Andromeda
by LesbianKJ

Summary

Inside the pod was a pale girl that couldn't have been older than 16, her blond hair fanned around her face and she looked troubled as she slept.

or

A fix it of season 2, instead of Mon-El being the pod, it's his sixteen-year-old daughter, Laurel Gand.

or

the overused plot of having a pod flying down to earth to give the DEO, and the world, something to worry about.

Notes

This plot wouldn't leave me alone.

I was like: brain, dude, we have five other Supergirl fanfics to worry about.

Brain: Sure but wouldn't it be cool if instead of Mon El being the pod, it was a sixteen-year-
old girl that Kara could mentor and bond with because they had to witness their planet being destroyed? Not only that but have the space family and Lena grow attached to this girl and when it's time for said girl to leave, everybody can actually feel the pain of her leaving. And to make things even better instead of taking the easy way out, she actually goes back to her people and leads them to be better?

Me: why are you doing this?

Brain: because people secretly want this. Give the people what they want.

Me: But--

Brain: Shhh, give the people what they want.

Then I told sten06 and she was like 'yes, sign me tf up.' and I was like, well shit, who am I to deny the person who wrote Days in a Lifetime? And here we are. Enjoy :)

See the end of the work for more notes
There were screams everywhere. Flying flaming rocks hit the ground and buildings, the ground shook. There were some many things happening at once and Laurel didn’t have time to process it, to help out a daxamite, to do something. Her father’s strong grip on her wrist was yanking her through the debris and their falling people. This wasn’t right, they ruled over these people shouldn’t they be attempting to save their people instead of themselves? She tried desperately to keep up, stumbling forward with wide eyes as she tried to think if there had been any signs of this destructions. Had their gods foretold this catastrophic event and they ignored it? But that didn’t make sense, why would they ignore such warning?

“Laurel, keep up!” Her father yelled from other his shoulder.

She picked up her pace under her father’s command, righting herself so that it didn’t like she being pulled like a child. Even with their world coming to an end, she had to keep an image of royalty.

The servant leading them, pulled a man from a pod and started to pull her father into it but shook his head. He instead turned to her and lifted her from the ground and placed her into the pod.

“Dad, Dad, what are you doing?” Laurel asked fanatically.

The seatbelt automatically strapped Laurel in and she tried desperately to detach it. She turned to her father, not caring for a moment how she must have looked: pale, eyes wide with fear and confusion and filled with tears, her hand shakily pressing a hand against the glass as he did the same. With his other hand, he gestured to his finger that had Royal Daxam signet ring and she did the same. The planet was still for a moment as he gave her a reassuring smile before it shook again.

The servant pulled her father away and she watched as the disappeared into the screaming and dying crowds of their people. The pod lifted from the ground slowly before gathering speed, sending her off to the unknown.
Pod Crash

Chapter Summary

Laurel's pod crashes down to earth during the Space Family's Celebration

Chapter Notes

So I'm not going to rewrite everything about season 2 just changing and adding things to it to fit Laurel's storyline and making it possible for her to have character development. So it's basically all of Mon El's scenes but more in depth.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“To Supergirl,” J’onn said as he lifted up his cup.

“No, no. Wait, wait.” Kara butted in.

Because that wasn’t right, Supergirl might have saved the day countless of times and stopped the world from being wiped out by her jerk of an uncle but without the help of the people standing around her, she would have never gotten it done. She looked to each and every one of them with a smile, grateful for them, for this family. She couldn’t ask for a better one.

“To family. Love bonds us all.”

“To family!” Winn said clicking his glass against Kara’s.

But of course, this small victory, this moment of peace was just that. A moment. Just as they pulled their glasses away the whole apartment shook with a loud boom.

“Whoa,” Winn said, stumbling slightly.

“What was that?” Alex asked, already walking ahead of the group to look through the window.
"What the hell?" J’onn said at the same time.

They all gather around the window and watched as a fiery ball of something streaked across the sky.

"Nothing good," Alex said, answering her own question.

Kara and J’onn glanced at each other before they took off, Kara taking off her shirt to reveal her Super suit. They left out of the fire escape. J’onn shifted into his Martian form and they zoomed after the speedy object.

"We need to stop it or there will be major casualties."

"On it!" Kara said, pushing her super speed to the limit.

"Almost there," Kara muttered as she reached for the thing only to be zapped.

"Ow! What the heck?"

She jerked back her hand and stopped momentarily to stare her hand and back at the flying object. What in the world was that and how did it manage to hurt her? The thing knocked into a suspended platform causing a worker to fall, he screamed as he plummeted to the ground.

"I got him! Supergirl go!"

Kara looked up and saw that it was going to crash into a construction. She shook off her shock and raced towards it pushing the thing out the way just in time as the object flew past it. The thing finally crashed into the park and Kara flew towards it. She landed effortless and tilt her head at the thing before sucking in her breath, shock. It was a pod, slick, and silver.

"That pod," Kara whispered. "It’s identical to mine. It’s from Krypton!"

Maybe she and Kal-El weren’t the only ones that made it out. She rushed to it eagerly, wondering
who could be in there. She felt hope swell up inside, that she could actually talk to someone who knew the language and culture Krypton, the thought of not having the weight of a dead world alone anymore let something strongly related to relief course through her.

“Supergirl, be careful!” J’onn warned, slightly wary of the pod. “You don’t know what’s in there.”

Kara hesitated for a moment and glanced at J’onn knowing that he was right but still, she had to know. She grabbed the face of the pod and threw it over a few feet before she glanced down to see who or what was inside. Inside the pod was a pale girl that couldn't have been older than 16, her blond hair fanned around her face and she looked troubled as she slept.

“Oh my God,” Kara whispered. “It’s a girl.”

J’onn walked around cautiously and stared down at the sleeping girl. He frowned and pressed his intercom.

“I’m calling in so that the DEO can pick it up,” J’onn told her but Kara was no longer paying attention.

She had leaned forward to examine the girl more. She was wearing a dark blue long-sleeve shirt and black pants and she was shoeless. The girl had her left hand over her chest, tighten into a fist as her right hand firmly grasped onto the inside of the pod. Kara reached out her hand and lightly ran it down the girl’s face, the girl’s eyes closed even tighter together and her frown deeper as her eyebrows knitted together in concentration as she shifted and turned her head away from Kara.

There was a sense of deja vu as if she done this before but at the same time a sense of nostalgic as she remembered when she crashed into earth, all those years ago. Kara felt sorrow and pity for the girl, knowing that it would be her to inform the child that Krypton was gone. She remembered back to how devastated she was when Kal-El had told her that Krypton had been destroyed 24 years ago. How she spent her first weeks on Earth, crying over the loss of her parents, her friends, her planet, the culture, her home. It hadn’t been hard for Kal-El to tell her this because he had no memory of his parents or Krypton, she had considered him lucky that he didn’t have to feel the weight of a dead world on his shoulders like she did.

This time it would be up to her to tell the girl and she would have to relive the pain of losing Krypton again.

“Kara.”
J’onn’s voice pulled Kara out of her reverie and she stepped away from the sleeping body before she turned to him. He looked at her with concern and she forced a smile, she would be fine. He walked over to her and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“The DEO will be here in thirty minutes, and we will be catching for her vitals.”

Kara nodded and glanced at the girl.

“Kara?” J’onn whispered. “Are you going to be okay?”

“Yeah, why wouldn’t I be?” She asked.

He stared into her eyes for a moment before she nodded. Kara shifted slightly as she looked around the park. Sitting here waiting didn’t, well, sit well with Kara and she turned back to J’onn.

“I’m going to do a quick look around and hopefully the DEO will be here when I done,” Kara said as she prepared herself to fly.

J’onn nodded once seeing this as Kara needing time alone and watched as the blonde superhero take off.

Once Kara flew around the city twice, the DEO had arrived and was taking precious care of removing the girl from the pod and placing inside a van where there was medical equipment. Alex was amongst them, surveying the crash site and the pod. She bit her lower lip in thought as Kara landed beside her.

“As the girl woke up yet?” Kara asked with her arms crossed.

“No, but she’s incredibly weak and might be out for a day or two.”
Kara nodded with a frown.

“Supergirl, there’s a possibility that she’s not Kryptonian.”

“That’s ridiculous, that pod is identical to mine. She has to be.”

“I don’t want you to get your hopes up,” Alex said resting a hand on Kara’s shoulder.

“I’m not, I—” Kara sighed and took a deep breath. “I just think that it’s obvious that she is Kryptonian, that pod—”

“Could be from another planet, I think that we should wait to see what the girl says.” Alex reasoned.

Kara swallowed and nod. “Okay, but just letting you know that I’m right.”

Alex smiled. “If you say so, Supergirl.”

Once the pod and the girl was safely secured and had drove off, Kara and J’onn took off into the sky and J’onn led her to the DEO. Kara landed beside J’onn and looked around confused.

“Where are we?”

“The Department of Extra-Normal Operations.” J’onn answered as he walked inside.

“Wait! Wait, wait, wait.” Kara said as she went after J’onn. “Thi has always been here?! With the glass and the views and— and you had me fly through a cave? Everyday! J’onn, every day!”

Kara looked at J’on offended as she observed her surroundings.
“The DEO has several facilities, Kara.”

“A bat bite me in the last one!” Kara protested.

“Whiner.”

Kara folded her arms and bristled. “You wouldn’t say that if you got bit by a bat.”

They walked further into the DEO and found Alex talking to somebody, she had finished the conversation and walked over to Kara as she looked at her tablet..

“Hey, sis!” Alex said.

“Did you know about this place too?!”

“Yeah, it’s like a block away from my apartment.” Alex said like it was nothing.

“A block--” Kara started. “I flew into a cave every day and nobody thought to tell me that this one had a balcony and is a block away from Alex’s apartment?!”

“It isn’t a big deal, Kara.” Alex shrugged.

“Isn’t a big-- where’s the girl who fell to earth?” Kara asked.

“Over here.” Alex said, leading J’onn and Kara to a small room.

The room looked like any average hospital room, but bigger, with the girl attached to the heart monitor. It beat steadily as they walked towards the sleeping girl. There were the pressing of keys in the background and low chatter as the DEO doctors look on the computers. Kara stayed by the door at first to look around before stepping in.
“She has to be from Krypton. She must have escaped from the planet before it exploded like Clark and I did.” Kara repeated once again to Alex and J’onn.

“She’s comatose.” Alex told her. “Her vitals are stable, breathing is normal. There’s nothing else we can learn from her because. . .”

The needle that Alex had in her hand went to the girl’s stomach and immediately broke off.

“See! It proves that she’s Kryptonian!”

“No, it just proves that she’s an alien which means that she can be dangerous.” J’onn cut in.

Kara turned to him incredulously. “Dangerous? She has been at least sixteen!”

“You can never be too sure.” J’onn said firmly.

“Sir, I suggest that Winn help with the investigation. We need someone to analyze the pod’s telemetry, and Winn does read Kryptonian.” Alex suggested as Winn came from the shadows, running his hands together in anticipation.

“I got bored. I thought that I’d pick up on a new language.” Winn explained. “Space talk!”

“You want to prove your worth, Mr. Schott?” J’onn asked as he walked up to Winn. “Then find out something my team, of highly trained alien experts, can’t.”

Winn stared into J’onn’s eyes and a small smile formed. “Challenged Accepted.”

J’onn gave him a look but there was a hint of a smile there. “Okay, then let’s go.”

“We’ll figure this out Kara, I promise.” Winn said as he followed J’onn out.
Kara smiled and closed her eyes briefly, taking a deep breath before opening her eyes again. She just had to be right on this.

“J’onn.”

“Superman.”

They stared each other down and Kara exchanged a nervous look with Alex who subtly shrugged.

“Nice to see you again.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I won’t be staying for long.”

Kara’s confused looked intensified as she cleared her throat.

“Um, uh, I just invited Superman to meet our mystery guest!” Kara said, trying to lighten up the mood.

It didn’t work and Kara swallowed hard and looked down at the ground.

“Follow me.” J’onn said coldly.

Kara sidestepped away from her cousin to stand beside Alex, watching as the two men enter the mysterious girl’s room. The DEO members slowly got back to work.

“What’s up with those two?”

“Beats me.” Alex said, she sighed before turning towards Kara. “Your cousin smells terrific.”
Kara closed her eyes and shook her head. “Enough.”

Alex laughed. “Why don’t you go in there and be the peacemaker?”

“Doesn’t look like I have much choice.” Kara sighed.

Kara walked away from Alex and entered the girl’s room to see that Clark was pacing.

“She landed on Earth last night in a Kryptonian pod.” Kara informed him. “We don’t know who she is.”

“Did you try using a Quantum scan to determine her age?” Clark asked

“First thing we did.”

“And you X-rayed-visioned her for foreign objects, like a cybernetic data core?”

Kara inwardly cursed. “Uh, of course.”

Clark gave her a small smile. “You might want to do that.”

“Yeah. . .”

Kara did what he suggestion and sigh with relief. “Nope! No data core.”

“So, my handy translator just finished decrypting the pod’s data log.” Winn said walking in. “Now, it seems that Sleeping Beauty on her journey from Krypton passed through something called the Segara Beyal.”
“The Well of Stars!” Kara said in surprise. “My father took me there once.”

She turned to Clark but he looked clueless and she sighed wistfully. “Time doesn’t pass there, so that’s why she still looks young.”

“Oh.” Winn said. “Speaking of age, I’ve been meaning to ask. Superman, you’re 12 years older than Kara, right? ‘Cause you do not look it.”

Kara resisted the urge to pinch the bridge of her nose as she stared at the sleeping girl.

“Kryptonians age at a much slower rate here on Earth.” Superman explained.

Winn had an ‘Aha’ moment and pointed at Superman with a smile. “You look fantastic!”

“When you’re finish, we have something more important to talk about.” J’onn said, cutting off anymore gushing from Winn.

“What?” Kara asked.

“The Venture.” J’onn answered.

“Dad? What’s that over there?” Laurel asked, pointing to a planet in the distant.

“Krypton.” He said a frown on his face. “Our enemy.”

“Why?”

“While it’s true that the first people here on Daxam were Kryptonians, they disagreed with
“everything that the other Kryptonians on Krypton did.”

“What was that?”

“They were, are arrogant bastards that thinks that they are gods and are self-righteous. They treat all beings of this universe as nothing but dirt under their shoes. They want to get rid of everything that is not like them while we welcome all beings,” Her father said. “Do you see the people that serve us as a royal family and other Daxamites?”

Laurel nodded.

“They are here because the Kryptonians attacked their homes, and because the Kryptonians are scared of us Daxamites, isn’t that right, Rei?”

Rei, Laurel’s nanny, turned to them and gave a small smile. “That is right, Your Majesty.”

“I sorry.” Laurel said quietly.

“Whatever for princess?” Rei asked.

“That Kryptonians took your home and family,” Laurel explained.

Rei opened her mouth, probably to say thanks when Mon-El cut her off.

“We don’t feel sorry for them,” Mon-El said.

“Why?”

“Because they should be grateful that we even allowed them into our planet. Who knows when the Kryptonians will have enough of us taking their rewards of defeating such weak planets and will in return declare war on us?”
I wasn't sure if should have put the Lena and Kara's scenes in there or not so I didn't. BUT if you do want to see Kara's thoughts and feelings during the interview etc., etc., let me know and I'll go back and edit this chapter.

Also, I'm not sure if they went into depth why Daxamites hate Kryptonians or not, so this was my lame attempt to explain.
Chapter Summary

Laurel's awake and this episode 2 and the beginning of episode 3.

“Uh, energy draining coming from the holding area,” Winn said, saving Kara from getting a scolding at by J’onn. “Again.”

Kara exchanged looks with Clark puzzled. “The holding area? Again?”

Clark shrugged.

“I’ll explain more on the way,” Winn said leading the group.

To the mysterious girl’s room.

“It started happening last night,” Winn said.

“All energy resources at the DEO suddenly diverted to her,” Alex said.

Clark stepped closer to the window and turned to J’onn. “You’re exposing her to Kryptonite? She’s a survivor, not a prisoner.”

“Not to mention, only sixteen years old!” Kara said, gesturing to the frowning girl.

“It’s a precaution,” J’onn said. “We don’t know anything about her.”

“Are we really discussing if she’s dangerous or not again?” Kara asked, annoyed.
“Supergirl, you can never be too sure,” J’onn said. “You have to think of the millions of innocents lives out there that can suffer, if we do not take the necessary precautions. On many planets, they teach their kids how to fight and kill.”

Kara sighed and looked at the girl, who still hadn’t risen from her slumber.

“Oh, power is back at 100%,” Winn said, breaking the tension between J’onn and the Kryptonians.

“Her vitals have jumped again,” Alex noted. “It’s at the same rate as the power drain.”

“She’s repairing herself at a cellular level?” Clark asked in disbelief.

“It’s like photosynthesis,” Alex muttered as she walked closer to the window her mind at work. “Her cells are absorbing the electrical energy and converting them to chemical energy.”

Clark nodded. “You should test her levels again. Now that she’s…”

“We got this, Superman,” J’onn cut in.

The tension came back again and everybody turned to J’onn in disbelief except for Clark, who seemed to expect this from him.

“Hmph, sure you do,” Clark said shaking his head.

He turned to Kara. “I should go.”

Kara nodded disappointedly in both her cousin and J’onn. Whatever happened in the past had to be overlooked at least for more than thirty seconds. She wanted to desperately to have this knitted family, and that couldn’t happen with Kal-El and J’onn jumping down each other’s throat. It would’ve been nice to see Clark and Alex put their heads together and try to figure out a way to get through to the girl with the help of Winn. To see them work together.

El Mayarah.
Kara smiled down at the text before she headed towards the holding room with the girl. She moved her cape out of the way to take a seat beside the bed. The girl had been asleep for more than three days, it was slightly concerning. Maybe it had something to do with the Kryptonite that she was exposed to or maybe not. She looked around the room for the moment before she took a deep breath.

“I know what it’s like to be a stranger on this planet,” Kara said, slowly. “So when you wake up, I’ll be here for you. So, you never know what it feels like to be alone.”

The girl sighed deeply before she slowly woke up and lifted herself from the bed. She raised her right hand to run it through her hair as she looked around, the heart monitor slowly going faster and faster until it was full on speeding at a ridiculous rate when she turned to Kara. She jumped back and was breathing heavily as she stared at Kara with fear.

“Wh-who are you?! Where am I?!” The girl as she gripped the armrest tightly.

It snapped under the grip causing the girl to jerk her head down and to drop the armrest on the floor. The heart was still going wildly and it was very obvious that the girl was distress. Kara slowly rose from her seat and back away from the bed carefully.

“Hey,” Kara said quietly. “It’s okay, you’re safe.”

The girl didn’t seem to hear her and was ripping off the things that had her hook to the monitor. She stumbled to the far end of the wall and pulled her knees up to her chest as she rested her head between her legs. She gripped her legs tightly as she took deep breathes and rocked back and forth. A couple of DEO agent came rushing but Kara stopped them with a raised hand. Kara slowly walked towards the muttering girl, who was calming herself in an alien language that wasn’t Kryptonian. So that either meant that Kara was wrong about the race of the girl or the girl knew a lot of languages.

“Hey?” Kara said as she squatted down to the girl’s level. “There’s nothing to be afraid of, you’re safe now.”
The girl slowly lifted up her head and sneered. “Stay away from me, Kryptonian, daughter of the House of El.”

“How do you...?“ Kara asked. “I not here to hurt you, I’m here to help you.”

Kara reached out a hand.

“I said get away from me!” Laurel said pushing Kara with all her might.

Which was a lot as Kara crashed into both of the hospital beds and out of the window. Laurel sucked in her breath as she looked at her hands in shock and looked up to see the DEO Agents walked towards her. She jumped up from her position and pushed them out the way with the same force as she did when she pushed Kara. They crashed into the glass and Laurel ran through the door. She looked around frantically and saw that two of DEO Agents coming from either side of the stairs and she decided to take the far right. He came towards her and she ran as fast as she could.

Which was pretty fast as everything became a blur and she smacked the guy against the wall. She staggered back and looked down at her body confused. What was happening? Laurel looked around and jumped down the balcony and continued running, she had to get away now. Far away.

“Freeze!”

Laurel turned around to see a woman with shoulder-length carrying a huge weapon causing Laurel to actually stumble and fall to the floor. She looked at it with big eyes before she jumped up, jumping up higher than she wanted to.

“Rao, what is happening to me?” Laurel whispered before she ran towards the balcony.

The door opened and Laurel jumped off the balcony and continued to run.
“I sure picked the wrong time to get rid of all my kryptonite,” J’onn said shaking his head. “You’re alright?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Kara said breathlessly. “Just a little shaken, where is she?”

“She disappeared into the city,” Alex said.

“Just what I don’t need.” J’onn sighed. “A rogue Kryptonian on the loose just as the president is due to visit.”

“Okay, two things: the president is coming?!” Kara said.

“Yeah, she wants to tour the DEO while she’s in National City to sign the Alien Amnesty Act,” Alex said.

“And your second point?” J’onn asked.

“I don’t think she’s a Kryptonian.”

“What?!” J’onn and Alex said as they turned to her.

“How do you know?” Alex asked.

“I attempted to talk to her the second time, she said to me ‘get away from me, Kryptonian, daughter of House of El.’” Kara explained.

“So there is an unknown species on the loose with a grudge on Kryptonians,” J’onn said.

“Not only that but she’s very frightened and has woken up with powers she has no control over,” Kara added.
Laurel stopped in an alley to take a deep breath and wonder where the hell she was at. The buildings, the people, and the clothing weren’t anything that she saw or resemble in the terms of Daxamite or Kryptonian. Laurel sighed as she sank down to the dirty floor, where she was she was in the same place as a Kryptonian, a member of the House of El no less. Maybe it finally happened, the Kryptonians had enough of them protecting the beings of the universe and surprised attack them overnight.

While everybody was asleep, a genius move that they should have expected. Laurel threw back her head and hit it against the wall, after way through it, she cursed her stupidity and prepared herself for the pain but it never came. She slowly touched the back of her head and was surprised that she didn’t feel sore or a forming bump.


Her heart started to speed up again and her breathing became irregular. She touched her chest and lightly rubbed it as she willed herself to calm down. She had to evaluate the situation and her surroundings and come up with a game plan. Heiresses to a throne didn’t, couldn’t, panic. First things first, she was on a planet where a member of the House of El worked with people with black war suits and huge weapons. Second, she had super strength, speed, jump and high tolerance to pain. Third, she was in a city in a dirty alley on the verge of hyperventilating and if her father and grandparents saw her now, they would very disappointed in her.

“So I have two choices,” Laurel mused. “I can try to blend in or I can go back to where I came from.”

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, you’re safe now.”

The voice was quiet and reassuring and Laurel could almost believe the woman. If she wasn’t safe, she would have woken up in a health ward and instead woken up in a dark and damp cell with guards sneering at her. She was merely overreacting because she could still hear the screams and the smell of blood and smoke and see the dead bodies and her father saying goodbye.

She was in an unfamiliar environment and her instinct was to run away and panic.
How pathetic.

Laurel slowly lifted her head and cursed inwardly. Squatting in front of her was a blond woman with the House of El symbol emblazoned in her blue suit. Her instinct had been right, after all, she was at the complete mercy of a Kryptonian. She remembers the stories that her father told her about the Kryptonians and she remembered the photos that her grandmother Rhea showed her, over Kryptonians ruthlessly killing Daxamites in front of children. The pictures of Kryptonians dressing in the similar fashion of their gods. They thought of themselves more powerful than the gods and they showed it at every opportunity.

She didn’t mean to push her so hard, didn’t even know she had that sort of power and suddenly they were everywhere. Covered in black with big weapons pointed at her, ready to be used at any moment. Maybe she was a prisoner after all.

“There’s no way I will go back willing,” Laurel said out loud as she rose to her feet.

So Plan A it was.
Chapter Summary

The middle of episode three aka the DEO finally finds Laurel.

Chapter Notes

So, my computer refused to upload this chapter so I got on my kindle copy-and-paste this and it didn't save any of the italics and things that I put in this chapter. I couldn't go back and do it all because I'm in the library and we have literally 5 minutes left before it closes. I'll try and change errors and everything later.

“The burn pattern is consistent with a heat-vision signature.” Alex said, as the corner did their job.

“Our escaped alien as similar powers to a Kryptonian has been awake for six hours and the first thing she does is try and kill the President?” Kara wondered out aloud.

“Win is working on tracking her,” Alex said. “In the meantime, let’s gather whatever evidence we can find.”

“Right,” Kara said nodding.

“Hey . . . hey I found the missing alien!” Winn said, gesturing wildly to the screen.

“Where?” Alex asked, jumping out of her seat and looking over Winn’s shoulder.

“Ah, looks like in an abandon warehouse in the Arts District.” Winn informed her. “Ha, I mean it took some doing, but I got the tracker on her DEO-issued medical bracelet back online and I triangulated the location and . . . you already gone.”
He turned back to his computer and muttered. “Rude.”

Laurel looked around the abandoned building, for anything that looked remotely familiar. Where she was at had to have a transmitter or something to be able to contact surviving Daxamites, maybe it wasn’t as bad as it looked.

Laurel snorted, her planet was engulfed by flames that did look pretty bad. She sighed and dropped down from the beam and landed with a thud leaving a crack in her awake. She cursed, she definitely had to get a control on these new abilities, whatever they came from.

Since she had escaped the place that was keeping her captive, she noticed some things about the planet. The women here seemed to have equal power as men which was mind blowing in itself. Seeing the woman walking out of a strange flying object and having Mrs. President underneath was so backwards, why would these creatures openly allow that to happen?

She shook her head and laid on the floor. What was she going to do? She knew about space transmissions and such about how to work them or anything was far beyond her knowledge. Laurel didn’t know where to turn to or who to ask or even where she was. So far she managed to keep her cool but now it was starting to get overwhelming for her.

Her face flushed in frustration as she ran a hand through her hair, and tried to think about what to do next. She was tired, hungry, and scared and so far away from home that it made her stomach twist unpleasantly. The Kryptonian was here, no doubt actively searching for her. . . Laurel swallowed hard as her heart started to speed up and Laurel closed her eyes as she tried to stop the panic attack that was forming.

She was fine. She would be fine. She just had to think. . .

Laurel nearly jumped out her skin when her wristband started beeping.

“’I’m an idiot,” Laurel hissed, as she ripped it off.

She heard footsteps and she looked up to see a shadow coming towards her and she jumped up from her spot and ran to the nearest exit. She had get away from this planet.
Laurel took a deep breathe and ran towards the man.

“Hey!”

The man turned around started and took a step back, squirting as he did so.

“What are you doing in here?” He asked.

“I-I need help, I want to go home.” Laurel said as confidently as she could but sounded like a child instead.

“I have a phone you could use-” The man started, reaching for his phone as he walked up to her.

“No, my home isn’t here.” Laurel said, taking a deep breathe. “I need to contact my people from outer space.”

“I know what you’re going to say,” Alex sighed as she walked to Kara. “I should’ve waited for you.”

“No,” Kara said. “I was going to say ‘you should’ve waited for you, dummy.'”

Alex sighed again and looked down as Kara took a step forward.

“What if she’d actually been there? What would you have done?”
“My job.” Alex said.

“And what is that job, hm?” Kara asked. “That is a sixteen-year-old girl and we seen what she does when there are people barging in, dressed in all black, with big weapons, she runs. She had unintentionally hurt two of our guys because they were trying to detain her with said weapons. She is so obviously scared and you thought this was the best way to go?”

“We can’t go in there empty handed, Kara!” Alex protested.

Kara sighed and looked away for a moment. “I’m just saying that could’ve been you if she was still there, if she was trying to escape and got desperate enough to fling you and your team and seriously hurt you. Just please make smarter choices next time.”

“Who’s your pretty friend, Maggie?” A man asked as he walked up to the talking duo.

“Careful, she likes shooting aliens,” Maggie warned.

“Meh. A few of us deserve it.” He said, as he shifted slightly.

Maggie rolled her eyes. “We need some info. A mysterious alien, fresh in town, about 5’5 or 5’6, blond hair, hazel eyes.”

“May have seen someone who fit that description,” He said.

“Get to the good stuff, the President’s life is in danger.” Maggie said.

“She’s not my President.” He said coldly.

Alex inwardly sighed before she got up from her seat and grabbed his hand and started twisting it.
“Alright, easy” He grunted. “She seemed lost, confused.”

“Do you where she is or not?” Alex asked.

“No.” He admitted.

Alex stared into his eyes for a moment to see that he was telling the truth before she threw his hand to the side. He rubbed his hand for a moment before he sighed.

“But she was asking about space vectors, star coordinates, deep space transmissions…”

“Why?” Maggie asked.

“She was trying to send out a signal.” Alex realized.

“What kind of signal?”

Alex walked off instead with this new information.

“ET, phone home.” He explained.

“Winn, can you scan the city for any pan orbital transmissions heading out into space?” Alex asked, walking up towards him.

Kara had leaned forward, “Where is it broadcasting from?”

“The Mount Pride Observatory,” Winn said.

“And that’s where we’ll find our alien Jane Doe.” Alex said.

Kara and Winn turned to Alex.

“How do you figure that?” Winn asked.

She waved it off. “It’s a long story.”

“She must be trying to contact with her people,” Kara said. “To take her home, what is that planet?”

Kara got up from her seat and stood beside Alex.

“According to these very cool DEO star charts. . .” Winn said. “She beamed a signal directly at a planet called. . . Uh, Dac. . . Daxam.”

Kara sighed and fiddled with her glasses. “Of course.”

She took off her shirt and ran off.

“What was that about?” Winn asked.

“Thank you again for sending this,” Laurel said. “And sorry again for holding you up, you probably have a family to go back to.”
“Yeah, no, it’s fine,” He said. “You’re a long way from home and trying to get back. How did you like earth?”

“It’s, um, foreign,” Laurel shrugged. “A lot to handle, I think I would like the comforts of my planet better.”

“And which planet is that?”

“You never heard of it but it’s called Daxam, we have a monarchy over there,” Laurel explained. “I’m the princess, so it’s best that I tell them that I’m fine and not in danger because a Daxamite invasion would be really bad.”

He turned to her alarmed.

“Not that they would attack,” Laurel said quickly. “Because we’re sending this signal and telling them that I’m fine and safe and... I-I didn’t mean to scare you.”

The man nodded slowly and Laurel cursed.

Way to go, Laurel, scared away the second nice person you’ve met. Laurel thought sarcastically.

Laurel was too busy reprimanding herself to hear the crash through the roof and the next thing she knew the Kryptonian had her arm wrapped around her neck. Laurel’s heart jumped out of her chest as leaned forward and threw the woman off her.

“What does, ‘stay away from me’ do you not understand?” Laurel demand, glaring at the woman.

“Well, that’s before I knew you were a Daxamite,” The woman said, standing up.

Laurel took several steps back and narrowed her eyes. “Oh, so what was all the weapons and men in black before you knew I was a Daxamite? The welcome committee?”
“Come with me now or else.” The woman said.

“I’m not going anywhere with you,” Laurel said defiantly.

The woman shrugged and threw a punch that Laurel dodged and returned with a left hook, hitting the Kryptonian in the jaw. The woman staggered and fired a series of punches that Laurel either deflect or got hit with before she pushed her against a wall. Laurel grunted and dropped to the floor to kick the woman’s legs causing her to fall.

Laurel turned her head to see that the man had left and she cursed. She turned to the Kryptonian and grabbed her by the front of her suit.

“You Kryptonians just don’t know when to leave people alone,” Laurel said throwing the woman across the building. “I just want to go home! Why won’t you let me be?!”

She stormed over to the Kryptonian and started punching her in the face. “But now I can’t because you made the only person willing to help, run away!”

The Kryptonian grunted and kicked Laurel in the stomach, sending the girl flying into a large spotlight. Laurel groaned and fell onto the floor, the electric shocks knocking her out.

“So, our mystery alien is from Daxam?” J’onn said, looking on the screen.

The girl was laying on the floor, glaring at the opposite wall. Once Kara had made sure that she was in no position to fight back, she flew the girl back to the DEO. Alex and Winn looked at her questioningly as she ignored them and swiftly put the girl into the holding area. The girl woke up a few minutes later, stormed around before she flopped on the floor and proceed to glare.

“I never heard of Daxam.” Winn said.

“It’s the sister world of Krypton,” J’onn explained. “Both capable of sustaining life, and orbiting
“You never mentioned it before.” Alex said, walking up to Kara.

Kara looked away from the screen and turned to Alex. “Do the Hatfield’s mention the McCoys?”

“I take it your planets didn’t get along?” Alex guessed.

Kara sighed and looked down from the screen. “Hundreds of years ago, Krypton and Daxam fought a bloody war to a stalemate. Thousands of lives were lost on both sides because of a pointless war that Daxam started.”

“What were they fighting about?” Winn asked.

“Krypton was a democracy. A world of scientists, explorers, philosophers...” Kara said. “And Daxam was a monarchy. With kings and queens that ruled over a population of hoodlums.”

“We had a saying on Krypton for Daxamites, May tex kolar Daxam.” Kara said.

“And that means?” Alex pressed.

“That means nothing that I can repeat in English.” Kara said.

“So, if Daxamites are as bad as you just apparently said they were,” Winn started. “Then it’s no wonder this girl is trying to kill the President, right?”

Kara closed her eyes tightly and sighed deeply as she rubbed between her brows.

“Still doesn’t explain why,” J’onn cut in.

“I’ll ask her,” Alex said.
“No.” Kara said firmly. “No, I’ll do it.”

She then walked off before anybody could object. She walked into the girl’s holding cell and folded her arms. The girl looked up and sneered.

“Well, well, well isn’t it the Kryptonian.”

Kara narrowed her eyes at her. “Better get used to that view. You’re going to be in that cell for a long time.”

“That’s great as long as I don’t have to see your stupid face, unless, unfortunately that comes with the view?”

Kara scoffed. “I wouldn’t be sassing anybody especially when I’m stuck in a cell.”

“But you’re not and I am and I, frankly, do not care what situation that I’m in,” The girl said. “Like you said, I’m going to be in here for a very long time.”

“You know that was quite the first impression you’ve made, Daxamite.” Kara said.

“I know, not one of my brightest moments, Kryptonian. I can say the same back to you.” The girl said. “I wake up and there’s people pointing weapons on me, is that how you usually greet your guest? I’m not surprise, Kryptonians has always been unnecessarily cruel.”

“Kryptonians?” Kara repeated incredulously. “Actually, it’s you Daxamites, that are cruel.”

The girl sighed loudly. “Are you here to interrogate me, Kryptonian? Or are you here to tell me lies?”

Kara glared at the blonde. “Do you always try to introduce yourself by trying to kill the head of states.”
The girl raised up into a sitting position and looked at Kara confused. “What are you talking?”

Kara ignored her. “How did you find yourself in a Kryptonian pod?”

The girl shrugged and leaned her head against the wall. Kara stared at her for a moment before she turned away and started to storm off.

“You know it’s been awhile since I’ve ate anything, do you have any food?” The Daxamite asked. “The long trip that I had has left me starving and a bit thirsty. Or because I’m a Daxamite, I don’t get that privilege.”

Kara rolled her eyes and walked over to the girl’s cell. “It’s not surprising that you’ll joke about this. Your entire race thinks of nothing but themselves.”

“You would think so wouldn’t you, Kryptonian? Out of all species, you think you have room to talk?” The girl scoffed, standing up. “Shouldn’t you have all the answers?”

“What is that suppose to mean?” Kara said coldly.

The girl chuckled. “Isn’t it obvious about how our people feel about each other? You’re a smart one, I hope, you figure it out. Your species are self-righteous, especially members of the House of El, think yourself so high and mighty, better than anybody out here. Kryptonians think themselves as so enlightened, looking down on us lowly peasants. Taking and destroying whatever you can, especially when you attacked us with no provocation, playing Rao. Newsflash, you’re nothing special.”

Kara swallowed hard and glared which the girl returned with equal passion.

“We attacked you?” Kara repeated incredulously, “Is that...why did you signal Daxam?”

“You are an idiot,” She laughed, “It was a distress call.”

“Why were you sending a distress call?”
The girl shot Kara a dirty look, a sneer appearing. “Why else, Kryptonian? It’s a distress call, I’m in distress or you couldn’t tell when I left here in a panic? I’m not here by choice, believe me. I’m just letting my people know that I’m alive, wouldn’t you do the same?”

If there was anybody to send a distress call to but that wasn’t the point. The point was that there was a Daxamite here on earth and the President was attacked around the same time the Daxamite escaped, they had failed to find the girl twice. Who knows what the girl was really doing for all Kara knew, she was calling for Daxamites to come get her rather calling them to attack Earth. Which Kara refuse to let happen.

“Yeah, okay. So if you’re marooned on this planet, why are you trying to kill the President?” Kara demanded.

The girl rolled her eyes and took a step back, “That would be entirely stupid on my part. What motive do I have to kill your silly President? Whatever a President is.”

“If you thought I punched hard before, wait till you see me when I’m angry.”

“Oooo, was that a threat? Because I’m so scared right now.” The Daxamite said chuckling. “Go ahead and do it Kryptonian, I wouldn’t expect anything less. I know you can’t get it through you thick head but I didn’t come here to kill anybody.”

“Good, because you never will.” Kara said calmly.

The girl rolled her eyes and took a step back. “Right, and you’ve already made up your mind about me. No use in talking because in your mind, I did it. I’m the dirty, lowlife Daxamite that decided to come here and try kill your stupid President. So I, really, don’t see no use in talking to you anymore.”

With that the girl plopped down and stared at the opposite wall. Kara felt the anger coursed through her veins before she shook it off and turned around and walked off.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, you’re safe now.” The girl said, mimicking Kara’s voice almost perfectly. “What a joke.”
Kara faltered and a sense of shame and guilt washed as she also remembered telling the girl that she would be there for her when she woke up, that she would make sure that she would never know how it feels to be alone. Like Kara, she was survivor from a dead planet, she was the last of her kind. But unlike Kara, she was a Daxamite and she almost assassinated the President.

The door opened and J’onn was on the other side.

“Did you tell her what happened to Daxam?” He asked.

“No, I didn’t.”
Chapter Summary

The end of Episode 3.

Chapter Notes

So if some of you have noticed that from Chapter 2 through 4 it was the same as what happened in the show with added scenes and different dialogue. Everything that happened to Mon-El was essentially happening to Laurel. After this chapter, it will be no longer be Laurel merely filling up Mon-El shoes. I will still use each episode as references but it won't be verbatim. Enjoy!

Laurel sighed and put her head between her legs and sighed. She wasn’t lying to the Kryptonian when she said that she was hungry. Now that she wasn’t on the run and her mind wasn’t on the hundred things at once, her stomach growled. She didn’t know how this prisoner thing works, never occupy her grandparents or father when there was an invader that they managed to catch and she definitely wasn’t one before now.

She sighed loudly and ran a hand through her hair and wondered what in Rao was that Kryptonian talking about? Attempting to kill their President? Had something happened while she was busy trying to find somebody that would help her contact her people? Laurel sighed again and closed her eyes. She might as well get some sleep while she was at it.

Alex walked around the park surveying the place before she taps her intercom.

“Does it all look okay?” Alex asked.

“All clear,” Kara said. “With our wayward Daxamite locked up, I don’t think we’ll have any problems.”
Alex nodded subtly as Maggie had made her way towards her.

“The President must be relieved that you got the alien trying to kill her.”

“Thank you again for all your help,” Alex said as they walked to the center of the crowd.

“Where is she now? Some black site that she’ll never return from?” Maggie asked.

“Someplace where she’ll never be able to hurt anyone ever again,” Alex said.

“Crazy how a sixteen-year-old can do that,” Maggie said. “Aliens and humans alike never cease to amaze me.”

Around the crowd cheered and clapped as the President made her way to the podium. Her hair was let out of her usual tight bun and fell in a wavy mass that stopped at her mid-back, she was wearing a black suit and a light blue button-up shirt. She surveyed the crowd with her blue eyes and smiled.

“My fellow Americans,” she started. “Over a century ago, this nation erected a monument in New York Harbor. A Statue of Liberty. That Statue looked down upon Ellis Island, where thousand of immigrants came to seek refuge, from a home country that didn’t want them, that wouldn’t have them. But America took them in. That is our story. The American people today, stand as one with history.”

Kara smiled at The President’s speech as she agreed with everything that she said. Maggie and the crowd clapped enthusiastically as Alex applauded hesitatingly. She looked around still wary of an attack happening to the President.

“No longer with our alien visitors be strangers, committed to the shadows, forced to the fringes of a hostile and unwelcoming world.” The President said. “They will be granted the full rights and privileges of American citizens.”

She paused as the crowds applauded again, a smile on her face.

“The Statue of Liberty will stand for aliens, too.”
Kara smiled and straighten up as she gazes down at the President. While Kara knew it was going to be the process, this was the first step was the opening that many hidden aliens needed.

“And now, if uh. . .” The President laughed and looked around. “If someone would just hand me a pen. . .”

The crowd laughed and The President turned around to get a pen from one of her bodyguards.

“Thank you very much,” The President said. “Here you go.”

She turned her attention back to the papers and looked at the crowd. “History.”

As she started to write her name, two flame balls came towards her, burning the document and causing the people in the crowd to scream. Everyone took off in different directions as two more fireballs appeared. Kara quickly flew down to the President to take out the flames and she looked around looking for the perpetrator. She thought it had been the Daxamite but that couldn’t be right because the girl was in the cell back in the DEO. She ran towards the President and helped her up.

“Madame President!” Kara exclaimed as she pushed her hair aside.

“Thank you,” The President said relieved.

“You’re welcome,” Kara said beaming.

Alex and Maggie looked around trying to find the flamethrowing alien to see that it was by the fountain. The girl had long, wavy red hair and was wearing a zipped up leather jacket, leather pants, and black boots on. There was a smirk on her face as her hands had flames surrounding them. She turned her attention to Kara and turned her heat vision, knocking Supergirl off the stage. Alex ran to the girl, shooting at her but the girl turned around and lashed out flames at Alex sending the girl into the fountain. She looked around to find the President was going to her car and her eyes started to heat up.

“Put them out before I put you out,” Maggie threatened, gun at the girl’s head.
The girl turned her attention to Maggie and let her heat vision touch the gun making it too hot for Maggie to hold onto. She then grabbed Maggie and did a 360, shooting fire everywhere. Kara came to and quickly put on the flames before she rushed to find Alex. Alex had got out of the fountain and was looking at the destruction surrounding them.

“Are you okay?” Alex asked.

Kara nodded and sighed. “It wasn’t the Daxamite.”

“It would seem like it,” Alex said before she frowned. “Where’s Maggie?”

“So the attacker was not our Daxamite prisoner after all?” J’onn asked.

“No,” Kara sighed. “No, this is all my fault. And now Detective Sawyer is missing.”

“You can’t blame yourself,” Alex started. “We all missed it.”

“But if I hadn’t been so blinded by how I felt about Daxam, we could have been out there searching for the real assassin,” Kara said, shaking her head. “But I let my guard down, and the President almost died as a result, and there’s sixteen-year-old girl wrongfully imprison.”

Laurel looked up to see the Kryptonian walking towards her cell and she perked up slightly. “Hi, you’re back! I was wondering if you brought food because I’m seriously starving.”

The Kryptonian ignore her and head to the edge of the cell to open it up and she leaned against the doorway. Laurel tilt her head slightly and frowned confused.
“What are you doing?” Laurel asked. “I thought I sent here to kill you.”

“I don’t know you at all,” Kara admitted. “And it was a mistake of me to misjudge you just because you’re from Daxam.”

Laurel pretended to look shocked. “What’s this? A Kryptonian admitting that they were wrong? This must be my lucky day.”

Kara narrowed her eyes as she took in a deep breathe. “Look, I’m trying to apologize, okay? What I did was wrong, I should have put the bad blood between our people aside to think rationally and I didn’t. You didn’t try to kill the President and I’m sorry that I assumed that you did.”

Laurel folded her arms and looked into Kara’s eyes and hummed. Kara sighed and shifted a little as she took a step back and resume to her full height. She gave Laurel a slight smile and looked her up and down.

“My name is Kara Zor-El and I’m from Krypton. As you mention earlier, I’m a member of the House of El.” Kara said. “And like you, I’m a refugee on this planet. Earth.”

Laurel remained quiet and Kara tried again.

“I know that these last couple of days were overwhelming, and I promise you that it gets easier,” Kara said. “I’ll be willing to help and anyway...um, what is your name?”

“Nice try, I’m not going to tell you,” Laurel said, taking a step back, “And I don’t need your help.”

Kara frowned. “Listen, you woke up with these powers that you never had before and you’re completely new to this planet. You’ll need me to help you control your powers and to know how to blend in with people.”

“I don’t need your help,” Laurel repeated slowly. “I can figure that out all on my own, Kryptonian. Your attempt of niceness isn’t going to work with me okay? Now if you excuse me, I would like to leave.”
“I can’t let you do that,” Kara said. “You are a danger to the people that inhabit this planet and yourself. You couldn’t have learned to control them by yourself.”

“Why because I’m a Daxamite?”

Kara sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “No, that’s not why. I’ve learned today that you can’t judge somebody based on their background or family, that your merits describe who you really are. And right now I see a scared girl that’s on a new planet with this powers that she woke up with and was immediately accused of trying to kill somebody. Quite honestly, I can see why you’re so distrusting now but I can promise you that I mean you know harm.”

“You promised that I was safe, last time,” Laurel pointed out. “Until you found out that I was a Daxamite and you threw me in here and said that I would never see outside this cell again.”

“Because I thought you were trying to kill the President!” Kara exclaimed.

The Daxamite and the Kryptonian glared at each other for a moment before the door behind Kara opened and J’onn was walking through along with Alex. Laurel was the first one to break eye contact to look at the newcomers and she staggered back until she hit the opposite wall when her eyes met J’onn’s.

“Alright, that’s enough.” He said as he stood there with his arms crossed.

Laurel bowed her head slightly before she got her knees and placed her hands on her lap. “I’m sorry sir.”

Kara’s face immediately darkens as she took a step back and allowed J’onn to take her place. She swallowed and looked down at her red boots with her arms crossed. Alex looked at the girl and Kara confused and turned her focus between J’onn and the Daxamite. The Daxamite wouldn’t look J’onn in the eye and instead had it focused on the floor, she had her head down and any snark that she had moments ago was shifted into something submissive. J’onn gave nothing away but Alex could tell that he was bothered by this.

“Who are you?” He asked.
“Laurel Gand, daughter of Prince Mon-El,” Laurel said. “Granddaughter of Queen Rhea and Lar Gand.”

Kara’s eyes snapped up and she turned to the girl that was hunched over at the presence of J’onn. The Frat boy of the universe had a daughter!? She looked closely at the girl and try to find any resemblance between what she remembered of the man but Laurel’s long blonde hair covered her face.

“How did you get here?”

Laurel sucked in her breath and let it out shakily.

*There was a loud boom that shook the room causing Laurel to jerk out of her slumber. Her heart pounded loudly as she looked around her dark room trying to figure out what was happening. She pushed the blankets off her and she rushed to her balcony. At first, she saw nothing, the planet was silent and she could still see the lights of Daxam below her. Then there was another boom that shook the castle and even the city and Laurel looked up to see flying rock crashing into parts of the city.*

*Horrified she saw the building erupt into flames and she could the screams of her people. She gripped the bar of the balcony tightly as she watched a few Daxamites escape. Then there were several more booms and rocks flying afterward. Laurel’s body was telling her to move away from the balcony and look for Rei or her family but she stared transfixed at the scene before.*

“Princess, move!” Rei’s voice came from behind her and she felt arms wrapped around her waist.

*Laurel was yanked back and Rei covered her body with her owns as she transformed into her real form. The room shook even worse as a piece of flying rock hit the balcony and the ceiling on her room started to collapse. Rei held her tighter blocking as much stuff as she could from hitting Laurel. The princess had her eyes closed tightly as she hoped that it would hurry up and end. The shaking subsided and Laurel slowly opened her eyes and looked into Rei’s pitch black ones.*

“Are you alright, Princess?” Rei’s voice came out deeper than it usually was.

*Laurel nodded numbly. “Ah, yes, I am. Rei what’s happening?”*
“I do not know but we must get you to safety.”

Laurel nodded again and took Rei’s large, pale yellow hand into her own. Rei pulled the girl up and they exited the room. The castle shook again and Laurel would’ve stumbled if Rei wasn’t in her true form holding her steady. Rei looked around before she dragged Laurel to the right. All around them paintings and candles dropped from the wall and clattered on the floor, the ceiling shaking and quivering as if it would fall on their heads at any moment.

They had taken a turn through a corridor where they promptly ran into her father and his personal guard. Mon-El pulled her into a hug and ran his fingers through her hair.

“Thank Rao for small favors,” Mon-El muttered.

He looked up from her head and sneered in disgust. “You dare change into your form in front of her?”

“Father, please, if she didn’t I would’ve died.” Laurel protested.

Mon-El paused for a moment and before he could say anything the castle shook again and Mon-El grabbed Laurel’s wrist.

“Laurel, we have to leave,” Mon-El said, tugging her wrist.

“What about Rei?”

“We’re not taking that beast with us.”

Laurel narrowed her eyes and yanked her hand from his grip. “She’s not a beast! She raised me all my life and I’m not leaving her.”

They glared at each other and Laurel felt Rei’s hand on her shoulder. She turned around to face the form that she used to. Gray eyes stared into her hazel eyes and her hands touched Laurel’s cheeks before she kissed her head. Laurel closed her eyes tightly to stop the flow of tears from coming. There was a speech from Rei and protests from Laurel, that she couldn’t remember and
she wished desperately that she could.

“Go, I’ll be fine,” Rei said.

Laurel gripped Rei’s wrists and slightly shook her head, staring into her eyes. “Please don’t lie to me.”

Rei smiled softly. “See? You’re doing great already.”

“Rei…” Laurel started.

Rei looked above Laurel’s head and before Laurel could sense of it, she felt arms wrap around her waist, picking her up and carrying her away.

“REI! REI! No, please come with me! Rei!” Laurel screamed as she struggled against her father’s arms.

Rei looked so small as they got further and further away but she looked determined and proud all the same. Once they were outside Mon-El put her down, took her wrist, and they were gone again.

“And there was a Kryptonian delegate that was there to negotiate peace,” Laurel recalled. “He was getting into the pod when my father’s guard pulled him out and killed him.”

Laurel swallowed hard and shifted at the memory. “The guard started to put my father in there but, uh-”

She swallowed again and closed her eyes. “Father stopped him and threw me in there instead. And that’s how I got here.”

Kara looked down again, the weight of Laurel’s story hitting her. Just like her, she lost her world when she was young, watching the destruction of their world. She was forced to leave behind, what sounds like a mother-figure and watch her father disappear, to hopefully safety. They were the last of their kind, holding weights to their dead world. But Laurel didn’t know that yet and as Kara took a deep breath and took a step forward, she knew that it was up to her to tell her.
Laurel looked up and into Kara’s eyes.

“Come here,” Kara said offering her hand.

Laurel’s eyes flitted to J’onn warily and Kara sighed as she turned to J’onn. The frown on J’onn’s face deepens as he turned to the girl and gave her permission to stand. Laurel took Kara’s hand and sat down on the bench that was behind her. She let go of Kara’s hand and rested her hands on her lap.

“There’s something I need to tell you,” Kara said.

“What?” Laurel asked.

“When Krypton was destroyed, the debris showered onto Daxam.” Kara started.

“The flying rock and stuff,” Laurel said. “Yeah, I know that’s why my father put me in that pod.”

Kara nodded. “Well, some of the larger masses struck Daxam’s moon, disrupting the gravitational force of the planet.”

Laurel swallowed hard and tighten her grip on her legs. “W-what does that mean?”

Kara sighed and looked away from Laurel. “Uh, Laurel, Daxam is still there but it was ravaged by solar storms. It’s a wasteland now.”

Laurel sucked in a breath and she moved away from Kara. She was shaking her head. “No.”

“Laurel, I’m sorry. You’re home, my home, uh, they’re gone.”

“No,” Laurel repeated. “You’re lying, it can’t be. My family is on Daxam, R-Rei is on Daxam.”
Kara reached for her but Laurel yanked away. “Leave! *LEAVE!*”

Tears streamed down Laurel’s face and an ugly sob escaped as Kara pulled her into a tight embrace.

“No, I’m not going anywhere,” Kara said, as she ran a hand through the girl’s hair. “You don’t have to go through this alone, I will be there every step of the way.”

Laurel tried to pull away at first before she gave up and wrapped her arms around Kara’s waist. Her home was gone, Rei was gone, her family was gone. Everything she knew and loved was gone. She let out a wail and Kara continued to hold her and she looked up at J’onn and Alex, silently asking for them to give them privacy. Alex gave Kara a small smile and walked towards her to squeeze her shoulder before leaving the room, J’onn right behind her.

Laurel’s head has been hurting since the Kryptonian told her that there was nothing left of her planet. That the flaming rocks that she watched hit her city and rammed into her room was actually what was left of her moon. A wasteland she said. Gone. Laurel wanted so desperately to believe that she was lying, that it was a cruel joke or another but the look on the Kryptonian’s face and the crack in her voice as she told her made it hard not to. And maybe the Kryptonian wasn’t so bad after all since she refused to leave Laurel’s side and has held her as she cried for what seem to be hours. None of this was fair; she should have fought her father more about bringing Rei along. The thought of Rei alone makes Laurel cries harder and the Kryptonian held her tighter, her hand running through Laurel’s blonde hair. And when Laurel had finally calmed down, she pulled away slowly and wiped away any remaining tears.

“So, I’m stuck here?” Laurel asked.

“Earth isn’t so bad,” she said. “I’ll help you get settled in and everything.”

Laurel swallowed hard and looked down at her hands. What other choice did she have? She was a stranger on a strange planet. Daxam’s custom is, or was so much different than Earth’s. Women here apparently had equal roles as men which boggled Laurel’s mind more than anything. They walked about under a yellow sun instead of a red one. Their clothes were different, the culture was different, everything was different. Maybe not the language or rather Daxam shared something similar to Earth’s language of English?

“And where will I go?” Laurel asked.

“We’ll think of something,” she said. “Do you need a minute or?”
The Kryptonian rose from her spot and took a step towards the door before she turned around and offered her hand to her. Laurel looked down at it for a moment before taking a deep breath and getting up from the bench. She took her hand and sighed.

“Let’s get it over with.”

Kara was pulled over to the side, the moment she and Laurel walked out the room. She looked to her left to see J’onn and Alex standing to the side. By the looks on their faces, Kara could tell that they had a few questions about Laurel. She turned to the younger girl who was eying the two warily and gave her a reassuring smile.

“This is just part of the procedure,” Kara lied. “If you go over there to Agent Vasquez, she’ll go over all the basics.”

Kara pointed out Agent Vasquez and Laurel very hesitantly walked towards her.

“What else is there about Daxam?” J’onn asked. “My knowledge of it doesn’t extend past what I told Winn and Alex.”

Kara sighed and crossed her arms. “Daxam is a misogynistic planet. Their women were treated as less and are supposed to look at men as their superiors which is why Laurel was so quick to give you the information that you needed.”

“That’s horrible,” Alex said.

“It is,” Kara nodded.

Before J’onn or Alex could ask any more questions, Kara suddenly turned her head towards Laurel and Agent Vasquez. The blonde was agitated as she took a step away from Agent Vasquez and crossed her arms defiantly. Laurel was refusing to sign the DEO papers and Vasquez was telling her that she had to. Kara immediately walked towards them and rests a hand on Laurel’s shoulder. Laurel flinched before she collected herself and lifted her head and stared at the Agent coldly.
“She won’t the sign the papers.”

“I heard,” Kara said. “Why?”

Laurel swallowed hard and looked away. “I shouldn’t have to.”

“It’s something that everybody has to sign; this isn’t because you’re a Daxamite,” Kara said.

“I won’t sign them.”

“Laurel why not?”

The blonde girl clenched her jaw refusing to meet Kara’s eyes. The superhero sighed and placed her hands on Laurel’s shoulder and look into her eyes.

“I meant it back there,” Kara said, dropping her voice. “I want to help you and so do the people here, whatever it is we’ll work something out, okay?”

Laurel looked deep into Kara’s eyes biting her lower lip before she sighed. “I can’t read and I only know how to write my own name.”

Kara closed her eyes briefly, taking a deep breath, before opening her eyes and nodding. “Okay, how about I read you everything that it says and we’ll worry about all that later?”

Laurel look into Kara’s eyes once more before she nodded and looked down at her feet. Kara gave Laurel’s shoulders a squeeze before she turned around grabbed the papers from Vasquez. She read the papers to the Daxamite and answers any question the girl had when she finishes, Vasquez handed Laurel a pen and the girl very hesitantly signed it. Kara then asked Vasquez if she could keep Laurel company for a couple of minutes. She had to change into her regular clothes and the looks on Alex’s and J’onn’s face made it clear that they had questions.

“What happened?” Alex asked, leaning forward.
“Laurel didn’t want to sign anything that she couldn’t read,” Kara explained, “and she wanted me to read it for her so that she knew it wasn’t a trap or something.”

“We’ll have to teach her how to read,” Alex said.

“And write, she only knows how to write her name,” Kara added.

“Daxam was as advance as Krypton wasn’t it?” Alex asked.

“Technology wise, yes. Socially? No, we pity Daxamite women but what could we do?” Kara asked. “For so long they were taught to that they were inferior to men and meant to do the stereotypical things women are supposed to do: cook, clean, take care of the children, etc., etc. It’s not all that surprising that Laurel doesn’t really know how to read or write.”

“It’ll be a little harder for her to blend in,” Alex murmured. “She can’t go to school, yet, not until we find out her reading level and all. Kids can be brutal.”

Kara agreed quietly, remembering when she had first arrived at Earth. Everything had been too loud, too bright, there were strange creatures that inhabitant the planet, and she had to constantly remind herself to control her powers. It was overwhelming and hard especially when she could hear the whispers of the other children and what they called her behind her back: Kooky Kara, The Weirdo, and many more names that she forces herself to forget. She had kept to herself and achieved average grades so that she didn’t stick out more and be opened to even more bullying.

Just throwing Laurel into school without helping her get the requirements of a Junior of High School was cruel and Kara wouldn’t allow it. Laurel had her word that she would help her out with the best of her abilities. This led her to say the next following words:

“I want to take her in,” Kara said.

“Take her in?” J’onn repeated dubiously.

“Kara, you only have a one-room apartment,” Alex pointed.
Kara shrugged. “I’ll figure something out but it only makes sense that I do it. We were roughly around the same age when we landed here on Earth and I remembered how it felt: the loss of Krypton, adjusting to Earth, learning to control my powers. . . I’ll be able to see where she’s coming from and she’ll need that.”

Kara looked over her shoulder to see Laurel and Vasquez. The teenager’s eyebrows were knitted together in confusion as Vasquez was calmly explaining to her, probably how Earth worked, and she didn’t bother with turning her hearing towards the conversation since neither of their body language scream tension. She turned back to J’onn and Alex, noticing the way they looked over her and debated if she should take Laurel under her wing.

“And you don’t have to worry about us, when I looked into her eyes a moment ago, I saw that we have an understanding,” Kara said. “And that’s a start.”

Alex looked at her sister closer before she slowly nodded her head. “Okay, she’s all yours.”

“But she’ll have to check in regularly,” J’onn said, “So that we can help her with her powers, reading, writing, and adjustment.”

“Of course,” Kara said.

The Kryptonian was nowhere to be seen as the short-hair, redhead woman and the towering man led Laurel to a place where they would be putting her in the system and coming up with her identification. The woman did most of the talking and the man added things that he thought was necessary and Laurel just listened, taking it all in. Normally, she would have had more to say, unnecessary snippy comments and sneers but she thought, during the process, that it’s been a long day for everybody.

They handed her papers and even though she couldn’t read, the only thing she could make out was her name; Laurel knew that they were very important to pass off as human. She frowned as she looked more closely at her birth certificate and turned to the man and woman.

“Why is Gand not on here? Why is Laurel . . . D-da-“

“Danvers,” the woman said. “Because you will be staying with Kara Danvers and you will pass as
her cousin."

“Who’s Kara Danvers?” Laurel wondered out loud.

“I am.”

Laurel turned her head to the voice and her eyebrows knitted together in confusion. The voice belonged to a woman with glasses and a ponytail, she was wearing pants and a long-sleeve shirt that was tucked in and held together by a belt.

“Where did the Kryptonian go?”

“I am the Kryptonian,” Kara said, taking off her glasses and undoing the ponytail.

Laurel raised an eyebrow and looked at the woman and man behind her. “You’re joking? She looks pathetic! Actually, never mind, I see it now.”

She shot Kara a look and the older blonde rolled her eyes.

“Well, I’m ready to go back to the cell,” Laurel said. “There’s no way I’m pretending to be related to that and it isn’t because she’s a Kryptonian.”

“Too bad, Laurel,” Kara said. “We’ve already have you in the system and have your papers.”

“Well, you can take me out of the system and burn my papers,” Laurel said. “It’s a very strong no.”

“You don’t have any choice,” the redhead said, “We can’t keep you in there since you’ve done nothing wrong and you would be taking up a cell that will be needed in the future. Kara has volunteered to take you in and-“

“You did?” Laurel said, cutting the redhead off, and turning completely towards Kara.
“I did. I want to help you the best way I can, Laurel, I promised you that you wouldn’t have to endure this alone and I meant it. Who best suited to help you than me? I lost my planet, my home too.”

Laurel swallowed hard and she deep into Kara’s eyes. She saw sincerity in them and if that wasn’t enough, Kara’s last words really did it for her. She couldn’t imagine having that weight for years; she could barely handle it for hours. Whether she liked it or not, they were on the same boat and who better than the Kryptonian? Laurel bit her lower lip and crossed her arms before she nodded, it was her best bet.

“That doesn’t mean that I have to like it,” Laurel mumbled, as her last defense.

“I wouldn’t expect it any differently.”

Kara offered her hand and instead of taking it Laurel turned to the people behind her.

One step at a time.

“And who are you two?” She asked, clearing her throat.

“Hank Henshaw, I’m in charge here, this place is called the DEO,” the man said.

Laurel nodded and turned to the woman.

“I’m Alex Danvers and I’m Kara’s adopted sister, I also work here,” the redhead said.

“Urgh, how many fake relatives do I have?” Laurel said, shaking her head.

“My adopted mother, Eliza Danvers,” Kara said.

“So I’m related to a Kryptonian and two pathetic humans,” Laurel said with a frown, “What has my life come to?”
Her question received no response and Laurel didn’t have to look at anyone’s face to see that they were annoyed. She couldn’t help the smug smile that appeared her face as she faced the Kryptonian.

“Ready to go, dear cousin of mine?” Laurel said sweetly.

The first place that they went to was a store to find Laurel’s size and style. Kara had immediately picked out the first shirt she had seen and Laurel immediately wrinkled her nose. It was a long-sleeve shirt with a plaid pattern and a white collar.

“I would like to remind you that we’re getting clothes for me and not you,” Laurel said, grabbing the top of the hanger with her thumb and finger.

“We’re just trying to figure out your size before we do all that,” Kara said. “Besides it’s a nice shirt.”

“It screams lower class.”

“Well, I’m sorry it doesn’t live up to your expectations, Your Highness,” Kara said sarcastically, nudging the girl to the nearest dressing room.

Once they had established her size for dresses, pants, shirts, skirts, bras, and shoes they began picking out clothes. Laurel favored spaghetti strapped dresses and high heels; she also liked skinny jeans, blouses, and a few t-shirts. Kara had tried to convince Laurel to wear glasses but she was already shaking her head.

“I have no plans on being whatever you are when you don’t look like the help,” Laurel said. “My style, remember?”

“First of all, I don’t look like the help even though that is not a bad thing. Second, of all, I’m a superhero, which means I protect the people here from any threat,” Kara said, “Why not?”
“I love life is all,” Laurel shrugged, “Come on Kryp-Danvers. I’ve got enough clothes for now.”

Kara opened her mouth to say something but decided better of it. They picked up Laurel’s clothes and headed to the line. Laurel, not use to waiting, shifted from one foot to the other and she sighed excessively. A few people had looked back at the two and Kara smiled sheepishly as Laurel rolled her eyes. Kara made note that they would work on that. Once they made it up the cashier, Laurel had muttered *finally* and all but threw down the clothes that she was holding. The cashier was an older woman that had a look of disapproval as she rang up the clothes. The woman gave her the price and Kara paid for it as Laurel snatched the bags.

“Your sister is very rude,” The woman said.

Kara opened her mouth to say something but Laurel beat her to the punch.

“I don’t think you’re being paid enough to comment on things that don’t concern you,” Laurel said, and then she walked out the store.

Kara’s face felt hot as she said sorry to the cashier and hurried out the store. Laurel was waiting outside and she turned to face Kara.

“ Took you long enough,” Laurel said.

“We need to work on that.”

“Work on what?”

“Your attitude, this isn’t Daxam where you can treat people like dirt,” Kara said.

“As you keep reminding me,” Laurel said rolling her eyes. “Besides am I really getting the blame for that back there? The woman was taking *forever* and she shouldn’t be working! She should be at home with her grandchildren and grandmotherly things whatever that is.”

“It’s normal for women of all ages to work, Laurel, *and* be able to spend time with family.”
“Normal for Earth, yes, but not for Daxam,” Laurel said.

“Which you do not inhabit,” Kara hissed.

“Which I can’t because of your stupid planet,” Laurel hissed back.

“My planet wasn’t stupid!”

“Was too!”

“I thought we were having progress!”

“Progress on what? Becoming friends? In what universe would a Daxamite and a Kryptonian ever?”

The two stopped walking and turned to face each other. People moved around them and even glanced back at the two glaring blondes. Laurel was the first one to straighten up her posture and soften her gaze.

“If you want to argue, Danvers, let’s do it in a private place, shall we? Save ourselves the embarrassment.”

Kara looked around and saw a few people had lingered near the area and she grudgingly agreed that having an argument right in the middle of the street wasn’t a good idea. She pushed up her glasses before she gave her terse nod. She wondered briefly as she led Laurel to her apartment what happened from the DEO to back there at the store. Had she misread their understanding or was Laurel being difficult for the fun of it?

Laurel dropped her bags at the front of the door as she went inside. Kara huffed and picked them up before coming in as well and closing the door behind her.
“I’m not your servant, you could at least put them down near the-“

“There’s only one room,” Laurel said, cutting Kara off. “How is this supposed to work?”

Kara shrugged; not at all thinking of arrangement even after Alex had pointed it out.

“You could sleep on the floor or on the couch . . .” She trailed off as Laurel turned towards her sharply.

“You can’t be serious! What do I look like sleeping on your dirty floor?”

“My floor isn’t dirty!” Kara protested as she places the bags on the counter.

“Why don’t you sleep on the floor or the couch?”

“Because it’s my apartment,” Kara said.

“Why would volunteer to take me in if you don’t have the room for it?”

“I thought we could figure out the arrangements like civil people,” Kara said.

Laurel snorted and flopped onto the couch then proceeded to lay on it. Kara watched as the girl twisted and turned on it before sitting up.

“There’s no way that I’ll be able to sleep on that! It’s uncomfortable!”

“Urgh,” Kara said as she fell on to the floor. “I give up! I thought we had an understanding!”

“About being sole survivors.”
“What?”

Kara tilted her head up to see that Laurel was looking down at her from the couch.

“What do you mean?”

Laurel rolled her hazel eyes. “I don’t have an understanding about you or how this world works but I understand that terrible feeling of realizing that . . . I’m the last Daxamite and you’re the last Kryptonian or whatever. I loved Daxam, despite all the nasty things that you said about it. It was home and I had family there.”

Laurel paused and a distant look appeared making her seem older and Kara knew that she thinking about Daxam. Kara lifted herself up and brought one knee up to her chest and wrapped an arm around it as her other leg laid straight.

“Does it get easier?” Laurel asked.

Hazel eyes met blue ones and Kara took in a deep breath, running her hand through her hair.

“Not at first,” Kara admitted. “I was overwhelmed, everything was too loud, too bright, too different, Kal-El was no longer a child, and was known to the world as Superman, he didn’t need my help or protection. For years, I wondered what my purpose was supposed to be now that my first purpose was to take care of my cousin. There had been many times where I felt so helpless and so lost, where I became overwhelmed for a different reason. I would be hit with memories of my family, the culture of Krypton, remembering our sun, Rao, watching as my planet exploded, all these things, and more, would come back to me at unexpected times. And who could I really talk to about these things? Kal-El was just a baby, he wouldn’t understand where I was coming from with this and Alex, she would try to understand but would she really?”

Laurel opened her mouth to agree or apology whatever came out first but found it hard to. She closed her mouth and rested a hand on her chest as she subtly tried to rub away the restriction in it. She could see it now, what Kara was talking about this understanding that she repeated throughout the day. At first, she hadn’t, only saying it to get the Kryptonian to shut up but now as she stared at the woman who allowed herself to open up to her natural enemy, her, and show how broken yet strong she was, she understood perfectly. They both loved their planets and the people there and in the blink of an eye, it was gone.
“I lied,” Laurel said suddenly.

“What?” Kara said blinking out of her thoughts and looking into the girl’s eyes.

“I lied,” Laurel repeated as she lay down. “The couch is really comfortable.”

End Notes

I’m on tumblr as anastasia-the-goddess-of-drama.

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