommend and whose cleavage is like the Sistine Chapel: breathtaking, magnificent and halfway across the world, far out of my reach. xx

Also readers - in honor of dirty talk, comment! Tell me what you like. ;)))
How much time had passed? Ten minutes? An hour? It was impossible to tell. They were in a zone, exploring each other slowly, touching softly, nibbling, kissing, learning exactly which pressure point to lick, which crevasse to kiss, running thumbs over the tops of nipples, whispering, moaning in each other's ears... Lena was no pillow princess. She gladly took her turn, that is, once her nipples were red and deliciously sore from being sucked and tugged, kissed and bit, and pinched, twisted and caressed by Alex.

Lena made her time with Alex a feast of the senses. First, she sat Alex up. Took each of Alex's arms and spread them across the tops of the couch pillows. Moving Alex's body slowly. Her touch careful, light, delicate...like a geisha, yet at the same time, purposeful and controlled...like a master craftsman, a window dresser, perhaps, someone who knew exactly where everything should go to create the perfect tableau. Alex allowed Lena to manipulate her body and limbs like she was Lena's living doll. Being touched like this sent relaxing, tingling sensations all over Alex's scalp. Alex's arms were spread open as if she was a King, taking up all the space with a position of ownership and satisfaction.

Lena got on the floor. Kneeling before Alex. Only adding to this feeling of master and servant. Lena took one of Alex's knees, opened it wide. Keeping eye contact with Alex as she did so. Moving slowly. Drinking in the flickers of surprise and pleasure Alex displayed as her body was touched, moved, carefully opened.

Lena smoothed both of her hands down Alex's calf. Took her foot, placed that a few inches to the side, as well. Lena was spreading Alex's legs open wide like her arms. Lena opened Alex's other knee. Her other foot. Putting Alex in full King mode. The couch serving as her throne. Master of all she surveyed.

And what she was surveying was Lena. Lena on her knees before her. Lena serving up looks that said "I am yours. ALL yours." Alex's heart skipped a beat. So much was being said between them and not a word spoken.

They'd kicked off their shoes almost as soon as they got on the couch. Lena took one of Alex's bare feet in her hands, started a delightful massage with her fingers. Alex started to sit back and relax, when Lena took the foot and started using Alex's toes to flick her nipples. Alex's clit jolted.

"Is this still second base...?" asked Lena. Alex nodded yes.

Lena started massaging Alex's feet, looking almost...innocent. Almost. Of course Lena had an ulterior motive. Alex just didn't know what it was. Lena stayed focused. Rubbing and smoothing and massaging every inch of Alex's foot, heel, ankles, taking each toe and smoothing her fingers over the soft pads, wiggling it, gently rotating the ankles, pressing into the heels of each foot with the heel of her palms, hitting a few pressure points that she'd learned in a tour of Southeast Asia during her summer break sophomore year at MIT. Alex was nearly asleep it was all so relaxing.

Perfect, thought Lena. She smoothed her hands up over Alex's legs, her pants, rising up until she was deep within Alex's spread, making sure her touch was more relaxing than arousing. Alex's head had fallen back onto the pillow, her eyes were half-lidded.

Lena spoke softly. "Darling, you're falling asleep. What would you like to do? Shall I call you a car?" Lena kept caressing Alex's legs. Gently. Alex knew she should leave. She'd promised herself that she wouldn't spend the night. Things were moving too fast between them. Alex figured some
rules and restrictions might do them some good. Her body, however, was fused to the couch. It was so relaxed not one muscle moved when Lena suggested Alex’s own idea of leaving back to her. "I'd much rather you stay here with me..." Alex didn't speak. There were no signals from her brain to her mouth. None. Lena was pleased with her handiwork. This was exactly what she wanted. Alex Danvers in her bed.

Lena took Alex's hands in hers, started gently pulling Alex up towards her, letting Alex's body know that it was time to walk upstairs. "Come darling, come with me and we'll sleep."

Alex's body followed Lena's command. Slowly raising up off the couch. Walking hand in hand with Lena up to the bedroom. Alex knew the way. It felt like she'd gotten up from that couch with Lena hundreds of times before, heading to bed with her. As they walked, up the stairs, the electricity between their fingers started to activate again. Both of their crotches were sopping wet from their make out sesh, all that delicious breast play. As they stepped up each stair, they each felt the wetness between their legs, each step forward creating a bit of sloppy friction, a reminder of all the touches they...didn't get to experience. All the off limits touches. Both of their pussies were sending out signals, aches, letting their owners know that orgasm was needed.

Alex closed her eyes and swallowed. Trying to cope. Lena didn't seem to be paying any attention to these signals, these sensations. Lena seemed to be a perfect host, putting Alex to bed, respecting her wishes.

Seemed.

Lena brought Alex into the bathroom. Turned on just her make up mirror light to keep the mood sleepy and dark. Gave Alex a toothbrush and toothpaste. Alex brushed her teeth next to Lena as Lena wiped her makeup off, rinsed the toothbrush after Alex used it and brushed her own. Alex had to pee. She was too sleepy to question it. Plus it was late and it was dark. She sat on the toilet and peed. Lena noticed how domestic and natural this all felt. It was like seeing a robin on your windowsill. Lena didn't move or say anything. Just watched, feeling grateful for the moment. In this moment, as they did their wash ups, it felt like they were...a couple. Girlfriends. Lena didn't want to scare Alex. She turned and finished her teeth. Took Alex's hand and brought her to the bed. Alex was practically sleep walking.

Lena didn't offer Alex any night clothes. That should have been clue number one. Instead, Lena turned down the bed, waiting for Alex to climb in. Alex peeled off her pants, left on her (wet) panties and crawled into the sheets wearing nothing else.

Not noticing the look of the wolf in Lena's eyes.

Lena stripped naked. Turned down her side of the bed and climbed in.

Alex felt the smooth sateen of the sheets. So clean and smooth and fresh against her skin. Like a five star hotel. Except this King size bed had Lena Luthor in it. Nude. Lena slid over to Alex's body. Snuzzing up to her.

"May I...cuddle?"

Alex smiled, sleepily put an arm around Lena. Pulling her in. Lena was on her side. She pressed the length of her nude body up against Alex. Making sure her nipples made contact. Alex felt the nipples against her skin. Her body lit up with heat and desire. But her eyes remained heavy lidded. They couldn't open. Her eyes were asleep. The rest of her body, however...

Lena started breathing slow and deep...took one of Alex's nipples in her fingers. Rolled it.
"Lena..." Alex spoke Lena's name. In protest. Trying to say no. Her eyes still closed.

"I can't help it," said Lena. A mix of innocent yet naughty schoolgirl in her tone. “I just need to touch you just a bit more.” Lena played with Alex's nipple lightly, quickly turning it into a hard nub. And when it became a hard little pebble…Lena dragged her fingertip right across its top.

Alex's eyes flew open. She looked at Lena. Shooting her a look that said - Stop! You're being bad.

Lena shimmed her tits up and down Alex’s side. Wiggling her mons against the side of Alex’s hips. Alex’s pussy tingled with at the feel of Lena’s body, snaking and moving with need and sex.

"Alex, I gave you my breasts to play with for hours…it’s only fair I get a few more minutes." Lena moved her fingers to Alex's other tit. Lightly flicking and tugging and playing with it to her heart's content. Alex's eyes fell back to being closed as her back arched and her hips started to involuntarily wiggle, trying to shake out the building ache between her legs, in her already wet panties.

"Lena, Lena..."

Alex wanted to say stop. It was clear that's what she wanted to say. But she was so tired, so relaxed and exhausted that only Lena's name came out. So technically...she wasn't saying no. Lena kept right on diddling and fondling Alex’s tits. It was scandalous how much Lena Luthor was fingering them. There wasn’t one inch of nipple that hadn't felt every single one of Lena’s finger pads over every inch. Lena started licking her fingers and putting them back on Alex’s nipples and doing the entire exercise over again, this time the wet version. Alex just kept her eyes closed and rocked her hips to and fro...lazily masterbating herself with motion.

"Darling, I know you’re tired. Let me put you to sleep."

Lena's right hand went down to Alex's panties, slid over them, right over Alex's aching, swollen lower lips. Alex's body reacted instantly, every cell submitting. Hips widening, relaxing even deeper into the mattress, her pussy lips craving to be split open by those fingers over the panty fabric. Lena's fingers.

Lena was surprised at just how wet her fingers were. Just from touching the Alex’s panties, which were soaked all the way through. Not just wet...the wafer thin cotton fabric had been soaked through with the slippery, thick viscous coating that Alex’s vagina had been secreting all during their kissing and fondling on the couch, assuming, anticipating, that it would soon be entered. Alex may have wanted to stop at second base but no one told her vagina that. It had spent so much time loosening and lubricating itself for intercourse, her pussy was soaked and coated, so were the inside of her panties...so were the outside of her panties.

Lena’s suddenly sticky and slick fingers turned her on, revved her engines more than she’d been expecting. A new heat that demanded fulfillment. Lena brought her fingers up to her face, smelling Alex on her. An aphrodisiac.

Even with her eyes closed, Alex knew what Lena was doing. She could feel it, sense it, hear it. Lena was right next to Alex, pressed up against her. It wasn’t hard to figure out even with her eyes closed. Alex could feel that Lena had brought her fingers up to her nose to smell. Then could feel Lena shift a bit, then heard Lena sucking on that finger. Alex could hear and feel Lena tasting her. Alex's chest heaved with heat. Her pussy started a gentle throb. Her eyes still too heavy to open. Lena moaned with pleasure at the taste. “Mmmm.”

"Lena..." It was another plea from Alex. To stop. To have limits. To let her sleep. Lena decided
that, since it was just her name, it was open to interpretation.

Lena's fingers went right back down, slid under the waistband of Alex's panties, traveling right into Alex’ slit, which had been waiting for this moment all night, the fingers kept moving south, all the way down to the very center, Alex’s vaginal opening, the factory which had creating all this delicious lube. Lena put her mouth up against Alex's ear and started a low, breathy whispering as she slowly swirled her fingers over the entrance, coating them, soaking them in wet.

"We're not having sex. I'm just massaging you...so you can fall asleep."

Alex’s eyes were too sleepy to roll, her hips kept swaying as Lena swirled her fingertips lightly over the soft wet opening.

With her digits positively soaking wet, covered in slick sex, Lena slowly glided two fingers up alongside the crevasse between the inner and outer lips of Alex's pussy. All the way up to caress the outside skin surrounding the base of the clit. Not directly stimulating anything. Just delivering a deeply sensual, deeply relaxing feeling to the entire vulva.

"It's just two fingers..."

Lena was narrating the travels of her fingers. Alex just lying on her back, too tired to move or resist, her eyes heavy with near sleep, her mouth slightly open...Alex licked her lips...

"Two fingers sliding up and down.." Lena slid the fingers up and down. She wasn't flicking Alex's clit. She wasn't sliding them deep inside Alex's pussy.

"It's just a sweet little massage to relax you and help you sleep."

Alex felt so relaxed, Lena's fingers sliding up and down the outside of her sex, with no promise of a single thing more, sent Alex into a state where she was absolutely helpless. Her head felt like a bowling ball against the pillow. Lena's hot mouth and breath on her ear keeping her right in place. Alex's body not moving an inch, not wanting one single second of Lena's lips, her voice, the light tender smacking sounds of her tongue as it kept Lena's mouth wet enough to speak words were sending Alex into reverie and at the same time, creating more and more wet juice soaking the entrance of her pussy. Alex's chest raised as she took deep inhales, as if her breasts were arching forward to get to the front of the line. Lena kept sliding her fingers up and down...talking about what she was doing all the while...

"Nothing special. Just fingers...sliding over your wet skin… Up and down... Up and down..."

Alex's clit was growing, straining upward, with every pass, it could feel the light but deep pressure of Lena’s fingers gliding over the skin along the sides of the clitoral roots...pressing down ever so slightly, indirectly wiggling that clit. Alex’s hips started to tilt up as Lena’s fingers headed north, trying to create a deeper sensation.

Lena knew exactly what she was doing. Occasionally she would dip and swirl her fingers over the entrance, keeping them soaked, then dragged them up again, slippery, and slick. Each time teasing the opening with the idea that those fingers might at any time, start to press in a bit farther, entering her. Alex was so wet and open she couldn’t tell if Lena’s fingertips were outside or inside, Alex’s pussy was so gaping.

Lena dragged her fingers up for another slippery pass, and as they neared the clitoral root, Lena she brought them together, slightly pinching at it, a deep sensation, slightly forcing the clit upward. Alex's thighs opened instinctively.
Lena’s hot breath and voice on Alex’s ear. "Soon you are going to fall into such a deep sleep..."

Lena’s fingers sliding up and down.

Alex was falling deeper.

"Such a deep sleep..."

Lena swirled her fingers over the Alex's entrance.

“So deep...”

Alex pulled her knees in towards her chest, opened like a butterfly, her knees spread so far apart, her hips moving desperately in hopes of giving whoever wanted to fill and fuck that vagina full access.

Lena kept teasing the entrance. Sliding and swirling her fingers over the thick slick wet that covered it, slightly pressing the fingers at it, hinting they might soon slide right in.

"This is just a massage. Just fingers touching places that...don't get much attention. It feels good to be touched. On the outside..."

Lena slid her wet fingers up the outside of Alex's lower lips again, paying extra attention to the hard marble deep under her clit, pinching and swirling the skin covering it. Alex moaned and raised her hips to enhance the feeling.

"And it feels good for fingers to massage...inside."

Lena slipped two fingers in.

Alex pushed her hips up, swallowing Lena’s fingers. Lena was knuckle deep. Alex, eyes closed, bucking her hips. Lena propped herself up, so she could... deliver.

"This is just two fingers sliding inside you, massaging you... Just some muscles that need help relaxing..."

Lena made each point with a long, deep thrust of her fingers.

"Pussies love being massaged on the inside."

Alex was bucking, meeting Lena thrust for thrust. Eyes closed. Mouth open. Chest heaving.

“It’s very important for...health reasons.”

Alex was too aroused to laugh at Lena being somewhat silly. Lena realized it was time for filth. She kept sliding and fingering Alex’s puss, long and deep.

"Look at this wet pussy. So open for anyone’s fingers to slide right in. This little pussy likes to be filled doesn’t it?" Alex started moaning, started rocking her head back on the pillow, her hands grabbed the sheets, balled them into fists. “And it doesn’t care whose fingers, it just wants to be touched and filled. Isn’t that right?"

Alex didn’t answer. Lena started sliding her fingers in deeper, faster.

"Do you know what they call it when fingers slide inside a wet pussy and massage it?"
Alex started to wake up a bit. Her eyes were still heavy. Still closed shut.

"They call it fucking."

Alex started to feel the sensation of impending orgasm start to swell in her hips.

Alex and Lena built a steady rhythm. Both thrusting in time. Lena finger fucking Alex's pussy, Alex's hips pushing up and swallowing those fingers deep inside each time.

Lena brought her other hand up to her mouth. Covered her fingers in spit. Brought it down to Alex's clit. "I think this would also like a massage." She fingers glided over Alex’s hood, her clit so hard and erect under it.

Alex opened her eyes. Lena was on her knees. In between Alex’s legs. Shifting, grinding, fucking, fingering. Staring at Alex with lust and abandon and...control. It was the perfect image to come to.

Alex closed her eyes again and concentrated on doing just that.


"Baby, come for me so we can go to sleep. Haven't I given you a sweet massage? Aren't you ready for a nice deep sleep? ...Or do you need my tongue to relax you?"

Lena's filthy mouth was sending Alex over the edge. She kept fucking Alex’s pussy and swirling her fingers over Alex’s clit.

‘Do you like this? Do you like me fucking your pussy, Alex?’

There was so much heat in Alex’s pussy and clit, she was almost ready to explode. Alex’s eyes couldn’t open if she tried. No words could come out. Alex was moaning, gasping. Right on the edge.

“Do you, Agent Danvers? Do you??”

Lena needed to hear it. Alex knew she’d have to speak in order to come.

“‘Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes…’”

Alex kept saying yes over and over. Was she answering Lena’s question? Was she telling Lena yes that’s exactly how to work my clit and pussy to get me to orgasm?

Lena talked right over Alex.

“Do you like it when bad girl Lena Luthor slides her fingers in your soaking wet pussy? Spends all night fucking you?”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!”

Alex orgasmed. Her cunt clamping down on Lena's fingers hard. Her clit straining up, exploding, it felt like she was ejaculating. Alex’s whole body shuddered. Clamping down the on the fingers of dirty girl, bad girl Lena Luthor. Alex was stunned as just how much that last bit of “role play” sent her over the edge. Was it because it was the truth?

Lena went back to her soft ministrations, caressing the outside of Alex’s labia, running her fingers up and down. Each time she passed over the clitoral root, milking another wave of orgasm out of Alex. Her pussy couldn’t stop clamping down over Lena's fingers.
This seemed to go on for an eternity. Although it was probably only for about 20 seconds. Twenty long, luxurious seconds.

Finally, finally Alex found the word she'd been looking for.

"Lena, stop."

Alex couldn’t take one moment more of stimulation. She un-clenched the bedsheets and put her hands on Lena's wrists. Lena stopped. Alex gently pulled Lena's fingers out of her vagina, pulled her fingers off her clit. Put them to the side Released them. Laid back down. Head on the pillow. Eyes closed. Fucking. Spent.

Lena on her knees. Staring at Alex's pussy.

She wished she hadn't gone so fast. Wished she'd stretched Alex open even wider. Used a third finger. Wished she'd eaten her out. Lapped up every bit of her cum. It was too late for all of that. Alex had too much. Was about to fall dead asleep. And that's really what Lena wanted. Alex in her bed, asleep. Spending the night. She got what she wanted. She knew to put this one in the win column.

Lena pulled the sheet over Alex. Went to her side of the bed. Alex was still ever so slightly awake, just unable to speak or move, or open her eyes. Sleep was rapidly approaching.

Lena stayed on her side. Got to work on herself. She wanted to sleep just as deeply. She reached into a drawer by her bedside and pulled out a small dildo. Her crotch was soaking wet already. She slicked it up, slid the dildo up the sides of her vulva, just as she'd done with Alex. Remembering all the ways she'd just touched her lover, the memories, the sights enhancing all of the sensations Lena's was delivering to herself. After a few moments, she slid the dildo deep inside her. Switch it to her left hand, her non dominant hand, keeping it deep inside, filling her up, just tugging and pushing at it slightly, fucking herself with it yet keeping it so deep inside the whole time. With her right hand she coated her fingers with slick juices and started sliding them right over the top of her clit. She wanted to orgasm as fast as possible. She wasn't teasing herself. She was doing exactly what she knew would work.

Alex could hear and feel the whole thing. Lena Luthor, naked next to me, trying to fuck herself senseless. A fight or flight response kicked in. Alex pushed past the point of sleep and opened her eyes. Propped herself up on her elbows. She was NOT going to miss this.

Lena turned her head. Looked at Alex. Eye contact as Alex watched Lena work the dildo and finger her clit. As Lena watched Alex watch.

Lena's hips were grinding, helping do the work. Lena exaggerated the movements for Alex’s viewing pleasure. The sight was scandalous and sordid. Animal. Carnal. The eye contact, the voyeurism, being watched by her lover, they were both so turned on. Animal instincts were in their eyes. Hunger. Yearning. Smoldering.

Alex had just come and yet her clit was screaming to recuperate so it could have more. Lena’s clit even more desperate for relief.

"This is how I like to fuck myself when you're not here to do it for me."

A dildo buried deep in her crotch. Both hands. Fucking. Flicking. Her mouth was open. Pupils blasted wide. So wet. Lena hiked her legs up just like Alex had, spreading them wide open. Giving her lover an eye full.
Alex moved right between them. Put her hands over Lena's. One hand over the one holding the dildo. The other over the one working the clit.

"This is how you do it?" asked Alex.

"Uh, huh." Said Lena, letting Alex feel exactly how she slides the dildo in. How deep. How slow. Letting Alex's fingers slide with Lena's over the clit, feeling exactly what movements to make. Lena then slipping her fingers out of the way, letting Alex do all the work, all the diddling. Swapping her other hand with Alex’s...so Alex could hold the dildo, Lena putting her hand over Alex’s...guiding it...showing it exactly how to fuck her for a fast, efficient orgasm. Alex memorized the movements.

"Fuck Lena you are so sexy."

Lena arched her back, giving Alex a show. Alex couldn’t take it any more. She slid the dildo all the way out, pushed Lena's hands out of the way and dove face down into Lena's crotch.

Licking everything, fucking her tongue down deep inside her. Lena grabbed the back of Alex's head, pushed it deep in her crotch, her clit rubbing against Alex's face. Hitting it just right. Alex could barely breathe. Lena wasn't whispering any more. She was talking loudly. Full voice. "God, Alex. Right here. Right here."

Commanding. It was her house. She was going to scream if she wanted to.

"God I want to come RIGHT ON YOUR FACE." Lena was practically yelling.

Alex let Lena grind away, right on her face, hitting her clit so just...then suddenly a gentle orgasm spilling out...it wasn’t enough. She had to come harder. Lena kept hitting her clit again and again, wave after wave...She just knew there was another bigger one. She just needed to find it.

"Fuck!" Lena sounded positively pissed off.

"Alex, get that face down there and suck my clit until I come." Lena was 100% terrifying CEO.

Alex obeyed. Immediately. Put her hands under Lena's ass. Pushed it up, took Lena's clit in her mouth and started sucking hard.

There it was. Lena exploded in Alex's mouth. Her entire pelvic girdle shuddering, her thighs quivering. Her clit throbbing in Alex’s hot wet mouth. Lena was panting, sweating, breathless. She pulled Alex by the hair and lifted Alex’s face up from her crotch. It was glistening, drenched with sex and sweat. Lena smiled. Pulled Alex in. Kissed her.

It was a good night kiss. Lena pushed Alex off with a chuckle, towards her side of the bed. Lena let her head fall back on the pillow. And fell into a deep sleep.

Somehow ending up in the very middle of the bed. Again. Just like last time.

Alex crawled back to her side of the bed. She'd just orgasmed, too. And was too sensitive to be touched...just yet. And yet...when she laid down...she couldn't fall asleep. Lena’s orgasm left Alex suddenly wide awake.

She felt a tinge of remorse. Number one, she broke her own rule. What kind of precedent was that setting? Number two: she knew she had a big day tomorrow and was now going to be so tired
throughout the whole thing.

I'm such a dummy, thought Alex.

And yet, laying next to Lena, her lover, because that's what they were - lovers. They'd been having sex, regularly, for a while now. Who cares if they aren't exclusive? Who cares if they haven't labeled it? Who cares if they don't really trust each other? We've been in both of our beds, we've woken up together three times now. Four if you count the time we fell asleep together in her office. Alex was satisfied with her review. They were lovers. They just hadn't said so. But were lovers...girlfriends? We could figure that out later. The whole point was to not rush things. Lovers is fine. Just fine.

Alex smiled. Laying there and enjoying the feeling of satisfaction. Physical. Emotional. Mental.

She closed her eyes and suddenly the image of Lena and her standing together in a lush, emerald green field appeared before her.

It felt so real that Alex seriously wondered if they'd been there before. The image was so sharp, so clear, she could see every detail. What Lena was wearing. The clouds in the sky. The look of sheer joy on Lena's face. She'd never seen Lena with that expression before. That much she knew. The exact patterns of the clouds overhead. And a stone structure in the distance. Some ancient ruin.

It was all so vivid that Alex found herself reviewing the events of the past week to see if there was any possible way that they'd been there before. Although where this place was, Alex had no idea. Alex thought to herself that she must have already fallen asleep and was dreaming. She wasn't. But her suggestion to herself that this was the only possible explanation sent her immediately into slumber.

--

Meanwhile, at that very moment, in another part of National City...a secret coalition of high net worth individuals...who were feeling less than celebratory about the events at Green Stadium...had gathered in an empty floor of a commercial high rise building. They sat in a circle of folding chairs. Incensed. Another alien attack. Another helpless human race needing the services of Supergirl to survive.

One of those people was Ben Green himself. Furious that aliens had destroyed the memorial to his daughter Ethel. He didn't tell Sugar he was at this secret meeting. He told her her was going to check on another property just over the city limits and would be staying the night. It was a lie. The first lie he'd ever told her. He felt that something needed to be done. And the person who'd come closest to solving this problem was here with them. It made Ben feel like maybe something was really going to be accomplished this time.

"Thank you all for meeting at this late hour. Some of you may notice that we have a new member with us. Ben Green."

People nodded at Ben. Some of his more powerful friends reached out after the Battle at Green Stadium. Some of his powerful...anti-alien friends. They made him an offer. To join their group. They didn’t even tell him what the group was called or what it’s aims were or even who was in it. Ben just knew he wanted in. The other members were glad to have him. Finally.


“As you can imagine...we will continue to need the utmost of secrecy as we discuss putting into
place what I believe...what I KNOW...will be the final solution...one that will rid us of the alien plague we've been under...ever since the scourge and vermin of another galaxy landed on OUR planet, a planet designed by God...to be home to ONE race...the HUMAN race."

It was Lillian Luthor. More determined than ever. She looked like a woman with all the answers. Because that's how she saw herself. The crowd murmured in agreement at her words. Her speech flowed out of her with ease. As if she’d given this it several times. Had refined and honed it to the bare essentials.

“As you may already know...you’ve been selected because you have the money, resources and intellect to play a vital part in the success of our common mission. However, if money, resources and intellect was all it took, I would have personally solved this problem long ago.”

People listened closely. Lillian had moxie. She was talking to captains of industry, of finance, even a couple of politicians. Yet they knew Lillian had come farther than any of them had in terms of eliminating aliens.

Aliens were bad for business. They cost money. They ruined things. The laws weren’t being written fast enough to protect citizen interests. Yet insurance costs were rising. Taxes were rising. Residents being bilked for more and more money for city structural repairs after each alien uprising and attack. Aliens weren’t paying taxes. They were barely on the registry. Some of them took illegal jobs, like doing shakedowns on people who were late paying their bookies. Gross stuff like that. The people gathered in this room were fed up. And had been fed up for a long time.

For what felt like lifetimes.

"I've come to realize, that if you want to fight an alien...you need an alien."

She looked at the man seated next to her. A scruffy young guy in a hoodie and glasses. He looked like a sloppy, computer nerd. He wasn't.

Well, he was a computer nerd.

He just wasn't HUMAN computer nerd.

He smiled at the crowd. Gave a humble wave.

“Hi everyone. Still Eddie.”

Ben was confused. ‘Still Eddie?’ Eddie spoke like he’d introduced himself several times before. Maybe he had, thought Ben.

Lillian beamed. She'd already tested Eddie’s device multiple times. Knew it worked perfectly. She just had to find the exact right...place and time...to use it.
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Eddie who?

Eddie had come to Earth when the giant Alien prison crashed landed. He was arrested on for Crystal Malfeasance. Think cyber crimes -- but on Krypton. Krypton had the Internet. But it went way beyond what we have here on Earth. Their internet wasn't cables, Ethernet and satellite signals generated. It went well beyond the Internet of things, too. Beyond automatic and remote controlled and signal activated objects which collected and responded to a never ending data stream. On Krypton, the Crystal Integrity, was their version of our internet. However, it was everything: People, Plants, Rocks, Minerals, Thoughts, Dreams. All of it was connected.

I mean, all of it IS connected. Here on Earth. Everywhere. On Krypton, however, they knew this and were able to scientifically tap into it, manipulate it, maintain it, enhance it...protect it.

That's why it was called the Crystal...Integrity. It's integrity was the most important aspect to it. To change its integrity was to change it's very nature. And when you change it's nature, all of nature is changed. Kryptonians were extremely proud of their world, their minds, their science, their intellect, their aims and goals and mission. Their...laws. Nature itself had a series of laws and Kryptonians were intent on following them. And punishing any who dared disobey.

In the higher level law seminars on Krypton, there was one counselor (professor) who cited Earth's Declaration of Independence as one of the highest examples of hubris, (which on Krypton was considered a crime against nature, a moral crime, against one's own essential nature and Nature itself.). The immortal declaration, that "all men are created equal"...separates man from the rest of Nature. He would spend the rest of the class using the Socratic Method, eventually leading the class to see that when a people sees themselves as separate from Nature, those people will spend their lives in slavery and war. It never failed to elicit some quality Daxam dragging, citing their hubris and slave owning ways as a prime proof of the essential truth they were exploring.

(Side bar: so you can imagine how Kara felt, after hearing her mother and father speak so rapturously about adhering to the Laws of Nature and avoiding the moral crime of hubris...then to find they both succumbed to baser instincts. Both led astray by ego, by the idea that they could fix things, instead of allowing Nature to inform and direct. Kara spend many nights laying in bed, contemplating how...right...her parents were. It was important to obey the laws of Nature. They were the best people Kara knew and they weren't able to do it. They spent their lives trying to serve and ended up only destroying. Would Kara ever be able to avoid that trap? Or would Kara end up just like her parents? Trying so hard to help and ultimately...destroying the planet? Kara didn't bother telling anyone about this secret fear of hers. It would involve discussing the Crystal Integrity and that was like trying to tell someone how the fortress of solitude worked. It was too hard. It was beyond Earth's scientific knowledge. Alex had spent plenty of time assuaging Kara's deep fears. Alex thought it was just a fear of failure. Kara never corrected her. It was a fear about being a God among men. Separate. Different. Kara was in a position where...hubris was almost certain to...take her. One day.
The Crystal Integrity was just that - grounded in crystals. Crystals that were buried deep inside several layers of crust in Krypton. The planet. Back when Krypton was just a cloud of gas and dust, swirling at such force that it would all press into itself to form as a planet, the pressure deep inside it's core was so great that the dust was pressed into crystal. These crystals deep in the planet hold a frequency, as all things do. The frequency of crystal, however, is the most powerful in the world (of objects). For it is the frequency of world creation.

When people scratch into the a planet's crust and find teeny flints of these crystals, they are finding teeny tiny radio transmitters. Little bits of the much, much larger frequencies hidden deep in the planet.

Eddie had been fascinated by crystals and radios and frequencies ever since he was a kid. He was sensitive to sound. He could hear the hum of everything around him. Machines, heartbeats, air flow. He could detect patterns. He studied math because he wanted to "see" these patterns. He could see them when he wrote out their mathematical equations. It was a love affair. An obsessive love. When he discovered a sound, a vibration, that didn't have a formal already ascribed to it, he diligently got to work. Writing, solving, coding, replicating and eventually discovering the formula, the equation. He'd look on it with satisfaction. Like how you look at a lover after a reunion long awaited and finally consummated.

One time he sat by a stream and noticed an eddy in it while eating lunch. He was working as a low level government employee. More interested in his hobbies than advancement. There was no money to be made in writing out formulas for momentary occurrences in nature. This eddy, this mini whirlpool, it enchanted him. He pulled out his notebook, drawing, sketching, writing out all the maths that came to mind when he gazed upon it. Before lunch was over, the eddy had stretched and eventually separated, disappearing into the river which was now smooth and flat. Eddie had fallen in love with that eddy. It's inner spiral. It drew his eyes in. Drew his heart in. This little eddy swallowed Eddie whole. He now "knew" his name had a mystical connection to his destiny.

Eddie worked obsessively from that day forward. Three straight months of trying to crack the equation. His personal hygiene went south. He was grumpy at work. Called in sick a lot. Staying home contemplating his new love, trying to solve it, trying to make her appear before him. He wanted to see her.

He kept having to work, naturally, to feed this obsession. One day, he was approached by a Daxam operative, wanting intelligence from within the agency Eddie worked for. Eddie was offered a lot of money. Eddie took it. Eddie handed over a digital copy of the plans for a building, a government building, the Ministry of Plants and Minerals. These plans would have been a real coup for Daxam spies, as they included every entrance and exit, including the ones kept secret from the public, however, the building was set to be razed in three months and replaced with a new facility on the other side of the planet. He was fine giving this material to the Daxams in return for a small windfall. He thought to himself, serves them right, for their hubris.

With his extra funds, Eddie decided to finally cash in some of his vacation time. It would serve a dual purpose. Number one, he wouldn't be around if someone discovered that a copy had been made of the plans. Out of sight out of mind. And who would even care that a copy had been made? They building was about to be destroyed. Maybe someone was making a copy for an archive? Or to help in the controlled detonation?

The second part of the vacation was to aide him in discovering and cracking his formula. Eddie had researched eddies. He found one, on the remote Isle of Paradise. A natural occurrence on a sound beach, where pink stardust sweeps up each evening and swirls high over the landscape. Eddie booked a very expensive room with a balcony that would see this each night. He skipped doing all
the tourist activities, immediately adjusted his sleep schedule, dozing during the day and spending all night on his balcony, watching the stardust as it made its nightly ascent, swirling up in that exquisite familiar pattern. A vortex.

A VORTEX.

His formals instantly got more specific. He was getting closer. His lover was starting to appear before him. The main functions in the equation were all there, he just needed the correct modifiers. He was so close, tears were in his eyes as he watched the pink eddy rise before him at night. He was on vacation with his lover. Yet she was just out of reach. He was craving her. Obsessively. By the time the vacation was over, he was still so close and yet so far. She was still high over head, over a dark sea, shimmering and swirling and pink. Made of dust. It was time for Eddie to go home and nothing had been consummated. He was leaving and she, this eddy, this vortex, was still spinning, still going about her business, all the other tourists gazing at her beauty, but the one man who might truly understand her was leaving and there wasn't a single acknowledgement from her or any other part of Nature.

Eddie was disappointed. To the point of fury. The Daxam spy approached him by the stream. Confronted him. They had heard about the impending demolition. They threatened to expose Eddie to his own government. Eddie was so upset about not cracking the maths that he exploded on the spy. Screaming at him in the public part with such explosive anger - threatening the spy right back - letting the spy know that he'd created a file with all the necessary information needed to find him and link him to crimes against the state and nature. All of this was Eddie's anger at not having cracked the formula yet. Eddie was spitting, walking forward powerfully, pushing the spy back with the force of his anger, he looked unhinged. The spy instantly realized his mistake. He mistook Eddie as a low to mid level guy. Lonely. Easily manipulated. Eddie was none of those things. Eddie has his own mission, one he hadn't disclosed to anyone because he decided a long time ago that no one would stop him for pursuing his passion.

It was all lies, of course. Eddie had not set up one level of protection for himself. He had been a fool in love, focusing only on collecting and using the money to get away with his "lover." He went home from work that day and started setting them up. The protections. Putting together a dossier on the spy and the architectural plans, how he was approached, how he got the plans, how he handed them over, how the money was exchanged and spent. Then Eddie created a computer program that he personally needed to update each day, a computerized proof of life. That if he didn't update it, the computer would automatically send out the information that would convict both him, the spy and the Daxam government.

Eddie worked all night writing this program. His life, his freedom, depended on it. He didn't think of the formula to the vortex even once. Coding furiously, remembering every detail, coding firewalls and levels, it was a labyrinth that only Eddie would know how to navigate. It came out of him in a fever. In the morning, he had finally finished. The dawn's early light hitting his window. Illuminating the wall behind him. The wall with the formula in its incomplete state.

Eddie turned around to look at it and suddenly, without any effort or thought at all, wrote in the functions that completed it.

He sat back and looked at it. It was done. It was complete. He felt...nothing. Not excited. Not proud. Not relieved. None of the feelings of consummation the earlier formulas had given him. He looked this over. The formula to the eddy, the vortex, saw somehow now so obvious, written out before him in black and white, but also more mysterious. It wasn't a beautiful swirling female. It was a gate. An iron gate. and he had just opened it. He was staring at a formula on the wall, but he was also looking through a gate. He kept looking through this gate, this mathematical gate, and
finally had the moment where he understood that he was looking at the mathematical vortex of time travel.

All that was required to activate it was some matter that warps space-time and crystals to create the frequency of the warp.

Eddie memorized the formula. Destroyed everything in his apartment, every piece of paper, every hard drive, his phone (of course, these were all the Kryptonian versions of these items.). He’d decided to he would be quitting his job and moving somewhere no one knew him while he planned his next move. What Eddie didn't know, when he gave over those plans that would mean nothing to no one, was that anyone unauthorized aid to the Daxam government was considered treason, which was a crime against the planet, which was against Nature, which fell under the charge of crystal malfeasance, which was an automatic life sentence.

The conviction came quickly. His destruction of his property was seen as guilt. The Daxam government gave up their own spy in order to stick it to Eddie. Tie up all loose ends. Disentangle themselves from a botched spy mission, focus their energies on all the covert ops that the Kryptonians did NOT know about.

Spending time in the Kryptonian jail, with the worst criminals of the Galaxy gave Eddie a Ph.D. in crime management, crime syndicate, double crossing, lying, stealing, alliances, payback. He was immediately accepted into the gang of Daxams that were incarcerated and it afforded him a level of status and protection. He grew to love this status. Before jail, he saw himself as a romantic, misunderstood, mathematical genius. Jail made him realize that how you see yourself doesn't matter. How other's see you will determine your fate. He decided to embrace the wisdom of crowds and start viewing himself as the kind of guy who had no problems committing treason to fulfill his aims. It felt quite bad ass. Like a nerd trading his bow tie for a leather jacket. One that didn't quite fit. He wore it nevertheless.

When the jail crash landed on Earth, being Kryptonian gave Eddie a huge advantage. He looked 100% human. He got a job IT job for a waste management company that had a contract with the the city. Their offices were in a small office park, behind which were parked hundreds of garbage trucks, dumpsters, etc. One day Lillian Luthor showed up. Talking with the owner of the company. Eddie saw her in his office. He knew who she was. She was the woman trying to kill all the aliens. She was the woman trying to kill Eddie. When Lillian left, and crossed the parking lot to her car, Eddie was there waiting for her. He looked harmless as hell. But Lillian could tell he thought otherwise.

"Can I help you?" Asked Lillian. In a way that let Eddie know she had no interest in speaking with him, wanted him to move away from her car and generally disappear from the face of the Earth. Her tone had such a cool and pleasant melody with a heavy hint of measured disdain, Eddie wondered if she knew he was an alien.

"You're Lillian Luthor."

"I am."

"I'm Eddie."

Eddie didn’t seem to have much else to offer. Lillian decided to take her leave.

"Goodbye, Eddie."
Lillian stepped towards her car. Eddie stepped in her way. Lillian spoke as if she was more concerned for his welfare than hers.

"My driver is armed and one second away from exiting the car and ending your life."

"I just want to talk to you."

"I'm busy."

"I'll be brief."

Eddie hadn't prepared his elevator pitch. He just stood there in silence.

Lillian waited...and waited, then rolled her eyes. Reached for the door handle.

"I can build a time machine."

Lillian's hand stopped. Her whole body stopped. She saw a reflection of herself in the car window. She was in front of the car window, yet she was also in the car window. Her body shivered. As a trained physician, she too had learned the lesson to trust the instincts of the body. She had a strong feeling this moment was fated. That, what was his name? Eddie? Actually thought he had something...viable. Maybe he had something more viable than he realized. Certainly Lillian was the smarter of the two. A rube approaching her. With ideas and technology. With no company representing him, no legal documents to sign, disclosing the information hastily, like he needed her more than she needed him. He might as well have laid down and presented his belly to her.

Lillian looked up at Eddie.

"Would you like to go for a ride with me...Eddie?"

Eddie got in with Lillian and never returned to the waste management firm. A walk out. He didn't collect anything from his desk. He'd lost everything once. Those little office trinkets meant less than nothing to him. He never looked back.

---

Let's return to present day...Alex and Lena together in bed, naked, arms around each other...sleeping soundly.

And across the city, Lillian Luthor and Eddie...sitting in folding chairs, in an empty floor in a commercial high rise, with a cadre of National City's most important people.

Eddie waved to everyone...introducing himself...again....

"Still Eddie."

Lillian didn't appreciate this bit of humor Eddie was adding in. She was carefully layering everyone's brains with information. She wanted to stay on script. She decided the best way to do this was to ignore Eddie and continue with her speech.

"What I am about to tell you will sound incredible. Impossible. Yet I know that this is the key to solving our alien problem."

Lillian spoke at length, about time travel, how it was accomplished. A long detailed discussion about the science behind it, what Eddie had discovered and how the two of them were on the verge of creating a version of it that would work not just bringing people back ten minutes, but
back...decades. People didn't look like they were buying it. At. All.

The timer on Lillian's watch beeped. Nine minutes, thirty seconds.

She turned to Eddie. "Let's reset."

Eddie pulled out a small machine with a crystal in it. He waited for Lillian's final go ahead.

Lillian spoke out loud - to herself. In a powerful commanding voice. She was making sure she would remember it.

"Number four."

Then she looked at Eddie and nodded. He turned the crystal and it swirled backwards.

A vortex occurred. Swirling the space time continuum. Bringing everyone on earth backwards. To ten minutes ago.

Lillian began her speech again to the group. Explaining the science. Explaining time travel. Resetting the time machine. Again and again. Counting off to herself the number of times she had given the lecture. By the time they had heard her explain the science behind time travel, the necessity of time travel, for the twenty fifth time, their faces were no longer incredulous. They understood. They were smiling. Hungry. They were on board.

They would be using time travel to eliminate aliens from the Earth.

The constant repetition, of going back and time and experiencing the same events over and over...had left an indelible impression on their brains. Their souls. Programming them with information, understanding and an...implacable desire.
Chapter 38

(Hold onto your hats, this chapter is the russian nesting doll of smut)

At the very moment Lillian started using time travel, to go back to ten minutes before...Lena was in bed. Alex was also in bed. Lena's bed. Both fast asleep.

If you are thinking they were snuggling, cuddling, nestling against each other at that very moment...well, you’d be wrong. After all the hot sweaty sex, their bodies instinctively drifted to opposite sides of the bed. To cool off. They weren’t touching at all.

What they were doing...was dreaming.


Lena’s Dream:


Lena was suddenly back. Back inside The Scavenger's house. Of course she was dreaming about the party. The fourth dimension. Walking through rooms. Holding on to Supergirl's hand.

Tight.

They were heading out. Descending down. From the top floor. Where they’d both had an...experience. Lena couldn’t remember what happened in her room. Her body, however, was flush with powerful emotions of heat, desire intense love and loyalty. Supergirl walked with an air of confidence. She seemed certain. More certain than ever. About what, Lena did not know.

They passed through the parlor where the host, The Scavenger, was holding on to a beauty from behind. His hands entangled in her long blonde tresses. Another woman with a jet black pixie cut was lifting the blonde’s skirt. Disappearing under it. The blonde arched her back in ecstasy. The pixie had obviously made...contact...somewhere very very delightful.

Unlike last time, when Lena and Supergirl passed through this room unnoticed...in this dream...in Lena’s dream...they seemed to be walking...just a bit slower...just a bit more languid. What made them move slower? Walking just a half second slower in pace than before? It was as if Lena’s dream brain could...turn back the clock...slow things down...by just a half of a second. And see what slowing down time by just half a second might do to things.
Lena seemed to know, that slowing down...by just half a second and taking in what's around you...can change...everything. A look that lingers, by just a half second too long, can convey multitudes. And extra breath in can unlock intuition, answers. A half second more to pause, reveals intention, hesitation, desire, boundaries. Everything can change in half a second.

Everything.

When they entered the room, they slowed down by just this miniscule amount. Stepping into the room, not with purpose, striding towards the other side, but this time with bringing to the motion a hint of tip toe, crossing the portal with care, not wanting to disturb the occupants.

The air seemed both heavier and sharper. Colors seemed bolder. The art adorning the walls seemed...alive.

And that’s because the dream world IS more alive than the alive world.

Supergirl and Lena entered. Saw the women pleasing each other. Both submitting to different but equal desires. One going under, going down, nose and mouth exploring secret areas...the other being explored, taken, tasted. And then the voyeur, The Scavenger, watching, allowing, directing, feeling their movements, their breath...his hands moved from her hair...gliding down her sides, landing on her hips which he felt buck and tuck into the mouth that was obviously painfully taking its time with her.

A bolt of sexual heat went right into Lena. Her body reacting when she saw the blonde's neck, long and exposed, pulsing in reaction to each surprising move she was receiving from the pixie...down below.

Lena loved seeing women react to being touched by another woman. All their little breaths and moans, goosebumps and pulse points, muscles and tendons rippling, reacting to stimulation. She loved watching all the ways the female body reveals it's pleasure.

Even just watching hair cascading down a shoulder blade could spark desire in Lena.

So when she saw the woman before her, neck heaving with desire, hair cascading down when The Stranger removed his hands from her tresses......it brought up a very specific memory for Lena. A memory of what happened a year ago. At a restaurant. A memory that involved another woman, her hair, and shoulder blade.

It was late at night. Several hours after Lena had submitted her final proposal to purchase a mid-size company that specialized in satellite manufacturing. By 8pm she’d heard the news. They turned down her offer. Five months wasted. Five months of researching, vetting, bundling, writing and revising contracts, deal points, etc. A five month courtship. Long and lengthy. Time consuming. Costly. Then the dear john letter. It was over. With finality. All for naught. They claimed they wanted to continue growing on their own and not be absorbed into a giant conglomerate. Lena didn’t buy it. Deep down she couldn’t help but wonder, “it’s because I’m a Luthor, isn’t it?” They must not trust her or her company to take care of them.

Lena was disappointed to the point of feeling sick. She didn’t like to wallow in self pity. She knew she needed to bounce back. Pick herself off, dust herself off and get back to work. After a finger of scotch, she gathered up some new work materials and decided to take herself out to eat. She’d work late at a five star restaurant, while indulging in a great meal and a drink. Jess made the reservation, the last seating of the night.
The hostess was caught unawares. She was standing at the hostess station, letting loose her bun and putting it back up again, when suddenly Lena Luthor - THE Lena Luthor, was standing right in front of her.

"Miss Luthor! I'm so sorry, one moment."

The hostess was holding up her hair behind her head. Little strands falling down her face, cascading down her shoulders. Looking exactly how a woman looks after being freshly fucked.

Or...right before.

Lena gave her one of those gay AF looks. Spoke before she knew what was happening. "Take your time."

The hostess had no idea exactly just how literal Lena Luthor was being. Lena was enjoying the show. Eyes wide with desire. Watching this gorgeous lass with her arms over her head, pulling at her hair, gathering it up, her breasts hiking as she did so, her neck twisting this way and that as she attended to her locks, trying to tame them and corral them. There was nothing wrong with watching a woman put up a pony tail. Lena allowed herself to just stare. Openly.

As one of the nation's most powerful CEOs, and certainly National City's most powerful, Lena was allowed to behave...a little bit differently (A note to any readers who might be thinking that Cat Grant was a more powerful CEO than Lena. Allow me to explain. It's ALL about net worth, Cat’s started slipping when print media began its slow, yet inevitable journey back into the mist world where all that has been and will be written lives. Cat kept up her media empire because, well, that's what she did. That's what she does. She fancies herself influencer. Here to inspire. Cat started viewing her empire not as a business but a charity. And she wasn't wrong. Lena on the other had, was the young up and comer. Rich. Bold. Biotechnology. She was creating things. Manifesting. Monetizing.

Plenty of articles have been written wondering if Lena will be the next Steve Jobs. Lena wondered that herself sometimes. She just hasn’t figured out that product that everyone needs but no one knows they need it. She thought the alien detection device would be that. Her ipod. The thing that everyone bought and carried with them. Kara put the kibosh on that. Lena decided she didn’t want her ipod to be xenophobic tool. She needed to figure out something more...neutral and necessary to everyone. Something personal. Something that enhanced people’s lives. And not in a way that helped them detect fear. She didn’t want to build her version of a smoke alarm. Better to wait and get it right than rush into a questionable situation that forever taints your legacy. Her next big bold move, her next product, would tell the world the difference between L Corp and Lex Corp.

She wanted to be seen as herself. Not someone from a bat shit crazy family. But that WAS her family. It was her legacy. She was working to change that, but perception does not change overnight. It would take a while.

The hostess was nervous. Lena did that to people. Even though she hailed from one of the nation’s most pro-human families, Lena was not seen as human herself. She was too much of an “other.”

Add it up. Celebrity. CEO. Luthor. She had nothing in common, with the common man.

And with this uncommon status, this otherness, came latitude. When Lena Luthor openly stared at someone, it wasn't seen as sexual. It was just seen as...how someone acts...when they are that brilliant and powerful and strange. Of course they act...a bit different. People just gave Lena power. The power to leer at them. Openly. Within seconds, the hostess was quivering, withering under Lena’s gaze.
What would have normally taken under ten seconds, undoing and redoing a bun...was taking what felt like ages. Her fingers kept trembling and slipping. Lena’s eyes, her presence, sending powerful currents through the atmosphere. Like hearing a panther growl, the vibrations going through every cell of your body, letting you know a predator is close, triggering everyone of your cells into the confusion of fight, flight or freeze.

The messy hair, the trembling fingers, the worried lip...hell yes the hostess was worried. Worried she was going to get fired. Worried that Lena was waiting too long. Worried that if she gave up on her hair and left it down while taking Lena to her table, that she'd been seen by the manager, who would think she looked like a "mess" and it would be a whole thing and maybe he’d fire her right in front of Lena to let Lena and the rest of the diners that he runs a tight ship and doesn’t tolerate anything less than perfection. He was like that. So she kept trying to capture all her hair up, faster and faster. As her nerves ramped, her attempts only got sloppier. More hair slipping through her fingers.

More hair cascading down her bare shoulders.

"...May I help?" Asked Lena.

The waitress started apologizing. Thought Lena was telling her to hurry up.

She wasn't.

"Um...I'm so sorry...I just...um..." The hostess attempted once more. Failed. Gave up. Left her hair down. Looked crushed. Picked up a menu to lead Lena to her table. Resigned that this might be the last customer she ever walks into the dining room. She knew the manager was right inside, and the sight of Lena Luthor would bring him right over, (ass kisser that he was), he’d see the messy hair (perfectionist that he was)...surely this was the end.

“Right this way, Miss Luthor.”

Lena's heels clicked slowly and purposefully toward the hostess. Gently put her hands on the menu. Lowered it. Forcing it down back to the hostess table. Lena walked the hostess back behind the counter. Out of view from the dining room. Lena was now behind it the counter. She was now behind the hostess. She lifted her hands, started delicately touching her hair.

"You're hair is lovely."  

The hostess, her body, it’s cells...chose freeze. Stood still in front of Lena, the panther. Allowing to touch her body, however, she wanted. Not moving. Knowing this was the best way to stay safe. Not knowing if the Panther was needing a meal, or just playing with it’s prey.

Hands caressing her hair, gathering it all up, feather light touches. Tingles all down the neck, shoulders and back of the hostess. Up over the crown of her head. Lena would have loved to see the mouth of the hostess drop open just a bit, the hint of an impending tremble forming on her lower lip.

Lena's hands, her long fingers, delicate and purposeful from years in the lab. Soldering electronic components, adjusting dials on microscopes, pressing a single bead of liquid from a dropper into an agar dish... Lena's fingers knew how to move in precise, controlled ways. Each flowing with the precision of a conductor's baton. Orchestrating, manipulating what was before them.

Lena had gathered up every inch of hair, collecting the last few errant strands from behind ears, then smoothing her hands over the top of her hair. Lena got a whiff of her perfume. The woman's
heart was racing. Her skin starting to sweat. Scent lifting off of it. Rice and vanilla. Flowers from a
deep wood.

The hostess just stood there. Stone. Like a statue. Now fully enjoying it. And fulling fearing it.
Fearing her job. Fearing the sexuality of the moment. Terrified of Lena, the woman, her power,
her...otherness. If her boss saw this...having a customer gathering up an employee's unruly hair...in
an establishment whose sole purpose was to serve food...surely it was a fireable offense.

Not to mention...the hostess not knowing if this was a sexual moment for Lena. Not understanding
the woman behind her at all. Maybe Lena Luthor touches whoever she wants whenever she wants?
Maybe this woman simply has no boundaries? Maybe that's how much money she'd has? Maybe
she's just...being nice? Maybe she has no female friends? Maybe she doesn't know how weird this
is? Maybe it's completely normal? Maybe she's so normal and nice that no one knows it?

Lena had gathered up all the hair, smoothed it, twisted it high up, high up off her bare shoulders
and neck.

"Here you go." Lena’s voice was steady and low.

The hair was ready to be pinned. Lena was obviously waiting for the hostess to take over from
here.

Lena's kept her breathing controlled and steady, making sure not to let on how erotic it was for her.
The waitress swallowed. Gulp. Lifted her hands up, brought them behind her head. The hostess
was fit. As her arms raised, her triceps flexed, her shoulders rippled. Lena guiding her hands to
exactly where they needed to be to hold the bun in place. Fingers brushing over fingers. The
hostess just stood there. Hands behind her head. Holding the bun in place. It was as if Lena’ had
handcuffed her.

Like a thief, Lena snatched the two chopstick hair pins on the table.

Slid each one into her.

There was no mistaking it. Both women knew it was... penetration.

"Perfect."

As Lena slid each pin slide into the thick bun, the hostess couldn't have felt more deliciously
violated than if Lena had pulled her into the women's room, lifted up her skirt, and slipped one of
her long slim fingers right into the hostesses moist slit.

They seemed to both know this was the case.

The waitress felt a shiver down her spine. Lena’s hands had slid not one but two chopsticks into
her. And as each pin slide into the thick spiral of hair, was as if Lena was conveying all of her overt
and offensive sexual desire...and designs...telepathically.

The waitress, who identified as straight, never kissed a woman, never wanted a woman...felt sexy
and tingly and aching. Her body basking in these pangs. Her mind wondering “Does everyone feel
this way around Lena Luthor?”

The hostess turned to look at Lena. With her hair up, she looked like a different woman. A magic
trick. She looked at Lena knowing that...something...had happened between them. She didn’t have
the words or experience to say what it was.

Lena did. Her eyes green and wide, like a panther. Lena decided a half smile and silence was the best response. Walked back to the other side of the desk. Just like she had been when she walked in.

The hostess, her mouth was gaping open. Remember when Kara first met Lena? Just like that. Wondering what the fuck just happened. Lena kept on her game face.

"I have a reservation for 10:45. Lena Luthor."

The hostess snapped back to reality.

Lena Luthor was still standing there, waiting.

The waitress, not knowing what to say, cleared her throat. Wishing they could talk about what happened. She needed more. More information. More connection. An explanation. None was coming.

So the hostess picked up the menu, and attempted to plaster on a smile to cover up her confusion and heat. It didn’t work.

"Right this way." The hostesses voice nearly cracking as she led Lena into the dining room.

Lena watched her from behind, watching her two slender ass cheeks shift side to side under the form fitting dress, careful to not leer too openly in front of the other diners. It was dark. I'll just make like I'm watching my steps. The hostess had a pert ass, wearing heels and a dress that accentuated her form.

Lena couldn’t help but think of what it would be like to actually take this woman into the bathroom. Looking at her ass, Lena pictured sliding two fingers into the pussy slit between those ass cheeks. Her slit, moist and hot, tight around Lena’s fingers. Surely Lena deserved that after her five months of wasted courtship? Surely she deserved a treat? That’s why she came to this restaurant. For something special...to eat.

Lena knew she could tap this woman on the shoulder right now, say something like “would you please walk me to the lavatory first?” Of course the hostess would walk her there. She’d follow any request Lena gave. That’s what happens in five star restaurants. Requests are granted.

She didn’t tap the waitress on the shoulder. Although she could feel her hand about to lose control. About to do it anyway, without Lena’s permission. Steady, Lena. Steady. She kept following her. Stalking her from behind like a predator as they snaked their way through the tables.

Lena been to this restaurant before. Knew the bathroom doors were heavy oak and spanned floor to ceiling with good locks. The stalls were roomy enough to have some quality hijinks, yet small enough to provide that feeling of being forced together, pressed together in a strained space.

Taking this young thing to the bathroom, this bathroom, would be so...easy. They’d arrive at the bathroom. The hostess waiting at the lavatory entrance.

Lena would turn and say, “Would you be so kind? I need some help.” Bidding her inside. For some unspoken need. Something perfectly innocent, surely. Two gals pals doing each other’s hair in the ladies room. Going inside as a pair, like ladies do.
As the bathroom door closed, Lena would walking into the hostess’ personal space. Again. Just like she had moments ago. Except this time she’d be walking right up to her. Face to face. Until she was pressed up against her, pushing her backwards with her chest until the hostess had been backed up into a stall. There would be no question what would be coming next. Or who, as Lena would be staring at her hard, maintaining eye contact the entire time, even as Lena brought her hands behind her back, locking the door, watching the hostess react as she heard the lock “click.”

Lena would pressing into her. Both of their breasts touching. Lena pushing the hostess up against the wall with her much larger tits. With her power. With her strangeness.

Lena would then run her hands down the front of the girl’s dress. Showing ownership. Showing exactly what she was allowed to do. Which was everything. Gliding her hands over her breasts. Down along hips.

Lena would lean in close to her face, mouth open, almost kissing but...holding off. The hostess opening her mouth in response, breathing heavy, all nerves as Lena’s hands find the hem of the dress, start hiking it up, up up until it was bunched up under the hostess’ tits.

“Hold this.” The five star employee would hold her dress up. She’d do it. No questions asked. Her mouth mute but her eyes imparting disorganized thoughts and internal chaos.

This straight woman, this little lamb, wasn’t dripping wet. She’d be too nervous. That pussy would need to be stroked and petted. Lena would look down, notice the white panties with lace trim. Lena’s fingers would soon be running up and down the front of those panties. Straight or not...bodies react. Pussies like being caressed and fingered. Arousal would gather.

More arousal than the hostess was anticipating. Her breath would hitch. She didn’t know she could feel this way. Just from a woman’s fingers. Her own body now a foreign object to her. The ache of needing to be penetrated, it wasn’t the same as what she craved before. This pang…was different. Activating something previously dormant inside of her. a higher frequency. A deeper frequency. A decidedly female energy. Lean would pull the bottom of the panties aside and slide her long middle finger up and down the wet slit, coating it.

The hostess wouldn’t believe how wet she was. Lena slid the finger inside the pussy. It slipped in so easily, the hostess’ pussy was clearly open and soaked and craving more. Lena added another finger. Yes. That’s more like it. Lena would see on her face this would do just fine. The hostess’ eyes no longer confused. Now commanding. Fuck me, they would say. Keep fucking me with those two fingers. Lena would. She’d stay pressed up close, giving long deep slow fucks. That pussy positively swallowing up Lena’s fingers. Lena curling them. Deep aching sensations shooting up her body.

The hostess would want to see Lena’s breasts. Her fingers would grab at Lena’s shirt. Would start unbuttoning. Lena would needed to keep the power.

“Stop that right now.” Stern. Harsh tone.

What was the threat, exactly? Stop trying to see my tits or I’ll stop sliding my fingers deep inside you? Or you do as I say or I’ll get you fired? Both would make the hostess’ pulse race. She’d obey, but with confusing lust, which Lena would find so erotic.

They weren’t in the bathroom. They were still crossing the dining room, halfway to her table. These lewd thoughts racing through Lena’s mind (and body) in an instant.

Lena thought how amazing it would be...if there were a third woman in that stall with them...an
experienced lesbian, who would stand behind Lena, who would lift up Lena’s skirt and fill Lena’s 
pussy with fingers. Would would fucking as she fucked the hapless hostess. This image caused 
such a burning desire in Lena.

Lena loved having these filthy images while she snaked through the dining room Maybe she’d 
force the hostess into a stall, make her press her hands against the wall over the toilet. Lena 
fucking her from behind, ramming her hard. The waitress moaning louder and louder, whimpering, 
begging, asking, harder, faster, oh yes, please right there, don’t stop.

The sound of the bathroom door opening. A woman entering. Right before this bitch is about to 
come. Lena would reach around and start fingerling her clit. The hostess, wanting to scream, yet 
worried about being fired, being arrested, stuffs her bunched up dress into her mouth, gagging 
herself, giving herself fabric to scream into, then flushes the toilet just as Lena reaches under her 
and runs fingers over a throbbing clit. The waitress orgasm, a loud long moan into her muffle, 
masked by a noisy toilet flush as Lena keeps pounding, the pussy clamping down hard...so hard it 
takes Lena by surprise.

They’d be in the stall, both a bit sweaty, rumpled. Waiting in silence. Listening to the other woman 
in the bathroom. Monitoring her movements. Holding their breaths. The waitress would turn, pull 
down her dress. Grab Lena and kiss her hard on the lips. A power grab. Sexy. A greedy, sloppy 
kiss - made for a man. Not sexy. Straight girls have such bad sex habits, Lena would think.

The other woman flushes her toilet, exits her stall, goes to the sinks, turns on the water, washes her 
hands. The other girl tries to grope Lena’s tits. Her movements forced, lacking finesse. Like a 
teenage boy. Lena has no time for this. Irritated.

As soon as the other woman leaves the bathroom, Lena would somewhat roughly push the hostess 
out of the stall. Lena doesn’t have time to be touched by anyone who doesn’t know what they’re 
doing.

“I’d like a table by the window.” And with that, Lena would dismiss her. The hostess would look 
bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Lena would return to her stall. Close and lock herself in the 
stall. She’d hear the hostess try to clean up, then leave. Lena would spend the next 60 seconds 
fingerling her clit to orgasm. Coming silently, like an assassin. Something she taught herself to do in 
high school. So she could masturbate at sleepovers.

Then she’d return to her table, have a different type of meal.

Lena pictured doing all of this to the hostess as they crossed the restaurant, finally arriving at her 
table.

Lena took her seat. A tinge of disappointment in her face. The hostess saw it. Immediately 
worried what she'd done wrong. Not having any idea that Lena had just imagined an extensive 
fantasy about her that ended...poorly. With Lena not getting what she wanted. Why did Lena have 
sex fantasies that ended in disappointment? She never brought it up to Fiona. She knew it was 
because all the disappointment in her life, with her family, just made her brain...go there...sometimes. It bothered Lena. Why can’t I imagine getting what I want??

Scanning the menu, reading the option, Lena wondered how she could have pictured things 
differently. With an outcome where someone satisfied her in ALL ways. Where someone not just 
submitted to her...but touched her and fulfilled her.

Maybe I should have imagined taking this little pet shopping? Take the hostess on her day off into 
a Barney's dressing room, where she would modeling outfit after outfit for me, prancing before me, 
spinning, undressing again and again, revealing her bra and panties, stepping into yet another skirt,
slipping on another top, all the while, both of us knowing this was all so she could strip for me again. A young girl excited to be showered with gifts, excited to be stripping for Lena Luthor, gladly knowing that in exchange for all the designer clothes purchased for her would be giving up every inch of her body.

A waiter arrived and poured Lena some water. Lena looked lost in thought.

“T’ll give you some more time.”

Lena huffed to herself. I did it again! Came up with a fantasy rooted in disappointment. Lena knew she couldn’t take some young thing to an expensive department store and spend hours in the dressing room, employees bringing clothes for them to inspect and try on. The atmosphere charged with sex and strip tease and bodily barter. I mean, sure, she had the money to do all that and more. The only catch being it would certainly make the papers.

She tried to find an entree! Suddenly nothing seemed like it would satisfy. She thought to herself, ‘Contrary to popular belief, Lena Luthor doesn’t always get what she wants.’ In fact, maybe she hardly ever gets what she wants. Maybe because what she wants is always so... extreme.’

Lena ate alone. Turning her focus to her reading materials. Taking notes on her phone as she consumed her meal slowly. The chef had come to her table to personally take her order. She confessed she wasn’t sure what she wanted so her created a master tasting menu, special for Lena, one night only, cooking up exactly two bites of each of the menu’s greatest hits. Lena savored each course, which were still coming when the restaurant closed, the wait staff clearing tables around her, pulling up table clothes, putting away candles. Lena taking her time, her table looking very romantic with a candle. The chef personally delivering and clearing each plate.

The hostess kept peeking into the dining room. Her eyes on Lena like a magnet. Still profoundly affected from Lena’s fingers in her hair. Lena was used to being stared at. She was a public figure, a celebrity of sorts. This was different. Lena could tell the young woman was trying to figure out how to approach her, how to create a situation where something...more...might happen. Lena had already made all the calculations. Restaurant staff were gossips. Even just seeing the two of them chit chatting so late at night...rumors would fly even if nothing happened. So why bother. Lena dove deeper into her papers. Not returning even one glance. As the chef delivered espresso, and a single bite of tiramisu, the hostess went home. Lena could feel her presence leave the building, felt a pang of loss, then went back to work.

That night, Lena got home at 1am. Took a long shower after a long day, soaped herself up. Imagined it was the hostess’ hands on her. Running her soapy hands up Lena’s body, up and down her pussy, from behind, taking care of Lena like a five star service employee. Lena fingered her clit to a soapy orgasm, her head pressed up against the shower tile, the shower jets pounding on her back.

This hostess, fucking her in bathrooms, alone, in a threesome, showering with her...this hostess became a go to fantasy for Lena. And it all started with some hair, falling down a bare shoulder.

So when Lena entered the room, holding Supergirl’s hand, for the second time, in this dream...and saw a neck heaving with desire, hair cascading down exposed neck and back...so many feelings and desires instantly filled Lena’s cells. Cells that were already activated with heat, and love and longing.

The cells that were being held by Supergirl’s hands.
Lena had fucked and fingered herself so many times to the woman whose hair and neck she had memorize, a woman who in Lena’s fantasizes had learned to service Lena to perfection, a woman who gave up her body in whatever way Lena wanted it, that seeing the neck and hair before her, on a woman who was being eaten out and held in place by someone else...Lena's pussy got hot. Started throbbing.

Lena's palm got sweaty. To pull her hand away from Supergirl's would be a "tell". Would reveal she was aroused. Scared. Scared to share her arousal. Ashamed of it. Lena never wanted to show fear or shame. Kept her hand right where it was.

As for Supergirl...she, too, was watching the blonde before her. Being eaten out.

Supergirl...Kara...couldn't help but think...the girl and her shared a similar look. Struck at their similarities. Similar height. Smaller breasts. Same hair length. Same color. The woman made it look like the act of getting her pussy serviced had turned her into a superhero. She looked...powerful. Her chest sticking out, unabashed. Her hips jutting forward, her legs spread askance.

Supergirl realized...that's how I stand. When I'm in my super suit. My hair flowing. My chest out. My hands on my hips. My legs open a bit wider. Power pose. Confidence. Do I look like...sex...when I do that?

That's when Kara became keenly aware of Lena's hand in hers.

Lena and Supergirl didn't intend to, but they had both stopped dead in their tracks. Two interlopers. Not moving. Not doing anything and yet doing...everything...together. Participating. Jointly. In an act of voyeurism. Holding hands the entire time.

Somehow the exact moment of the scene that they'd walked in on this time, rather than "last time"...had an intoxicating pull over them.

They couldn't help but...watch. Take in. The pixie's head gently bobbing under the skirt in a rhythmic motion. The blonde swirling her hips forward and around in time. The Scavenger smirking, leering down on it from over the blonde's cleavage.

Kara did something without thinking of the consequences. She tuned her super hearing towards the woman's crotch. Heard the smacking of a wet mouth gobbling, eating, licking and sucking. Kara gulped. Her heart raced. She took her super hearing up off the woman's crotch. Suddenly, Supergirl was now hearing the woman's deep low moans, responding to all the slurps and tastes between her legs.

Kara's whole body flushed with heat.

And that's when Lena and Supergirl both became aware. Of each other. That they were touching each other. Holding each other's hands. Skin on skin. Fingers. Pads. Soft palms and fate lines pressing together. Sweaty and hot hands.

Kara remembered to when she was bent over, shirt pulled down, back crouched up and exposed, hands and arms holding herself up on the arm of Lena's couch. Lena Luthor standing over her. In the dominant position. Having reduced Kara's powers with a home brew of Kryptonite. Experimenting on the alien before her. With a crop. Reducing her. Marking her.

Kara didn't mean to, but the memory gave her hands a mind of their own. As they watched the hot actions before them, Kara threaded her fingers deeper into Lena's.
It felt like penetration.
Chapter 39

Lena had that dream over and over and over. Lillian’s time machine playing that moment on repeat. Again and again and again and again...as she burned the concepts of time travel into a secret cabal of anti alien elites...their brains, their bodies, their souls...impressions being scratched onto them like etchings on slate...internal tattoos, internal markings....forever changing their landscape, their soulscape…

As it happened to that cabal, it happened to all the people of national city. A Security guard working the night shift stared at empty hallways for what seemed like days on end. Over in city hospital, a nurse spent what seemed like hours cleaning and bandaging the same wound. A bartender swept the floor behind the bar, the floor never seeming to get clean, needing the broom to pass over it again and again, dirt everywhere, still, again, over, once more.

And for the dreamers, for the lucky dreamers who were dreaming of their child who had passed in an unfortunate playground accident, she dreamed she was holding him in her arms and the dream was so real, so vivid. She’d dreamed that moment so many times before. Always fleeting. This time it felt real. Solid. Permanent. That fleeting moment, happening over and over and over. Made it feel so very real. Like it really happened.

That mother would wake up the next morning feeling happy. For the first time since “it” happened.

And the man who dreamed about throwing a frisbee at his dog, that dream moment, playing over and over and over...when he woke his arm would be so sore he would barely be able to move it.

And the nurse...she had stared into the infected wound for so many hours, she’d wake, immediately drink a bottle of kaopectate and call in sick for her shift.

The bartender would arrive at work the next day, see the broom, and break it in two over his knee. The sight of it would enrage him so.

The security guard would treat himself to an ipad. Would bring it to work the next evening so he could watch Netflix and not pull a Jack Nicholson in the Shining and go mad from looking down empty hallways.

And for Lena, who was dreaming about the party she’d just attended, whose dream was so close to real life to begin with...dreaming that she was doing something that she really did do...dreaming that she was seeing things she really did see...

Dreaming about memories...can be THE most powerful dreams of all. For memories are already encoded with the body’s most powerful emotions, memories are clues to one’s divine destiny...and dreams about memories are like the subconscious layering itself with the motivation it needs to fulfill in the world made manifest, to do the deed, to strike the hot iron, forging it, shaping it into form.

So when Lena was dreaming about a real event that included a powerful memory, her subconscious turned into the Ouroboros, the symbol for infinity, the snake eating it’s own tail, the symbol of alchemists who knew about transformations science had yet to explain.

It was just dumb luck, really.
That at the very moment Lillian was using her time machine to go back in time and have the same events occur, that Lena was having this exact dream. This exact memory. A memory within a memory within a dream.

Walking through a party...a party turned orgy, seeing a blonde be ravaged by a dark haired woman, seeing her neck pulse, remembering the other neck, the new of the hostess, which had launched a primal desire in Lena, the desire to take, defile...devour. Especially on the heels of a very painful business loss.

A courtship gone bad. Needing the ultimate cure. Needing a prize. Needing sex. Seeing sex. Then feeling Supergirl’s fingers threading through hers, intertwining in her flesh...making their way inside Lena.

Over and over again.


Holding hands. Supergirl’s holding her hand.

Again.


AGAIN.


Over and over and over again.

Until Lillian was quite sure that everyone was on board, programmed, their new directives chiseled onto their very core.

Lillian was always fucking things up for Lena.

---

Lena woke up that morning feeling...strange. Alex was fast asleep next to her. Lena looked at Alex, her doe eyes, her auburn hair, her lips, the bob haircut accentuating her jawline, her cheekbones...

Lena knew she should be feeling...something...something else...what was that feeling that she thought she’d be feeling? She certainly thought she’d be feeling something. Maybe love? She definitely wasn’t feeling that. Maybe...winning? She had won. She had to tell herself that. Remind herself that. She’d wanted Alex Danvers since the moment she laid eyes on her. And now here she was, in her bed. They were together. Literally together. Next to each other. Naked. In Lena’s bed. Where they’d been before.

She kept reminding herself of things. Things like...Alex dumped her girlfriend for me. Alex tried to give me a key to her apartment. Alex tried to go home last night, but she stayed, she let me touch her, eat her, fuck her...and then she did all of that to me.

So why wasn’t Lena feeling...happy? Content? Comfortable? Satisfied? Included. Wanted. Loved. Somehow the absence of the feeling that Lena was expecting to have...make Lena felt like she was
next to a stranger. And for Lena, that was a terrible feeling. That was the loneliest feeling of all. Sex was supposed to cure loneliness, not create it. And yet, sometimes that’s exactly what sex did for Lena. Waking up after a hot, one night stand, looking over at the person, knowing they’re not right for you, knowing they won’t fit into your life, that you have nothing to talk about...

Lena laid down on the pillow. Stared at the ceiling. Tried rationalizing.

But this WASN’T a one night stand. Alex and I have SO much in common. We’re like, practically in a relationship. A real relationship. And it’s what I’ve wanted. For a long time. I’ve been wanting a real relationship and I’ve been wanting Alex and now both are here...and what is wrong with me that I now feel like...like maybe...I want something else?


And that’s what Lena was really looking for...isn’t it?

Lena was so confused.

She had no idea the confusion was solely due to Lillian reversing time during her dream state. Without this time reversal, Lena would have woken Alex up with kisses, would have pawed at her, nuzzled her, lavished her with affection, cooing at her with things like “we’re girlfriends…” as she traced her fingers down Alex’s nose...

If Lillian hadn’t done her time machine antics at that very moment...Lena would have woken up over the moon. Her heart would have been soaring, finally at rest at having caught her romantic soulmate in a tender trap. She would have maybe indulged in some morning sex, then walked hand and hand with Alex down to the kitchen and proudly introduced her to Julian and Regina. They would be beaming with happiness. Regina so much so would scoop Lena up her in arms and squeeze her with all the love a mother gives a daughter when they find true love. Julian wouldn’t know what to do, so he’d make extra special juices and put sprigs of mint in them, and all four of them would toast to love.

Alex would have been so overwhelmed. She’d toast and sip her juice. She’d see how happy Lena was. Lena would look at Alex and her face would be utterly transformed, softened, opened, radiant - all from looking at Alex. That even Alex, Alex who had a family, who wasn’t an orphan...even Alex would feel, for the very first time, as she looked back at Lena in the kitchen the next morning...Alex, too, would feel “home at last.”

But like I said - Lillian! Because of Lillian, none of that would come to pass. Once again, Lillian blocked Lena’s happiness. Lillian and her time machine, scratching dream messages to deep into Lena, messages that should have been wisps of smoke that disappears into the ether...the dream time was how the brain sweeps itself clear of clutter, instead of dissolving into nothingness, made moments that didn’t belong inside Lena to stick, congeal, harden.

Lena woke up confused. She knew she should be enjoying this moment. She just...wasn’t. Maybe when I get what I want, I don’t want it anymore? Lena wondered if she was a self sabotaging type. It didn’t make sense since she was so successful in all other areas. Maybe I just save it all for relationships, Lena wondered. She was so disappointed. She’d worked so hard to “land” Alex.
Maybe I don’t know what I want, thought Lena?

Once again, it was Lillian behind all of Lena’s self doubt. Lillian had a history of ruining Lena’s chances for happiness! Somehow Lillian pursuing her own agenda always, always created havoc and pain for her adopted daughter. Why would this time be any different?

Alex opened her eyes. Turned and looked at Lena.

Don’t forget, that Alex had also been asleep. Had also been dreaming.

Over and over and over.

Had also been...etched.

By Lillian.

By time.
Chapter 40

At the very moment that Lillian was reversing and replaying time, Alex was also dreaming. Dreaming the same dream, over and over, having it etched into her.

A bit about dreams…

You see, the mind picks up so many things during waking hours. And so very few of them do we need to carry with us. So the mind, during the dream state, reviews things...and during this review, it decides whether or not to keep or discard memories, feelings, impressions. What is the point of carrying around dread or fear? If we weren’t discarding most of the fear we collect along the path of life during our sleep state, we’d all be curled up in a ball, in the corner, of the closet, door closed, blanket around us, shivering.

Nightmares are the body’s catharsis...purging those emotions from inside of us so that we may face the dawn without a build up of those emotions in our cellular make up. The body is constantly producing and eliminating waste. Shit, piss, puss, skin, hair, nails...you name it, the body is purging itself of it. So it goes with thoughts feelings and dreams. Stress, anxiety, fear, dread, horror...we purge these things from our body via the dream state.

I share this with you, dear reader, because this chapter begins with Alex’s dream. And since it was Alex’s dream. It was a stress dream.

Alex’s dream

.
.
.
.
.

She was in a room. Stone walls. She wondered where the hell she was. A jail? A jail within an ancient fort? She reached out and touched the walls. She could feel the cold on the stone. She knew she was in a dream. She also knew it was real.

A window. She looked out. She was at least three stories high. It was nightfall. This fortress was in a secluded area. No city lights on the horizon. Just stars in the distance. Dark fields or forest underneath.

The room was dimly lit. A mirror inside. Alex realized she could look in the mirror and get some more information. She was about to step towards it, when…

A knock on the door.

A door! A thick wooden door. With a door handle. Maybe I’m not imprisoned...Maybe I can get out of here, if I want to…

Alex put her hand on the door, was about to open it when she realized she should use caution.

“Who is it?” barked Alex.
“It’s me, you dope!” It was the voice of her sister, her adoptive sister Kara. Kara Danvers. A safe person.

Alex opened the door. Kara could see that Alex was freaking the fuck out.

“Wow, Alex, wow. You don’t look good.”

Kara entered quickly. Closing the door behind her. Alex noticed that Kara looked...beautiful. Her hair in a romantic ‘half up, half down’ style, curled tresses falling on her shoulders, a tiny flower crown on her head. A powder blue dress. Simple gold chain with a House of El charm hanging from it. She began immediately tending to Alex.

“Do you need water?”

“Where am I?” asked Alex.

“Oh, my god. Are you joking?” asked Kara.

“No. Where are we?” Alex did NOT look like she was joking.

“We’re at your wedding. You’re supposed to be walking down the aisle. Like...right now.”

Kara took Alex’s hand and led her down a long stone staircase, Alex looked at herself, saw she was wearing a tux with tails...black high heels that clicked on the stone as Kara pulled her down, down, down the circular stairwell...

Alex stopped. Kara was still holding her hand, so she, too, jerked to a halt.

“Who am I marrying?”

Kara looked like Alex was the world’s biggest prankster. “I can’t believe you are clowning around like this.”

Kara started pulling Alex like she was a stubborn mule. She didn’t want to have to use super strength to get her sister to the church on time...but she would if she had to!

They went down a few more steps, Alex jerked them both to a halt. Again.

“Kara… Am I? Is this…?”

Kara looked at Alex. Now she didn’t look like she was joking. Kara had heard of wedding day jitters...but never anything like this.

“Alex, last night you pulled me aside and told me you were the happiest you’ve ever been in your whole life?”

“I did?” said Alex.

“Yes,” said Kara.

Alex knew she could trust Kara with her life. So why shouldn’t she trust her with the rest of her life? Kara tugged Alex’s hand gently...they started going down, down, down the stairs...rounding the corner, until finally rounding the bend they could see, waiting for them...in the lobby of the church, looking beautiful, also in a tux and heels...waiting to walk down the aisle with Alex, at Alex’s wedding...beaming at the sight of seeing Alex in her matching tuxedo, smiling, eyes bright, so very happy....
Was Maggie.

Alex dreamed this over and over. Feeling like she was in jail. On her wedding day. Feeling sick and uncertain. Kara pulling Alex down. Maggie. Waiting to walk down the aisle with her.

Over and over again. All of this. Etched into her.

Alex woke up that way. Feeling sick and uncertain. Maggie on her mind. Wedding jitters. Kara assuring her she was making the right choice.

Yet when she looked around, she saw she was in Lena’s bedroom. In Lena’s bed. Lena Luthor’s bed.

Alex turned her head. Lena was lying next to her. Looking right at her. (It was Lena’s “off day” for yoga...so she stayed in bed.)

The look they shared was...hella awkward.

HELLA.

Lena was looking at Alex and wondering if she was supposed to be dating the other Danvers. Kara Danvers. Lena knew lesbians did that sometimes. If they couldn’t get the girl they wanted, they often dated that girl’s ex. Maybe I’m doing that with Kara’s sister?

Alex, on the other hand, looked at Lena and thought of Maggie. Maybe I was getting too scared of a good relationship? Maybe Maggie is the real relationship and this is the bat shit crazy thing? Lena Luthor just flew her helicopter directly over an alien invasion. I mean, she’s certified nuts.

They just laid and looked at each other with these thoughts. Then they realized how fucking awkward it was. They’d just had sex the night before. And no goodmorning kiss. No touching. Just looking at each other like they were...an alien.

Lena felt especially awkward. She was used to being in control. Used to knowing what she wanted and going for it. She wasn’t used to not knowing what she wanted. Didn’t have a plan for that situation. Didn’t have a mask to wear to cover it up. She realized that her expression was actually showing exactly what she was feeling. Confused. Uncertain. Hesitant. Yet Alex was gorgeous and smart and inventive....Alex was a catch. Lena looked at Alex’s features. She’s a certified fox. A scientist. We’ve had great sex. Sex that went beyond sex...way way way beyond sex. Lena’s body started to feel the hunger it had felt for Alex previously. It was just taking Lena’s heart a while to catch up after her dream, her powerful dream...about Supergirl. About Kara Danvers. About her best friend. And what it felt like to have her friend touch her, hold her hand, while they watched
and felt sexual desire…

Which brought Lena right back to confusion! Even worse...Alex seeing that confusion writ large on Lena’s face! Was there anything worse? I mean, her own mother invented Cadmus and yet this moment felt even worse! She hated Alex seeing her this way. She had to do something!

“Good morning, Agent Danvers.”

Before Alex could say good morning back, Lena leaned over and planted a sexy kiss right on Alex’s lips, keeping her mouth on them for a long time, hoping this kiss would erase any memory Alex might have been creating of Lena Luthor looking uncertain after a night of passionate sex.

Alex just laid there, eyes open, lips not kissing back. Was she cheating on Maggie? Her and Maggie broke up. She’d already had sex with Lena multiple times. Alex’s eyes stayed open, her mind rattling off facts and figures about her and Lena, her lips not kissing back.

Lena could feel Alex not kissing back. This affected her sense of pride. And the whole point was to kiss Alex so passionately she’d forget the all the awkward. Lena kept her lips on Alex’s. Opened her eyes. Saw Alex looking back at her with open eyes. Okay. Now this truly is awkward. Truly. Deeply. Awful. Awkward. The worst. Ever. In history.

Lena should have just pulled away at that moment. But she was a Luthor. So instead she doubled down. She closed her eyes and started kissing Alex with even more passion. And to raise the stakes, she pulled her body on top of Alex, smearing herself over her, pushing her breasts and nipples along Alex’s skin as she climbed on top, while kissing her.

Listen, if Lena Luthor dragged her perfect breasts and nipples over your bare chest, you would have opened your mouth, too. Suddenly, Alex and Lena were french kissing, open mouth kissing, tongues exploring each other, deep, sensual, Lena was giving this her all. Alex’s body was reacting. Instinctively. Her hands finding Lena’s hips and ass. Lena’s body felt Alex’s hands on hers...and suddenly memories even deeper than the dreams began activating. Their bodies somehow knowing more than their minds. Remembering wanting each other. Craving each other. Having each other. For a moment, everything was back to being…perfect.

They broke for air. Stopped kissing. Stopped everything. Opened their eyes. Now two conflicting memories and senses at play. Memories of perfection and union. And memories of...someone else...messages?...of someone else...being even possibly even better.

Aaaaaaaand...just like that it was back to being awkward again!

Lena wasn’t going to triple down. They both started patting each other with their hands. That type of patting that indicates...okay...this hug is now officially over...we’re done here...gotta go. They didn’t mean to start doing that. It just happened. Lena climbed off Alex, climbed off the bed.

“CEO time.”

“Yup, me, too. DEO, time.”

Alex climbed off the bed.

Lena raised an eyebrow.

“What did you say?”

Alex realized. Thank God her back was towards Lena.
“Danvers...Executive...Officer. It’s a little joke between Kara and I.”

Lena said nothing and filed it away for later use.

---

They walked down into the kitchen. Regina and Julian were there.

Regina was so excited to see Lena with her beautiful red headed “friend” again...her heart leapt! Until she saw...and felt...the awkward.

What could have happened? Thought Regina. Did they have a fight? It didn’t feel like fight energy. Did something embarrassing happen? It didn’t have that feeling, either. What could this be? Regina was a very intuitive person. It was one of the reasons she was so good at her job. Intuition when to come, when to go, what Lena needed, what Lena didn’t need. Regina could tell something was way off. Something that was...so off...that Regina knew that maybe this would be the last breakfast these two girls ever had. Regina had to think quick. She didn’t want Lena losing out on love and relationship. But the last time she spoke out of turn, she lost her damn job. Lena was a Luthor, after all. Lena had fired plenty of people. With cause. Regina decided to bide her time like a sniper. Looking for an opportunity.

Julian decided to use his voice to cut through the tension.

“Good morning ladies.” Julian handed each a glass of juice. “Papaya, orange, mint, ginger. Enjoy.”

Lena and Alex both took a glass. They were avoiding eye contact with each other. And with the other people in the room.

Lena took her seat and started to read a paper. Alex downed her juice, gulping it down, until it was gone. She wanted to get the f out of there. Needed to get out of there. She put the empty glass down on the island.

“Um. That was delicious.”

Alex’s plan to skedaddle made everything 10x more awkward. She clearly was trying to escape. She clearly didn’t even taste the juice. Just opened the hatch and shot it down. Probably didn’t even hit her tongue. Obviously lied about the taste to everyone in the room.

Lena felt slightly humiliated that her staff was watching as her houseguest tried to hasten her exit from Lena’s penthouse. Lena got up from her seat.

“I don’t mean to keep you.”

“Well, uh, I have a busy day today.”

Lena practically rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I’ve got one or two things to do myself. You know, with the company I own and run and all.”

Alex realized she hurt Lena’s feelings.

“I didn’t mean...” said Alex.

“I know.” said Lena.

Another awkward moment. Regina watching. Like a sniper.
Feeling like her staff was watching her be rejected by a lover sent Lena into red alert. She was going to end thing with Alex before Alex ended them with her. Lena felt that suddenly that was the only power left to grab in this situation.

“Listen…” said Lena. “This...this...was…”

Alex tried to chime in to help soften the blow. She understood that Lena was ending it. She should have seen this coming.

“Yeah, it was.”

The two girls nodded. Nodded in the understanding that it was...great...and now it’s...over. Not understanding that neither one of them really wanted it to be over, but also not understanding how to have that conversation when they both felt so confused.

“You know...we can....” Lena was going to say something like ‘still be friends’...but they weren’t friends...and Lena knew that and so did Alex...so saying we can still be friends would make Lena look like a fool, feel like a fool, she paused...not knowing exactly how to end that sentence. Not knowing the exact words to end...all of this.

That’s when Regina the sniper fired her shot.

“You can have dinner. I just read about a great Italian restaurant called Luigi’s. It’s supposed to be very exclusive but I’m sure they’ll have a reservation for you, Lena. Would you like me to call you a table? For tonight?”

Lena and Alex just stood there. Looking at each other.

Both of them thinking that dinner would actually be good idea. But not wanting to be the first to say so. They were just about to break up. Whoever said “yes, let’s have dinner” would clearly be the less powerful person. Would clearly be the person who was more into it. So they just looked at each other. Confused yet...hopeful...that the other would say...show...that they were still...into it. Still interested. Still willing. To give...this...a chance.

Regina watched them just awkwardly stand there. Took matters into her own hands. “So it’s a date then!” Smiled big. Patted both girls on the arms. This is like pushing two fifteen year olds towards each other at a church dance, thought Regina.

Regina escorted Alex to the front door, Lena trailing behind.

“Lena will pick you up at 7:30. Dinner will be at 8pm.”

Alex walked out the door. Regina holding it open. Regina waved to Alex. Alex waved to Regina. Lena also started waving.

It was a sweet moment.

Regina closed the door. Looked at her employer, Lena Luthor. Knew she had overstepped boundaries, big time.

Lena gave Regina a blank stare.

“Ms. Luthor, I hope I didn’t overstep.”

Lena paused. Her silence and her eyes said everything. They said, “Thank you, Regina. You saved
me. And please do not ever do that again.”

What her mouth said was something else entirely.

“I noticed you got all the lipstick off of the wall. Thank you.”

Lena turned and headed back to the kitchen. Back to the paper. Letting Regina know there were things in her life that Regina would never understand or even hear about. Regina shivered a bit. Understood that Lena needed to be in power. Marveled at how skillfully she could wield it. As Lena sat at the kitchen island...Alex was in the elevator heading down to the first floor...and at the very same time...they both smiled.

They were going out on a date.

A real date.

They were both excited. Vulnerable. Happy. Nervous. Just like a real date. Because it WAS a real date.

And to think, neither of them asked the other out. The power remained...equal.

For now.
Chapter 41

Alex walked to her car.

Excited to be going on a date with Lena. Finally. A real fucking date. Like, at a restaurant. Like normal people do!

And yet…

There was something else…lingering.

Was Lena…was Lena going to break up with me? In the kitchen? Just before I left? It certainly felt like that’s what she was going to do. Last night I tried to go home and she fucking begged for me to stay! BEGGED. Seduced. Teased, massaged, kissed… She goddamn trapped me into staying over.

So why this morning did she look at me like…like…I don’t know what she was thinking. You know, come to think of it, she didn’t even ask me to dinner. Her servant did! Maybe that’s how she asks girls out…she pays her staff to do it for her.

Here I was thinking that we were going to maybe…MAYBE…have a normal relationship. Nothing is ever normal with a Luthor, though, is it?

Alex remembered her dream from the night before. Was Kara telling me that I’m supposed to be with Maggie? She didn’t exactly say that. Not in words. But it sure seems like that’s what she meant. Wedding day. Church. Maggie waiting for me. Kara telling me I’ve never been happier… Maybe this was my subconscious telling me that I’m supposed to be with Maggie?

Maggie and I would go to restaurants. Fun ones. Drink and talk like normal people did. We had a friendship first and then started dating. That’s what a healthy relationship looks like. With Lena…

Even just saying Lena’s name in her mind made Alex flush a bit. With desire.

With Lena…we weren’t friends. We were enemies. Maybe that’s too extreme. Rivals? That also doesn’t seem quite right. What the hell were we? What the hell are we?

Things were never confusing with Maggie. Maggie is a real ride or die girl. I tried to give Lena my key and she threw it in my face. Well, she didn’t actually throw it in my face…

By the time Alex got to her car, she was no longer excited for dinner. She was mad. When she didn’t understand something, she got mad!

A text from J’onn came in. Gave her and Supergirl the day off.

Oh, yeah. Just yesterday there was an alien invasion. That seemed…so long ago.

---

Kara had also gotten the same text. She was on her way to breakfast with Sugar Green. They met at a diner and Kara took copious notes as they ate waffles. Sugar was delighted to talk about all her children, the stadium, her plans for the future. She said her husband was fully on board for…rebuilding.

Sugar had no idea that her husband had much, much more extreme plans in store.
After sharing their waffle, Kara hugged Sugar goodbye and walked her out where a car was waiting for her. Sugar got in, drove away. Kara ran back into the diner to order a few more things…to go.

---

Kara went back to Catco with a large bag of waffles and hashbrows. Snapper smelled them all the way from his office. He came stomping to Kara’s office.

“Danvers!”

Kara spun around.

Snapper just kept growling.

“Must you always be bringing food into the office. Some of us are trying to watch our waistlines.”

Snapper walked right up to the giant plastic take out bag on the desk. Prying it open with one finger to discern the contents of the styrofoam boxes inside.

“What’s in here?” Snapper snapped before Kara could get one word out. “Don’t tell me!” He stuck his nose in the bag. “Waffles and hashbrowns?”

Kara’s eyes grew wide. Stunned at his accuracy.

“Nose like a bloodhound,” said Snapper.

“And a nose for news!” chirped Kara.

Snapper rolled his eyes.

“Did you talk to Sugar Green?”

“Yes. Fascinating family.”

Snapper just growled. Kara had scored an interview with someone who was a very hard “get.” How did Danvers manage to get all these scoops? Snapper resolved to find out one day. He’d investigate. But right now, there were bigger matters. Like the fact that Snapper spilled coffee on his trousers on the way to work and had to go home and change and therefore didn’t have time to stop at his favorite pastry shop since the lines were always twenty minutes long. The cronut fad was long over but Snapper still loved them and treated himself every Friday. So today, not only did he not get a cronut, he hadn’t eaten at all.

“This waffle from the Spoke Street Deli.”

The bag said as much.

“Yes,” said Kara.

“Alright Danvers. You can have the rest of the day off...IF...you promise me that you’ll have the Sugar Green article on my desk by monday for review.”

Snapper took the bag of take out and started heading out the door. They both understood the waffle was also part of the day off deal.

“It’ll be there!”
Kara went straight to the Catco roof and flew home. She had another project that she wanted to work on. The Sugar Green article would get done later. This other project was much more important.

Deep in a desk drawer were some items that Kara hadn’t used in years. A compass and protractor set. She pulled them out. Pulled out an inch of paper. Grabbed a ruler, a pencil, a ballpoint pen, a notebook, laid them all out on the butcher block kitchen table and got to work.

---

Hours had passed.

Alex had gone home. Changed. Took a run by the river. Feet pounding the pavement. She ran right past where they’d met The Scavenger. Right past the bench she sat on with Lena, the one they almost kissed on, where Alex was running her hand up Lena’s thigh…

Alex kept running. Wondered what to wear to dinner. Fancy? Casual? Probably fancy since Regina said the restaurant was new and exclusive. Can’t show up looking too fancy, though. Really rich people are always showing up to fancy places in jeans and a t shirt. I don’t want to get dressed up and have Lena pull some shit like that.


Alex was getting mad again.

My own sister went on a date with Lena last night! I guess nothing happened since I spent the night with her. I guess I won. Big time.

Alex tried to remember all the sweet things Lena said to her, in the dark. How it felt when Lena caressed her, her light, loving touch, then her deep filthy fingers inside of Alex. Remembered the look on Lena’s face as Alex was deep inside her.

So why this morning was everything...such a mess??

There was only one person who might have an answer.

---

A knock at the door.

Kara used x ray vision. It was Lena.

Kara looked down at her table. It was covered in papers, charts, mathematical equations. Using KRYPTONIAN MATH. She could NOT let Lena see this pile of papers. This was a top secret project for Kara Zor-El and Kara Zor-El only.

She didn’t want to clear them up, it would take too long. Plus, they were arranged in a very specific order. Kara was in the middle of calculating and charting...well, we’ll get to what she was working on in just a minute. For now, just know it would have looked mysterious and intriguing to Lena Luthor and within two seconds, due to the math involved, Lena would have known Kara was an alien.

Kara went to the door and opened it just a crack.
“Oh, Lena! Hi!”

“Hi Kara.”

Lena waited for Kara to open the door. She didn’t. She just put her whole body into the door crack. Lifting her arm up and resting it against the door frame. All casual like.

“What’s going on?” asked Kara.

Lena knew immediately something was up. Something was WAY UP.

“Kara, you know you can’t keep a secret to save your life. What’s going on?” asked Lena.

Kara’s face blew open. Oh, if Lena only knew the secrets I keep! Thought Kara. I save thousands of lives with my secrets!

“I’m...working on a top secret project.”

Kara was surprised at what she said. Since it was the truth. Lena was also surprised. She wasn’t expecting the truth and yet she got it.

“Oh,” said Lena.

“I’m sorry I can’t invite you in. It’s sort of...everywhere...right now.”

Kara served one of those bare all teeth because I know what I just said is so problematic and I want us to still be friends but i need privacy and i sort of just rejected you but i also love you and I’m sorry hashtag not sorry but hashtag best friends?

Lena felt rejected...but at least it was the truth.

“I understand,” said Lena. “I’ve been known to have a top secret project...or two...myself.”

Kara laughed loud and said, “I’m sorry I can’t talk right now. Maybe later?”

“Yes, of course. Later.”

Lena was about to walk away…then quick, spontaneous, she blurted out, “Did Supergirl say anything to you? About last night?”

Kara spoke cautiously…

“She………….did………….”

Lena waited.

Kara continued.

“She texted me.”

Lena raised her eyebrows as if to say...and?

Kara kept thinking on her feet. Trying to keep this brief.

“Said she had a great time. Um…”

Lena looked hopeful.
Kara felt bad but it had to be done.

“But...said it felt like more of a friend vibe.”

Lena’s face turned inscrutable. Kara was hoping Lena would take this...a bit better.

“Is that what she said?” asked Lena.

“Something like that,” said Kara.

“Can I see the text?” asked Lena.

Kara looked stunned. Of course a best friend would show the texts.

“Um...you know...with her secret identity and all...she...has...me....delete all of her texts after reading them.”

Kara looked at Lena. Wondered if she was buying it. Lena continued looking inscrutable. Kara kept babbling

“It’s very James Bond like. You know Superheroes and their super stealth like ways!”

Finally, Lena decided to speak.

“I don’t know superheroes.” Lena’s tone was so layered. She seemed to be conveying much much more to Kara than what her words said. “Not like you do, anyway.”

Kara just stood there. Trying to drink it all in. Lena did have an effect on Kara. A powerful one. Kara loved her. Wanted to protect her. At all costs. Wanted to be close to her. As close as two women could be. But...just as friends. That was clear to Kara. She just couldn’t tell Lena where the clarity came from.

Because it came from what she learned during her time in the 7 minutes in Heaven room.

Kara wanted to tell Lena so much. It just...wasn’t the right time. Not about her secret identity, not about her secret job...and certainly not about the charts inside her apartment and how they proved without a doubt that Lena and her weren’t meant to be together.

Lena could sense something deep inside Kara was brewing. Something deep and emotional. Lena knew how to use moments like these to her advantage.

“You know, Kara, um...Supergirl and I...we didn’t really have a chance to get to know each other. There had just been an alien invasion...she saved my life...again...then the party, well, the party was...distracting. Overwhelming. There was no way we could have...really...seen if we have a connection...under those circumstances. I hope Supergirl will...give me another chance.”

Kara’s eyes blew wide open again. Her mouth opened and no words came out.

“Well, back to L Corp.” Lena smiled. Walked away.

“Bye, Lena.” Kara called after her, watching Lena’s bright blue trenchcoat sway behind her like a cape. Like a caped...crusader.

Kara slipped back into her apartment. Closed the door. Felt like she just got the wind knocked out of her. And it felt...good. Why was talking to Lena Luthor so...powerful?
Kara went back to her charts. Thinking, I’ve got to check the math on this again.

---

Meanwhile, Lena waited for the elevator in Kara’s apartment building. Proud of herself. For doing what she needed to do. Finding out where things stood. And then making a move to make sure...negotiations...would continue. That’s what business people do, when they want something. Better to have options. Lena knew Kara would be thinking all day about whether or not Supergirl really…

Ding.

The elevator arrived. The doors opened. Inside was Alex.

Alex and Lena stared at each other. One was leaving Kara’s. The other was heading to Kara’s. They both felt busted. And like they were busting the other. The energy of power between the two of them was immediate. Electric.

“Lena.”

“Alex.”

The doors started to close. Lena lifted her hands to hold them open but Alex’s reflexes were MUCH faster. Her arm was already against the doors, holding them open.

Neither knew what to say. They stood there for what seemed like ages. But it was only a second. Maybe two.

“Going to see Kara?”

“Yup.”

Lena waited for more. Alex offered none. Lena decided to be on her way. She stepped into the elevator as Alex stepped out. Tight squeeze. Lena facing forward. Their bodies so close to each other. Their bodies reacting. Remembering. Their cells - yes, their dreams had affected them, but remember, they’d been fucking on and off for weeks, thinking off little else but the other and how to capture and consume them. And don’t forget...just last night they were both in the room of truth...where Lena declared her love for Alex. Their minds didn’t remember any of this...but their bodies did.

As Lena stepped into the elevator, her mind full of pride and ego and frailty...her body came so close to Alex’s, that Lena wasn’t even conscious of the fact that she slowed down, couldn’t help it, came to a complete stop as her and Alex started to pass each other…

Alex’s body stopped too. Caught a whiff of Lena’s perfume. Of Lena’s scent. Her hair. Her lotion. So close to Lena, Alex could see the paint on Lena’s lips…even though she’d spent the whole day practically cursing Lena Luthor, Alex’s hands had ideas of their own. With Lena standing in front of her, helpless against the will of her body which came to a full stop in front of Alex...Alex’s hands reached up, took Lena’s face and pulled it in, kissing her hard.

Lena dropped her bag. They started making out. Passionately. The doors kept pressing into Alex’s back. As if to say, “Ladies, Ladies! I’m an elevator! I’ve got things to do!”

Lena’s hands went into Alex’s jacket, wrapping around her body, pulling Alex in tight, as if to say “yes, take all of me, take everything that I am…”
They both heard a noise at the end of the hall. They pulled away. Instinctively knowing not to be seen together. Lena picked up her bag from the ground. Alex stepped into the hallway. Lena pressed the ground floor button. Looked at Alex with same inscrutability she’d been serving up all morning.

“See you at 7:30.”

The doors closed.

Lena had won.

Damn it! Thought Alex. How can you kiss someone so intimately, so passionately, and then make them so fucking mad!

Alex marched to Kara’s door. And yet, with all the anger, there was a great big cheshire grin on Alex’s face. She was starting to realize...that she fucking loved every single minute of these games.

Knocked on Kara’s door.

Kara used x ray vision. Saw it was Alex. Still, she opened the door with the same stealth she had earlier.

“Kara, can I come in?”

Kara looked up and down the hallway. Keeping the door closed. Spoke in a very low voice.

“Lena was just here.”

“She just went down the elevator.”

Kara looked relieved. Opened the door. Let her sister inside. Closed and locked the door behind her.

Alex immediately saw the mess of charts and equations and graphs spread out over the table.

“What are you doing?” asked Alex, who went right up to the papers, tried to figure out what they were all about. Kara grabbed the paper out of Alex’s hand, put it back exactly where it was.

“Alex, I’m working on something...something BIG.”

Alex saw that most of the charts were written in Kryptonian. She’s learned a lot of Kryptonian from Kara growing up and then at the DEO, but not enough to understand...this. What was even more of a mystery was the great big smile on Kara’s face. Alex had never seen Kara so happy. NEVER.

Kara took Alex’s hand and led her to the couch.

“Alex, what I’m about to tell you will sound...unbelievable.”

“Kara, you’re an alien who can fly, burn things with your eyes, see through walls - I think I can handle whatever it is you’re about to tell me.”

Alex gave Kara a sympathetic smile. That’s when the floodgates opened. Kara told Alex about the party. About the 4th dimension. About...the rooms. About the 7 minutes in Heaven room. About how you could talk to anyone who had died for 7 minutes. Through the power of the fourth dimension.
Alex’s mind was boggled. She pulled Lena into the Room of Truth, but she didn’t remember the experience, so all of this was actually sounding a bit far fetched to Alex.

Kara was too excited to notice the skepticism. Kara just kept explaining until finally she was explaining to Alex…

“You can only do the 7 minutes in heaven room once. Once with one person. And that’s it. So a lot of people wait because they want to make the right choice. But Alex, I knew. I knew in my heart...who to see. And so I did it. I did it!”

Kara was near tears with joy as she was sharing with Alex.

“You did what?” Alex was still a bit lost.

“Alex...I saw my mother!”

Tears streamed down Kara’s face. Tears of joy at the memory.

“I...don’t know what to say…” Alex was dumbstruck. Kara seemed to really, honestly and truly believe that she’d spend 7 minutes with her mother. Since this “room” was at The Scavenger’s house, Alex thought it had to be fake, a trick, a ruse. Kara was so overcome with emotion, thought, that Alex decided not to burst her bubble. What possible harm could come from Kara thinking that she spend 7 minutes with her dead mother?

“Alex...and do you want to know the best part??”

Kara grabbed Alex’s hand and brought her to the charts. Kara looked at them as if they held the answers to every single thing in the world.

“She gave me my chart! My star chart. It’s a Kryptonian thing.”

Alex looked at the charts. Suddenly understood. They were the Kryptonian version of astrology. A subject Alex loathed.

“This chart tells you everything about your destiny. MY destiny.”

Kara looked like she was a mad scientist. A religious convert. An apostle. A prophet.

“Just a few more calculations....and I’ll know everything about my future!”
Chapter 42

Kara tried explaining how it all worked. It wasn’t like the star charts and progressions that Earth astrologists used. These charts weren’t just three dimensional. They were peppered with access points connecting specific moments in time to fourth dimensional portals. These portals indicated new energies coming into one's life.

“It’s science,” explained Kara. “It’s like looking at a topography map and knowing that you’re going to come across a stream. It’s happening. One hundred percent.”

Alex said nothing. But inside, she was getting...you guessed it. Angry.

Kara was so over the moon she didn’t notice.

“Most people on Krypton never looked at their star chart because it was…”

Kara remembered her days on Krypton like it was yesterday. Kryptonians thought looking at your star chart was...almost criminal. It was like stealing. Stealing the future. Or at least trying to. And since the future belonged to everyone, well, it just wasn’t done. Looking at your star chart went against the Law of Nature. Kara remembered all of this. Stopped speaking.

Alex broke the silence.

“Why didn’t anyone look at their star charts on your planet?”

“They just...didn’t.”

Kara looked at her charts, they were almost complete. She wasn’t going to turn back now. Not because of a custom on a planet far, far away that no longer existed. Plus, her own mother gave her the chart. That surely means it’s okay for her to have it. Surely!

“Do you think if they looked at their star charts, they would have been able to save Krypton?”

This question blew Kara’s mind.

She didn’t have the energy to even think along those lines. The thought was a game changer. She was going to think about it later. Maybe. Maybe not. So many of the things that she thought about Krypton...and even her own parents...were...not exactly the whole story. She wondered what else there might be to this whole “star chart” situation that weren't fully explained to her because she was just a “little girl.”

“I don’t know,” said Kara.

Alex realized that musing about how a star chart might have avoided mass extinction wasn’t perhaps the best way to be supportive. It was Kara, however, who got them back onto lighter fare.

“I’m so glad you came over because I was going to call you and show you...this.”

Kara put her finger down on one of the charts, pointing to an exact spot. Of course, it was meaningless to Alex. Kara looked so satisfied and hopeful and at peace

“This...this right here...is the moment when romantic love enters my life.”

Alex just stood there. Not believing one single word. But trying with all her might to not roll her
eyes.

“That’s why I wanted to see my mother. Well, one of the reasons. It was amazing, Alex. She hugged me. She held me in her arms. I got to feel her arms around me, as I am now, an adult. I’ve never been hugged by my mother as an adult.”

Tears fell down Kara’s face and she wiped them off.

“She told me she loved me and was proud of me. She can see what I’m doing from Ungloinn.”

Alex’s face. Ungloinn?

“It’s like the Kryptonian version of Heaven. She knew what I was doing. She praised me for taking care of Earth and made me feel okay for...not taking care of Clark. She knew about my time in the phantom zone!”

More tears. More wiping.

“It was so overwhelming to be in her arms, hear her voice, feel her heartbeat...to know she’s with me, watching me...I felt so much love and I knew our seven minutes was almost up and I was sad that I wouldn’t get to feel like that once it was over…”

Kara’s breathing started to hitch.

“...you know what a non-existent disaster my love life has been. I asked her if I’d ever have a romantic soulmate...and…” Kara’s face LIT UP. “...and that’s when she showed me. She showed me the part of my chart when my life stream entered the energy stream of love and partnership. Age 32!”

Again, Alex was just sitting there, holding her tongue. Kara’s mouth was open in excitement. Her hands sort of jutting out...indicating that it was Alex’s turn to speak. That Alex would surely be able to pin the tail on the donkey. Bring this story home. Alex had no idea what Kara wanted her to say. So Kara finished the story.

“That means I’m not supposed to be with Lena!”

Alex’s face fell flat. Alex thinking to herself...this is why she’s no longer pursuing Lena? Because of a god damn…

“I thought you’d be happy?” said Kara. Baffled as to why Alex wasn’t more excited to hear that Kara was bowing out of the romantic rivalry.

Deciding not to throw a match on a powder keg...Alex took a more measured response.

“So you mother gave you all these charts?”

Ah, thought Kara. Alex still doesn't understand the science behind all of it! Of course, that’s why she’s being hesitant. Doesn’t want to count her chickens before they’ve hatched. Kara decided to walk Alex through it with a bit more detail. Her sister was very smart. She’d pick up on the essentials.

“No, you see, people...parents...Kryptonian parents...don’t give their kids their star charts. It’s too much to explain. But I guess she could see that I was so upset and needed...hope? That she showed me just a little corner of it. The part where I meet my romantic soul mate.”
Kara’s tone changed. She sounded a little more...devious.

“That’s when I did something so freaking clever...I memorized it.” Kara touched her noggin.

“I made a mental snapshot of that image, knowing that with the right tools and math, it could extrapolate the rest of the chart, forwards and backwards.” Kara turned and pointed to all the materials on the table. “I checked and double checked. Age 32. Life stream. Love stream. Just like she said.”

And with that, Kara slapped her own knee in celebration! Beaming! Waiting for Alex to celebrate with her.

“What else do these charts say?”

Kara pointed to her birth, her departure from Krypton, her extended period in the phantom zone…

“I should be getting to my arrival on Earth shortly. It’s a lot of math. God, math makes me hungry. Do you want to order pizza? Have you eaten?”

Alex stared at the charts. They made no sense to her at all. Kara picked up her phone. The pizza place was on speed dial. The name was just a series of pizza emojis.

“Hi! Yup. It’s me…” The pizza place knew Kara by name. She was their best customer! “Two large cheese, a pepperoni and one with just peppers and onions.” Kara turned to Alex, covered the phone. “Do you want anything?”

“Sure...chicken caesar salad.”

Kara made a frowny face. Salad was gross. Placed the rest of the order. “And a chicken caesar salad.” Pause. The pizza place said something and Kara laughed uproariously in response. “Yeah, that’s not for me...you’re right, I have company!”

With lunch on the way, and Kara feeling like she’s shared what she wanted to share...Alex felt it was a good time to...share her concerns. With tact.

“Kara...I’m really, really glad you had an...experience...that made you feel so loved and safe and...hopeful about the future.”

Kara knew her sister. She could tell a bomb was about to drop. Alex was always being overprotective. Sometimes to the point of ruining something.

“I’m just wondering…”

Kara was in the kitchen, getting plates...and a fork and knife for the salad that was on the way. Her back was towards Alex. Alex didn’t see Kara’s face fill with worry at what might be said next, bracing herself. Maybe needlessly?

“It was at The Scavengers house that you got a glimpse of this chart. I mean, how can you trust that it’s not...a trick. A trap. A fake. A fraud?”

As Alex said these words, Kara started squeezing her fist, which just so happened to be holding a knife in her hand at the time...Kara squeezed her fist so hard that the knife’s handle was squeezed so hard, it became as flat as paper, capturing every line of Kara’s fingertips that pressed into it.

Kara spoke with authority.
“It was real.”
Finality.

Unfortunately, Alex wasn’t done.

“Kara, he’s a criminal. Literally. That’s his job. This whole vase thing? He trades in stolen goods, fakes and frauds.”

Kara turned and faced Alex. Anger in her face.

“I know my own mother, Alex. It was her!”

“Kara, please. Think about it. He didn’t invite Kara Danvers and he didn’t invite Kara Zor-El. He invited Supergirl. The world’s biggest crime fighter.” Alex saw that playing to Kara’s ego was working a bit. She continued along these lines to get her point across. “Of course a master criminal would do anything he could to gain an advantage over the world’s biggest, best, strongest crime fighter.”

Kara’s eyes narrowed. Alex had laid it on too thick.

“Yeah, Alex. Of course he’d be able to fool Supergirl. Because, you know, all it takes to fool Supergirl is you know...take her to some sex party…”

Alex’s face....sex party? What sex party? Supergirl was too angry. Kept on.

“Because, you know, Supergirl just fell off the turnip truck! She’d be all ooooh and aaaaah at all the bodies and parts............and next thing you know, she won’t even be able to RECOGNIZE HER OWN MOTHER.”

In her youth, Kara read a lot of Laura Ingalls Wilder. They books emphasised love and kindness despite hardships. As a result, her language was peppered with loads of old-timey phrases dating back to the American West. Gosh, golly, gee, oh boy, etc. Alex hadn’t heard Kara use turnip truck since 10th grade, where she had said it during lunch and her entire table make fun of her for the rest of her meal. Alex and Kara had a long talk after school, Kara crying, struggling with the pain of trying to fit in with teenagers was bad enough. Kara was always saying words that “weren’t cool” and even though Alex insisted that Kara should just be her own person and say whatever words she likes best, how that’s the coolest thing of all!, Kara still made Alex point out to her all the words that “weren’t cool.” Turnip truck was on the list. So when Alex heard Kara use that phrase just now, she remembered all the pain Kara went through growing up and how Alex was her guide and how badly Kara needed a guide...Alex knew in this moment that Kara was really hurting. And it was Alex’s job to help her.

Alex didn’t know where to start.

“What the hell kind of party did you and Lena go to?”

“It was my mother, Alex. I can’t believe you would try to ruin that moment for me! Except for the fact that I absolutely CAN believe it. You’re the one with the real mother. I’m just the adopted kid who ruined everything for you. Isn’t that right?”

Ugh. Is there anything more painful than when you’re own sister, your only sister, calls you out on your most shameful secret feeling? The one that you know is wrong but you couldn’t help but feel anyway? The feeling that wasn’t even the predominant feeling, but kept itching at you, kept calling your attention to it and you just couldn’t stop feeding it? Alex felt sick and ashamed. She never
knew that Kara knew. I mean, of course Kara knew. They’d had fights about that very thing growing up. But this was over a decade later. Kara was still carrying the knowledge of it around like a poison dart, ready to use it on Alex should things...get out of line. Kara’s words were like she had put that poison dart into a hollow bamboo reed and shot that dart right into Alex’s neck. Direct hit. The poison of shame started seeping into Alex’s body. She’d created that very weapon to be used against herself. He had been jealous of Kara, mad that she took her mother away. Not all the way mad. She adored Kara. They were sisters and best friends. They were each other’s biggest blessings. But losing your mother, even part way, was just...the worst. Alex was being confronted by someone who lost their mother ALL the way. Alex was just riddled with shame.

Kara didn’t stop.

“That’s the one thing you have over me. You have a mother. God forbid I get ONE more moment with my real mother. You can’t stand that, can you?”

Alex’s face was bright red. Eyes welling with tears. Of shame. Regret. Remorse. Her nervous systems were serving up fight or flight responses. Alex fought to not leap up and grab Kara and hug her tight to show her how much she loved her. But you don’t leap up and hug an alien when they’re angry. Alex did that once when she was 16 and Kara pushed her off. Not meaning to use super strength, but it happened and Alex flew back onto the couch and flipped right over it and hit her head and they had to take her to the hospital for a mild concussion. There was a little egg on her head that took more than a week to go down. Kara got a stern talking to from their father about super strength and how she had to hold herself to a higher standard at all times. A standard even higher than her sister. That’s just the deal. Kara took this to heart. Meanwhile, that night when their mother Eliza was tucking Alex into bed, Alex assumed she was there to lavish love on her daughter after a somewhat serious injury...instead Eliza blamed Alex for what had happened. Reminding Alex that Kara was her responsibility. Taking care of Kara, to Alex, became synonymous with keeping her parents love. So it was both Alex’s prime mission in life and something she...just a little bit...resented.

NO. No, she didn’t resent it. She loved Kara with her whole heart! She wanted Kara to be happy. More than she wanted herself to be happy!

“NO, Kara. That’s not it AT ALL.”

“I’m not just physically stronger than you, Alex. I’m not just much, much physically stronger than you. I’m also mentally stronger. Don’t you ever forget that.”

This little sibling rivalry just got very, VERY fucking serious. Kara had never used that tone with Alex.

Mother issues. They’re at the core of us all.

“Kara, I promise you that...”

“No, Alex. I promise YOU...that this is all real. Now, you might not trust me or maybe you think The Scavenger had completely hoodwinked Supergirl or maybe you think my Kryptonian math is rusty...whatever it is...I don’t want to hear about it. Ever again.”

Kara put the plates out, put the silverware down, went back into the kitchen for waters and sodas. Alex picked up the knife. Saw how it had been mashed in anger. Felt her fingers trace over the perfect fingerprints left in the steel. It was still hot from being...pressed and shaped. Her sister...her adoptive sister...was beyond extraordinary. She was an alien. Her world, her customs, her body...her mind...her heart...was so different.
“Kara, I’m sorry. I’m sorry if you thought I doubted you.”

Kara returned with a cold six pack of Le Croix lemon flavored waters. She looked calmer, the apology coming at just the right time.

“I trust you 100%. It’s The Scavenger I don’t trust.” Kara looked like she was about to get all heated again. “Kara, it’s my JOB. It’s YOUR job. We’re not supposed to trust criminals.”

Alex shot Kara a cheeky, you love me when I tease you - look. Kara smiled. It was true that The Scavenger was a criminal. And dealt in stolen goods. Star charts were seen on Krypton as the equivalent of trying to steal the future. Kara put two and two together. Maybe this was a mistake.

She decided to not share that with Alex. Not just yet. Not just after posturing so hard and insisting that Alex drop the matter completely, forever.

Forever. That’s a long time. They were already arguing about the future. Maybe this is what they meant by not seeing star charts. Maybe star charts did cause problems. She hated fighting with Alex. And they’d been arguing for a long time, weeks it seemed, over their future with Lena. Kara wanted all the fighting and arguing and rivalry to go away. That’s was the whole reason for the chart in the first place. The chart put an end to their rivalry. That’s right! The chart was good!

Kara handed Alex a soda.

“Apology accepted.”

Alex looked at the Le Croix.

“Sparkling water? What happened to your Mountain Dew obsession?”

“Lena said this was better for me.”

Ah. There it was. The topic of Lena.

The whole reason Alex had gone to Kara’s house in the first place.

“About Lena…”

Kara downed her can of Le Croix in one big gulp. Then let out a fantastic, satisfying belch. Kara loved to do that when no one other than Alex was around.

“Alex, you can have her. I mean, she’s still my best friend. That’s not going to change. But I’m fine with you dating her.”

“Thank you, my liege.” The sarcasm. Thick. Alex could serve it up like gravy. It made them feel close to tease and be teased like that.

“Hey! Just be glad you don’t have to compete with a superhero.” Kara started flexing her muscles like she was a pro wrestler. “Girls sees these guns and go wild and you know it.” She started kissing her biceps, one after the other. Alex cracked up. Balled a cloth napkin and threw it right at her dork sister. The dork who could lift planes. Melt metal with her eyes. Melt hearts in her cape. Alex was glad she didn’t have to compete with Supergirl.

If Supergirl had even one iota of game, she’d have had Lena a long time ago, thought Alex. Maybe that star chart isn’t so bad, after all.

“Um...I wanted to ask you about Lena. Did she...say anything about me?”
“Say anything about you to Kara? Or Supergirl?”

Alex remembered Lena didn’t know they were one in the same.

“Either.”

“No.”

Alex looked puzzled.

“Then why did you make me clarify if she asked Supergirl or Kara??”

Kara looked smug and sassy.

“Because that’s part of the fun of having two identities.”

“Oh, my god, Kara.” Alex laughed again. “You are truly crazy sometimes!”

Kara kissed her muscles some more, being super campy about her super powers. Then asked Alex, “Why?”

“Well, um...I spent the night at Lena’s.”

Kara stopped with her muscle kissing.

“You spend the night at Lena’s? When?”

“Last night.”

“Last night?? After she went on a date with Supergirl?”

Alex let out a big sigh. Looked sheepish.

“Wow, that’s...that’s...” Kara’s mind was racing. Trying to fill in the blanks. It wasn’t her forte. “That’s kind of fast, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” said Alex. Alex was so relieved that her sister finally, FINALLY, knew that Lena and her had slept together. Alex was wondering when and how she’d tell Kara this. It was easier than she thought. And it was fast. Fast was the exact word for...everything...that Alex and Lena had done. Alex was desperate to talk to someone about how fast everything had been progressing and then...this morning...feeling like Lena was pumping the breaks...Alex knew that Kara was a safe person to share all of her feelings with and maybe she’d bring some perspective to the situation. Just even hearing Kara call it fast brought Alex a profound relief. She was so happy to be with her sister. Alex needed to talk about this. NEEDED it.

“Did you guys kiss?” asked Kara.

And just like that. Alex realized. That conversation she so desperately needed. Wasn’t happening. Alex just sat there saying nothing. She didn’t know what to say. Once again the problem with Lena Luthor was one that Alex would have to deal with alone.

Kara wasn’t getting any response from Alex. Maybe they did...more than kiss?

“Did you guys...do anything...more? More than kissing?” Kara looked like this was both inconceivable and yet felt the need to ask.
Alex’s eyes blew wide. Wow. Kara does not understand. At all. Alex’s heart started racing. She tried not to blush. Bit the inside of her cheek to keep a straight face. Remembering that her and Lena had done much more than kiss. Much, much more.

Kara’s eyes grew wide. She started shaking her head, trying to giggle an answer out of Alex. Alex knew if she didn’t say something now, Kara would likely explode.

“We...kissed.”

That was true. Alex just decided to...not offer any further details.

“Oh,” said Kara.

Kara took a moment. Drank this in. They had kissed. Her sister and her best friend had been kissing. Lena and Alex. Lips. Together. Was it a goodnight kiss? Or did they full on make out? Kara quickly pictured both scenarios. Both made her feel terrible.

She was fine with Alex dating Lena. She’d just never...pictured...Alex kissing Lena. Or worse - Lena kissing Alex. Unfortunately this was now the only thing Kara could see. She was losing her appetite. She felt...jealous. She couldn’t help it. And she knew it was wrong.

So she didn’t tell Alex how she felt. Kept it to herself. It was a real punch to the gut. Supergirl often didn’t feel punches. This one...hurt.

“And then the next morning...Kara, it was weird. It was like...she didn’t like me anymore.”

The punch to the stomach Kara had felt was quickly replaced with a fierce, protect family at all costs feeling.

“How could anyone NOT like you? You’re the bestest! I don’t know why she was acting weird but I’ll find out.”

“She was here earlier...did she say anything?”

“No, I swear she didn’t say anything about it.”

“What was she doing here?”

“She wanted me to ask Supergirl to ask her out again.”

Kara just blurted it out without thinking. They’d patched things up. Were friends. Charts shown. Cards shown. Apologies given. All was well. Kara just...blurted out the truth.

Alex was dumbstruck. So was Kara. Kara understood now what it meant. Lena hadn’t gone home from the party thinking of Supergirl. Lena had woken up next to Alex thinking of Supergirl.

They both looked at each other like, like…

Knock, knock, knock.

It was the pizza guy.

Kara went to answer it. “Alex, don’t worry. Supergirl will tell Lena once and for all that they are just friends. Easy Peasy.” Kara opened the door and paid the delivery man.

Alex just thought to herself, nothing is ever ‘easy peasy’ when it comes to Lena Luthor.
Their first date was in just a few short hours…

---

Lena had gone back to L Corp. Tried to get work done before her dinner date with Alex. Luckily there were no urgent meetings or deadlines. Everything at L Corp and its subsidiaries was moving full steam ahead. So Lena found herself just…staring at her laptop. Thinking. For what seemed like hours. And it wasn’t getting her anywhere.

Knock, knock, knock.

Lena knew the exact sound of Jess’s knuckles rapping on her office door.

“Come in, Jess.”

Jess entered, carrying tablet and notebook.

“Jess, will you close the door behind you?”

Jess did as instructed. Knowing that Lena must be having a ‘private’ day. Those days happened occasionally. Lena would be…pensive. Jess walked a bit slower. Kept her voice a bit lower. She knew her boss well. Approached Lena’s desk. Lena looked up at Jess.

“What’s going on?”

As soon as Lena lifted her head, Jess could see that Lena was more than pensive. She looked sad. The kind of sad where you don’t know how it’s going to get better and yet you have to still go out into the world and function so you’re gonna try your best to hide that sadness. It startled Jess to see Lena this way.

“I…um…” Now Jess looked sad and lost. Lena could see it.

“What’s wrong, Jess?”

How could Jess tell Lena that it’s heartbreaking to see her boss so sad?

“It’s nothing,” said Jess. “How are you?” She tried to sound upbeat.

Lena knew they were both lying to each other. Paused the whole conversation. Took a deep breath. Jess decided to continue with her reason for entering the office in the first place.

“I have a few itineraries to review before your trip to Beijing next week.

Lena stood up. Closed her laptop.

“Let’s do this on the couch.”

They spent the next hour on the couch. Going over every single item. Talking about what gifts to bring, meetings with dignitaries, outfits, jet lag cures, etc. Lena had taken her shoes off and brought her legs up on the couch. Jess didn’t allow herself to go that casual. Jess’ best friend in Melanie, who worked in a bakery and became fast friends, then best friends with the woman who owned it. They talked about opening a second location with Jess running that. And maybe opening a whole new chain of bakeries that they co-owned. Melanie and her boss hung out after work, talked about everything and a year later Melanie was fired over something very small and petty. Jess knew the moral of the story. Don’t get too close to your boss. It’s bad for business.
Still, she was glad to be working closely with Lena. She liked Lena. She admired Lena. Lena had a special aura and Jess couldn’t help but feel incredibly special to be in it. So sitting on the couch with Lena Luthor, having Lena Luthor listen to everything you said, listening to you like what you have to say is important, is important to her...it just...gave Jess such a special feeling. Sometimes she’d go home from work and just marvel at how lucky she is. Sometimes she wondered if she was the closest person in Lena’s life. Lena never had Jess scheduled dinner with friends, or weekends with girlfriends...well, Kara Danvers, she seems to be a good friend to Lena. It’s still a new friendship. Maybe it’s growing. Since Kara and her sister were both here with that detective. That was the night that I found out Kara Danvers is Supergirl. I guess nothing much has come of that. Why, just last night Supergirl pulled Lena’s helicopter down from the sky, saving her life. And this morning, I came to work, business as usual. No federal agents have called me trying to figure out what i know…

“Jess?”

Jess’s head snapped up. Lena’s question breaking her reverie.

“Sorry!”

“Jess, what is going on. Will you tell me?”

Lena was on the couch. Shoes off. Legs pulled up. It had such a cozy, friendly vibe and Jess was...very nearly...a friend. Certainly they’d shared a lot of laughs. And Jess knew...so much...about Lena and her life. Lena really needed a friend today. She tried to get some friendship from Kara, but Kara didn’t have time for her. And Alex looked like she wanted to run away from her this morning in the kitchen. Downing the juice like she couldn’t wait to get away from Lena. Two Danvers. Two rejections. Lena was feeling pretty down. Then she went and made things worse. Instead of just leaving Kara to her secret project...she had to go ahead and try to double down with “Supergirl.” It was impulsive. Lena hadn’t thought it through. She felt bad about it. Only because it was so, thirsty and grabby. Thank GOD there were no witnesses. Except my best friend. That’s why Lena hadn’t been able to work this morning. Ever since she woke up she’d been feeling off and making choices that she felt so bad about. She’d been trying to meet Alex Danvers for months and then this morning, feeling like Alex didn’t want her anymore, Lena tried to dump Alex. They weren’t even dating! Their first date was tonight! And her housekeeper had to ask them out! Lena had never felt more...out of control.

There’s nothing more intoxicating to someone who can’t handle their own problems than trying to fix someone else’s.

Jess looked at Lena. Lena had just busted her for daydreaming about Supergirl’s real identity. She could not not not not bring that up with Lena. And yet, Lena seemed so sincere. So truly wanting this moment to be a moment of friendship. Of connection. Jess wanted that. She wanted that with Lena. Everyone did. Jess didn’t know what to say. She kept it purposefully vague. She’d give a little, while saying nothing. Keep her options open.

“I’m feeling...off today.” Jess just sat there. Allowing herself to be fully present in the feeling of “off.”

Lena appreciated the honesty. Returned in kind.

“I’m feeling off, too.”

That’s when Jess did something genius.
“Do you have someone to talk to?” she asked.

Lena looked curious. “What do you mean?”

“Most CEO’s have therapists, coaches, advisors. It’s...pretty standard. I’ve been wondering when you might like me to give you the list I’ve compiled for you?”

It was literally the most gracious and tactful spin on “you need therapy” that Lena had ever heard. Jess’ face was full of compassion. Lena knew she did need guidance. Especially in the sex and relationships department. She’d never gotten any. From anyone. Not even Fiona.

Jess didn’t know that was Lena’s underlying issue. Jess assumed it was work stress combined with an alien attack.

“Lena, you almost died yesterday. And you’re back here at work like nothing happened. But something really fucking big happened. And you deserve to talk about it with someone who is trained and who will take care of you.”

Jess stopped herself. She’d said too much. She just swore. She’d walked right up to the line and new even one more word would be crossing it. She’d just served some steaming hot tea to her boss and she didn’t want to pour so much that the cup would start overflowing a cause a mess.

Jess needed to keep her job.

The words hit Lena hard.

“I did almost die yesterday.” Lena spoke those words out loud, for the first time. No one from her family called her to check on her. Lex was in jail. And lord knows what Lillian was doing. Not worrying about whether her daughter survived the alien invasion, that’s for sure.

Tears started falling from Lena’s eyes. Jess grabbed a box of tissues and brought them to Lena. Just like Fiona had done. Lena dabbed her eyes and recalled dabbing them with tissues talking with Fiona about Lillian and not feeling like she was wanted...by anyone. That’s exactly how Lena was feeling, all day today. She just didn’t know it until now.

Lena started sobbing uncontrollably. Letting the tears flow. Just like Fiona had taught her to do. Instead of bottling them up, burying them like bones, carrying those tears around with you for life. Uncried tears are one of the heaviest burdens of all.

Seeing Lena Luthor cry - sob - right in front of her. Jess didn’t know what to do. On the one hand she felt incredibly special. On the other hand, Lena was her boss and she didn’t want Lena to pull away from her after this moment of extreme vulnerability. Jess just sat there and tried to maintain a balance between friend an executive assistant. Jess wanted to hug Lena, to hold her, but that would have certainly caused her to fall of the tightrope. So she just kept handing tissues.

Lena cleaned herself up. She too was balancing even more roles. Friend. Boss. Employer. Lena. Luthor.

“I’ve been...acting...rather feral.” Sometimes confessing your ‘bad behavior’ only takes a few words. Jess was the witness. It was there. Out in the open. Nothing more needed to be said. Lena had owned it.

“You almost died. I’m pretty sure that’s falls under the category of normal human behavior.” Jess handed over one more tissue. Lena didn’t need it. Waved it off. Jess put it back in the box.
And with that little gesture, the waving it off, and Jess intuiting the next step...they were back to being boss and employee. And they both felt it. The transition had happened naturally and it was best for them both to follow the energy in that direction. Lena swung her feet off the couch, slipped them into her heels. Stood up.

“I’ll take that list of yours. Don’t email it to me. Just print it out.”

Jess understood. Lena didn’t want an e-trail of therapist and coaches that can be traced to Lena. Jess knew Lena was still as much of a shark as ever.

“You got it, boss.”

Lena’s back was turned to Jess, but her calling her boss made her smile. There was a bit of a power dynamic between them. And Jess occasionally played into it. And always at just the right time. Lena didn’t like to have her ego stroked in the workplace. She liked to earn her accolades. Jess would occasionally give Lena a little CEO slap and tickle. Not often. This was one of those perfect times. Lena smiled. She felt like her mojo was coming back. Flooding into her. She’d just cried, confessed, shared, was seen, and then called boss by her, frankly, quite hot, smart, capable and well dressed executive assistant. By the time Lena was back behind her desk, she was feeling herself.

She looked up to give Jess one more thing to do and was surprised to see Jess. Standing right on other other side of her desk. Holding a single piece of paper. Handed it to Lena.

It was the list. Naturally Jess knew Lena would ask for it one day. Wouldn’t want it emailed to her. Jess had been carrying this list for months. Waiting for the chance to hand it over.


Jess was about to walk away when Lena said, “Which one do you recommend?”

Of course, Jess had done her research. Of course Jess knew who Lena might click with. Of course Jess had her hopes who Lena would choose.

Jess pointed to Alice Champion, MSW.

Lena handed the paper back to Jess. “Book it. Whenever you find a free hour.”

Lena opened her laptop. Sat down. Jess headed for the door.

“Also, Jess...um...will you call Regina and double check...”

“Already did it.”

Lena raised an eyebrow. Jess explained.

“Regina called me and I made reservations for two. Eight o’clock. Your driver will pick you up at 7:15 and it’s a 15 minute drive to Miss Danvers house.”

Lena smiled. “Very good, then.”

Jess was at the door. Was about to say one more thing. Something like ‘she’s cute’...letting Lena know that Jess thinks her and Alex Danvers make a cute couple. Something that would give Lena encouragement.

Lena saw Jess hesitate. Lena waited for Jess to deliver one last over-the-shoulder quip. It was one of those days. A little more relaxed. Tomorrow it would be back to business. It was time to take her
Then Jess remembered Alex at her desk. Threatening Jess. Promising Jess that she would lose everything if she breathed one word of Supergirl’s identity to anyone.

Jess kept it professional.

“Have fun tonight.”

Walked out. Closed the door behind her.

Lena smiled.

Decided she would have fun.

Tonight.

On her date.

With Alex Danvers.
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

The Date - Part One

Healthy Habits.

Lena left work early. She felt like agreeing to start therapy again, with a new therapist, someone she’s never met or heard of...was enough work for the day. Lena was committed to moving the needle forward each day. Check.

On her way down to the parking garage, in the elevator...it was as if she could hear Fiona’s voice.

Healthy Habits.

Over and over again. That phrase, running through her brain like an ear worm. It was as if her old therapist, her only therapist, Fiona, was still alive. It was as if she’d just had a session with her. Sitting on a couch. Talking about feelings. Crying. Tissues. Then committing to a bold new path. It was all so very much like a session with Fiona.

Healthy Habits.

Lena decided that leaving work early counted as healthy. Answered emails from her phone on the car ride home. Before she knew it, she was in the penthouse. Regina was cleaning the balcony furniture. Lena slipped in unnoticed. Started to get ready. Put on a new look. Paint a new face.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Remembered an exercise Fiona taught her. For self confidence. Speaking all the things you wished someone would say to you, right at your reflection. Fiona had taught Lena this technique to help her transition into her freshman year of high school. Lena was switching from a science and math elementary and junior high school focused school system to the all girls, liberal arts, social climbing, back stabbing, clique forming, old money, new money, new friendships, new rules, new dynamics, new girl Lena Luthor high school. Lena started to get very, very nervous. Didn’t want to face Metropolis’ most bitchy, powerful teenage girls. A bunch of little Lillians.

Lena felt comfortable sharing things like “I don’t want to be surrounded with hundreds of mini me versions of my step mother” with Fiona. After talking about it for a bit, they drilled down to discover that what Lena was most upset about was not having a mother to help her get ready for her first day of school. Not having a mother to tell her everything’s going to be all right.

Fiona told Lena that everything *was* going to be all right. Lena turned and said in a manner most matter of fact, “You’re paid to say that. It’s not the same. At all.” Fiona had to treat lightly. Lena was factually correct. Fiona didn’t want to get into hair splitting of definitions and intentions...Lena would often challenge things like that. Lena had grown up to be a very headstrong teenager. She had to. She was...alone. In that house. Lez was older. He didn't live with them anymore. Her protector gone for a few years now.

So Fiona taught her a technique. A scientifically proven method. Lena didn’t like the idea of
hypnosis...considered it a “soft science”.... however, there were plenty of articles proving that it worked. And many high achievers used it. Politicians, CEOs… Soon to be high schooler Lena Luthor decided to give it a try. Put on her school uniform, looked herself in the mirror and delivered the speech Fiona taught her. Word for word. Right into her own eyes. Prepping herself. A rousing speech, instilling confidence, banishing fear. It worked. That speech, combined with her signature strut, led to a very successful first day of school. It not only gave Lena the love and guidance she needed, it steeled her, buffed that steel to a shine. A luster. A luthor. Allure.

Lena would give herself talks in the mirror whenever she felt she needed them. Before presentations. Before speeches. Once she was hiking in the Peruvian Andes (with a group and a guide) and there was extreme weather. Hail. The guide was insisting that they had to hike down, They needed to move now or face an even more extreme weather front that was coming in, else be trapped overnight. Lena’s pack was 40 pounds and she was exhausted. She vowed to never do something like this again. She was worried about the way down. Weighted. Slippery pebbles of weather hailing down around them. Underfoot. The way up had been extremely challenging. One slip would mean broken bones, cuts, scratches. Some of the paths were narrow and twisted around the mountains. One could slip right off the side.

There was a little shanty hut made of wood with a corrugated metal roof. An old mirror inside, with a degraded mercury plate, cloudy, covered in large dark spots. It didn’t matter. Lena made sure she was the last to leave. Spent a full minute talking to her reflection. Telling herself she could do this. And if it was her time, if she were to die, that there was no reason to die in fear. None. Live boldly. Die boldly. Go up the mountain with confidence. Go down the mountain with confidence. “And it will be a hell of an obituary.” She winked at herself. Then trekked down the mountain and felt...free. She made it to the bottom. It was almost anticlimactic. That was the most important trip she ever took. It was the trip when she banished fear from herself completely.

The mirror exercises weren’t just about fear. They were assertions. Affirmations. Profound reflections of who she was. Not just on the outside. On the inside. After so many speeches to herself, when Lena looked in a mirror, she saw reflected back to her so much more than what people normally saw in the mirror. Lena saw her essence. Lena saw her power. And the reflection multiplied it. Just a look at herself and all the speeches from the past filled her - just in a glance.

So she was surprised, doing her makeup, looking in the mirror, when she started talking out loud to herself. Giving herself a speech. Before her date with Alex.

“Lena, you’ve wanted this woman ever since you laid eyes on her. The sex is incredible. She’s incredible.” Drew on eyeliner. “So what are you doubting?” Checks her work. Perfect liquid line. “This is just like the time when you thought you wanted to change your major your senior year at MIT.” Drew along her other eye. “Finish what you start.” Checks the line. Raises an eyebrow. Chooses a brush. Dusts her face with a bit of powder. “Anything else is doubt. And doubt can only follow knowing.”

Lena was not going to doubt herself. She was going to go for it. It’s what she wanted for a long time. Since before she even met Alex. Alex seemed to be the thing Lena had been...longing for...her whole life.

---

Alex had finished getting ready at 6:30pm. Had to wait a full hour for Lena to show up. Paced. Put on music. Turned off music. Texted the DEO to check in. Everything fine there. Texted Kara. Her and Winn were seeing Wonder Woman for the 4th time. Thought about texting Maggie. Bad idea.
Only made Alex want to text her more. God she missed Maggie’s friendship. Missed talking to Maggie. Missed her counsel and comfort and insight.

Would Lena and I ever get...there? To a place where we are friends? Not just...lovers? Maybe that’s not even the right word. Sex partners? That didn’t feel right either. Alex leaned against her fridge. Thought about last night. Thought about Lena’s fingers lightly sliding up and down her slick pussy lips, with a touch so tender, Alex in twilight state, her body so relaxed, her mind, her emotions, completely at ease with Lena. With...the Luthor. Who would have guessed, that sexy powerful Lena Luthor could also...dote...tease...lavish....

Alex took her hand and started stroking herself down the front of her jeans. Enhancing the memory. Tried to remember all the sweet things Lena was saying to her. Just last night. Alex pressed her back against the fridge. Hard. Her hand having to press hard against her crotch to get the right sensation through her thick jeans. Forcing her mind to hear Lena’s voice, her breath, what the fuck was Lena saying to me?? Something about a “sweet massage”. Alex’s head pressed back against the fridge. Just thinking about Lena talking to her, in the bedroom, a hot heat in bloomed all throughout Alex’s chest. A dull aching pain...below. The memory of Lena whispering in her ear, Lena’s completely nude body, under her, beside her… Alex’s hands came up to her chest. Started playing with her nipples through her shirt and bra. Unsatisfying. Put her hands up under her shirt. Pulled her tits out from her bra and pinched and pulled on them. Thinking they were Lena’s hands. Alex’s pussy started to soak itself. She decided she had time...time to just pull down her pants and finger her clit to orgasm. Frankly, it would be a good idea. Not show up with too much sexual energy. Play it cool. Alex’s hands shot down to the button on her jeans started to undo it when..

A text came in on her phone.

It was from Lena.

The text was the car emoji. Nothing else.

Lena was down on the street. Waiting for Alex.

Fuck! Where did the time go? Alex saw it was 7:33pm. How long had she been leaning against her fridge, sliding her hands up and down her jeans thinking of Lena? It felt like moments. Apparently not.

Alex buttoned her jeans up. Adjusted her boobs and bra. Tucked in her shirt. Put on her jacket. Grabbed her purse. Put on lip stain. Headed out the door. Locked it. Decided to get some of her energy out by taking the stairs. Three flights down. With each step, Alex reminded herself of the evening’s agenda. The whole point of this date would be to get Lena to be real. Find out if they could have a relationship. Find out if they could...relate. Kara was Lena’s friend. But Alex didn’t want to gossip about Britney and Justin. Could Lena...would Lena...open up? Not just be superficial? Maybe she didn’t even have those layers to her. Or if she did, maybe she didn’t want to go there. Maybe she had too many demons. Maybe those demons made Lena treat people like playthings. Alex needed to find out.

She got to the lobby. Exited the building. The night air was refreshing. Alex felt cleansed and had purpose. This wasn’t just going to be a date. This was a mission. A fact finding tour. Saw Lena’s town car parked in front. Lena’s driver standing by it. Alex headed towards it, assuming Lena was inside.

The driver saw Alex. A look of concern flashed over his face. He hot stepped it towards Alex.

“Ms. Luthor headed up to meet you at your apartment.”
Shit. Alex realized she’d taken the stairs while Lena was on the elevator. Realized Lena would be knocking on a door that no one would answer.

Alex nodded. Started walking back to the building. Pulled out her phone. Texted Lena. “I’m on the street.”

Got back into the building. Staring at her phone. No reply. Pressed the elevator button. There was only one elevator. Waited for it to come down. Alex’s heart was racing. RACING. Why such urgency. It felt like Lena’s life was in danger. Was it? They’d just missed each other. An easy mistake and yet...her heart beat fast with concern. She had to get to Lena.

Ding. Finally. The elevator was here. The doors opened. Alex was about to race inside when she saw Lena standing there. Holding her phone.

The doors framed Lena. Picture perfect. Alex stood dumbstruck at the sight. Lena hadn’t pulled a ‘rich person in jeans and t shirt.’ She was wearing an elegant, jewel-toned cocktail dress. Luthor green. Black lace up heels with a pointed toe. Tiny, glittering clutch. Also black. Her hair up in a high ponytail. Face. On. Point. Lena was dressed for a proper evening date. She. Showed. Up.

In the same moment, Alex was staring at Lena...Lena got a good look at her date. Alex hedged her bets. Tight black jeans. Black heels. Form fitting, high waisted black leather jacket, thin collar, zipped straight up the front. Bold lip with purple tones. Hair a sexy wave. False eyelashes, the better to bat her eyes with.

Lena liked this look. Liked how they’d both showed up, an unexpected play on butch and femme. Lena walked out of the elevator. Talking to Alex as she did so...

“I got your text...”

Alex stepped to Lena, took Lena’s face in her hands and kissed her. Pulled her in like they’d been separated for lifetimes. Kissed her like she was lost and now found. Kissed her like she was her property. Kissed her like she wanted her to know that here is where you belong. In my arms. On my lips.

Lena was taken by surprise. Had thought this evening would be a delicious game of cat and mouse. Alex’s move was so spontaneous, so bold and heartfelt, the kiss so genuine, so full of meaning, of longing...Lena couldn’t help but melt right into her. Her hands, each one full with purse and phone, slowly wrapped themselves around Alex, while Alex kept holding onto Lena’s face, not letting her go, kissing her until Lena’s mouth fell open, their tongues entwining...Lena’s hands went up Alex’s back, pressing her belonging against Alex, they started finding a rhythm, they relaxed into the kiss, both knowing this was much more than hello...Lena kept pulling Alex in until they found they were against each other in just the right way, fitting into each other, kissing in the lobby, two pairs of footsteps passed and Lena and Alex didn’t break rhythm, didn’t stop, their kiss the most important thing in world. Their lips, their bodies...feeling so perfect against each other.

Alex pulled away slowly...Lena’s eyes still closed...her mouth still open and wanting...waiting for Alex to lean back in and continue...Lena’s eyes fluttered open...saw Alex looking at her. With wonder. Lena smiled. Not just her lips. Her eyes were smiling. Alex had surprised her again. Lena liked being surprised by Alex.

“You look...gorgeous,” said Alex.

Lena brought her hands out from behind Alex’s back. Put her phone in her purse. Took her free hand and ran it down the arm of Alex’s leather jacket.
“Nice jacket.”

Lena’s eyes kept going down the length of Alex’s body. She obviously found the entire ensemble...very flattering.

“Hungry?” asked Lena. Hoping Alex would catch the double entendre.

She did. Alex had half a mind to just call the elevator again and bring Lena upstairs. Back to the bed where they played naughty inmate. What other games might they come up with?

GODDAMN IT ALEX! You’re on a mission. This date is a fact finding tour and the facts you need to find aren’t whether you and Lena can figure out some more hot role plays.

It was as if Lena could see every single secret thought playing out on Alex’s eyes, like they were movie screens, with subtitles. Lena grinned. Raised an eyebrow. Took Alex’s hand and led her outside to the car...

So much for playing it cool, thought Alex.

She was so turned on. They stepped out into the night air and the contrast made her clit ache a bit. Alex threaded her fingers into Lena’s. Just like Kara had done in her dream. Lena felt Alex’s enter her, entwine in her. Lena was a step ahead. Knew Alex couldn’t see how this gave Lena a lump in her throat. Of sweet emotion. Alex holding her hand, as they walked together to the car...threading their fingers together...made Lena feel...wanted. Not for her money. Not for her name. Not for her body. It was the feeling Lena had been chasing her whole life.

She started walking faster, the feeling so new and powerful, Lena almost instinctively trying to run away from it. Alex hand strong. Bringing her back to her side. Gently. Firmly. Lena did as...instructed. Fell in line. They walked together. Side by side. Lena took a deep breath in. This was...new. Unfamiliar. Lena felt unexpectedly...vulnerable.

The driver met them at the passenger door. Opened it.

“Ms. Luthor.”

“Alex Danvers, I’d like you to meet my driver, Yaron.” Lena never introduced people to Yaron. Yaron straightened up. This was a special occasion. He didn’t shake Alex’s hand, just opened the door with bit more pomp and circumstance.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Danvers.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Yaron.”

Alex entered the car. Lena and Yaron shared a look. He was so excited for Lena. This was the first date she’d ever introduced to him. Yaron tried to keep the line. The line between her ‘former Israeli army officer quasi body guard driver with a ‘45 in his waist band and another one in the glove compartment’ professional and ‘Lena I am so freaking stoked for you and your happiness is paramount to me, I love you like you’re my own.’ Lena could almost see all of this. Almost. It was too good to believe. She ducked inside after Alex and Yaron closed the door behind them. Got in the front seat. Turned the car on and glided into the street.

Then without prompting, Yaron the driver raised the privacy partition. This was the woman Lena had flung herself towards just last night. The one she was pounding against the glass to get him to stop for. As the thick privacy glass raised, Yaron knew that Lena would know that her driver...not only approved of her date...he encouraged it.
Traffic was light. Yaron took the long way. Wanted to show up right at 8 on the dot. A scenic route. Maybe the girls would enjoy seeing the waterfront along the way…

They didn’t see anything but each other. Both having put their purses down, the took their hand again. Watching their fingers intertwine. Lena holding Alex’s hand. Started caressing it with her other hand. Alex nearly losing her breath at Lena Luthor lavishing her with physical, tender affection. When would Lena Luthor become Lena? Maybe that would take a long, long time. Alex had “known” Lena ever since Lex became friends with Superman. She’d occasionally be mentioned in magazine articles on Lex, on the Luthors. Lena had kept a very low profile up until when she took over L Corp. Then it was a media blitz.

Low profile or not, as soon as Alex entered the DEO, she was kept abreast of Lena’s file. And of course found Lena beyond stunning. Stunning or not, she was a Luthor and the fact that Alex had to keep up on her dossier, meant she was a danger. A threat. Not to be trusted. Of course Alex was a part of the core task force assigned to monitor Luthors. Luthors. Superman. Supergirl. Aliens. Alex. Maybe no matter what Lena did, Alex would always be tainted by...preconceived notions.

“Where were we…” Lena purred. The sound vibrated through Alex. Sending shivers up her spine. Lena crawled towards Alex, nuzzling her head under Alex’s hair. Lena’s hot breath on Alex’s neck. Lena’s mouth opening. Ready to bite...just keeping it there...close to Alex’s skin...breathing on it...brushing her lips over her skin...the faintest kisses starting along Alex’s collarbone…

Alex looked down, saw Lena’s breasts shifting up against her dress, as Lena turned her body close to Alex, Lena’s fingers now at Alex’s jacket, finding the zipper, putting her fingers on it, holding off just for a moment, then dragging the zipper down…

Lena was on her knees. Towering over Alex on the backseat. Bit her lip as she unzipped the jacket with both hands. As Alex looked up at Lena...her legs spread open. Instinctively. Lena saw. It turned her on. She shifted herself so she was in between them. Got on her knees before Alex. Submission pose. Alex couldn’t handle it. It was the sexiest thing she’d ever seen in her life. Lena Luthor on her knees. Looking up at Alex. Such wanting in her eyes. Wanting only to please. Wanting only to serve. To service. To be...so very good. Alex swallowed hard. It was too much. Took Lena’s face in her hands again. Lifted her up. Lena resisted.

“Alex...I want to.” Lena’s face saying so much more.

“I don’t want you to wrinkle your pretty little dress before dinner.” Alex guided Lena back to the seat beside her. Lena was almost pouting, and yet enjoyed Alex taking control. And yet didn’t enjoy Alex putting the brakes on things.

“We don’t have to go to dinner, dear.” Lena’s voice dripping with such sweet and savory intentions. "We could just...”

Lena took Alex’s hand. Brought it to her mouth. Kissed the open palm. Stuck her tongue out and pressed it against the softness of Alex’s hand. Danced the tip of her tongue against Alex’s flesh, looked up and made eye contact with Alex as she did so.

Alex licked her lips. Couldn’t help it. Lena loved seeing Alex’s body react to her.

Alex got some backbone. Decided snark and steel was the best way to control the situation.

“I’m curious if you can actually have dinner. Or is that too basic for you?”

Lena was taken aback. A genuine barb. Yet it played to her ego. Alex was calling Lena extraordinary and a certified freak. Lena liked that. She was both. Alex was also challenging Lena. Daring her.

Naturally, Lena accepted.

“Let’s find out.” Lena raised her eyebrow.

GAME ON.

Alex took Lena’s hand. Smiled. Alex was looking forward to this. Alex was going to put Lena through her paces.

They rode the rest of the way in silence.

Lena looked out the window, also smiling. Saw the ships on the harbour. Their lights dotting the skies. Dotting the sea.

Their sex game for the night…their evening’s “erotic roleplay”…would be having a normal dinner…like normal people…on a normal date.

How positively…kinky!...thought Lena.
They arrived at the restaurant. The manager met them at the door. Opened it for them. Alex noticed the celebrity treatment. Didn’t say anything. Lena seemed used to it. Alex pretended it was no big deal.

Lena checked out the hostess. It was habit at this point. Not her type. She radiated “straight girl.” Shame. Too straight was a turnoff to Lena.

Alex was busy checking out the room. Exits. Entrys. Who was there. Sightlines. Also habit.

A sunken dining room. Brass chandeliers overhead, quirky, angular lines with edison bulbs at the end. Dark, yet warmly lit. Each table an oasis of candlelight tranquility. Heavy wood tables. Lena wasn’t impressed with the decor. It was still “on trend” but the deconstructed downtown loft meets farm to table chic was just about over. This restaurant will feel dated in less than a year, mused Lena.

They were escorted up a few stairs to a low terrace of tables which circled the dining room from above. Alex’s worry that they’d place Lena right in the middle of this fishbowl was needless. They were at a table by window which overlooked a small city garden, whose only purpose seemed to be for these select tables to gaze upon. The railing along the terrace provided another bit of privacy. So did the darkness. If people wanted to stare at Lena Luthor and her date, they’d have to crane their neck, have to make it obvious.

And that’s exactly what they did. As Lena and Alex were led up the stairs and across to their table, there was a low murmur as people muttered to their companions to look, see, the rare, exotic animal.

Family: Luthor
Genus: Homo
Species: Lena

All of the diners’ heads seemed to move in unison as they watched Lena walk to her table. It gave Alex the shivers. She realized this must happen everywhere Lena goes. It made her realize Lena’s life was always in danger. Fans. Stalkers. Gawkers. Hangers on. Wanna be’s. Wishers. Hopers. Haters. Suitors. It seemed the only type of person not caught in Lena’s gravitational pull were Peers. She was peerless. Lovely Lonely Lena Luthor.

Their waiter approached just as they arrived.

All these thoughts and more in Alex as he pulled their seats out for them. Alex felt both special and unworthy at the same time. How had Lena Luthor chosen her? And why?

“Good evening, ladies. Are we celebrating anything this evening?”

“A night off.” Lena spoke, taking the lead.

“Can I take your water order while you review our wines?”
He handed them each two wine menus.

“Sparkling?” Lena asked Alex. Alex nodded yes. “Two sparkling waters, limes in a dish on the side. Also, we would appreciate...as much privacy as possible this evening. No need to check on us too much. We’re in no rush.”

He got the message. No chit chat. No being overly solicitous. Stealth.

“Of course.”

“Two pinot grigios.” Lena handed her wine list back. Alex did the same.

“Very good.”

The waiter left.

“Do you know a lot about wine?” asked Alex, putting her napkin in her lap, not looking at Lena.

Lena took her napkin, did the same.

“Aleg, I work full time, as a scientist, who also happens to own the company. I don’t have time to tour wineries.” Pause. “Plus, discerning the taste differences of yeast and bacteria on grapes doesn’t seems like a worthwhile use of my time.” Pause. “Or my mouth.”

Lena put the tip of her shoe against Alex’s calf and dragged it up a bit.

And so it begins.

Alex tried to play it cool, but Lena’s sexy shit just tore right through Alex. Right through all her training, her reserve, her intellect, her intentions. Lena’s eyes looking at Alex, as her Manolo’ed foot danced its way up Alex’s leg, hinting, promising “more to come”...Lena enjoyed watching Alex try to gather herself. Tried to regain...control.

“Talking about work. That’s something normal people do.”

Lena took Alex’s hands in hers. Started stroking them. Lena didn’t seem to care one bit if anyone was watching.

“Normal? Is that what you’re looking for, Alex?”

Lena started sliding her thumb and forefinger over each pad of Alex’s fingertips. One by one. It had an intoxicating effect.

They had a mind meld moment. They weren’t even looking at each other. Lena staring at Alex’s fingers. Still caressing their tips. The both knew that Lena wanted to kiss each one. That would be...going too far. They were in public. Alex got hot.

“Lena, I do want normal.”

Lena didn’t look up. She looked lost in reverie, yet was hearing what Alex said. Lena was multitasking. Touching. Exploring. Allowing herself to be sensual. Gathering data about Alex’s skin, her fingers, her extremities. Listening to Alex. Knowing it was partially a protest, a rebuke. Formulating an answer to this, while not allowing it to sidetrack her from the pleasure she was taking.

Lena was taking an awfully long time to respond. Her mood seemed to...fall...a bit. She moved on
to the next hand. Finishing her touching game. With less, carnal interest, than before. This time, more clinical, more detached.

“Well, Alex…” Lena finished stroking the fingers. As she pinched the pad on Alex’s final pinky pad, Lena put Alex’s hand down. Looked up at Alex. Eye contact.

“...I’m not normal.”

The tone wasn’t sexy or seductive. It wasn’t a challenge or a threat or a promise or a game. It was just the truth. The stone cold truth. Lena eyes said, “take it or leave it.” Her face refused to betray any sadness about this. Lena didn’t want to be rejected, not for being...who she was.

“You’re doing good, Lena. Talking about work. That’s what people do on dates.” Alex not pitying Lena helped. Sassing her in this moment of vulnerability kept the game alive.

“Oh, yes. That’s right. Let’s do all the things normal people do.” Alex felt Lena’s leg leave hers. It felt terrible to not be touched by Lena. “Let’s talk about work. Tell me about your job, Alex.” Lena smoothed her napkin on her lap. Straightened up. Lena was being positively campy as she waited for Alex’s answer.

Alex didn’t know what to say. Her job was top secret.

“You don’t have the clearance,” said Alex.

“Ah, yes. Your job as a government agent is shrouded in mystery. Off limit topic. Very normal.”

Alex turned a bit red. “You can tell me about your work?”

“My work? Too proprietary. I couldn’t possibly reveal anything that might be a trade secret. Corporate espionage lurking at every corner.”

She’d just illustrated that work wasn’t going to be a topic between them. Not on dates. Not ever. And. That. Wasn’t. Normal.

Lena raised an eyebrow. “Next normal topic?”

The waiter arrived with their wines. Lena took hers, holding it by the stem, swirled and sniffed. Automatic. Alex took note. She did know about wines. She just didn’t know how much she knew. Lena liked to pretend she wasn’t like ‘other rich people.’ She was only partly right. Lena seemed satisfied with the wine.

The waiter listed off the specials. Lena knew she wanted to eat light. Didn’t want anything too heavy. Wanted to be ready for what would be happening after dinner. Chose Duck Liver Mousse to start, followed by market lettuces, King Salmon as her entree. Alex chose the Pork T-Bone Chop.

“I’ll be back with first course shortly.” He took the menus and left.

Lena swirled her wine, almost aggressively at Alex.

“Go on, then. What else do normal people talk about?”

Lena had taken control of the ‘normal people on a normal date’ game. Daring Alex to define it. To lead them. To follow through. Knowing full well Alex wasn’t anywhere near normal, either.

Lena continued firing.
“Family? Is that a normal topic? I’ll start. I have a brother who’s in jail. My mother is dead. So is my dad. And my step mother has a penchant of trying to rid the world of aliens. And you? Tell me about your family?”

Lena tilted her head expectantly, as if all of this was the most normal thing in the world.

Alex thought for a moment. Thought about her family. Thought about saying, ‘well, my sister’s an alien, my dad works for cadmus and my mother...my mother is the sweetest most understanding mom a girl could ever hope for. None of this seemed like anything she could share with Lena Luthor. Especially that last part.

Alex needed to answer the question asked or this whole date would crumble like a house of cards. She needed to show that she could keep up with Lena. Lena was destroying her in this game of normal.

“Well…” said Alex buying some time. Lena saw right through it. Her eyes now pointedly waiting for a reply. “You already know my sister, Kara. In fact, you were at her apartment this afternoon.”

Lena remembered. Seeing Alex in the elevator. Grabbing her and kissing her.

“So what were you doing at Kara’s?” asked Alex.

Lena remembered. She was there to see if Supergirl might...give her another chance. Lena felt a pang of humiliation at such a desperate move. She figured since she was saying it to her friend “Kara” that it would remain between just them.

“What happens at Kara’s...stays at Kara’s.”

Alex rolled her eyes at Lena trying to get off the topic.

“Alex, she’s my best friend. You don’t seriously expect me to divulge what I talk about with my best friend on the first date?”

“No...I guess I don’t.” Alex looked down at the table. Remembering what Kara had told her. Lena was there to find out if Supergirl might take her out again. “Frankly, I’m surprised you’re even here with me.”

“Why?” asked Lena.

Alex looked up. “I thought you only dated Superheroes.”

Alex had been there when The Scavenger invited Supergirl and Lena to his party. Saw Supergirl accept the invite on hers and Lena’s behalf. Saw Supergirl fly off with Lena.

“That’s right,” said Lena. She kicked Alex’s foot with her toe under the table. Lena was calling Alex a superhero. Alex puffed up a bit. Lena was glad she wasn’t the only one on this date with insecurities.

“So, family. Kara. She’d adopted. She’s never really talked about that.” Lena sipped her wine. Alex knew she was supposed to fill in the blanks.

Shit.

The waiter arrived with the mousse. Alex had never tried that before and made sure not to say as much. She watched how Lena portioned and ate it. Copied her. It was delicious. Lena asked Alex if she was an adventurous eater. Alex raised an eyebrow, suggested a double entendre. Lena was
pleased. A waiter came by to see if the food was to their liking. They just nodded without looking at him. Their eyes locked on each other. The date was finally going well.

Other courses arrived. As they ate, they talked college. Different courses they took. Papers they wrote. Scientific methods. Research projects. Extracurricular activities. They had a lot in common. Yet their experiences were completely different. They loved hearing each other’s stories. The topics were things that...bored Kara. Earth science never much appealed to Kara. Humans and their behavior, their choices, their character and heart...that was what Kara liked to observe, understand, document. Reporter was the perfect job for her.

The discussed Kara’s job. As a reporter. Articles she wrote. CatCo. Cat Grant. Lena had a lot of questions about Cat Grant. Alex didn’t have many answers. Kara was very protective about her relationship with Cat and didn’t often proffer up details to Alex about it. Lena, being a powerful female CEO and a fellow graduate of the same high school Cat attended was very interested to hear more about the legendary Cat Grant. There seemed to be a bit of an edge when Lena said the name. As if Cat might be her...rival. Alex made a mental note of this. Let it go. For now.

“How’s your evening going?” It was the waiter again. They looked at each other. Smiled. Their evening...their date...was going...better than expected.

“Just fine,” said Lena.

“May I bring you a dessert menu?” he asked.

The ambiance was so romantic, Alex didn’t want to leave. Neither did Lena. There was something magical. About being together. Out in the world. For all the world to see and at the same time, in a very private spot just for two.

“Yes, please,” said Alex.

The table was cleared. Wiped down. Menus and fresh waters arrived. Lena kicked off her shoes and crossed one leg over the other. Her stocking foot ran inside Alex’s leg. Up her calf, into her thigh. Alex tried not to jump. She reached under the table and took Lena’s foot in both of her hands. Lena thought Alex was going to scold her. So did Alex. Instead, she started massaging Lena’s foot. Lena’s head fell back.

“Oh, my god that feels so good.” Lena pushed her chair back so she could extend her leg all the way into Alex’s lap. Not giving a damn if anyone saw her getting a foot massage at a restaurant.

“If I’m going to rub your feet, then it’s your job to choose dessert.”

Lena picked up the small menu. Read it while Alex’s thumbs ran circles on Lena’s arches and heels.

The waiter arrived. “Have you decided what you’d like?”

“Yes. We’ll have the churros and chocolate with mint gelato. And two decaf espressos.”

“Very good,” said the waiter. Taking the menus away.

Lena switched feet. Alex gathered the next one up in her hands. Began massaging.

“So Agent Danvers…”

“Call me Alex.”
“Alex…”

Alex’s hands started touching Lena just a bit softer, just a bit slower…Lena’s breathing slowed down along with it.

“Alex...have you been having a nice time?”

“I have.”

“Has this all been…” Lena searched for the word. Alex supplied it.

“Normal?”

“Thank you. Yes. Normal. Has this evening been normal enough for you?”

“Yes.”

Lena looked at Alex. Wanted something more. Wanted...accolades. For having a normal dinner. At a normal restaurant. A normal date. Alex decided to show appreciation by touching Lena’s feet much more sensually. Lena felt it right away. Alex’s hands suddenly had a heat and an energy to them, as they smoothed themselves down Lena’s foot and up her leg a bit. A bolt of dull heat traveled much higher up Lena’s leg.

“I want normal,” said Alex. Letting Lena know with her touch that normal didn’t mean ‘boring.’ “I want dinners and movies and nights at home and...all the things you do in a relationship.”

Lena closed her lips in a line.

“Lena, do you not want those things? Do you not want a relationship?”

Lena was hesitant to answer. Took her time. Chose her words.

“I do.” Long pause. “I just don’t know how to do any of those things. I’ve never had them.”

Alex looked at Lena with compassion. Lena didn’t seem to let it in. The most vulnerable thing Lena could do in that moment was let Alex fully see the shield that Lena wore around herself.

“Never.” Lena was letting Alex know...that the dead mother, the crazy adoptive family, the incarcerations, the death threats, the Lillian and Lex and Cadmus and the everything...none of it was normal. Lena had never once had normal. Ever.

Alex stepped up to the plate. Big time.

“Lena, I’ll show you.”

Alex didn’t say anything else. Didn’t make it a big speech. Not exhortations or explanations. Just said it simply. And with feeling.

Lena could feel she meant it.

“I’d like that,” said Lena.

Alex smiled. Finished with Lena’s feet. Put them down.

“I’m going to wash up before dessert gets here,” said Alex. Got up from the table. Went to Lena. Gave her a simple, perfect kiss on the lips before walking away.
Alex walked down the terrace to the sunken dining room. Stopped a waiter and was pointed to where the restrooms were. Washed up. Thought about what was coming next. Back to Lena’s place, certainly. Back to Lena’s bedroom. Where they’d be spending the night together. Alex couldn’t wait to get there. Something during dinner, something about just sitting and talking, in public, about normal things like life and college and science and family...it brought them closer. Alex was so ready to go home with Lena, kiss, make love. Slow deep sensual vanilla love making. Normal! Alex put her hands under the dryer. Normal fucking sex. Not even sex. Love making. Emotion. Connection. Finally!

Alex looked into the mirror. Fixed her hair. Reapplied her lip stain. She looked good. She was so ready for this next part. She’d been wanting this for so long. It was going to be...so great...to finally be with the real Lena and not the woman who needed everything to be so...sexually extreme...all the time. Lena seemed ready to explore what being a normal girlfriend was and Alex Danvers was going to be her teacher.

Alex left the bathroom. Started walking her way back to the tables. Feeling fine as hell.

As soon as Alex left the table to head to the bathroom, Lena pulled out her phone. Answered work emails. A waiter dropped off the dessert, two plates, two spoons, new napkins. Espressos. Cream. Sugar. Lena didn’t look up the entire time. He was being paid to serve. Not to be thanked. It was something Lionel taught her and it made sense. No one ever thought Lena was being rude. She was always working. There were just...certain pleasantries that she didn’t feel the need to engage in. And because she was Lena Luthor, people didn’t expect her to.

The waiter left. Lena put her phone away. The dessert looked like fun. Two churros dipped in a thick chocolate coating, the small ball of mint gelato starting to glisten and melt. Lena wished Alex would hurry back from the ladies room. She wanted her to see how great this looked. Wanting the ice cream cold and the espresso hot for her...girlfriend. Her girlfriend. Her first dessert with her girlfriend Alex. Lena was positively giddy. She reached for the espresso. Put her spoon in it and stirred. Took a sip. Delicious.

When she lowered the small cup from her lips, she saw something. On the saucer. Something...black. Materializing. Out of thin air. A small black envelope. Shimmering in its blackness. Like it was the night sky. Glittering.

Something from The Scavenger. Another invitation? So soon?

It was finally in physical form. The front of the invite, written in gold script, was simply the word “Lena.”

She picked it up. Opened it. Inside were two words. Both in the same gold script.

“Wake Up.”

Lena’s eyes looked confused. Then glazed over. Her hands fell into her lap. For a brief moment, Lena looked like a zombie.

Alex arrived back at the table. Passed by Lena, completely missing her drugged out state, looking at the dessert, the coffees, looking at her chair, pulling it out, sitting down, putting her napkin in her lap. By the time Alex looked up at Lena...

Lena looked...normal.
“This looks so good,” said Alex. Alex reached for a churro.

Lena grabbed Alex’s hand. Hard.

“Alex, listen to me!”

Her tone, urgent. Her look - intense clarity and purpose. Lena looked like she’d lived lifetimes and seen multitudes in the span of time it took for Alex to visit the ladies’ room.

“What’s wrong?”

“Don’t speak. I’ve only got a few seconds.”

“A few seconds for-“

Lena cut her off again.

“Alex… I’m from the future. My mother has made a time machine. And she’s going to try to rid the earth of aliens but if we don’t stop her she’s going to kill us all. I don’t mean “us”... I mean everyone on earth.”

Alex’s mind started calculating. This is obviously a joke. Lena just promised to be normal and while I was in the bathroom she decided on one last mind game…

Lena could see Alex wasn’t buying it. She was prepared for this.

“Alex, pay attention. She’s being helped by a man...an alien, I think, named Eddie.”

Alex folded her arms. She was tired of the games. Lena knew this sounded insane but she was on a mission. Kept pressing on.

“Write this down. It’s important you remember. Eddie. We think he worked at Carmichael Waste Management.”

Alex looked bored. Purposefully.

Lena got really riled up.

“Carmichael Waste Management. Eddie. He’s behind all of this. Alex you’ve got to stop him.”

Alex took her hand back from Lena’s.

“I thought we were having a good time...maybe normal isn’t something you really want.”

Lena looked both exasperated and compassionate. She knew this wasn’t going to be easy. She was prepared.

“Alex. I’m from the future. And there’s not much time. Please listen to me. My mother brought the goren here. He double-crossed her. So she’s back at it again now she’s looking for the synthetic Kryptonite and you’ve got to stop all of this now before it happens!”

Alex’s voice got very low. The words synthetic Kryptonite should never be uttered. Least of all in a public place.

“What are you talking about??” Alex looked angry. Lena sounded insane and yet never looked more serious.
“You and I have already discussed this. In the future.” Lena kept trying to explain. “We’ve decided…”

“We’ve decided?” Alex sounded incredulous. She tried to take control of the situation. She just promised Lena that she was going to show her what normal was. She just didn’t know the first lesson would come so soon.

“Lena, I know you like to play games…” Alex kept her tone moderate an even.

“Alex this is not a game!” Lena looked at her watch. There were only precious seconds left. “Alex, look at me. I know Kara is Supergirl.”

“What??” said Alex. You should have seen her face when she heard Lena say that.

“Right now, I only suspect. I strongly suspect. But I don’t actually know. Not really. But in the future...you yourself tell me.”

Alex saw red at Lena Luthor casually talking about Supergirl’s identity. Her sister’s identify. Alex started getting angry.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Alex. Not selling it at all. Lena kept trying to prove herself, prove to present day Alex that she was from the future.

“You’ve taken me to the DEO. J’onn. Martian Hunter. We’re all working on this. Together.”

Alex’s stomach dropped. What the fuck. How did Lena Luthor know about J’onn and the DEO?

Lena looked at her watch again. She looked nervous. Time was ticking and there wasn’t much left.

“Eddie. Carmichael Waste Management.” Lena pulled out a pen, took Alex’s hand and wrote the words on her skin in ink. Alex didn’t even try to stop her. She wondered if Lena was on medication and maybe forgot to take her pill. Lena kept talking as she wrote. Trying to get out as many words as possible.

“Alex in two days time you are going to get a very bad cut from a rusty can and you’ll get a tetanus shot.” Lena made sure no one was hearing her. She looked right. She looked left. She looked utterly utterly mad. “I checked your medical records….from the future. That’s how I know about it. When that happens, hopefully you’ll know all of this is real.”

Alex enjoyed the games, but this was so over the top. Lena was throwing all of Alex’s secrets right in her face. All under the guise of some mind fuck game. Alex never knew Lena Luthor could be so cruel. Alex pursed her lips. Folded her arms across her chest. Lena was deep into the game and apparently there was no stopping her.

Lena checked her watch one last time. There was still a few moments left. Lena used them for her own, more personal reasons.

“Alex, one last thing…”

Lena’s eyes were full of emotion. Full of love and concern. Full of...hope? It was more than that. It was both an apology and a confession.

“We’re going to go through a lot of ups and downs but...I love you. You’re my person. You’re the only one I want. You’re only one I’ve ever wanted. I want to marry you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Please don’t give up on me. Please, Alex, promise you won’t ever give up on
me.”

There was such a pleading behind her words. A desperate, forever love hanging in the balance type pleading. Lena waited, hoping Alex would make the promise. Would promise to never give up on her. That Alex would make the same promise that Kara did.

Alex looked at Lena Luthor like, like she was bat shit crazy. Lena looked sad. Alex didn’t make the promise. And now their time was up.

And just like that...Lena’s expression started to shift. Her future self stopped habiting her present day body. Her face went slack. Her eyes fell to the table. Looked at the dessert. Her present day self came back online. Lena found herself sitting at the table. She looked confused. Noticed the ice cream was melting.

“What took you so long? This ice cream isn’t going to eat itself.” Lena started serving them both portions of dessert.

Alex’s mouth dropped open. Lena looked so, so different. She would have to be the best actress in the world to go from so desperate and urgent, to a fugue state, to pretending to be back in the present and clueless about what she just said.

“What the fuck, Lena?”

Lena just dumped a big churro on Alex’s plate.


Alex literally didn’t know what to say. “Um...it’s fine. What were you talking about?” Lena wasn’t sure what Alex was referring to. “What were you just talking about with me?”

Lena thought. And thought. She found she really had to search her mind. It was difficult. Her powers of recall were usually astounding. To not immediately remember her last words to Alex send a shiver through Lena’s whole body. The idea of early onset Alzheimer's or any type of scenario where she might lose her faculties was one of her nightmares. She finally located it. Looked visibly relieved.

“We were talking about being normal.” Lena smiled.

The juxtaposition of these two conversations created a profound unease in Alex. Was Lena Luthor literally crazy? I mean, I know she’s crazy. But I didn’t know she was actually, deep down, certifiably crazy. Maybe all of her money and her staff keep the world from knowing the truth?

Alex took a deep breath. Lena served herself some dessert. Looked happy and playful. Cracked off a bit of the churro, scooped up a smidge of the mint gelato and reached it across the table to feed Alex. Gently, Alex lowered Lena’s hand back down to the table.

“We need a safeword. A word that, when we say it, all games stop. ALL OF THEM. Are you willing to do that?”

Lena looked sly. Was Alex bringing up the idea of sexy games to be played later? Games that needed a safeword? Lena was thrilled.


“Fine,” said Alex.
“Done,” said Lena.

Lena raised the spoon again to feed Alex.

Alex grabbed Lena’s wrist. “Red Light.”

Lena was so confused. That was fast.

“Who is Eddie from Carmichael Waste Management?” Alex’s expression was dead serious.

“I literally have never heard those names before in my life.”

Lena’s mind raced. Did Alex think she had a lover? A male lover? Was this a company that did L Corp’s trash and was being investigated by the FBI? Lena had no idea where this was going.

Alex wasn’t sure what to do next. Lena looked sincere. More than sincere. She looked...sort of scared. Alex opened her hand, showed it to Lena.

“Is this your handwriting?”

Lena looked at Alex’s palm. It was her handwriting. And her handwriting said “Eddie. Carmichael Waste Management”

Lena’s eyes widened. Clearly recognizing her own script. She looked up at Alex for an explanation.

“I think your mother made a time machine.”

Lena sat back. Incredulous at Alex’s words.

“You said red light. I answered honestly,” said Lena. “Do I need to say red light for you to answer me honestly?”

“No. Just one of us needs to say it and then it’s honesty all around.” Alex was happy to clarify.

The ice cream kept melting.

“Say that again?” asked Lena.

“I think you’re mother might have made a time machine.” Alex added a bit more this time. “To get rid of...”

Lena finished her sentence for her.

“...all the aliens.”

A time machine is exactly something her mother would try to make. Because a time machine is something Lena had been fantasizing about her whole life. Lillian’s entire life trajectory seemed to involve fuck with every single dream and desire that Lena held dear. And all in the name of alien cleansing!

Lena sat back. Folded her arms.

“She’s such a bitch.”
To all the readers, especially those of you who commented and encouraged....you have no idea! Your comments are what made this happen. Thank you all for coming on this wild ride with me. If you liked this story and would like more, please let me know. Thank you thank you thank you. xxxxxx rTracker
Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

If you enjoyed this story, consider reading the next installment:

Rivals - Book Two.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The saga continues...

Chapter End Notes

(This final chapter is dedicated to Panj, who came up with the idea and who is a certified fox. I've seen the pics.)

End Notes

Comments welcome and appreciated. :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!