Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here

by spymaster

Summary

Lena was in love with Kara, who was in a relationship with Mike (Monel)

Her love was hopeless until she met Reign

Or: Me trying to decide which ship should I stay on haha

Notes

Okay so I wrote it just to make sure that ReignCorp is a ship that I would definitely be on. Watching how Odette and Katie interacted at SDCC is something so beautiful it almost erases the ugly effect of the song and what came along.

I don’t own the characters, I wish so though. There might be mistakes.

I'm not abandoning SuperCorp, I'm just in pain.
See the end of the work for more notes.
It was a hard thing to do, really, to fall for someone who would never reciprocate.

Lena Luthor understood it perfectly. Not that she hadn’t been in such situation before, but the fact that it came so naturally and beautifully, she cursed herself for not seeing it coming and snapped out of it before it was too late. Lena had no friends. No real friends. And she had thought it was justified because of her family’s notorious reputation involving hurting a lot of people had done something about her social life. Then she shut people out because she knew nobody would be brave enough to see through her bitchy attitude and saw a woman with fear, hatred, hurt and insecurities.

There was one person who had changed that. Kara Danvers, the bubbly reporter of CatCo Media whom she had met through an interview with Clark Kent. There was something intriguing about the blonde with bright blue eyes and the clumsiness that radiated anything but hostility towards Lena. Lena liked that.

Then they spent time more. The interviews started becoming more frequent, and to be honest, Lena hadn’t mind having Kara around just to talk, to discuss about everything. Sometimes she found herself yearning for the presence of Kara, it made her smile because she hadn’t felt like that for a while.

It was great to have a friend.

When she had been framed for a crime she didn’t commit, Kara stood by her, defending her restlessly, even got Supergirl to save her in such a critical situation. And the moment she realized she had just sent a sea of flowers to Kara’s office as a thank you, she knew the feelings she had for Kara were no longer inside the friendship territory. But she didn’t want to stop. It hurt to sense a wave of something that would cause you pain but you couldn’t stop because you had been embracing the beautiful sorrow deeply inside your heart that you wouldn’t want to let go, even though you knew it would make you free.

Lena didn’t want to be free.

Slowly, her heart just couldn’t hide its own excitement meeting Kara again. And one day, she decided to get herself a little courage through alcohol and confessed with Kara the tip of the iceberg of how much she appreciated Kara in her life.

“I love you, too. I love all of my friends but you are always my best friend.”

Kara was smiling when she said it. Lena laughed out loud and Kara joined her, pushing her down on the bed and pulled the blanket to cover her chest. Kara thought Lena said it because she was drunk. She was indeed drunk, but drunk on love. The love that was rejected nicely and unintentionally by the greatest girl in the world.

Lena had never cried harder than she did that night after Kara had gone.

Few days later, Kara talked about her boyfriend, Mike. Lena was truly happy for Kara for finding
someone she cared about, though it wasn’t her, and it stuck a knife in her throat whenever Kara’s eyes lit up talking about him. Lena knew she should give up and cherished the other part of their friendship that they were having now, then she witnessed how Mike treated Kara and she was pissed.

He didn’t give Kara the respect she deserved and that had caused many fights between them. Lena could only offer her shoulder for Kara when she needed a place to stay away from Mike for a while. Lena could only wipe the tears and take Kara to her favourite restaurant where they sold the best potstickers and watch as the blonde stuffed her face with tiny dumplings to forget her bad feelings. Lena could only hunt down the specific type of ice cream that Kara had screamed that she loved in one of their lunch dates.

Lena could only give Kara the things she deserve without any credits, any hope that the blonde would return anything the way she wished. She wanted Kara to break up with Mike but she couldn’t let the anger in her win, Kara didn’t want that at all. Not that Kara would ever want to be with her romantically if she dumped Mike. Lena knew Kara would like somebody else and the cycle of friends being there for each other began again.

Lena was fine with it.

Then she met someone else. An intern for L-Corp who was crazily intelligent but her clumsiness was a match for Kara. Lena first had her eyes on the girl when she came down to the lab and saw a young woman crouching down on the floor like she was sniffing something on the granite surface.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

_The woman on the floor waved her hand at her, head still on the ground, not taking a look over shoulder to see who was talking to her. “Shhh, almost got it.”_

_The sight was amusing because Lena wouldn't mind seeing a woman’s nice behind hiding inside her pants pointing right at her. But this was work place and Lena wanted to be professional, so she sat down on a chair in that lab and waited._

_Something shined on the floor and Lena saw the tiny explosion that corrupted the surface, drawing in the matter and burned it into dust. The result was a hole on the floor._

_“I did it!” The girl stood up and turned around, pulling Lena on her feet and dragged her into a weird victory dance. “I did it!”_

Lena had laughed along and asked about the thing the other brunette had been doing. She excitedly told her everything about the project that the CEO of L-Corp, that was her but she hadn’t revealed the secret yet, had given to every intern. Lena had done it to dig up the potential of her future employees and the girl in front of her was rambling on and on about her project of Extra Terminating Gel, or Slime Grenade like how the intern had said with a wide grin on her face. She waited until the girl realized that they hadn’t even known each other’s names before discussing about how much Slime Grenade could be used effectively.

_“Reign.”_

_“Lena.”_

And that was how she met the second sun spot of her life.
Buckle Up And Drive Away Your Fear

Chapter Summary

The start of ReignCorp

SuperCorp could be mentioned

Chapter Notes

I'm disheartened with the silence of Melissa :((

Still shipping SuperCorp. But don't worry, this fic all about ReignCorp.

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes.

Enjoy and may your broken hearts be mended!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’d been awhile since Lena had come back to the lab. Her team had just welcomed a new member, Reign, and while she hadn’t actually been around with them, the reports were great and everyone got along with her as well as her attitude with science.

Lena hadn’t planned to come down the lab today but since Kara cancelled their lunch date again for the third time this week, she decided that the office would only make her feel miserable, exactly how the public wanted her to be. Why not having lunch somewhere else?

On the elevator wide down to the basement, she chuckled when she recalled the intern girl’s face when she knew who Lena actually was.

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“Oh, I’m so sorry! I won’t touch you again!” Reign jumped away when Lena revealed her ID card with ’A. Luthor’ written on it. The taller girl scrambled to pick up her stuffs like she was about to run away.

Lena stepped forward, held up a hand. “Don’t worry about it. It’s fun to discuss with someone whose opinion isn’t limited by their awareness of my position,” she said with a smile, then pointed at a little unfinished machine left on the floor right next to Reign’s feet, “what is it?”

The sparks in Reign’s eyes lit up again and she went on explaining the device she had built to contain the Slime Grenade for safety reasons. There was a problem that the Slime would still explode in whatever temperature of the environment was.

“Is that why you were down on fours earlier?” Lena asked then realized she had just made an
innuendo without knowing and turned away, pretending that the floor was so interesting.

Fortunately that Reign didn’t seem to notice or mind the slip-up, she pointed at the hole on the floor and showed Lena a little tube of the purple slime. “I was testing a theory, actually. How much of the gel could be moved without damaging the container? I placed a hundred tubes like these on the ground and used the-” she pointed over her shoulder, “-earthquake simulator that I took from-” the rest of her sentence was swallowed.

Lena amusingly finished it for her, “-from somewhere you shouldn’t have access to, but continue.”

Reign blushed, her cheeks were painted with a darker shade of her toned skin behind the glasses. The intern grinned sheepishly and walked to the earthquake machine and demonstrated with her hands. “Okay, first I turned on the machine and set the earthquake to trembling level and the tubes from the outside of the ring were about to explode. So I panicked a bit so I accidentally switched the shock level too high, they ended up not exploding at all! That was yesterday. Today I let the slime still on the ground and there we have a hole.” Reign stared at Lena, gave her an apologetic smile. “I have to pay for that, don’t I?”

“Yes. And lose the internship,” Lena answered from the book but her interest was irked of what more this girl could do, “but you have potential, Reign. You’ll be on my team.”

“Y-your team?” Reign’s mouth dropped comically, earning a laugh from Lena.

“My team of experts in that very room where you took the earthquake simulator from.” The CEO smirked, eyeing the little tube on Reign’s palm carefully then back at the intern, “You’re intriguing Miss…”

“Flamebird. Reign Flamebird.”

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Lena walked out of the elevator and made a beeline for the special lab that located at the end of the hall, nodded acknowledging at some employees walking by. The heavy door pressed against her palm coolly when she pushed it open and saw everyone was sitting around, laughing about something that the person standing in the ring was talking about. The CEO’s eyebrow raised lightly at the newest member of L-Corp Special Tech Team, a bottle of beer in her hand, twirling around, demonstrating the speed of a dead spaceship floating in space (that was what Lena could gather from this distance) and suddenly being struck by a meteor. The brunette spun faster, along with the clapping of others and Lena predicted the liquid inside her bottle would follow the rule of the force of inertia and jumped out of its container.

The CEO calculated in her head the possible outcome and where the liquid would stand and took the safest spot in the room, then cleared her throat. The laughing died instantly and all eyes on her, everyone except for Reign stared at her with a readied apology in her open mouth. However, Lena’s eyes trained on the spinning girl, who was slowing down enough to see her face. Reign gasped and stopped dead on her track, the beer inside her bottle flew straight towards Lena but never reached the tip of her feet.

“Miss Luthor! I-I’m sorry. We were just-” Reign rapidly gestured around, “We’re having an early break, lunch break! We’re not procrastinating, I promise!” The girl scrambled awkwardly in the middle of the room while everyone else looked at each other like they were waiting for someone else to take the blame.
Lena actually enjoyed this, so she kept the stoic face and crossed her arms, pleased to see everyone gulping. “Do you know who started this, Miss Flamebird?” she asked pointedly at Reign, who was blushing really hard.

The girl in glasses timidly raised her hand like she was a naughty child in class getting caught breaking the teacher’s vase. “M-me, Miss Luthor.”

Lena was impressed that Reign was being brave and admitted it though this wasn’t a big of a fault at all. She gestured the girl to follow her and left the room without saying anything else.

The hall was no longer quiet since her heels knocking down confidently along the length and the sound of Reign’s soft boots joining together creating a rhythm of solidarity. Lena kept walking until they both reached the elevator, Reign timidly stood near her but held a respectable distance.

“Um, are you firing me, Miss?” Reign asked when they settled inside the cabin. Lena turned her head to the girl and shook her head.

“Over an early break? Over my employees having fun?” she pressed the G button on the wall, the elevator lifting them up, “of course not, I’m not a monster.”

“I-I didn’t mean to imply that you’re a monster, Miss Luthor. I thought you would be mad that I made everyone stop whatever they were doing.” Reign scratched her neck, lowering her head, as a result, her glasses slipped down on the tip of her nose and dropped to the floor. Lena watched as the clumsy girl hastily picked up the poor thing and shoved it right back on her face. This reminded her so much of Kara, who had never been this clumsy but the awkwardness was the same. The ache in her heart appeared again, forcing her to look away when Reign’s brown eyes shyly glanced at her.

“Don’t worry about it. Projects can wait. You all are allowed to have some fun.”

The elevator doors opened with a distinctive ‘ding’. She stepped out, nodded at the receptionist and then the security man. When they were outside of the building, Reign glanced around with clear curiosity.

“Erm, what are we doing here?”

“Have you had lunch?”

“Excuse me?”

“Lunch?”

Reign shook her head, blinking. “Not yet, Miss Luthor.”

“I happen to know a place.”

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Lena hadn’t planned to have lunch with one of her employee. No. She just wanted to have lunch with somebody. And maybe her mind automatically chose Reign just because she resembled Kara so much. Too much.

The clumsiness. The glasses. The grin. The adorable awkwardness.
And certainly her limitless appetite.

Lena shouldn’t have been surprised. She had seen Kara shoving about twenty dumplings in her mouth after having who-knew-how-many potstickers. Seeing Reign ordering three portions of steak shouldn’t be that shocking.

Yet she still found herself stopped her own lunch and watched Reign eat with sheer amusement and an unconscious smile on her lips. The other brunette caught her stare, blushed and picked up the napkin to wipe her mouth. “You must be grossed out by me.”

“Actually it’s endearing.” Lena answered as a reflex to something that reminded her of Kara with a statement that she usually saved for Kara only and it startled her. “The not-weird way of endearing,” she fixed.

Reign’s blush grew wider, shrugging. “I eat a lot.”

“That’s an understatement,” Lena found herself responding the girl with a tease so easily. What was happening? “do you want to have anything else?”

“No, Miss.” Reign ducked her head, reaching for her water.

“It’s fine. I’ll pay for this lunch.”

Lena was a genius of her own field and she may have predicted where the water inside Reign’s bottle would land before but she hadn’t been the water coming from the girl spraying straight at her face right now.

“Pffffffffffff! Oh my Ra-God! I’m so sorry!” Reign hopped off her chair and quickly dabbed all over Lena’s forehead, cheeks and basically her face with constant apology between her lips. “I didn’t mean to do this. Oh my God you’re definitely firing me!”

The girl rambled more in her panic of having offended her boss, while Lena was so sure the incidence wasn’t actually that bad. She caught Reign’s wrists over her face and calmly advised, “Can you stop attacking my face for a second and listen? I’m fine. Just a little water.”

Reign stared down at her, gulping. The brown eyes were opening widely, the orbs slightly moved as if they were tracing the lines of Lena’s face. Looking up close, Lena realized Reign was so beautiful. The different kind of beautiful comparing to Kara. The colors sparkling from her were different. If Kara was all about bright colors and radiated with thundering energy, Reign was the darker color shade with the calmer tone and softer exterior. They were so alike yet so different. Lena’s eyes searched for the familiar scar near the eyebrow that she always saw on Kara’s face, though she knew it was ridiculous for yearning for the blonde too much on someone else but she couldn’t help it. She was so in love.

“Your eyes are so green,” Reign blurted out, cutting off the train of thoughts in her head.

“Thanks,” Lena mindlessly responded, hypnotized by the intense gaze from the normally shy girl.

A sound of clearing throat startled them both. Lena face the source of it, found the waiter gawking at them with curiosity. “Is everything okay, ladies?”

“Yeah, yeah! We’re cool!” Reign took a considerable large step away from Lena’s seat.

Lena gave the man a confirming nod and he left.
Reign quickly sat down on her seat, crouching low on the table with her fingers grabbing at the edge of it. “I want to pay for my meal, please.”

“Everything is put on my tab,” Lena observed the troubled look wrinkled deep between Reign’s eyebrows, “what’s wrong?”

The girl glanced around, worried and sad but she shook her head. “Nothing.”

The odd reaction caught Lena’s attention but she hadn’t addressed it until they got back in the elevator in L-Corp. Reign deliberately kept a long walking distance with her, barely said a word and Lena felt like she had forced the poor girl into a friendship just because how much she missed Kara.

“I’m sorry,” she said, truthfully, “for dragging you out for lunch without asking. I made you uncomfortable.”

Reign shook her heads and even both hands to indicate disagreement. “No, don’t think it that way! I’m honored to have lunch with an amazing, talented, smart and-and a hero of National City!”

Lena’s eyes widened at that. Not just about the fact that the girl had just listed a bunch of positive adjectives to describe her but also using the word ‘hero’.

‘You are my hero.’

Lena had told Kara that. Her subtle confession, the first of many more. But of course Kara had never seen it in the way Lena wanted her to see, because to her, Lena had always been and always would be just a friend. Best friend. And that was it.

“I’m not,” she muttered during the mild self-shock, “a hero. I’m not.”

“You are!” Reign sounded so excited talking about this, “you went against your mother to save us from Medusa virus. You saved the city. Of course you are the hero, Miss Luthor!”

Lena’s heart beat faster at the praise and at first she thought the girl was joking because there was only one hero in National City and it was Supergirl, not a Luthor. But the sincere in Reign’s eyes expressed an ultimate faith that almost made Lena felt worshipped.

Something clogged her train of thoughts and Lena, for being a smart woman she was, figured out something personal about Reign that she was sure she shouldn’t find out right now. But she did.

Reign had said ‘you went against your mother to save us’. Lena had done it not to let Lillian’s plan succeed, to kill entire alien population of National City. Reign had included herself in the people who would have been inflicted by Medusa virus. It was so clear.

“You’re not human, are you?”

Lena looked straight into those brown eyes that had been flowing with joy now only had fear. Her question was answered. Reign Flamebird was an alien.

Reign slowly stepped away, turned her face to the door like she was about to dash out when it opened. Her reaction pained Lena because of course aliens hated her. Or if they didn’t hate her, they feared her. Based on her last name.

“H-how long have you known?” the alien girl said quietly, not even tried to deny and somehow Lena found that sympathetic.
“Just now. You said I saved you when I went against my mother,” Lena replied with a neutral tone while her mind was swirling with predictions about Reign’s species, planet, the reason why she chose Earth to immigrate. More, her abilities, her true form and her name. “What’s your alien name?”

Reign arched an eyebrow, “Did you mean my real name?”

Lena chuckled at that. “Yes. Sorry. What’s your real name?”

“Still Reign,” the brunette shrugged as if it was so obvious, “Flamebird is the last name I chose.”

The elevator doors opened but neither of them stepped out. Then it closed again and the cabin stayed still.

“Are you scared of me?” Lena asked.

“Yes,” Reign honestly answered and Lena’s heart sunk. The taller girl quickly explained, “but not in the way you’re thinking, Miss Luthor. I’m not afraid of your family or your last name. I have respect for you and for what you did to protect us. I’m only scared of you just like any other employee would be intimidated by their boss, that’s all.”

Lena almost smiled the smile she always had for Kara, which startled her again. She leaned on the wall behind, sighed out a response, “Well, you’re the first. Aliens and Luthors don’t go well with each other.”

Reign’s body language seemed more relaxing. She pushed the bridge of her glasses up on her nose, asking Lena with an almost whispering voice, “What about Supergirl? You two get along.”

Lena stood up straight again, cautiously checked for something on Reign’s face. Something she didn’t know what it was. But something. “Supergirl may not appear hostile towards me, Miss Flamebird, but we are not friends.”

“Are you saying I’m your first alien friend?” Reign innocently asked. The thought struck a punch at Lena’s gut. Having an alien friend, huh? She was coming to some kind of friendship with Supergirl, based on mutual respect and common interests. What about an ordinary alien who wasn’t a public figure, with mission of the world and a hard as steel moral code? Just somebody she found interesting who happened to be an alien?

“Do you want to be?” she answered with an open request.

Reign’s face lit up with a giant smile, spreading from ear to ear. “Absolutely! You’re my first human friend, too!”

*This would be fun.*

Chapter End Notes

I don't know a lot about Worldkillers so I don't make Reign exactly like the alien she should be. Let's see how the show would portray her.

But plz, fill me in if you have any interesting facts about Reign :)

Every comment is very appreciated!
Dive Down, Breath In The Remains

Chapter Summary

Lena started being friends with Reign while her friendship with Kara was trembling and her feelings for Kara were still heavy.

(I suck at summary, that above is the idea for the chapter)

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the lovely comments! And the ideas, also the information about Reign!

This fic was created for fluff but with my dramatic tendency, it could probably get jumpy a bit.

I don't own the characters, only mistakes!

Enjoy and may your broken hearts heal!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Having another friend was actually not as hard as Lena had thought.

For the first few days, Reign was still the same girl as usual. An employee. Bringing reports, chatting a few and then leaving her office. They had exchanged numbers but never texted or called. They simply talked to each other a little more.

Then Lena had lunch with Reign more than she did with Kara. It was natural since Kara always had to leave early, or she had to cancel the lunch date. Lena still got the little ache whenever the blonde left her sight, but then she asked Reign, who was always eager to join her.

One day, she asked Reign first, not Kara. They had Italian food.

From that day on, Lena always asked Reign first.

Another day, Reign surprised her with her own cooked food for both. And the meal was absolutely amazing. Kara couldn’t cook to save the world, though Lena ate whatever she made anyway.

There was one time that Reign had to cancel their lunch. Actually they both had to because L-Corp was under attack. Supergirl came to save the day, suddenly cared a lot about the CEO’s well-being but Lena was too occupied with the injured employees to notice. Kara called that day and they talked about their falling out time. Then they set up another lunch date in the near future.

A few days later after the attack, while she was having lunch with Reign in her office, she might have seen a blur of red and blue outside the balcony.
Kara called from time to time. Lena was still thrilled hearing her voice, feeling the energy radiating from it. Her heart still beat faster and her smile was still brighter. Lena occasionally asked Kara about Mike, just to checking in if he treated her well. Kara told her that he was better. Lena knew she lied because she could feel the smile faltering over the phone. But she didn’t press. Never.

Lena started spending more time in the lab with her team. With Reign.

It felt great to be around more people who treated her equally. It made her miss Kara more but also at the same time less. As confusing as it was, she didn’t have time to figure out. She had projects to finish, machines to build and contracts to sign. No time to pity herself.

She hadn’t realized yet, but she was falling out of love.

It was liberating. That was all she knew then.

Time flew. She hadn’t seen Kara for about a month since their last lunch after the attack.

Then another month.

On the first day of the third month, Reign called Lena.

“Hey, do you want to hang out?”

Reign has asked so. Lena had been sitting on the couch at home, reading a book that she had started too long ago but never had enough time to finish it. But she was intrigued with what Reign had in mind so she agreed to go out.

Reign had given her the address. When Lena arrived at the place, the desired number was not on any wall near there. She found herself standing alone on the sidewalk in her most casual clothes (Reign had asked her to), glancing around like a lost dog.

When she had thought she might be at the wrong block, a voice called out to her. “Lena!”

She turned around and saw Reign, running towards her. The girl was wearing simply T-shirt, leather jacket and jeans, her boots stomping lightly on the pavement. She smiled into the greeting, “Good evening, Reign.”

“Hi,” the taller brunette tucked her hair behind her ear, awkwardly tapped on Lena’s upper arm like a gesture of friendship, “Sorry I’m late. I got caught up with um, something.”

Lena guessed knowingly, “Dropping your glasses?”

Reign blushed, pushing her glasses back higher on the nose. “Maybe…”

Lena snickered, thinking back on how frequent Reign dropped her accessory. If her memory didn’t fool her, she must have witnessed that more than four times a day. It was a bit odd at first but Lena noticed immediately how the other girl always had her face down like she was afraid of looking up straight. Not that Reign was shy, no, she was friendly and sociable. Maybe it had something to do with the sadness lurking behind her kind brown eyes. Just like Kara. The way they both wanted to appear smaller and less important was eerily alike and Lena wondered why anyone wanted to hide themselves. Was it because Reign was an alien?

“Maybe you should change the angle of your face a bit,” Lena advised, unconsciously stepped forward, placed her fingers at Reign’s chin, lifting it up, “we have strong gravity on Earth.”
The glaring blush blossomed on Reign’s surprised face made Lena retreating her hand embarrassingly. She hid it behind her other hand awkwardly, trying to come up with something appropriate to say. Reign saved her from humiliation by giggling and scratching her neck, “Thanks for the advice. But this is just graceless me. Um, shall we come in?”

“Sure,” Lena answered and followed Reign into an alley.

“You didn’t find the house number, did you?” Reign cheekily asked, her arms swinging to every step. She pointed to a rusty metal door on the wall at the end of the alley, “that’s the entrance of the bar I told you about. Not many folks know about it. Only aliens.”

Lena’s eyes quickly scanned the area. It was dark and the light from the street didn’t reach here. Only the moonlight was guiding the way. She felt unsecured. Of course. She hadn’t known Reign enough to trust the girl with her whole life, not to mention following into a dark, strange alley without proper protection. And Reign was an alien. Lena didn’t want to place her trust wrongly. Not after her mother.

“What do you mean ‘only aliens’?” she cautiously asked, her voice might have betrayed her wish to appear calm because Reign turned around, surprised and her eyebrows went up.

“Oh, I’m not-” the other girl facepalmed herself and explained apologetically, her hands held up like she was surrendering, “this is an alien bar where I always go and meet my friends.”

“An alien bar?” Lena halted on her track, “like for aliens only?”

Reign chuckled, shaking her head, “Nah, I saw some humans in there. Everyone is cool, don’t worry.”

Lena sighed, “I don’t know about that. I’m a Luthor, remember?”

Reign shrugged naively, “You’re here as my friend, remember?”

That was a good response. It got Lena broke out of her stoic self and laughed, feeling less tense than before. Her cackle died down and she took a deep breath. “Very well then, lead the way.”

There were a lot of people, or more exactly, aliens inside the bar. The smell of alcohol and some really strong chemical attacked her senses as soon as she walked in. Somewhere, she heard the music. It was an odd kind of music so she assumed it was alien music, if they did have the same concept on their planet.

She felt her shoulder being tapped on, startled and looked to that direction. Reign gestured the crowd, “Don’t look around, some folks are very sensitive. Pretend that you’ve been here a lot.”

Lena rolled her eyes, “How do I do that since this is the first time I’m here.”

Reign looked to the ceiling, thinking, then snapped her finger like she had just come up with a great idea, “How about pretending to be my girlfriend?”

Lena’s eyes nearly dropped out of the sockets, her mouth formed a shocked ‘what?’.
health was being compromised heavily with the idea of being somebody else’s girlfriend instead of Kara.

“Come on, only until we reached the other side of the room,” Reign casually grinned, pointing at a specific table with a few figures sitting around it. It was too far and too dark for her to see them clearly but a glimpse of horns was enough to convince her that they were aliens.

Lena rolled her eyes, “Fine.”

Reign extended a hand. The youngest Luthor stared at that for a few second before gingerly took it, surprised by the strange warmth and the gentle force when Reign’s hand curved up to cover hers. It wasn’t exactly a romantic hand holding. The other woman only let her fingers loosely wrap around Lena’s palm through the gap between her thumb and index finger. It was so timid and cautious that Lena tightened the grip to secure the contact.

Reign confidently walked first, with Lena strolling behind. She deliberately avoided eye contact, firstly because she considered Reign’s warning earlier and secondly because she didn’t want any other alien to identify her. Lena Luthor among an alien crowd.

She could already see the headline. She could already see the snipers. She could already see the protesters. She could already see an article defending her from Kara Danvers. She could already see herself drowning in some strong drink.

She could really see that far.

But she couldn’t see what was right in front of her.

The tall brunette walking between the table, eyes glaring at every curious eyes gawking at them as their shoes made the steady beat across the bar. Her face wasn’t nice or polite or shy. She looked drop dead serious. Behind the glasses was a pair of blazing visual threats, shielding their owners and whoever was her company from anything, even just a mean glance.

Lena hadn’t known then the reason nobody messed around with her that day in the bar was because of the woman she was with. She simply thought the bar was too dark and people were too busy to notice a pair of (fake) couple walking in.

“Hey, Reign,” the woman behind the counter greeted, her hands cleaning the cups with a towel, “who’s your friend?” The bartender’s eyes dropped to their joined hands, “or girlfriend?”

Lena had slight urge to draw her hand back but the knowing smile from the bartender was kind and somehow it calmed her. This was just an act.

“I’ll get the usual,” Reign ignored the tease and turned to her, “what do you want to drink?”

She took a considerable moment and answered, “A strong one.”

“For human,” Reign added to the bartender before she headed to the wine racks. They stood by the counter, waiting for the drinks. Lena took the chance to really observe and saw some aliens not hiding their true form. There was a girl with two black horns on her shoulders. An old man with three arms on each side. A couple of two different species making out in the corner.

They seemed normal. Like any other human on Earth. The only difference was their origins. Lena could never understand her mother and brother’s point of view, hating on these peaceful creatures and tried to kill them. Why?
“You're troubled. Why?” Reign asked, cutting off her thoughts.

Lena turned and placed her elbows on the bar, “Nothing. I’m glad refugees like you could have a place where nobody like me can judge or discriminate them for how they look or where they come from.”

Reign propped herself on the bar too, still kept a nice distance between their arms. Maybe Lena shouldn’t pay that much of attention to tiny little details like these but she couldn’t help it. Reign always left Lena in a comfortable space. There was one time when she almost crashed onto Lena while walking, Lena had seen a glimpse of her alien ability when Reign quickly moved herself to the other side of the room. Reign did that a lot. She was so afraid of bumping into things and others that Lena was utterly curious of why. Yet she never asked. And she was ichted with the need of a scientist to figure things out.

“You really think so?” Reign’s voice dropped low and Lena could hear the fear in it, “Aren’t you afraid of those who are born to be bad?”

Lena thought about Lex with that question. Her first memory was not how insane he was, trying to kill Superman. No, that was not the Lex she remembered. She dearly recalled when they played chess and Lex told her about the world, the worlds outside the world and how much he was fascinated by them.

“Nobody is born to be bad,” she remarked grimly. Reign looked down on her hands on the counter, fiddling with some thoughts that pulled her glasses down to the tip of her nose again.

The smell of alcohol and the heels clicking against the floor came upon them, the bartender returned with their drinks and a grin on her lips. “Velvet Bomb for Rey-Rey and Zombie Cocktail for the mysterious lady,” came a wink, “since you’re with Rey, it’s on the house.”

Lena gratefully accepted the drink as Reign took her own and gave the bartender an acknowledging nod, “Thanks, M’gann.”

They both left the counter with drinks on hands. Lena followed Reign into a booth far in the back, where two horned creatures were sitting and grinning at them.

“Yo, Rey! Long time no see!” One of them stood up and pulled the tall brunette into a bone-crushing hug.

“Miss you too, Chuck!” Reign said when they broke apart, high-fived with the other who was still sitting on their chair, “Hey, Barney.”

“Wazzup, Rey-bie. You don’t come alone today.” Barney’s long ears waved excitedly at the sight of Lena. His grin was friendly, maybe a bit toothy but genuinely nice so Lena didn’t feel so awkward or cautious with him. “Who’s the beauty?”

“This is my friend, Lena, human,” Reign proudly introduced, then turned to her and gestured her friends, “Lena, meet Chuck and Barney. They’re Gryspoiens, from Gryspo planet, very very far from here.”

“Nice to meet you, Lena.” Chuck offered a handshake, Lena took it and then shook hands with Barney.

They settled down and the conversation started easily, mostly thanked to Reign’s quick engagement into whatever Chuck and Barney had been discussing before they came. Lena was surprised to find out that both Chuck and Barney worked for CatCo Media as reporters. She immediately asked about
Kara, her first instinct was to search for the well-being of her friend because they hadn’t talked much lately. Kara had told her she was always busy, busy, busy. Lena was worried that Snapper could have forced her into too much work. The blonde reporter always denied that though.

“Kara Danvers? Yeah, I know her. Blonde, friendly, hard-working, good with words,” Chuck listed on Kara’s impression on him, every praise sending a wave of pride into Lena’s heart, “lately she hasn’t been around much so I don’t really know. Why do you ask? Do you know her?”

“She’s a friend of mine,” Lena mindlessly answered. She instantly realized the sentence she had just said was something she never thought she could say. Kara had always been her only friend, now it had changed. Reign was her friend, too.

The topic quickly changed into science. That was when Lena started talking more. Possibly because of the alcohol engaging in her system or the easy and relaxed environment, Lena Luthor was discussing teleportation portal theories with aliens in an alien bar on a Saturday night.

Reign only sipped on her drink and occasionally added a comment or two, mostly smiled at the conversation between Chuck, Barney and her. Lena hadn’t noticed that until she reached her third cocktail.

Barney and Chuck excused themselves to go back home to their families, leaving the two brunettes alone at the booth, mildly drunk and giggling through some jokes.

“Okay, if you’re really starve, what kind of food you’d think of first?” Lena leaned back on her seat, drinking down her last glass of cocktail.

“Alien food or Earth food? Come on, Lena, you have to be specific,” Reign retorted cheekily, her face got a bit redder due to her alien drink.

“Hmm…” she placed a finger on her chin, thinking, “Earth food.”

“Easy. Meatballs,” the other brunette curved her fingers around an imaginative orb with the size of a basketball, “this big.”

“Ugh, I’m jealous of your alien metabolism,” Lena laughed at the image of Reign consuming the giant meatball with one swallow like in a cartoon movie, “I’ll gain like a ton if I eat half of whatever you always order every time we’re out for lunch.”

“It’s okay to gain weight, you know?” Reign tilted her head, her eyes glanced over Lena to demonstrate, “you’ll still look fine either way.”

Lena blushed. Not because of the alcohol. “You say it, Miss-Can’t-Be-Fat-Thanks-To-Alien-Metabolism.”

“I do sports,” Reign explained, scooting to sit closer to Lena, “you should join me some time.”

The dizzy sensation and alluring scent of alcohol in her nostrils pulled her face towards Reign. “Some time…” she purred, staring at Reign’s lips for a flick of second before jerking herself out of it by looking up straight at the brown eyes.

Their faces attracted each other like magnets, with fuzzy visions and softened moral code through alcohol. Lena didn’t plan to stop the movement at all. She had forgotten about a certain face with certain blonde hair and certain blue eyes among the music, the smoke and the distanced conversation in the bar. In front of her was Reign, coming for a kiss, something she hadn’t think of or maybe tried not to because she didn’t want to make Reign a replacement of Kara, just because she had spent
more time with the brunette.
But she was a bit drunk.
So her mind was a bit dizzy.
And her heart was swaying a little harder.
She would curse herself tomorrow but be damn with it.
Lena’s nose got too close with Reign’s face and their lips must have touched inevitably if something hadn’t happened.
A laugh.
A contagious laugh.
From one particular person. Blonde, bubbly and had a beautiful pair of blue eyes.
Lena shifted herself away from Reign’s personal space like a squirrel catching the sight of a dog. She turned immediately to the source of the laugh. There she was, Kara Danvers. Glowing under the light of the bar, laughing with her friends, some of them she recognized. She was with Mike. Of course she was.
They didn’t see her in the dim light from this corner. Kara couldn’t see her or hear her rapid heart beat and Lena thanked God for it.
“Are you okay?” Reign’s voice drew Lena back to the woman next to her. The pure concern radiating from the other woman’s voice melted her heart, her fragile and lonely heart, demolishing the walls around it and squeezed her eyes teary. “Is there a problem?”
“No, I just…” she staggered to stand up, her mind drove feet against each other and she sat down again, “I need to get out of here.”
She didn’t notice the hurt look in Reign’s eyes mostly because she was too occupied with the task of avoiding Kara and her boyfriend to see. Reign took one of her arms and gently placed around her neck, carefully not to let their bodies flush too close, slowly helped her standing up. They walked towards the door, Lena kept her head down, actually, she kept her head closer to Reign, to shield herself from Kara’s view.
“Lena?”
She pressed her eyes shut tight. Reign stopped moving and Lena did too, they both turned around to find Kara standing there in her golden glory, surprised and confused.
“Hi, Kara,” she responded with a smile. The Kara smile. “I’m just leaving.”
Blue eyes scanning from her to Reign, a protective frown appeared between her brows. She crossed her arms, pointedly looked at the woman holding Lena’s weight, “Who is this?”
“Who are you?” Reign’s voice was as hard as Kara’s.
“I’m her friend,” Kara answered. The last word pierced through Lena’s heart again, just like any other thousand times before. This was not good. Her mild drunk state wasn’t prepared for the confrontation. She felt like she had cheated on Kara, though logically they were nothing of the sort. But she did cheat. She cheated on her feelings for Kara with her feelings for Reign. And she felt like
an asshole.

“I’m her friend, too,” Reign firmly remarked.

“Since when?” Kara gritted.

“Jesus, you are both my friends,” Lena scoffed, taking her arm back from over Reign’s shoulder, letting it fall to the side. She gazed at Kara, silently felt uncomfortable that Kara thought she couldn’t have another friend besides her. Well she did. “Is it so hard to believe?”

Someone interfered with their conversation with a handclap. Mike stepped to Kara’s side with his usual grin. “Okay, things are settled, right? Hi, Lena and Lena’s friend. Nice to meet you two. Kara, sweetie, can we go back to the table? Don’t make a fuss over something small, okay?” Her handsome boyfriend gripped on her arm, his eyes darting from face to face surrounding them. They were being a bit of a scene.

Lena was sick of him. Sick of Kara for letting him tell her what to do all the time. Sick of loving somebody so close but always so far. Sick of chewing on this forlorn heartbreak in the process of losing her friend. Sick of pretending that she actually wanted to see Kara happy with someone else. Sick of being so selfish on her own terms. Sick of falling into that stereotype of crushing on a friend and being too freaking stubborn to let it go. Sick of the chance of losing Kara just because of her own unreciprocated feelings.

“Have a nice evening,” Lena smiled at Kara and her group, turned around and took Reign’s hand with her.

Leaving the suffocating air, Lena took in a deep breath of fresh air outside. Her mind needed oxygen. Reign was quiet next to her, standing with one hand still in Lena’s.

“That’s Kara Danvers, right?” finally, Reign asked. Lena only nodded. “The reporter at CatCo.”

Lena placed a hand on her temple, rubbing lightly. “I’m sorry for ruining the night.”

Reign wrapped her arm around Lena’s waist, letting her lean on the side. “It’s late anyway. I’ll take you home.”

“That’d be nice,” Lena said gratefully.

“Hold on,” Reign told her and before Lena could register what was going on, Reign already had her other arm under Lena’s knees, lifting her up in bridal style.

“W-what are you doing?” she frantically grabbed on the woman’s neck for stability. Her mind suddenly was struck sober due to the fear of being dropped. Reign lifted her up easily like she was just a pillow.

“Taking you home,” Brown eyes sparkled with humor, “literally.”

Lena opened her mouth to question more but the fact that they were slowly levitating in the air pulled a shriek out of her. The grip she had on Reign tighter as she blurted out the first thing she could think of, “YOU CAN FLY?”

Reign grinned, tightened her arms around Lena, “I won’t drop you, trust me.”

“I’ll have a lot of questions for you tomorrow, Reign,” Lena mumbled, letting her head angle towards Reign’s collarbones as tiredness slowly took her over, “but yeah, I trust you.”
The dark sky shielded them both from being detected by people around, slowly leaving the noise below the horizon and drifting towards Lena’s house.

A pair of piercing blue eyes looking through the walls, its owner was shocked to see her friend and the woman that she had seen a few times inside Lena’s office were floating in the air. Her first instinct was to inform the DEO about a suspicious alien spending too much time around someone who had already been targeted by her own family and the vast majority of the alien population.

The blonde woman ditched her night and ripped her shirt in an empty alley nearby to reveal the House of El symbol.

This needed the presence of Supergirl.

Chapter End Notes

Should I go for a fight between Reign and Supergirl?
Stab Through Agony, Fly Across The Pain

Chapter Summary

Supergirl met Reign

(I really don't know how to summarize this chapter, sorry)

Chapter Notes

So most of you want Supergirl and Reign fight and I agree that they would, some day. For now, just a little rocky conversation would do.

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes.

Enjoy and may your broken hearts rest in warmth.

The sky above National City was beautiful. It always was. Lena had spent hours staring at it through the window to her balcony after her work was done, just to have a quiet moment, listening to her own thoughts that she didn’t have the chance to do during the day. Listening to her own heartbeat.

She couldn’t do the same at the moment. The sky, the moon, the stars were closer to her, everything was quiet and it should have been perfect to chew on her thinking. Her heart was distracting, however. Reign tried to keep a respectable distance but the higher they got, the closer they were. Lena shut her eyes, to rest but also to avoid any eye contact possible. She could be drunk now but the fact that she almost kissed Reign still imprinted quite deep in her fuzzy brain.

She almost kissed Reign. Her friend.

Did the alcohol do that? No. She wasn’t that drunk to blame on anything else but herself. Not that she wanted to. Lena was an adult and she could take responsibility for her own action.

“Are you cold?”

Lena opened her eyes and looked up. Reign wasn’t looking at her, still gazed straight ahead like she had been doing for the past five minutes. The CEO answered loud enough for Reign to hear through the blazing wind, “A little.”

The flying brunette slowed her speed, gradually moved across the air. Lena held tighter onto Reign, absorbing the amazing warmth from Reign’s bare neck but still appeared decent somehow. “You haven’t told me where you live, Lena.” Reign chuckled amusingly.

“And you still offered me a ride, I mean, a flight, home,” Lena laughed along and pointed to a corner of the city, “There. That tall building.”

They stayed quiet until they reached the destination. Reign gently lowered herself down on the
balcony, still had her arm around Lena’s back, supporting her walk towards the doors.

“I forgot. I should have let you down on the ground. How can you get in now?” Reign sighed, “I can yank it open if you want.”

Lena held up a hand, “There’s no need. I never lock the balcony door.” She pulled the handle and the giant glass door slipped along the racks, revealed a dark room. Her arm stretched to find the light switch.

“There’s not much furniture,” Reign remarked, stood in her place, not following her into the room.

Lena’s finger froze on the switch. She turned around, asking with a voice full of surprise, “Can you see things in the dark?”

Reign firmly nodded, then added with a humorous tone, “I can even see in the light, too.”

The CEO chuckled and then laughed out loud, flipping on the light. She stepped in, taking off her jacket and hung it up on a small rack near the frame. Facing back at Reign, whose eyes hadn’t left her, she noticed the girl still stayed behind the frame line. “Reign, come in.”

“Are you sure?” the tall brunette seemed hesitant, “It could be dangerous.”

One of Lena’s eyebrow went up, “Define ‘dangerous’.”

“I can lock you out of the balcony and eat all of the food in your fridge,” Reign answered seriously like she had just said a terrible threat.

Lena could only keep her face still for about half of second before burst out laughing like a maniac. Her stomach ached, she had to grab on the edge of a chair to keep herself from falling off. And the most hilarious thing was Reign’s face. She looked very sincere with the words. This was the most naive and genuinely adorable thing Reign had said. And boy, did she say such things a lot.

When the wave of humor went away and Lena had to take a deep breath to regain her composure, she cleared her throat, knowingly prompted, “You’re hungry, are you?” The blush appearing on Reign’s cheeks answered the question. “Me too. Let’s have something together.”

Only then, Reign walked in the room with a smile. “You should sit down, you’re tired. I’ll cook.”

Lena waved her hand dismissively, opening the fridge with the other one, “Nonsense. After that flight, I’m almost sober now. You are my guest. Besides, I have nothing but pizza here.” She pulled out two frozen pizza boxes and held up with a grin. “Pepperoni or Mozzarella?”

Reign curved her lips inside between her teeth to hide a cheeky smile.

Why did Lena even bother to ask? She knew about Reign’s giant appetite and how fast she could consume food in a short period of time. “Both it is.”

“Actually…” Reign shyly recommended, “I was serious about emptying your fridge earlier.”

Now both of Lena’s eyebrows went up, “Really? Okay, then. I have-” she looked back inside the freezer, “-eight pizzas left. Do you think that’s enough?”

Reign chuckled, slightly shook her head in defeat, “You really think I would eat all of your food for real?”

Lena gave her a look.
“Fine, make six of them then,” Reign rolled her eyes and walked into the kitchen.

They prepared the pizzas together with a little debate on how much cheese should be put on the surface. After the food was put in the oven, Lena set up the time and they sat down to wait.

“I can’t believe you don’t like cheese. It’s the best thing in this entire universe!” Reign exclaimed, giving Lena a dirty look, “You heard this from an alien, Miss."

“Please, how many planets have you been to to make such statement?” Lena rolled her eyes teasingly.

“Apparently more than you,” Reign retorted, sticking out her tongue.

Lena side-glanced the other woman with a fake sulking face. But before she could make a comeback, the sound of familiar thud startled her. She quickly stood up and headed for the balcony, where, without a doubt, she found the hero of National City, walking through the door frame that she never locked.

“Supergirl. What did I do to own such honor?” Lena said politely, finding the sudden visit strange.

“Miss Luthor, Kara Danvers called me about a-” the hero’s eyes drifted towards Reign, “situation that she thinks I should interfere.”

The implication that Reign being a threat furrowed Lena’s brows. She crossed her arms, mentally was glad that she hadn’t taken off her heels so she could stand eye to eye with the powerful alien hero. “And what kind of situation is that?”

Supergirl confidently walked further into the room, closer to where Reign was standing. Her eyes searched Reign from head to heels like a scanner. “That you might be not safe.”

Lena calmly approached the space between the other women, angling herself to be in the middle of it, shielding Reign. “I can assure you it was not true. I’m perfectly safe right now.” She gestured vaguely, “You can tell Kara that.”

The steely look in Supergirl’s blue eyes softened a bit. “She’s worried about you,” the National City hero remarked.

“If so, she could check on me herself,” Lena’s sulking retort came out faster than she expected. Shame washed through her for acting like a brooding, jealous bitch over someone who wasn’t even hers in the first place. “No, I’m sorry, don’t tell her that. I’ll talk to her later.”

A smile took place on Supergirl’s lips. She gave Lena that look again. The look that made Lena question if the superhero cared for her a little bit more than she should. “Good. My job here is done.”

Lena unconsciously smiled back and turned around, introducing the other brunette officially, “Supergirl, this is my friend Reign. She’s not human, either.”

Reign remained silent, watching them with her neutral eyes, not expressing anything. Odd.

Supergirl strolled towards Reign and offered a handshake, “Reign, I believe we got off on the wrong foot earlier. Let’s start over. I’m Supergirl.”

Reign bounced off the wall she had been leaning on and stood in front of Supergirl. Lena frowned a bit when the tall brunette didn’t seem to make any move to reciprocate Supergirl’s friendly gesture. Reign only stared straight into the hero’s eyes with clear distaste. “I don’t talk to anyone with that
symbol on their chest.

Supergirl’s hand fell to her side, the friendly look on her face hardened into an equal wrinkle between the brows. “What do you mean?” the hero gritted. If anything, Lena was sure that Supergirl stood for the symbol on her chest and that symbol meant a lot to her. The fact that Reign had refused to be nice based on that symbol might have led the conversation into a sharp turn.

Lena hurriedly paced forwards and settled herself between them again, this time she faced Reign. “Reign, can you tell me why you said that?”

The tall brunette clenched her teeth, still glaring at Supergirl. Then her eyes fell onto Lena and the look transformed into pain. “That is the House of El symbol.” That same pain which always made Reign keep her head down, force her to avoid bumping into things. It could be connected to her previous life on another planet.

“How do you know that?” Supergirl asked, this time sounded more surprised than angry.

Reign’s brown eyes lingered at Lena’s for a second before drifting back up and bored straight into the woman behind Lena. “Because I survived Krypton, too.”

Lena’s mouth dropped. Reign used to live on Krypton?

According to Lex’s file on Superman, Krypton’s destruction had caused a devastating loss to the planet, nearly destroyed every last bit of the culture. The Kryptonians were almost wiped out, except for Superman and Supergirl, obviously.

And now there was Reign, too. If she told the truth.

“You’re a Kryptonian too?” Lena heard Supergirl asked. She stepped back a bit, found the shock mixed with surprise, joy and utter happiness in the hero’s eyes. Supergirl looked like she was about to cry, something Lena had never thought she would see. Of course she must be thrilled. If the Earth was destroyed and Lena was one of the few survivors, she would do anything to find another human again. This would mean a lot to Supergirl and Superman.

“I said I don’t talk to that symbol,” Reign stubbornly replied, gazed at the S on the hero’s chest with narrow eyes.

Supergirl frowned again, “It represents my family. I won’t take it off.”

Lena sensed the direction of this conversation was heading towards a cliff and she seriously didn’t need a Kryptonian having a quarrel with another, presumably, Kryptonian inside her house. So she stepped between them again, placed both of her palms on their stomach, gently pressed against them to express her stance. Again, thanked God for the heels because she would look less intimidating without them.

“Girls, we need to be civil. You two both have to calm down so we can deal with this—” Lena tried to find a word to describe the dilemma and ended up with, “-situation like adults, okay?”

Supergirl gave her a nod. She looked at Reign, who was still glaring at the only blonde in the room. “Reign?” Nothing. Lena tried again, “Rey-Rey?”

Reign’s lower lip rolled inside as if to bite herself from a smile. Their eyes met a second later and Reign’s cold gaze melted into a softer look, she sighed into a smile and nodded.

The alarm from the oven went off. Lena casually declared, “Pizza is done. Reign and I will eat.
Supergirl, are you going to join us?"

The hero’s eyes widened, “Me?”

Lena shrugged, “Yes, you. Unless you don’t like pizza.”

“As if. Pizza is my favorite,” Supergirl speed-walked into the kitchen.

“I have to eat with her too?” Reign mumbled, didn’t seem uncomfortable but not exactly was fond of the idea.

“I’ll be right here to hold your hand if you want,” Lena teased, grinning when she saw the other girl blush.

Reign rolled her eyes and turned away, headed into the kitchen as well, where Supergirl was taking out the pizzas with her bare hands.

“Lena, where do you keep the plates?” Reign asked her but before she answered, Supergirl already triumphed her to that.

“The top counter on the left.”

Reign heard it but still looked at Lena for confirmation. She nodded. The tall Brunette proceeded to get six plates for six pizzas.

They quickly settled down around the island in the middle of the kitchen, Reign sitting next to her while Supergirl sat on the other side.

Everyone was quiet at first. Lena saw how intrigued and curious Supergirl looked at Reign while the Brunette never made eye contact with the hero. She was curious too. Hundreds of questions swam inside her brain, spinning the wheels that had always been moving every since she found out Reign was an alien.

“Are you really from Krypton, Reign?” Finally, Lena asked when the fifth pizza was finished.

Reign’s jaw halted the chewing for a bit and then she swallowed the piece, answered, “No. But that was the last place I’ve been before Earth.”

“So where do you originally from?” Supergirl engaged in the conversation with clear interest.

Reign frowned but she answered that question as well, “I don’t know.” This was a progress.

“Why not?” Supergirl pressed.

Reign continued to eat, refusing to answer.

“Do you want to find out?” Lena asked and that got Reign’s attention immediately. The Brunette faced her with hope in her eyes.

“You can help me with that?” The question was genuinely full of faith. For the first time since Lena had met Reign, she seemed truly free of something in her past that painted a dark cloud inside her eyes.

“I would. But I alone can’t do it,” Lena tilted her head towards Supergirl, who was gawking at them with her watchful eyes, “Supergirl can help. She works with an agency that has information and equipment to help you find your home.”
Reign frowned again, deep in thoughts. Then, after a few seconds that lasted like an hour, she spoke, “Fine. But I’m not a threat to you, Girl of Steel. Or a threat to anyone. So you can tell Lena’s friend that.”

“I will,” Supergirl replied, also relieved.

“And I won’t go anywhere with you without Lena,” Reign firmly announced, “I don’t trust you but I trust Lena.”

The youngest Luthor’s heart suddenly beat faster at the appreciation. Lena always wanted to be trusted. No matter if it was about the company, the family reputation or everything she did, she just wanted someone to trust her. Kara did. And now Reign did too.

Lena was messing things up with Kara. For falling in love with her.

She didn’t want to mess with Reign. No more. She couldn’t fall for Reign. Lena was caught off guard with Kara but she was fully aware of how easy it was to make the same mistake with Reign. She almost kissed her earlier tonight. What had she been thinking?

Supergirl stood up from her seat, thanked Lena for the meal and the talk. Turning to Reign, she calmly said, “Very well. I’ll ask the DEO if I’m allowed to bring both of you there and I’ll return tomorrow.”

“Fine with me,” Reign responded, less hostile.

“Great,” Supergirl smiled and started walking towards the balcony, “I’m going. Have a nice evening.”

Lena followed the red boots to the open space, watched as the superhero slowly levitating herself in the air. Gosh, she could never get tired of seeing that. “You too. Good night Supergirl.”

“Good night, Miss Luthor.” With that, the Kryptonian sped off into the clouds, leaving a gush a wind washed over Lena. She spun on her heels and returned inside. Reign had already cleaned up the plates and stood gingerly by the counter.

“That went well,” Lena remarked with a smile.

Reign stepped forwards, narrowing their distance. She gulped when she felt like the other woman was coming too close but Reign stopped her pace right before she invaded Lena’s personal space. She always did that.

“Can I ask you something personal?” Reign spoke like a whisper, her eyes tenderly lingered at somewhere below Lena’s eyes but the CEO didn’t want to guess.

“Sure,” Lena answered, her throat went dry.

Reign sighed silently. “Kara Danvers and Supergirl, which one?”

Lena arched an eyebrow, “Which one what?”

“Which one are you in love with?”

Her mouth dropped open. Blood rushed to her face and her composure switched on incognito mode. She crossed her arms, buying her some time to think of anything to say that didn’t make her seem silly. She ended up with, “What?”
“Don’t worry. I won’t tell them,” a sad smile appeared on Reign’s lips.

“How do you…?” How did she know? Lena was definitely in love with Kara but the Supergirl part was the surprise.

“Your heartbeat, Lena,” Reign pointed at Lena’s chest, “it races when you see Kara and it does the same with Supergirl. Your face can deceive but your heart can’t.”

“You notice my heartbeat?” Lena muttered, still overwhelmed by how straightforward Reign was.

The taller woman took off her glasses and put them in her side pocket. Then she looked back at Lena, said with an affectionate tone, “The CatCo magazines in your office always have Kara Danvers’ articles in them. You don’t lock the balcony door for Supergirl. I notice everything about you, Lena. That’s why I know you have feelings for them. And that I don’t stand a chance. But I’ll be here for you. If you allow me.”

Tears spilling out from Lena’s eyes, through the blurred vision she still saw how calm and sympathetic Reign was, saying words that ripped her heart apart and then pulled it back in for consolation. Her lips trembled with emotions and her chest ached with the comfort pain of being heard, being understood.

“I-I don’t know what to say,” Lena admitted, not even bothered to wipe her tears.

“Say you need my shoulder and I’ll give it to you,” Reign spoke, her voice sounded like a lullaby.

Lena sniffed, staring into those kind and honest eyes, guilt filling up her heart. She could not take this offer, no matter how tempting it was. It was her feelings, her pain and her suffering, how could she let Reign take them?

“I can’t,” she replied, “It’s not fair for you.”

“Neither for you,” Reign took a deep breath and moved forwards like she was scared to come closer, “I can survive Krypton, I can survive everything. Please, stop being so selfless and let me.”

The plead finally broke Lena. She walked into Reign’s open arms, buried the face in the crook of her neck and sobbed out her frustration, every bad thoughts and every hopeful imagination she had built. Lena had relied on her own for too long, then she found Kara and she had poured every last bit of her heart into loving the bubbly reporter. Lena may have a crush on Supergirl, but she was indeed very in love with Kara. Too bad it was not going anywhere.

Her hands clutched on the material of Reign’s jacket like she was holding onto something precious. The silver lining, the ray of hope. A chance.

Reign held her in the warm embrace, long until her face had dried up from the stains of tears. She lifted her head and leaned back to look at Reign, still stood inside her arms. Their faces were so close and if she went for a kiss, it would be no problem.

“I have another question,” Reign grinned down at her.

“Go ahead.”

“Are you only into blondes? Because I can dye my hair,” the brunette said it like a joke but somehow Lena sensed some truth in there. And it made her heart danced for both joy and affection. Possibly the warmth of happiness somewhere. It started growing on her. She let it.
“Don’t change anything. I like you already,” Lena giggled.

“Good to hear,” Reign tightened her arms around Lena’s waist one last time and let go, “I should go and let you rest.” She walked to the balcony, the wind blowing wildly across her hair. Maybe Lena’s eyes and the darkness outside had fooled her but she saw a mark on the back of Reign’s neck, right below her hairline. It shaped exactly like the S on Supergirl’s chest.

She would ask Reign about this to check another day.

Right now, she didn’t want to ruin the moment for her curiosity.

Reign turned on her heels and smiled. “Perhaps one day I can kiss you good night.”

Lena blushed, again, for how straightforward the other woman could be. Was this a trait of people from her planet? “And I thought you were shy.”

“Not for you,” Reign laughed and climbed on the edge of the balcony. Lena knew she could fly but seeing somebody standing in such a dangerous position still made her heart go wild with fear. “Good night, Lena.”

“Good night, Reign.”

The brunette fell off the building only to dive back up a few blocks away like a shooting star. A dark blur of a shooting star. Lena watched until she could no longer see the flying alien with a smile on her face.

Maybe her silver lining was that dark shooting star.

Chapter End Notes

I teared up a bit writing the part where Reign said to Lena that she knew she didn’t stand a chance. OMG my angsty heart

Reign is going to be at the DEO! Ideas! Ideas! Ideas!
Cry, Walk, Run, Fly To Me

Chapter Summary

Reign and Lena at the DEO

Things got a little bit rough

Chapter Notes

I have too many visions for this chapter so I settle down with this version. I hope this Kara would act and sound like the show depicts (which is terrible) when she's with Monel.

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes :))

Enjoy and may the fluff heal your heart!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was one thing to fly and see the view, to taste the wind and the clouds.

It was another thing to do it with blindfolds.

When Supergirl had come this morning, Lena hadn’t expected she would come by car, along with a lot of DEO agents, including Alex Danvers, Kara’s older sister. They seemed cautious and all, especially before Reign came.

***

Lena sat on the couch, glancing back and forth between the superhero and the other agents, who were allowed to be in her house to get ready for the transportation from her penthouse to the DEO base without revealing its location. Honestly speaking, Lena was a bit upset that Supergirl didn’t trust her enough to let her know where the base was, but then she saw the eyes of every other agent, including Director J’onnz, who was also an alien, at her, she knew Supergirl had no choice.

Her phone vibrated and she saw a call from Reign. Quickly picking up, she placed the device by her ear.

“You like bagels, right?”

Reign’s joyful voice rang on the other side and Lena smiled hearing that. From another corner of the room, Supergirl spun around because her ears caught the conversation. She saw the bright smile on the youngest Luthor’s lips and couldn’t help wondering what had happened between them after she’d left last night.
“Morning to you too. Yes, I like them. Why?”

“Special delivery at your balcony in three, two-”

Lena immediately got on her heels and walked to the open space, pushed the frame of the glass door away. Reign had landed gently with a grin on her face, two large bags of Lena’s favorite bagel brand in her hands. The phone was kept between her tilting head and her shoulder.

Lena heard the weapons and the air changing behind her. These DEO agents were really uptight. But seeing another flying alien besides Superman, Supergirl and the Martian must be a new thing for them. Reign still had her smile on while Lena walked closer and took the phone.

“You really didn’t have to,” Lena said, helping Reign with a bag of bagels. The brunette casually walked into the house like there were no dozens of agents surrounding her.

“Oh course I have to. I ate most of your pizza last night,” Reign took out a bagel and bit a large bite. She turned to Supergirl, who was watching their interaction closely. Reign’s voice became colder but at least it wasn’t hostile, “When do we go?”

Supergirl blinked a few times before answered, “Now. But first, you both need to put on blindfolds.”

“What?” Reign nearly yelled, causing every agent in the room to point their guns at her. Reign took a few steps to settle herself in front of Lena, her arms reached out a bit protectively. She gritted her teeth, “No way I’m going to let you bring us somewhere I don’t know.”

“That’s the protocol, Miss Flamebird,” J’onn joined in, his voice was calm and deep. It provided a feel of authority and power, “I can’t risk letting any citizen knowing about our location.”

Lena gently tugged on Reign’s sleeve, drawing the brunette’s attention to her. “Reign, don’t worry. I’m here.”

Reign’s eyebrows furrowed, “Have you been to their base?”

Lena shook her head.

“That’s it. I’m flying. And anyone wants to debate can come to me, even you, Girl of Steel,” Reign firmly declared, challenging everyone else.

Supergirl didn’t seem pleased but she eventually nodded. “You can fly with me. But Miss Luthor still has to put on blindfolds when she goes with agent Danvers.”

“I told you I won’t go anywhere without her. I’m carrying her,” Reign protested once again, then turned to Lena, “Unless you want me to go with you in their car. Just say it and I won’t fly.”

Lena glanced from Reign to Supergirl, then agent Danvers, who was watching them with a studious look. Of course, if they wanted the DEO to go easy on them, they should follow the rules. But Reign wasn’t comfortable with that and Lena wouldn’t want to see her alien friend got fed up. She already hated the thought of spending time with Supergirl, the least they could do was make her feel at ease.

“I’ll fly with you,” Lena answered and turned to Director J’onzz, “and I’ll put on blindfolds. You don’t want a Luthor to find out about your location, just say it. If Reign is indeed a Kryptonian, blindfolds won’t work on her.”

Agent Danvers looked down, seemingly ashamed that she caught on their game. Lena knew it but she wouldn’t mind acting a bit of a bitch for Reign, if it would result in this cooperating thing going
“The view of National City is amazing, Lena. Too bad you can’t see it.”

Lena heard the tease from the woman who was holding her in bridal style and huffed. She joked back, “I’ve seen it plenty of times from my helicopter, thank you very much.”

They both laughed and the laughter died down when she heard Supergirl joined in their conversation.

“Wasn’t your helicopter destroyed, Miss Luthor?”

That brought her back on the day she was attacked for the first time. Supergirl and Superman had come to rescue her. It was the first time she had encountered the hero up close. That blonde hair, concerning eyes and the red color of hope. It was a little crush that Lena always enjoyed to have. Because who didn’t like a beautiful hero? They even shared their point of view on goodness and evil. Supergirl was a good ally. Her crushing on the alien was just a little bonus.

“Yes, but know this, Supergirl, Luthors don’t own one helicopter in their lifespan,” Lena joyfully teased the Kryptonian along, hoping that it would make the air between her and Reign a bit lighter.

“Hah, of course they don’t,” Supergirl’s laugh was contagious. This was the first time she had heard the hero laughing like this. The sound reminded her of Kara. Oh, and her heart ached again.

“If you like, you can have me as your personal helicopter, Lena,” Reign didn’t stay out of the talk and it lifted Lena’s heart back up.

“No thanks, my fortune isn’t enough to pay for you being my scientist and personal helicopter,” she laughed, leaning her head deeper into Reign’s neck.

“Just ask,” Reign whispered, intentionally letting only Lena hear. Lena’s face heated up and she was sure anyone could tell she was blushing. After their almost kiss, Reign didn’t shy away from putting her heart on the table. Lena couldn’t decide whether she enjoyed the affection simply because she craved for it or she actually loved the affection because she liked Reign. Lena still felt like she had cheated on Kara, because no matter how distant they were, just hearing the blonde’s voice over the phone had her weak to the knees again.

Last night she had called Kara and explained the situation to which the reporter was absolutely understanding and they both promised to have a lunch date again sometime. Kara had also apologized for thinking that Reign was a threat and wanted to meet her officially. Lena actually liked the idea and planned to ask Reign about it.

They landed a few minutes later with Reign lowering her down on her feet gently. After feeling the stable ground under her heels, Lena took off the blindfolds, squinting her eyes to let them adjust to the sudden brightness.

When her sight was normal again, the first person she saw wasn’t anyone she expected to see. Standing next to Supergirl was her cousin, with his broad shoulders carrying a longer red coat and the darker shade of suit.

“Superman,” she blurted out.
“Lena Luthor,” the male Kryptonian nodded politely at her. She knew his eyes were scanning for anything suspicious on her clothes and while she didn’t like being checked unannounced, today was about Reign, not her and the Supers’ complicated background.

“Another El,” Reign murmured uncomfortably, shifting closer to Lena to shield her from Superman scrutinizing gaze. The male superhero blinked away from Lena and examined Reign instead. “You can’t check me out freely, creep,” the brunette said mockingly.

Snicker could be heard somewhere in the large space of the DEO’s base. Lena almost smiled when she saw Superman’s cheeks darkened embarrassingly.

“Hey, cousin. I didn’t know you’re going to be here,” Supergirl ran into Superman’s arms and they gave each other a hug.

“Well, J’onn told me about you finding another Kryptonian and I have to come,” Superman answered, giving Reign a look, “She’s quite a character, isn’t she?”

The other agents giggled at the remark but shut their mouth immediately when Director J’onnz cleared his throat and told them to get back to work. The Martian politely asked them all to go to the examining room for better privacy.

“You should have told your Kryptonians to stop trying to see through other people’s clothes first, Martian,” Reign sarcastically sneered at the Director and his eyes went wide. Lena was pretty sure that nobody had told Reign about J’onnz’ origin and she was intrigued to find out how Reign figured out about it.

“Okay, so… how do I put this… what kind of species is her?”

Alex turned around when she heard Winn’s confused question. They were reading the table of Reign’s biological state and it didn’t look much different from Kara’s or Clark’s. It was safe to say at this point, Reign was pretty much a part Kryptonian.

Just a part. And it was confusing to everyone.

“She looks like me and Clark but she doesn’t have heat vision or freeze breath. She can fly, can see in the dark like us and we can’t use x-ray vision on her,” Kara said, crossing her arms and furrowed her brows. Next to her, Clark nodded to every word.

“Where is she now?” Superman asked Kara.

“In the sun room. I’m checking if she’s affected by the yellow sun and late, Kryptonite,” Alex said and caught a frown between Superman’s eyes. “I’m going there.”

“I’m coming with you,” Kara said and followed her hot on the heels.

On their way to the sun room, Kara lowered her voice so only Alex could hear, “Hey, sis, where is Lena?”

“In the sun room, of course,” she answered, nodded at an agent walking by.
Kara hummed, then continued, “What do you think about them?”

Alex arched an eyebrow and gave her sister a questioning look. “What do you mean what do I think? I think nothing.”

“I mean, are they a little too close?” Kara scandalously whispered like she scared of being heard.

“I guess so,” Alex mumbled, “Now you mention it, it is a bit odd that Lena Luthor having an alien as a friend.”

“Hey, I’m her friend too!” Kara protested.

“Yes, but she doesn’t know you’re an alien. Speaking of which, do you think Reign know about your identity?”

Kara scratched her neck, shaking her head. “Nah, if she did, she must have told Lena about it already.”

Alex didn’t add anything to the matter because they were walking into the sun room. The agent stopped on her track when she saw what was happening. Lena Luthor, sitting next to the sun bed, talking to Reign, who was lying on the bed with many equipment and tubes around her. Her eyes fixated at their hands, their holding hands. The contact seemed natural and intimate. She leaned close to Kara’s ear and amusingly commented, “You’re right about them being too close, sis.”

But instead of the surprised look, something else painted on Kara’s face. And Alex might be reading too much into this but the piercing and pained gaze inside Kara’s eyes was the result of one particular feeling.

Jealousy.

The thought struck the agent in a weird way. Why would Kara be jealous of Lena and Reign? Or maybe seeing Lena having another friend was something new and Kara didn’t like that? No, Kara wasn’t that selfish.

“Hey, how are you two doing?” Kara’s joyful voice startled Alex out of her train of thoughts. Supergirl strolled inside the room and Alex saw Lena pulling back her hand quickly. With her skills, Alex caught a quick glimpse of sorrow in Reign’s brown eyes before the brunette’s eyelids bending down, shielding her emotions from prying eyes.

If this is what I’m thinking, everything is going to be a huge mess.

“I’m good,” Reign answered, not looking at the Kryptonian walking in. Lena turned around and politely answered the same.

“Great. So, we’re supposed to test Kryptonite effects on you first,” Supergirl announced apologetically. Lena didn’t think they would actually do this. “But,” the Kryptonian continued, “since you are alright, we can test your strength, speed right now. With me and Superman.”
“Supergirl,” agent Danvers cut in, worried, “Are you sure about this? There are many ways to test—”

“I’m sure.” Supergirl seemed very eager with this and Lena thought that the hero must be thrilled to have someone to spar with, considering she couldn’t fight her own cousin.

Lena asked Reign, “What’s your opinion?”

“Let’s do this,” Reign yanked off the tubes and hopped off the bed.

Why were they both so enthusiastic about fighting? Or maybe when you had superpowers, you tended to show off. Agent Danvers sighed and then led them to the training room.

While the two aliens stepped inside the room, Lena was brought to the observatory room above for better view and for safety. When she walked in, she saw Director J’onzz and many agents standing in there, talking to each other. Superman was not there. She followed agent Danvers to the glass view, she found Supergirl, Superman, Reign and another man inside the training room.

Mike. Kara’s boyfriend.

Kara had told her that Mike was an alien from a planet called Daxam, very close to Krypton. Lena vaguely guessed that he might have the same power and strength as the other two Kryptonians.

At first, they let Reign punch the concrete blocks.

Reign looked around and then her eyes found the observatory room, found Lena. She nodded as an encouraging gesture. Reign nodded back and threw a punch straight to the block.

A giant boom was heard. The entire training room was filled with gray dust. The agents stopped talking and glued their eyes to the scene.

When the smoke faded away, Lena saw a giant dent taking place at where the concrete surface had been a few seconds earlier.

She heard someone say ‘as strong as a Kryptonian’ in the crowd and couldn’t help but feel proud. Which was weird because this was not a competition.

She saw Superman told Reign to punch a few more blocks and then they started cleaning up for dueling.

First sparring was Mike and Reign.

Mike seemed as confident as ever, possibly because he didn’t know exactly how strong Reign was. Or perhaps he was underestimating her. If Lena said she wasn’t hoping to see somebody kicking his ass, that would be a blatant lie.

Reign took a half step to settle herself for the fight. It was odd seeing Reign like this. Lena was used to seeing her standing by the lab desk, doing scientific things with care, not preparing to battle against someone. There was something in the way Reign stood, it screamed out loud how well-trained the girl was. Her hands were brought high to shield her chest, fingers curling into fists. Her left foot set a little further closer to Mike, steady and calm. She looked like a boxing fighter.

Mike invited her to strike first with his upward waving. Reign didn’t hesitate, she lunged at him with the incredible speed that stopped Lena’s heart for a second. Mike avoided the punch and returned in time. They attacked and countered with hand combat and it looked so pleasing that Reign’s speed started increasing while Mike’s arms were getting a bit slower.
Supergirl hurriedly interfered before the duel became too much. The annoyed sigh coming from most of the agents indicated that they enjoyed the scene. Lena did too. Too bad that Reign was stopped before she could overpower Mike but in the end, she now had another information about Reign. Her endurance was amazing.

Superman was next. Lena held her breath. Unlike with Mike, Superman was skillful in combat and very experienced. Reign looked like she had had hand combat before, but going against someone like Superman, it wasn’t easy.

That was why she was shocked when she saw their fight. Reign was a match with Superman. Every punch he threw at her, Reign avoided successfully and sometimes she could even return a few kicks. Her legs were such an advantage. Lena never noticed how long they were. Reign never wore skirts or shorts, always in her jeans or pants. Maybe Lena’s eyes had lingered at the curves at Reign’s butt pockets a few times whenever the girl turned her back on her. But she’d never noticed her legs. She should from now on.

The clapping echoed her ears when Superman gave his hand up, indicating their duel had come to a stop. Lena let out the breath she didn’t know she had been holding. Worrying about Reign getting hurt from Superman was not just a reasonable thing but also an instinct. She cared about Reign. As a friend or more than that, she hadn’t figured out.

The last duel was between Supergirl and Reign.

She turned to Kara’s sister, who was watching intensely as well. “Agent Danvers, is this necessary? I don’t think Reign needs to fight both Kryptonians.”

“Yeah, I agree,” Alex Danvers nodded and pressed a button on the frame, speaking into the mic next to it. “Supergirl, Miss Flamebird, I think that’s enough. Why don’t we move to another skill to test?”

“I can take this,” Reign answered, her eyes didn’t leave Supergirl’s face. Lena had a bad feeling about this. Reign didn’t look nonchalant or casual like when Mike or Superman was standing in front of her.

This was personal.

She hastily gestured Alex to let her speak. The agent was surprised but let her anyway. Lena said into the mic, “Reign, don’t push yourself. Please.”

The brunette looked up at her and back at Supergirl, unclenched her fists and let her arms drop to the sides. Lena exhaled in relief. She couldn’t let anything wrong happen today. The DEO could mark Reign as an enemy if she hurt Supergirl.

What was she thinking? Superman and Mike were there, Reign would know better. Right?

Supergirl let go of her fighting stance and gestured to the door. Reign was following her but Mike said something that stopped her feet.

“Obedient lap dog much?” he chuckled amusingly while Lena heard the gasps from everyone around, including Alex.

_Uh oh._

Reign turned around with a devilish slow motion. “Did you just say something?”

Mike waved his hands jokingly, “Ey, isn’t that true? You do everything she says. Like a lap dog. Get
Supergirl didn’t get the chance to finish a word before Reign lunged at Mike with murderous speed. The boom everyone heard right now coming from Mike being punched against the wall, leaving a huge dent in the shape of his back. Alex immediately got to the door and ran to the fuss while Lena couldn’t move.

Her eyes trained on the woman who was throwing punches at the Daxamite, not letting him breathe. Superman rushed in to grab her arm. With a flip, Reign threw the superhero into the corner. Supergirl joined in to rescue the unconscious guy glued to the wall, ended up being Reign’s new target.

They fought. It looked heated. Lena panicked, pressing the intercom and shouted, “Reign! Stop!”

That was when Supergirl successfully overcame Reign with a punch in the face. She gasped in horror when she saw the brunette was sent across the floor. Agent Danvers was in time and she stood in front of Reign, saying something to Supergirl, whose eyes were glowing with heat vision.

Lena left the observatory room and ran down to the training room, straight to Reign. She was still conscious, gritting her teeth and there was a crack at her lower lip. Looking over her shoulder, Supergirl was gawking at them with sorry eyes but she was frowning. Then she turned to the Daxamite.

Lena left whatever unsaid be unsaid and helped Reign getting on her feet.

“I’m sorry,” Reign whimpered, her face full of remorse.

“It’s okay. It’s okay,” Lena repeated over and over until they reached the med room, where many agents were waiting, including the Director.

They let Lena put Reign on the bed, the apology still ringing on her lips. Lena sat next to her, placing a hand on her forehead, telling her that everything was fine. A few member of the med team came in and asked if they could check Reign for injuries. Though reluctantly, Reign let them.

Lena held her hand the entire time, ignoring the prying eyes.

Reign was powerful. Almost too powerful.

And Lena was scared of what the DEO would see from this incidence.

____________________________

“She knocked Mon-el unconscious! She threw Kal away like a piece of meat, no offense cousin. If she wasn’t distracted by Lena’s voice, I couldn’t have stopped her! Reign is dangerous!” Kara slammed her palms on the med bed where Mon-el was lying on, sending a wave of shock across the material.

“She wouldn’t have done it if Mon-el hasn’t pissed her off,” Alex said and Kara glared at her.

“Why are you defending her? He joked. One joke and she beat him up! What if a human jokes and she beats them up too? What if Lena jokes and she beats her up?” Kara threw her hands in the air,
huffing in frustration.

“I don’t think Reign would ever do that to Lena,” Alex remarked and when Kara’s frown became too deep, she raised her hands up, “just saying.”

Clark cleared his throat, demanding his cousin’s attention. “I agree with Alex on this.”

“What?” Kara’s mouth dropped, pointing at Mon-el, “She beat him up!”

“I don’t mean to be rude, but he brought this on his own, Kara,” Superman shrugged.

“Kal!” Kara shrieked.

J’onn walked in the space between them, immediately ended the discussion. He told everyone with his low and scary voice, “It’s unfortunate that Mon-el got hurt but at least we know Miss Flamebird’s abilities. Well, most of them.”

Kara crossed her arms, lips thin and frowning. Alex was worried about how Kara had been when she had already knocked down Reign earlier. Kara was about to use heat vision on the already defeated opponent. Her sister had never been so aggressive before.

Kara disliked Reign. With passion.

This was indeed jealousy. And it was ugly.

Alex needed to talk to Kara about this.

“I want to tell you something,” Reign said to Lena when all of the medical agents were gone.

“I’m all ears,” Lena gave the brunette all of the attention.

Reign sat up and grabbed Lena’s hands desperately, “I know they’re going to lock me up after that. I don’t care. I just need you to believe me that I didn’t mean to hurt anyone.”

Lena could hear the regret and pain in Reign’s voice and it was breaking her heart apart. She crouched closer to the other brunette and responded with faith, “I believe you.”

Reign took a deep breath like she needed it to be brave and turn her back on Lena, pulling all of her hair to a side, lifting the part covering her neck and revealed the mark that Lena had seen yesterday.

She had seen it right. It was the House of El symbol. Along with some words that she didn’t understand.

“What is this?” she asked when Reign faced her again.

“I don’t know. A friend saw and told me about it. The only thing I could recognize was the symbol,” Reign’s face scrunched into a miserable frown, “I sometimes have this dream. A man along with this symbol telling me that I was born to destroy or something like that.”

“It’s just a dream,” Lena tried to make Reign feel less stressed but the brunette shook her head.
“I’m afraid not. It feels very real like it is my memory.” Reign said, her voice was shaking, “That symbol stands for something terrible, Lena. That’s why I don’t trust them.”

Lena had no actual proof besides Reign’s words but she completely believed her. Reign looked truly scared. She thought that whatever that had happened to Reign must be connected to the reason for her outburst and overwhelming power.

The footsteps coming from behind startled her. She turned around and saw Director J’onzz and agent Danvers along with Superman. Supergirl was not with them.

“I’m sorry,” Reign apologized before anyone had any chance to said anything. Lena saw agent Danvers gave Reign a smile and a slight nod while the other two remained stoic as ever.

“Mon-el is going to be fine. He’s recharging at a sun bed right now,” Alex reassured both Reign and Lena. While Lena didn’t like the guy, if something happened to him, Kara would be upset and Lena wouldn’t want that at all.

“Where’s Supergirl? I want to apologize to her too,” Reign continued and this time Superman answered her.

“She’s gone to the Fortress of Solitude and there could be information about Miss Flamebird’s people. I’m also very curious about where you came from.”

“We’ll call you when Supergirl gets back,” Director J’onzz announced and they all left.

Being left alone again, Lena asked Reign, “Are you okay with staying here?”

“I’m fine. I just need to apologize to Supergirl. She’s important,” Reign laid back on the bed.

“Yes, she could have had the answer for you by now,” Lena smiled, lightening up the mood.

“No, she’s important to you. I don’t want to put you in a tough spot just because I couldn’t control my temper,” Reign sighed, “That guy is Kara’s boyfriend, isn’t he?”

Lena felt the jab at her heart when she answered the question, “Yes.”

Reign sat up again, a devilish smirk appeared on her lips, “Do you want me to finish him off?”

“What? No! Why would I want that?” Lena laughed at the joke, the pain inside her chest went away as quick as it came.

Reign’s smile faltered, she truthfully said, “So you can have another chance with her.”

Lena swallowed at how sincere Reign looked. What was this feeling? This little ache whenever Reign suddenly said something that touched her in the most unexpected way and it always made her want to cry.

“Please don’t say things like that,” Lena sadly replied.

“Why not? It’s the truth,” Reign shrugged nonchalantly.

“Because it’s the truth,” she looked away, not wanting to give in the warmth growing in her chest, “and it’s also false hope, Reign. That second chance is always for somebody else, not me.”

The silence took over the air for a few seconds. Lena felt like pitying herself for saying that. She was a confident and independent woman, yet when it came to romance she was a coward. She could only
express herself through subtle gestures and symbols like sending flowers, buying things unconditionally and only dared to confess her feelings with the help of few glasses of wine. It was pathetic. She was pathetic. That was why she was so afraid to have feelings again. She craved for them so much so she could desperately take it from anyone and hurt them in the process.

“I can be your second chance,” Reign said and Lena looked at her to find she was smiling teasingly, “I’m the combination of both Kara Danvers and Supergirl. I have superpowers and I wear glasses. You can’t find a better deal than me. The only thing I don’t have is the gorgeous blonde hair but I’ll give you a discount.”

This actually got Lena laugh out loud. Who would compare their feelings with a deal?

“You’re crazy, Reign,” Lena shook her head.

“For you, alright,” Reign grinned, brightly as the sun. Her cheeks burnt again at the straightforward expression. “You’re blushing. Are you falling for me now?”

Lena rolled her eyes, intentionally avoiding the question, “I’ll give you fifty projects to finish by the end of this month.”

“Tyrant,” Reign jokingly called.

“You’re an alien working for a Luthor, Miss Flamebird,” Lena reminded the brunette with a smug face, “Be ready to be exploited.”

“I’ll conquer this world for you, boss,” Reign gave Lena a salute and she looked so serious that it made Lena laugh like crazy. It was fun and easy to joke around with Reign, even though she was fully aware of Reign’s feelings, she never felt pressured to reciprocate them or awkward around her. It was so natural to talk and tease and maybe flirt with Reign.

The grip of her heart yearning for Kara’s shadow was slowly loosening.

Soon, she would be free.

Chapter End Notes

I need a Reign in my life right now.

I'll be updating my other SuperCorp fics and then I'll come back to this. SuperCorp fan videos got me :))
When agent Danvers returned to the medical bed, Lena noticed something strange on her face. Like she was worried, not relieved. A flash of fear struck through her heart. Did something happen to Supergirl?

“The Director wants you to meet him in his office, Miss Luthor,” Alex Danvers announced.

Reign sat up when Lena got on her feet. She told the brunette with a calm voice, “Wait here. I’ll be right back.”

“You better. Or I’ll come for them,” Reign glanced at the agent warningly when she spoke the last word. Lena had no doubt that she would do that.

She gently wiped her index finger across the tip of Reign’s nose and firmly advised, “Behave.”

The alien replied with a half-serious ‘yes, ma’am’ that got Lena chuckling.

She followed Agent Danvers down the hall and they entered a room, where she could see the Supers, a few agents and the Director inside. They all looked so grimly concerned and frankly, Lena had already thought about all the terrible things.

The silence began when she walked into the room. Supergirl caught her eyes first and her eyes darted to a machine on the table. It was a small device, looking a lot like a projector. With the S symbol on it, it was safe to say that the device didn’t belong to the Earth.

“Miss Luthor, can you tell us where did you find Miss Flamebird?” the Director asked, didn’t sound strict or commanding. He just asked.

“I didn’t find her. She works for L-Corp. She’s my employee and my friend,” Lena stated strongly, couldn’t tell the reason why he said like Reign was some stray dog. She turned to Supergirl, this time questioned with protective manners, “Did you find something?”

“Yes.”
Lena frowned. “And?”

“She’s not Kryptonian,” Supergirl answered, crossing her muscular arms.

“That’s pretty obvious. Then which species is Reign?” Lena crossed her arms as well. She might look small comparing to everyone in this room but she would not back down from a power play.

“Nobody knows,” Supergirl let out a sigh and pointed to the machine, “After I described Reign’s appearance and power, the only thing I got was this. It has Reign’s name on it in Kryptonian. And it is classified. Without a password, I can’t open this file.”

“Do you have any idea what the password could be?” Superman spoke up, seemingly confident that Lena knew the answer.

The first thing that came up in her mind was the mark on Reign’s neck. Could it be…?

But she couldn’t tell them yet, not when Reign still didn’t trust any of them but her.

“I’ll talk to Reign,” Lena said and walked out of the room. Feeling something moving along, she turned to the side and saw Supergirl walking next to her.

“I’ll come with you,” the hero declared.

When they reached an empty hallway, Lena decided to speak her mind first because she couldn’t let things like in the training room happen again.

The youngest Luthor halted on her track and held up a hand, “Supergirl, Reign didn’t mean to hurt anyone. Don’t be too harsh on her.”

The blonde Kryptonian responded with a sharp tone, “She attacked first.”

“Well, Mike was being a douchebag,” Lena defended Reign, glaring back into the blue eyes.

They stared at each other in a silent argument before Supergirl let go of her pride and softened her gaze, “You don’t like him, do you?”

Lena scoffed, annoyed, “That has nothing to do with this.”

“Kara was right. You don’t like him. Why?” Supergirl started talking like a friend, not like a hero.

And it rubbed Lena in a wrong way on how she acted so. It was familiar. “Is that the reason you’ve distanced yourself with her recently?”

Lena narrowed her eyes, frustrated and pissed. Why was this her fault? “She told you that? Kara distanced herself with me first, Girl of Steel. And this has nothing to do with the fact that Mike got himself kicked in the ass for provoking someone twice as strong as him! Actually, I’m glad he got his ass kicked. You know why? Because if I had powers, I would have done it myself. He doesn’t treat Kara like she should be. But this is not about that. This is not about me and Kara and it definitely has nothing to do with you.”

The girl in cape seemed taken aback by Lena’s sudden outburst. Even she was surprised with herself. Why did she lash out on Supergirl? This wasn’t fair. The Kryptonian was only trying to defend her fellow alien. Lena was doing the same for Reign. Maybe a Luthor and a Super had to have a fight sometimes.

After regaining her composure, Lena continued to walk back to the medical room, hearing the soft
Reign certainly had heard her before she even walked into her sight. When she stepped through the door frame, Reign already had her grin on, greeting her with optimism.

“So, anything?” she asked. Her eyes darted to the hero walking behind Lena and her smile faltered into a more serious expression. “Supergirl, I’m sorry about earlier.”

The hero only nodded and didn’t comment on it.

Lena opened her mouth to tell Reign about the machine but somehow the other brunette could sense the situation, she politely asked her, “Lena, can you give us a moment? I have something to tell Supergirl.”

She glanced back and forth between the two, didn’t feel any ill will like before but still gave Reign a look to make sure that there would be no problem between them. Reign joyfully smiled at her while Supergirl nodded and didn’t make eye contact. Silently sighing, Lena left the room. The door was closed behind her.

Lena looked over her shoulder and saw Supergirl crossing her arms, listening to whatever Reign was saying with a serious look. She deliberately walked away, not trying to guess what was being said. Possibly it was best to let Reign show Supergirl the mark on her own terms.

“What do you want to tell me?” Kara said, trying not to sound hateful or annoyed but she wasn’t sure if her voice actually came out like that at all.

Reign observed her with her cautious eyes. Kara was curious about Reign but at the same time, she didn’t want to do anything with her. This woman was strong, she could overpower Clark, Mon-el and her. She hadn’t exaggerated when she claimed that Reign could have defeated all of them if it wasn’t for Lena’s quick thinking to distract her, Kara could have ended up like Mon-el.

“I’m sorry about your boyfriend,” Reign spoke.

Kara frowned. “Mon-el isn’t my boyfriend.”

“Please, Lena isn’t here for you to lie anymore, Kara Danvers.” The fierce brown eyes bored right into Kara’s eyes, sending a wave a slight fear into her chest. How did she find out? Did she tell Lena?

“How did you…?” The Supergirl factor in Kara rose up, she crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes at Reign, who didn’t seem affected by the gaze.

“I can recognize species through their biological structures if I take off my glasses,” Reign threw her legs over the side of the bed, sat up completely with her feet dangling in mid-air, “I don’t have X-ray vision but I can see through enough.”

Kara gulped. The cat was out of the bag. There was nothing else to conceal. “What do you want?
Blackmailing me into doing things for you?"

Reign snickered humorlessly. “You think I’m that petty? No, Supergirl, I don’t want you to do anything for me.”

“Then what do you want?”

Reign looked up, glaring at her with all seriousness. “I want you to tell Lena about your identity.”

“Absolutely not,” Kara didn’t hesitate to answer. This was something she had been debating with herself for a long time. Lena was her friend and she deserved to know. And she had brought herself to the point of telling her many times, just to chicken out at the last minute.

“Why are you lying to her?” Reign asked again.

“Why do you care?” Kara Danvers jumped out of her brain and snapped back. Anyone who saw her right now would have been disappointed with the image of a hero acting like a child.

“Because I care about Lena. Possibly more than you do,” Reign straightforward declared and Kara’s blood boiled. How long had Lena known Reign? Two months?

“You don’t know anything.” The hero in cape stared down at the brunette in front of her. “About me. About Lena.”

“But I know you are Kara Danvers. And if Lena asks me, I won’t lie to her like you do,” Reign hopped off the bed, her height was a match with Kara’s.

“You’re blackmailing me,” Kara accused, fuming from anger.

“Into coming clean about yourself, yes. Lena doesn’t deserve to be lied to by you.” Reign looked down, sad and lonely. “She’ll be devastating to find out from anyone else. So tell her.”

Kara swallowed down her anger because of the way Reign said it, it didn’t feel like she had ulterior motives. She just wanted Kara to say the truth. But why did she have to push?

“What will you gain from this? You already earned Lena’s trust,” Kara squinted her eyes, letting her X-ray vision roaming viciously at the other alien as if her look could kill. And it actually could.

Reign lifted her chin up, challenging. “You have something belongs to her and I want it. I want her to take it back from you and voluntarily give it to me.”

“What is it that you want?” Kara demanded, confused by Reign’s words.

Reign chuckled devilishly. “Why should I make it easy for you? It’s not my fault you can’t see something right under your nose.” The brunette stretched her arms. “For someone who can see through concrete, you are blind.”

Kara had no idea what Reign was talking about but she had a feeling that she should find out. “Are you going to tell Lena about my secret?”

“No, but I also won’t lie for you, if that’s what you’re asking. For now, your secret’s safe with me,” Reign tilted her head and changed the subject, “Did you find any information about my origin?”

Kara told her about the file and when she mentioned the password, Reign had a strange reaction on her face. “Do you know the password?”
Reign frowned, deep in thoughts. Kara wondered if the girl actually knew anything or the additional information only confused her more.

“There’s something I don’t want to show you but I don’t know who else to ask,” Reign sighed and turned her back on Kara, lifting her hair up and exposed her neck. Kara instantly recognized her house’s symbol along with a train of Kryptonian letters. Below it was another word that shook her. It could be translated into English into-

‘Worldkiller No.1 - Property of House El’

Kara blinked several times to adjust with the meaning. Worldkiller? That didn’t sound very good. And ‘Property of House El’ meant what? That Reign was not a living creature?

“Do you understand it?” Reign had already turned around and stared at her curiously, “Is it Kryptonian?”

“Yes. You have to come with me, now.” Kara quickly left the room and knew that the other alien-, no, thing would follow hot behind. She walked past Lena standing in the hall, who worriedly asked her why she was such in a hurry but Kara kept on walking to J’onn’s office and got the file box in front of everyone’s surprised look. Kara brought it to the main control room and told Winn, “Winn, connect this to a translator.”

Her friend quickly installed the device and retreated back. She turned to Reign, whose side had already occupied by Lena. The scene stung at the back of her eyes but she ignored it and told the tanned skinned brunette, “I need to see that again.”

Reign stepped forward, not forgetting to give Lena a reassuring smile. The small gesture kicked at Kara in a way that she didn’t like at all. They seemed so close, they had a bond that she couldn’t say that she had with Lena. Not anymore. What had happened?

Kara read the combination on Reign’s skin and typed it on the file. The lid popped open, a hologram shone above it. It was Zor-El, her father.

“Project Ultimate Protection, proceeded by Zor-El from House of El.”

The mechanical voice of Kara’s father rang across the main room, drawing in everybody’s attention. Kara moved back so she could stand along with Kal and the others, eyes glued to Zor-El’s projection version of himself.


Codename: Reign

Origin: unknown

Genetic Alternative: camouflage ability to adapt its surrounding coming from its origin

Abilities: flight, super strength, agility, endurance, nearly immune to Kryptonite

Weakness: untested

Special traits: determination, respectful to boundaries and orders

Commentary: Reign is designed to follow orders from its owner, strong mental and physical
endurance, lack of sympathy, rely solely on its own logic.

Last entry: This is Zor-El from House of El. I have set up an unknown location for this space pod, with one of my test subjects inside. It is a bioweapon created by the Grand Council to punish lesser planets. There are many more like it, mine is this one. Warning: do not trigger it under any circumstances. I have locked its true ability to hide it away, just in case this pod lands on a habitable planet. If you can read this message, that means Reign has been exposed. Reign is a Worldkiller, born to destroy, be careful. This is my last entry, farewell and I’m sorry.”

Kara stood in the dead silence. Nobody around dared to breathe. When she turned to Reign, the shock on her face was visible. All eyes were on her, the proof of Zor-El’s work, the peak of Krypton’s ashes. Reign was created on Krypton, though unnaturally, that meant she was a part Kryptonian, the remains of its culture.

‘Property of House El’

She thought back on the words tattooed on Reign’s skin, couldn’t help feel guilty that she hadn’t been more aware of her family’s sin. Her father had created a bio weapon and sent it away. What had he expected?

“That’s not me,” Reign spoke, shaking, turning to Lena, “Lena, that's not me. Please, I’m not that thing. I’m not-“

Kara’s mouth dropped open slightly as she watched her best friend pulled Reign into her arms, consoling the shaking brunette with the softest look on her face. The look that herself, as Kara, sometimes caught when they were spending time together.

She knew the feeling welling up inside her. It was envy. It had been a while since Kara last spent time with Lena. Her best friend had now found another friend, and she didn’t like that, though it was what she wanted: more people seeing how good Lena was.

The fact that Reign was a bio weapon called Worldkiller didn’t cool the flame in her down. Kara, not Supergirl, wanted to yank them off and push Reign away. Reign was dangerous. Lena had made the wrong company.

_____________________________________________________

Lena sat still in the car, her eyes were blindfolded. Next to her was Reign, who had stayed quiet all the way back to her home. It was understandable for her to be that way. Too much information in one day and the only thing she craved for wasn’t one of them. She still didn’t know about herself, about her planet, about her home, yet she was labeled as a bioweapon. The DEO was worried, of course, that they had to let her go due to their own rules. Lena had already known it, so she had talked to Director J’onnz about her suitable part in all of this.

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“Are you being serious, Miss Luthor? This is not a joke,” the dark skinned man warningly remarked when she suggested that the DEO should not restrict Reign like they had treated their previous
dangerous aliens before. “She isn’t a regular alien, she’s a Worldkiller. Even on Mars, the White Martians have an idiom about them: A White Martian killing his own men would make him a soft Worldkiller. The most ruthless ones are scared of her kind, do you understand that?”

“Have you even met a Worldkiller?” Lena firmly countered, crossing her arms, her nose flared. “Just because she was born under such reputation, it doesn’t mean that she would go the same way. Believe me, I know it perfectly well, Director.”

His eyes became softer. Lena knew she was playing a bit dirty with bringing her own case into this. She had been wrongfully blamed and labeled to be a bad person for a long time, just because of her last name. Reign was the same. Worldkiller was only a title, a label, a brand that somebody else had placed upon her, she didn’t deserve to be treated as a threat.

“I can’t take only your word for this. I still need to be cautious if I do agree with you,” the Director cast his eyes at the glass wall, where Reign could be seen sitting on a medical bed with her head in her hands, “Miss Flamebird is stronger than the Supers, her weakness isn’t clear. If something like Red Kryptonite happens again, how would we stop her?”

“You have faith in her,” she confidently stated, catching the tall man’s eyes instantly, “Do not assume the worst in people because you’ll be surprised how much a little faith could bring.”

Her mind was filled with Kara’s smile. The first person who never failed to believe in her, to encourage her to be better than her family, than the expectation from everyone. Thanked to her, Supergirl had faith in Lena. And from that, Lena had more chances to prove herself, with them backing her up. Was it because of that she had fallen for Kara? And had a crush on Supergirl? Because they were the only people who had faith in her?

The Director sighed, chewing on his thoughts for a full minute before speaking, “Yes, I understand that. When I got exposed being a Martian, faith was the thing that helped me.” Lena recalled the fuss in National City last year when J’onn J’onzz had been outed as an alien. People had feared him and now people had trusted him. The hope rose in Lena’s heart, comparing J’onn’s and Reign’s situation and saw the similarities. Yes, this was Reign’s chance. “And I’ve made friend with a White Martian, something I thought I’d never do. Because of that, Miss Luthor, I’ve decided to have faith in Miss Flamebird. And in you.”

A wide smile appeared on her lips, joy spilling out of her voice, “Really?”

“Yes. But that’s my own decision. The DEO wouldn’t pose Miss Flamebird as a threat for now.”

‘For now.’

That was not as she had expected. But it was a start.

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“Where are we going?” she heard Reign asking. With a small smile, she turned to the side, where the alien was sitting.

“It’s funny that you ask me. I’m the one with blindfolds, see?” Lena pointed to her face and she felt the rumble from Reign’s arm. She was laughing. Good.

“Hmm, I thought Luthors were supposed to know everything, considering how you bailed me out of that place,” Reign talked about her almost being imprisoned like a joke. It pained Lena because she
had already considered being locked up normal. Reign did not deserve that. “How much did you pay?”

“My other three helicopters,” she joined the joke along. If this made Reign feel better, she could do this. “Now I can’t fly anywhere thanks to you.”

She felt Reign’s hand on hers. She didn’t touch her yet, only the warmth radiating from her palm was telling enough. Knowing that, her heart raced up tremendously. “Rao, you already forgot about our deal? Just ask and I’ll be your helicopter.”

Lena faced her palm up, catching Reign’s hovering hand right above her. The slight gasp from the other woman made her feel a bit embarrassed for no reasons. “You don’t have to do anything. Just be yourself.”

One of Reign’s fingers rubbed on her skin, gentle and affectionate. Was it getting a bit hotter in this car? Had the agent turned on the conditioner?

“Knowing what I knew today, I’m afraid that’s not a good idea.”

Lena turned to Reign, fully aware that she was facing her directly, though being limited by the cloth over her eyes, Reign could still see her perfectly. “Look at me.”

“I am.” Reign’s voice suddenly became more charming than ever. “Alien’s super vision.”

“Worldkiller or not, you are you. To me, you are an excellent scientist with crazy ideas but they always work. To me, you’re an incredible being, not just because of your powers but your ability to make me laugh and feel better. How you were brought into this world doesn’t determine who you are, Reign,” Lena raised a hand to touch Reign’s face and she felt the girl let her cheek rest against her palm. She hadn’t known the way she called out Reign’s name was everything that Reign needed at the moment. Full of hope and positivity. “Just keep being who you have been all these years.”

“Okay.” Lena heard the smile.

“Good.”

A moment of silence passed by and Lena found it awkward to keep her hand on Reign’s cheek too long and was about to retreat it. Reign stopped her by placing her own hand on Lena’s. “Don’t,” she plead, “if I can only have this, let me.” Her voice was shaking a bit like she was about to cry.

The youngest Luthor caught the sting in her eyes. She swallowed back the knot in her throat. How come had she found someone like Reign? She made Lena feel like every touch between them was magical and precious. Reign expressed that in her own way, as direct as possible but never lack subtlety. Her feelings were deafening enough that Lena’s stubborn heart started to hear them.

“What if you can have more than this?” The question jumped out from her trembling lips before she had the chance to rethink.

Lena’s palm took in the stretch of Reign’s smile. Unconsciously, she smiled too.

“A kiss?” Reign whispered. Lena’s heart beat wildly at that two words. Reign definitely heard it.

Lena gulped, not being able to form a word.

“You don’t know how tempting that is,” Reign continued, bringing her face closer to Lena’s. How did she know that? She could felt Reign’s hot breath right on her lips. “A kiss from you would make
Oh no. How reasonable was that? Very.

“That appealing?” she asked, half-intrigued and half-amused.

“That appealing,” Reign answered. After a long second of considering, she pulled away, much to Lena’s surprise. “But not yet. I’ll wait until you’re sure about this, not from a moment of compassion.”

Lena felt shame rising in her chest. Reign was right. She still thought about Kara, still pinned her hopes to be with Kara, even with their little falling out lately. She was still in love with Kara.

But…

There was a ‘but’. Surprisingly.

She wasn’t that in love with the blonde anymore. Not like the nights that she had spent alone fantasizing about what they could have had. Not like the moments she reread every single one of the blonde’s article just to help herself from missing the girl so much. Not like the thrill whenever she heard Kara’s voice over the phone. Those things still presented, but not that much.

She hadn’t even dared to think, to allow herself letting something else, someone else in her heart.

Not that Reign needed any permission. She always kept her boundaries, but her affection just barged in on its own.

Before Lena realized, Reign had already owned a spot. A tiny spot. But a spot nevertheless.

That little spot stayed. And it was persistent.

Now it had grown.

Did she hate it? No.

Did she like it? Maybe. Yes.

Had she told herself to stop having these kinds of thoughts about her friend? Many times.

Could she ever be able to stop? Not really.

Should she be worried about that? No.

Was she excited about this? Yes.

Hmm?

Lena was excited to be flirted by Reign?

Uh oh…

Uh oh, indeed. This was happening again. But she wasn’t afraid. She welcomed it.

She welcomed it when they got off the car, going back to her penthouse, where they spent a silent Sunday night with movies and popcorn together.

She welcomed it when Reign sat a little closer to her.
She welcomed it when the woman fell asleep on her shoulder and she gently let her head down on her lap.

She welcomed it when Reign startled herself from her slumber and Lena genuinely invited her to stay the night, in the guest room, of course.

She welcomed it when Reign slightly squeezed her hand before letting it go and closed the guest room door.

Their ‘good night’ exchanges were not awkward or forced.

Lena hadn’t checked or turned on her phone entire day because she had dedicated today to Reign. Therefore she hadn’t found out about over forty missed calls from the one and only Kara Danvers.

And when she was sitting on the couch with Reign’s head on her lap, a pair of sad blue eyes witnessed that scene silently from across the city. The red cape billowing wildly in the wind, just like the turmoil inside the golden hair hero of National City, finally felt the sting of losing something she didn’t even know she had.

Chapter End Notes

I hope the story is going reasonably :))
Keep Me Sane From All Of My Mind

Chapter Summary

Reign did something.
Kara did something.
Lena also did something.
I hate summaries.
Oh, Reign's POV.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I haven't written in Reign's POV and it feels like I'm missing out something :))

Things are getting heavier!

I don't own any characters, only the mistakes!

I appreciate all the comments, especially the ones with their favorite line. Seems like Reign has some quotes here haha

Enjoy the angst, y'all!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Reign is a Worldkiller, born to destroy, be careful.’

Her eyes popped open when she heard it. Again.

This dream, this terrible dream, this nightmare wasn’t just in her brain. It was her memory of the last thing that man had said. The one who had created her, shaped her and called her ‘Worldkiller’.

His face in the hologram from the file. Reign could never forget that feature. From what she had heard among the distinctive murmuring of the DEO agents, that man was Supergirl’s biological father, Superman’s uncle. She knew she couldn’t trust them for a reason. They must have had a method to inactivate her in their sleeves already.

House of El. She hated the sound of it. That was why she always had the tendency to skip every news about them rescuing people, flying in the sky representing hope to everyone. They were not her hope. They were her doom, the source of her misery. But Reign didn’t care a lot about them to strike back. She just wanted a normal and quiet life among humans.

Lena was something else in the crowd of those humans. While they insulted, belittled and didn’t appreciate her enough, she still helped them, she still forgave them and she still cared about them.
She was the hope that they needed but didn’t want. Not to Reign. Reign needed that, wanted that in her meaningless life.

She remembered when she first crashed the Earth many years ago on a dessert. Unlike the Kryptonians, she wasn’t affected much by the yellow sun, her powers weren’t enhanced. Reign had quickly gotten used to the harsh and merciless environment on the new planet.

That man had made her into a soldier who could adapt to everything around her. She knew for a fact that this appearance she was having now wasn’t her true form. Zor-el had done something to her. Maybe this face, this hair and this skin had been installed to her so that she could never know about her origin, so that they could think of her as another Kryptonian.

After a few years, she could describe herself as an animal on Earth. Chameleon. Reign was a chameleon. She quickly and easily hid herself among people, also her ability to recognize other aliens was a bonus so that she could avoid dangerous situations in which she could be exposed.

Reign was a survivor. She would do everything to survive. And that had been her goal for such a long time.

Until she knew of Lena Luthor.

She first heard about Lena when she had been in Europe, living a life of an ordinary chemist graduate. The fuss about Lex’s scheme in trying to kill Superman by drowning California had brought the name ‘Luthor’ across the ocean. Then she had heard that Lex had a sister, who was in the spotlight of the public, being judged by everyone.

Reign recalled how joyful she had been when she read about Lena’s official statement of changing the company’s name.

“By renaming my company ‘L-Corp’, I want to make it into a force of good.”

Lena’s words had imprinted in Reign’s brain ever since she first heard it on the radio in the lab of the company where she had been working as an employee. Reign had never been so inspired before. Lena had stood against prejudice to step up and turn the falling company around, even though it could be difficult. She didn’t shy away from the obstacles coming from her own kind, and other aliens among them.

Lena was not a survivor, she was a fighter.

That was why Reign wanted to help her, stand by her side.

Lena Luthor was the reason she had moved to National City. Only with the CEO’s moral compass and her firm voice being the guide, Reign had packed things up and determined to contribute herself, her extraterrestrial knowledge and her abilities to this woman, whose face she hadn’t even known. She never cared how Lena looked like. Appearances had never been a problem to her. Who was she to judge others? This look wasn’t even hers.

After she had applied for a job at L-Corp, she quickly found out about the relationship between Lena and Supergirl. It was disheartening for her at first, knowing the only person she adored also was a friend with the person represented what she disliked. Also when she knew about the alien detection device, she had worried that Lena actually hated aliens. But unlike her brother, Lena hadn’t built that device to out aliens, only to do business. Reign had been very sure that one day Lena would rethink her decision on the device. Her faith wasn’t placed in wrong places.

The day that her superior manager announced that the project had been canceled, Reign was up in
the clouds. Lena had never failed her. The youngest Luthor was worthy of everything she had to offer. The Medusa incidence was only a better proof to concrete Reign’s faith in Lena Luthor.

Maybe she had been sent here to help her. It must be it. This was her mission. She had found her purpose in this life.

Accidentally meeting Lena and spending time with her, Reign realized that it wasn’t just adoration she had had for the woman. It was more. It had always been more.

Of course, she hadn’t wished that far. At best, she would only stand from a distance and devote everything to her. Through the days she had been around Lena, Reign had figured out that the raven-haired beauty’s heart already belonged to someone else. But Lena wanted her friendship, and friendship shall she give.

It was torturous actually, to be around Lena and not doing anything to relieve the urge to push the boundaries. Gladly, she always managed. Zor-el had put her behind that line, and she was grateful. Because Rao knew what she would do if she couldn’t control herself. The fear of losing Lena had helped her from following her raw need, from giving in, from being a terrible being.

Being a Worldkiller didn’t sound half as bad as hurting Lena in any way. She would not let Lena be in pain, from her or anyone else.

That was why she hated Kara Danvers aka. Supergirl so much. She could have brought Lena happiness, instead, she brought her sorrow. Reign could have jumped in the sweep a vulnerable Lena away but she didn’t. She had thought she had no chance with Lena.

Everything had changed when they were sitting in that alien bar, their lips had almost touched. When Lena turned away, Reign had understood why humans said ‘broken heart’. In fact, she could hear the pieces dropping to the deepest core of her so-called soul.

From that moment on, Reign had decided that she would not hold back anymore. She would not cross the line but also not stand too far away. Giving Kara Zor-el a chance was her choice to make this a fair battle so that if Lena wanted to choose, it would be justified. Reign didn’t do it for her own sake, she did it for Lena. She wanted Lena to make the decision without the fog of lies, of fake identities, even though she was fully aware of how slim her chance was.

Because honestly, Lena would go for Kara Danvers or Supergirl over her, not to mention they were the same person.

Lena had said the phrase ‘false hope’ to describe the possibility to be with Kara Danvers. Reign understood it perfectly because she was currently living in one. Who knew? Maybe Rao would grant her hopeful dream someday.

Reign left the bed and walked out of the guest room. The sun was coming up, she could sense that the sleeping city was slowly coming to live again. Her eyes darted to Lena’s room, to the peaceful sleeping face that she craved to see first thing in the morning. The vision solely focused on Lena’s lips and Reign could not believe she had turned down the opportunity to kiss them.

Had she been too… what was the word that humans used, oh, noble for her own good?

She’d been so, so close to that goodness. Lena’s heartbeat even sounded like she wanted it. Then her mind just had to picture her own hope being fueled by it, Lena’s struggle to separate their friendship and something more, she’d pulled back because it was the right thing to do. Sometimes she hated doing right. Doing right would result in lots of pain.
Lena was worth it. One way or another.

If one day Rao stood by Reign’s side.

Lena gingerly knocked on the guest room’s door. It was Monday, a work day so she must come to
the company soon. Even so, she wanted to have breakfast with Reign. Her eyes had been going back
to this door after every five minutes to see if Reign had woken up or not. If only she’d had alien
super vision…

She knocked again, harder. No answers.

“Reign?” She twisted the knob. The door wasn’t locked. Nobody was inside. “Reign, are you here?”
No answers. The pillows and blankets were folded neatly on the bed.

Had she left already? Was it too awkward for her to wake up here?

Lena chuckled at the thought. It could not be the case because as far as she knew, Reign wouldn’t be
shy at anything. If anyone, it would her to be the awkward one here.

But where was she?

A thud startled her from the balcony. She quickly walked to the glass door, not very surprised to find
Reign standing there, in a new outfit and two bags of food in her hands. The CEO opened the door
and crossed her arms, a smirk readied on her lips.

“Another special delivery?” she asked, her smirk turned to a gentle smile when she saw Reign
grinning.

“This time is the freshly baked croissant from your favorite French bakery shop,” Reign proudly
gave the bags to Lena. She checked the brand and her mouth dropped.

“No. Way. ‘Madam Carmouche’? You flew to France?” Lena almost shrieked like a child being
given her favorite toy.

Reign snickered. “Of course not. There’s a new store in Metropolis.” The alien stepped inside,
dropping the steamy bag onto Lena’s open palms, a tease coming along. “You think I like you that
much that I would fly to France just to get you croissant?”

Lena blushed at the joke but also retorted back, “I’ve never implied that.”

They both walked to the island in Lena’s kitchen, setting things down. Reign had already bought
coffee for both of them. The taller brunette gave Lena a glance before continuing her tease,
“Actually, I do like you that much and I would have gotten you real croissants from the original store
if today wasn’t Monday. But it is so… sorry.”

The blush on Lena’s cheeks felt hotter. She said before biting into the food, “I hate Mondays.”

“Don’t we all?” Reign grabbed another croissant and quickly digested it, her eyes sending Lena a
The Luthor girl sat straighter under the attentive stare, she faked a warning look on her face. “You sound like you don’t appreciate your job, Miss Flamebird.”

“What’s my job exactly?” Reign countered back, the flirty gaze still didn’t fade. “Protecting Lena Luthor from hunger?”

“I don’t pay you to do that, do I?” Lena arched an eyebrow. “I can handle hunger very well on my own.”

“I know. But you can ask me anytime.” Reign brought her hand to her forehead, saluted comically. “Agent Flamebird, always at your service.”

Lena laughed out loud at the other girl’s silliness. Her eyes fell onto Reign’s outfit and then back up at her eyes. “Did you change your clothes?”

Reign looked down and nodded. “I have to. Or else people would misunderstand things.”

“Misunderstand what?”

“That I do the walk of shame,” Reign smirked triumphantly.

Lena’s face froze for a second before she could mutter a word, “What?”

Reign squinted her eyes like she’d just realized saying something wrong. “Ah, no, not the walk of shame. It should be the flight of shame because, you know, I can fly.” Brown eyes widely opened at Lena like a puppy. “Anything on my face?”

She blinked several times to adjust with the tease and gave the girl a pointed look. “Did you just…?” Lena grabbed the apple on the plate next to her and threw it at Reign, who quickly caught it in a movement of her free hand, laughing like a maniac. “I’ll kill you, Reign!” Lena shouted while her face started losing feelings due to the glaring blush.

“That’s impossible, boss,” the alien replied between her cackling, not taking any of Lena’s threat seriously.

She dropped her breakfast and pointed to the balcony, “Out. I’m kicking you out.”

“Make me,” Reign leaned back on the chair, crossing her arms. “You tiny little human.”

Being provoked, Lena’s competitive nature took over. She jumped off her chair and grabbed Reign’s arm, trying to pull the woman out of her seat.

Of course, she couldn’t. The smirk on Reign’s face only made her pissed off more. She had never had the chance to compare her limited strength to a God-like force. The truth did not change, however, facing it directly, she was aware of how fragile and weak humans were. If one day such powerful aliens like Reign and the Kryptonians decided not to protect the Earth. Lena wouldn’t think like Lex that they would turn their back on Earth, no, only that they would leave this planet, leaving it to its own protection.

If Reign found out about her origin and left…

Oh, only in thoughts, Lena had already felt missing the girl. Reign had already taken a place in her life, making her laugh and also warming her heart, right at the most unexpected places, where she
had reserved solely for Kara.

She stepped back, giving up in the game. Reign was still grinning, unaware of the tornado in her mind. “Have you ever thought about leaving Earth?”

The smile faltered on Reign’s face like a fire being put out by a bucket of cold water. She stood up, her lips trembling. “I-I’m sorry about the joke. Please don’t kick me out of this planet.”

Lena was taken aback by the change of mood from the brunette. One moment, she was all smug and playful, the next, she was the kicked puppy. “What? No, I’m- that’s not what I’m trying to do.”

Reign tilted her head like a confused puppy, “But you just talked about me leaving Earth.”

“I’m curious,” Lena stated the truth.

The alien let out a relieved sigh. “You should have said it. I thought you wanted me to leave the planet.”

Lena chuckled at how Reign over thought her words. “How can I make you leave Earth anyway? I can’t even push you off the chair.”

The tease in Reign’s voice melted into something more sincere and there was a hint of sadness in it. “I can’t stay on the same planet with you if you no longer want me around.”

The seriousness in Reign’s eyes knocked down the joking manners in Lena. “Why not?” she asked with a matching earnest expression.

“Because…” One of Reign’s hand lifted to Lena’s cheek but did not touch her skin, the brown eyes traced somewhere on her face with a rich sense of fondness, “…you are my purpose. My goal. My finish line. What am I without those?” Her scrutinizing gaze lowered down, burning at Lena’s lips. “What am I without you?”

Lena had thought that Reign could not be any more direct with her feelings, yet she had done it again. After each time, Lena found herself taking in every word, every ounce of love radiating from Reign like she needed it. Like she wanted it. Was it because she had been searching for such things? Her heart answered all of her questions with its pumping motion, banging loudly against her chest, waiting to burst out and embraced everything Reign had to offer. She could have never thought that one day she meant this much to somebody. The only thing she wanted was to be trusted, to be accepted as a normal human being with flaws and faults. She yearned for love, from her father, from her brother and from her mother. Each started failing her and finally, she had poured everything she had left to Kara.

From the most hopeless point, when she had nothing left to offer, Reign had walked into her life and didn’t even need anything from her, just herself.

Just being Lena was enough.

“You’re not going to be without me,” Lena finally answered Reign’s rhetorical question, which she had taken very seriously. She gently pressed Reign’s hand onto her cheek, seeing the other girl’s irises growing wider by the excitement and smiled. “I can’t give you any promises yet but I certainly want you in my life.”

Reign took a step closer, slowly dropping her head down on Lena’s. Their forehead pinned against each other, gaze holding and breathing got harder.
“You seriously need to get yourself a gun, Lena,” the taller brunette said, fanning hot air from her lips onto Lena’s nose. Height difference suddenly didn’t sound very bad.

A small laugh danced at her mouth. “Why?”

“Because I need you to shoot me every time you say something like that again.” Reign’s hand found Lena’s waist and stayed there, digging into her shirt. “I need to know that this is real life.”

“It is.” Lena licked her lips unconsciously. Reign’s jaw tightened as a reaction to that.

“Rao, you’re driving me insane,” the taller brunette gently but firmly led Lena away from her personal space, “I have to go, like right now because we both have to go to work today.”

Lena helped Reign, and also herself, by stepping back, putting some space between them. “See you soon.”

Reign walked to the balcony backward, successfully avoiding every furniture on her way. Lena followed her until she was standing on the edge of the wall. “Catch ya later.”

With a last grin, Reign crouched down and bounced herself off into the sky. Lena tried to find her but failed because the dark haired alien had gone through the clouds in a blink of an eye. Still, she was able to hear the girl’s joyful yell and couldn’t help smiling to herself.

It was a nice way to start a day.

~‘Miss Luthor, Kara Danvers is here.’~

Lena was startled by Jess’ voice from the intercom. Quickly pressing the answer button, she ushered Jess to let the reporter in.

Timid footsteps could be heard as well as Lena’s quickened heartbeat. Kara had called ten minutes ago to ask for an appointment. Normally Lena wouldn’t mind seeing the bubbly blonde again and she never questioned Kara the reasons behind her sudden visits. But there was something urgent in Kara’s voice that Lena felt like she should definitely meet the blonde right away. So she had canceled all of her afternoon appointments and waited for Kara.

The first thing Lena saw through the gap between the doors was a box of donuts. Lena smiled and greeted immediately, “Isn’t this my favorite lunch lady?”

The reporter walked into the frame, giggling while pushing her glasses up. Kara never let her glasses fall off her face.

Reign had done it many times.

Lena slightly shook her head to push away Reign’s smiley face to the back of her mind when she joined Kara on the couch, anxious to know why Kara had come.

Since when Kara needed a reason to come and visit her? Since when Lena questioned it? Didn’t she
always want that, no matter when?

“How have you been lately?” Kara asked shyly. The question made Lena’s heart race because of the care. But just a little. Not as wildly as she had expected.

“I’m great, actually.” Lena sat back on the couch, proudly claimed, “I’ve made a new friend.”

Kara touched her glasses, didn’t seem very surprised. “Yes, I know.”

“You do? Did Supergirl tell you?” Lena came up with the only possible outcome. Then her brain squeezed out another one, “Or was it your sister?”

“It doesn’t matter who told me. I’m glad you have found someone.” Kara said it with a neutral happy face. Somehow it appeared to be less enthusiastic than Lena had thought Kara would. Was something wrong with Kara? Was she sick? “I actually need to tell you something. Something I wanted to tell you for a long time but I couldn’t. Until now.”

The seriousness scared Lena a bit. Could it be something about Mike? Had he been hurt that badly? No, it couldn’t be. Or had they broken up? Lena shamelessly felt a bit hopeful with that thought alone. Then she mentally smacked herself for thinking about something that could result in Kara’s sorrow.

“Okay, what is it?” she asked, her voice shook a bit.

Kara stood up and took a deep breath. Her body language was screaming nervousness and Lena’s hands started sweating. Her mind started coming up with thousands of possibilities then disappeared when Kara began to unbutton her shirt.

Blood rushed to her face as she stuttered, “K-Kara, wh-what are you doing?”

“Don’t be mad at me and please, don’t freak out, okay?” Kara said with pleading in her eyes.

*Oh my God! Oh my God! OH MY GOD!!!*

Lena’s brain was on fire. She could never, even in her dirtiest dream, think that Kara Danvers would ever strip her clothes in her office, right in front of her, begging her not to freak out. Of course she was freaking out! Her mouth dropped so low it practically dangled from her skull because her colorful imagination was making up images from her dream of what could be hidden under Kara’s daily blazers and shirts.

Lena had many versions of what it could be.

It was definitely not *that*.

Slowly coming into her sight was, without a doubt, the texture of the giant S, shaped in a diamond, proudly represented the House of El, an undeniable symbol of hope. Her eyes stalked Kara’s hands, reaching up to her ponytail and took it off, letting her blonde waves free. Finally, she took off the glasses.

The look was complete.

Lena felt a weight on her chest being lifted, at the same time, another one was placed on it.

“Y-you are…” she could not even finish her sentence due to the shock of being blind to something so obvious. Kara Danvers was an alien, and not just *any* alien, she was Supergirl.
Kara, no, Supergirl was staring at her without the firm and confident look in her eyes. And the scar above her left eyebrow, how could Lena miss it? She’d been in love with Kara for so long and at the same time had a huge crush on Supergirl. And they were the same person all along?

What the hell…

“Lena, I’m Supergirl.” Kara started speaking but Lena was still in shock.

“I can see that now,” she responded, trying not to sound upset. But she was upset. Not at Kara or Supergirl but at herself for not seeing things right in front of her. “You are her. So that means you’ve been saving me all along. Every time Supergirl saved me, it was you.”

Kara nodded. “It was me.”

Lena slowly stood up, her eyes still focused on the blonde. “Mike. Of course! He’s always around you and Supergirl. You, I can get it but why Supergirl? It’s so obvious! And yesterday! Holy crap! I yelled at you yesterday. I’m so sorry, Kara.”

The blonde’s lips stretched into a relieved smile. “It’s okay, Lena. I’m not holding anything against you. I was hoping that you weren’t mad I kept this secret from you.”

“Why would I be mad?” Lena still observed the alien in front of her closely like this was the first time she had met her.

“Because you would think that I don’t trust you and you would blame yourself and I don’t want you to think that at all.” Kara started rambling and Lena honestly missed this. A smile appeared on her face as she listened to her favorite reporter going on and on about why she hadn’t told Lena about this until now. “It’s just that everyone in my life knows about me being Supergirl, but not you. Around you, I can be just me, just Kara. It sounds selfish, I know. That’s why I’m telling you this now. You are my best friend, Lena. I don’t want to lie to you anymore. I don’t want you to hate me.”

Lena placed a hand on Kara’s shoulder, softly asked, “Why would I hate you? That’s impossible.”

“Because we haven’t been around each other much lately and you’ve made a new friend and I feel like we’ve stopped being friends.” Kara sadly looked into Lena’s eyes with her big, round and blue as sky Kryptonian eyes that she should have recognized anywhere.

As an instinct, Lena wrapped her arms around the blonde, as a gesture of friendship, even though her heart would probably explode. “We would always be friends, Kara. Just because I have another person in my life, it doesn’t mean that I would write you out.” She smiled when she felt the tight embrace around her. “Nothing is going to change between us, Kara.”

It must be painful, saying those things out loud herself. It still was, but somehow it was less painful than she had expected. Lena had just declared herself into the friendzone forever and it actually wasn’t that bad. She knew for a fact that between Kara’s friendship and a chance of winning her heart, she would always go for the former. The latter would be amazing if she didn’t have to give up their already beautiful connection. She didn’t even have to think, she just knew.

And deep down, she wondered if this had anything to do with Reign. Maybe it did. The way Reign always filled up the void in Lena’s heart, the way she made Lena blush, the way she gazed at Lena like she wanted to say something but was afraid that it would cross a line, everything about Reign had never been just one, it had always been more than one.

Lena let go of the embrace and smirked at Kara. The blonde giggled and started buttoning her shirt. It was odd, seeing Kara being not just Kara but also Supergirl. Lena had thought Kara as her whole
world and she still didn’t know about Kara’s.

“Thank you for not getting mad,” Kara sat down, combing her fingers through her hair and tied it up.

“You have your reasons, I get it.” She nodded, pointing at the donut box, “Is that for me?”

“Just in case you get mad,” Kara grinned, as bright as the sun.

“I didn’t get mad. Does that mean I can’t eat them?” she teased.

“Nonsense! Please, have them all!” Kara pushed the box towards Lena.

“Thank you,” she laughed and touched the lid, “I’ll save it for lunch later.”

Kara checked the clock, joyfully announced, “It’s almost lunch time anyway. We can have our lunch date again.”

The word ‘date’ punched into Lena’s chest because she knew it meant differently to the blonde. The CEO politely declined the offer, “I’d love to do that, but maybe another day. I already have plans with Reign.”

The excitement on Kara’s face faltered. “Oh, of course.” Kara gingerly smiled but it didn’t her ears. “Well, I should go then.” The blonde stood up, shyly gestured the door. “And I’ll go this way, just in case Jess wonders how I get out of here.”

Lena followed her and added, “We’ll have that lunch this week, okay?”

“Okay, great!” Kara raised her thumbs up, “Bye, Lena.” She opened the door.

“Bye, Kara.” Lena’s smile stayed after the blonde had gone out of her sight. She quickly returned to the couch and waited for Reign.

Right on time, she heard the knocking at the balcony. A gigantic grin painted on her lips as she watched the tall brunette walking through the frame. Reign always picked the balcony to come in because she thought Jess didn’t like her.

They continued their lunch routine like any other day, which was something Lena was grateful of. Reign had been her source of consolation and slowly was becoming another source of her happiness. If she could imagine being a platonic friend to Kara, somehow she couldn’t do the same with Reign.

Lena had gone through a nice Monday like that.

Of course, she hadn’t known that Reign had already been outside her office for much longer than she had thought. Therefore she had seen Kara’s revelation and how Lena had reacted to that. She had only observed, tried not to interfere, even if the light paper bag in her hand suddenly felt so heavy.

Written on the bag was ‘Madame Carmouche l’original’.

Three hours ago, she had gotten the permission to get a break soon because she had always completed her tasks quicker than anyone else. Alien super-speed always came in handy. It was a bit exhausted flying too fast but seeing the reaction of disbelief on Lena’s face, it was worth it.

It was worth everything, even the ongoing pain in her chest when she saw Lena hugging Supergirl, realizing that Lena wouldn’t take back her heart from the blonde anytime soon.
This chapter is like a mirror of the previous one but not as sad

Does anybody notice anything about the titles of the chapters? No? Okay then...

I'll try to respond to every comment if I have the time :))

Thanks guys!
**Make It Known For Being As Kind**

Chapter Summary

Something happened to Reign and Lena took care of her

Alex’s POV

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a mess. I started and the events just came up :)) That's why I can't really summarize anything.

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes.

Enjoy and don't be mad at me for anything because I'm sorry, my mind is a mess!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reign’s strength was known.

Well known. Limited in the underground alien community only, still, it was weighed on with something.

Not that she wanted to show off. No. It would be stupid and reckless, considering her tendencies to lay low and pass by others. Or the importance of her daily job at L-Corp.

It had been an accident. Someone got robbed. She chose not to standby just because she didn’t want to go home and lose sleep over a stranger’s misery.

She had compromised the thief’s work, which resulted in her name being brought up in the midst of an alien gang. Yikes.

Of course, they had come for her, laughed at how fragile she looked and begged at her feet when they were all down. From that moment on, Reign had been named ‘Lady Ruler’ in the alien underground world of National City. Lady Ruler was a stupid name but she couldn’t go around every hidden bar or club house and convince them to stop calling her that.

Many had come to challenge her, desiring a chance to defeat her and proving them as ‘badass’ or simply just wanted a fight. Reign never shied away from it, not that she enjoyed beating people up but she needed to keep herself untouchable or else she would lose the grip of control over any situation. If one person could knock her down, they would all come for her. Sometimes she wanted to be defeated just to get this idiotic dead weight down but her peaceful life had been bought by it. Her apartment was not as large as a penthouse but it was also not a dumpster. Pretty decent, honestly. It was handed to her, from that same alien gang, because they thought she deserved a nice place for kicking their ass.

She still paid the rent like any other regular citizen, though the landlord woman, who must have
heard about her scary strength, which was blown up through the roof with rumors, always seemed like she was about to pass out every time she took the money from Reign. It had gotten better lately because she never caused any problems like any other renter. Reign always followed the rules.

With such reputation, Reign had never been bothered and her friends shared the same privilege. It was such dumb luck that the DEO hadn’t even heard about her or her unclaimed underground name. Reign could have enjoyed the rest of her life without knowing that she was considered the Sewer’s Queen. Once again, another dumb nickname.

Well, things went down the drain the moment she walked into that bar with Lena Luthor. The aliens might hadn’t started anything that day, but behind her back, they had done a little meeting about how they should treat her, their self-claim leader, after she had done such a treasonous act as hanging out with a Luthor.

From that day on, the challenges and provoking letters had increased like a flood. But that wasn’t a match for the day they figured out she had come to the DEO. Reign suspected a mole inside the agency since she had thought the news would never meet the daylight. Yet here she was, facing another fighting challenger who was triple size as hers, glaring his glowing red eyes, three of them, in this stinky sewer, while being cheered on by the blood-thirsty crowd.

*Here goes nothing.*

Reign had prepared to play with him. But he had come to play dirty.

At the moment she was about to turn away while he had been knocked to the ground, something sharp was injected right onto her right calf. Looking down, alarmed, Reign saw a shiny thing being stabbed across her skin, which should be impossible. Provoked and pissed, she kicked at his face, sending him bouncing off the ground two times before smashing against a poll and passed out.

Reign crouched down, yanking off the annoyance between her skin and studied the piece closely. It was a syringe with a green needle on the top. Something was dripping off the pointy tip. Reign took a whiff and coughed violently. This nauseous sensation was familiar, too familiar.

*Kryptonite.*

Liquid form. All of it had been injected into her leg.

How the heck had this low-life thief gotten his hand on such an exquisite material? Not to mention that the color wasn’t the typical green Kryptonite that was known as the Supers’ greatest weakness.

It was red.

Something alarming rose inside Reign but the stab spot didn’t feel any different. She didn’t even feel pain.

Maybe it was nothing. Zor-el had said that she was nearly immune to Kryptonite. Green or red, it didn’t matter.
“Jess, can you please check again if Miss Flamebird is presented at the lab? Thank you.”

Lena’s finger left the button on the intercom, a wave of worries surged over her heart. Reign had never been late to work. Ever. Today she hadn’t even shown up. The lab team leader, Leo Higgs, had mentioned that in the daily report. Reign was the newest member, that meant it was her duty to deliver the report to Lena so she could keep track on the projects.

Higgs thought that Reign might be sick so he had registered for Reign a day off or else she would lose an entire day of payment according to the contract. Lena quickly signed the permission paper and let him out.

Reign was not sick. Reign could not be sick.

If Lex’s file about Superman had enough information about Kryptonians, it was plausible that they would not be affected by viruses or diseases like humans. It must have been the same with Reign. Therefore, Lena believed something had happened to Reign.

As soon as her lunch break started, Lena quickly cleaned up her desk and left the office, not forgetting to remind Jess that she could return to the office late. The secretary appeared to be curious but she didn’t ask anything. Even when Lena demanded Reign’s address. As CEO, she could learn her employee’s emergency contacts or in a critical situation, their addresses, so Lena supposed she hadn’t broken or violated any rules for knowing Reign’s residential location.

Besides, Reign already knew where she lived. As friends, it was a normal thing to visit each other’s home. Just like how she knew where Kara lived. Typical platonic friendship kinds of stuff.

The ride to Reign’s house was not as quickly as she had expected. Her house was hard to find. Lena’s driver had to ask the pedestrians over and over for the correct street, correct block and correct house number. It didn’t surprise Lena that Reign lived in an apartment. The alien didn’t look like the house with white fences kind of gal.

She quickly found Reign’s last name among about twenty writing styles on the side of the main door. The alien’s signature writing stood out the most because Lena had gotten used to reading reports written by her. She pressed the doorbell and waited.

Nothing.

She pressed again.

Still nothing.

Her eyes searched for another information, another way. The landlord. Mrs. Chopps. She pressed on the name.

Lazy footsteps could be heard behind the rusty door. With many clicking and swiping noises, the heavy thing finally pulled back, revealing an old lady with thick glasses hanging between her saggy breasts. Her eyes couldn’t see very clearly, judging by the way she squinted her eyes at Lena.

“Hello?” she asked. Lena could smell the heavy scent of nicotine smoke in the space between them.

“Hi, you must be Mrs. Chopps.”

“Yes. Are you looking for an apartment?”

“No, I’m not. I’m here for someone but I pressed the bell and she didn’t answer. Can you let me in?”
Lena replied with the most polite tone possible, though her throat was about to be ripped apart due to the heavy annoying scent.

“Sure. Who are you looking for, lady?” Mrs. Chopps turned around, didn’t very hesitate to let a complete stranger inside. An admirable courage or a big mistake. Luckily that Lena had no ill intentions but she worried for the old lady’s next encounter with another stranger.

“Miss Flamebird,” she answered and Mrs. Chopps froze at her place at the bottom of the stairs.

The old lady seemed to be surprised by the name. Lena would try not to read too much in this because Lena hadn’t learned a lot about Reign’s personal life.

“Oh,” Mrs. Chopps let out a shaky sigh, “Reign Flamebird. Top floor. We have to use the elevator then. I’m too old for stairs.”

Lena nodded and followed the lady into the cabin.

While they were on the ride to the sixth floor, Mrs. Chopps asked, “What is your relationship with Reign, lady, if you don’t mind?”

Lena took a few seconds to register the question into her mind before answered, “I’m her friend. Why?” The word ‘friend’ felt a bit odd at the tip of her tongue, considering how Reign usually expressed her feelings for Lena, which made their friendship a little more complex. They were friends but at the same time, not just friends. If Lena had had a friend phrase with Kara before she completely fell for the blonde, it wasn’t the same with Reign. The boundary between the friendly and the flirty interactions had been blurred since the start. Lena wondered if it had ever existed.

Mrs. Chopps shrugged, “I’m just very curious. She rarely brings anyone home. I only see her when it’s time for payment. She never missed a month, which is why she’s my favorite renter.” The old lady smiled, giving out such information that Lena had never asked or needed to know about Reign. Her friend had a quiet life outside her job. Very quiet. Lena had an impression that even Barney or Chuck had not been here ever. It was strange, considering how sociable Reign was. Maybe it was not for everyone.

Then a thought struck Lena.

Maybe Reign wouldn’t want her to come here at all.

By the time that thought appeared in her brain, Mrs. Chopps had already slid her key in the lock after several unanswered knocks.

Too late to back down now, Lena grimly thought.

The creaking of the door startled Lena. Mrs. Chopps pushed it open and called out to Reign. When there was no answer, she stepped in and looked around, then sighed ‘ah’ loudly. She pointed to a corner and Lena walked in, gingerly, to see what she was looking at.

Reign was lying on the bed, sleeping like a log. The weight was nearly lifted off her chest that nothing dangerous had happened to the alien.

“I’ll leave you here, lady. I’ll be on the ground floor if you need me.” With that, Mrs. Chopps left.

Standing alone in Reign’s apartment, Lena felt alienated (pun intended) a little by the personal things surrounding her. There she saw some mugs, a few plates along with forks and knives. No pictures of any kind.
She walked over to Reign’s bed and gently shook the girl’s shoulder. “Reign.”

The other brunette didn’t move, continued to snore silently. Which was cute. Lena tried again with a smile.

“Reign, wake up.”

“...Lena.”

The CEO stood straight up when she heard the response. Then she realized Reign was talking in her sleep. With Cheshire smile.

And she called out her name. In a dearly way. Her heart twisted at the thought of being dreamed of.

Now uncertainty came upon her. Should she even wake Reign up right now? Judging by the grin on her face, it was a good dream. Lena should leave it at that.

Looking back at the sink, Lena expected to find unwashed dishes or anything for her to do while she waited for Reign to wake up. There were some, so she took off the coat, putting down her bag and rolled up the sleeves.

She washed them. Then she cleaned the table.

As a habit, she checked the fridge and sighed when Reign’s food supplies were even less than at her house. So she left the apartment, bringing the key hanging right at the door and walked to the nearest grocery shop.

This is what friends do. I’m not crossing any line.

She thought so when she was frying the eggs. Friends did things like this all the time. Reign had cooked for her a few times and she was doing exactly the same. Friends cooked food for each other.

But then…

Making breakfast, no, lunch because this was lunch time, for someone who was still lying on their bed, using their kitchen and basically taking care of them. It felt not so platonic at all. Lena recalled the last time she had done something like this for anyone. Was it Jack? Too long ago, when she still had had this normal life, working with a clever guy to make the world a better place. Lena might have had a vision of a life like that, in which the hardest thing to do was to make the other half happy.

When Lex tried to drown California, that vision shattered because, honestly, it had never been realistic. Jack had always been a family person and so was Lena, but she had a debt to pay. The debt of being a Luthor and the responsibility to turn the company around. Lena had let go of that dream easily like she just dropped an egg and left it there. Their break-up wasn’t pleasant and she hadn’t expected it to be.

Lena had left Metropolis, along with the simple want of making someone an omelet.

Falling in love with Kara was unexpected. Maybe it was the situation of being in love with someone whose heart had already belonged to someone else had pulled her back from dreaming more. The most from Kara that Lena wanted reasonably was the relationship, any kind of it. Lena hadn’t dared to think that one day she would make Kara an omelet.

Yet, she was doing it right now. For Reign. And it felt right. Natural, even.
Possibly this was only her tendency of losing herself in the moment and letting her heart fly everywhere when she was alone with her thoughts. She thought about Reign, then about Kara, about Kara and Mike (she didn’t want to call him Mon-el because she wanted to think of him as a human douchebag, alien douchebag sounded much worse) and then back at Reign.

How come Reign liked her? She appreciated that a lot, just, she didn’t know why. Every time Reign gave her a look, the look of I-want-to-say-a-lot-but-I’ll-just-make-you-nervous-with-my-eyes-instead, Lena had gone a little bit further into the belief that Reign and she had never been just inside the friendship territory.

Would anyone be able to explain why they liked somebody?

Lena loved Kara because Kara had always been the only person to have faith in her, to see her as who she really was. Kara not reciprocating her feelings wasn’t hard to analyze.

Things were a bit different with Reign.

Lena liked Reign and she couldn’t explain it. Maybe Reign liked her in an enigmatic way as well. There were strings between them, involving in every conversation, every touch and every word like a spider web that caught her when she fell.

The question was, would she want to leave that web? Or she had already glued herself to it? Or she was still at the edge?

“...Lena?”

The hoarse voice coming from the other side of the room startled her, making her almost drop the omelet a little too far away from the plate. She turned around and saw Reign slowly climbing out of the sheets, rubbing her eyes and yawning widely.

“Hey, how are you feeling?” she asked, putting the pan into the sink and mentally noted herself to wash it later. Rinsing her hands with water and soap, she tilted her head at the plate. “Perfect timing.”

But Reign didn’t come close to the plate. She came close to her and wrapped her arms around Lena’s waist from behind, her back met with Reign’s front instantly. Her hands froze under the running water as she gulped, heat began to conquer her face.

“What are you doing here?” Reign mumbled next to her ear. The rumbling from the taller brunette’s throat turned Lena’s senses to the highest level of sensitivity.

She cleared her throat and turned off the faucet. “You didn’t come to work so I came to check on you.”

Reign hummed, “I’m fine, just a bit sleepy.”

“You’ve been sleeping through noon. I got worried,” Lena said, noticed how Reign’s fingers started wandering on her stomach, even through the layer of her dress, she still felt incredibly hot under the touch. Something felt weird. Reign seemed bolder than usual.

“You kept me awake last night,” Reign purred seductively, spinning Lena around to face her. That grin appeared again. That content smiley face seemed so… off.

“How so?” Lena asked, alarmed by the abnormal behavior from the alien.

“I keep thinking about you,” Reign smiled idiotically, then a little sheepishly, “in a dirty way.”
Now Lena was fully alarmed. This wasn’t Reign. Well, wasn’t entirely her. Reign did tease her a lot but never like this. This Reign was too smiley, too happy and too forward. The embrace around her suddenly felt too firm, too pushy. She needed help.

“Reign, I need to call someone. Can you sit down and eat the food?” Lena gestured her bag. Fortunately, Reign let go of her and seated herself clumsily on the chair.

With the grin still presenting on her lips, Reign answered, “Anything for the best human in the world.”

*Okay, this is serious.*

Alex had never thought that she would take this call.

When Kara had gone out to deal with a rampage from a group of aliens from the underground, Alex expected to receive aiding calls or simply reporting on the situation. Not this.

*“Lena needs to talk to you!”*

Just like that, her intercom was connected to Lena’s private phone. Kara had told Winn to do it because whatever was happening on the other side of the line, it must be serious but Kara couldn’t pause fighting and started chatting.

“How, Lena?”

*“Is that Alex, Kara’s sister?”*

“Yes, it’s me. Kara told me you’re having trouble. What can I do?”

*“Um, actually it’s not me. It’s Reign.”*

What? The mysterious alien with the strength of a buff Kryptonian?

“What happened to her?”

*“I don’t know. She doesn’t act normal and I’m worried. Can you come over, please?”*

The pleading in Lena’s voice wasn’t what Alex had thought she would hear. Lena Luthor was a strong and independent woman who would never ask for help. Now she was begging Alex. J’onn had advised Alex to be cautious, especially now since Kara had told Lena her identity (something her sister had done without consulting anyone but thank God that the Luthor girl didn’t use that information to do any harm, yet). Helping Lena would only profit the DEO and Kara. Also, Alex had a personal motive to get a chat with Lena. Who was this woman and how did she make Kara like that? Like the jealous puppy who got mad when the owner was paying attention to the cat who lived under the same roof.

Alex sprinted to the car and drove to the address Lena had given her. Quickly being let in, she climbed the stairs to the highest floor and knocked on the door with the number 6A on it.
Something ruffling behind the door before it was opened. A surprised Lena was found behind it.

“You came,” she exclaimed, calm and collected.

“Well, you asked,” Alex dryly answered and then regretted it, gave the girl a smile, “Where’s the fuss?”

Lena pushed the door wider and revealed a floating brunette, grinning at the ceiling.

“That,” Lena spoke.

“That,” Alex repeated and then turned to the CEO, “Doesn’t she do this a lot?”

“No, I don’t think so.” Lena shook her head. “Reign is secretive about her power. She wouldn’t just *drift* like that.”

Alex arched an eyebrow, mentally noted at how Lena seemed to know the alien well. They were friends, of course they were close. She walked to Reign and nicely asked, “Hi, I’m Alex. Remember me?”

Reign made a dramatic twirl and pointing her finger at her. “Agent Danvers!”

“Yes, that’s me. Can you touch the ground so I can check your health?” Alex started putting on her rubber gloves and halted when she saw Reign turned her head downward and let the tip of her index finger met the floor. “What are you doing?”

“I’m touching the ground like you ask.”

Alex looked at Lena, who was staring back at her with worried between her brows. “Can you talk to her so we can get her into the car? We can’t let her being exposed in the middle of the residence.”

“I’ll try,” Lena answered and faced Reign, “Rey, would you come with me somewhere?”

*Rey? Are they calling each other pet names already?*

Alex tried not to interfere with Lena’s way because it was working. Levitating Reign slowly lowered herself down and grinning like a fool at Lena. That look could be easily mistaken for the lover look, the kind that you gave someone you were head over heels for.

They hurriedly got to the car, mostly because Reign started floating again and Lena had to pull her down like a child trying to keep the giant balloon from drifting away. The alien stopped flying once Lena and Alex successfully strapped her down with the seatbelt. Alex told Lena to sit next to the alien and she drove away.

“Can you tell me how long has she been like this?” she asked as soon as they were on the road.

“I’m not sure how long but she slept through the morning and woke up like that.” Alex’s eyes flickered to the mirror and caught a glance of how Reign was staring at Lena. That lover look.

“What about last night? Did something happen to her?” her mind started going through the symptoms. The content smiley face, the carefree attitude, the over joy voice.

“Um, maybe, I guess?” Lena sounded worried.

“You don’t know?”
“Why would I know?”

“I thought you two are-, you know…” Alex trailed off to let Lena finish. But the brunette’s jaw dropped a little and her cheek flushed terribly. *Oops.*

“No, we’re not- I’m not- she’s-,” Lena cleared her throat, “We’re not like that. We’re friends.”

“I’m sorry for jumping to conclusion,” Alex glanced back to the road, mentally crossing out the first theory listed in her head. Yes, she had made a mental list of the possible situation between Lena, Reign and Kara to make sure this was the mess she was thinking of.

“Reign and I are friends,” Lena said again, sounded less certain in Alex’s ears.

They didn’t talk more after that.

The DEO worked up again with the news that Reign Worldkiller would come again. J’onn had calmed them down with a short speech and joined her along with Vasquez, Winn, Lena and Reign in the examining room.

When Alex was waiting for the results to be printed, she stood and watched as J’onn mind-read the alien grinning girl.

“Nothing. Just very happy thoughts,” he concluded, “All about science and cartoon animations.” He cleared his throat, frowned and added, “And Lena.”

“Me?” the said brunette spoke up, confused, “I’m sorry, what about me?”

“Happy thoughts,” J’onn repeated, uncomfortable with the fact that he had to say something out loud, “very happy thoughts. Very *personal* happy thoughts.”

Alex almost burst out laughing.

J’onn just saw Reign’s dirty mind.

The Martian and the CEO blushed furiously with two different reasons. Although this was entertaining, Alex decided to step in and let J’onn off the hook.

“Okay, thank you, Director,” she gestured outside, “I think you’re needed.”

“Of course,” J’onn almost flew out of the room, glaring at a chuckling Winn.

Agent Vasquez yanked the paper out from the printer, holding out to Alex. With a quick glance, Alex’s eyes widened. She frantically re-read the thing to check if she had mistaken.

“What is it? Why do you look so frightened?” Lena worriedly asked, the blush had gone. Alex looked back at Reign, who was lying on the sun bed. That smiley face, slow movements, the hyper excitement, the drowsy eyes and the lover look.

“She’s... high.”

A drop of silence was heard.

“What?” Winn was the first one to react, “High? Like drug, marijuana *high high*?”

“I don’t think it’s marijuana. It can’t put any effect on aliens.” Alex dragged her finger across the paper and found the exact thing that could and definitely the reason for Reign’s current state.

“*Xenopentes Vitticeps.* That’s our guy.”
“Hold up,” Winn raised a palm, “Is this the same thing that makes aliens sleepy recently?”

“Correct. I believe there’s a system underground,” Vasquez nodded and turned to Alex, “Gather every other file and put it on my desk. Bring the medical treatment paper along. We’ll need it.”

Nobody had been killed by this drug but the effect won’t wear out after seven days. Luckily, the medical team was currently working on the cure.

“She’s high…”

Alex looked up from the paper when she heard Lena’s voice. It sounded broken. And very pained. Lena was staring at Reign, who was still trapped in her blissfully hyper reality somewhere in her head. The youngest Luthor’s eyes filled with sorrow and compassion. It was a soft look you always saved to give to the people you deeply cared about.

“She…” she called and the brunette met her gaze, “I know this thing, I can help her.”

“Thank you,” Lena said with gratitude.

Alex only nodded and gestured the other two agents to leave the room. Her mind started to work through the obstacles and tried to remember when she had encountered this drug name.

Talking about drugs and crime, that meant talking to Maggie Sawyer.

Alex might have had another lead on the case that her girlfriend was in charged and it would be justified that she had forgotten to inform Supergirl about a high alien in the DEO. A high alien who had unintentionally built a mess for both a Luthor and a Super.

________________________________________

“Do you know what’s my favorite color on Earth?”

Lena smiled when she heard Reign’s drowsy question. “No. What is it?” She had been sitting in the DEO, next to Reign’s bed for ten minutes when the alien girl started stating questions.

“Black,” Reign giggled and continued, “do you know why?”

“No, why?”

“Because everything is black when the sun is gone,” Reign answered her own question. “I also like it because your hair is black too.”

“Thank you, Reign,” she dearly replied.

“I like many things about you, Lena, do you know that?”

Lena was about to say ‘no’ but somehow she ended up saying, “Yes.” It was hard to miss when Reign kept telling her.

“Really?” Reign sat right up, wide eyes staring at her, looking inexplicably happy, “Silly me, you are
a genius, of course you know! But do you know what I like most from you?"

Lena shook her head.

“Your voice, Lena.” Reign’s grin melted down into a softer look, she lazily lifted one finger and tapped gently on her ear, “I really like your voice.”

Something warm crawling inside Lena’s chest. Reign was high, indeed. She might not remember or even have any idea what she was talking about but every word coming from her oozed with true affection and so genuine that Lena found herself considering that Reign was telling the truth.

“Thank you. Can you tell me why?” she prompted.

Reign nodded like a knife banging down on the chopping board. “I heard your voice on the radio when I was aaaaaall the way across the ocean. You sounded amazing with the-” Reign frowned, pretending to be serious and lowered her voice a little, imitating Lena’s, “‘By renaming my company L-Corp, I want to make it into the force of good’. It was brilliant, Lena!”

She blushed a bit at the praise. Sometimes she felt like Reign was looking at everyone else normally but at her, she always saw through a rose color glass.

“It’s just a speech,” she replied, trying to play it down because it felt weird being praised for saying such simple thing.

“It’s not just a speech,” Reign grinned again, “You motivated me with it. I moved to this city to help you achieve that goal!”

The blush grew larger now. Lena had never expected to hear that she was the reason to change someone’s life. The Luthor name had been the symbol to many terrible deeds, not positive inspirations. Reign always said such surprising things. Lena didn’t mean to take advantages of the girl’s situation but the curiosity really defeated her.

“I’m sorry for making you move.”

“Are you kidding me? That’s the greatest decision ever! Thanks to it, I got to work for you and meet you in person.” Reign excitedly explained, grabbing Lena’s hands. “I’m your biggest fan.”

Lena laughed out loud. Lena Luthor had a fan, who was an alien, who had moved across the continents to work for her. Reign was a hard-working employee, and now she was also a devotional one.

“I’m honored,” she admitted truthfully.

Reign glanced left and right, whispered scandalously, “There’s another reason why I moved.”

Intrigued, Lena leaned over and prepared for something funny. “Yeah?”

Reign’s smile became brighter like the sun. “On this planet and in this language, the best way to say it is: I love you.”

Lena blinked a few times, actually too shocked to form any word. Her jaw dropped to the ground and she didn’t even think about picking it up. Her skin got hotter and the world seemed so far away. All of her senses focused on Reign and her last three words.

‘I love you.’
She gulped violently. Her heart was too loud to think at the moment, her head was getting heavy but also light. Like she was at the edge of getting drunk.

Reign just said she loved her. Goofily said it with the biggest grin on her face. While being high on some alien drugs.

It must be a hallucination. Something was going on inside her head that made her say it.

Reign couldn’t love Lena…

...could she?

What if it was the truth? How would she react to this?

Panic. Panic. Panic. Lena Luthor was having a panic attack.

Reign was still staring at her with the smile and the joyful eyes.

*Reign’s high. She doesn’t know what she’s talking.* Lena kept telling herself but a part of her thought that she was just lying to herself.

“Reign—”

“I love you,” the alien cut her off, laughing between each phrase, “I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.”

Lena’s vision started getting blurry. “H-how?” Something built a knot in her throat. She had never faced such a direct and strong confession also everything was so innocent and pure and it hurt. It hurt when someone declared their feelings for you and you just couldn’t say it back yet. It hurt that you didn’t know if you were ready for someone. It hurt that the answer could be right in front of you and you didn’t dare to hear it.

“I don’t know,” Reign answered through her smile squeezing Lena’s hands a little bit tighter, “I think I wasn’t made to destroy the world. Zor-el created me and sent me here for a mission. You are my mission. I was made to love you.” The smile faltered on Reign’s lips. “Why are you crying?”

Bringing one hand to her cheek, Lena realized tears were falling hot on her skin, drowning away the hesitancy whenever she felt freedom within reach. She was still afraid, very afraid, that she would hurt Reign because it would be easy to do that. With the way Reign was giving all she had, Lena felt unworthy of it, unworthy of Reign.

“I-I can’t say it back,” she swallowed the tears.

“It’s okay,” Reign smiled again, mercilessly tugged her heart strings again. “You mission is to do good. Do that. Don’t mind me.”

Lena didn’t know how to respond to that. Even though Reign’s brain was compromised and drugged, Lena still wanted to give her a clear answer and the other brunette didn’t need it. She didn’t need anything from Lena.

“I don’t deserve you,” she confessed, wiping away the last of her tears.

“Silly,” Reign laughed and rubbed Lena’s head like petting a cat. “You are the best human in the world but not the smartest.”

Lena chuckled at that, the tears hadn’t dried on her cheeks. “Yes, I’m an idiot.”
“I love you, idiot,” Reign’s word threw a punch at her heart again, but this time it had the element of humor so she would gladly accept it with half the weight of guilt. The guilt of leaving one hope behind to find another hope. The guilt of having short patience. The guilt of every broken heart finally trying to find comfort and set itself free.

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm thinking about bringing RedK into this. Thoughts?
It was a typical day at National City. Kara had been given a task of collecting news from National Station from the bus drivers’ opinion on the city’s new policy of cutting down their work hours along with their vacation days. It had been a little hectic since everyone seemed to disagree with it.

After that, Kara went back to CatCo, gave Snapper the report. Her boss pouted at the paper but he didn’t complain, and that was a good sign. All of her tasks were done and temporarily, Snapper couldn’t come up with anything else, he let her off the hook early.

Kara was thrilled with the idea of having an early afternoon off. She should meet her friends at the bar. Yes.

Turning on her phone, the last five calls were from Mon-el. Kara sighed. He had been staying at her apartment, whining about the injuries from the encounter with Reign the other day. Kara knew he liked to be around her and his face was cute but she needed to spend time elsewhere without him.

She mentally scratched the bar off the list. Mon-el worked there.

Noonan’s? He would find her there too.

Alex’s apartment? Nope, her sister needed a personal time with Maggie.

Winn would be going out with his girlfriend.

James would probably be busy with his vigilante acts.

Superfriends game night was no good.
Kara’s thumb froze over a name.

‘Lena Luthor’

Lena…

The CEO’s smile appeared in her brain first. The smile when Kara revealed herself as Supergirl in front of her.

And the warmth of the hug. Oh, Kara had missed it dearly.

Lena didn’t usually hug people. That was not how she appeared to others, and that made Kara feel so special that she got to know the other side of her, the side that not many had the chance to see.

The list wasn’t limited, actually.

Kara recalled the moment her eyes caught how Lena gently led Reign’s head down to her lap. On Lena’s couch. In Lena’s penthouse. Alone.

For a quick moment, Kara envied Reign, having such privilege of getting that close to Lena. In that exact moment, she had wished to take Reign’s place. Her face would be cradled in Lena’s hands, her hair would be run by Lena’s delicate fingers-

But another thought struck her. Why did she envy Reign anyway? Reign was Lena’s friend, just like how Kara was. Yet, there was something different about their relationship comparing to Lena and hers.

The way Reign looked at Lena. That was the first thing came up in Kara’s mind.

It was hopeful. Too hopeful. Like the other alien was waiting for something from Lena.

Reign’s background didn’t help cooling down the heat inside Kara’s head whenever she saw their interactions. Reign was a Worldkiller.

At first, Kara hadn’t had a clear concept of what made a ‘Worldkiller’. Kal had no idea, either.

J’onn did, vaguely. He had told both Kara and Kal about the tales of earliest Worldkillers. It wasn’t a name of a species but rather a group of utter strong beings. They were too strong, too quick and too brutal, everyone would bow at their knees. No one had ever seen or known their weakness, probably because they had none.

Something had happened among the Worldkillers, they’d started killing each other. The population of Worldkillers had reduced to nearly none. From that moment on, the rest of the Worldkiller had disappeared, letting the new worlds started to develop.

Worldkillers were considered to be extinct.

Kara and Kal had returned to Fortress of Solitude to learn more about this type of beings. Thanked to the code on Reign’s neck, they had had access to one of the most classified files of Krypton’s Council.

They had intended to recreate Worldkiller but put them under their order to punish lesser planets, and one of those planets was Daxam.

Specifically, Reign had been made to destroy Daxam. One planet, one Worldkiller. Therefore, it was plausible to say that Reign would, could and was designed to kill.
Reign was an alien. And aliens didn’t like the Luthor name.

Kara didn’t care about Lena’s last name from the moment she knew that Lena was nothing like her family, but she couldn’t say the same about Reign.

How many planets would she destroy or be destined to destroy if Krypton hadn’t met its own demise? And how many Worldkillers were there? Where were they right now? What were they planning? Would they come for Reign? When they got here, would they decide to destroy Earth?

Many, many, many bad thoughts came into Kara’s mind, worrying about the world’s fate. But first and the most important was Lena.

The CEO seemed to place trust in Reign completely, even after she had learned of Reign’s origin. It would be very hypocritical for Kara to say that Lena should not trust Reign based on her background, but it couldn’t be absolutely safe to let her guard down with Reign.

Kara pressed to call Lena. Then frantically canceled the call.

*What if Lena was with Reign?*

Kara checked the watch. It was lunch time. She recalled seeing Reign in Lena’s office having lunch when she was flying by L-Corp in her daily patrol. Some other time, she couldn’t find them, the office was empty. Lena had gone out and eaten with Reign.

Lena never went out and eat with Kara.

Maybe this was why she envied Reign, she had done things with Lena that Kara had never tried to. Or dared to think about.

Imagining being inside Lena’s home, making food with her.

As Supergirl, she had been in Lena’s penthouse twice. The first time was after Medusa virus mess. And the second time was after Supergirl had rescued Lena from the Kryptonite explosion. Twice. All business related visits.

How many times had Reign been at Lena’s?

With that question weighed on her mind, Kara scrolled to the name ‘L-Corp desk’ and pressed call. After one ring, the line was picked up.

“Hello, L-Corp is listening. This is Jess, how can I help you?”

“Hi, Jess. It’s Kara,” she said with a joyful tone.

“Miss Danvers, it’s been a long time since I last took your call.” Jess’ words threw a jab at Kara’s heart, feeling like the secretary was silently scolding her for not keeping in touch with Lena lately. She hadn’t realized their falling out was this bad. “Do you need anything?”

“Yes, I want to book an appointment with Lena this afternoon, if it’s possible,” she timidly said, then faked an excuse, “for an interview with CatCo magazine.”

“I’m sorry Miss Danvers, but Miss Luthor has left the office just five minutes ago and I don’t think she’d be back soon. Do you want to make it into tomorrow?”

Kara frowned at the information. “Do you know where she went?”
“I can’t say, Miss Danvers.” Somehow Kara heard the worried sigh from the secretary and got nervous as well. Where had Lena gone to? “About that appointment, I don’t think you have to book through me anymore. Miss Luthor has said that you are to be let in whenever you come, Miss Danvers.”

True. Kara pushed by the insecurities and her tone became happy again, “Thank you, Jess. I’m sorry for bothering you in your lunch time.”

“Don’t mind it,” Jess replied, and after a short pause, she gingerly continued, “Miss Danvers, can I be out of line for just two minutes and tell you something?”

“Sure. What is it?”

“Miss Luthor is not just my boss, she’s also someone I look up to. I care about her a lot, that’s why I might pay a little too much attention to her personal life, as furthest as I could, because I can’t handle her getting hurt.” Kara gulped, hearing the sharp and emotional tone from the secretary, whose face had always been nice and neutral to Kara, now she sounded a bit upset. “You, Miss Danvers, are the first person that I think would be good enough to be around Miss Luthor. She appreciates you a lot, Miss Danvers. Sometimes more than you could possibly think. I don’t know what is happening between you two and I wouldn’t interfere because it’s personal. You make her happy in a way that nobody can.”

Kara blinked, her limbs got extra and she quickly found a seat to sit down. She had no idea she had such impact on Lena in her secretary’s eyes. The thrill and joy of being the source of happiness to someone else had always been Kara’s dream. “Jess…”

“Wait, let me finish. You can make her happy, this means you can also make her sad. Again, I don’t know what’s going on between you two, but Miss Luthor was sad. Now she’s less sad. I’m rooting for her happiness, therefore I’m rooting for you and what you can do. That’s why I’m being out of line and telling you: she’s happy again, without your presence, Miss Danvers.”

Kara felt the tears streaming down her face and she had to run to the bathroom to smother the choke sniffing. What was this feeling? Why was she feeling like Jess was slapping her with her gentle words? Why was she so upset that Lena was being happy?

Kara was upset that Lena was happy without her. With someone else. Someone who could make her smile.

And it didn’t take her long to know who that was.

Reign.

“Miss Danvers, are you still there?” Jess woke her up from self-pitying. Kara took a strong breath and exhaled to keep her voice steady.

“Yes, Jess.”

“I’m sorry if my words upset you.”

“No, it’s fine. I-I need to hear it.” Kara said, hoping her shaking voice wouldn’t give up her actual state.

The drop of silence was appreciated by both parties.

“It’s not too late, Miss Danvers.”
“Thank you, Jess, for the talk,” she genuinely was grateful that Jess had told her about this. It was a true wake up call.

“You’re welcome,” Jess paused like she was considering something and added, “Kara.”

The long beep of disconnected call lost somewhere in the bathroom because Kara’s mind was filled with Jess’ previous words. Lena had let her in her life, let her take a major spot of her heart and Kara had neglected it, though unintentionally, she was still guilty for hurting Lena.

She should have known this! She should have been around more!

Why? What had happened?

Mon-El? Had this started since she started dating him? Possibly. But the problem might not be him, but her. She chose to spend too much time with him. She had thought that he needed her more, to get to know this world, this customs.

Kara shouldn’t have thought that way. Lena needed her too.

What had she done?

She needed to tell Lena that she was important to her too. She needed to tell her now.

Before someone else did it.

Before Reign did it.

Kara pushed her tears away with the free knuckles, scrolling up to find Lena’s private phone number. But when she pressed it, another call came and she accidentally agreed to answer it. It was from Alex.

“Hey, what’s up?” It was a dumb luck that Alex didn’t notice the sniff from her. Or maybe she was distracted by the gun shooting in the background.

“Come to National City Bank asap, Supergirl!” With that, the call ended. The Kryptonian put back her phone in the pants pocket and opened the faucet, splashing some water on her face.

She would definitely tell Lena, right after this.

She hadn’t known that it could be a little late.

In the middle of the fight, she felt the vibration of her phone again, this time was Lena. Her heart had already been beating fast from the fight, now it had gone to the sky because of the person from the other side of the ring.

Kara wanted to tell her right away, how much she meant to her, but it was just bad timing.

So she had no choice but to tell Lena to talk with Alex instead.

She would tell Lena. Right today.

Right after this.

Winn told her that Lena was at the DEO. Perfect.

Kara had flown back right after she had confirmed that the gang was arrested. She had flown a little
too fast.

Her body automatically found Lena’s heartbeat, it was a bit faster than normal.

*Don’t worry, Lena, I’m here.* She thought.

There she was, in the medical room. Kara spotted her instantly with her X-ray vision. What had happened to her?

She hadn’t seen the other figure in that same room because that one particular being could be undetected under her eyes.

Her pace started speeding up, heading to that beating heart.

Kara would have barged into the room, babbling whatever was on her mind.

She would have done it if her sensitive ears hadn’t caught a phrase from a voice that wasn’t Lena’s.

*“I love you, idiot.”*

Kara’s breath caught in her throat. The words readied between her lips now tasted so bitter, sour and just bland. Her lips trembled as her ears caught Lena’s jumping heartbeat. That voice. Reign. Reign said she loved Lena. That was much, much more than Kara could ever say.

*“I know.”*

Lena’s reply completely made Kara deaf. Not actually deaf but it was worse, much worse.

Reign loved Lena. And Lena knew it. And she accepted it.

What word could Kara say to triumph that? She was just a friend.

*Friend.*

Kara spun on her heels, heading to the training room. She wanted to do something to release this bitterness.

Lena deserved to hear how much she meant to others. Kara knew it.

But why did her heart hurt this much, hearing it?

She should be happy, right?

The first thing she punched was a concrete block. Her fist went right to the center, the surface hugged around her elbow. Kara retreated her hand and threw a kick at it. The poor block immediately was split into many pieces. Unsatisfied, her eyes chose another target. Another block of concrete.

*“Hey, you’re back!”*

Her muscles tensed up at Mon-el’s voice from behind. She did not want to deal with his whining right now. Maybe some other time, but not now.

*“Leave me alone, Mon-el,”* Kara said, not turning back, readied to punch her practice block.

*“Wow, I haven’t seen you half a day and you can’t spare me a glance?”* There it was, the whining.
Kara could tolerate it late, *not now.*

She sighed and gave him a look over the shoulder. “What?”

“Oh, so you’re mad at me? For trying to get some love from *my* girlfriend? Seriously, Kara, is it that time of the month already?” Mon-El brought out that period joke again.

She frowned at him. “You know that doesn’t happen to me.”

He shrugged, “You’ve been living on this planet much longer than me, it could have gotten into you.”

“Whatever, just leave me alone and I’ll talk to you later,” she rolled her eyes, turning back to the block.

He approached her, putting a hand on her waist and pouted, “Good bye kiss.”

Kara pressed her lips on the corner of his mouth to pass the procedure and let out a relieved sigh when he left. Why were relationships so stressful sometimes?

Her relationship with Lena was not stressful. Kara had never gotten the need to escape being around Lena like with Mon-El. Why not? Did that mean she enjoyed Lena’s company more than his?

But a boyfriend was supposed to be more intimate than a friend. Kara could not understand this.

She tortured two blocks more before she sat down on the bench and let out a frustrated sigh. All of this anger, pouring out of her because of one sentence Reign had said to Lena. Just one sentence.

What had gotten into her?

With her head in her hands, Kara slowly let her heart calm down. And think. Lena had come for her help, she must help her. Yes, she disliked Reign and the bond between Lena and Reign, but she had no right to stop Lena from seeing the other alien. Lena was not hers.

Lena was not hers.

What if she was hers?

*Do I want her to be mine?*

Her mind said no but her heart…

Her heart was telling her something dangerous and risky.

“Kara, are you okay?”

She looked up at her sister, who was walking towards her with concern in her eyes and an understanding smile.

“Yeah, I’m good,” she lied and she knew Alex would know.

Her sister sat down next to her on the bench, gestured the debris in front of them. “You did this?”

“I need to lay off some steam,” she answered, not making eye contact.

Alex hummed amusingly, “After that fight with nine aliens?”
Kara turned to Alex, changing the subject, “What’s up?”

“What’s up?” Alex repeated with a half-smile, “What is up is your best friend here, up there, alone, needing your presence and you’re here, doing… whatever you said you’re doing.”

“She needs me?” Kara innocently asked, feeling like the biggest jerk in the world, “That’s right. She called me! Wait, why did she call me?”

“You can ask her,” Alex prompted, encouragingly nudged her.

Alex was right. What was Kara doing here? Brooding over some overheard conversation like a sulking child. Kara wasn’t a child. She was the hero of this city and Lena’s best friend. It was her duty to help her citizens. Reign was her citizen, too. Kara needed to put by her petty self and act like a real hero, someone who deserved to be around and make Lena happy.

So she came back up, heading for the medical room and walked into it, where she found Lena was sitting on the chair near the bed. Reign was lying on it, smiling at the CEO.

Kara deliberately ignored the pain in her chest and cleared her throat. Lena turned around, her eyes lit up at Kara’s sight.

‘You make her happy in a way that nobody can.’

Jess’ voice ringing in her head.

*I make her happy. I can still do it.*

“Supergirl, I mean, Kara!” Lena got on her feet and smiled, “I heard you had to deal with a group of aliens, are you alright?”

Kara laughed, flexed her left arm, patting on the biceps with her right hand then proudly declared, “I can even take down twice of them.”

Lena chuckled and then turned to Reign, who was still smiling at them but her eyes seemed so distanced. “I called because there’s something wrong with Reign. She’s high.”

Kara’s brows rode up. “Wait? High? As in drugs?”

“Yes,” Lena sighed, “Your sister is helping her.”

Kara stepped closer and placed a hand on Lena’s shoulder, reassuring her. “Alex is really good, you can count on her.”

Lena put her hand on Kara’s, a small gesture but it warmed up her heart and the turmoil in her guts started to fade. What was this magic?

“Hello Kara Danvers,” Reign suddenly said, smiling brightly. Okay, too bright. “I don’t like you at all.”

Kara’s eyes went wide and Lena chuckled lightly. She stepped to a side and gawked at the CEO. “Okay, what did I do?”

“Don’t mind her. She says many things,” Lena explained, gently patted on Kara’s back. Even through the thick layers of the coat and the suit, the touch was still so hot on Kara’s skin. “Many funny things.”
Funny things, huh? Did that include...

‘I love you, idiot.’

“Did she say anything to you?” she asked, curious about Lena’s side of things.

A faint blush appeared on her best friend’s cheeks, she vaguely answered, “Well, you know, odd things…”

“I told her that her voice is amazing,” Reign blissfully declared, sitting up, gawking at them, “and her eyes are the most beautiful thing on Earth.”

Lena shyly shook her head, biting her lips. The blush on her skin spread wider, bringing a rare but such a lovely look on her. “See? Odd.”

Kara gazed into Lena’s eyes and genuinely replied, “That’s not wrong.”

Green eyes widened at that and Kara laughed. It was a nice change when she was the one to make Lena blush, not the other way around. Probably the Supergirl suit helped her working up the alter ego’s courage.

“I told her I love her, too,” Reign added with an even brighter grin.

The smile faltered on Kara’s lips but she kept polite one. Lena quickly waved her hands dismissively. “I told you, she’s talking funny,” turning to Reign, she patted jokingly on the alien’s shoulder, “You’re just hilarious.”

“I am hilarious,” Reign repeated and giggled on her own.

Seeing Reign like this, Kara couldn’t help but regret getting worked up over something a drugged one said. She didn’t know what she was talking about, her words didn’t count. Kara still had a chance.

Lena seemed very worried about her, and Kara didn’t want to see Reign like this, it made her hard to get mad or be defensive with the slim brunette.

“I hope Alex will find something to cure this symptom,” Kara said.

Lena sighed, looking at Reign, “And fast.”

__________________________________

“Uuuggghhhhh…”

Reign squinted her eyes at the sudden brightness piercing through her eyelids, grunting sounds that indicated her annoyance at everything around her. Her head, oh Rao, her head felt like being split into halves. Her eyes were dry like the desert where she had crashed on Earth. Her throat was sore and needed liquid to smooth the stiffened surfaces immediately.

But none of those could compare to her face.
Her cheeks were aching like how human always said, *hell*, while the muscles were strained to the limit. Reign should not chew, or talk or even smile with this pain. Oh Rao, what the heck had happened to her?

“Hey, can you hear me?” a strange voice thrust through her eardrums and she winced painfully.

“Shut up,” she hissed. Bringing both hands to cover her ears, the sharp jolt of the popping veins running from her brain to her skull and back, Reign could hear her blood starting to ask for liberty from her skin. Just so painful.

“She’s in a lot of pain.” She heard someone whispered very low. And she completely agreed with that. “Just let her rest.”

Reign slowly turned to the voice, blinking against the light until her focus came back. The first thing she recognized was Lena’s relieved face. Fighting back her own instinct and advice, Reign smiled, suffering the facial pain.

“Lena…” she called out and the brunette walked right to her, with gentle footsteps. Through her sensitive eyesight, Reign saw Lena not wearing her heels.

The familiar perfume of vanilla and strawberry attacked her nostrils when Lena invaded her personal space. Suddenly the headache dropped and Reign felt like she could breathe so she tried to sniff in that scent, along with Lena’s faint natural smell of sweat. “I’m here.”

Lena’s voice. Reign’s favorite sound of the whole universe. So soothing and nice, she just wanted to curl into that melody and drift away. The torture inside her ears eased up, didn’t actually go away but it was tolerable. Thanked to Lena.

“It hurts,” she whined, leaning towards the warmth, “everywhere.”

“It’s okay, the drug is gone, your body is fighting the addiction,” Lena explained. Reign felt something rubbing in circles on her back, the touch was gentle and kind, it must be Lena’s hand.

Reign chuckled, still stubbornly trying to fight the pain on her cheeks. “Where are we?”

“At the DEO, they helped you. Don’t worry.”

Reign slowly looked up and for the first time, realized she was in the medical room of the DEO’s base. There were few people standing around the bed, she recognized the Martian and Supergirl, along with some selective agents whose faces she almost remembered but couldn’t at the moment.

“What happened to me?” she asked all of them, not just Lena.

An agent stepped up, her curly reddish hair bounced around her face. She calmly explained, “You’ve been drugged by something called ‘Xenopentes Vitticeps’. We’ve been trying to find how did you get that into your system—”

“I know,” Reign answered, noticing the surprised and hopeful expression on the agent’s face, “some asshole injected me with it.”

“Wait, you *remember* how you got it?” the Martian spoke up, genuinely surprised.

Reign frowned at them, “Of course I remember. I even know what’s inside that syringe.”

“Can you tell us?” Supergirl asked this time, walking closer to the bed.
Reign realized that the information she had was important to the DEO and Supergirl and she would gladly tell them so she could go home.

But this could be the key to her quiet life. She should use this.

“On one condition,” she replied and Supergirl threw her hands up, exasperate.

“Seriously? We cured you!” She gritted, crossing her arms.

Reign really didn’t like this attitude. “Thank you. Now, do you want to know what’s inside it or not?”

Lena stood up and spread her palms to the directions of both. “Girls, come on. It’s not the time for this. Reign, if you tell them you can help a lot of people. You want that, right?”

Reign pouted and gave Lena a pointed look. “Well, I want their help in something too.”

Lena turned to Supergirl, who was also pouting. “Kara? This is a mutual effort.”

Supergirl exchanged a glance with the Martian and she dropped her arms to the side, gestured him to continue.

The Martian Director stepped forwards and nodded, “If your request is within our reach, we’d assist you.”

“Great,” Reign smirked triumphantly while Lena slightly shook her head with a small smile. She told them, “Liquid Kryptonite.”

The atmosphere in the room changed.

Everyone seemed alarmed, especially Supergirl. It was understandable since Kryptonite was her weakness.

“Are you sure?” the redhead agent asked, scribbling down the word on her note.

“Believe me, after a long time of being experienced with it,” Reign intentionally pointed her look at the last Zor-el member in the room, “you can always tell.”

Kara Zor-el shifted uncomfortably on her red boots. Good. At least she had some morals.

“But Kryptonite doesn’t have a liquid form,” the blonde alien spoke up, “you’re lying.”

The accusation boiled Reign’s blood. “Excuse me? You ask for my information and now you call me a liar?”

“Kara,” the agent warningly said and Kara gave her an apologetic look. Oh, Reign remembered now. This agent was Kara’s adoptive sister. Agent Danvers.

“Kara, please, she’s telling the truth,” Lena finally said and the Kryptonian sighed, then she stared at Reign and apologized.

Reign really didn’t want to let this pass but she thought Lena wouldn’t like it if she started a fight with Kara so she deliberately left it behind.

“Kryptonite doesn’t have a liquid form, true. But it could be done with synthetic ones. The one I saw inside the syringe was red.”
“Red Kryptonite?” the Director alarmingly remarked and told agent Danvers to follow him. The two quickly left. The room now was down with three figures.

“Someone is making Red Kryptonite again?” Supergirl muttered and then her eyes connected with Lena’s.

“CADMUS,” Lena grimly responded.

Reign remembered this name. Lillian Luthor and her organization that always tried to wipe the alien population off the Earth. She was Lena’s mother but in Reign’s eyes, she was a monster.

“Are you sure?” Kara asked again.

“Not really, but there’s no other suspect,” Lena frowned, a sigh escaped her lips.

“We haven’t heard about CADMUS for a while.”

“My mother wouldn’t leave a trail.”

Reign hated seeing Lena like this. Troubled, ashamed and upset. She wanted to do something, and she could. But it meant she would have to work with Kara Zor-el.

Screw it.

Lena was more important than her pride.

“I can help you, Kara Zor-el,” she said and both of the other women turned to her like they had just realized there was another one in the room. Reign had known that Lena would pay attention to Kara more than her and she didn’t get upset. Still, something kicked in her guts but she ignored it. “I know who injected me with that syringe.”

“What are the terms this time?” Kara cautiously retorted.

“Just bring CADMUS down,” Reign hopped off the bed, “they are my enemy too.”

She extended a hand. The truce gesture. The allies gesture.

The Kryptonian stared into her eyes, as if she was looking for a sign of lies, something deceiving. Reign threw a quick glance at Lena, who was watching them like a hawk. This was what she wanted. Reign would give this to her.

Kara accepted the offer, grabbing her hand tightly. “Good.”

Reign saw in the corner of her eyes a smiling Lena Luthor. The CEO’s heartbeat was quick and joyful. She was happy. Reign could make her happy, in many ways.

What more could she possibly wish for?

Chapter End Notes

The angst wasn't intentional, never is. I'm not good at angst.

I'll throw some fluff in just in case :))
Chapter Summary

Reign working with Kara

Everything changed a little bit

Chapter Notes

I got a little block writing this chapter because I suck at action scenes, okay???

I think my romantic level has increased too much through this fic haha

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes.

Enjoy and let your heart strings be pulled!

The underground was something hard to explain, especially for someone who didn’t have to go through it, live in it or experience a part of it. Here, you would at least get beaten up several times, bleed for a few more and possibly die. It didn’t have any rules except for one: the stronger got to say.

Therefore, it was like medieval times again, if Reign recalled nicely from the history books she had read over the years on Earth. With her strength, she could easily dominate them, but it would mean that she was one of those who liked to abuse their power onto others.

The underground was different in different places. In Europe, they were more like a hidden society with clearer rules though they were most unfollowed. And they had the authority of their own, who actually cared about the lives of the underground folks.

In the USA, especially in National City, the underground was a huge mess. No respect, no common sense, no safety. Reign hadn’t expected to be thrown in such world and she didn’t think she could do anything to change it without challenging the government.

According to the DEO, there had been many cases of aliens being drugged with the same thing that she had been, the difference that they could not remember how they had been attacked or injected. Their memory had been compromised strongly.

Reign was an exception among them. Nobody could explain that but she had a hunch that maybe Zor-el's work on her was the reason she hadn’t been beaten up by the drug completely.

She had heard about Red Kryptonite’s incidence from last year and how hard Supergirl had tried to win back the people’s trust. Maybe that was why she didn’t completely hate Kara Zor-el. She had gone through something similar to Reign if she was to be exposed to the public, a figure of terror.

Sometimes she thought back on the name that Zor-el had called her. Worldkiller. What did that
actually mean? She had asked the Kryptonian about it.

“It’s nothing good,” Kara answered as they were flying to the sewer center system, where Reign usually met her opponents for the fights. She hadn’t told anyone about the real reason why she knew the place, thinking it would be clear as soon as they got there.

Reign didn’t ask more. She was not going for a bonding time with the blonde and she was sure that the other alien felt the same.

They swiftly and quietly landed on a spot not too far away. Reign pressed on the intercom provided by the DEO and told the agents to stay put.

“That includes you, Zor-el,” she told Supergirl and the girl in cape quickly disagreed.

“No way. You told us that you would provide the lead,” Supergirl, in her stubborn posture, frowned at Reign. She still didn’t trust Reign, and it was fine.

“I’m not going back on my words, relax,” Reign rolled her eyes and pointed at the other girl’s outfit, “you can’t walk in there dressing like that.”

“What’s wrong with my cape?” Kara retorted and Reign huffed at that. She really thought her cape was the problem?

“What’s wrong is Supergirl. You are too strong for them,” Reign patiently explained, hoping this would pay off later. Lena had been staying with the DEO since yesterday and helped them with the cure, just in case someone else got injected with Xenopentes Vitticeps again. After Reign, there had been eight more cases. The situation would get out of hand if they didn’t find the source first. “You think they’d let you barge in and throw laser beam everywhere?”

“Then you should have told me to go undercover or something,” Supergirl stated the obvious.

“No, I’ll need your presence later,” Reign slightly shook her head and then told Kara what she was planning on, at the same time pressing on the intercom to inform the DEO agents about the steps. After hearing it, she knew that it would meet some disagreement.

“Miss Flamebird,” Reign heard the Martian’s voice in the intercom and smirked, “you can’t just come in and beat people up.”

“I second that,” Supergirl nodded.

Reign held her hands up, “That’s just how things are in there. You’re stronger, you have the louder voice. I don’t make up the rules.”

“But that’s… wrong,” Supergirl still argued.

Reign placed one hand on her hips, tilting her head, “This is the reason I don’t want you to follow me in there. Your desire to do the right thing would ruin everything. I know things in there, okay Costume?”

“What did you just call me?” the Kryptonian fumed.

“Girls,” Lena’s voice slipped out from the intercom and Reign unconsciously smiled at that. Maybe she was a little guilty when she pissed off Kara Zor-el on purpose just to hear Lena say ‘girls’ and the protectiveness in her tone. It was hot. “focus on the matter. We’ve agreed to work together.”
“I’m trying but she keeps getting on my nerves,” Kara complained, frowning.

“Fine,” Reign shrugged, “let’s do it your way. I won’t lay a finger on anyone.”

“Good,” Kara replied, “then I won’t follow you in there.”

“Just wait for my call.”

With that, she floated towards the gates, feeling the thunder of the hidden world that she had been dragged into.

“Be careful.”

Reign smiled when she heard Lena in her ear again. Lena’s authority voice could be hot, but the caring one was Reign’s favorite. Warm, low and familiar. It made her almost think that Lena actually would consider her more than just a friend. That her chance for a tiny little part in Lena’s heart had grown big enough to bet on.

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“Supergirl, your turn.”

Kara perked up when she heard Reign’s signal. With a quick blast of power, she found herself inside the sewer, her senses were attacked horribly with the smell and she almost gagged. There were many aliens standing around Reign, with one exception that was standing close to the brunette, glaring back and forth between her and Kara.

“Bitch!” he growled, “You brought Supergirl here!”

The other aliens, whose origins Kara could recognize. All of them were staring at her with sheer curiosity but entire caution.

“I told you I would anyway,” Reign didn’t deny, glaring back at him, “Where did you get that syringe?”

The alien with five eyes and a tiny horn on his bald head huffed, “I don’t talk to traitors.”

“Tell me now or tell me after getting your ass whipped,” Reign declared and smirked.

About five more aliens looking just like him emerged from the crowd, fists clenching and sneering at Reign.

“You’ll have to come through them first, traitor,” said the leader.

“Nice,” Reign turned to Kara, “are you ready, Supergirl?”

“Ready for what?” she asked back, noticing the crowd starting to step back.

“To beat them up.”
“But you said no fighting,” Kara shifted her focus on the alien group, her body switched on a fight stance.

“I won’t fight. You would,” Reign smiled innocently and gestured Kara, face turning to the group and provoked, “She’s come to collect your teeth.”

Before Kara even realized, she had already been surrounded by her opponents, each charged towards her with his intimidating speed and strength. She had to block the attacks and struck back, even flew above their heads to find a better angle. They were all very quick even though they looked rather heavy and Kara received a few punches.

“Do you need any hand?” Reign asked from outside, acting like she had nothing to do with this in the first place. Kara was being pushed down at the moment, trying to steer her face away from the other alien’s spiky fist.

“I...can...handle this,” she replied and kicked him off. He flew to the ceiling and another lunged at her only to be punched in the face. With the four other aliens, Kara quickly sent them to the ground with her heat vision. Furious, she turned to Reign, who was doing a slow clap like a satisfied observer. “You tricked me!”

“I did not. I said I won’t lay a finger on anyone,” Reign stepped forward, grabbing on the collar of the first guy’s shirt and yanked him up from the stinky ground, “I’ve kept my word and would you look at that,” she eyed the defeated alien with his head wiggling by her palm, “this little shit was the one who had that syringe. My job is done.”

Kara sighed, watching the rest of the alien crowd starting to flee as she pressed the intercom and gave Alex’s team the safe word to come in. Footsteps and weapons drawing in, Kara heard in her ear Lena’s voice, asking about her and Reign’s status.

She smiled.

Kara had never thought that one day Lena could be one of those who was standing on the other end of the line, listening and worrying for everyone on this end. It was a strange feeling that she was overjoyed with this, this new reality.

Working with Reign had been unexpected. The good things coming out of this, not just the lead about the drug but also having Lena joining the DEO, though temporarily, which was a way for her to be in her element: helping people. She should have told Lena about her identity much sooner, giving her more space into Kara’s life like she had done hers.

Kara had been unfair to Lena and she regretted it dearly. Reign and Jess had woken her up from the oblivion, smacking her away from hurting Lena more than she had already done.

Lena deserved so much than just a friend who waltzed into her life and jumping in and out whenever she felt like it.

Still…

There was one thing that bothered her. The nature of the relationship between Reign and Lena. Were they just friends? Or were they something more? Were they like Lena and her?

The thought startled her a bit. Lena and her. More than friends. It was a new concept. Kara had never thought about this.

Because she had seen what Reign had experienced in a way that Kara couldn't? The way Lena
treated Reign…

Would Lena do the same to Kara?

“Hey, honey, spaghetti or pizza tonight?” Mon-el's voice knocked her out of the thoughts, bringing her back to reality. Mon-el. Her boyfriend. She had a boyfriend, she shouldn't have those thoughts and wishes about another one.

“Anything’s fine,” answered Kara, eyeing the criminals being taken away. Alex would take care of them real good to find the source of this liquid Kryptonite. “What are you doing at the DEO anyway?”

“I told you I’d pick you up today. Did you forget?” he sounded sulking. Kara had forgotten about this. She had been forgetting many things in their relationship to think about Lena. And she felt a bit guilty. Like she was cheating on him with these thoughts about Lena.

And why did she feel like this? You could think about your boyfriend and your best friend at the same time, right?

You would only worry like this when you were having such thoughts about someone that you weren’t supposed to while dating someone else.

Did that mean…?


What have I done?

She frantically searched for Alex among the agents and dragged her sister to a corner.

“Alex, I need to ask you,” she turned off the intercom and gestured Alex to do the same.

Her sister eyed the other agents, “Is this important because I have to bring these-”

“Alex, can I crash your place tonight?” Kara knew she could not say anything right now but she desperately needed to talk to Alex asap.

“Um, sure,” the older Danvers answered, squinting her eyes suspiciously, “are you okay?”

No. “Yeah, I just really need your help with something,” Kara vaguely said, keeping her Supergirl pose like it actually helped to calm her nerves.

“Hey.” They both turned around to the sound of Reign’s voice. The brunette was standing near the exit. “If you can take care of this, I’ll go back first.”

“Go ahead,” Kara said through her teeth, not even bothered to act polite anymore. The sight of Reign only reminded her of the turmoil inside her chest, her soul, and her heart.

Kara Zor-el could have fallen for her best friend without knowing.

And the possibility didn’t sit well with her.

Because it could mean that she had gotten herself stuck in a wrong relationship.
Lena and Reign returned to her apartment several hours later after the NDA paperwork, mostly on Lena’s part because Reign had already signed one on the day she flew to the base. Alex had offered to drive them back because she had been the one to take them. Kara’s older sister was a nice lady, though intimidating at times, overall nice. She had saved Lena, as well as Lena had saved her, therefore the women automatically shared a strange lane of understanding, mutual trust and perhaps, friendship.

One thing Lena noticed that Kara seemed to fidget restlessly when she got back. She had tried to ask the blonde but she said she was busy with the reports and disappeared inside Director J’onzz’ office right after that.

Lena had wondered if it had anything to do with her failed dinner plan with Mike. She didn’t like it when he just barged in the control room and talked about personal things like that. Judging by the eye-rolls and head shaking from other agents, Lena suspected that this had happened too many times to count.

‘Kara, why would you stay with him?’

Lena had thought about asking Kara that directly. She wanted an answer for her own selfish need. If it was before, she would have wanted the answer to the question ‘what does he have that I don’t’ but now her main goal was Kara’s happiness. It had nothing to do with Lena’s want anymore.

She realized she had just succeeded in separating the friendship and the love part between her and Kara. She still cared a lot about Kara, but no more as an unrequited admirer. The feelings she had around the blonde still presented like the remains of her love, to water their friendship. It was a fact that she could never think of Kara as purely a friend, and it was also a fact that she was no longer in love with the blonde.

She could see that freedom. It was so close.

When Lena and Reign both stood outside the building, Lena had debated with herself if she should come up with Reign or just leave because she actually had no reason to do the former.

“Would you like to drink something?” Reign asked as she twisted the knob, her eyes seemed tired and exhausted due to the lasting effect of the drug. It would be better to part ways now.

“You should rest, Reign. Take a day off if necessary.” She smiled at the other brunette, whose eyes cupped down at the unsaid refuse.

“Nah, I’ll be fine,” Reign shrugged casually, still lingered between the frame. “I’m sorry about yesterday.”

“Don’t be. You were in trouble. I’m happy to help,” Lena said, “The important thing is that you’re okay.”

Their gaze lazily held each other for a few seconds before Reign asked once more, “Can you come up with me? It won’t take long.”
The pleading in her eyes, adding up to the cautious voice of a scared child made Lena say, “Sure.”

The ride up in the elevator was dead quiet. Lena couldn’t understand why Reign seemed so timid like her confidence had gone somewhere out in the field. Reign unlocked the door and walked inside, Lena following the brunette and gently closed up the entrance.

Reign gestured the dining table. “Please have a seat.”

This worried Lena. Whatever Reign was about to say, it’d be really serious because she could see the constant crinkle between Reign’s eyebrows ever since she had gotten back from the flight. The alien avoided her eyes, though not easy to realize but she felt it. She sensed the hesitation.

“Reign, you’re making me nervous,” Lena said as the other girl sat down across from the table, her hands fiddling themselves. Reign looked up and took a deep breath.

“Lena, did I say anything weird to you when I was still affected by the drug?” Reign asked, though that meant she didn’t know the answer, yet somehow Lena suspected she did.

“It’s nothing bad. The drug makes you talk. It happens the same with many other aliens, don’t worry.” She reached out and place one hand on Reign’s, the gesture was noticed right away. Reign lowered her eyes at their hands and gently pulled her hand back. She seemed scared. Lena’s palm felt empty after the rejection and she embarrassingly retreated her hand too. “You didn’t say anything that made me uncomfortable.”

Brown eyes met with green ones again. “I remember.” The words ghosted between her lips but the meaning was visible.

Lena swallowed. “What do you mean you remember?”

“I read the description of the drug. Apparently, the victim wouldn’t remember what they did during the time the drug is in their system. That’s why they can’t remember how they were drugged.” Reign turned away, “I’m not a regular alien so I remember.”

The words Reign had said with the mindless grin returned to Lena’s mind. The loudest of them all. Repeating over and over and over.

‘I love you.’

Lena could practically felt the blush creeping onto her cheeks at the thought and Reign knew what she was thinking.

“How much do you remember?” she asked, dipped her head lower to hide her face.

She heard Reign’s heavy sigh. “Enough.”

So she remembered that.

Why was she acting like this? Could it be that Reign… regretted saying it?

The possibility put a knife in Lena’s heart. She had been caught off guard with the mindless confession but the fact that it could be just that, a mindless, meaningless confession had done some damage to her heart. Lena hadn’t thought that she could be actually considering that confession turning out to be true to Reign’s real feelings.

She gulped, her left hand started unconsciously playing with the watch on her right wrist. “Since
“When?”

“Since this morning.”

Lena looked up. Reign was staring at her, too. The unsettled gaze bored into her skull, pulling out her own fear of knowing that Reign had meant more than she had let her and now it bit her in the ass. One of the main thing that helped her from the stubborn grip on Kara’s affection was the way Reign made her smile. Reign never replaced Kara, only intentionally dug deeper into Lena’s life with an insistent spirit, healing her heart in the process and drown her in that rare, unconditional, precious love.

It surprised her how much she had invested in this, in the growing bond between them, in the bright light at the end of the tunnel. So she hoped…

Lena hoped that Reign didn’t regret it, hoped that Reign didn’t mean as anything differently, though it would untie the drama in her heart, knowing her friend’s feelings for her.

She wanted Reign to mean it because she had hope now.

Hoping for a chance to return such feelings.

Had she gone this deep?

“Do you want to take it back?” she whispered, almost too scared to ask it herself.

Reign gulped, her mouth dropped slightly open. She seemed genuinely surprised. “Do you want me too?”

Did she? How could she forget the joy and fear when she heard it? How could she let the storm in her mind, struggling to determine how she should respond to it pass by? How could she ignore that flip in her heart, that butterfly flapping in her stomach?

Lena knew the answer.

“No.” She blushed harder.

“Then I won’t take it back,” Reign grinned, relieved, “I thought it’d be better if I pretend not remembering it.”

Lena sat straighter, leaning toward the table. “Why so?”

“Because…” Reign trailed off like she was mentally debating whether or not she should say. After a few long seconds, she scratched her neck and continued, “I see the way you look at Kara Zor-el. The thing I told you while I was out of it, I didn’t mean to say that right now, not until you stop looking at her like that. It would put you in a tough spot and I” Reign got on her feet, going around the table and crouched to take Lena’s hands, sat on her heels and looked up to Lena’s eyes. “I’d rather never say it than having you under the pressure of knowing what I feel, Lena.”

The CEO tenderly pulled out one hand from Reign’s grip and set it next to the alien’s face, brushing her thumb across the cheekbone. “It’s not your fault. You didn’t know what you were saying.”

“Actually I did,” Reign admitted, sheepishly wincing.

“You did?” Lena didn’t mean to sound louder than just an exclaim but her voice still jumped to an octave higher.
“This is embarrassing but I did say whatever was on my mind then,” the alien said and then bit her lips, blushing hard, “including the part when we were here.”

Lena’s mind went on an auto search and looked back on what odd things that Reign had told her when she had just woke up.

‘You kept me awake last night.’

‘I keep thinking about you in a dirty way.’

The gasp came out as a reaction and obviously, Reign knew what she was having on her mind. The alien shyly dipped her head down, the motion of her thumbs slowly dragged on Lena’s hand like a way to deal with the embarrassment.

“Was it true?” she asked and Reign quickly met her eyes, “That I kept you awake?”

The blush was glowing on Reign’s face. She winced when she answered, “Are you going to freak out if I say yes?”

Lena tried to fight the smile on her lips but couldn’t so she let it be. “I’m a Luthor, that can’t scare me.”

Reign laughed and stood up, bringing Lena’s hand with her. She understood the gesture, got on her feet and they were inside the other’s personal space. Reign shifted her feet towards a bit, coming closer to Lena, cheekily asked, “How about this?”

“Child’s play,” she answered, smirking. She took the courage and let herself approach Reign a little bit more. She knew what could come. She was ready for that.

In the hours when she had spent watching Reign trapped in her own mind, she had thought about the worse moments. What if something bad happened to her? What if she had to see Reign getting hurt, in pain or bleed? What if one day Reign didn’t want to stay around her anymore?

Those were all bad thoughts. Yet it felt so real. Lena had to make up her mind, or else that day would come. The day when everything was too late.

Losing Reign, one way or another, sounded like hell.

Keeping Reign’s hope, prolonging it, was a cruel act.

Lena didn’t want to let Reign stuck in the misery that she herself knew all too well.

She still cared about Kara more than a friend. But she cared about Reign just the same. It was like standing on an edge of a cliff, the wind was pushing you to fall but your feet still stayed on the ground. Going back or taking the jump?

This was the definition of being torn. Once she made a decision, she could not change it.

With Reign, everything would be so much easy.

But then, Reign was important to Lena, much more important than getting rid of the weight on her chest. Reign deserved a person who was ready to give it all to her, to not having the lingering look at anyone else, to wholeheartedly devote to her.

Someone who was ready to take that jump.
Lena wasn’t there yet, just a little bit more.

She had the answer to give, though it was still not the one Reign desired or the one Lena was ready to make sure of, it was an answer that Reign deserved.

“I’m saving this moment until I can replace it with a kiss,” Reign murmured, tilting her head to look closely into Lena’s eyes, “will that moment come?”

“Close,” she whispered, and her heart agreed with it.

“Close,” Reign repeated, seemingly pleased with the answer. She smiled happily, wrapping Lena in a soft but sure embrace, letting her face dip into Lena’s neck. “I’ll hold onto that.”

Lena tightened her grip on Reign’s back, taking in the extraordinary scent from the alien. She, Lena Luthor, coming from a family famous for trying to kill every alien in the world, was standing in an embrace belonged to one of those said aliens, promising to go back on everything her family name had stood for. Promising to dare and fall for someone this special.

“I’m nervous,” Lena chuckled into Reign’s hair, receiving the rumble from the other girl’s laugh.

“Me too,” Reign leaned back and looked at Lena with the unsaid words that had already been told with her eyes, “I’m taking you home.”

“You don’t have to. You’re tired,” she opposed weakly with a smile, knowing that Reign would convince her otherwise.

The alien crouched down and swept her off again with one arm around her back, the other under her knees. “Too tired to spend time with you? Never in my lifetime.”

Lena smiled, wrapped her arms around Reign’s neck, leaving her safety to the alien. Leaving even more than that into their touch, believing in a world where you could always find another door.

That was why when her feet touched the balcony and the alien had to leave. Lena had pulled Reign down and pressed her lips to the brunette’s cheek. The shocked look on Reign’s face, the wide eyes, and her entire body language screamed with surprise mixed with joy.

“I can’t kiss you properly yet,” Lena explained, blushing along with her words, “but I can cheat a promise.”

A shit-eating grin flashed on the alien’s lips. One hand on the cheek that turned a tad pinker by Lena’s lipstick, Reign slowly levitated towards Lena, pulling Lena’s wrist with her free hand and let it rest on her chest, where Lena could felt the crazy beat of the muscles underneath her impenetrable skin.

“Say hello to your possession, Miss Luthor,” Reign said earnestly, eyes pouring a passionate stare into Lena’s soul, “I know this is the first time you two actually met but it has already been yours for quite some time.”

That rhythm on her finger tips quickened when she returned the taller brunette a grateful smile. Reign had the ability to express her feelings in the most tactical, simple way but never held less power. And Lena felt that source of force, slowly and gently shifting her toward the cliff, cradled her into another endless fall that she was fully aware of and had been prepared for.

Chapter End Notes
I think this story is still heading ReignCorp. SuperCorp supporters, please don't be upset :))

Side note: I've just read an excellent fic today that makes me feel like my writing is so ordinary lol. Welp, gotta improve!
As You Leave My Soul Breaks In Two

Chapter Summary

Kara was a fetus gay mess.

Lena was being her daily gay mess.

Reign was a bigger gay mess.

I'm the worst in summarizing stories gay mess.

Chapter Notes

Okay, so... Some of you are getting upset that this story is heading for ReignCorp. I feel bad that it makes you upset, really. I didn't write this story to bring anyone pain, I wanted to make you smile (some of you shed tears, sorry about that, too)

I want to say that I'm a HUGE SuperCorp shipper and now, ReignCorp. But this story isn't about which ship I'm on anymore, it's about Lena being happy. So I hope no matter which ship you are rooting for, it wouldn't take away your joy reading this. After all, this is only one among thousands of fics about our favorite ships, I hope it could leave a good impression in your heart :))

That's it.

I don't own any character, only the mistake.

Enjo-, nope, who am I kidding?

LET THE ANGST-FEST BEGIN!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Okay, you’re scaring me, Kara.”

Kara heard the anxiety in her sister’s voice, it pumped up her own anxiety to bring out the dilemma in her as well. She really had no idea how to start explaining the problem to Alex, though more than anyone, her sister must understand it the most. They were both sitting on the sisters’ couch at Alex’s. Maggie hadn’t come here, according to Alex, due to the exceed paperwork after the fuss down the sewer. Many alien criminals had been spotted in there and the Detective was very eager to put them behind bars.

“I don’t know how to start, Alex,” Kara sighed into her hands, “I think I might go crazy.”

“Hey,” Alex placed a hand on her shoulder, a silent signal to call for an eye contact. She dropped her
hands back on her lap and turned to Alex. “You can tell me anything, sis.” A pause of consideration.

“No,” she answered, hoping that Alex would prompt the correct direction.

“...is this about Lena?” Alex’s timid question snapped right into Kara’s ears and straight to her heart, kicked it into a race. Kara felt like being caught doing something bad just by the mention of her best friend’s name.

“A part of it. Mostly it’s me,” Kara admitted, running her fingers through her hair and curled her knees to her chin. She had changed into regular clothes, leaving the suit hanging on the rack near the couch, just in case something happened to the city. “I think I-” she sheepishly glanced at Alex and then looked away, “I think I’m seeing Lena differently.”

Alex didn’t reply immediately, taking the time to understand Kara’s words. Then she spoke, “Different how, Kara?”

The weight pulling down her chest and making her stomach turn started to grow. Finally, she decided to be clear about it. Dipping her head down, her fingers rubbing against themselves like a way to calm her down. “Different like… how you see Maggie.”

With her Kryptonian super hearing, Kara quickly caught her sister’s little gasp. Alex was surprised. Kara was surprised, too. Ever since she had this thought, every moment she had spent with Lena suddenly become clearer. Her giggles, her shyness around Lena. She had that around James, back when she was still too shy about her feelings for him. It was happening again. This time it was even worse because she hadn’t even realized her own feelings until now. She had mixed it up with friendship and thinking that Lena had always treated her so good because Kara was one of the rare people who understood her.

Reign was now of them now. Oh, she dreaded the idea that she had tarnished her gate to that possible reality.

“How do you know?” asked Alex attentively, “What makes you think so?”

Kara sighed painfully, throwing her back against the back of the couch, her head dropped on the material, bringing her face to parallel with the ceiling. “I’ve been having this-” she put one hand on her chest, pressing gently to describe what was sitting on it, “-aching pulse here whenever I think about not appreciating Lena enough. I mean, she used to say that I was her only friend in National City and I should have known how much I meant to her. I-I should have been around, as Kara, not as Supergirl. Lena needed me as a friend and I was being a bad friend.”

Alex rubbed Kara’s shoulder, softly advised, “You were busy, Kara, and your Supergirl identity was a problem between you and her. That problem is gone now.”

“That’s the thing!” Kara sat right up, too quickly that she startled Alex in the process. “Alex, the only barrier between me and her is gone but I feel like we are even more apart. Every time I see Lena laughing with Reign I feel nauseous, and all I want is to cut between them. And that’s so selfish because Reign is making her happy and I’m not. Who am I to ask for the same treatment? I don’t deserve anything from her.”

She almost teared up at her own words. Kara had been a terrible friend, she didn’t deserve such care, such attention like Lena had given to Reign. She was jealous over something she could never have. And it killed her in a way that it should not be able to.
“Kara…” Alex pulled her head onto her shoulder. She let out another sigh and let her heavy mind dropped on her sister’s comfortable touch. “As far as I can tell, it sounds like you are jealous.”

“I know,” Kara mumbled, her eyes started getting wetter. This ugly feeling was eating her from the inside out.

“Not as a friend but as someone who is in love with Lena too,” Alex continued and Kara froze. This thought returned again.

_I fell in love with Lena?_  
_I fell in love with Lena._

She sniffed, her nose stuffed since when, nobody knew, and her throat had this giant knot that she wanted to swallow but couldn’t and it stuck. And it hurt. And her chest hurt. So was her heart.

Kara blinked to let the tears fall. “How can I fall for someone and don’t know it?” This was so ridiculous, saying out loud. Maggie always said she was naive, now she felt like dumb.

“It’s okay, Kara. I’ve been there,” Alex combed her hair with her fingers, kindly answered, “I fell for my best friend too and I didn’t know. Then I fell for Maggie and I wouldn’t have realized that I like her that way until I saw Maggie kissing her girlfriend. I felt like I wasn’t good enough to be in her girlfriend’s position.”

“But Reign isn’t Lena’s girlfriend. They don’t—” Kara’s mind replayed the moment she saw Reign’s head on Lena’s lap, how she tried to turn away but her eyes still trained on them. Sadness tasted even more bitter than she had thought. “You’re right. I do feel like I’m not good enough. What should I do? Should I forget about this and pretend like everything’s the same? Or should I tell her?”

She heard Alex gulping. It was hard to pick what she should do next since she had just figured herself out very recently. If it weren’t for Jess and Reign, could it be that she would never know?

“What do you want to tell her?” Alex asked.

“That I have these feelings for her,” she answered, unsure.

“Then you should solve the problem on your side first.”

“My problem?”

“Mon-el. You can’t just express your feelings to someone when you’re in a relationship with another one.”

Kara sat back up and stared at Alex. It was so obvious what she should do about this. “I have to break up with him,” she declared and stood up, “right now.”

“Woah, woah, woah, sis,” Alex stopped her with a grip on her wrist, “Easy, there. I support everything you do but you can wait until tomorrow. It’s 10 p.m.”

Kara didn’t move but refused to sit down. “I don’t want to wait anymore,” she looked down at her sister’s confused eyes, “I’ve wasted so much time already. Alex. It could have been too late.” She gulped at the possibility and pulled her hand back. “I have to go.”

Before Alex said anything else, Kara had already flown out of the balcony, leaving the super suit behind. She was doing this as Kara, not Supergirl. She didn’t even know what she could gain from
this, from the confession that she would definitely do as soon as possible, but she knew she was
doing the right thing. It felt, tasted like freedom.

She saw Mon-el through the window, sitting and watching a soap opera on television. He had been a
little upset that she skipped the dinner and stayed at Alex’s. Kara hesitated.

Mon-el was upset already. Should she do this now?

Her mind traced back on Lena’s smile whenever she came into her office.

I have to.

She opened the balcony door, he turned around, gave her a half smile.

“Hey, I thought you’re at Alex’s?” he greeted, sulking in his voice, “I had dinner alone, by the way.”

The guilt of delivering bad news only weighed heavier on her tongue. No. He had been sulking
about things like this forever. Whenever she got home late due to Supergirl’s business or CatCo’s
overtime writing reports, Mon-el whined over and over.

This had to end.

“I have to tell you something,” she started, lips trembled. Come on! You are Supergirl. You’ve made
up your mind. Follow it! “We can’t see each other anymore.”

Mon-el arched an eyebrow and cheekily smiled, “Are we not doing that right now?”

“Not literally,” she continued, taking in a breath and almost did the Supergirl pose to give herself
courage, “Seeing as in dating.”

It took him a full minute to understand what she was aiming for. He looked surprised, then shocked,
then surprised and just pure furious. “You’re breaking up with me?”

Kara nodded. It felt terrible to break up with someone. When she broke up with James, it was less
difficult because he was understanding and he had seen that coming. Mon-el was caught off guard.
He couldn’t know.

“Oh…” he frowned and crossed his arms, “is this about me not taking out the trash because I just
can’t stand touching the bag, my nose is sensitive!”

Kara was about to state her own reason that her nose was sensitive too but she let this slide. They
had had this conversation, no, argument over and over from the moment he’d moved in. It was just a
little thing but somehow they always fought over those same things. Why hadn’t Kara seen this?
Their relationship was not fine at all!

“It’s not about that. I can’t do this anymore,” she said calmly because he was not. Mon-el seemed
very distressed, bewildered and blatantly confused. But mostly upset. He had the right to be upset.
Kara needed to be the emotional anchor right now.

“What does that mean?” he grunted.

“I don’t want to be with you anymore.” It sounded cruel. She was being cruel. But between Mon-el
and Lena, she had to put the cruelty on him. It was actually the key to release him free from her, from
someone who had already been in love with someone else.

Mon-el’s face scrunched up in a twisted and graceless way. He cried. “Why? Can you at least tell me
why?"

I’m in love with Lena.

“We’re not good for each other, Mon-el. All we do is fight, and argue and more fight. That’s not how this works,” Kara would never bring Lena into this. Her feelings for Lena were just the explosive to the already ticking bomb that was her relationship with Mon-el. They were not healthy for each other and she couldn’t remember why she started dating him anymore. “It’s stressful.”

“But that’s normal, right?” Mon-el reasoned and the fact that he thought to fight continuously in a relationship normal was a big red flag. He didn’t understand this. He didn’t see things the way he should. “Couples fight. They fight and make up and fight again.”

And Kara remembered why she tried to stay with him. She thought he was learning. Learning about how things were on Earth. All of those fights, tears and just burdens she had gone through, her sole purpose was to teach him more and more about this world. She had seen him as someone she could apply for her role in leading them into a new world, a mentee. He loved her and she had considered that his feelings were pure and she should return them as a gesture of genuine kindness.

She had pitied him. Again, without knowing.

What was wrong with her?

Feelings were not to pity but to treasure, to be protected and to be built, be nurtured. Not to be traded an exchange of affection for another type of affection.

Kara had seen things so wrong.

“No, they don’t, Mon-el. They need to feel like themselves around each other, being joyful, not pressured and tensed.” She looked away, not looking at his tears. She might fall into old habits of pitying him and his pretty face. He had done it to her many times, she saw it clearly now.

“You feel like that around me?” he asked, hurt and confused. “Well, who else can make you happy if it’s not me? Oh, I know what this is about. You like someone else, don’t you?”

Her face turned to him as a reaction to the truth. She gulped, feeling guilty.

“Who is it? Is it James? Or Winn? Huh?” Mon-el rose his voice, nearly shouted but still had some control. Surprisingly.

“None of them,” she answered, a bit relieved when it was the truth.

“None of them,” he scoffed, “So it’s someone else.” He stormed to the door, bringing his jacket along. “Whoever that is, he’s not going to love you like I do. Don’t come back crying.”

The door slammed shut. Kara heard the sound of the lock cracking due to Mon-el’s super strength.

He left. They broke up.

It happened. It really happened.

Kara felt… relieved. Free. Comfortable. For the first time in months.

She chuckled dryly and then she remembered about the next thing she must do.

Telling Lena how she felt and be damned with it.
She should have felt it. The way Lena’s eye lit up looking at her. The way she had quickly given Kara full access to her office at any time. The way Lena held her close whenever she needed her. The way their eyes caught during the interviews and Kara always had to look away because she was too shy to look straight into that intensity in Lena’s gaze.

There was a chance that Lena felt the same way. And she had to take it before it was too late.

Right now.

-------------------------------------

Lena was sitting on the couch, chewing on the few last pieces of her popcorn while the credit of the movie You Again rolling on the screen. It was her guilty pleasure, whenever she needed to relax, especially a day like today. She had stayed at the DEO for over a day and it’d been a great experience to work with the agents. Alex Danvers had been the first to warm up to her among the agents, then was agent Schott, whose face was familiar. Lena and he had had an unexpected collaboration at one of her parties where the alien criminals and Supergirl had had an intense fight. Winn, the name of the agent, had helped her finishing the device that had contributed to Supergirl’s victory that night.

It was fun to have someone to geek out with.

When she was reaching for the remote to turn up the volume because she loved the song ‘Kiss on my list’ so much, Lena heard footsteps coming from the balcony. Quickly setting the empty popcorn bowl on the table, she got up and headed towards that direction, surprised to find a panting Kara Danvers, in her puppy sweater, sweatpants and her hair loose.

“K-Kara, what are you-” Lena’s bewildered greeting was cut off when Kara raised her hands up, showing her palms as a gesture of peace.

“Please,” Kara spoke, still panting from flying, assuming from the way she showed up right on the balcony. “I’ve worked up my courage to do this. Please, let me finish because things will change between us and I hope that if it would, it would be better. Even if it wouldn’t, don’t push me away. Okay?”

Lena’s nature of overthinking things had kicked in but the pleading and how Kara’s eyes sending her a miserable standing-in-the-rain puppy look had set her guns down. “Okay,” she reassured, “I won’t push you away.”

Kara let out a relieved smile and stood straighter, blinking a few times before announced, “I broke up with Mon-él.” Lena’s mouth dropped slightly because she hadn’t seen this coming. “I broke up with him because we weren’t good for each other. You have told me many times, not audibly but through your eyes, and I felt it, but I kept thinking that it was normal. I thought we were normal. And I got sucked into that excuse over and over, it affected you and me. I’m sorry.”

Lena took in a sharp breath before the words. She had been wanting to let Kara know that but she couldn’t because Kara was so important and she feared that one single mistake would shatter their connection in a beat. The pain and the regretful in Kara’s voice broke her heart but also mended it with Kara’s freedom from those same wounds.
“And there is one thing I have to tell you. You are very important to me, Lena. You wanted to be my friend even though I was just ordinary Kara Danvers. You respected and always supported me when I was Supergirl. Lena,” Kara grabbed her hands, bringing them together and advanced a step, standing closer to her, “I am so sorry for not saying this to you sooner: I’m lucky to befriend you, under any circumstances, you are one of the most precious parts of my life. Lately, I’ve realized how dumb I was for not noticing how much you mean to me. I hope you can forgive me for that.”

Lena had already forgiven Kara. Always had. She pulled one hand out of Kara’s grip and placed it on their connected grasp and squeezed lightly to transfer that thought to the blonde, who was staring back at her with such an intense emotion in her baby blue eyes like she still had a thousand things more to say.

“Lena, it has been such a privilege to know and be your friend, and you are an amazing person. It’s—” Kara paused, a blush appeared on her cheeks. Suddenly she seemed to shy, her rush to talk and the confidence had melted into something endearing and more private. “It’s hard not to love you. And I do, in every possible way, I do love you. As a friend. And more.”

She heard thunder. Not actual thunder. But her heart had made that sound. What was happening? Did she hear it correctly? Could it be…?

*Is Kara saying what I’m thinking she’s saying?*

Kara loved her more than a friend.

The thought shook her. To every ounce of blood. To every inch of her bones. To the deepest part of her soul. Was this a dream? Was this a nightmare?

“This is shocking for you, I know. It’s shocking for me too. But it’s true. And the worst thing that I didn’t know this until very recently. I was a fool with my own feelings.” Kara chuckled nervously at herself, cheeks glaring with the color red. “You don’t have to say anything, I just need you to know it. And please, believe me. I’m not confused anymore. I can’t fly away from the fact that I’m in love with you, Lena Luthor.”

Lena couldn’t breathe. Her entire body reacted to the confession wildly and brutally strong. Those words. She had heard in her dreams, her hopeful dreams that in a perfect world, Kara would love her back. She had pictured this moment over and over, using every part of her imaginative mind to paint it into her heart, to console herself every night before she brought the pain of a broken heart into slumber. She had done it too many times that now she felt like she had lived in it enough.

And she was living it now.

Her heart. She couldn’t feel it anymore. Kara’s eyes had struck right into it and forced it to stop.

Kara, dear, innocent and adorable Kara, was saying that she loved Lena.

The one thing that she had wished for a billion times under every star.

She was granted that wish.

She should feel satisfied for being granted it.
She must feel satisfied, and happy and pleased.

But she didn’t.

She felt guilty. For not feeling like how she should.

“S-say something,” Kara plead, her eyes darted everywhere but Lena’s face. She couldn’t face Kara right now.

This was such a bad time to hear these words. How should she respond without breaking the blonde’s heart? Kara looked like her heart had shattered already.

“I’m-” she tried to come up with something but her lips froze when she saw Kara’s eyes fixated at something behind her back.

Right in that moment, she realized, in the heated moment of confusion and loss of words, she had forgotten something important. Something that would definitely cause this situation more complicated than it already was.

“There are two glasses of wine on your table,” Kara slowly retreated her hands, almost like Lena’s hands were burning coal. The blonde stepped back, her eyes glossed by forming tears. “You’re not alone.”

She was not.

Lena could practically feel the broiling gaze from Reign through the walls. She had invited the brunette to stay a little bit longer so they could watch Blended together. When the movie finished, Reign had gone to the bathroom just a few minutes before Kara arrived. She must have returned and-

Reign had heard everything. Kara’s confession. Reign had heard it.

And now Kara knew it.

Oh my God…

Kara staggered her steps towards the edge of the balcony with a forced smile. Lena approached her, wanted to say something to save the blonde from this pain but she knew that nothing could do about it. Her sparkling blue eyes gave Lena an apologetic look, chuckling humorlessly. “I-I’m sorry for disturbing.”

“Kara…” Lena spoke but her mind had gone blank. She wanted to hold Kara and console her but at the same time, she wanted to let Kara alone because it was what she needed right now.

The Kryptonian clumsily climb on the handle. Lena’s eyes got teary when she saw Kara’s hands shaking and how she clenched them to keep them from expressing sorrow. Kara turned to Lena, a pretended smile that didn’t reach her eyes appeared, she spoke with a shaky voice that sounded like on the verge of tears, “Please forget what I said.”

“Kara…” Lena didn’t know what else to say. She became numb.

With a final embarrassed glance, Kara mumbled ‘good night’ and slipped her feet off the balcony, falling straight down to the busy street below. Lena still got a glimpse of tears in Kara’s eyes above the strained grin before it disappeared from her sight. But it had already imprinted on her mind.

Kara had gone. Now there was only silence surrounding her. She turned around and saw Reign,
finally coming out of the wall’s shielding.

Her face. Oh, her face was neutral. As neutral as it could possibly be.

Lena’s hand brought to her arms, putting herself in a self-embrace in front of the invisible but deafening agony from the other brunette.

“She finally said it,” Reign spoke, not moving any closer to Lena. So she took a step closer. And closer. Until they were at arms-length.

“I’m sorry,” Lena replied, her eyes didn’t leave Reign’s.

“For what?” Reign didn’t sound bitter. She sounded broken, just like the hurt look in her brown eyes. “For knowing what I have already expected?”

The fact that Reign didn’t say it bitterly or sarcastically only dug deeper in Lena’s fear of hurting Reign. One way or another, she had done it.

“Please, don’t say it like that,” she begged.

“Like what?”

“Like you are about to take back everything you’ve said to me,” she nervously answered.

Reign sighed, finally let her eyes fill with emotion. And it was overwhelming. Lena couldn’t possibly determine how Reign was feeling right now. Disoriented. Confused. Hurt. Disappointed. Sad. Or just pure crushed.

“I won’t,” Reign reassured and Lena felt relieved, “but I also won’t put you into a corner of having to choose.”

The ambiguous undermeaning punched at Lena’s guts for some reasons. “What do you mean?”

“You looked at her like she was the air you breathe. Even when she said nothing.” Lena saw Reign’s eyes running on her face like she was trying to remember it before saying goodbye. Anxiety crawled into her chest and tightened its grip around her heart. “I joked about finishing off the Daxamite so you could have another chance with her. Now you do.”

Heat crept from her crazy heart to her skin and onto her face. Anger. Frustration. Fear.

“So what? You’re going to back off now? You never back off!” Lena nearly shouted. Tears started forming in her vision. Reign was slipping away through her fingers like she was holding a ball of sand. And she was helpless.

Reign swallowed. “Earlier this night, you said you couldn’t kiss me properly yet. But you are close.”

“Nothing changed,” Lena replied, broken as well.

The alien only smiled at her and the soft look dropped instantly as she stepped closer. Lena’s nostrils were drowned in the scent of sweet and popcorn from the taller brunette. “You’re right. Nothing changed,” Reign mumbled casually, “because you still couldn’t do it.”

“Yet,” Lena confirmed, a single tear fell down, slicing her skin with its heat. Her hands reached for Reign’s shirt, pulling her close.

“Don’t decide now. Don’t say anything or do anything you’ll regret,” Reign spoke warningly, and
placed her hands over Lena’s. “You don’t have to prove anything to me or to her or anyone. You are a great human, the best one on this planet. You deserve to be happy. And I’ll be here to witness you being happy.”

Witness? Did Reign just imply that she wouldn’t be the cause of Lena’s happiness?

“You deserve to be happy too,” Lena said, slowly unclenching her fingers on Reign’s shirt.

Reign smiled and lifted Lena’s hands to her lips, pressing onto her skin, hot and longing. She lifted her eyes to Lena’s, whispered while her breath ghosting over her knuckles, “I am already,” she stepped back and turned to the balcony, “so take your time.”

Only when the sound of Reign’s shirt flapping in the air started to fade behind her back, Lena moved to the couch and dropped her weight down heavily. The movie had stopped already, the black screen staring back at her like it was demonstrating her emptiness inside.

Kara had said she loved her.

Reign had proven that exact point over and over.

How the heck had she gotten herself into this mess?

All her life, Lena just wanted one, only one, person to care for her enough to let her feel loved. Now she had two. And she was miserable.

Could one be miserable for being loved?

‘I can’t fly away from the fact that I’m in love with you, Lena Luthor.’

‘And I’ll be here to witness you being happy.’

Their voices poured into her ears once again, louder and clearer than ever.

And she let herself being carried into a dreamless sleep, surrounded by the declaration of her most two important people in her lonely life. The night consumed her quickly like the fear of losing one of them either way, no matter how hard she tried, cruel fate always found its way to abduct her hope and leave her in melancholy.

‘There can be no peace for us, only misery and the greatest happiness.’

Leo Tolstoy had said so. Lena had never thought she would find herself trapped in those words.

Life didn’t give Lena Luthor a lemon, it threw at her face and laughed then threw at her some more until she had enough lemon for her next life.

Chapter End Notes

This is my intentional move to make you guys angsty :))

Until next time! *flies away, bringing all of the fluff*
Lena nervously stood in front of the wooden door, knowing that the person inside could clearly see her, though they hadn’t answered her previous knocks, she knew they were in there. She knocked again.

“Kara? I know you’re at home. There’s no Supergirl business and you’re not at CatCo or the DEO,” Lena gently but firmly said, crossing her arms because she would let the blonde see how serious she was, “I just want to talk to you. Is that okay?”

The door was still closed. Lena sighed and turned her heels. It seemed like Kara would intentionally avoid her after that confession. She was hoping that maybe she got to talk to her about it. Their relationship could not end just like this.

“Wait!” she heard the sound of the door being unlocked and turned around, facing with a bewildered Kara with her hair loose and her shirt disheveled, “I’m sorry, please come in!”

Lena took a few seconds to return the blonde a smile and walked back to the apartment. Kara stepped to one side and let her in. She spotted the blush on the blonde’s cheeks and decided not to comment on that. They had already too many things to talk about.

“Sit anywhere, I’ll get you something to drink,” Kara closed the door behind and quickly sprinted to the kitchen with her super speed, going wildly through her counters and fished out two cups, “Coffee?”

“It’s almost noon, Kara,” she replied obviously with an eye-roll, “of course I’ll drink coffee.”

Kara’s eyes lingered on her for a long second before she grinned and placed the cups down, “Why did I even ask?” They both laughed and somehow it felt familiar. Easy. Easier.

She sat on the couch and patiently watched as Kara poured the coffee into the cups, quickly added two sugar cubes and one spoon of cream in one of them, and only one cube of sugar in the other.
Kara remembered how she drank her coffee. One cube of sugar.

Maybe it was just a simple thing, not too complicated to remember.

But...

It would be a lie to say that didn’t do something to her stomach right now.

What could she say, she loved Kara.

She received her coffee with both hands, carefully not letting her fingers touch Kara’s, which were wrapping freely around the hot ceramic material. She envied being Kara. And Reign. “Thanks.”

Kara sat down on the chair near the couch, her knees rubbed against each other nervously as she brought the cup to her mouth. She took a sip. Then another sip. Lena waited for her to start saying something.

Just as when Lena thought she should just speak, Kara timidly asked, “How are you lately?”

Lena answered like a habit, “Good. You?”

“Good.” And the silence began again. Kara didn’t look at her eyes and honestly speaking, Lena was a bit disappointed. She had hoped that the blonde, who had had the guts to confess at her balcony, would at least say something when she had come right to her door. And Kara was Supergirl, for God’s sake. She was supposed to be fearless.

“Listen, Kara, I’m not here to drink coffee. I need to talk to you,” she started and saw the relief in the blonde’s eyes. Those blue eyes were sending her a silent ‘thank you’ when they stared at her shyly but attentively. “About what you said to me.”

Kara looked down at her hands, fingers fiddling among themselves. “I was hoping you would forget about that.”

Lena turned on her seat and faced the blonde fully, firmly said, “Forget? Kara, you flew to my house, said you were in love with me and took off right after! At least listen what I have to say before you decide to drop everything like it’s nothing! I deserve to say something, right?”

Blue eyes widened at her and Lena realized she might have spoken a bit louder than she had expected. She didn’t mean to, but the frustration just jumped out and ruined her composure.

It had been a few hard days since that night. Kara had been gone like she was off the Earth and Lena only saw her on TV in her Supergirl alter ego. Reign, on the other hand, had acted normally, though the distance between them seemed a bit larger. Lena couldn’t help the feeling that whatever she did, Reign would still not show her distress around her. And it broke her heart that the brunette would keep that kind of pain inside.

“You’re right. I’m sorry,” Kara placed down her cup and finally met her eyes, “But I don’t know how to face you again. Especially when nothing’s going to change.”

“What do you mean?” she arched an eyebrow questioningly.

“Well, you’re with… someone else,” Kara answered with a sad smile, “but that’s fine. It’s not like I’m going to cut between you two.” She stood up and started pacing around, babbling. “I completely understand that I was being out of line for not asking you about your relationship status first before jumping in and… you know. I also get it if you don’t want to talk about it ever again because it’s too
weird between us. But I hope that at least we can still be friends like before.”

Lena waited until the blonde finished. She had planned on what to say, how to say right at this moment, but everything had slipped her mind as soon as Kara mentioned that she was seeing someone. Kara must be talking about Reign and her. The fact that they were not a thing, yet Kara had thought so, had explained Kara’s recent disappearance.

“...like I said, you are important to me and I don’t want to lose you,” Kara paused to take a breath, realized she was gripping the flower vase that she had picked up in the middle of her rambling a bit too strong and it had cracked, putting it back on the shelf again and clasped her hands together, awkwardly asked Lena, “So... friends?”

She bit her lips. Kara’s rambling was always cute, no matter how many times she had seen it. It reminded her of the times she had spent around the blonde, smiling at the adorable trait that only Kara had. It was one of the reasons why she had fallen for Kara in the first place.

“You want to be my friend?” she asked, smirking. That harvested another glaring blush from the blonde.

“Y-Yes,” answered Kara, seemingly unsure, then frowned a bit, said again with more certainty, “Yes.”

“Does the fact that I’m not seeing anyone affect your answer?” she asked again, amused by how Kara reacted to that information. The blonde looked surprised at first, then more surprised, confused and finally puzzled.


The innocent question yanked something inside her chest that Lena hadn’t known it was there. She answered truthfully, “It’s not what you think.”

Kara sat back down, this time on the couch and said to herself, “You’re not dating her.”

Lena pushed by the little ache whenever she thought about the fact that she would have dated Reign, one day if they kept spending more and more time together and Kara hadn’t confessed her feelings. But Kara had. And it took away a lot from Lena’s initial intention to find comfort with Reign and inevitably fall for her in the process. Falling for Reign was that easy. Lena was lonely, hurt and vulnerable, any consolation would quickly sway her into its warmth. And Reign was really warm. Not just physically but also mentally.

It was so easy to let her drop into that cliff.

Lena had been ready to lose herself.

And Kara happened.

“I’m not dating her,” she repeated the blonde and turned to give Kara a serious stare, “I’m not because I couldn’t just yet.”

Kara blinked, probably trying to guess what Lena was about to say. Maybe she guessed it correctly already. “Why not?”

“Because I’m still trying to get over you, Kara,” she admitted, finally, sober and face-to-face. Her
love, her devotion and her desire for Kara. It had been her happiness, but it was also her misery. “I
was in love with you, too.”

She tried to keep the eye contact after her own words. It was hard, too hard, to say it out loud when
she had determined to bury it deep down and move on. And it was even harder because it felt like
she was giving out false hopes, just by stating the truth that Kara deserved to know.

After a very long minute, doing nothing but staring at each other and communicated many unsaid
things, Kara gingerly mumbled, “Was?”

It wasn’t the question that hurt. It was the way Lena could hear hope breaking apart in Kara’s voice.
Oh, the beacon of hope was now so hopeless. Kara smiled sadly, “I can’t believe that I didn’t
know.”

Lena couldn’t believe it either. She had shown her affections over and over, but of course, like in
many other unfortunate love stories, they weren’t reciprocated.

Until now. And it was just ridiculous how fate always arranged her in weird situations.

“I told you once, do you remember?” she asked, her mind drifted back on the night that she got
drunk on purpose, just to work up her courage and said she loved Kara. Every ounce of love she had
and every bit of hope she still had, Lena had put into those three words.

‘I love you.’

‘I love you, too. I love all of my friends but you are always my best friend.’

It was so painful how gently she had been rejected. And it was beautiful, the pain. She got used to it,
befriended it and now she actually missed it because that pain wouldn’t hold a candle to this new
one.

“I do,” Kara said and leaned back on the couch, “I thought you were drunk.”

“I was drunk. But it was the truth. I loved you,” she honestly stated.

Kara dryly chuckled, bringing one hand to her neck, tilted her head with a long sigh. “I hope that I
heard the words incorrectly but if you say it twice, then you must mean it.”

She brought on knee up on the couch and rested her elbow on the back of it, leaning her face against
her hand and looked at Kara, “I said what twice?”

The blonde imitated Lena’s pose and gazed into her eyes with an earnest regretful look, “That you
are no longer in love with me anymore.”

Her mouth dropped slightly. She couldn’t say anything because she couldn’t even tell if it was the
truth or not. Lena had spent months being in love with Kara, so much it had become a reality. That ‘I
am in love with Kara’ was a reality that she had to accept.

Then Reign happened. And Lena found herself engaging in another reality where someone else
would send her the love exactly how she had sent Kara, innocently and silently.

“I don’t know if I agree with that,” she commented and Kara’s eyes lit up again. Hopeful. Lena
didn’t want to give out false hope to anyone, especially to Kara or Reign, because she was walking
on the edge of a tall wall, with the chances of falling to her left and to her right. Every word she said
would pull her down, into either edge and it was scary to know her balance was so easy to be
affected. “I was about to fall out of love with you, Kara.”

The Kryptonian’s eyes widened again and then darted away. “I know. I can-” she took a deep breath, “feel it. At first, I thought it was our friendship but it actually it wasn’t and I was confused. But I know you are drifting away from me somehow.”

They chew on Kara’s words for a while.

Lena didn’t know what Kara was thinking and she was afraid to know. Kara had hurt her unintentionally with her oblivion and was also hurt with the bad timing. Reign had tried to heal Lena’s wound and received those wounds instead. Lena never wanted to hurt anyone yet everyone around her did it so easily, no matter how hard her shell was. Fate was cruel with her, with them, with the three of them.

“I don’t want to drift away from you,” Lena confessed, softly smiled at Kara.

“Neither do I,” Kara responded, reaching out to touch Lena’s elbow, “Is there any way that we can start over?”

Starting over.

That sounded nice. Leaving everything behind and continuing on the new foundation.

This could work, for Kara and her.

Then what did that mean for her and Reign? Would that be the end?

Lena still needed to figure that out.

“Yes, we can,” she answered carefully, not moving from the spot and let Kara’s fingers caressing her skin, “starting as friends.”

The movement on her arm stopped. Then continued but with less confidence. “Fine with me,” Kara spoke, her eyes expressed optimism, that full of hope look that people in this city always gave her, now she was giving Lena. “as long as I’m still in your life.”

Lena smiled warmly at the words. That was exactly what she wanted from Kara. Their lives were intertwined from the moment Kara stood up against every judgment Lena had to face. It wasn’t just love. Love came later.

“You can’t fly away from me, Girl of Steel,” she cheekily teased, earning a train of laughter from the blonde, who took back her hand to push up the bridge of her glasses as a habit, even though they weren’t on her face.

“Well, I don’t want to anyway,” Kara blushed and giggled, “And I’m so sorry for keeping you waiting earlier. I was… taking a shower.”

“Yes, I notice your dampened hair,” she gestured vaguely at Kara’s head.

“I had to,” Kara blushed harder, “Alex’s been scolding me for staying on the couch for the last two days.”

Lena laughed like a maniac. That resulted in Kara’s embarrassed laughter, too. “Well, I can’t be mad at you for trying to smell nice, can I?”

“I need to smell nice around you from now on,” the blonde shrugged sheepishly.
“Just from now on?” she teased.

“You know what I mean,” Kara rolled her eyes, snickered joyfully.

“Okay,” Lena sat straighter and asked, “how have you been?”

She had spent that entire Saturday at Kara’s, talking about what had happened during their missing time. Kara had told her about M’gann, Mars, Daxam, and her home planet Krypton. Lena had never expected such a tragedy running in Kara’s usual carefree and bubbly attitude. The blonde had lost her entire world. Lena couldn’t imagine what it was like, but she would try to do everything in her power to make Kara feel better, be the friend that she had always been.

Maybe one day things would change again. Maybe one day she would fall for her again.

But for now, it was best to just be how they were, being something unnamed just like this.

____________________________________

“Shit,” Reign muttered and closed her eyes while the water splashing over her face and hair and neck. Blindly, she reached for an open-ended spanner next to her hips that she had already placed it there for easy access. With a strong twist, the plumber had been secured again but Reign was soaking wet. She rolled out of the counter and stood up, feeling the cold of liquid dripping down her spines. She muttered another curse before wiping her hair up to have a better view of the kitchen.

Water, dirty and clean, rusty pipes and a bunch of household fixing tools scattered along the counter. Her shirt was a complete disaster with the wet cloth sticking onto her back and chest. Disgusting. And smelly.

She didn’t hesitate to take off the shirt and unclip her bra, throwing them at the dirty clothes basket. Looking down on her jeans, there were a few drops of dirty water on them. She took them off too and left the underwear on. Shooting the curled up jeans onto the basket, she opened the fridge and got herself a can of Coke. Pressing her index finger onto the cut area of the can, a single ‘pop’ echoed in the air, the gas bubble attacked her sense overwhelmingly when she gulped down half of the drink in one go. Reign had been thirsty for the past hour. Her throat tortured her viciously with dryness, so dry that it ached her. And it pissed her off because she could not soothe it with any kind of water.

Maybe that was the reason she had kicked the pipe a little harder than she had intended to.

Or maybe she was pissed because she had failed the project today. Lena’s project.

It was simple. It should have been simple for her. After all, she had the knowledge of Krypton’s peak scientific culture from Zor-el. She had no idea why he had transferred it to her head but he had done it for a purpose. To help that treasure survive, she guessed so.

But she couldn’t focus.

This morning, when she had brought the daily report to Lena’s office, Reign had been stopped by Lena’s secretary from coming into the office. Jess, the secretary, didn’t like Reign at all. Every time
Reign had a business with Lena that had to go through her, she always asked unnecessary questions like Reign was snooping around.

Today wasn’t an exception. But to Reign, it felt a bit weirder that Jess suddenly seemed nicer to her and let her through quickly. With her basic instinct, Reign lowered her glasses to check inside the office and saw the blonde Kryptonian sitting on the couch with Lena. Eating donuts.

_Fucking donuts._

Reign wasn’t stupid. Jess had been rooting for Kara since forever. This woman pointed her nose into the relationship between her and Lena. Well, not like it hadn’t been hard enough for her.

Reign recalled how happy Lena looked, hearing Kara’s confession. Probably happy wasn’t the right word, she had been more like confused, but the good kind of confused.

And Reign hated it.

She hated that she had been patient, tried to keep her hands away from Lena’s heart to let the brunette open her door for her. It was torturous for her, but she had thought about the moment when Lena finally accepted her some time in the future, and the waiting would be worth it.

Everything she had built, collapsing in front of her eyes.

With just a few words, Kara easily snatched Lena’s heart back when Reign had to endure and control her own want to make Lena feel comfortable.

She had been noble. She had been good. She had been tame.

_Fuck noble. Fuck good. Fuck tame._

She cursed at herself. In her lifetime on Earth, she had read books about virtues and sins, had witnessed a lot and had seen how sins affected people, rotting them down. Reign had always felt that pull of sins inside her, especially when she had too much power on her hands. She was afraid that those sins would consume her.

So she tried hard for the virtues.

At the moment, she felt plain dumb.

_‘They say a person needs just three things to be truly happy in this world: someone to love, something to do and something to hope for.’_  

She had thought about that quote for a while when she first saw it outside a bookshop back in Europe. She had thought it was brilliant because it could apply to her, an alien, a loner in this new world. Reign had expected to find only one in those three things.

At first, she chose science. Something to do. Science. Therefore, she became a chemist graduate in England.

Something to hope for. She chose nothing. Nothing to be hope for because she didn’t need to accomplish anything besides a quiet life among humans, peacefully living and staying away from the light. Being normal. Blending in.

Someone to love. She hadn’t even thought about it. The concept of love was still so vague to her because love didn’t affect her much. Not in this life.
Like she had thought, she had expected to have only one thing in those three.

Lena Luthor happened.

Suddenly, her world focused on that particular human. Against all of the judgments, that tiny little human took over the falling eagle and forced it to strike back to the sky. She was extraordinary. Magnificent.

Reign had had something to do: science. And this could contribute to the youngest Luthor’s cause. Lena wanted to make something good. In the world full of darkness, she held the torch. That was amazing. And Reign had thought she could share this point of view with that woman.

To do good.

Something to hope for.

And Reign hoped that Lena would be able to do more good.

Those two things she had found leading her to Lena, that fragile but extraordinary human who dared to stand against the world for her beliefs.

Supergirl and Superman were everybody’s beacon of hope.

But Lena was Reign’s beacon of hope.

And her beacon of hope was laughing with everyone’s beacon of hope in her office.

The report had been shaking in her hand. She knew about this. She had known, expected this. She had thought nothing could be worse than death.

What did she know anyway?

So Reign had turned away and left the report at Jess’ desk. The satisfied look on the secretary’s face was gloating at her, at the furious look on her own face.

Reign had shattered many tubes in the lab after that. Mr. Higgs had told her to come home soon because she would make more damage than work at the moment. She hated herself right now. Useless. A mess.

_Fucking donuts._

Reign took another gulp and heard knocking. Squinting her eyes at the door, the drink traveled to her nose, choking her and she spat out the rest as her hand crumbled the poor can into debris.

Her beacon of hope with raven hair and green eyes was at the door. Looking so good in long blouse and pants.

Reign immediately brought her other hand to cover her chest like a reaction that she had picked up from humans in her time on Earth. Then she realized Lena couldn’t see her, scoffed and frantically rushed to the closet and snatched out a pair of pants and a not-too-dirty T-shirt, putting them on as she floated towards the door.

“Hey!” she greeted the brunette with a grin. Lena smiled back at her with her usual kind gaze and it tugged at Reign’s heart a bit. “What are you doing here?”

“Well…” Lena stepped in casually, hands hooked at her back and nonchalantly said, “it’s nice to
Reign laughed at her own impolite manners and scratched her head, “Sorry, I was distracted by how little you are without heels.” She was a bit proud of coming up with a quick tease at the shorter brunette because she knew how much Lena hated it.

The CEO frowned at her but rolled her eyes, “I should have my gun here to shoot you every time you say a bad joke, Reign.”

“I told you to get one already,” she grinned and stepped to a side, swinging her free arm towards the couch, “Come on in. Please excuse the mess, I’ll clean it up right now.”

She used her speed to pick up the stuff, swiping the floor, drying it and finished just in time Lena sat down on in front of the TV. Quickly going through the fridge, Reign bit her tongue for not going shopping earlier. The last can of Coke had become a ball of tin in the trash can. Great.

“What were you doing?” Lena asked from behind her. Reign stood up, closing the fridge and opened the upper counter to get the box of tea, her eyes caught the layer of dust on the lid and winced, throwing it into the trashcan, right over the ball of tin.

“I was changing the pipes,” Reign settled with water and thanked Rao for her habit of grabbing too many bottles of water every time she went to the store. Bringing two glasses and a bottle of fresh water between her body and arm, Reign returned to the couch and handed Lena a glass. “If I stink, kick me.”

Lena laughed. That amazing sound warmed Reign up. She had missed this. Their usual conversation starting with teases and jokes. Occasionally there was flirting somewhere. Now Reign hesitated to do that last step.

Lena leaned forward a bit and scrunched her nose jokingly, “Nope, you’re good enough.”

Reign tilted her head, “Good enough for what?”

“For movie,” Lena cheekily answered, pulling out two pieces of paper, flapping between her fingers, “Interested?”

Reign hadn’t seen that coming. Lena came to her ragged apartment to ask her to see a movie? Her mouth dropped slightly at the tickets and Lena’s suggesting eyebrows wiggling.

Hold up.

Reign squinted her eyes at the words on the tickets and gasped when she knew the title, “I’m not going to watch that movie!”

“Come on, Rey, you promised to watch one movie about aliens with me,” the brunette whined, bringing up the time when Reign had stupidly agreed to force herself watching the horrible humans' depiction of anything non-human.

“Not that one! ‘Aliens’ is my most hated movie of all time!” She huffed, crossing her arms, “And you did trick me into promising that because you were talking about how great E.T was.”

“This movie is very interesting. I love the plot,” the CEO pouted, “Also, you liked ‘Prometheus’!”

“Well, thanks to the birth giving scene,” Reign stuck out her tongue, “which of course, you don’t know because you’ve hidden your face through the entire scene. Wuss!”
Lena stuck out her tongue as well, “Promise breaker.”

“Coward.”

“Liar.”

“Pussy.” Reign stood up. “You can’t even watch the movie you recommend.”

“You’re a pussy!” Lena stood up as well. “You aren’t brave enough to follow your words!”

Reign fumbled between her reasons, “Well, you’re shorter than me!”

“I’m richer than you!”

“I can fly!”

“I can wear glasses without dropping them every five minutes!”

They stared at each other for a few long seconds before bursting out into laughter. Reign laughed so hard her stomach started to ache. Finally, wiping off her tears, she took a deep breath to calm herself down.

“What the heck are we doing?” she asked, the urge to laugh still lingering at her throat.

Lena smoothed her blouse, cheeks pink from the laughing. “Being boneheads.” She put back the tickets into her purse. “If you don’t want to watch the movie, it’s fine. We’ll do something else.”

Reign stared at Lena, her mind blazing with questions. Why did she feel like Lena was trying to find an excuse to spend time with her, and not for the reason she was hoping for?

“You don’t have to feel guilty about spending time with Zor-el, you know,” she spoke and Lena’s eyes instantly went to her face.

The brunette fiddled the purse in her hands, “It’s not like that. Leo Higgs told me you didn’t feel very well today so I’ve come to cheer you up.”

And that, ladies and gentlemen, was the moment Reign knew she couldn’t help falling for the human standing in front of her. Reign didn’t care for what reason Lena had put aside her crazy schedule for one night and spent it to cheer her up. Reign didn’t care if it was out of pity or simply Lena was just being her good self. Before her luck ran out, she may as well just enjoy it while it lasted.

“Then that movie better be good,” she grabbed her jacket hanging on the rack.

A bright smile spread on Lena’s red lips. “Are you sure you want to watch it?”

“I don’t want to be called ‘pussy’ from now on,” she chuckled, watching Lena getting on her feet and headed for the door, “besides, the scariest woman of National City has come to collect on a debt. Who am I to refuse?”

During the movie, if Reign had caught Lena hiding her face again when the spiky hybrid thingy humans called ‘alien’ crawling out of a human body, she hadn’t said anything. Or when Lena instinctively dug her nails into the arm of the chair as something scary was happening. Or the fact that ‘Alien: Covenant’ had become Reign’s favorite movie of all time because of the fact that she had spent most of the movie to steal glances at the brunette and memorize the shape of her face, the smile, the way she held her breath in action scenes.
The night fell quickly on National City as the dark figure walked along the abandoned warehouse wall with his hands inside the pockets, fighting off the wind blowing against his face.

He approached two vehicles, both black, one car and one van. A woman standing between them, smirking when she saw him.

“Right on time,” she greeted, stretching a hand, “The file.”

He glanced around, seemingly hesitating to do as she said. “I need to see her first.”

“Give it or you’ll bring home her body,” the woman’s voice became stern and full of threats, “I’m not a patient one.”

The man grunted, looking at the woman in disgust. He pulled out a small box from the front pocket and threw it in her face. The woman caught it neatly in her hand, mumbling ‘extraordinary’ as she flipped every face to observe it.

“Where is she? Where is Lyra?” the man demanded.

“Easy, Mr. Schott. She’s still alive,” the woman smirked again, digging more into the satisfaction of her own, holding the handle of the knife to this deal, “for now.”

“But you said you’ll release her if I give you the information you need!” Winn shouted, angry because of being tricked and he even had expected this. “I gave you, now you give me Lyra!”

“You haven’t given me anything yet, lover boy,” Lillian Luthor said casually, putting the box into her coat pocket, “I don’t need the box. I need what is inside. You have to decode and translate everything from the original box before I give your girlfriend back.”

Winn gritted his teeth. “You monster.”

Lillian laughed maliciously, “Say whatever you want, Mr. Schott, but I’m doing this for the greater good.” She climbed on the car and Winn was left alone by the warehouse.

The copy of the box rested inside Lillian’s palms. When the dim light from the street shined upon it, Kryptonian symbols could be seen carved on the surface.

Lillian didn’t have to know Kryptonian to know what that meant because she knew that the lover boy wouldn’t risk his girlfriend’s life over some strange alien. She smirked down at the symbols, whispered triumphantly.

“A Worldkiller working for CADMUS sounds much better than a maniac Red Kryptonite Supergirl anyway.”

Chapter End Notes
I'll take some break from this fic to update my other SuperCorp fics :) 

Don't kill me because you've asked for drama, now I bring drama to your door!

Love you all!
I Savor, You Cherish And They Cry

Chapter Summary

I really don't know how to summarize this chapter because it was chaos in my mind.

Chapter Notes

I'm writing this on a car, going left and right somewhere in french countryside, which is terrible because it's giving me headache.

Please pardon my mistakes, I'll fix when I touch solid ground.

Enjoy, I guess

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Tell me more about your home.”

Kara halted her hand in the bowl of sweets, lifting her eyes to meet with Lena’s. The brunette was sitting across the couch, holding a cup of tea in her hands, eyeing Kara curiously.

They were watching some random news on the television while trying to decide what they should eat for dinner. Lena preferred Thai meal while Kara suggested ordering Mexican food. Finally, they both agreed with Chinese and had already ordered through the phone. Now they were waiting for the delivery.

Shoving a handful of candy in her mouth, Kara sat back on the couch, chewing through a question, “My home?”

“Krypton,” Lena smiled encouragingly, “If you're comfortable.”

Nobody had asked Kara to tell them about Krypton. Not even Alex or Clark. Like they were afraid that it would trigger her or something. That was the reason why she was utterly happy that Lena asked.

So she told her. Telling her everything she could remember, with the most positive voice possible. From the scenery she could see from her room to the relationship between Kryptonians and their beliefs. But when it came to her family, Kara hesitated.

“I thought my parents were the good guys, Lena. But they were even worse than the worst thing I could imagine,” Kara said, sadly, fiddling with the last piece of candy in her hands. She felt not just sorrow, but also guilt. The guilt of not knowing anything that had been going on around her. The guilt of staying blissfully ignorant to the horrible deeds that were her parents’ doing. “Medusa virus was my father’s creation to kill everything except for Kryptonians.”

Lena’s eyes darkened for a split of second at the mention of the thing that CADMUS had used to wipe out alien population, the very incident that led to Lena’s turning her back on her mother. Kara’s
guilt spread to the brunette, they sat silently on the couch, chewing and digest the similarities of their lives.

“I understand it perfectly, Kara,” the CEO sighed, putting down her empty cup, “Although I’d never wish to meet anyone with the same background like mine, I’m glad that we can share about this.”

Kara had never thought about. Come to think of it, Lena’s story and hers had many common points. They were both blinded by their families’ crimes. They both tried to do good for the world. They both were alone in those stories.

Not anymore.

Kara licked her lips as an instinct of working up her courage, scooting closer to Lena but not too close, just enough so that their shoulders almost touched. “I’m glad, too. There’s no one else I can talk to about my home. Not even Kal.”

Amused by the real name of Superman, Lena smirked. “Your cousin. Does he know about us being friends?”

“He does,” Kara answered, nervously adjusted her glasses. She still wore glasses around Lena like a habit, and Lena did tell her that she looked cuter with them on. So she intentionally wore glasses just for that. “He didn’t react like I thought he would.”

“He’s not okay with it,” Lena understandingly replied.

Kara hummed. ‘Not okay’ wasn't the right words to describe Kal’s reaction. Unless ‘almost splitting a mountain in halves’ was another definition of ‘not okay’. Her mind flashed back on two days ago, when Kal had visited her after the DEO had busted a group of Xenopentes Viticeps dealers across National City to Metropolis, she had told him about how thing were in her life.

***

The mountain shook. Literally shook. Kara winced when a giant part of the poor thing looked like falling but since Kal hadn’t punched all the way, the mountain only had a large crack in the middle. The debris of what used to be in that gap turned into dust, floating in the air, tainting her sight.

“Lena Luthor?” he nearly shouted. But he didn’t. So at least he wasn't as mad as she expected. “You and Lex’s sister?”

Kara knew she had to be tough about this. Kal had a bad history with Luthors, and of course, you couldn't expect Superman to be happy and sunshine when it came to someone who had tried to drown California just to kill him. Crossing her arms, borrowing a bit of the confidence from Supergirl, she clearly stated, “That’s right. Me and Lena.”

The look on Kal’s face was too furious it was comical. She would have laughed if this moment hadn't been this serious. “I heard about you two being friends. It was already dreadful but I decided to trust your judgement in making allies. But dating her? Rao, Kara, what were you thinking?”

The question itself didn't make Kara mad. The meaning behind it did. Did Kal just imply that Kara was being so dumb that she fell for the enemy? Not that Lena was the enemy to begin with.

She glared at him. “You could trust my judgement in being Lena’s friend, why did that change? And I’m not dating her. We’re still friends.”
“But you just said you loved her,” he stared back.

“I did. I love her,” she repeated herself. The truth in that answer still sent blood to her cheeks.

Kal’s steely gaze softened a bit. “But she doesn't love you back.”

That hit Kara. Many times during the nights when she placed her arm over her head and thought about the situation between Lena and her. At some point, Lena had fallen in love with her. Now that feelings had faded away. But it used to be there. And it was the anchor of her hope.

She hadn’t tried to make Lena fall for her, yet it had happened. Not she needed to be active in this, hopefully, it wasn't too late.

“She doe-, I mean, she did but-, it’s complicated. I’m trying,” Kara honestly said, her arms fell to the side, “Look, Kal, I’m not asking for your opinion. I’m not a child, and I’m actually older than you, cousin. I tell you this because I want you to know, because you are family and I hope one day I can talk to you about Lena without having to prepare my own words. My heart doesn't care about her last name. So please, understand as much as you can.”

The man in cape watched her finishing her speech. After she was done, he smiled. Not the happy, relieved smile but the defeated one. Kal slightly shook his head. “I’m still wary. That's not going to change soon. I’ve still thought about the possibilities of how a Luthor could beat a Super and this wasn't on the list. But nobody can predict everything.” He darted his gaze away, saying with an understanding voice, “Just like I can’t predict that Lex’s sister is going to be like him or not. So I will stay out of this. And wish you happiness to whatever you choose.”

A wave of relief washed over Kara. It coiled into a breath and flowed out between her lips, blossomed into a bright smile. “Thank you, Kal.”

His facial expression hardened a bit. “Kara, if she hurts you, you have to come to me.”

“Kal…” Kara warned.

Superman slightly rolled his eyes. Not many people could see Superman rolling his eyes like an annoyed teenager. It was amusing. “Not like that. I mean, if she emotionally hurts you, I can always offer you a shoulder. To cry on. Or a sparring partner.”

Kara flew towards Kal and wrapped him in a crushing hug, a giant grin painted on her face. The sudden force sent the Supers into the mountain, shaking the poor thing once again. “Rao, I’m so happy! Yes, yes, yes! Love you, Kal!”

Superman laughed when the embrace broke. “Love you, too, Kara.”

***

“Well, he’s… not against it,” Kara scrunched her nose, cheekily grinned. “Don’t worry.”

Lena stuck out her lower lip, almost looked like she was pouting. “Have you met me? Am I ever not worried?”

They both laughed. Kara leaned a bit closer to Lena and the brunette did the same. It seemed natural
for them to be this close. Mentally and physically.

Kara’s pinky lifted a bit, reaching out towards Lena’s. She casted her gaze down and saw Lena’s pinky hesitated a bit before returning with the same gesture.

Gathering her courage, Kara held her breath and slowly reached out her entire hand. Her eyes focused back on Lena’s expression because she needed to know if she had Lena’s content. Her heart banged loudly but no way she could miss the same pumping sound inside Lena’s chest. Her entire world, the sound of the city, of the people, of the living beings, everything that wasn’t Lena, had disappeared into the back of her mind.

Green eyes slowly met Kara’s and she felt the flip in her stomach. Instinctively, she leaned in, still very slowly to make sure that Lena was okay with this. It was a risky move, but she couldn’t help it. Lena was right here, cheeks flushing and heavy breathing. She shouldn't be looking so attractive and alluring when she was so close to her.

Lena didn’t move but she also didn’t pull away. It confused Kara, so she stopped right before her nose came too close for comfort. The aroma of Lena’s natural scent and her perfume, vanilla and strawberry, filled her nose, sending her to the point of mentally drunk.

“Lena?” she murmured, eyes flickering down at Lena’s lips and up at her eyes. “How are you feeling?”

Lena gulped. Kara could hear the movements inside Lena’s throat. Slow, confused, disoriented. “...worried?”

*At least she doesn’t feel uncomfortable.* Kara chuckled lightly and responded, “That makes two of us.”

Lena blinked and shyly smiled, “Am I making Girl of Steel worried?” The blush grew on her cheeks.

Kara breathed out, bewildered and in awe, “All the time.”

Lena chuckled.

Kara thought maybe she could lean in a bit further.

The knocking on the door startled her and she pulled back like being electrocuted. Lena also jerked away, her heart raced faster. Kara looked through the door and saw Alex, not the delivery person like she had expected. Her sister seemed concerned and jumpy. Sprinting to the door, she quickly open it and asked, “Alex, what are you doing here?”

Her sister gave her a look of disbelief. “You’re asking me that? I’ve been trying to call you!”

Kara reached for the phone deep inside her front pocket. There were twenty-two missed call from Alex and eight from Winn. “Oh, Rao. I’m so sorry, I turned off the volume.”

Alex clicked her tongue, shaking her head. “You never turn off your Supergirl phone, why would yo- Oh!”

Alex’s hasty pacing stopped on its track when she saw Lena inside Kara’s apartment, sitting on the couch and looking at her. Kara quickly explained, “Lena and I are about to have dinner tonight. Wanna join us?”
Please say no. Please say no.

Alex glanced at her, then back at Lena and at her again. An awkward chuckled crawled out of Alex, the agent shook her head, “Erm, no thanks. Nice to meet you, Lena.”

“Hello, Alex,” Lena responded politely.

“Kara, you need to come to the DEO,” Alex said and her eyes went wider as if she recalled something. Turning to Lena, she added, “Actually, it’s a great thing that I meet you here. I need your help with something.”

Lena’s facial expression changed into more serious. “What is it?”

Alex gave Kara a quick cautious glance before answering, “It’s about Reign.”

Kara’s heart dropped when she saw the protective look flashed on Lena’s eyes and then her entire body.

“Should I call her?” Lena asked, already reached for her purse.

“Yes, that would be great,” Alex nodded and turned to Kara as Lena called Reign. “Winn has just decoded everything inside the file.”

Kara’s eyes widened, alarmed. “My father's file?”

“Yes, nobody has seen it yet,” Alex toned down to whispering, “But by a glimpse of it, I think we can't trust her yet.”

Kara frowned. “I’ve never trusted her. Someone who doesn't have a clear background is always untrustworthy.”

Alex opened her mouth to say something but she was cut off when Lena approached them. The DEO agent quickly turned her worried look into something not alarming, “So?”

“She'll be there in five minutes,” Lena answered, grabbing her coat, “Shall we go, agent Danvers, Supergirl?”

This was Lena’s business voice. No more friendly tone, teasing manners, just pure business. Lena changed completely when it came to Reign. With the troublesome preview from Alex and Kara’s instinct in protecting her friend, the annoyance of distrust and jealousy coiled inside her, building up something ugly that she had experienced once with Red Kryptonite, only this time it was more intense and it wasn't enhanced by anything but pure jealousy. Even though she knew she was in no place to feel jealous, she knew Lena was still only her friend, she couldn't help this feeling because she was so worried about Lena and her good heart. Lena could be falling for a trap without knowing.

Kara had checked Reign’s background, seeing that the alien only spent her time mostly in Europe, without much trouble. Actually, there had been no trouble, too silent and peaceful for an extraterrestrial being to be on Earth. Even Kara, being as careful as possible, still exposed her powers when rescuing people.

Somehow, Reign was too quiet, too good in hiding, too nice, too smart. It was a bit too surreal. Like she was trying to shield something from normal eyes.

Not with Kara. If she had learned one thing from being exposed to her family's secret, it was never underestimate the power of science. Her father had created Reign, he must have done something to her to make her the perfect killer, hence the name.
Kara had made up her mind about dealing with Reign: keeping her guards up. Kara hadn’t earned Lena’s trust easily but Reign somehow managed to do it in a short period of time, which was so alarming. The decision might or might not have anything to do with her own subjective opinion on the alien. Or the fact that Reign and her share the same amount of place in Lena’s heart.

Kara wouldn’t mix her rightful need to protect Lena with her selfish want to dismiss every chance that Reign could be not bad to tell Lena that ‘Don’t choose her. Give me a chance, I can be better than she could ever be.’. Kara knew better. She needed to earn Lena’s heart once again, fair and square.

Reign’d just got out of the shower when she heard the phone. It was Lena. Her heart jumped to her throat as she accepted the call and tucked it between her shoulder and cheek while getting dressed.

“Hey, what’s up?” she greeted, joyful and thrilled.

“Hi, are you busy at the moment?” Lena said, didn’t sound very calm like every other time she called.

Reign’s first thought was about the movie Lena had dragged her to last week. Maybe she was asking her out again. Excited, she eagerly answered, “Nope, totally free. Why?”

“Can you come to the DEO for a minute?”

Reign halted her hands around the button, she paused the dressing and grabbed the phone, holding it more properly, “What happened? Are you there? What did they do to you?”

“No, it’s nothing dangerous,” Lena quickly explained and Reign’s preparation to sprint off to the DEO and sabotage them inflated. “They want to see you.”

“Are you going to be there?” Reign asked, checking if Lena was involved. Reign hoped she didn’t, though she was less wary of the agency, she didn't want to have Lena around when it came to them. After all, they didn't trust Lena either. “I can go alone.”

“I’ll be with you. See you there.”

Reign held the phone to her heart after they hung up.

‘I’ll be with you.’

If only it meant as she wished. If only…

She quickly finished wearing clothes and put on her boots, then opened the window and flew to the building that was disguised to fool others. It was ridiculous but actually genius, too. Who would have thought the top secret agency was located right in the middle of the city?

Her boots stomped lightly on the balcony, Reign fixed her jacket while eyeing the agents, glancing at her but didn’t point any guns. They seemed cautious but not outright hostile. Reign guessed that they were informed of her arrival.
“Miss Flamebird, we’ve been waiting for you,” the Martian Director said as he strolled towards her.

Reign jokingly held up her empty palms, “I come in peace.”

The face of the Martian was still stiff like stone. Tough. “Follow me.”

Reign walked behind him, eyes scanning for Lena. She quickly found the familiar bone structure and heartbeat in a room near them. Lena had been very busy lately, Reign could only meet her when she delivered the reports or occasionally at lunch. There was one time she worked up her courage and called Lena right when lunch time began to ask her to have a meal with her. But Lena had turned it down politely. Reign got it, she was busy. So she didn’t think much. She came to the ground and bought Lena some food, intentionally avoided buying any donuts because it reminded her of Zor-el’s stupid face.

She had brought the food to Jess’ desk and very politely asked the secretary to give it to Lena because the CEO would easily skip the meal when she was busy. When she left, she could still heard the sound of something being dropped through the thick door of the elevator.

Later that day, when she came back to remind Lena that she had a home because it was way past work time and she still saw the light from Lena’s office when she walked home earlier. She thought about surprising her at the balcony door but then she decided to walk in like human. Her nose picked up the familiar smell of the food she had bought from the trashcan. Feeling happy that Lena had eaten, she stepped to the door and was about to push it open when she smelled something else.

Donuts.

In that same trashcan.

She frowned and came to check. And she saw the empty donut box inside, lying open like it was laughing at her, sitting on the plastic bag wrapping around the food she had bought, probably as cool as a dead body by now. It hadn’t even been opened.

_Fucking secretary._

Lena must have had a lunch date with Zor-el before Reign called. It must be it. Then why did she bother to say she was busy? She could have just said it. Or her secretary who had always been rubbing her face on how much she preferred Kara Danvers over Reign Flamebird to take care of Lena.

So she left and texted Lena to come home instead. She was tough, yes, but she let the painful feeling take over for now. Reign should at least start getting used to this from now on. Because her skin was impenetrable, but the wall around her heart was not.

Her eyes met Lena’s first and she smiled. “Hey.”

“Hey,” the raven-haired woman’s lips lit up a smile.

“Hey,” Supergirl said, clearing her throat. Only now that Reign spared the girl in cape a glance.

“Kryptonian,” she greeted and smirked when she knew Zor-el couldn’t make a comeback because nobody knew what kind of alien Reign was.

“So…” a male agent spoke up, shyly raised his hand, “are we good? Okay, I’ve solved the formula of this file. And man, it was hard. Like really hard. It’s even harder than the boss level of-”
“Agent Schott,” the Martian warned.

The agent startled and scratched his neck embarrassingly continued, “Well, okay, let’s start, shall we?”

He typed something to the device, all Kryptonian Reign supposed, and gestured Supergirl to come close. The Kryptonian placed her hand on the bad and winced, retreating her palm. Reign caught a tiny needle sticking out, with the tip dyed with Zor-el’s blood. The needle came back inside and a hologram appeared. Reign frowned in detest.

Zor-el.

Everyone stayed quiet as the projector started to speak. Reign instinctively moved closer to where Lena was sitting, mentally borrowing her presence as an anchor of her sanity.

‘Entry AX-CT number 7658/Zor-el:

This entry is solely reserved for members from House of El, any trespassing of ownership would result in death penalty.

Please wait while your blood being examined.

Examining…

Finished.

Welcome, Kara Zor-el, what can I help you?’

Reign’s eyes flickered to the blonde, not missing out how Lena’s hand reached out for Kara’s and pretended that it didn’t hurt her. Looking at Kara’s face, Reign could tell she was feeling miserable. She had no idea what had happened to her but taking refuge position on a strange planet wasn’t easy. Reign knew it.

“Please tell me about Project Worldkiller,” Kara spoke and Reign shifted her focus back on the hologram.

‘Which subject?’

“There is only one subject.”

‘Negative. There are two subjects.’

Kara frowned. Reign stepped closer to the file and observed it. This little box had the secret about her. What happened to her, who she was, what she was.

“Tell me all about them,” Supergirl finally said.

‘Gladly.

Subject number one:

An unidentified species, found in Daxam, being sold as slave for the royals. Female, red hair, pale blue skin with the exceptional adaptation to surroundings. It has great endurance to physical and mental pain. A perfect test subject.
Subject number two:

A Kryptonian, born in Krypton. A member from House of El but deceased at young age due to sickness. Body being preserved and protected. Perfectly matches with subject number one.’

Reign gritted her teeth.

What the heck is this? Is it talking about me? Am I subject number one? Then who is number two? Zor-el experimented on his own family?

She crossed her arms and continued to listen.

‘After a lot of blood transfusion, bone, cells and tissues implants, subject number one has successfully emerged into subject two on the most complex level of combination, creating the best hybrid.

It was named: Reign Worldkiller.

It would adapt to the best version of its surrounding to blend in. After receiving a signal, it would turn into its best form as a Worldkiller and followed orders.

Once activated, it would be the perfect weapon.

The date of activating signal is stored inside the file, please access with your blood.’

The hologram disappeared.

Reign felt all eyes on her. But the clearest of them all were the ones belonged to Lena. She knew the vibe. Pity. Fear. Sorrow.

“Reig-” Lena started but Reign cut her off by turning to Supergirl.

“Destroy it,” she demanded.

Kara Zor-el picked up the box in her hand and kept it away from Reign’s reach. “I can’t.”

“I said, destroy that thing,” she growled, eyes boring at the device.

“And I said, I can’t,” Supergirl firmly protested. “It said something about a member of my House, I can’t ignore that.”

Reign huffed, turning to the Director, “Remember the favor you owe me? Now it’s time. I ask you to destroy that file.”

The Martian shook his head, “I’ve already decided what to do with it. If it has important information that could help us protecting the Earth, we can keep it.”

Reign glared at him and chuckled dryly. “Help you protecting the Earth? You still think of me as a threat. Good, very good,” she bitterly said and eyed the box on Zor-el’s hand. “That thing has just confirmed your belief, right?”

Lena stood up and calmly said, “Reign, you have to think this through. It has a lot of information that we could use.”

Reign avoided looking at her. What she was doing was against her better judgement. She wanted to
know what she was, who she was, but now it had come to the surface, she was nothing but an experiment. It struck her worse than she had imagined.

“Use?” She repeated, finally met Lena’s eyes with her own. “Use for what? Restrain me? Capture me?”

Lena’s eye widened at that, she blinked in confusion, “I didn't mean…”

This would damage their relationship. It would definitely lower her chance with Lena. But her hope was fading a bit when she knew she was create to kill worlds, to bring destruction. Heck, whatever she had done to keep herself away from that darkness had been only designed, not her doing. Her restrain around Lena was only a dumb luck that Zor-el needed an obeydient servant. She couldn't and would never be good enough.

If one day the fate decided to bring out her worst, she wouldn't want Lena around to witness that, or get harmed.

What if she killed someone, and that someone was Lena?

She dreaded the thought. But it was an possibility. Maybe, Supergirl would kill her instead. Maybe it was better that way. Lena being with someone represented the goodness, the hope just like she was, what a perfect duo.

And she decided.

“What will you all do with me now?” Reign crossed her arms, pointedly asked Zor-el, then turned her eyes to the Martian, mocking, “I come in peace.”

He stepped up and said, “I want to talk to you in private.” The others seemed to be familiar with his words and left the room. Now there were only two of them, he started, “I know what you’re about to do, Miss Flamebird.”

She rolled her eyes, “That's not even my real name. It's ‘Worldkiller’.”

“I saw your mind,” he blatantly ignored her childish attempt in pissing him off, “you want to take the box by force and end up being an official threat.”

The secret was out. What a bummer.

“Isn't that what you want? To legally capture me and put in a cell,” she casually said, “You’ve been wanting to do that ever since I smacked that guy unconscious.”

His eye glared at her. “Yes. I don't deny that I still think of you as a potential enemy, regardless what I told Miss Luthor.”

Reign scoffed, “Because she is an enemy to you too.”

The Martian hooked his hands behind his back. “I trust her. But I can't place her in the same spot with the ones I called family. That is the difference.”

Family. A strange concept to Reign. In books, it seemed like an unbreakable bond, through blood, through relations. But she still didn't quite get it.

“Why are you telling me this?” she asked.

“Because I want you to understand that I would do everything to protect my family, this planet. I
Reign stared at him, narrowed eyes. “Or what?”

“Or I would have to use the very same information we’ve just heard to capture, restrain and maybe eliminate you.” The tone of his voice was low and intimidating. Reign felt a bit scared because she knew Martians were a bit of extremists. “So even though you don’t agree with us, you have to follow the protocol.”

“And that is?”

“Work with us. Prove that you are better than we thought,” He paused and then added, “Prove that you are worthy of this second chance.”

His words rang his her ears. Reign had always been lost of her purpose in life. She had clinged on science, on doing good, on Lena like a drowning cat grasping on a wooden board. Lena had brought her hope, but what if it was not meant to be hers? Her sanity was being tested after everyday, knowing that with only one slip, she would be lost again. How could she be so sure that seeing Lena with Zor-el would not affect that sanity? She had thought about going against the DEO just because of her own jealousy, throwing away years of hiding, of doing good, of being better.

“That favor you owe me,” Reign responded, after a long minute of silence, “I’ve already decided what it is.”

“It should be something I can do,” the Martian reminded her.

Reign humorlessly chuckled, “I’m sure you can do it.”

He nodded. And she told him.

His eyes widened. “This… this is so cruel. It's even worse than death.”

Reign shrugged, “If one day I become Worldkiller, you better do it before I had the chance to bring death to your family.”

The Martian’s eyes darkened in grim thought but he nodded, “I will.”

Lena had never been more worried. Reign acted so weird. More violent, more malicious and more aggressive. Like she had become someone else. What happened to her?

She paced back and forth in front of Kara, constantly checked the motion of two figures inside Director J’onzz’ office. They didn't move much, only talked. At least Reign didn't start doing anything stupid. Martians were very powerful, not less than a Kryptonian, and they also had psychic powers, which made them even more terrifying.

“Lena, everything is going to be fine,” Kara said, holding her shoulders.

She looked up at Kara and sighed, “I hope so. But why is Reign acting that way? She’s always calm
and rational. She's never been so—"

“-hostile?” Kara finished up for her. The word made her flinch but it was the truth. “I can see that. Like that file triggered her or something.”

She grimly nodded. Reign’s past was a dark point, a blurred and terrifying area. Maybe Reign was scared of her own past too. And it brought her mind to Kara’s past. Then her own. They were all blind to their past at some point. Kara was embarrassed with her past. Lena was ashamed of hers. Reign was afraid of hers.

Fear did some terrible things to people. Lex’s fear had driven him to genocide. Lena’s fear had kept her on the edge between good and bad everyday. Kara’s fear of losing her world once again.

Reign was afraid. And this was the first time that Lena felt like she had stepped a bit deeper into Reign’s head, of what had made her, what kept her awake at night, what kept her behind the line.

If to Kara was her responsibility to others, and to Lena was the guilt that her family had caused on others, what was it to Reign?

“I’m worried,” Lena said.

Kara took her hands in hers and waited until she looked into her blue eyes to say, “She’s confused. I’ve been through this when I found out the truth about my family. Give her time.”

Lena gave her a small smile, “You’re right.”

Kara’s eyes darted to something behind Lena and the warmth in her voice disappeared. She turned around and saw Reign standing not too far away from them, her eyes staring at their hands. She looked defeated. Director J’onzz was walking right next to her, his face was neutral as usual.

As an instinct, Lena pulled back her hands. When she turned back to Kara, her heart stopped when she saw the expression on the blonde’s face. Pained.

At right this moment, she understood the dilemma of being stuck in a triangle. It was the situation where you didn’t want to hurt anyone but you would either way.

“I have discussed with Miss Flamebird on how the file could be treated,” Director J’onzz spoke when all of them were standing again in his office, “She has agreed on leaving it to the DEO, in exchange for an equal treatment as any other regular alien.” He looked at Reign and she nodded, “She would come to the DEO to do tests on her skills, giving us the full outlook on her ability, just like Supergirl.”

Lena’s mouth dropped a bit. How did J’onzz convinced Reign on this? She shared a glance with Kara, who seemed as surprised as her.

“It’s… great,” Kara spoke, bewildered but glad.

“And she doesn’t require Miss Luthor’s presence whenever she’s at the DEO. So don’t worry about coming here too often,” the Director told Lena.

“What?” she blurted out and asked Reign, “Are you sure?”

Reign gave her a reassuring smile, though it seemed sad, “I’ll behave.”

“You better,” Kara announced.
Reign rolled her eyes at Kara but didn’t protest. “Or what? You’ll lecture me?”

“I’ll lecture you with my heat vision,” Kara crossed her arms.

“Oh, really?” Reign mocked, “‘I’m so scary with my red cape and my golden hair blowing in the wind’, is that what you mean?”

“How dare you make fun of my suit?”

“You do it on your own for wearing it, Kryptonian.”

Lena witnessed the interaction with wide eyes. The conflict was still visible but at least they were on the same side. She chuckled at their bickering.

Then their eyes turned to her and she felt shy under those gazes. They both radiated with passion and burnt with desire.

She was still standing in this triangle.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

I think I’m about to throw up

P/S: You guys, I really want to please you all but that’s simply impossible, so please understand. I’m going to give this story a direction, and while you might guess which ship would be endgame, the journey is great too. If you can, follow me till the end. I’m torn already.
I Whispered In The Night To Deliver A Surprise

Chapter Summary

One step towards the drama.

Chapter Notes

It took me a few days to finish this chapter because at first I had forced myself into writing a chapter that you guys would mostly like. Then I talked to my friends and they reminded me of my favorite quote from Morgana in Merlin: "Sometimes you've got to do what you think is right and damn the consequences."

So I rewrite everything. And now I feel better, not pressured.

Please understand that I can only write the things I feel is right to me. If your opinion makes me change my mind, I'll tell you. Until then, enjoy the track in my mind, kay?

I don't own any characters, only the mistakes.

Enjoy my 3 days work :))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reign had been having a rough week. Not the obstacles in inspiration kind of rough, her work at L-Corp was still flowing as the waterfall. No, it came from going in and out the DEO every afternoon for an ability check.

The test itself wasn’t the problem, but the fact that she had to face somebody that she had wished to never see again every time she did a test.

The Daxamite.

He was finishing his last tests when Reign started her firsts. Maybe it was because she had beaten him up so he kept comparing his results to hers. It was annoying. She just wanted to punch him again.

“You're stressful.”

Reign had laughed when agent Danvers told her that after checking her blood pressure. Well, that was an understatement. She was stressed alright. About the visionary when she could not control herself anymore. With the file containing the key into her mind still being under the DEO’s hand, it could be a possibility. It made her uneasy and it affected her composure in things.

Like on Monday, she had a run test right after the Daxamite. The agent who was responsible for taking the results had at least rolled his eyes at Mon-el ten times in every five minutes. Reign had kept track on the clock very closely because that was what you’d do when you were so sick of spending time around somebody.
Her stress level reduced when she was with Lena or at the bar. Somehow the CEO called her a lot lately, and it brightened her day always. It made her hope for a bigger chance again. And fear for bigger fear.

She still saw Zor-el at the DEO from time to time. They were both civil to each other for Lena’s and their own benefit in a world where all of them were still standing in the weird triangle of affection and hurt. Reign even turned a blind eye when the Daxamite made some comments about both Reign and Kara were vying for Lena. He was jealous of that, obviously, but he also didn't understand a thing, which she didn’t bother to explain.

Eventually, she realized Mon-el’s annoying behavior towards her was a way for him to get some company. Agent Danvers had answered her question about Mon-el’s remaining tests with a surprising information: he had none left. Yet he showed up every time to spar with Reign and it actually helped the agent to determine Reign’s power when she already had a scale to compare to.

He looked genuinely happy when she told him to stop intruding the DEO and whatever he wanted to tell her, he could say at the bar, not hiding and glancing constantly like a creep behind the counter.

So that was how she found herself witnessing a whiny Daxamite across the table, babbling about his ended relationship with the Kryptonian.

“I love Kara so much, you know?” Mon-el hiccuped, slurring his words, “I did everything and would do everything for her. I-I cooked a-and cleaned the house and many more but I don’t remember. Just…I love her, why did she do that to me?”

Reign sighed because she really didn’t think she would find many similarities in her situation to his. But there was a difference, Mon-el was mostly hopeless now, while Reign still had the chance. Though there were few moments when her extraterrestrial mental endurance weakened, when she thought about losing control over her own sanity, when she had some flashbacks at nights and saw Zor-el's cold face, performing his scientific work on her, or even when she smelled donuts. Those were the times when she could hear her own voice telling her that Lena would pick Kara, because what had Reign gotten against the history between Kara and Lena, the bond they shared, not to mention that Lena had already been on that road once?

That was the times when Reign suddenly pitied herself. Maybe now was one of those times.

“Look, Daxamite, I’m not your buddy. Most of the time you’re in my sight, I want to punch you.” Mon-el looked up, slightly offended and upset but Reign went on. “So it means I have no bias opinion about your romance. Not that I care, but I have one question: why do you love Zor-el?”

The Daxamite sat up, or tried to sit up straighter and looked at something over her head and thought. Then he answered, “Kara is beautiful, kind and nice. I’m like that but a male. We both have superpowers. We’re perfect for each other.”

Reign leaned back on the bench, crossing her arms. The Daxamite claimed himself to be ‘beautiful, kind and nice’, if he didn't look like shit right now, she would have slapped him. “Sure.”

“What about you?” Mon-el wiped off some tears and asked, “why do you love Lena?”

She frowned at him. The fact that he knew she loved Lena didn’t bother her. She was taken aback, more likely. She never really asked herself that question. Why did she love Lena?

And she had no idea why but since Mon-el was the only one who questioned, she decided to tell him because she felt like she would climb on the same boat as his any day now.
“It’s easy to explain why one would love Lena. I can list a thousand reasons. I’m drawn to her because of those reasons. But I can’t explain why I love her. Just knowing that I do.”

Mon-el stared at her in confusion. “I don’t understand. Can you do everything for her? Do you want nothing else but her love?”

Reign chuckled dryly, “Yes. I want her happy, wherever she is, in whatever she does, with whoever she chooses.”

Mon-el grimly asked, “Even if she doesn’t choose you?”

“Even if she doesn’t choose me.”

“But you won’t be happy.”

“Then I have to deal with it.”

Mon-el blinked several times, seemed a bit sober than earlier. “That’s stupid. You should fight for her.”

Reign rolled her eyes, “I don’t need your advice, Daxamite.”

“No, no, no, no, listen,” he exclaimed excitedly, scooting closer to her. Reign moved away from him but he was so thrilled to notice. “If you fight for Lena and I fight for Kara, everybody wins!”

“Didn’t you listen to me? I said I’m fine with however she decided,” she grunted, annoyed.

“So what?” Mon-el shrugged, saying like he was stating the obvious, “Isn’t Lena worth a fight?”

Reign didn’t answer after that.

Because she knew that Mon-el was right, surprisingly. Lena was worth fighting for. Reign had respected her will and given her time, suddenly she backed down stupidly just because she sensed that Lena might be swayed after Kara’s confession.

It sounded noble, giving the other opponent a chance.

It sounded right, waiting for the girl to be ready.

It sounded good, holding back your feelings to make sure you seem to be the better option.

Lena was worth every best thing Reign could offer.

Lena was also worth a restless fight.

What should she do?

________________________________

Lena stood still inside the L-Corp elevator, waiting until it reached the lab floor. She had read the reports and test results, all of the projects had been approved and their blueprints had been sent to the
factories to make prototypes. She decided to take the team out for dinner to encourage them on their
great work.

She smoothed her dress, pushing the door open. Everyone had been waiting for her, without their lab
coats, all dressed casually but still had the formal air to them. Her eyes immediately found Reign, still
scribbling something furiously down on her note in a corner of the room.

The distinctive greetings from the other members made Reign look up and Lena took the opportunity
to smirk as she knew, with such sudden movement, Reign’s glasses would fall off her face. And they
did. But the brunette didn’t pick them up like usual.

Turning back to the others, Lena started, “Hello, everyone, I’m glad that you all can join this dinner.”
Reign had been locking her eyes at Lena, flipping something inside her stomach as she continued her
talk, “Please, come to the basement where I have my driver to take you to the restaurant.” She
gestured pointedly at Reign, “You all go first, I have something to discuss with Miss Flamebird.”

Since Lena was looking at Reign, she didn’t see the knowing look on the rest of the team’s faces.
She didn’t see how Joe Higgs raising his thumbs up and grinning triumphantly at Reign, whose face
suddenly flared up a blush that Lena noticed.

She could only see the sheepish smile on the taller brunette’s face when she heard the doors being
closed behind. Reign’s eyes flickered down a bit and returned to Lena’s face. “Nice dress,” she said,
half-sincere, half-flirty.

“Nice, uh…” Lena dragged, walking to Reign’s fallen accessory, picking them up and teased,
“...glasses.” She handed them to her.

Instead of taking the glasses, Reign walked to Lena and crouched down a bit with a smirk on her
lips, “They’d look nicer on my face.”

“Really?” she arched an eyebrow, pretending to be skeptical.

“Yep, try it,” Reign encouraged, holding back a laughter then closed her eyes.

Lena slipped the glasses on Reign’s nose, carefully pushed the bridge up into its correct place.
“Okay, lazy ass.”

Reign’s eyes fluttered open, and Lena observed how her irises didn’t shrink like normal human eyes
reacting to the light, the wheels in her head started analyzing that little detail. Lena actually had been
thinking a lot about Reign’s origin. How she had been created, how had Kara’s father found the
subjects, how much of Reign now belonged to those subjects… many questions had existed in her
mind as a scientist. Then, as a friend, or maybe more than that, Lena was even more concerned of
Reign. How she felt, had the file answered any of her questions, had it caused her more questions…

And the thing that kept her twisting and turning: had she asked to destroy the file out of fear or was
there another reason? Whatever the reason was, could Lena do something to help?

“I just discovered something,” Reign said, cutting off Lena’s thread of burning questions. She
realized they had been standing face to face for a bit longer than they needed. But it didn’t bother
her.

“What?” she asked, almost too quietly but she knew Reign could hear.

Reign’s stare focused on her, “Your eyes have two different colors.”
Lena smiled, surprised, “No way.”

“They are. But not easy to notice unless you look at them closely like this,” Reign looked from Lena’s left to right eye, “Your left eye is greener, and your right eye is bluer.” Reign stood back, smirking meaningfully, “Magnificent.”

Lena was sure that Reign was talking about her eyes, not her. But it still made her heart race. Reign knew it, her smirk grew into a giant grin. Lena couldn’t help her cheeks getting hotter under such gaze.

“How are things at the DEO?” she asked when they arrived at the restaurant across the city. Everyone in the team had already ordered their food, chatting casually with each other until it arrived. Lena sat next to Reign, carefully stated the question when nobody was talking to them.

Reign was surprised with the question but answered with a small smile, “It was fine. Agent Danvers is actually pretty kind.”

Lena nodded and then asked a bit more, “Are you comfortable there?”

Reign winced jokingly, “Why do I feel like I’m being interrogated?”

Lena rolled her eyes, “I’m concerned. We didn’t have time to talk this week. I need to catch up with you.”

Reign gave her a proud look, “You miss me, don’t you?”

She narrowed her eyes at Reign, pretending to be offended, “Why would I miss you?”

“Oh, I don’t know…” Reign trailed off jokingly, “Looking up at me no matter how high your heels are.”

Lena couldn’t help it, smashing the tip of her heel on Reign’s boot under the table, knowing that she wouldn’t feel a thing, but she had to do something to express how pissed off she was. Every freaking time, Reign just loved rubbing in Lena’s face how short she was. To her defense, she was not very short, just shorter than Reign, which was one of the reasons the alien always used to tease her, bring out the childish side in her usual calm posture. It was a weird thing, actually. Lena tended to joke and fight with Reign like friends, and when their banter calmed down, her heart started swaying with every other cute thing that occurred between them. She never felt uncomfortable around Reign. And it made her worried that what if Reign was doing all of this for Lena’s comfort only?

She knew Reign was unhappy with Lena’s agreement in keeping the file secure in the DEO’s hand. As a scientist, it would be a waste to destroy such a large amount of advantage in technology that was centuries ahead of Earth in her opinion.

As a concerned friend, she was afraid that Reign’s mood might have affected her judgment in doing this. Lena had hated her birth parents when she was young and lonely among the Luthors. She had been childish and decided to forget everything about her old life, hated her birth mother for dying and leaving her behind. But after many years, she found herself started searching back for information, for images and memories. She had found the place where she used to live with her mother and saw the marking of her height on the wall and cried. It had been a part of her and it would always be. She didn’t want Reign to regret breaking off the only thing that connected her to her past because through that she would at least find some closure to the undying question that any orphaned child would have: where did I come from?

The dinner went through very nicely. Lena actually learned more about her employees and it was
astonishing. They were like another family she had created on her own. Everyone respected each other’s work and opinion. Surprisingly, she had seen another side of Reign. The confident, talkative Reign seemed to melt into a small child, giggling mostly whenever she was mentioned in the talk. The relationship between Reign and the team was great and Lena was very happy. After knowing how lonesome Reign was, even though she always seemed joyful and sociable, this made Lena’s heart warm.

It was quite late when they said their goodbyes and Lena let the drivers take everybody home. The night had fallen pretty quick and soon enough, she found herself shivering by the cold.

“Can I take you home?” Reign asked when they had just waved off the last member of the team.

“Flying in this cold? I’ll pass,” Lena winced, putting her hands inside her coat pockets. “You’re not cold, are you?”

Reign shook her head, “Doesn’t have to be flying. I’ll walk you home. It’s close, right?”

“Yes. Sure, we’ll walk,” Lena started pacing, waiting for her body to warm up on its own due to movement. Reign walked close by her, but as always, kept a distance.

They kept silent for a short while. Lena felt like there was an uncomfortable pinch of air between them and she was desperate to iron it out.

“How is work lately?” Reign suddenly asked, “Still busy busy?”

“Still busy busy,” she answered, “But what’s new?”

Reign smiled, then nudged lightly at her shoulder, “Do you still skip your meal?”

“No worries,” Lena laughed, “My secretary is on that. She’s like my mother sometimes. Well, not exactly my mother, if you know what I mean.”

Reign snickered, skipping over a puddle. Her glasses slipped off her face again but she caught them just in time and put back on her nose. “At least there is someone who’s looking out for you.”

Lena glanced at Reign and saw a flash of discomfort in her eyes, wondering if it was because she had mentioned of Lillian. “Hey, I look out for you.”

There was a glint of joy sparkled on the corner of Reign’s mouth. “You don’t have to.”

“I want to,” she confirmed, “Just like how you always look out for me.”

They stood in front of a zebra crossing, waiting for the light to change into green. Lena thought Reign would be happy hearing that she acknowledged and appreciated the care, but the alien only looked straight ahead, lips tight.

“Can I say something? It’s a question,” Reign said when they began walking again. “You don’t have to answer, I just really need to say it.”

Lena sensed the seriousness in her voice, straightened up her back and answered, “Sure.”

Reign didn’t reply right after, which made Lena more nervous. The alien seemed anxious and her confidence had gone. They reached the block where Lena lived as she heard the question.

“If I ask you out for a date, would you say yes?”
Lena’s head whipped up at that. Her heart jumped to her throat and she was sure that her face was burning.

“What?” A dumb reply escaped her mouth and Lena mentally slapped herself for that. Reign stopped on her track, Lena didn’t move either. They stared at each other for a few second before Lena collected her thoughts and came up with a better reaction, though it was only less impolite, “Um, hypothetically?”

Reign blushed and looked away, “I said ‘if’, didn’t I?” She awkwardly shifted the weight on her legs, wiggling every way so she could avoid Lena’s eyes. “But don’t answer that.”

Lena blinked in confusion. “Why not?”

“Because it’s just hypothetically,” Reign sighed, still not looking at Lena.

“Then I can answer it hypothetically,” she pressed.

“Don’t,” the alien shook her head, “Just… forget it.”

Lena’s confusion now turned into anger. She was so fed up with Reign’s tendency to withdraw immediately as soon as she felt like she was intruding Lena’s comfort zone. Like Lena had already opened the door but Reign would only stand at the doorway, being too careful, too respectful, too stubborn. How could Lena determine her feelings if Reign didn’t give her a chance to test? Even Kara, nice, kind and shy Kara who would never try to invade her space had already expressed her side of emotion. Why wouldn’t Reign do something?

“Pussy!” she spat. Reign met her eyes with a stunned look. “You are such a pussy. Why don’t you just hear what I have to say? Why are you so scared of the truth?” She was fuming with anger, so much that she didn’t even care that the rain had started pouring down on their heads.

Reign dropped her hands to the side, saying with a stern voice, “Because I want to wait.”

“Wait for what?” Lena nearly shouted.

“For you to be ready!” Reign didn’t hold back either, standing defiantly, staring down at her. “Damn it, Lena! I want you to choose me when you’re ready but I just have no idea when.”

Lena chuckled ludicrously, “And you’re going to keep waiting? Why are you suddenly so timid? Where is your confidence?” She crossed her arms.

“It’s gone!” Reign stomped her foot, sending the water in the puddle under her boot splashing out, “Every time you still look at Zor-el like she is your sun, I feel like a dumbass trying to chase after her because she has always been two steps in front of me. She has lunch dates with you, unlimited access to your office. She is the beacon of good. She rescues people on daily basis. She is a fucking hero by day and by night. Anyone with a right mind would go for her. I’m everything less!”

There it was. Reign’s true feeling under the surface. The insecurities. The things that she never said out loud. Lena could tell she was cracking one of the layers into Reign’s heart.

“Stop pitying yourself,” Lena grunted, blinking away the rain water on her eyelids.

“I don’t pity myself. I’m telling like it is,” Reign stubbornly said, “And I don’t want your pity, either.”

Lena didn’t pity Reign. Never had, never would. But she knew that Reign wouldn’t believe her
easily even if she said it to her face. She had to show it.

“You’re not doing it right if you don’t want my pity,” she frowned, challenging the other woman, “Stop being a pussy!”

Something clicked.

Lena didn’t know what happened first, her being lifted into the air or her being smothered by the forceful contact coming from Reign’s lips. Maybe they happened at the same time. She didn’t actually care.

Her interior and exterior reaction to the kiss was a pure shock. Indeed. She was so used to Reign’s tenderness, her affectionate side, therefore she was caught off guard with this new side of her. Lena’s hands scrambled for an anchor on Reign’s jacket. One of her heels had fallen off. The tight ponytail on her head was compromised when Reign’s hand ran into her hair, her lungs were craving for air but Reign’s lips didn’t leave hers for a moment. Just as when she pushed the alien away due to the lack of oxygen, Reign pulled back a little and rest her forehead against Lena’s. They were floating, breathing hard, proper hair be gone. Lena saw the stain of her lipstick on the corner of Reign’s mouth and felt the soreness on her own. The throbbing pulse at her groin ached her entire hips, right below where Reign was wrapping her with her other arm.

They slowly descended onto a solid surface and it took Lena’s a long moment to realize they were on her balcony. Under the rain.

Reign stared at her, her eyes darkened, really dark.

Lena crashed her lips onto the mark of her own lipstick on Reign’s lips once again. This time, the kiss was slower, sensual and calm. She took the time to enjoy the intimacy that she didn’t know she had been craving this much. Their tongue ultimately found themselves and she smiled a bit when she heard Reign humming.

The rain was trying to wake them up from the world that they were lost in.

Lena knew it. This wasn’t an impulsive act coming from the heat of the moment. She had been avoiding this because she was so afraid that she could be wrong and end up hurt Reign or Kara. She didn’t want to let go her feelings for Kara because she had been clinging to them for so long, it stuck so hard. But she knew it now, it was only her subconscious mind telling her to be stubborn, to give it a chance while she had already been on another road. She was so afraid that she would betray the time she had spent to love Kara. Her stubbornness made her stupid. Reign’s hesitance to be daring only pressed harder on that button.

Letting go wasn’t a crime, dragging was.

And she wouldn’t drag this out any longer.

Neither of them deserved that.
The abandoned warehouse was once again the meeting point of Lillian and her blackmailed pawn. She smiled when she saw Winn emerging from the shadow of the wall.

“Mr. Schott, a little late,” she greeted viciously, “Well?”

He frowned and handed her the little USB containing the decoded information about Reign.

“Lyra,” he demanded.

“Not so fast,” Lillian arched an eyebrow, giving him an alert half-smile, “I have to check first.”

Hank Henshaw received the USB and plugging it in his own mechanic ear, to which Winn winced, and his eyes glowed green for a few seconds before he nodded to Lillian, confirming the accuracy of the file.

“Very good, now you can have your alien girlfriend back,” Lillian waved her hand. Henshaw did as he was told and Winn sighed in relief when he saw Lyra stumbling out of the back of the van, running right into his arms. “Gross,” Lillian rolled her eyes.

“What are you going to do to Reign?” Winn asked when they were standing far enough.

“Let’s just say, I suggest you should escape this city before tomorrow,” Lillian said over her shoulder, “You wouldn’t want your girlfriend dead right after you’ve gone this much trouble to save her, would you?”

Winn and Lyra threw her a disgusted stare and fled the scene. It was a dumb luck that Lillian didn’t decide to kill them both to cover things up just because she thought she had everything under control.

He knew Kara would kill him for this. It was time to tell.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone wanna read the draft I wrote that I canceled? It's not much but I was very uncomfortable writing that lol
Golden Sun, Black Moon And Green Star

Chapter Summary

Winn confessed and the good guys had to do something about the news

Chapter Notes

Phew! Finally finished!

Hey guys, I've been MIA for a while because of my personal reasons, and it could have resulted in no more updates but it didn't take that path :))

Like I've said, I'll include the draft that I've deleted at the end of this chapter because there are few people who have asked. Anyone who isn't interested in it, just skip, kay?

I don't own the characters, only the mistakes (which I bet there are plenty in this chapter since I've just got back from a crisis)

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Reign couldn’t tell the time. Her mind didn’t work anymore.

Only the touch that mattered. On her lips, on her hands, on her body. Lena’s touch. That was all that mattered.

The explosion of the senses when Reign finally touched Lena in the way she had been dreaming of drove her mind into a total blackout. Then, in a split of a second, everything returned to her.

The lingering taste of the red wine in Lena’s mouth.

The cold drops from the sky blended inside the twist of their tongues.

The faint perfume scent from Lena had been smashed down with the rising smell of wet dirt, wet tree, wet leaves, wet everything.

She brought them both to the sky without knowing but she wouldn’t let Lena fall. Never. Not again. Her fingers felt Lena’s face, taking in the way her skin warmed up even in this weather. Reign didn’t feel cold but Lena would. And Lena was burning up.

The grip she had on Lena’s waist grew stronger every second, Reign was afraid she might break Lena and floated them both in the air to steady herself. She didn’t want to let go, not when she felt that Lena was kissing her back, but Lena was pushing her away. Gingerly pulled back, Reign realized she hadn’t been considerable enough and noticed how out of breath Lena was.

She needed a solid ground. For the both of them. This was so amazing it could be a dream. And the
feeling she had right now, the scent she was sniffing in, the warmth from Lena’s body, all could be just a hallucination. They landed on Lena’s balcony not too far away, wet from head to toe.

She let her forehead rest against Lena’s, staring deeply into those emerald eyes and praying to Rao that she was real, not some sick joke of her brain, not something that made Reign disappointed when she blinked to find it wasn’t there anymore.

*Please, Rao, bless me.*

And she was blessed. When Lena broke off the usual thing she always did in Reign’s dream. Instead of walking away, Lena pushed up and kissed her back.

*So it is real.*

This time Reign didn’t hurry. She had to savor this moment, this taste, this feeling. The way Lena smiled into the kiss. The way their drenched bodies pressed to each other, seeking the other’s heat. The way Reign could hear Lena’s heartbeat among the pouring rain, the traffic, the beating of her own heart. The way Lena pulled her neck in, expressing her desire.

All of that. Hers. This moment belonged to her. No one could take it away from her. Reign would live for eternity just with this moment.

The kiss started fading away again because Reign felt the shiver from Lena. She pulled back and said, “You’re shaking.”

“Am I?” Lena’s voice was hoarse but joyful, “I didn’t notice.”

Reign laughed, grabbing Lena’s shoulders to turn the woman face the door. “Come on, let’s get inside, Missy.”

Lena pushed the door open but Reign didn’t let her walk in. Picking Lena up with a quick swipe of her arms, Reign carried the CEO inside.

“What are you doing?” Being startled, Lena gripped on her neck.

Reign flew across the living room and headed for the bathroom. “You should get a hot shower or you’ll be sick,” she explained as they passed the door frame. She placed Lena down gently, noticed that one of her heels had lost. “I’m sorry about your heel.”

Lena kicked the other away and clicked her tongue, “They’re just shoes.”

Reign almost slipped out another height joke but stopped on time to admire how a single drop of water running down from Lena’s hairline, around her eye to her cheekbone and lazily lingered on the shape of her jaw before finally parked at her chin and fell onto her chest. She held her breath at the scene and snapped her head out of it before twisting the faucet, feeling the water. “Take a bath. It’s better that way.”

Lena looked at her, from head to toe. “What about you? You’re soaking wet too.”

Reign gave the human a teasing look, “Is that an invitation I’m hearing?” At first, Lena didn’t understand but then she blushed and looked away, slightly shaking her head. Reign laughed and added, “Don’t worry. I can’t get sick. Alien metabolism, remember?”

Lena gestured her clothes, “You’re dripping water onto my house. I’ll get you some dry clothes.”
And she left the bathroom, leaving Reign alone. Even with the water running, Reign could hear Lena’s frantic heartbeat, her wet foot tapping on the ground, the sound of her hands going through the closet, the sound of the clothes hangers smashing against each other emptily. Reign took in a deep breath when Lena returned, bringing the clothes back with her and handed with a smile.

“Thanks,” Reign took them, her hands placed over Lena’s and they shared a look of understanding before Lena retreated her hands shyly.

“I know you won’t get sick but take a shower or change your clothes anyway,” the blush returned on her face, “In the guest bathroom across the hall.”

Reign snickered and walked out of the room, flying into the said destination so her feet wouldn’t leave wet marks on the floor. She stripped off her clothes and squeezed them until they could no longer drip water and placed them in the sink. The familiar scent of Lena’s clothes immediately wrapped around her when Reign slipped into Lena’s oversized sweater. She sniffed the hem of the top and exhaled with a smile.

*I’m wearing Lena’s clothes.*

The thought made her utterly happy. This wasn’t how she had imagined being the circumstances where she could wear Lena’s clothes but she loved this.

And the kiss. Oh Rao, the *kiss.*

How come she had the strength to stop herself before anyway?

Reign tried not to think about Lena being in the room just a few feet away, dipping herself in the tub, naked. She wouldn’t look. She wouldn’t look.

She quickly wore the pants and came back to the living room, started doing the thing she always did whenever she needed to let off some steam without involving another person.

“Why are you pushing up?” She heard Lena’s voice and slowed down her pace but kept doing the act.

“I feel like it,” she answered and gave Lena a smirk, “Pug T-shirt?”

The CEO looked down on the picture on her chest and snapped up, “What’s wrong with it?”

Reign pushed sharply on the ground to lift herself up and laughed, “Remember I told you that I was intimidated by you being my boss? It’s all gone. Now you’re the Pug lady.”

Lena’s brows lowered, then she exhaled a small smile and walked to the couch. “I’d pick the movie.”

Reign stood still for a moment before joining her, conveniently pulled the blanket from the top of the shelf and covered Lena with it. She intentionally left herself out of the space of the blanket because she wanted to know what Lena was thinking.

Her heart dropped when Lena didn’t notice but she didn’t say anything.

“What are we going to watch?” she asked, curling her legs up on the couch.

“All About Mary,” Lena answered, pressing on the remote, going through her movie list nonchalantly. The movie started and they didn’t speak, only chuckled or laughed when something
funny happened.

Was this rejection? Reign had no idea. It felt so much like the opposite. Lena kissed her back. Lena didn’t shoo her away. Lena didn’t act awkwardly around her.

But Lena didn’t act differently, either. And it confused her a lot. For a moment, she was full of hope. Now, she was so scared that her impulsive act had caused some damage that she couldn’t see, even with her super sight.

“Are you okay?” She turned to Lena when she heard the question. The CEO was staring at her with a curious expression on her face.

Reign unconsciously sat straighter and wrapped her arms around her legs, “Yeah, why wouldn’t I be?”

“You are sitting so far away,” Lena replied with a hint of sadness, “Do I make you uncomfortable?”

It was ridiculous that Lena thought so. If anything, Reign should be the one to think so. She had kissed Lena.

“No, I’m-” she sighed and turned her whole body to face Lena, “Are we going to talk about it?” She swallowed, “Us.”

Lena blinked, face reddened. She cleared her throat and looked away, “You’re here, isn’t that obvious?”

Reign couldn’t believe her own ears. As cryptic as possible, Lena had confirmed that she was fine with the kiss. But she wanted to hear it. To make sure that she wasn’t taking this wrongly. “You and me?” Reign didn’t need air much but she was holding it in right now. Ever since she knew that she was in love with Lena, she had been waiting for this moment. The moment she could cross the boundary. Reign had never felt so vulnerable and open before. Her eyes focused on Lena’s lips, her ears strained for her breathing, her nose was overwhelmed with the scent of Lena’s shampoo from her hair, her heart weighed the Earth inside her chest, burning hot, waiting to explode. Nothing on Earth could hurt her, except for Lena.

The blush expanded to Lena’s ears. Her eyes timidly met with Reign’s. “You and me.” The corner of her mouth bent up and then eased into a wide smile.

Reign had never felt like this. The vulnerable feeling in her chest had steeled into something much lighter. It made her heart sore and her eyes sting. Her vision was no longer super. Something had compromised with it. What was it?

Lena stared at her, eyes widened and then softened. She moved closer to Reign and stretched out one hand, brushing under her eyes. Her hand lingered by Reign’s cheek as she whispered, “Don’t cry.”

I cried?

Reign swallowed the uncomfortable knot in her throat that she hadn’t realized it was there until she tried to speak. Blinking away a few more drops of liquid crawling out from her eyes, Reign leaned into the touch and said with the voice choked on tears for the first time in her life, “I’m happy.”

“Good,” Lena whispered and shifted herself so that she would lean on Reign. Very naturally, Reign opened her arms and let Lena’s head fall in the crook of her neck. Closing her eyes, Reign could tell this was the best moment of her life. This universe had a spot for her, and this was that spot. She needed nothing else.
Reign pushed aside every other bad thought and let herself sink in the moment.

“Lena?” she said and felt the alluring scent in front of her swaying a bit in the air.

“Yes?”

“Are you sure?”

Lena didn’t answer immediately. Reign didn’t want her to. She could still back down if Lena didn’t want this, though it would be so hard to do.

Lena twisted around and looked into Reign’s eyes with an earnest gaze, “I’m sure.”

Reign smirked, “I’m not a blonde.”

The CEO grinned, “You do realize I’m not into somebody just because of the color of their hair, don’t you? I don’t have a type.”

“Well…,” Reign stretched out with a teasing manner, “you are into aliens.”

Lena chuckled and then laughed out loud. Reign cackled along. The tense moment passed by and they enjoyed the movie as they should.

_________________________________

Kara slammed her hands on the table, startling everyone. Her eyes trained on one particular person in the room, who was shaking with guilt and fear. Winn wasn’t afraid of her but of the consequences from his actions. J’onn glared at the IT expert, his lips thin to keep himself from acting impulsively with his anger and disappointment. Everyone was trying to stay calm with the news and figuring out how to deal with it.

Not Alex.

Winn’s collar was grabbed rather harshly and yanked upward, forcing the short guy to stand on the tip of his shoes, barely matching with the height of the furious agent. Brown eyes burning with fury stared into frightened ones.

“What did you give her?” Alex’s normal voice was steely enough, now it was dripping with anger and drown in despair. “Do not say ‘everything’ because I will skin you alive! You hear me?”

Winn was almost in tears but he nodded. “I’m sorry Alex.”

Kara frowned when Winn was thrown onto the wall and her sister stomped to where the main control and said something to Agent Vasquez. She didn’t have the time to be upset over Winn’s betrayal because they had a bigger problem.

“Agent Schott, you will meet your punishment later. For now, you need to tell us exactly what you’ve given Lillian,” J’onn demanded.

Winn got up on his feet and pulled out a small USB, giving it to J’onn. “That’s everything. I haven’t
cracked every code but she didn’t give me more time. Fortunately.”

Kara huffed and crossed her arms, repeating the word with clear sarcasm, “Fortunately’. Hah, fortunately that you’ve handed our greatest enemy one of our biggest secrets!”

Receiving a look from J’onn, Kara turned away and leaned her back on the table. She just couldn’t face Winn right now without thinking that he had gone behind everyone’s back. He did it to save Lyra, and Kara got it, but it didn’t mean the betrayal wouldn’t hurt.

J’onn gave the USB to Vasquez and she projected the content onto the hologram. The information was mostly about Reign and project Worldkiller, which was what everyone had predicted. Kara’s eyes traced to a small file and her heart stopped.

‘How to activate a Worldkiller’

She immediately told Vasquez to zoom in the file and her entire body froze.

“J’onn, we need to get Reign here asap,” Alex said the thing on Kara’s mind.

“Not fast enough,” Kara said before J’onn even had the chance to reply. She turned on her heels and headed for the balcony, “If what Lillian told Winn was her plan, I have to find her before things go badly.”

Kara still caught the glimpse of Alex’s worried face before she took off. Splashing the air, she headed straight for Reign’s apartment. With a quick scan, Kara didn’t see Reign. Then she remembered Reign could go under her x-ray vision and came to the windows. Reign wasn’t at home.

Confused, Kara flew to L-Corp and realized it was too early for work hour. She hovered at every floor to find Reign and her mind went all places, thinking Lillian might have gotten her. She hadn’t sparred with Reign since the only time they did it for measures, and she had learned that the other alien was very strong. For the first time, Kara understood humans’ fear of Kryptonian. Something they couldn’t understand, control or fully know how much it was capable of. Kara was afraid too.

Finally, Kara decided to fly to Lena’s. She didn’t want to find Reign there, for many reasons, but it made sense if she ever did. The bond between Lena and Reign was something she didn’t understand either. It wasn’t like the bond between her and Lena. So she was afraid of it too.

The moment she landed on Lena’s balcony, she had this strange feeling in her heart. It weighed down her feet, slowing down her pace when she walked in like she would see something she shouldn’t.

And she was right.

Kara didn’t use x-ray vision.

She saw Lena’s feet first, sticking out from the couch.

Then she saw Lena’s figure lying on another figure. Reign’s.

They were sleeping, Lena’s head rested at Reign’s neck. Their hands draped around each other like they had done it a thousand times. Kara stood there, not knowing what to do. A drop of liquid ran
down her cheek, hot and cold at the same time. She blinked it away, wiping with one hand and stepped closer to Reign. She crouched down a little, shielding the pain in her heart seeing the interaction up close.

“Reign,” she said, “I need to talk to you.”

The alien stirred and Kara had thought she would wake up but it was Lena who actually opened her eyes. Kara jumped to the farthest place possible and stared at how Lena slowly sat up, rubbing her eyes like a sleepy child. She didn’t know Kara was here and Kara thought about making herself known but she saw Lena pull a strand of hair out of Reign’s face and her heart dropped.

It was gentle. Just like how Lena was to her.

Kara cleared her throat and Lena noticed her, a streak of red flashed on her cheeks.

“Kara! I didn’t see you there,” Lena immediately left the couch, staggering a bit as she got on her feet. Kara’s eyes lowered down to her shirt and she smiled.

“Pug T-shirt?” she asked, amused.

The CEO laughed and stretched the hem out so the pug’s face would sag even more hilariously. “Good morning, Supergirl.”

“Morning,” Kara nodded and saw Reign was sitting up behind Lena and pointedly told her, “Reign, morning.”

The other alien yawned, pushing her fists up in the air and her body froze when she saw Kara. Her voice was at the level of something not hostile but also not friendly. Cautious. “What are you doing here?”

Lena turned over her shoulder to give Reign a look and the Worldkiller rolled her eyes then said, “Sorry, morning.”

“But, she’s right. Do you need anything?” Lena asked with clear concern, “Did Mother do something?”

Kara didn’t know if it was Lena’s instinct or Lena was so used to her family acting behind evil schemes that their bad deeds were the first things on her mind. She sighed and nodded.

Lena’s face changed from cautious to serious in a split of a second. Reign came to the space between them, making a triangle of their stance and asked, “Is there something I can do?”

“Actually,” Kara answered, knowing that she had to spit the news anyway, “it’s about you. I’ll tell you at the DEO.”

Reign was wearing Lena’s clothes. Kara noticed that. But she didn’t ask. It wasn’t important right now. Though the possible reasons could still drive her crazy through curiosity. And jealousy.

Kara had kept an eye on Reign, every move, every motion. According to the file, an activated Worldkiller was very alarmed.

And ruthless. A Worldkiller was affected by her controller. If they were good, she’d be good. If they were evil, she’d be evil. Moral compass didn’t apply.

The last part of the file hadn’t been converted yet, Winn was working on it. Hopefully, it was the
way to reverse whatever Lillian was planning on.

____________________________________

Lena had never seen Reign so pissed.
She had been mad about the DEO keeping the file before but now she was furious.
“I told you to destroy the file!” Reign punched the wall after hearing how the file was in CADMUS’ hand. Nobody told her or Lena how it happened but it didn’t matter at the moment.
Everyone seemed to be at loss of words. Except for agent Danvers and the Director, who shared the same gloomy look.
“We need to find a way to prevent possible consequences,” J’onn J’onzz said, his voice hinted something sinister but also serious, “if Lillian activates the code, you would be a threat, Miss Flamebird.”

Lena thought Reign would explode with anger but instead, she just sighed. There was a look of defeat on her face that ripped Lena’s heart into pieces.
“Director, don’t tell me you’re going to lock her up,” Lena said and eyes were on her, “we have many ways to restrain without caging her.”

“Lena, we’re not caging her,” Kara stepped up and reassured, “If Reign can wear herself out of powers and stay here, she would be taken care of. And I’ll be here with her all the time to make sure everyone is okay.”

The words from Kara calmed Lena down, not just because it was coming from the protector of the city but also a friend, someone Lena fully trusted. And Reign, who had many reasons to go against the suggestion, was staring at Kara with a look that could be described as trusting.

“Reign, what do you think?” she asked the brunette alien. Reign’s eyes shifted to her, then to Kara.
“I agree,” Reign nodded, then added, “only when Lena is safe, even from me.”

Lena frowned at the request. “Reign…”
“Don’t worry,” agent Danvers spoke up for the first time, her voice was firm and confident, “I will keep her safe with my life.”

“Then it’s settled,” Reign responded.

Just like that, it seemed like the situation could be still in control.

When everyone was given their own task to do, Lena volunteered to help with the decoding. Winn was very excited to work with her again and to be honest, Lena liked the guy. He was smart and optimistic, though he seemed a bit down today.
She was curious about how Reign would wear out her powers, though. But Kara and Reign left
“Tell me, how do you know about draining yourself out of power?” Reign asked as they both walked into the training room, “Have you done it before?”

Kara pushed the concrete blocks away to make some space. “I had to once when CADMUS caught Mon-EL and threatened to kill him if I didn’t drain myself out.” She intentionally left a single block in the middle of the room.

Reign tilted her head curiously, “And what happened next?”

Kara sighed, “Lillian took my blood and got her hands on Medusa virus.”

The other alien let out an ‘ah’, then chuckled. “I’ve always wondered how Lillian had such a powerful thing in her hands. I mean, the technology is centuries beyond Earth time.”

“You know anything about that?” Kara was tempted to learn more about Reign because the other alien was so mysterious.

“Hello,” Reign jokingly pointed her thumbs at her chest, “scientific experiment here. And I know Kryptonians are smart.”

Kara laughed, “Thank you.”

“You must be an exception,” Reign gave her an obvious look, “Who in the world would disguise with a ponytail and a pair of glasses?”

“It works,” Kara huffed and pointed at Reign’s nose, “You wear glasses too!”

Reign took them out and put in her jacket pocket, “This isn’t for disguise. I wear this to make me see things normally.”

Kara’s eyebrows went up, “Me too. My foster dad gave me the glasses to help me adjust with the Earth. I used to x-ray everything.”

“I used to stare at everyone because my eyes can distinguish aliens and humans.”

So that was how Reign knew her identity. Kara went along with the flow, “I used to stare at birds because-”

“-there are no birds on Krypton,” Reign said at the same time with her and they both gawked at each other like chickens and snorted.

Reign laughed like crazy and Kara found herself laughing along. It was weird to be comfortable around Reign, after what they had experienced and the situation they were in. Maybe, just maybe, they could get along somehow.
“How does this work? Draining out powers,” Reign asked when their laughing stopped.

“Lillian forced me to use heat vision until I was out,” Kara said, shuddered by the memory. It was torturous to use heat vision for such a long time and her eyes had felt like melting themselves after that.

“I don’t have that,” Reign reminded her, “or anything that resembles heat vision.”

Kara remembered that. “You don’t get powers from sunlight, but your physical body is Kryptonian. So I think we can use Kryptonite to drain the strength out.”

“You think or you know?” Reign countered with narrowed eyes.

Kara rolled her eyes and pulled out a box, “This is something the DEO made, just in case another Kryptonian getting out of control again.”

Reign’s eyes flickered at Kara at the last word. She assumed the other alien had heard about the Red Kryptonite incidence last year.

“How did that feel? Not being able to control yourself?” Reign asked, taking the box but didn’t open yet.

“It was horrible,” Kara answered honestly, “Every bad thought I had came to the surface. I was the opposite of what I want to stand for. You might think being a superhero is idiotic but I love doing this, I love helping people, both aliens, and humans.”

Reign didn’t reply immediately, she nodded acknowledging. Then she sighed a smile, “You’re not so bad, Zor-el.”

Kara shrugged, “I can say the same about you. I mean, half of you is a family member of mine.”

Reign sent her a surprised look, “Do you know who that was?”

“I haven’t checked yet but maybe you have her face,” Kara grinned, “You could be a cousin.”

Reign shuddered and pretended to gag. “Oh please no.”

Kara had never been able to get on Reign’s nerves before so she took the opportunity now, “Don’t be shy, cous. We’re both belong to the House of El now.”

Making a disgusted face, Reign opened the box. Her eyes widened. “Bracelets?”

“Kryptonite handcuffs,” Kara corrected and walked to the concrete block, “Put them on and test your strength.”

It worked.

Reign couldn’t damage the block. She didn’t feel so much when she punched it but she also didn’t have super strength.

“Hah, it’s weird to feel normal,” Reign rubbed her knuckles in awe, “I’m bleeding.”

Kara saw the wounds. “Don’t you feel hurt?”

“Maybe that’s the dead Kryptonian part. I can’t feel physical pain,” Reign answered and kept checking the dark red blood. “I’m a walking corpse.”
Somehow Kara’s heart felt heavy at that. Reign was bounded by this body, this life, this unfortunate situation because of her father. And she should say something about it.

“I’m sorry,” she blurted out and then was startled when Reign’s head snapped to look at her.

“About what?” Reign didn’t sound very distanced, only confused.

“My father. He did this to you,” Kara explained, awkwardly put her hands behind her back. “I should have said it to you as soon as I found out about the project. And I’m sorry for that too.”

The silence stretched out between them. The awkwardness in Kara grew even stronger when Reign didn’t say anything, only stared at her in disbelief.

“Apology accepted,” she heard Reign said, “And to be honest, while I hate what your father had done to me, it could be the thing that saved my life. I could have been dead as a slave on Daxam. Could be a good thing.” Reign slightly nodded.

The unspoken gratitude sent across the room, creating a comfortable air surrounding them. They might never be sisters and braiding each other’s hair or being friends, but because or not because of Lena, they now had an understanding. Between two aliens. Between two beings. Between two individuals whose positions were refugees on a strange planet.

They had a lot in common than Kara had thought.

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Okay, this part is the draft that I deleted. You guys can skip to the end if you don’t want to read it :))

Letting out a long sigh, Lena dropped into the back of her chair. The contracts between L-Corp and Wayne Industrie had been weighing on her head for nearly a month. She was still very wary about working with Mr. Wayne because he was ruthless on the table and was a mysterious man. She needed to know who she was working with or at least their agenda. Wayne was too shady for her liking. But then again, Lena must seem shady to him too.

She had just written a letter to him and planned to discuss further whenever he had enough free time to make a video call. Things like this should be talked face to face. Even if it was to turn down on someone who was very insistent.

The office was quiet as always. When that happened, the office was as quiet as this. That night was quiet too. Her track of mind brought her back to a few days ago, after the day the DEO learned more about Reign’s origins.

***

Lena was planning out the details of her next conference when she heard the phone ring. Picking up without looking, she mindlessly said, “Hello?”
“Hey, it’s me. Are you hungry?”

The voice made her smile. “Agent Flamebird is still on duty I see.” After a pause, she asked, “How have you been?”

She heard the other girl taking a breath. “I’m cool.”

“Your boss didn’t give you too much work, did she?” she teased, spinning the pen between her fingers.

“Yes, she’s piling me with extra work everyday.” Lena smiled at the joke because she had specifically given Reign only one task in this week. “I think she hates me.”

“Well, I certainly do not think so.” She bit her lip and added some seriousness into her voice, “How’s everything with the DEO?”

Lena could feel the hesitation through the phone and she wondered if anything unpleasant had happened.

“Are you busy right now?” Reign’s sudden change of topic didn’t answer her question but Lena replied with a firm ‘yes’. “Can I see you?”

“Of course,” she answered and not even a minute later, after hearing the wind blowing on the other side of the line, she heard the thud on the balcony. She turned around, still sitting on her chair, eyeing the brunette who was combing fingers into her hair. “You mean seeing me literally?”

Reign grinned and tied her hair up into a ponytail. “Hey, anyone would do this if they can fly, okay?” She walked in, confidently leaned her hips against the table, eyeing down at the paper scattering on Lena’s desk. “Ready to go?”

Lena raised an eyebrow, though her hands started arranging the files, “Go where?”

“To dinner,” Reign lifted up her glasses and cheekily stared at Lena’s stomach, “I knew it, you haven’t eaten anything.”

Lena blushed for being seen through and also feeling self-conscious of her own body being exposed to some level in Reign’s sight. She turned away to put the pen back on the desk. “I always eat late. You don’t need to use power to know that.”

Reign dropped her glasses back on her nose and teased, “I just need an excuse to make you blush. It worked, didn’t it?”

Lena shook her head, “You’re shamelessly bold sometimes.”

“Because you’re too shy sometimes,” Reign shrugged like it was the truth. “Do you have plans elsewhere?”

Lena stared at her a bit when answered, “No, why?”

The alien only looked down on her feet, “Just… making sure.”

Chapter End Notes
So..... no drama this chapter :))

But the name of the next chapter would be: Dampened With Blood, Tears And Darkness From Afar

Also, anyone who's questioning where did I get the idea of Jess shipping SuperCorp as canon, that was my mistake, sorry. I've read too many fics with that idea in mind. Very sorry guys!!!!!!

Spy's out!

*drowns self in laziness*
Lena was sitting by the computer of the DEO with Winn when Kara returned from the training room with Reign. The aliens weren’t talking on their way to the table but somehow she felt the vibe between them had changed. She saw the bracelets around Reign’s wrists that glowed green like Kryptonite and planned to ask the alien about it but agent Danvers had come to take Reign into the examining room to test on her physical status.

And that left only Winn, Kara and her back in the lab. Kara sent her a friendly smile but the gesture faltered quickly when the blonde looked to Winn. Lena noticed how Winn suddenly became quiet and uncomfortable around Kara, and that was concreted when he excused himself out of the room to do something irrelevant.

“Hey, is everything okay?” she asked Kara, who just shrugged casually.

Kara, in her Supergirl outfit, flew to stand next to Lena and sighed, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Lena put down the computer chip on her hands and placed a gentle touch on Kara’s shoulder, “You don’t have to say anything. I’m here for you.”

Kara looked into her eyes, the blue color swimming with many thoughts, mostly doubts and fear and Lena felt worried. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

The alien took a deep breath, her hands rubbing against each other and shyly spoke, “Why was Reign at your house? And sleeping on the couch? With you?”

The question reminded Lena of something she had forgotten to mention. Her decision. The thing between Kara and her was still lingered, connecting them both but Lena had already made up her
mind. Kara hadn’t known it yet.

Oh, god…

“Kara, there is something…” Lena started and every word coming out of her mouth dropped like a
dead weight into her soul as she could practically see the light leaving Kara’s hopeful face, “I was
going to do this later but things changed and I have to tell you now.”

Kara closed her eyes and let out a painfully long sigh. Then she opened her eyes and Lena’s heart
shattered. The blue as the sea color in Kara’s eyes were sparkling with tears, simmering at the bridge
of her lids, waiting for a blink as a kick to fall. “You and her, isn’t it?”

Lena swallowed in the image of the powerful alien, with tears in her eyes, asking by the broken
voice that came out of a crooked smile and she felt like she had just kicked a wounded puppy. She
wanted to step forward and take Kara into her arms and say that she was sorry, that everything
would be okay. But if she did it, it would be cruel to Kara, to Reign and to herself.

So she stood at her place and gently replied, “Yes.”

Tears on Supergirl’s face. Something Lena thought she could never see. Her own eyes started to feel
the sting and she turned away so she didn’t have to look at how heartbroken Kara was.

“I get it,” Kara spoke. Lena slowly turned to face her. The alien was wiping off the tears on her face
with the sleeve of her suit and continued, “I shouldn’t have thought that I had a fair chance. I was…
hoping that I still could make things right.” Kara sniffed in and stood straight, finally took a step
further from Lena.

“Kara, I’m sorry,” she said to the alien but Kara held up one hand.

“Please, don’t. Don’t feel bad for me,” the blonde shook her head and brought her hands back to her
hips, posing the Supergirl stance with the friendly smile that was wider than usual, “I’m Supergirl,
remember? Girl of Steel isn’t going to break that easily.”

Lena kept quiet, trying not to disturb the confidence that had made Supergirl the hero. She smiled,
even though she wanted to keep it neutral without any apologetic touch, the guilt of dropping such a
bomb in a time like this still weighed her heart down, but also it lifted something off because she was
no longer stuck in a triangle anymore.

Or was it?

“I just have one question, Lena.” Kara said, slowly leaving the Supergirl pose with her arms falling
to the side. She stared deeply into Lena’s eyes and asked with an earnest voice, “Are you sure?”

The question struck at something in Lena’s heart. She had been juggling with this same thing
whenever she pictured herself with either of them. The terrible thing was that she knew they would
both be happy and bring happiness to her, and she felt happy around them too.

“Yes,” Lena finally answered, carefully using her words to indirectly explain how she came down to
this, “I’ve thought about this a lot, Kara. It’s how my heart goes and I think it’s a right thing to do,
though the timing is sudden. I am sure about this.”

Kara looked away. She bit her lips and held back a sigh that Lena guessed it must be long.
“Timing…” she mumbled. “It’s all about timing, isn’t it?” Kara turned to Lena and the tears started
filling in her eyes again, “Tell me, if I confessed my feelings sooner, would the result change?”
Lena thought about it. She had thought about it even before she met Reign. When she imagined that somehow, Kara did have feelings for her, what would she do? Would she gladly accept the fact and started dating her? She definitely would. But then it was to her only a fantasy, a dream, and she quickly discarded the vision from her rational mind.

Reign came into her life right when she needed someone like her the most. Was it fate? Or was it just a coincidence? Or was it both? She was always afraid that being drawn to Reign was the result of being stranded from love for too long. That was why she couldn’t decide, though the solution was right there. But feelings weren’t a puzzle, a maze to be solved with a solution, a simple choice of left or right.

What would happen if Kara hadn’t said anything?

She would ultimately be with Reign.

What if Reign had never come into her life and Kara told her sooner?

She would definitely be with Kara.

But then, none of those simple scenarios was the truth.

“I don’t know, Kara. It’s an ‘if’ and ‘ifs’ aren’t real,” Lena took in a sharp breath, “Also, there is something I wanted to ask you but I didn’t think I could. Or I should.”

Kara shrugged sadly, “Ask me.”

She quickly cleared her throat and spoke, “What drove you to confess your feelings? Did it have anything to do with Reign?”

The hero gulped, sniffed in harshly. “I think so. I was… jealous that you have another friend and it was perfectly reasonable for you to do. I neglected you so I had no rights to complain. Then I realized what I felt wasn’t just being jealous that my friend has a new friend but also that she could be with someone else and it wasn’t me and I-...” Kara started pacing and Lena noticed that her red boots didn’t touch the ground. Kara was levitating. She crawled her fingers into her golden hair, messing up with the perfect curls that hugged around her face. “I didn’t know my own feelings and now everything is too late and you’re still with somebody that isn’t me and even though I’m happy for you, I’m also mad that all of this is just bad timing! I should- should have seen it clearly sooner and if only there were time machines...”

Kara halted in the air and turned around to face Lena as her voice trailed off into the void of regret. Lena stood straighter and finally stated the question that was created as soon as Kara confirmed that her confession was a result of Reign being friends with her.

“If Reign wasn’t around, you wouldn’t know, would you? You wouldn’t realize how much I needed you or how bad Mike was for you and you’d keep being in that relationship, not knowing how much I was in-” Lena stopped herself because stating something that should be put in the past at the moment was unwise. She placed a hand on the forehead and sighed, “It’s not bad timing it’s just something we both can’t control. Or change. Or reset.”

The blonde alien lifted her chin in a defiant pose, lowering herself down on the ground, “Fine. If you say so, I won’t debate. But I’m letting you know that even if you have chosen Reign, I’m not giving up.”

“Kara...” she responded but her friend raised up one hand and she let the blonde speak.
“Lena, I think this is how Rao tests me. I have to be put in your place to understand what you went through, seeing somebody you love being with another,” Kara smiled gently, slowly reaching out for Lena’s hand. Although she felt like she should pull back, Lena didn’t want to cause any more pain in those blue eyes than they already had and let Kara take her hand, eventually brought it to her lips and pressed them softly onto Lena’s skin. “I’ll wait for you, be here for you, in any way you would take me, Lena. Even just as friends.”

Blue eyes opened wide and met with green ones. Lena felt like Kara was using heat vision on her, the heat wave attacked her from the touch at the back of her hand to her arm, her chest and her entire body. With a gentle pull, Lena took back her hand, receiving a tender squeeze from Kara before their hands really fell apart.

“Alex’s coming,” Kara muttered and took a step back, putting her hands behind her back.

Lena turned to the computer just as when she heard the steady boots of the agent heading this way. She cursed herself for acting like they were doing something shady even though it was nothing.

“There you are.”

The CEO’s head snapped up and spun around as soon as she heard the familiar voice of Reign. The alien was smiling at her, agent Danvers gave Lena a quick nod and gestured Kara to follow her. Her eyes caught a glance shared between Kara and Reign like there was something going on between them that nobody knew about. Not knowing what it was, Lena could only hope that it wasn’t unpleasant for the both of them.

Now there were only Lena and Reign in the room, she asked the taller brunette with a smile, “How are you?”

Reign jumped to stand right next to her, slightly nudged her shoulder, “I’m getting used to being normal. And happy.”

“Normal? Does that have anything to do with those beautiful bracelets?” Lena cheekily asked, eyeing down at the alien’s wrists.

“Ah, these things…” Reign lifted her hands up, showing Lena the glowing circles, “Zor-El said my body is a Kryptonian so the most they can do is to weaken my physical strength.”

Placing a hand on Reign’s shoulder, Lena worriedly asked, “Weaken? Are you okay?”

“Don’t freak out,” Reign laughed, shaking with the motion, “I’m not a threat anymore. See, I even bleed.”

The taller brunette happily showed Lena her other hand that had bandages around it that Lena had noticed and wanted to ask about. The white material had a soft pink line running along the knuckles, indicating the said wound. Lena sighed and gently ran her thumb around the pink part, avoid touching on the wound. The sting on her eyes kicked strongly and warmed up her chest. Reign was not supposed to get hurt, any kind of hurt. Reign wouldn’t back down for anything, wouldn’t take the weaker position to anyone, yet she was here now, smiling over a mundane thing.

“I’m sorry,” she mumbled as the hot tear running down her cheeks, “It must feel terrible.”

Reign quickly cupped her face and wiped on her skin, “Hey, hey, hey, it’s nothing. I don’t even feel pain.” Her kind brown eyes worriedly searched something on Lena’s face, eyebrows twitching. “I love that you care about me but please, don’t cry. I want to make you smile, not this.”
Reign’s words only made Lena’s heart ache more. She stepped forward and walked into Reign’s arms, resting her forehead in the crook of Reign’s neck and gripped loosely at the taller woman’s T-shirt. “I don’t want you to get hurt,” Lena said, was sure that Reign could hear through her choked voice, “I want you to be happy like you deserve.”

A pair of arms wrapped around her back, pulling her closer. She felt her hair being caressing tenderly slowly with the motion of Reign’s body.

“Silly human, I already am.” Lena smiled when she heard Reign, “You know, I haven’t taken you out on a proper date.”

Lena pulled back to look at Reign’s face, teasingly corrected her, “You haven’t asked.”

Reign scrunched her nose, “Sorry, I have to make sure you’ll say yes. My ego is too big.”

Lena laughed, the tears still in her eyes but now it was no longer holding the same meaning.

“After this, we’ll go out on a date, okay?” Lena suggested, brushing her fingers across Reign’s right cheek, “as soon as everything is settled.”

Reign grinned widely, looking down with a glaring blush. “I’ve been waiting for that. And please tell me this is real life.”

“It is,” she replied, “or do you need me to shoot you?”

“I’ll be dead!” Reign raised her wrists up, “Mortal corpse, remember?”

“So, no more flying,” Lena concluded with a smirk, “what good are you to me now?”

Reign faked a gasp. “I feel offended that you only need me for free flights.” The alien pouted, “I thought you hate flying.”

“Well, it is because I hate being in the situation where I have to put my life in somebody’s hand,” Lena honestly admitted, “I told you I trust you, didn’t I?”

Reign’s smile grew wider, she reached out for Lena’s hand and placed it between her palms.

“You can trust me, Lena. Always.”

Reign’s voice was rich with confidence, faith and certainty. Her eyes screamed many emotions, a mixture of many things but none of them was doubt. Lena never doubted Reign at anything, even if it was work of in the relationship between them, Reign had never given her any reason not to put faith in her. And it meant a lot to Lena because she had been raised and living in a world of wolves, she couldn’t trust anyone, even her own family. With Kara and Reign, Lena felt like she could always count on them. And vice versa, they could always count on her too.

With a voice of matched confidence and faith, Lena responded with all her heart.

“Likewise.”

____________________________
The harsh, cold sound of the metal heels meeting with the dusty floor echoed distinctively as Lillian Luthor walked into the warehouse that she had bought under a fake name three months ago. The device had been completed by five scientists from Asia even before Lillian received the content from Winn Schott. The DEO was dumb enough to think that CADMUS couldn’t find another computer genius, let alone a better one from another spot of the globe.

She stood and waited when Hank Henshaw was using his hybrid robotic half to translate her everything the Japanese scientist had explained. How to use the device, how to not let it overdrive, how to recharge…

“Skip to the good part, Mr. Henshaw,” Lillian groaned, cutting off her henchman’s speech, “Do I get a Worldkiller under my command?”

Henshaw cleared his throat and answered, “Yes, Mrs. Luthor.”

“What can it do?” she studied the little device that would be her tool to serve the cause. It was small, looking like a simple watch but the power would be huge. She flipped it over and smirked.

“Once activated, ma’am, the device cannot be turned off. Unless destroyed, of course,” Hank said proudly. “You will own the Worldkiller.”

“And its mind? Would it be controlled too?” Lillian put on the device, eyes gleamed when the screen recognized her face structure.

“According to the file, we’ll need Kryptonian’s blood. Or more precisely, a member of House El’s blood,” Hank stated, then stared at Lillian to wait.

The Luthor widow smirked and pulled out a little tube from the breast pocket of her coat, containing Supergirl’s blood that she had taken before. The tube was burning hot in her palm because it was absorbing the energy of the sun. “What do I do now?”

“One drop on the screen. When it recognizes the blood, you can start your first command, ma’am.”

Lillian’s lips twisted in an entertained way as she carefully let one drop of Kryptonian’s blood on the glowing screen. It was painted with red for a second before a small tube appeared to suck the thick drop in and a silver surface covered the stained glass. A little green LED light lit up, indicating something positive.

“It’s on, isn’t it?” Lillian asked, “Does it take English?”

“Only Kryptonian,” Hank patiently explained, “but they have installed a translator to help you make commands. So please, try out.”

Lillian nodded to herself, calculating in her wicked mind to make a good first command, something that would definitely make the difference. Something that would prove the word ‘Worldkiller’ wasn’t just a title.

She lowered her mouth near the device and spoke clearly with the voice dripping with amusement, “Bring me Supergirl alive.”
“Alex, I need to ask you something.”

Alex looked up from the test results. She was reading them to Kara after she had sent a copy to J’onnz and wanted to talk to Kara about her time with Reign earlier. But she hadn’t even started it yet when Kara suddenly prompted to discuss something with her.

“Okay, is it about Reign?” she replied with a question full of concern. Reign and Kara had spent about an hour in the training room and when they walked out, Alex noticed the brunette had her knuckles bleeding and took her to the aid room. Quickly finding out the wound had nothing to do with the complication between them, Alex laid off her protective instinct and had a nice chat with Reign. The other alien was less hostile and actually was quite friendly to her. Alex hadn’t missed how Reign talked about Lena, though. It wasn’t much different from how Kara talked about the CEO of L-Corp.

“No. Maybe. A little bit,” Kara mumbled, sighed out frustratingly, “It’s about Lena too. And me. All of us.”

Alex bit back an understanding ‘ah’ and put down the paper, giving her little sister her whole attention. “Yeah? Tell me what’s on your mind.”

Kara took a deep breath, gnawing her lower lip for a second before spoke shortly, “Am I dense, Alex?”

The sudden subject made Alex frown. She scratched her neck, “Erm, in what context?”

“In my feelings. I-I couldn’t even tell that I’m in love with Lena until something happened and I had to feel like losing her to realize that and act,” Kara paced around the room, hands waving wildly, “Now I have to watch Lena being with someone else and it’s understandable because she can totally do that. I’m just starting to like Reign a little bit and I don’t want anything that is happening between us to ruin the alliance we’re having against CADMUS. I-I can’t do this. Not when the threat is still over our head-”

“Kara,” Alex grabbed her sister’s arm to stop the rambling alien from hovering above the floor unconsciously, something Kara normally did when she was utterly confused and didn’t pay attention to keep her powers a secret. Kara snapped out of her daze and dropped to the ground, giving her an apologetic smile. “Calm down. Breathe.” She watched as Kara did and then continued, “You can’t do what?”

“This,” Kara said.

“What is this?” she pushed a bit.

“This,” Kara gestured herself, “this freaking out, this frustration, this mess of myself.” Alex gently rubbed her shoulder to give a silent comfortable Danvers touch that always made Kara feel at ease. “Lena wants to be with Reign because I was stupid. I know it’s all my fault and I can’t complain,” Kara sat on a stool nearby, looking up at Alex with her sad puppy eyes, “but it hurts, Alex. Worse than Kryptonite.”

The sadness didn’t only come from her eyes but also her voice, the way her lips bent down, her
slumped shoulders letting the coat fall on them. Alex sighed and sat down on another stool, gently took Kara’s hands into hers. She had thought about this day. The day that the sparkle in Kara’s eyes had embraced another death of her hope. Alex had been quite hopeful that eventually, Lena would be with Kara but she couldn’t ignore the signs screaming whenever she got in contact with Lena or Reign. It was not her place to judge, to give advice or to compromise so she didn’t say anything. But now she had to.

“I understand that feeling, Kara,” she said, “even when I didn’t know then, I still remember how painful it was.”

Kara sniffed, wiping something at her eyes, “Maggie?”

“Maggie,” Alex confirmed and smiled at the name, “So I know what you are going through, sis.” She pulled a strand of hair out of Kara’s face, “You are strong, not because of your super powers but the strength of your heart. You have survived much worse and always come back even stronger. You’re not a hero because you can fly, you are a hero because that’s who you are.”

“I told Lena I would wait for her...” Kara admitted as her voice trailed off, looking down on her hands inside Alex’s palms, “I’m sorry, Alex, a hero shouldn’t be bothered by things like this.” Kara was about to stand up and avoid the rest of the conversation but Alex held her back and looked straight into her eyes.

“You are not Supergirl right now. You are Kara. And Kara is allowed to be bothered by seeing the girl she loves being with another one.”

The positive warmth of blue in Kara’s eyes drifted away, taking its place was pure pain and grief. The sight was incredibly tragic, it drew Alex’s hand to reach out for her heartbroken little sister and pulled her closer.

Slowly, Kara let her head fall onto Alex’s shoulder and her entire figure was shaking. Rubbing her palm gently along Kara’s back under the coat, Alex ignored the dampened feeling on her suit as she comforted her crying family, a person who was burdened with the weight of the world on her shoulders but always had her smile on, now was pouring out her heart and soul silently, away from others’ eyes just because she still had that responsibility resting on her chest. Kara deserved the world, and Alex would do everything to bring that world to Kara.

Alex wasn’t mad that Lena chose Reign, but she was upset that Lena’s choice made Kara broken. But she could do nothing about it. Who she was to prevent someone from looking for happiness.

She mentally prayed that Lena would actually be happy with Reign because she wouldn’t let Kara going through all of this pain to see her miserable. If Lena made Kara cry, it’d better be worth it.

The moment of silence was disturbed loudly by a bang and Kara immediately pulled away from Alex’s arms, wiping off her face and headed out. Agents were running wildly, Alex quickly asked one of them to know what happened.

“It’s the Worldkiller. She’s heading this way!” An agent shouted from across the room and Alex saw Kara flying towards the lab rooms just as Reign appeared outside one of them. Lena was right behind her, saying something to her.

“Reign, are you okay?” Kara asked, walking calmly closer to Reign, who was staring at her coldly. Alex’s hair raised as she observed the look, it was empty but it was so threatening. What happened to her? “Lena?”
“I don’t know. We were talking and she just stood up and repeats your name over and over,” Lena informed everyone and grabbed the alien’s shoulder, “Hey, Reign, can you hear me?”

“Supergirl,” Reign only responded so and walked forwards, even though Lena tried to hold her back, she still kept walking, “Supergirl.”

Alex quickly gestured an agent to pull Lena away as Kara stepped up, stretching out her hands as a friendly gesture. The CEO gingerly followed the instruction, her eyes still glued at the two aliens just like everyone in the DEO.

“Reign? Can you answer me?” Kara asked, kept a good distance with the Worldkiller, “If you don’t do it, I’ll have to restrain you.” Alex saw J’onnz running to them, right after him was Winn, who seemed frightened by something.

Reign kept walking to Kara and grabbed her hands. Kara was taken aback by the gesture just like Alex.

“Don’t let her touch you!” Alex heard Winn’s warning as she saw J’onnz transformed into his true form and rushed to Reign.

A scream echoed under the roof. Alex shivered when she realized the scream came from her sister, who was now on her knees. J’onnz put his hand on Reign’s, trying to yank her off but he screamed along with Kara, like somehow her touch inflicted pain onto them. But Reign didn’t have any powers more, how could this be? And she didn’t have psychic powers.

_How_?

Alex didn’t hesitate. She grabbed the gun in an agent’s hand and shot at Reign.

The bullet didn’t affect her. It crumbled and fell onto the floor, couldn’t penetrate Reign’s skin. Lena’s scream was heard somewhere and then lost among the train of bullets firing at Reign. After that, the sound of dropping bullets rang like it was coming from a music box, taking place for the horrifying silence when everyone realized somehow, even with the Kryptonite handcuffs on, Reign was still invincible.

And Reign turned around. Alex felt cold in her hands, her heart beat like crazy. Her eyes grew larger and the brown pupils had expanded and they looked so dark that her irises had merged into them. J’onnz, though whimpering and shaking, still had enough strength to push Kara away from Reign’s gasp.

Provoked, Reign squeezed her grip on J’onnz wrist and then Alex saw the same thing that had happened to him when his power was draining out. His skin started wrinkling and got paler.

“Aim! Kryptonite bullets!” Alex ordered, despite knowing that Lena was right behind. Reign had hurt Kara and J’onnz, she was now the enemy. Right before Alex had the chance to shout ‘fire’, Reign had kicked limping J’onnz away and headed for Kara, who was trying to get on her feet but failed. Her eyes glowed and shot at Reign but the heat vision lasted only for a second before it stopped.

“What happened?” Kara asked herself and stood up. Alex ran towards them, just as when Lena got out of the agent’s grip and rushed toward that direction too.

Both Lena and she was standing between the two, Alex’s gun aimed at Reign’s chest, Kryptonite bullet was ready to be fired, Lena stood closer to Reign, trying to push her back.
“Please! Reign! What happened to you?” Lena asked, desperately preventing the alien to move further.

With two quick and sharp movements, Reign cleared both Lena and Alex out of the way and then broke the handcuffs easily like she hadn’t been affected at all. A conclusion came into her mind: Reign had sucked the yellow sun energy out of Kara and probably J’onnz, too.

Alex watched in horror as Reign grabbed Kara’s ankle and flipped straight out of the balcony, disappeared in the air.

“Kara!” she shouted after, running to the open space only to see the spot of red cape billowing wildly between the clouds and then dropped at some place in the middle of the city.

Reign had taken Kara. Easily like taking a candy from a child. While Alex could do nothing but gawk.

“Central Garden! Now!” Alex sharply demanded, the agents immediately gathered themselves with weapons and waited for her order. “Three squads, come with me, the rest, prepare for our return.”

“Agent Danvers!” Lena called when Alex was about to head out. The CEO’s face got even paler than usual and every sign on her body language was screaming anxiety. “Let me come with you.”

“It’s dangerous, Lena,” she warned, though her mind was working on the idea of bringing Lena along. “Reign is Worldkiller now.”

“She is still Reign, my Reign,” Lena firmly said, even if her confidence was less than usual, “and Kara is important to me. Let me help them.”

Alex should have let Lena behind, but there was something personal in her heart that told her to bring the girl who mattered to both of the aliens. She wasn’t following protocol right now. J’onnz had to stay down, Supergirl was taken away and Reign had been compromised, by CADMUS, without a doubt. The situation was going south pretty quickly.

She had a plan. That involved her Kryptonite suit that she had wished not having to use it again. And she hoped she never had to because she knew how important Reign was to Lena and now, to Kara. But Astra was important to Kara, too, and Alex still had to make that cruel decision because Astra was the enemy.

Alex Danvers would kill Reign if she had to.

There were a lot of people at the Central Garden, where they were witnessing a creature with big black eyes pulling Supergirl by the ankle like she was dragging a doll to someone standing near the lake. And the identity of the woman in suit was no other than Lillian Luthor, leader of CADMUS,
the notorious organization that was responsible for many crimes against aliens in National City.

Lena rushed through the crowd as the DEO agents started evacuating curious people away. Journalists and cameras, helicopters surrounded the area, broadcasting live on the scene, risking their lives. She followed Alex into the range, eyes trained on Reign and Kara.

Then she saw her mother, smirking triumphantly and she gritted her teeth.

“Mother!” she shouted and immediately got the attention of the older woman as well as many other people at the scene, “what did you do?”

“Long time no see, sweetie,” Lillian’s smirk didn’t falter when she looked at Lena with the wicked gaze she had been giving everyone after Lionel’s death, “I’m meeting your new friend.” Then she said something to the watch on her wrist and Reign let go of Kara’s ankle, then proceeded to grab the suit’s collar.

Lena was about to charge forward but Alex held her back. “Wait, Kara is about to do something.”

Before Lena could ask how Alex knew that, Kara flipped up and hooked her leg between Reign’s feet and knocked her down. Lena gripped on Alex’s arm when she saw Reign’s back met the ground in a loud thud but her face didn’t express anything.

Kara got to her feet and stared at Lillian. “You are going down, Lillian.”

“I don’t know about that, Supergirl,” Lillian gestured the crowd, “This is your hero, citizens of National City. You think you are protected? Wrong.” She pointed at Reign, who was slowly getting on her feet. “That is a Worldkiller, not at its best potential. It comes to destroy worlds. Do you think your precious hero can save you all from it? Look at it!”

Lillian said something on the watch again and Reign sprinted towards Kara with a scarily fast speed, much faster than Lena had ever seen her moved. Reign had never used her full power on anything. This was terrible.

Kara and Reign fought. Really fought. Kara mostly dodged and avoided direct punches while Reign was attacking her without mercy. Lena wanted to separate them but she had no powers, no device or anything that could help her with it. She felt useless.

“Wake up, Reign!” Kara said in mid-fight, “You are being controlled!”

“Stop wasting your time, Supergirl,” Lillian casually commented, looking at her nails as if she was bored, “you have to blame your father for being too good at his job. Once activated, there’s no way to turn it off.”

Something came flying to the scene and landed heavily near Lillian. Lena barely saw anything but then she realized it was Mike, no, Mon-el, grabbing Lillian arm.

“Send her down or I’ll deal with you, lady,” he threatened, then turned to everyone, “Don’t worry, I’m here to help Supergirl!”

A wave of relief washed through her and Lena even felt Alex’s arm loosening up. Mon-el was annoying but he was on time, and he had powers, he could help Kara.

“Get this Daxamite off me, Worldkiller,” Lillian growled.

Almost as instant, Reign left the battle with Kara and flew towards Mon-el, knocking him off and
grabbed his collar with one hand, threw a punch at his gut with the other.

Kara came to help and quickly, both of them had upper hand in hand combat against Reign. With every punch she received, Lena felt like her heart was breaking. She jerked her hand away from Alex and ran to Lillian.

“Reign cannot beat the two of them, you lose!” she screamed at her cruel mother, “Stop this! Stop this madness!”

Lillian turned to her, wiping off something on her shoulder. Hank Henshaw walked to them from the crowd. Lillian spoke to Lena, “If you think this is madness, sweetie, you haven’t seen it yet.” And she spoke to the commander on her wrist, “Activate initial instruction.”

Lena twisted around, seeing Reign’s arms were being held by Kara and Mon-el. Suddenly Reign’s eyes glowed like her eyeballs were two black globes being shined by blue light. Her hair started changing color into the scarlet red. Her skin became paler and paler until it seemed blue. Reign had transformed into a whole new look. Scarier and unfamiliar.

“What is happening?” Mon-el asked.

“I don’t-” Kara’s response was cut because Reign had pushed her away. Giving Mon-el her entire attention, Reign came for him.

“Daxamite,” she growled so. Lena felt something cold running along her spine at the voice. It was so deep, vibrating with danger.

“Hey, buddy,” Mon-el started going backward, possibly had already sensed the unusual vibe from Reign, “what’s going on with ya? New hair? New makeup? What kind of contact lenses are those?” He rambled on his usual joke.

“Mon-el, run!” Lena heard Alex screaming, “Run!”

Kara sprinted to them but Reign had already grabbed Mon-el and positioned herself to stand behind him. One hand at his chin, the other hand at his head, Reign had Mon-el in a deadlock.

“Reign! Don’t do it!” Lena pled. Somehow, Reign’s eyes turned to her. The same look Reign had given her when they first met. Strange, curious.

“Lena, don’t come closer!”

In the corner of her eyes, Kara was flying toward them. The strange look disappeared in Reign’s alien eyes and she yanked her arms sideways.

A sound of something being snapped sent chills down Lena’s spines. Mon-el’s face was painted with a horror expression, mouth agape, eyes widened and everything on his face froze like that forever. His head was let go from Reign’s grip, positioning horribly wrong with his body and he fell to the ground.

Dead.

Mon-el was dead.

By Reign’s hands.

Her eyes didn’t even spare Mon-el still body a glance, kept staring at Lena, sending her the creepy
Does she want to kill me too?

The question startled her. Then Kara thrust at Reign, screaming something that wasn’t English. Lena couldn’t move.

Mon-el’s body was staring right at her, haunting her soul.

Somebody grabbed her hand and pulled her away. Alex.

She couldn’t remember what happened next, the guns shooting, the screaming of people running away from the battlefield between two aliens.

Her mind only started working again when someone, blessed them, brought her back to the DEO and led her to the main room, where she could watch the giant headline of the news today, blinking annoyingly on the big screen of the base.

‘MYSTERIOUS ALIEN PUBLICLY MURDERED ANOTHER ALIEN IN DAY LIGHT

Supergirl is struggling to keep the fatal alien busy while the government is evacuating everyone from the dangerous scene.’

Reign’s face was captured on the news, with her wide black eyes and bright red head and pale blue skin, charging at Kara at full speed.

The voice of the journalist at the scene was clear and it pierced into Lena every word.

‘Lillian Luthor has come into the light and revealed herself as the controller of this extraterrestrial bioweapon called Worldkiller. We don’t know much about this alien but apparently, their power is a match with our superhero. Luckily, we have Superman, who has come to aid his cousin.’

Lena’s eyes grew wide at the name. Superman had arrived?

She rushed to the screen, where Winn was standing with Alex, their face glued to the scene of both Supers going against Reign. Superman was more skillful, indeed, his arrival quickly gave Kara the advantage but Reign didn’t shy away from her attacks. It seemed like she didn’t get tired at all.

“At least you all are not running in panic.”

Everyone turned around at the deep voice of the Director. He was walking, slowly, but at least he could walk. Though he wasn’t strong enough to keep his human form, Director J’onzz still managed to keep his authorial pose, giving everyone a sense of confidence, something they all needed right now.

“Are you alright, Sir?” Winn asked, his eyes got wetter.

“I am, Winn,” he responded with a softer look at him, “I heard that Superman is out there, helping us. But it’s a short-term solution. Does anyone have a long-term one?”

“Yes, Sir,” Alex answered, giving Lena a quick glance before continuing, “I can use the suit.”
Lena turned to look at Alex, “The suit?”

Alex didn’t look at her, kept giving the Director her whole attention, “What do you think, Sir?”

“You three, come with me to the office,” he said shortly, not answering Alex’s mysterious question.

Lena followed them into the room, kept quiet while her mind was screaming with questions, with possibilities, with predictions. How to help Reign, how to disable the device, how to block the signal, how to protect Kara…

“Miss Flamebird has asked me a favor, before all of this happens,” J’onnz started and Lena poured her attention on him. What could it be that favor? “She knows that there is something in her mind that would trigger the Worldkiller version of herself, so she wants me to remove it.”

“Remove it?” Winn asked, confused, “How do you remove mind control?”

Something clicked in Lena’s brain. Alex spoke out first, “You remove the mind.”

“No!” Lena objected immediately, “There has to be another way!”

“I have,” Alex added, “it’s the suit.”

“The Kryptonite suit?” Winn shrieked, “You’re going to kill Reign?”

“Absolutely not!” Lena slammed her hand on the table.

“She killed Mon-el, Lena,” Alex reminded her and the image of Mon-el blank expression face staring right at her returned to Lena’s brain.

“Reign didn’t do it, it was my mother!” Lena raised her voice, “Reign would never hurt anyone.”

“She’s out there challenging two Kryptonians at the same time, terrorizing the city,” Alex pointed at the door, “She is the enemy now, Lena. I’m sorry but I have to put everyone’s safety first. And that’s including you, too.”

“Agent Danvers, please let us talk alone,” J’onnz spoke finally. Alex gave him a surprised look and then stormed out of the room. Winn was about to leave too when J’onnz cleared his throat and gestured the computer geek to stay, “Miss Luthor, Agent Schott, I’m the Director of the DEO, therefore my mission is to protect the peace of this city, the citizens living in it. Do you understand that?”

“Reign is a citizen too, Director,” Lena was ready to fight J’onnz or even the entire city to protect Reign from the sentence hanging over her head because of something she didn’t want to do, “She’s just a victim of CADMUS. I’m not letting you kill her or erase her mind.”

“What would you do to stop me?” J’onnz raised an eyebrow, challenging.

“Anything,” she lowered her voice.

A moment of silence passed by, Lena stared up at the tall Martian, who was gazing down at her casually. Finally, he told her, “I won’t erase her mind, or more exactly, I can’t. When she touched and extracted my powers, I tried to sneak in her mind to find a switch for the brain control. There was nothing. Her brain was blank.”

Lena staggered backward, mumbled in horror, “No…”
“Does that mean she’s already brainwashed?” Winn asked, digging deeper into Lena’s fear. “Maybe that’s why Lillian said it can’t be undone.”

“I’m very sorry, Miss Luthor,” J’onnz apologetically said, “sometimes you just can’t do anything.”

He left. There were only Lena and Winn in the room. Lena wanted to break down and cry but her Luthor pride was still keeping her from doing it in front of Winn, a nerdy friend that she had.

“Lena, I’m sorry,” Winn said. Lena only sighed and sit on a chair. She could feel her hope drifting away.

“It’s not your fault,” she replied numbly.

“Actually, it is.”

She slowly looked up and met his eyes. She wanted to see any sign of a joke, of a tease, though bad timing, but still better than the guilty and honest look in his eyes right now. “How?” she grunted.

And he told her. Everything. At first, she wanted to punch him, to kick him, to hurt him just like how she was hurting at the moment. Then she didn’t want to hurt him because what he did was to protect his girlfriend. It was wrong, but it kept her alive. And Winn was another victim of Lillian too.

“I’m truly sorry. If I didn’t give Lillian the file, she wouldn’t be able to control Reign and Mon-el would still be alive right now,” Winn wiped his tears away with his sleeves, looking miserable and sad.

“Then help me, Winn,” she said, tears started running down her cheeks too, “help me bring her back. Help me fix this.”

Taking in a deep breath, with tears still on his face, Winn said through his choked voice, “I don’t know if I can do that.”

“We’ll do this together,” Lena stood up and placed her hands on his shoulders, “We are smart, we can do this.”

Winn nodded, sniffed away, “Yes, we can do this.”

They smiled at each other through the tears and the faint but stubborn hope that a better choice could be made.

Something happened outside the room. Footsteps could be heard thumping frantically all around. Lena and Winn left the room and followed the agents to see an exhausted Supergirl being carried by Superman into the sun room. Lena quickly got into the room along with Alex, who only threw her a quick glance before start giving out orders to the agents, preparing the procedure to heal Supergirl.

Superman saw Lena and was surprised but when he laid Kara down on the bed, he gestured Lena to come close.

“She needs you.” That was all he said before he turned on his heels to the main room, possibly to form some kind of plan.

“What happened? Where is Reign?” Lena asked an agent nearby.

“CADMUS left with her to the other side of town.” was the answer.

Lena stepped to the bed, where heat was radiating harshly from the giant ring built around the top
half of the bunk. She grabbed Kara’s hand, felt the warmth and softness of her skin, along with the scars and bruises from the fight.

The agents had left, only Lena and Alex were still here. The air was thick and Lena felt Alex’s hot gaze on her back.

“I love Kara very much, Lena,” Alex started speaking, pulling down the weight in Lena’s heart, “she is one of the most important people in my life. And I’ll do everything to keep the smile on her face. Seeing her like this, why can’t you understand that Reign is no longer Reign anymore?”

Lena only answered her with another question, “What if it was Kara? Just like Red Kryptonite. When she terrorized the city, did you treat her like you are treating Reign right now?”

Not hearing an answer, Lena looked up and saw Alex was looking down at Kara with a troubled expression. Like Lena’s question had opened a locked door inside her soul.

“I couldn’t… she is family. I can’t give up on her,” Alex said.

“I can’t give up on Reign, either,” Lena explained, “if it was Kara, I’d try every way to bring her back too.”

Alex’s brown eyes snapped up and met with hers. They stared at each other in a silence understanding. Hopefully.

Alex frowned and then sighed out. “The suit is an option.”

“It’s not my option,” Lena firmly said, “never would be. Because it’s the easy way. Luthors don’t do easy.”

There was something that almost looked like a smile on the agent’s lips. “You’re as stubborn as Kara.”

“Thank you.”

“Not a compliment.”

“It is to me. What do you think how I’m not your typical Luthor? I’m too stubborn.”

Alex slightly shook her head. “Damn it. Fine,” she raised a finger, “only if you can give me another way to do this. And you don’t only have to convince me, but also J’onnz and Superman too. They have every reason to put Reign on hit list right now.”

Lena sat straighter and gave Alex that confident Luthor look.

“I can.”

“Good.”

Chapter End Notes

I know this is a big turn, and it’s a risk too. I’m so glad I get to finish this chapter with 7721 words O_O" (pretty long for just one chapter I post)
*drowns into deadlines of other unfinished fics*
In The Hollow Night, We All Want To Survive

Chapter Summary

Lillian was a cunning villain.

Lena and Winn had a plan.

Chapter Notes

Heeeeeeeey! I'm back finally! Please don't throw rocks because I typed this on the phone.

Mistakes are all mine and none of the characters are mine.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m sorry for waking you up.”

Lena rubbed her eyes, squinting at the light and covered them with one hand. Checking the watch on the wrist of the other hand, she realized it had been 10 hours since they had started working on the project. Agent Danvers was smiling down on her kindly, the rare affection that Lena bet not many could see.

“It’s okay, I need to continue,” she grabbed the protective gears within her reach but the tall agent stopped her.

“Take some rest, you haven't slept the entire night,” said the agent, gesturing the couch on the corner of the lab. Winn was crashing on it, one arm swept down on the ground, “probably not there. You can use my lab.”

“There’s no need, I-”

“Lena.”

She stood up at the familiar voice and grinned widely at the sight of Kara in her supersuit, standing at the doorway, smiling at her. Hurriedly walking to the Kryptonian, she spread her arms and took Kara into her embrace, to which Kara happily replied.

“Kara, oh god, how are you feeling?” she asked, squeezing tightly around her alien friend.

“I’m okay,” Kara answered, softly pulled back and stared into her eyes, “how are you?”

Lena pointed at the half-finished device on the table, “Winn and I are very close to finding a way to beat Lillian. I think we’re heading in a good direction.”
“Lena,” Kara called her name again, this time with more seriousness. She turned around to see Kara jerk her head towards outside. “Come with me.”

“Just go, Lena,” Agent Danvers added with a friendly smile.

Letting out a defeated sigh, Lena shrugged, “Okay, but if Winn wakes up, please tell me, Agent Danvers.”

They walked out of the lab and Lena followed Kara silently until they reached a metal door. She didn't question the blonde anything as she pushed the door open, revealing a small balcony that Lena assumed used for smokers.

“I’ll ask again, Lena, and please tell me the truth. How are you?” Kara didn't beat around the bush but went right to the point, something unfamiliar but Lena didn't mind.

“I’m fine,” she said, looking at the horizon, rising slowly and brought the sun up. Another day had passed.

“Alex told me your intention. You want to save Reign,” Kara spoke, placing her elbows on the edge.

Lena waited to see if Kara said anything else but she didn't so she said, “Don't tell me you're going to talk me out of it.”

She heard Kara humming. “No. I want to save Reign too.” They both turned to face each other. Lena saw the look of regret, utter sadness in Kara’s eyes. Her heart broke at the sight. “Everything happened to her was my family’s fault. She has a second chance here like me but even that is taken away. I owe her.”

Lena blinked, noticed her own eyes are wetter. She gulped, swallowing the knot of breaking down right in front of her friend to keep herself calm. “I can do this. Winn and I are smart and we're working on it.”

Kara smiled, nodded slightly. “I know. Kal told me about your plan. I was surprised at first when he told me you talked to him.”

A faint smirk spread on Lena’s lips. “Did you think we would start a fight or something?”

Kara chuckled, casually shrugged, “I want everyone in my family to like you.”

A little lightning struck Lena’s chest, warming up her heart. “Well, he’s not so bad. He listened to me, understood my reasonings. Even if he’s still cautious, he gives Winn and me time to do our way.”

A comfortable silence stretched out between them, covering the two in a little bubble of easiness. Lena was so glad that Superman didn't outright deflect her idea, in fact, he thought it was a nice way to defeat CADMUS for good.

“How did you come up with the plan?” Kara asked, curious.

“I reread the Worldkiller file over and over and then Winn noticed that a Worldkiller’s mind has to be inactive to be in controlled but not destroyed so that their abilities and what they learned could still be used, so their minds are always in hibernation, like a bear in winter. Not all aliens have a hibernating phase.” Lena confidently stated, “We have a theory that the device my mother uses to control Reign works like a hibernating signal breeder. Reign’s mind was tricked into thinking she was hibernating due to the genetic specialty. Thanks to that little information, I’ve narrowed down the names of the
species that Reign could be.”

Kara’s eyes widened, she gently grabbed Lena’s hand with a hopeful grin. “Does that mean you can figure out her origins, her weakness?”

“Yeah,” she answered, looking down at their joined hands, “and also an idea of how to stop my mother.”

The next thing she knew was being pulled into Kara’s strong arms, drowned in an affectionate hug that Lena always craved but rarely got. “Oh Rao, you are amazing! I knew you can do it!”

A blush crept onto her cheeks when Lena returned the embrace with a little squeeze. “It’s not just me. The device was Winn’s idea.”

Kara stepped back when they let go, the joyful grin still seated on her lips. “I just… I’m really happy that you get to save Reign. I know how important she is to you.”

Lena smiled, then the smile faltered. “Both you and she are the most important people in my life.”

The gaze she received from the Kryptonian was intense and at the same time soft. “I love you, Lena.”

The words left Lena stunned and surprised. She hadn’t thought about their own things for a while and it seemed to be a wrong moment to bring it up.

“Kara…” she trailed off.

“It’s not an attempt to win you back, Lena,” Kara calmly said, a flash of sadness passed by in her eyes, “It’s something you deserve to hear. That there are people who love you, even if you tend to forget it.”

She sniffed in a little, trying to hide the emotion that was waiting to flow out.

“Thank you.”

Kara only smiled back. Then she looked out of the sky and sighed. “I’m sending Mon-el’s body back to Valor. That’s Rao’s name on Daxam. I suppose I should be the one to send him off since he has no family here.”

Lena had forgotten about the dead Daxamite. Guilt weighed on her again because she felt like she hadn’t done enough and stop Reign before he was killed. Lena used to hate him for what he had done to Kara but now she only felt emptiness.

“Can I come with you?” she asked, “You shouldn’t do it alone.”

“Of course,” the Kryptonian pressed her lips together for a moment before continued, “I think Winn would love to come too. Mon-el used to talk to him a lot.”

“Why don’t you ask him?”

“I’m… when I think about what Winn did, I’m angry,” Kara frowned, “I know his reason but I’m still angry. I have underestimated CADMUS and now bad things happen. Reign would still be fine and Mon-el would still be alive if I had been more cautious.”

Lena shifted on her feet, thinking about Reign. She had tried not to for the past hours to keep a level-headed mind and concentrate on the crucial matter in front of her eyes. Now, Reign’s cold and empty
gaze returned to her brain and her heart twisted painfully.

“I’m angry too. I was one of the people who said keeping the file here was a good idea,” she said, remorsefully, “I was paying too much attention to what the file could help our technology than the purpose of the file from the beginning. I should have stood against it.”

“The DEO wouldn’t change their mind then, and you didn’t know things would come down like this,” Kara tried to make her guilt thinner, “It’s not your fault.”

“No, I should have stood with Reign when she was so worried about the future of herself that she had every right to state her opinion. I want her trust but didn’t give mine. What kind of friend am I?” she said sadly, sensing the familiarity of guilt pushing on her shoulders.

“I’m at fault too. I was blind with jealousy and didn’t want to give Reign the benefit of the doubt. What my father did to her was wrong and what is happening to her right now is my doing for not believing her.” She heard Kara’s sigh. The weight on her shoulders seemed to be lightened a bit because she knew Kara would share it with her. “Reign is technically my cousin, have I told you that?”

The information caught Lena off-guard. A small smile appeared on her face. Letting out a chuckle, she replied, “Really?”

“Her body belonged to a member of my house. Though it doesn’t mean we’re related, I feel a familial connection to her.”

The happiness grew in Lena’s chest when she knew between Kara and Reign, a link had been formed, though unexpectedly. “I think she’d feel the same way about you. As far as I can tell, Reign doesn’t have anyone to be considered as family. You are the closest thing to that.”

“She wasn’t very thrilled to be called my cousin,” Kara snickered.

“Awkward family meetings? Don’t bring up murderous maniac brothers and everything would be fine.”

They laughed at Lena’s joke on her own family’s sin. It was something Lena got used to whenever she needed to address the matter without much seriousness. Kara placed a hand on her hand on the balcony, rubbing her knuckles gently. “We’ll get Reign back. I promise you.”

Where am I?

She couldn’t move. Her eyes couldn’t see. She couldn’t open them. She could only hear a strange vibration around her head, forcing her away from any thoughts.

What am I?

She couldn’t tell that she was standing or lying down. It was like she was dreaming and was about to wake up any minute but couldn’t.
But she could hear, and she heard voices.

“Are you kidding me? Recharge? What if the battery goes out when we're in the middle of a fight?” an angry female human voice shot through her sensitive ears. She almost winced at a reaction.

“Our technology can't match Krypton’s. The last encounter with both Supergirl and Superman has worn out the device’s backup battery. It needs to be recharged,” a deep and almost familiar voice replied.

“Damn it, Henshaw. So what's going to happen now? Would the control over the Worldkiller be broken?”

“Fortunately, no. It's in hibernation mode so it won’t do anything unless given signals.”

A thoughtful hum cut through.

“Are you saying that if Supergirl somehow manages to build another device like ours, she can control the Worldkiller too?”

“Theoretically, yes. But the Japanese scientists have spent months to build it, there’s no way they can make one in time.”

“They have my daughter, don’t you forget that.”

“She is very smart, but-”

“Never underestimate a Luthor, Henshaw. I made that mistake once.”

“So what do you think we should do to prevent that?”

“How long is it until the battery is fully recharged?”

“Three hours.”

“Gather the teams, I need a diversion.”

She didn’t hear anything else besides the murmuring of people talking. She had no idea who they were and what they were planning on. But even though her mind was compromised by the annoying vibe, she still wondered a lot about the name ‘Lena’.

Who is this Lena?

Is she really smart?

Why does her name sound so familiar?

Why do I feel odd hearing her name?

Who is she to me?

Who am I?

She opened her eyes, taking in the figures standing around her. They gasped, gawking at her in shock.

“I thought you said it’s in hibernation mode?” a female human said, nearly shouting at the darker one.
next to her.

“It is. I don’t know why it can move.” They all kept silence, staring at her like they were waiting for something.

“Mrs. Luthor, I don’t think she remembers anything,” a small human said, stepping closer to her. She checked the exterior of the male, realizing no threats from him. He pointed something that produced light into her eyes, moving it horizontally. Putting the little tool away, he slowly reached out to her face. She let him since he didn’t pose any danger to her. The contact was brief and he quickly retreated his hand. “I think she’s not more than a robot right now. She could see and hear but doesn’t act on her own.”

“Unless taking commands?” the female spoke again, a devious smile formed on her lips.

“Yes.”

“Well, well, well, then it’s just like Mr. Henshaw here but even more useful.”

She didn’t like the way this female talked. She didn’t like her in general. They seemed like they knew who she was.

The vibration in her brain squeezed her tightly, pushing her away from liberal thoughts. It hurt a lot. She wanted to think more, but it pained her more until her eyes had to shut close.

The female’s voice rang again, “Sleep well, little Worldkiller. We’re going to see someone we both love in a few hours.”

Somehow she heard the name ‘Lena’ again, even though no one actually said it.

__________________________________________

“National City bank is under attacked!”

Kara was already in the air after hearing the news. Her cousin Kal had already gone to take care of a bombing threat at Metropolis harbor just a few minutes ago. Kara muttered a Kryptonian frustrated word. Why didn’t the criminals just take a few days off? They already had too many things to worry about.

They had been having a quiet moment at Mon-el’s funeral. Kara asked Winn to come and the IT genius burst into tears the moment she let out a smile. They hugged tightly, and if Kara wasn’t a Kryptonian, his embrace must have smothered her. She buried her face into his neck and felt the shaking of him and of her own, going through a rough time of their friendship.

“I’m sorry,” she had said so and then cried too, “I miss you, Winn.”

“I’m so sorry, Kara,” he sniffed and choked on his words, “I’ll fix this.”

“I know.”
The funeral was simple, mostly because not many things could be done and the timing wasn’t enough to achieve a proper Daxamite cultural ceremony. Lena held her hand the entire time during the speech Winn gave to Mon-el and Kara knew it wasn’t a romantic gesture, yet she still felt the painful sting in her chest, knowing that this was how Lena had been through.

*I can’t save Mon-el, but I will save Reign.*

She promised to herself after she brought the casket into space, letting it drift slowly toward Rao. It was sad that Mon-el died alone, without any family member around. Not that he had told her anything about his family, which made her think that they were all dead.

Mon-el had a family, Reign didn’t.

*I’m her family now.*

She gritted her teeth, thinking that the connection between them had been created forcefully through her father’s sin, but somehow she was grateful. The legacy of house El still lived in her, and she had thought that was it until now. Reign was a living legacy, along with her, not just the house of El but also Krypton’s technology the peak of its achievement.

Reign meant so much more than just a bio weapon. Not to mention their complex relationship and the tangled mess regarding Lena.

Kara landed right in front of the bank after blasted heat vision five times at the robbers. She didn’t hurt them but only warned them and forced them to stay away from the money. Guns pointed at her and she rolled her eyes quickly.

*They never learn.*

With a fast swipe, they were all on the ground, guns broken, scattering next to the deformed bullets. Kara heard Alex’s voice in the intercom, addressing her to another mess on the upper street.

“Go! I got this!” Maggie shouted from a few feet away, running toward the scene with her team. Exchanging a nod, the Detective took place of the golden hair hero as the goons stood up and the red cape billowing wildly to the West.

Kara hadn’t even reached the ground when she heard Winn’s frantic voice shouting in her ears, “The DEO is under attacked! Supergi-”

The line died. Not having a second of hesitation, the Kryptonian redirected her route, heading straight back to the base, praying to Rao that she got there in time. During the flight, she realized the robberies and attacks around the city were just diversions so that her cousin and she had to leave the base. Letting out a breathless Kryptonian curse, Kara dashed directly through the balcony.

The agents were running around, bricks falling down over their heads, smoke captivating the air. Her eyes found Winn almost immediately. She rushed to him, grabbing his shoulders as he was collecting the gadgets on the table.

“Oh thank God, Kara!” Winn yelled, his face scrunched up with fear, “CADMUS lured you and Superman out so that they can attack here!”

“I figured that out. Where is Lena? She’s with you, right?” she asked, scanning the surroundings with x-ray vision and focused on hearing range to find familiar heartbeats.

“She’s with Alex! I think they’re at Alex’s lab!”
Taking the information, Kara sprinted to said destination when she noticed that one figure out of two was on the ground while the other looked like fighting something invisible, she didn’t care about anything else, flying straight through the walls and saw Lena lying on the ground and Alex was fighting Reign.

“Hey!” she shouted, drawing attention from the other alien. Reign turned around, her irises gawked straight at Kara and she almost felt the sharp gaze bringing heat to her face, “Fight me.”

Reign didn’t respond, struck a fist right in her direction, leaving Alex behind. Kara ducked and grabbed her arm, threw her away from the lab. Taking the advantage of the moment, she quickly scanned Lena and Alex, letting out a relieved sigh when she didn’t find any broken bones. Lena was unconscious, it must be Reign’s doing.

You’re really not in there anymore, aren’t you? She thought as she flew to where Reign was.

“Whatever you do, don’t let her touch you!” a warning shouted from across the hall.

Now Kara had the time to see Reign’s outfit. She wasn’t wearing the same normal shirt and jeans anymore, instead, she was wearing some kind of battle suit. And she had a weapon strapped on her back. Which was being drawn out right now.

It was a metal blade, sharp and thin. But the one that was already on Reign’s hand was sucking all of Kara’s intention.

Kryptonite. The Kryptonite blade from Alex’s suit. Now she remembered Alex was in the suit while battling Reign earlier. Somehow Alex was in the suit before Reign attacked, Reign managed to steal the blade and Lena was hurt in the process.

Kara could clearly felt the presence of the deadly weapon on Reign hand, glowing its threat to her life. Clenching her hands firmly, she waited until Reign made the first move.

With a god-like speed, Reign thrust the blades at her, accurately directed it at her ribs. Kara leaned to the side and kicked at the other alien’s stomach, sending her away, giving some distance between them. If Reign had the close range weapons, Kara had heat vision.

Her eyes burned, blasting the heat across the hall, right at Reign’s left hand. The metal blade was knocked off, sliding away on the floor. Not giving Reign a chance to consider, Kara attacked first, again with heat vision. It missed Reign’s other hand with the Kryptonite blade and Kara felt the sharp pain at her upper arm when Reign came close. Blood oozing out, dampening her suit as the unfamiliar feeling of being wounded came over her.

“Worldkiller!” a shout startled both Kara and Reign. They both halted the fight and jumped away from each other, eyes at the person who shouted the word. It was Lillian Luthor. “Activate the second command in line.” The woman stood confidently with her only weapon was the device on her wrist.

Kara looked back at Reign, prepared herself for the upcoming attack. J’onn was getting to them, barging through the crowd of CADMUS and DEO agents. Hank Henshaw appeared in front of him, creating a wall between them so that Kara had to face Reign alone. Reign thrust at Kara, the glowing blade pointed right at her chest.

Only moving away just in time to avoid it, Kara realized Reign had flown past her because her target wasn’t Kara. It was Alex, who was standing near a just-woken-up Lena.

“Alex!” Kara rushed forwards, chasing after Reign.
James used to say that Kara was faster than Kal. Maybe it was true.

Kara reached Alex before Reign did.

But the thing was, Reign wasn’t aiming for Alex.

She was aiming for Lena.

Right at the moment she recognized her mistake and tried to pull Lena toward her, the Kryptonite had already presented and slashed through her flesh.

The pain that had been burning on her upper arm now had connected to the new open wound at her right thigh. Kara grunted and felt being grabbed, dragged away from the cold black eyes.

“Kara!” she heard Lena’s scream. Or it was Alex’s. She staggered to her feet, the thick liquid drained the energy away from her body. In front of her eyes, Reign had her arm around Lena’s waist, holding her captive, the other arm gripped on the sword, the glowing blade had a long line of red blood stained on it.

She tried to stand up and took Lena back but Reign was backed up by CADMUS firing aimlessly at the agents. The wounds started affecting her vision, her muscles started receiving strained pulses of pain, washing over her consciousness.

But she had to protect Lena.

Reign threw Lena over her shoulder and turned around.

Alex was faster than her.

Alex charged forward. Kara tried to follow.

Reign lifted up from the floor, with Lena squirming helplessly on her shoulder.

Alex gripped on Reign’s ankle.

Kara could only saw the blade coming back for Alex’s heart.

In that particular moment, Kara had to reach for her sister instead of Lena. It seemed like time had stopped, or it was because of her adrenaline born from the fight and the wounds. Kara didn’t stare at the blade, she pushed Alex with one hand, grabbed her sister’s arm with the other, giving Reign the full exposure of her back without any shield.

“No!”

Lena’s shout was one of the last things Kara could hear before she collapsed on the ground with the Kryptonite blade sticking in her back from behind. Lena’s heartbeat ran right after the voice, quickly being overcome by several familiar heartbeats surrounding her. Kal’s heart mixed with Alex’s, Kryptonian mixed with English.

Is this how I die?
Lena couldn’t remember the last time she had cried this much. Her eyes were sore, nose stuffling and brain shuffling inside her skull. She hadn’t moved ever since she was thrown into this prison by CADMUS about two hours ago.

How could she so naive, thinking that her mother wouldn’t attack the DEO? She had thought about that scenario but hadn’t expected Lillian to proceed it right after the giant fight. She hadn’t had the chance to finish the device. Capturing her must be Lillian’s plan.

Even though she had tried to stay positive and calm to find a way out of here, the image of Kara getting stabbed in the back and falling to the ground kept coming back. Every time she tried to get to Reign, the alien only responded with the unfamiliar wide eyes and the cold stare.

“Don’t worry, sweetie, Supergirl won’t die,” Lillian’s voice coming from the other side of the cell didn’t make her move. Her mother came into the room along with Reign. It seemed like she had made Reign into a bodyguard of her own instead of Henshaw. “Or with my luck, she will.”

“You are a monster, mother,” Lena snapped back, slowly turned her head to face Lillian.

“I wasn’t the one who stabbed your precious alien friend. Your other precious alien friend did it, remember?” Lillian’s smirk didn’t falter as she gestured to her left, where Reign was standing still like a statue.

“Don’t try to put the blame on Reign. You controlled her. What do you want?!” Lena tried not to look at Reign because her heart was so in pain right now, the sight of her trapping in the hand of a maniac only pushed Lena further into insanity.

“What Lex wants: an Earth clear of aliens.”

“Supergirl will stop you.”

Lillian laughed out loud. Then she half-turned away and strode for the door. “I’m looking forward to it, sweetie.”

The door slammed shut and Lena leaned her entire weight against the wall, the urge to cry was returning to her. But she saw Reign was still in the room, gawking at her emptily.

“I don’t know if you can hear me, Reign, but this isn’t you. You are kind, caring and funny. you are strong and you can fight this,” she spoke to the shell of Reign, voice cracking up, “I know you’re still in there.”

Suddenly, in a swift movement, Reign had already stood in front of her. Lena stepped back, startled by that, holding back a breath. Her heart almost jumped to her throat as Reign noticeably frowned. Lena couldn’t tell where she was looking at, she just knew it was her face.

“I am Lena,” she spoke, getting more nervous under such intense gaze, “Lena Luthor. Do you remember me?”

The frown between Reign’s brows deepened. A strange language flew out of her mouth swiftly like a stream, “Zrhueiao.” The stare didn’t change a bit.

“I don’t understand,” Lena responded sadly, softly shaking her head, “I guess you don’t understand
me either.” She raised a hand, shyly reaching out for the alien’s face. Her hair had become red and her skin was pale blue. She looked nothing like how she used to be. Lena could feel the cold gaze sending chills down her spines. She wasn’t afraid of her but Reign could not control herself right now.

When her hand caressed Reign’s cheek, the alien let her. The crinkle on her face stretched away. For a second, Lena thought Reign would smile.

Reign tilted her head avoiding the touch, the frown reappeared. Then she turned around and returned to the spot where she had been standing. Lena could only sigh as the alien closed her eyes, shifting into a still version of herself, distant and strange.

Kara was hurt, and possibly dying.

Reign was not herself, used for Lillian’s vicious purposes.

The only plan she had to defeat CADMUS without harming Reign was busted.

For the first time in her life, Lena understood the true meaning of the word ‘hopeless’.

She was hopeless.

“What should I do?” she whispered, sitting back down and wrapped her arms around her knees, letting the feeling of defeated washing through her. This was like when she was arrested for something she hadn’t done. She had felt alone and abandoned in the cold cell of the prison. The thought of Kara fighting for her had kept her warm, though fading away after every second. “I’m useless.”

From the other corner of the room, a pair of pit-black eyes opened, quietly observing Lena in a neutral but curious manner. They noticed the details on Lena’s hand. Even though thinking hurt her brain, Reign still wondered why the female wanted to touch her. All of the humans around her was afraid of her, but this green-eyed one wasn’t.

The more she knew about the human, the more she was intrigued.

Lena Luthor.

Smart.

Fearless.

Beautiful.

Chapter End Notes

I’m very insecure of this chapter because there are many things going on in here and I wasn’t available to type for a long time so I hope my interrupted efforts didn’t screw up the story, haha.

I really need somebody give me an example of how many chapters left it should be because I feel like the story isn't gonna be that long anymore.
Till the next time!
“Please stay down, you haven't fully healed yet,” Alex spoke to her sister, who was still lying on the sunbed but tried to get up, “Twenty more minutes.”

“Lena is taken,” Kara said, tears started welling in her eyes, “Alex, I couldn't protect her.”

Alex crouched down, avoiding the tubes surrounding Kara and gently pulled the wounded hero’s head into the crook of her neck. “We all couldn't. It wasn't your fault.”

The grip on her uniform got tighter, the figure curling in Alex’s arms started shaking. She quietly listened to the sniffing, letting the hero of National City a moment of being fragile, vulnerable and human. Kara had gone through a lot in her life, from losing her family, her culture, her entire world, and Alex never wanted her sister to go through such pain again. Life wasn't fair to Kara to let her watch the woman she loved being with another, then all of this mess happened and now the chance of protecting her was taken.

“Alex, you need to- hey, you're up!” Winn’s voice interrupted her thoughts. He rushed to the other side of the bed, putting the digital board between one arm and his side to place a hand on Kara’s free knuckles. “How are you feeling?”

“I'm almost ready,” Kara said, wincing slightly. “What happened?”

Alex stood up, not forgetting to keep one hand on Kara’s shoulder to force her to stay put. “What is it, Winn?” She gave him a warning look, reminding him what she had told him about letting Kara rest.

“Um…” the IT guy hesitated, clearly remember the warning and also confirmed that the news he
brought should not be heard by Kara, “J’onn wants to talk to you.”

Alex turned back at Kara. “You stay here and rest until you’re fully recovered, okay? I’ll go check on things.”

After leaving the sunroom, she waited until they reached the other side of the hall to ask, “What is going on? I know J’onn didn’t ask for me.”

Winn lowered his voice, holding the tablet to cover one side of his face, “Superman is going to kill Reign.”

“What?” Surprised with the news, Alex almost shouted but then toned down to a whisper, “What did J’onn say about it?”

Winn only shook his head. “I asked him to buy me more time to finish the device but Superman was so angry that Reign hurt Kara. I don’t think we can do anything about it. Not even J’onn can talk to him.”

Alex frowned, “Where is Superman right now?”

“I don’t know. He took off after having a loud talk with J’onn,” Winn sighed, scratching his head, “I think J’onn doesn’t want to kill Reign.”

Alex huffed, telling Winn to continue building the device while she went to the balcony, pulled out her phone to find Clark’s number. She didn’t usually call Kara’s famous cousin but she hoped he would at least reconsider his decision.

Clark denied the first two calls but Alex didn’t give up. Superman or not, Clark was only Kara’s cousin to Alex, not an untouchable god-like figure. After the third ring of the third call, Clark picked up.

“You can’t convince me otherwise, Alex,” he greeted her.

“Hello to you too, Clark,” she snapped sarcastically, “where are you right now?”

She heard a sigh on the other end. “Finding CADMUS.”

“On your own?” she looked outside, aiming for the direction where Reign had taken off with Lena many hours ago, “We’ve been looking for them for such a long time but got nothing.”

Clark chuckled and then lowered his tone to a whisper, “I found a way to track the Worldkiller down in Fortress of Solitude. I will bring Lena Luthor back, Alex.”

“Wait!” she screamed into the phone, fearing he would hang up but fortunately he didn’t, “I know you’re upset and angry that Kara got hurt. I am too, believe me, but going after CADMUS and Reign alone is suicide. Can you please go back to the DEO and we can create a plan to bring down CADMUS once and for all?”

There was a long silence on the other side before Clark replied, “What about the Worldkiller?”

Alex took a deep breath and said, “Reign Flamebird.”

“What?”

“Her name is Reign Flamebird. She has a name, a life, a second chance here on Earth, just like you and Kara, Clark. Don’t reduce her into an enemy you can fight and eliminate,” she couldn’t believe
she was lecturing freaking Superman about the way he saw Reign but she couldn’t let him hurt Reign. She had made a promise to protect Lena and to do that, she had expanded her responsibility to Reign as well.

“Fine, what about Reign Flamebird?” Clark said.

“Winn will finish the device. It will work,” she said confidently.

“How do you know if it would actually work?” the other end sounded uncertain.

“Well,” Alex thought about the moment she saw the gleam in Kara’s eyes when she talked and defended Lena Luthor, the way J’onn looked at M’gann after finding out she was a White Martian and even in Maxwell Lord’s stare for Kara during the Myriad crisis. It was faith. “I have faith. I don’t personally know Reign or Lena but I trust them. Just like how Kara’s and your parents had faith in Earth. Don’t you always say we all should have faith?”

Nothing was said for a whole minute. Alex had thought that she failed in convincing him but something happened on the other end, causing a loud noise banging in her ear like someone was blowing air into the speaker.

The red cape reappeared in her sight. Superman was flying towards the base. She lifted her eyes and followed until the red boots touched the balcony, the phone still by her ears.

“Never have I thought I’d receive a faith lesson from the Alexandra Danvers,” Clark said through the phone, smiling at her, “That’s a good one.”

She put the phone away and threw him a soft glare, “It’s Alex. You only call me by my full name to annoy me.”

Clark only smiled knowingly then his face darkened, “I will have faith this time, for you and Kara but if things go bad and everyone is in danger, I would have to eliminate the threat.”

Alex was about to reply with confidence but a familiar voice cut through. “Eliminate?”

They both turned around to find Kara walking to them, a deep frown seated between her eyebrows.

“Kara, you’re healed,” Superman smiled but that joyful look was wiped away quickly.

“Superman, whom are you going to eliminate?” the blonde Kryptonian crossed her arms protectively, “Reign? Lena?”

Alex raised to hands up to defend Clark, “Nothing like that, Kara. He’s not going to do anything to them.”

Supergirl let out a relieved sigh. “You better not.” Even though Superman was one of the strongest beings on Earth, he was only Kara’s cousin. The exchange the two had always made Alex feel like Kara had some invisible disciplines on Clark, which was funny and relatable. “We should see if the device is done. Maybe I could help.”

“Me too,” Clark added.

Superman flew right after her as Alex walked behind them. They started talking about a new plan and Alex felt that she should leave the device and brain work to Winn and real Kryptonians while she should cooperate with the police to evacuate the people before CADMUS hit again.
Hitting the call button on her phone again, she waited until the other end picked up. “Maggie, how’s the evacuation going on?”

“Good. Most of the citizens would be out of the city in two hours.” A sound of a door being closed was heard in between. “I’m heading to the suburban to lead the buses. You’re good?”

“Superman has a way to find CADMUS’s location. I’ll be in touch soon,” she smiled, “Love you.”

Maggie’s soft chuckle rang in her ear. “You’re getting soft, Danvers.”

They both laughed. “Love you too.”

Alex pressed the intercom and called for Vasquez, ready to form defense while she would gear up for a rescue mission that she must definitely do.

__________________________________________________

“Eat,” the tall female woman told the shorter one in the cell. This type of interaction she had seen a lot lately. She had been observing everything happening around to learn more about the world she was in. Others called her ‘Worldkiller’, she didn’t know the reason for that. She called herself ‘Reign’, as to how the human inside the cell used to address her. They were both names but she enjoyed the way ‘Lena’ called her because somehow she felt more familiar.

“I don’t want anything from you,” Lena retorted harshly, stayed still against the wall. She glared at the tray food right outside the cell that was brought a few minutes ago. “Get it out of my sight.”

The tall one, whose name she learned was ‘Mrs. Luthor’, didn’t seem to be offended by the declination. She stood up and shrugged. “Suit yourself, sweetie.” Before leaving, she turned to her and said something to the little device that Reign always had a ringing vibe in her head every time she did so. “Keep her alive.”

A soft wave of sound was sent to her ears, pulling her out of liberal thoughts and directed her eyes at Lena. The door was close behind as she walked to the cell. Lena didn’t look at her, only let her head fell on her knees. Reign heard a sigh from the human, couldn’t help but frown.

She didn’t know what to do, actually. The order from Mrs. Luthor was so vague and as much as she tried to figure out what the human meant, she couldn’t. Everything she had done so far was attacking, killing and destroying. What Mrs. Luthor asked was too different.

“Eat,” she repeated what Mrs. Luthor told Lena.

The young human looked up, seemingly surprised by the word. She hurriedly got to her feet and came close to the bars. Her eyes bored into Reign’s with a desperation. “You can speak English.”

Reign looked down, a bit nervous. She said again, “Eat.”

Lena extended a hand out into the distance between them. “Come closer.”
Reign didn’t move at first, then she walked forwards and let herself be within Lena’s reach. Something both comforting and also painful grew inside her as the human’s fingertips caressed her elbow.

“Are you in pain?” Lena asked, her hand gripped gently on Reign’s skin.

Curious, Reign lifted one arm and imitated the human’s interaction on Lena. The female was surprised at first but she stood still. Reign felt Lena’s skin through the thin layer of her shirt. Slowly looking up at Lena, a strange rhythm occurred inside her when she saw clearly the vibrant colors in the human’s eyes.

“Not same,” she spoke, trying to gather everything she had learned through distinctive conversations around her to communicate with the fascinating being in front of her.

“What isn’t the same? Me?” Lena seemed confused, a crooked smile appeared on her lips.

Reign shook her head and left Lena’s elbow for a few seconds to point at Lena’s two eyes. “Not same,” she repeated, then quickly settled her hand back on Lena’s arm. There was a connection between Lena touching her elbow and she touching Lena’s elbow, like a loop of curiosity that Reign didn’t want to break.

Something happened in Lena’s eyes. Transparent liquid started dampening them, creating a new visual effect to the aura. She was confused by the change but didn’t know what should she do next. Lena looked less happy.

“You told me that once,” Lena said, hand slowly reached to Reign’s shoulder and she did the same to Lena, making a step forward, “that my left eye was greener and my right eye was bluer.”

Reign nodded, confirming that she thought the same. But she was more concern of the part that Lena said she used to tell her this. “Who?” she asked, “You.”

“Me?”

Reign nodded.

“I am your first human friend.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. It just happens.” Lena smiled. A single drop of liquid ran down her cheek.

Her eyes cast down to Lena’s stomach. “Hungry.” She left the physical contact and crouched down to bring the food tray at her upper-waist level. “Eat.”

Lena turned around, going back to the wall. “Don’t worry about me.”

She wanted to say something but didn’t know what. What could she say to change Lena’s mind about eating? Why was she doing this? Humans had to eat or else they’d starve and die. Did Lena want to die?

“Not,” she blurted out.

The black haired Earthling half turned around. “Not what?”

“Die,” she said as her chest felt heavier, “Not die.”
A sad smile spread on Lena’s lips again, “Was that my mother’s order? Keep me alive?” Only now Lena wiped the stained trace of liquid on her face. “She's good, using you to get close to me. But it won't work. They will come for me and you and then I will save you from Lillian.”

Reign blinked. “They? Who?”

“Supergirl, the DEO, Superman. We will bring you back, Reign,” Lena said, coming to the bars again.

Something tugged at her chest again but Reign ignored. She was so curious about what Lena knew to care about her body’s reaction upon hearing strange words from the human. “Where I go?”

“You’re still here,” Lena gestured her head, “but you’re sleeping. Very deep.”

Reign held the tray with one hand and pointed at herself with the other, “What I now?”

Lena gulped uncomfortably. “A stranger.”

That got Reign upset. She didn't even know she could get upset. She didn't know why she reacted strongly to a word, a simple word. It felt unfamiliar to have such odd emotion. She didn't want this. She didn't want to be a stranger.


Lena’s eyes widened, a gentle smile eased up every sign of discomfort on her face. “Yes.”

“Supergirl. Stranger?”

“No. She’s not.”

Reign looked down at her feet. “I hurt Supergirl.”

“Look at me,” Lena said and Reign followed her words, “Worldkiller hurt Supergirl. Reign did not.”

Reign believed her.


Transparent liquid streamed down Lena’s face once again. “I’m so sorry this is happening to you.”

“Eat,” she said, “Worldkiller say Lena eat.”

“Will Worldkiller stop hurting Reign if I eat?”

Reign clenched her teeth, trying not to let the headache overcome her. The ringing vibe was getting too much and she shut her eyes to handle it.

“I’m eating! Stop hurting her!”

She opened her eyes to find Lena was stuffing her mouth with the bread from the tray, the transparent liquid still ran down her face in desperation. It fueled something burning inside her, making her feel like she shouldn't stick around any longer.

Lena tried to swallow a too big bite, wiping the liquid off her face with a quick slap of her wrist. Reign silently raised the tray higher, giving her closer access to the glass of milk on it. The small
human grabbed the glass and chugged down in one go, letting a trail of milk running down from her lips to her chin and then her neck.

Putting the glass back harshly on the tray, Lena glared at Reign. “Done.”

Reign put the tray back on the table near her and raised a hand to Lena’s lips. On the contrary of what Reign expected, Lena moved away from the touch and cleaned the milk trail on her own with the sleeve.

“Worldkiller hurt Lena,” she concluded.

“Yes…” the human quietly responded.

A painful wave began again, forcing Reign to turn away and back to her spot in the corner of the room. Lena didn't look after her.

Reign closed her eyes and let her head do the thinking, no matter how painful it could be.

*Worldkiller hurt Reign.*

*Worldkiller hurt Supergirl.*

*Worldkiller hurt Lena.*

*Worldkiller not good.*

________________________________________________________________________

“It’s done!” Winn yelled gleefully, then the grin faltered quickly, “I think.”

Kara hurriedly flew to him from across the room. “Let’s test it.”

“Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow, easy,” Winn snatched the device away from her reach as Alex and J’onn walked to them, “It’s fragile and I’m not sure about it.”

“You’re right, Agent Schott, but the situation is urgent and we can only afford to run some basic tests.” J’onn turned to Alex. “Agent Danvers, get on with it.”

Alex came to take the device and Winn seemed very scared of Alex dropping the thing. “Be careful, I don't know if it would explode.”

“Explode? How?” Kara asked, crossing her arms. Clark’s footsteps gradually echoed into her eardrums. Her cousin was walking this way.

“Lena and I planned this device and now, with Superman’s help, we have a tracking device on Reign. That thing was designed and built by Kryptonians. It means that it might not go well with the initial plan,” Winn explained, gesturing wildly, “With the tracking signals, we can easily locate Reign and inflict the influence on her to mess with Lillian’s device. There would be a complication, though.”
“What kind of complication?” J’onn asked the same thing she was wondering.

Winn sighed and pulled the whiteboard from the corner out, picked up the marker then started scribbling on it. “This is Lillian’s device: a proper one with sole purpose is to put Reign in hibernation and control her. And this… this is our device with Superman’s alternation of the tracking device from Krypton, which was installed by Supergirl, thanks by the way.” Winn gestured her and Kara smiled. It had been such a long time since she last laid hands on true Kryptonian technology, fortunately, her skills weren’t too rusty. “Theoretically, both devices work the same but we have the tracking signal working along with hibernating signals, we cannot let them be interrupted, not until we find CADMUS’s location.”

“That’s easy, both Superman and I can make sure of it,” she reassured him but Winn raised his hand.

“Wait, that’s not all. Once we get a hold of Reign, Lillian’s device must be destroyed.”

“Why?” J’onn said, then rephrased himself, “I know why, but why immediately.”

“Because two devices working at the same time would wreck each other, and once ours gets destroyed, the tracking device could be carrying both final signals into Reign through its last vibe. That means-” Winn’s words were cut off when Clark walked in.

“-Reign would be stuck in the hibernation mode forever,” Superman calmly answered, “Not even another controlling device can do anything to that.”

A horrible silence took over the room. Kara could hear her heart drop as she accepted the truth in Winn’s words.

“Can we turn off the tracking device independently?” she asked, crossing her arms. There must be another way to prevent this.

“We can’t,” Clark answered, a grim look appeared on his face, “this tracking device is made to find rouged criminals. Unless destroyed, it won’t be stopped.”

“So Reign is either under controlled or waiting to be controlled? There is no way to bring her back?” Kara concluded with a heavy heart, “How am I supposed to tell Lena that?”

J’onn sighed, gestured Winn and Clark to leave them alone.

The door was closed behind Winn. Kara closed her eyes and thought about the dark future awaiting Reign. This wasn’t what she had expected at all. She wanted Reign to be okay because whether she planned it or not, Reign had become something solid in her circle, in Lena’s circle. Reign was a puzzle piece she could not lose. She stood for the history of Krypton, the sins of her family, the last missing link Kara and Kal had to their culture. On a personal note, Reign was the one Lena chose to bring her happiness and Lena made Reign happy too, Kara could tell. And Lena had been through so much, she deserved to have Reign. It was not even about the rivalry between Kara and Reign for Lena’s heart anymore, whoever took that spot didn’t matter, as long as Lena was happy.

If Reign didn’t come back, Lena would forever suffer and Kara knew not even her can heal that wound.

“Kara, can I say something?” J’onn said and she opened her eyes to look at him. He called her ‘Kara’, that meant he was talking to her as a friend. “It’s not the end of the world if Reign is lost in hibernation.”

“What?” she responded, perplexed, “How could you say that?”
“We haven’t found the way to bring the real Reign back, and judging by what Winn and Superman just said, even if we get a hold of her mind instead of Lillian, she is still a weapon. We can control her, then someone else can too. It’s better to not have either.”

“Are you saying that we shouldn’t even try to save her???” Kara threw her hands up in the air, frustrated, “Winn said we should destroy Lillian’s device right after we have Reign, that’s what I’m going to do.”

J’onn nodded, not being offended by Kara’s disapproval. “Then we should build a plan on that.”

“I’m surprised that you don’t try to persuade me, J’onn. Can I ask why?”

He put his hands behind his back, a rare small smile appeared on his usually stoic face. “I’m doing this for Miss Luthor.”

That she had never expected to hear from J’onn. “I’m- Really?”

“She told me to have faith. I didn’t exactly do that the first time she asked me to.” Regret painted in his eyes, “I used my position as Director of the DEO to make excuses but no more. I will help you bring Reign back.” He placed a hand on her shoulder. “I’m sorry for what I said earlier, about-”

“You don’t need to apologize, J’onn.” She pulled him into a hug. “You have to think objectively, I know.”

A gentle tap warmed up her back. “Let’s get them back, together.”

Lena couldn’t tell how long she had been captured. The room where she was held in had no windows, no clocks, nothing to indicate the time. The only thing she knew that Lillian had come into this room four times, each time stayed for approximately five minutes. Reign always came with her, always stayed behind and only left when Lena was sleeping. The interactions between them began to grow but Reign looked like she was in pain. Not that they communicated much.

She wanted to explore Lillian’s plan but her cunning mother never left a trail for her to follow and Reign was a dead end. Lena felt like going crazy with the limited space she was given and the helplessness watching Reign being told what to do while visibly in pain doing it.

Just like now, Reign was standing in the room, frowning. She had been here for about an hour, wearing a new outfit, a battle one. There was a crest on her chest, diamond shape just like the House of El one but there was no symbol on it.

“What does that mean?” she asked, pointed a finger between the bars.

Reign’s big eyes turned to her then followed her finger and looked down to her own chest. The alien slowly traced along the diamond with her fingers and looked up at Lena, the frowned eased up.

“I not know,” Reign spoke, as quiet as a whisper. It seemed like she was upset that she didn’t know what that meant.
“It’s alright. I’m just making a conversation,” Lena smiled. Gesturing around, she added, “It’s boring and quiet. I miss talking.”

“Talking…” Reign repeated, looking up at the ceiling like she was trying to remember the word. Even though she looked nothing like Reign and was under control, the small gesture reminded Lena of the brunette and tugged on her heartstring. “What is ‘miss’?”

“The feeling you have when something, someone isn’t there anymore,” Lena tried to put it as simple as possible for Reign. Maybe it was the Worldkiller who was learning but she couldn’t help it. She was still Reign in there, in pain. Only when she talked, the crease between her brows temporarily disappeared so Lena guessed it could be a good thing to keep talking to her. Perhaps Reign was listening somewhere.

Reign tightened her lips together to digest the concept, which was such a Reign thing that didn’t suit Worldkiller’s appearance at all. It brought an amused smile on Lena’s lips to be quickly erased when she remembered this was not Reign. Lillian let Reign stay here for a reason: to keep an eye on Lena. The thought steeled up her defense and she took a step back to sit down.

“Mrs. Luthor not here,” Reign said, “Lena miss Mrs. Luthor.”

That got Lena laughing. The sound must have startled Reign because she gawked pointedly at Lena, confused. “I’m sorry, it’s just ridiculous to hear it.”

“Ridiculous?”

“Silly and unreal.”

“Why?”

“Because you only miss someone when they mean a lot to you,” Lena sighed out the last laugh and finished the sentence, “Lillian could be my mother but she doesn't mean that much to me anymore.”

The complicated and vague explanation made Reign puzzled, Lena could tell and regretted saying so. Instead of pressing the matter, Reign moved to another choice, “Lena miss outside.”

“Yes,” she admitted, “a very good example.”

“Lena miss the sky,” Reign continued.

“The sky is definitely something to be missed,” she agreed and was impressed that Reign knew how to add an article in front of a noun now.

“Lena miss Supergirl.”

The air got stuck in her throat. The image of Kara covered in blood and was dropping to the ground still haunted her every time she went to sleep. She had never seen a Super being that beaten and it twisted her chest into a ball of pain.

“Yes.”

“Lena miss Reign?”

This time was a question, which was different from the previous statements. Reign was observing and she could tell that Lena missed freedom, the sky, and Supergirl. Why wasn't Reign so sure anymore?
“Of course. Why wouldn't I?”

Reign frowned deeply but didn't seem in pain. She was thinking, really thinking. Lena patiently waited until the alien answered. “Supergirl not here. Lena miss Supergirl.” She pointed at her temple. “Reign here. Lena not miss Reign.”

“I miss Reign. She isn't here.” A weird urge rose inside Lena, kicking her into debate mode with the mind-controlled Worldkiller. She didn't want the Worldkiller to mess with her in any way.

“No. Reign here.” Her finger pressed harder into her skin. “Reign. Here!”

The sudden rise of voice caught Lena off-guard. She took a moment to calm herself down in front of Reign’s reaction. Then she saw it.

Something shiny, gleaming in the light grew on Reign’s under eyelids. At first, she had thought her eyes were fooling her. The longer she stared at them, the clearer she saw.

Tears.

Worldkiller was crying while looking straight at her.

Wait.

It was-

“Reign?” Lena whispered in shock.

The alien didn't react to her word, the tears started forming and crawling out on the bridge of her eyelids. “Here.”

Lena gasped and ran to the bars, her hands immediately reached out to touch the crying alien’s face. “Oh God, Reign. I thought I lost you.” She wiped away the single tear running down Reign’s cheek while letting her own fall. “How do you do this?”

Reign didn't answer, only dropped her hand and looked up strangely at something far on the left corner. Before Lena had the chance to even guess what she was doing, a loud crash and boom took over the air. Lena shut her eyes to brace herself before the impact. When she opened her eyes again, Reign was gone.

“No…” she mumbled and heard several explosions happening over her head. “Is it…?”

Her heartbeat quickened as soon as her mind gathered all of the events to come to a conclusion that someone had come for her.

“Lena!”

She quickly turned to the source of the sound. Many footsteps were heard echoing along the hall outside this room and the first face appeared between the frame was a familiar one.

“Agent Danvers!”

The short hair brunette looked relieved and gestured her team to gather up and saw down the bars.

“What happened? How did you find me?” she asked through the joy of being rescued as two bars of the cell were being cut off.
“We have our way,” Kara’s sister answered quickly and pulled away the bars as soon as they were detached. “Come on, let’s get out of here!”

Lena followed them right after but she paused for a moment. “Wait, what about Reign?”

“Superman and Supergirl are taking care of her right now,” Alex Danvers pointed towards the ceiling.

Lena felt an incredible joy hearing Supergirl was alive and was strong enough to be on the field. She ran after the team, watched as they took down CADMUS goons one by one and led her to the exit.

Only when she finally saw the bright sky again, Lena knew she had been kept underground but she didn't think the ground she was referring to was actually the deck of a ship. A ship that wasn’t sailing.

The explosion was heard once again, pulling Lena’s attention toward the sound. Superman was sending laser beam at Reign, who ran wild on the ground and jumped to the flying Super just to be tackled sideway by Supergirl.

Kara was fine. Kara didn't die.

Even if Agent Danvers had already confirmed that fact, Lena still felt like a giant weight was lifted from her chest, seeing the blonde hero flying and being fine.

Somewhere down on the deck, she could see Director J’onn J’onzz fighting with Hank Henshaw. Other DEO agents were taking down CADMUS right at their base. What a good sight to see.

But where was Lillian?

Something smelled fishy.

“Wait, Agent Danvers,” she grabbed the woman’s arm when she was telling Lena to jump off the deck to the ground, “I don’t see my mother.”

The agent was instantly alarmed by the information and pressed the intercom to speak with someone on the other end. “Winn, wait. We can't find Lillian.”

Alex listened carefully what Winn said as Lena kept looking out to find her criminal mother. Lena didn't need to know their full plan to know that the thing that was controlling Reign must be destroyed.

She stayed close to Alex, who was glancing back and forth. “Do you see anything?”

“No,” the agent answered, “I’m not even sure that she’s here.”

If Lillian was indeed somewhere else and controlling Reign, their plan busted.

Lena quietly observed the fight between the Supers and Reign hoping she would find some clue to where Lillian was. The first time her mother took over Reign, she was at National City Park, somewhere quite far away. If she did it this time, they couldn't find her.

But this was a surprise attack, Lillian couldn't get far when she had to stick around and control Reign. A getaway plan couldn't be formed in time because she didn't think anyone would find this place.

With that thought, Lena told Alex the plan she had just written in her mind.
“Are you sure it will work?” Alex asked in worries.

“Trust me, I know my mother,” she smirked confidently, “Get your team ready, Agent.”

After a moment of hesitation, the tall brunette nodded and called for her squad through the intercom. On Lena’s part, she glanced around and bolted out of their hiding spot, heading straight for the battle between Supers and Worldkiller. The closer she got, the more nervous she became. She was only a mere human who was about to merge herself in a fight between powerful super beings with a bright hope to stop everything.

She was afraid, of course, she was but it was not bigger than the vision of losing anyone in her life, either it was Kara or Reign. Lillian had to be stopped.

“Kara!” she shouted as soon as she got close enough to the Worldkiller, “I know how to stop Reign!”

That got their attention right away. It was a wild card to declare so confidently but Lena knew Lillian wouldn’t take risks. After all, if she had to kidnap Lena to stop her from creating the mind-control device, her mother must have given her so much credit.

The blonde’s eyes found her immediately. Good. Superman was also looking at her for information.

“The nape of her neck has the strongest signal to the control device and it gets weaken if stays too far. Lead her out of here!” Lena yelled out, hoping that Alex’s team was already in places.

In an instant, Reign retreated back to the ship with her back facing the direction. Bingo!

Superman and Supergirl chased right after, blasting laser beams that forced Reign to face them. The direction Reign was heading, Lillian must be there to observe and heard Lena’s words.

Come on. Come on. Come on.

Alex, come on.

Suddenly, Reign halted in the air, taking full force from the Supers and all of them crashed onto the ground with a loud thud.

“We got her!” Someone yelled in the mist of dust.

From the smoke of debris and ruins, Lillian’s face appeared along with J’on j’ onzz and a few DEO agents, his hands gripped her arm, handcuffs strapped steadily around her wrists. The mind-control device was still wrapping around one of them. With her hands behind her back, Lillian could no longer give Reign any order.

Turning around at the aliens, Lena saw Superman was hooking a pair of Kryptonite handcuffs around Reign’s wrists while Supergirl was pinning her down.

For a split of a second, something that resembled a smile appeared on the Worldkiller’s face while her eyes stared right at Lena. It was probably just her mind messing with her because of the adrenaline.

Or maybe it was Reign.
Happy Holidays everyone!
Break Them Apart Like Shattered Moonlight

Chapter Summary

Bringing Reign back.

It's angsty.

Chapter Notes

Miss me?

Thanks to the ReignCorp in the 3x11 episode, I was able to write this chapter.

I don't own any character, only the mistakes.

I mentioned a species in DC universe here but the info I got came from the internet so comics fan, please don't stress out if I got something wrong.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been days since Reign had been brought into the DEO and held safely inside a cell with Kryptonite light surrounding her. At first, everyone was cautious about it and followed her every movement, waiting for a suspicious act.

But she did nothing.

From the first moment Reign was let out of the handcuffs, she didn't do anything. She was still like a statue, exactly like how she had been in the prisoner room where CADMUS had held Lena.

It looked like she was still in her hibernating mode.

Lena had walked to the cell door for so many times she couldn't recall anymore, to have a look at her beloved alien. She told Reign a lot about whatever was happening around them, letting Reign know that it was okay.

Everything that had gone down ever since the moment her mother started controlling Reign was
being taken cared of. Lillian and CADMUS were busted and her mother would definitely go to jail for a very long time. Hank Henshaw was captured and prosecuted for assisting and harming aliens, terrorizing the public and the government. Other goons were going to jail, too.

“Superman will return to Metropolis today,” she spoke in a low tone as she sat down on a chair placed in front of the cell door. In this spot, she could see Reign standing with her eyes closed and hands unclenched. There was a peaceful chaos surrounding her. “He will drop by later and Kara would see him off. I would, too. It’s not like he and I are friends but he helped bringing you back so I guess we’re not arch enemies.” She chuckled humorlessly, leaning against the backrest and crossed her legs, hands on the knees. “Winn is still suspended. The DEO Director has lifted the punishment but he told me he would take a time off of things, working part-time at CatCo in the meantime.”

“The media is still searching for you,” she said with a tired voice, “They found out your name. Kara’s friend, Mr. Olsen has been a big help in covering the tracks but I guess you can't use your name if you wake up.” She blinked and gulped away something stuck in her throat. “When you wake up.”

Lena took a deep breath, wiping her nose to hide the sniffing and stood up to walked closer to the glass. She wanted to say a lot but her voice just couldn't make any sound. It had been exhausting for her, being chased down to answer questions about ‘Reign Flamebird’ and was scrutinized under the public doubt that she had always been nurturing a monster.

She wanted to defend Reign but she knew it would only make it worse for Reign because they didn't know who she was besides the public execution Reign had performed on Mon-El. Even if they knew Reign had been under controlled then, they would still choose to see her in an evil light.

Like Lena.

The Luthor name had stained Reign.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, tracing the lines of Reign’s face with her eyes, “for not preparing a better scenario for you when you wake up. You didn't do anything wrong. You don't deserve this, Reign.”

A single hot tear rolled down her cheek. Letting out a soft sigh, Lena pressed her hands on the glass and imagined the alien opening her eyes. Reign’s skin was still blue, her hair was still red and she was still in the battle uniform that CADMUS had given her. Lena missed Reign’s eyes, voice and touch. She missed the way Reign always dropped her glasses because her naked eyes would expose aliens to her. She missed the way Reign stayed timid but always passionate. It felt like a dream. A bad dream.
“I know you’re in there. I saw you. You fought my mother’s device.” Lena’s vision got blurry and her face was now dampened with the ongoing tears. “Please come back to me. I miss you.”

Lens sobbed quietly and stepped back.

She quickly turned away and walked to the door. It was heart-breaking to see Reign like this. Everyday she came here to talk to her, hoping she would see one positive sign that Reign was waking up. But after every visit, Lena felt like fate was trying to take Reign away even though the alien was here with her.

How cruel it was, to have something and not having it at all.

How ironic it was, to not be able to find hope in the person who brought it to you.

How destructive it was, to wake up everyday feeling like dying inside.

Lena was still trying to determine Reign’s other half’s species to find the solution to the alien’s limbo state. Alex Danvers and Doctor Eliza Danvers were trying, too. Lena hadn’t expected to receive so much help from others but it gave her hope, reasons to believe that if many people were putting out efforts to bring Reign back, she would be saved.

Lena had never felt so hopeful in such hopelessness like this. It was a contradicting concept but she had spent enough time without hope, Reign had changed that. Reign had planted the seed of hope into Lena’s soul, now it was time for Lena to grow and bathe Reign in it.

Kara buttoned her shirt and hopped off the sun bed. She was fully charged and ready to fly to Fortress of Solitude in a few minutes, carrying Eliza. Her foster mother had developed an interesting
theory that Kara needed to check. If it was true, then maybe Reign’s situation was not as terrible as everyone had expected.

“I’ll be right back,” she told Lena, who had just returned from the DEO lab with Alex. “Please, have some rest.” The CEO was about to oppose when Kara added, “And eat something.”

Lena crossed her arms, “I can take care of myself, thank you, Supergirl.”

Alex snickered, taking off her gloves to throw them in the trash can. “She’s right. You, Supergirl, can’t tell her what to do.”

“I didn’t mean-” she quickly corrected herself, “Lena, I’m saying as a caring friend. Not trying to dictate you.”

Lena only smiled knowingly and gave Kara one of those kind eyes. “Of course, you’re not. Fly there safely and be back soon.” She turned to Eliza. “You too, Doctor Danvers.”

“Oh, Lena, I told you to call me Eliza.” The elder blonde wrapped her in a hug.

“I’m sorry,” Lena replied after letting go, “I keep forgetting.”

“It’s okay, you have a lot on your mind,” Eliza walked to Kara’s side and let her pick up neatly in her arms, “Tonight’s dinner is at Kara’s. Lena, do not refuse this time.”

Kara slightly shook her head and took off.

After they had flown for ten minutes, Kara heard her mother’s voice again.

“How are you and Lena?”

The question took her off-guard but she managed to reply, “We’re good.”
Eliza laughed and shook her head, “I mean feelings-wise. How are you two?”

Kara blushed and had the urge to push the invisible glasses up but remembered that she was holding her dear mother, she cleared her throat to buy herself some time. “W-we’re okay. I mean, nothing changes. We’re still friends.”

Her mother hummed understandingly, “I’m glad. It seems like a complicate situation for all of you. Have you talked about it?”

“No, we haven’t. We never got the chance.” Kara sighed, looking far ahead, “The most important thing right now is waking Reign up.”

“I know, sweetie.” Eliza placed one hand on her cheek. Even through the thick layer of the glove, she could still feel the warmth from her mother’s palm which also heated up her heart. “Reign is fortunated with friends like you and Lena.”

She smiled sadly, “I don’t know if I’m her friend. I’m just trying to make things right for her. And Lena. My goal is their happiness.”

“Oh, Kara. You deserve happiness, too.”

She didn’t respond to that. Her own happiness was the last thing on her mind right now.

It had been a while since she last thought about her feelings for Lena. She wasn’t trying to figure out what they meant for their friendship anymore. After everything, Lena still smiled at her like the very first day they met, they still had brunches and they still talked to each other like before. But Kara knew, it wasn’t the same. In Lena’s eyes, the spark she had always seen was no longer glowing. During their brunches, Lena had that sad smile on every time Kara ordered more food. The brunette’s smile was gentle and beautiful but there was the mournful sadness lingering in it. Kara knew so well why there were changes. And Kara knew better than trying to change them back.

She was not the one for it anymore.

These changes didn’t solely come from Lena’s relationship with Reign, Kara had contributed in affecting Lena’s life as well. Everyone touched our lives in a way, for better or worse, and they taught us something through that.
To Kara, it was the way she saw others. Lena was not simply a friend. Reign was not simply a love rival. Mon-El was not simply an easy choice. She had made lots of mistakes to actually see that. She had learned and she had grown from the simplicity of perspectives.

Kara Zor-El might regret a lot of things and she would consider those regrets her life lessons. She wouldn't try to undo them just because she wished it should be like this or like that. Time had passed and people had changed.

It was time to let go. It would hurt, but it was the peaceful type of pain, like the way you had to suffer to have your wisdom tooth pulled out. Kara never got why they were called ‘wisdom teeth’ but now she began to see it.

Wisdom was the good pain.

Lena saw hope.

She even felt it in the way Doctor Danvers spoke.

Finally, her phantom faith was real.

They had found the way to wake Reign up.

She had broken down and cried right in front of Alex, Eliza, Director J’onn J’onzz and Kara, it was not something anyone would witness Lena Luthor do but she did. She was so happy and she didn’t care about anything else.
Lena would see Reign again.

It had all started from the moment Doctor Eliza pointed out the flaws in their theory that Reign was still kept in her hibernating mode. It was not false, but it wasn't the entire truth.

By determining Reign’s possible species, Eliza had figured out that Reign’s origin might be similar to Daemonites. Daemonites were a reptilian alien race, who were capable of possessing host bodies. Reign shared a lot resemblances with them like blue skin and surviving abilities. Going through the files about Daemonites in Fortress of Solitude, Eliza and Kara discovered that Daemonites could only survive minutes without a host before succumbing to their death. Reign had survived without a host during the experiments on Krypton, which was one of the clearest proof that she wasn’t a Daemonite but Reign probably belonged to a similar species that had possessing ability.

Studying more about the Daemonites hadn’t given many more clues so Eliza developed a theory that the hibernation wasn’t actually hibernation. She came up with that while reading about how Reign’s half could survive without a host. It made she think that Reign’s half did have a body but Kara’s father had somehow successfully extracted her mind from it. And Eliza had an interesting explanation.

“A dream state?” Lena asked in surprise. Others in the room didn't expect that as well.

“To active her mind but paralyze her body,” Eliza answered with discomfort.

“Yes. Then we checked Reign’s brain wave with mine from the time I was affected by Black Mercy and got the same result,” Kara added and proceeded to explain Lena what Black Mercy had done to her. Lena’s heart clenched at the thought of Kara having to let go of the life she wished to have just to face reality all over again. “I think Reign is stuck in her own dream and paralyzed from the fake reality the device created.”

“Then how do we wake her up?” Lena worriedly questioned.

Alex firmly answered, “We do exactly what I did last time: making her realize that the reality is fake.”

The solution sounded simple, but it actually was not. According to Alex, it was very difficult to convince the dreamer their world was fake, especially when they were living their perfect life. Kara
hadn’t remembered who Alex was until the very last moments of the dream. It seemed almost hopeless but Kara had figured out her perfect life was fake. It was the only way to wake a person in such dream state up.

Alex had been the one to wake Kara up because she knew Kara the most and their bond was strong with love and care.

Lena didn’t know if her bond with Reign had been nurtured so strongly like that but she believed she should be the one to wake Reign up.

Everything had been prepared.

“Be careful,” Kara told her when she was lying on a bed along side with another bed with Reign on it. Her head was wrapped by a device that was similar to the one on Lena’s head. “I’ll be right here whenever you need me,” Kara added, holding her hand.

Lena nodded and took a deep breath before giving Alex the signal that she was ready.

Eliza was standing near Lena, too. She would check their brain waves constantly.

“Allright, here we go,” Alex said, pressing a button on the device on Reign and Eliza pressed one on the other.

Everything drifted away. The machine sound, the breathing, the sense of reality slowly detached themselves from the ground Lena was feeling.

It was almost like when you fell asleep but weren’t actually sleeping yet.
The middle ground.

Lena’s surroundings began to clear up. At first it was a mix of the lights, the colors from the DEO room. Then it became brighter. Much brighter. Like the sun.

It was hot, too.

Lena started walking.

The scenery formed. It was a stranded place, full of sand.

It was a desert.

She kept walking until she found something large sat alone on the sand. A pod. An alien pod.

Quickly running to it, she found out the person in the pod had already left the pod. Lena knew instantly the pod was from Krypton due to the distinctive features and words carved on it.

Reign came here like this?

She saw footprints. Not continuously but staggering and interrupted. She ran along the trail to investigate and found a figure pacing right in front of her.

Reign.

In her human-like feature.

She was wearing a black tight suit that Lena guessed to be Kryptonian clothes. Lena ran to catch up with her.

“Reign!” she called but the alien kept on walking. “Reign! Can you hear me?”
When Lena reached the alien, Reign seemingly didn't realize that. Her face was miserable and she looked like in pain. It twisted something in Lena’s chest seeing her like that.

Suddenly, the desert disappeared and was replaced by streets, buildings and cars. Lena was startled by the change but she was glad that Reign was still walking next to her.

Her outfit had changed into a simple long coat with pop-up collar, a pair of jeans and leather boots. She wasn’t alone. Surrounding her was people in similar attire. Lena knew that Reign had spent a long time in Europe and she believed the scenery was from there as well.

“Reign, please, look at me,” Lena grabbed the other woman’s shoulders but it didn’t affect her at all.

Something was not right.

Alex told Lena that Kara didn't recognize her in the dream, but Reign didn't even notice her now. It was different.

Lena kept following Reign, trying to figure out the crucial point of this difference. The scenery changed and changed again, from a street to a supermarket aisle, an empty alley and an airport. Lena recognized this place, the airport in Frankfurt am Main.

Reign was sitting alone on the bench, with a small bag next to her feet. She was holding a plane ticket. Lena easily read the words and gasped when she found out the destination was National City Airport.

The scene changed once again.

Lena smiled when she saw the lab room, where she first met Reign. And there Reign was, crouching on the floor, testing her experiment.

“Shh, almost got it,” Reign answered when Lena of her dream asked what she was doing.
Things happened exactly like how Lena remembered. Reign succeeded and grabbed Lena’s hands to dance. Her heart warmed up at the scene. If this was what Reign considered as her happiness, then Lena was so honored to be a part of that memory.

Then, suddenly Lena in the dream stopped dancing but began to scream. The sound startled her as she watched herself squirming on the floor in pain, hugging her own hands. The fingers were twisted and broken, looking horribly, hauntingly absurd. Reign was staring at her own hands, terrified and shocked.

“This didn't happen!” Lena shouted, running to Reign, trying to make her see, “Look at me, Reign. You didn't hurt me.”

Before she had the chance to do anything else, the scene changed again to the night they hung out at the alien bar. Lena's eyes stung when she saw herself turning away from Reign’s face. It was the night she almost kissed Reign.

Then she had heard Kara’s laugh. And she had turned away, leaving Reign’s side as if she was on fire.

Lena knew she had still been in love with Kara then, so she had not noticed. But now, standing here to witness Reign’s perspective, she realized she had been so cruel.

The tall brunette’s eyes found her face, trying to make eye contact but Lena had avoided them. Lena was hurt. Reign was hurt, too.

But Reign hadn't let her know. She silently helped Lena get out of the bar, like she was not in pain herself.

*Oh, Reign…*

How long had she been keeping it inside?

How long had her heart been broken like this during the time Lena was still pining after Kara?
How long had Reign been enduring?

Tears formed in Lena’s eyes when she saw Reign’s hands clenched when she stared at Kara and only unclenched when Lena took them.

Reign never let her anger, sadness and frustration shown.

The next dream was the event happening right after that. Reign, Lena and Kara were sitting by a table, eating pizzas. It was quiet, exactly how Lena remembered.

She walked to Reign, who was eating in silence. The only interaction happening on the table was Kara in Supergirl suit asking Lena for hot sauce.

It was small, but noticeable, how Reign’s eyes followed the interaction. They screamed something sad silently, just like how she had walked on the streets of Europe, along the supermarket aisle, how she had sat in that airport.

Exclusion.

Solitude.

Loneliness.

Reign was friendly and easy-going, but Lena never saw her in any crowd. She got along with others but didn't belong to a group. Reign blended in the background like a chameleon and didn't draw attention to herself.

A survivor.

A lonely survivor.

Lena now saw what these dreams were actually about. They were Reign’s fears and insecurities, not happiness and perfect worlds.
The next scenes were all about her moments with Lena, in which she would end up hurting Lena in one way or another. Such as with their kiss, Reign feared that she crushed Lena’s head in her hunger. Such as with the underground aliens, she would unknowingly choke someone to death. Such as with the DEO, she feared they would lock her up and treat her like a criminal.

And the moment Reign snapped Mon-El’s neck came. Reign had expanded her fear that she would do the same to Kara, then Lena, Alex and other people around the scene.

Finally, Lena found herself standing at the bottom of the stairs, with dead bodies scattering on every step. Reign was sitting at the top, her arms wrapped around her knees, her eyes stared deadly at the dead, not expressing any emotion.

Lena climbed on the stairs. The gruesome images of dead Kara, dead Alex, dead men, women and children made her feel sick, but Reign was right there, drowning herself in fear of destruction.

She needed Lena.

“This isn’t real,” she spoke loudly, pushing down the body of dead Superman, “You didn’t kill anyone!” Her feet got strained after every step. “You are not alone! I’m not abandoning you. Do not lock yourself up. I’m coming for you.”

She shouted through her tears everything she wanted to tell Reign. The alien was sitting there, still and quiet. Lena had to say louder.

“You did nothing wrong! You always try to be good! I know it because I do too!” Kara’s dead body rolled down past her, leaving a trail of blood after it. Her own dead body followed when she kicked it down so that she could climb onto the the top. “You are not worthless, dangerous or malicious! You gave me hope, Reign! You are my hope!”

Lena crouched down in front of Reign, her face stained with tears, her voice broken and she didn't know if the words she said were heard anymore. But she had to keep trying.

“You are not a monster or a killer. You are you, you're my friend, my sun. Y-you show me the things I never notice. You help me finding a door at my deadend.” Lena cupped Reign’s face, her hands were shaking. Reign’s skin was cold, so cold that it felt like no life existed under it. This scared Lena that she could do nothing about it. “This is not the end. I’m here to help you finding
your own door. I need you to open that door and come back to me. You told me you couldn't stay in a planet where I don't want you around."

“You said I was your purpose, your goal, your finish line. I am here, I want you around and I'm waiting for you at the finish line.” Lena shouted, “Do not abandon me at that finish line!”

She gasped for air. It was too much to think about losing Reign. Her heart was ravaging her chest, squirming in the excruciating pain. Lena needed Reign to hear her, to know what she wanted to tell her all along.

“Don’t leave me alone…” The pledging tone echoed from between Lena’s lips to Reign, too timid and too sad but clear nevertheless.

Lena closed her eyes, letting her forehead rest against Reign’s. The cold gave her goosebumps. Almost like fear itself.

Slowly, as if time was not even trying to hurry, the temperature changed. Lena pulled back and stared at the woman in front of her through the blurry vision.

Reign blinked.

Her brown eyes darted to Lena. She finally saw her.

Reign’s cheeks got hotter under Lena’s palms.

Her mouth moved.

“Lena…?”

The CEO’s heart burst in happiness. She smiled at Reign and nodded.

“You’re not dead?” Reign asked, confused, her head turned to look at the bodies but Lena forced her to only look straight at her.
“Don’t. They’re not real. I’m real. I’m not dead. I’m safe. You never hurt me,” Lena firmly said, “This is just a bad dream. I’m here to wake you up.”

Reign’s eyes began to water. “What awaits me when I wake up?”

“Me.” Lena answered, her mind recalled what Reign used to say and she decided to remind the alien, “With a gun, to prove that it’s real life.”

Reign’s lips curved up into a smile. “Sounds good.”

Kara held her breath when she saw tears streaming down Lena’s face.

She had no idea what was going on in the dream world and constantly asked Alex and Eliza about their brain waves, hoping nothing wrong would happen to the two people lying on these beds.

They were both important to her, to each their own.

She wanted them in her life, it was no debate.

Kara could not lose any either of them.

Suddenly, Lena gasped. It startled Kara, thinking something was wrong. Then Reign gasped, too.

Alex quickly rushed to the Kryptonian while Eliza was checking Lena.
“She’s waking up,” her foster mother said in relief.

“They both are,” Alex added with a grin.

Lena opened her eyes first. Kara hurriedly scanned her face to find any sign of distress and gladly she found none. “Hey,” she greeted the brunette with a smile. Lena blinked a few times, staring at her, confused. “You did it. You saved her.”

Eliza took off the device from Lena’s head and Kara helped her sitting up.

Alex detached the device from Reign and the alien also slowly sat up. “Welcome back, Reign,” the older Danvers sister told her.

Reign turned to Lena’s bed, her features began to shift back to the human look. Probably it was the most obvious sign that the Worldkiller design was being shut off. Kara smiled at her, welcoming and without any bitterness.

She wasn’t looking at a rival, she was looking at her distanced and unlikely cousin.

“Reign!” Lena hopped off the bed, running straight into Reign’s arms, burying her face in the woman’s neck. “You’re awake!”

Reign’s pulled Lena closer and sent Kara a grateful look. The blonde Kryptonian nodded knowingly and left the room with her family, leaving her best friend and cousin behind in their long-awaited reunion that they deserved to have a whole day for.

Supergirl wrapped her arms around her mother and sister’s shoulders, walking out the door with the brightest grin on her lips.

Chapter End Notes

I hope y'all cry because I cried like a bitch.
The days went by slowly, as if Reign was still in a dream. The DEO needed to keep her inside to check upon her vitals and other injuries, though she knew that they couldn't release her just yet. She had heard some about what she had done, or more exactly, had been forced to do under Lillian Luthor’s control and had spent nights thinking about it. Kara, Lena and everyone said it wasn't her fault but she couldn't shake the feeling that Mon-El might still be around being an idiot if it wasn't for her.

Agent Danvers came into her room with a soft smile and a tablet on her hand. “Good morning, Reign. How did you sleep?”

She gestured vaguely, “Normally, I guess. It’s morning already?”

The older Danvers’ smile faded a bit, she sat down on the only chair in the room. Reign pulled her legs up on the bed, waiting. “I’m sorry we don't have a window in this room. You’ll be out of here soon enough.”

“When?” Reign asked quietly. It was the question she hadn't asked because it felt ungrateful to push for an answer that no one knew. But Kara had brought her phone in last night and she had read a lot
about how the media was trying to blame Lena for her doing. Lillian was already captured and the trail would happen later this month. CADMUS had been investigated and brought into the light.

Yet they still wanted to blame Lena, the very innocent link in those chains.

Because of Reign. If she hadn't worked in L-Corp, no one would have anything to say against Lena. It was her biggest worry so far.

“Soon,” Alex Danvers answered, tapping on the tablet and handed it to Reign, “Is this everything about you?”

She took it and examined. They were reports, bills and handwritings. All of them was taken and written by Reign, she remembered, but not in America, in Europe. “How do you have these?”

“We have always kept an eye on you,” the human admitted, “ever since we found out you were a Kryptonian. Apologies.”

Reign smiled, her thumbs grazed on the screen as if she was actually holding the papers, taking in the scent of everywhere she had been. “You give me these now for a reason.” She looked in Alex’s eyes. “What is it?”

“We would like to know if you are ready to walk out into the sun again, if it meant to kill Reign Flamebird.”

She blinked a few times, set the tablet on her lap. “What?”

Alex chuckled, “Sorry if my wording was terrible, I meant your old life. We’ll get you a new identity, help you start over.”

Reign took a deep breath to see through the words. It looked like the agent was trying to tell her something behind the obvious solution to the mess that was going on outside these walls. Her heart sank when she realized something. “Starting over. Leaving.”

Alex kept quiet for a minute before replying, “Do you want to leave?”
Did she ever? Lena came to fill her mind. Lena who had told she needed her.

‘Don’t leave me alone...’

Reign placed the tablet on the little table near by. “No.”

“I thought so,” Alex smirked and stood up, “I’ll return later today with J’onn and more information.”

When the agent opened the door to leave, Reign said after her, “Thank you.”

The human turned around, “For what?”

“You kept Lena safe,” Reign answered with gratitude, standing up, “and you didn’t kill me.”

Alex slightly shook her head, “I’m sorry if it was ever a choice.”

“I know what the options were. Killing me would be the quickest and easiest way.”

The agent arched an eyebrow. “Easy? You were one tough cookie, Reign. You’re still are.”

That made her smile. “You know what I mean.”

“Yes, it was the most obvious option,” Alex admitted, grinning, “if you were my enemy. But you aren’t. You’re my sister’s half-cousin and her best friend’s most important person, how could I kill you?”

Reign let out a relieved chuckle. “Well, I’m grateful anyway.”

The agent nodded acknowledging. “You’re welcome.”
Lena sat silently in the L-Corp office, two hands pressed together as her eyes followed every word on the television. The news about ‘Worldkiller terror’ was on, updating about the government’s decision on Reign Flamebird’s fate.

Her heart beat loudly in her chest when the screen replayed the part where Reign turned into her Worldkiller form. The look was intimidating and scary enough to make anyone shudder, but Lena only felt sad. It was who Reign was, yet she couldn’t be herself or else she would become a tool.

It was announced that the DEO would put Reign into permanent hibernation and Supergirl would bring her to Fort Rozz, where Reign would be kept secured behind bars. Lena knew it was just a way to stop the media from searching for Reign, but her heart still sank, thinking she could no longer see Reign anymore.

The last time she came to the DEO was a month ago. Director J’onn J’onzz had brought Reign to Europe and created another life for her. It was hard and everything had to be done in secret, and Lena couldn’t reach her for four weeks. She knew the media was still coming after her every move so even if she wanted, she shouldn’t get in touch with Reign.

She missed her, dearly.

When Kara told her that Reign Flamebird would die so she could have a normal life again, Lena had tried so hard not to show any disappointment. It was one of the options the world had left for Reign. CADMUS and her mother were behind Reign’s doing, but other anti-alien organizations wouldn’t leave Reign alone as long as she lived.

So she had to die.

“I’ll return to you. I promise.”
It was the last thing Reign said to her, before proceeding on creating a new identity. Lena had visited Reign’s apartment, it was sealed off. L-Corp lab where she had worked, sealed off and taken to be evidence. Even the underground was shaken when the DEO pretended to hunt down everyone who had ever gotten in contact with Reign.

Everything had been done to murder Reign Flamebird.

Kara had gone to an interview, even. Lena had watched that. Her friend claimed that she had found a way to keep Earth safe from Reign, mentioning Fort Rozz. It was better than faking a public death, like how Reign had suggested.

Mon-El’s death still haunted Reign, Lena knew it. Maybe staying in Europe for a while would help her. It was heartbreaking to see Reign shrinking herself every time she recalled Lillian’s sin. If Reign was allowed to testify against Lena’s mother, the trail would move faster. But the public was so afraid of the Worldkiller concept, killing Reign off was the only way.

“Hey,” she heard, snapping out of her thinking. Kara was standing in the doorway, smiling, “you didn’t hear me, right?”

Lena sighed out a smile, “Sorry, I was thinking.”

The Kryptonian in her reporter outfit walked in and stopped when she saw the TV. The hero gave Lena a look, “Lena, stop watching the news.”

“I know, I know,” the CEO pressed the off button on the remote and placed it back on the desk, “but it’s hard when I have no idea what Reign is doing. Does she sleep well? Does she eat?”

Kara grinned and walked to the couch, “Looks like I’m here at the right time. Come sit down.”

Lena joined her friend and gave her a look, “You’re not here to interview me, are you?”

The alien’s lips twitched to a side, making a cheeky smile, “No. I’m here to deliver a news. About our friend.”
Lena gasped, sitting straight. “H-how is she?”

Kara raised one index finger, “Wait, I have something to give you first.” She pulled out a piece of paper. An envelope. “For you.”

Lena took the piece in her hand, slowly caressing her fingers on the surface. It was from Reign, she could feel it. Something was lifted off her chest but also everything seemed heavier. “She sent it to you?”

Kara shook her head, “She gave it to me.”

At first, Lena hadn't understood what Kara was hinting, then looking at the excited grin on the blonde’s face, she got it. “You… met her?”

“Yes,” Kara nodded, “I flew to her apartment last night.”

Apartment. Reign had already settled in. Lena slammed her eyes shut, trying to push away any negative thought and focus on what she really wanted to know. Slowly opening her eyes, she was met with kind blue eyes and a gentle smile. “Where is she?”

“Belgium.” Kara’s answered created a peaceful wave in Lena's mind, knowing exactly where to search for Reign on the globe. “Before that was Spain and Germany but J’onn has an acquaintance in Belgium and she allows Reign to stay with her.”

Lena took in every word, swallowing every bits and pieces of information about Reign that she could gather. “How is she doing?”

“Very well,” Kara smiled gently, taking one of Lena’s hand in hers, “she asked about you.”

She inhaled sharply, “And what did you tell her?”

“I said you missed her, too.”
Lena couldn't help herself. The hot tears filled her eyes as Kara’s smile blurred horrifically. The next thing she knew, Kara was already sitting next to her, wrapping her arms around her shoulders. “I-I know I can’t get in touch with her yet, but not hearing anything from her is so torturous.”

“It’s okay, it’s okay,” Kara consoled her with slow backrub in circles as she sobbed in her arms, “If you want to see her, I can take you there.

“No, Kara,” she sniffed, “she needs a new identity. One day I will meet her again. She promised.”

They sat like that for a long while, Lena inside Kara’s embrace and cried away the frustration of not being able to see her loved one. The closeness was not something awkward for them anymore, even though they hadn’t discussed their feelings again, it was automatically solved.

The future was coming, what had caused them pain should be left in the past.

The night had gone, the sun was coming up again.

Lena took a deep breath before peeling off the envelope, trying not to tear the precious material. There was no stamp on it, only her name written on the surface.

LENA

Reign’s handwriting. She could feel her heart being gripped tightly. Lena wanted to read the letter right away, but also at the same time not. What if Reign was giving her a farewell? What if this city was too much for her to return? What if Reign decided to stay in Belgium forever?

Reign had promised, but Lena had fears. Fears that came every night when she slept. The dreams about the previous events, the terror of CADMUS was still around that caught Reign again, the
media hunting down Reign to put her in the spotlight, tearing down her efforts to lay low.

But Reign had promised. And Lena trusted her.

Her fingers tentatively unfolded the paper. She gasped when the first word came into her vision.

‘Hi,’

She let out a heavy breath of air as her eyes continued to fly to the next paragraph.

‘I miss you.’

Lena’s throat twisted but she held her breath and kept on reading.

‘I miss you. The stars above your head are brighter than the ones above mine, I hope. Everyday, I see you or L-Corp on the news. It must be hard for you, to deal with all of that and I’m so sorry for not being there with you right now even though there’s nothing else I want more.’

‘I want to talk to you, see you, hear your voice. I want to fly right to your balcony and hug you. I want to hold you, kiss you, and never leave you. I want a lot, but if I do it now, I would be able to do only for a short time before this world tries to divide us again. Please understand and have patience.’

‘Life here in Brugge is great, I'll take you here one day. But until then, I'd have to watch the stars alone. I miss you, have I told you that?’

Tears warmed up Lena’s cheeks and made streams down to her neck. A drop fell onto the letter, Lena quickly pulled the paper away and wiped the ugly tears with the other hand.
‘I can’t tell you just yet but I’m living under a new name. As soon as possible, I will return to National City and start another life. With you in the picture, I hope. And I don’t need to wear glasses anymore. J’onn taught me a lot about shape-shifting. Don’t freak out if you see me as a blonde! Kara was very annoyed when I greeted her like that :D’

Lena laughed out loud. The little smiley face at the end of the paragraph was so cute, it warmed her aching heart. Reign still managed to make her smile without her presence. Something never changed.

‘Don’t expect much from my shape-shifting skills, though. J’onn says I still need to practice more if I want to change into a redhead. That’s for back-up plans only, because I want to look the same to you.’

‘There are so many things I want to share but I’ll save it to tell you directly. The main point of this letter is I miss you. I think I’ve mentioned once or twice, right? What else should I tell you now…’

‘Oh, yes, I still love you a whole lot. So take good care of my heart. I’m missing it too.’

‘Always yours,’

‘R’

Lena closed the letter and let herself fall against the bed. Bringing the letter up again to reread the last sentence, she bit her lip in excitement and squealed like an idiot. The CEO of L-Corp, whose name brought caution and fear to others, was wiggling her feet up in the air, the letter pressed against her chest.

‘I still love you a whole lot.’
She could even hear Reign’s voice saying that with the biggest grin on her face. Her cheeks flushed and her heart was racing to the limit. Her chest seemed to be too small to contain such floating feeling that was growing every second.

Lena felt like drowning in a pool of chocolate.

If Reign could make her *this* happy through a letter, how would Lena handle seeing her again?

*Is this love?*

Being so thrilled that you couldn't stop giggling when you thought about meeting someone. Being so excited that your skin had that tingling sensation running everywhere, you couldn't do anything about it unless you met that particular someone.

Lena had been in love before. Nothing compared to this beautiful ache inside her body that was burning lowly but passionately. That ache was also calm like an evergreen tree, standing still and didn't back down from anything. It made her think she could do anything, as long as Reign rooted for her.

It was a kind of drug that Lena had never tried to take like this. She didn't have to cover her heartbreaks, her insecurities, her fears. She didn't have to endure the jab in her chest every time she thought about that someone. She didn’t have to hide her feelings.

She just did whatever it led her.

Lena was free. She never felt like having to respond to Reign’s massive affection the way the alien wanted. It was natural, drawing Lena towards her like gravity.

She still yearned for Reign, day by day, but it was not a blind hope. It had its finish line, though she couldn’t see it yet, she knew it was there.

Lena just had to be patient.
‘Miss Luthor, it’s close to your lunch break.’

Lena looked at the speaker when she heard Jess’ voice. Taking in the information, she pressed the answer button and thanked the secretary. Then she leaned against the chair and stared at the ceiling. Twenty more minutes until the daily lunch delivery came.

Another day was passing by.

The media didn't talk about Reign and Fort Rozz much anymore, they did mention, though, but then skipped to hotter news, like Supergirl saving an entire building or somebody’s cat got stuck in the toilet. Reign had become old news, like a threat that had been stopped.

There was no more letters but Lena didn't expect much. Reign must be busy, creating another life for herself that would stay away from ‘Reign Flamebird’ to have a quiet space. Lena got busy too, with the technologies extracted from Worldkiller files, L-Corp had been working extra hard to decipher anything that could be used for this decade. Kara had been a huge help and they quickly formed a science duo, with Winn’s occasional presence.

Lena had invited Winn to work for her but the tech guy refused politely. He wanted to serve his time and then returned to the DEO again. She respected that and hung out with him like normal friends.

Speaking of friends, Lena really enjoyed game nights held at Kara’s or Alex’s. Her favorite pairing was with Maggie, who clearly knew how to work up the Danvers sisters and mess around with Winn. Everytime she paired with Maggie, the others stood no chance, even though Kara had sneakily tried to cheat once.

It was one of the best things that had happened this year. Lena always wondered how Reign would fit into this circle and couldn't help but imagining a game night with her.

That was one of the few moments time reminded her that it had been eight months since the letter.
Eight months.

Lena still waited.

She still missed Reign like crazy and had reread the letter for hundreds of times. She needed to be updated.

Alex was her choice. Kara’s sister took five full rings to pick up with her usual short greeting, “Danvers.”

“Alex, it’s Lena,” she said into the phone, looking at the clock on the wall, “Are you having lunch?”

“No yet. What’s up?” Alex sounded like she was standing in a crowded room, people talking distinctively around her.

“Um, I’m really sorry to bother you but I haven’t heard about Reign for months and I wonder if anything changes? Not small changes but big ones like where she is right now.” Lena stood up and started pacing.

She caught a short sigh on the other end and winced. “Lena, there’s something I need to tell you.”

Suddenly Lena got worried, “Is it about Reign?”

“Yes. The thing is, she isn’t in Belgium anymore.”

Lena gasped, fear and worries filled her chest. “What happened?”

“There has been some changes. She’s okay, so don’t worry.”

“How can I not worry, Alex?” Lena asked with a shaky voice, “I haven’t heard from her for eight months. Eight months, Alex!”
There was a long pause on the other end. Lena got even more worried because Alex usually didn't hesitate when deliver a news. Unless it was a really bad news.

“Okay, Lena, stay put,” Alex instructed shortly. Lena kept the phone close to her ear, waiting as the sound on the other line got less and less loud. Then there was a loud boom, startling Lena. The CEO held her breath and only exhaled when she heard Alex’s voice again. “I’m not supposed to do this.”

The vague words only built more worries in the crinkle between Lena’s brows. She was alarmed and quickly rushed to the nearest drawer, where the DEO had install a secret stack space, and took out a special gun.

The door to her office opened. The sound was loud and clear like Lena was having her ear on the material. Startled, she spun around the pointed the gun straight at the face of the intruder.

“I hope that isn't Kryptonite,” Alex’s voice continued to speak through the phone, as the person just stepped into the office moved their mouth to form those exact words. The person wore a long-sleeve black T-shirt, a pair of jeans, sneakers and an FBI cap on their head. But their outfit didn't matter.

Their eyes were hidden behind a pair of shades.

Their lips. Plump and soft curving into a smile.

The phone they were holding with one hand, the other was raising in surrender.

Lena couldn't move at the sight, the gun was still in her hand, the barrel slowly dropped down as her arm retreated towards the ground.

Their lips moved again, this time it wasn't Alex’s voice but it was the sound Lena had been dying to hear.

“Hello, stranger.”

Lena’s lips tried to move and form a word but somehow she froze. The knot rose again, choking her in the surprise standing in front of her, only a few steps away. The surprise that she had thought to be
staying in a country far far away.

Reign still smiled at her, eventually stepped fully into the office and lowered both hands.

Lena placed the gun back on the top of the drawer without cutting off eye contact with Reign. She needed to see for herself, feel it for herself.

She took one step to Reign, holding her breath.

“Hi,” Lena whispered.

The alien smiled brighter and walked further into the room. Lena took the chance to admire Reign. She seemed tanner, her skin was broiled into this beautiful and delicious olive color. She couldn't see Reign’s arms but they seemed larger. Her hair was longer, only a bit. No glasses. The little changes were easily seen.

Other footsteps were heard on the other side of the room. Jess’ frantic voice cut through, “Miss Luthor, an agent is here to find you!” Her secretary quickly rushed in with a frightened expression on her face. “I swear I just blinked. She’s too fast!”

That brought a smile onto Lena’s face. It reminded her of the first time Kara had burst into this office. Poor Jess, she could never stop a Kryptonian, let alone two.

“Agent?” Lena arched an eyebrow, crossing her arms in curiosity.

Reign pulled out something from her butt pocket and held up for Lena to see, “FBI Special Agent Samantha Arias, Criminal Investigation Division. I’m here to question Miss Luthor about a former employee of yours.”

Jess was about to oppose but Lena spoke to her, “Jess, can you please leave us? And cancel this afternoon, I have a feeling that this is going to take long.”

The secretary threw Reign a cautious look, nodded and left. The sound it made when the door closed marked the moment they were officially alone.
Lena took the time to really observe Reign. It was still her, slightly different, but that was definitely her.

“Samantha Arias,” she muttered the unfamiliar name with a smirk, feeling the soft sound roll off her tongue nicely.

Reign walked to her, putting the badge back into her pocket. “Call me Sam,” she said when they were close enough. Her eyes flickered down below Lena’s eyes for a second then back at her eyes. She instinctively licked her lips.

“Not Agent Arias?” Lena teased back, tilting her head, “We just met, Agent. First name basis is earned, not given freely.”

Reign squinted her eyes at Lena, “Fine, Miss Luthor. I have a few questions regarding your former employee, Miss Flamebird.”

This was getting amusing. Lena shrugged casually, “Go on, Agent.”

“Do you know where she is?” A smirk appeared on Reign’s lips.

Lena pretended to think and hummed, “The last time I heard from her, she was in Brugge, Belgium.”

“You rat out your own employee?” Reign seemed half-surprised.

“Former employee. Well, yes, she disappeared under my watch,” she stepped closer, looking up at the alien, whose eyes were still shielded by the dark glasses, “can you deliver her a message when you find her, Agent Arias?” Lena let her hand touch Reign’s sleeve, gripped and pulled her close.

“Sure, Miss Luthor,” Reign replied, her arms wrapped on Lena’s arms, slowly drawing their bodies together, “what is the message you want to be delivered?”

Lena brought her hand up to Reign’s neck, pulling the shades out with the other hand, revealing the
honey-brown eyes that she had been dreaming about for months. “This,” she said, tugging the alien’s head down and let their lips meet. The shades fell onto the ground and Reign took off the hat, letting it join them.

The bubble of the unfamiliarity that you tended to receive when you hadn’t seen somebody for a long time burst into pieces and melted down under the heat of tension, yearning, hunger built after months of pining. The ice broke. Lena’s hands knew where to touch, where to reach, what to do. Reign responded with tenderness at first, soon grew eager, craving and even begging, her lips caressed Lena’s while her hands twisted the dress on Lena’s back, expressing the same fire that was burning inside Lena’s body.

Her feet no longer touched the ground. They were hovering. So it wasn’t just her own feeling, this floating sensation she got when she thought about Reign, the alien must feel the same, too, hence the flying.

She felt hands on her cheeks, fingers in her hair, breasts against her breasts. With the pressure on her groin born from their embrace, Lena gasped when the thirst kicked in. The wet and flexible flesh took the chance and went inside her mouth, drawing out a moan. She felt Reign smiling into the kiss, their feet slowly sensed the floor again. The pacing of their intimacy reduced, even though Lena still wanted to continue, she knew that they should not rush, at least not in this office.

Reign hummed satisfyingly, arching her back to pull their lips apart but still had her front pressing against Lena, not really wanting to disconnect the intimacy entirely. She stared into Lena’s eyes, it seemed like she wanted to say a lot but didn’t know where to start.

“Do you always send such packages to everyone, Miss Luthor?” she teased, breathing fast.

Lena grinned, “Not really. Why do you ask?”

“I’m jealous of Miss Flamebird now,” Reign pouted, “Why did she quit?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Lena smiled kindly, “I hope she’s doing her best.”

Reign craned her neck to place a kiss on Lena’s forehead, then rested her cheek on it. “I miss you,” she whispered.
The CEO wrapped her arms around the alien’s waist, staring at the way her collarbones heaving up and down after every breath. The scent coming from the alien was familiar and unfamiliar at the same time. There was the gentle smell of herself and some raspy whiff of the sun, the little burn she had around her. She must have flown here too quickly.

“I miss you, too,” Lena replied, running her hands from Reign’s neck to her shoulders, “It feels like years since the last time we met.”

“Yes…” Reign turned to face her again, “I’m so sorry it took so long.”

“It’s okay.” Lena slightly shook her head, mumbling through the overwhelming sensation running through her bones when reality hit. Reign was back. “You’re here now, that’s what matters.”

Reign grinned, almost shyly. A soft blush flashed onto her cheeks. “That’s so unfair. I’m supposed to be cool and badass in front of you, not melting into a puddle.”

The CEO laughed, pinching Reign’s nose. “You don’t need to be anything but yourself to me, Rey.”

Reign opened her mouth to speak but then her head whipped to the door and back at Lena. “Are you expecting someone?”

The knocking on the door reminded Lena that she was waiting for her lunch delivery. “Oh, it’s lunchtime.” She stepped out of Reign’s personal space and wiped her dress. “You should join me.”

“And eat all of your food?” Reign picked up the dropped accessories, putting the hat on her head and the sunglasses on the collar of her T-shirt. Lena adjusted the dress shoulders as she walked to the door, giving Reign a look. “You know I would,” Reign added with a smirk.

The CEO opened the door to receive the lunch box, thanked the delivery man and closed it. When she looked at Reign, the alien had already rolled her sleeves up to her elbows, revealing more of her bare limbs. Lena bit her lip when she found out she had guessed it correctly, Reign was more built than before.

“I don’t want you to stare while I eat,” Lena settled the box down on the table, “Let’s go somewhere.”
Reign sighed, checking the watch on her wrist that Lena only noticed now. “I can’t. I’m not even supposed to see you until tonight at Kara’s.” She walked to Lena with an apologetic smile. “Now I have to go back to the DEO if I want to stay alive until then. The Danvers are so going to kill me for ruining their surprise party for you. That includes Mrs. Danvers, too.”

Lena’s eyes opened wide. “A surprise party for me?”

“Yeah, I think they would wrap me in a gift box and send it to you,” Reign joked and scratched her neck shyly, “I heard your voice talking to Alex and kind of stole her phone to hear you speaking and flew here. Oh, did I do her voice well?”

That reminded Lena of the call. To be honest, Reign had done a good job in this. “Very. You can fake voices?”

“Only Alex’s and Kara’s,” the alien laughed joyfully, “Eliza sent me their childhood videos so I spent time to practice before flying back here.” Lena felt Reign’s hand around hers, bringing it up. “There are so many things I need to tell you but I’ll do it tonight. Until then-” Reign pressed her lips on Lena’s knuckles, as naturally as if they had been doing it for years, “-Miss Luthor.” The way Reign spoke the title while her eyes bored straight into Lena, the promising low tone, the anticipation vibrating in the air she blew out of her mouth when she said made Lena feel like she had to be prepared for something.

Something extraordinary.

Something ordinary.

Something familiar.

Something strange.

Something worth waiting for.
“Oh, oh, oh, nuh uh, sit down Sunshine!” Maggie shouted, pointing at the couch on the opposite side of her, “We’re going to do this together.”

Kara whined as she flew into the spot between her sister and Lena. The couch was big enough for another person, who was sitting next to Lena, holding two glasses of special liquor that would neutralize her senses for two hours.

“Give her, Sam,” Winn told the person, from the single chair he was sitting on, next to Alex’s spot. “Kara can’t escape now. If Sam does this, you need to do it too.” Hearing her human name, which began to be more familiar to her ears, Reign handed the only blonde in the room one glass.

“But I don't cheat!” Kara protested, taking the glass begrudingly.

Reign grinned, giving her half-cousin a knowing look, “Because I haven’t caught you red-handed.”

Kara pouted, “I never rat you out either.”

“Exactly,” Reign raised a hand and Kara bumped fist with her, “‘Krypton Club.’” They both said the name they called themselves every time they teamed up in game nights with a smug smile.

“Well, ‘Krypton Club’ needs to be stopped,” Alex reminded, clearing her throat, “I don’t want to see Sam starts cheating, then Kara would cheat with her, then Lena cheats to stop them and Maggie and I have to cheat to balance the game and in the end everyone cheats.”

James laughed when he returned from the kitchen, bringing more snacks for everyone, “Whose idea was that? Neutralizing them I mean.”

“This genius,” Maggie answered, pointing at Lena, who was smirking proudly. “I can't believe you use Krypton’s technology against Kryptonians. Spectacular!”
“Yeah, I can't believe that either,” Reign nudged her girlfriend of three years with her elbow, “You use it on Kara, fine, but on me? This is the ultimate betrayal!”

“It’s the Luthor genes, love,” Lena giggled, not trying to hide the pride that she had found out a way to stop the Kryptonians from cheating their way out of every game night. “I’m making you two better aliens for everyone’s sake.” She gestured both people sitting on her sides and the others nodded in agreement.

“But Lee…” Kara whined again, “this tastes terrible!” Reign winced and nodded in agreement.

“You both deserve that,” Maggie declared and flapped her hands at the aliens, “Go, chug it.”

Reign exchanged a look with Kara, who was smiling back. Lena said from between them, “If you two think about using superspeed to avoid this, you’re both banned from game nights.”

She grunted, Kara sighed in protest but finally they clinked the glasses together. “Bottom’s up.”

Reign, or after nearly four years living under her human name, Sam swallowed hard the liquid. It was sweet, bitter and heavy in a way that nothing should be created so. It burned in the back of her tongue and began its horrible waves that forced her to stand up and shook her head vigorously. “Arg… disgusting,” she commented when she sat down.

“I second that,” Kara dropped back to her seat.

Her view began to narrow. Her senses began to blur. Everything looked and felt so slow, so vain and foggy. After a few moments, Sam got used to it. She blinked several time when her eyes found its focus again.


Both Kara and her squinted their eyes. While Sam could lie to pretend that she couldn’t see, she knew that Lena was asking the honest Kara Zor-el. “No…” the blonde answered.
“Great! Let’s begin!” Maggie excitedly announced and shoved her hand into The Game Box to pick out a random game choice. “Never Have I Ever. Awesome, I’m going to crush you all.”

Everyone knew the rules so they all held up one hand, five fingers demonstrated five lives.

“Who goes first?” Winn asked.

“Lena, go,” Maggied decided, as the Game Master.

“Oh, no,” Sam chuckled, “she knows a lot.”

“Yes, I do,” Lena confirmed and clearly said, “Never have I ever been in the outer space.” A collective train of grunts was heard, Alex, Kara and Sam folded one finger. “You’re next, Supergirl.”

Kara scratched her chin and grinned when she found out what to ask, “Never have I ever been born on Earth.”

Sam laughed out loud when all of the humans had to fold a finger. “That’s genius,” she complimented and received a thumb-up from the blonde.

“Never have I ever eaten peanut butter,” Alex said, then shrugged when everyone else had to fold their finger, “Sorry, I lost two lives already.”

“My turn!” Winn exclaimed joyfully, holding up his three fingers, “Never have I ever worked in L-Corp.” Maggie, Alex, Kara and James grinned happily when Sam and Lena lost another life.

“This is personal attack,” Lena glared at him, “Stop being so smug, Winn. I asked you to work for me once.”

“And I refused,” the tech guy hopping on his butt.

“Alright, alright, alright,” Maggie spoke with a loud voice, “Never have I ever kissed a guy.”
“No!” Lena yelled, “Why do you do this to me?” Sam giggled when she saw Lena only had one finger left. Kara and Alex had to fold another finger, their faces were hilarious.

James raised his hand with three fingers up and continued, “Okay, I’m going to save Lena this time. Never have I ever texted Superman.”

“Yes!” Lena high-fived the dark skin man, “Thank you, James!”

Alex, Maggie, Kara had to fold their finger. “It was one wrong text,” Maggie mumbled with a pout.

“Great, now I’m going to lose,” Kara complained but her adoptive sister disagreed.

“You? Sam is next and she’s your cousin!” Alex wiggled her pinky, “I’ll lose.”

Sam smirked when she was the one who held power. “Okay, I’m going to save you guys. Never have I ever kissed Kara.”

The loud gasp could be heard from the moon. Winn and James fold their fingers. “Rao, I can’t believe you!” Kara raised a fist at her and she only laughed.

“Sorry, cous, I gotta do what I gotta do.”

“Why are you so sure that I haven’t kissed Kara?” Lena asked, wiggling her pinky with a challenging look on her face.

Now it was Sam’s turn to gasp. “You didn’t.” She then poured a scrutinizing stare at the blonde, “Did you?” Kara only looked away shyly with a blush on her cheeks.

*I don’t believe this.*

“I lost,” Alex cut in, folding her last finger, “I kissed her forehead.”
Everyone giggled, only Sam was still frowning. Lena saw that and leaned over to whisper into her ear, “Remember Kara’s last birthday party?”

Only then, Sam let out a relieved chuckle. How could she forget it? They had played a game that resulted in kissing the birthday girl. Sam was there, too. The kiss on Kara’s cheek was very friendly and Sam didn’t even pay attention to it.

*Rao, how silly I am.*

The game night went on and soon enough, it was time for the last game before everyone returned to their homes.

“Things!” Maggie found out the game’s name. “Okay, this game is new so I’m going to explain it to you. It’s simple, actually, nobody wins, nobody loses. I’m going to say something like ‘Things that make me cry’ and everyone writes down their answer like ‘Titanic’, or ‘spiders’ and we’ll have to guess which answer belongs to whom. Get it?”

“That’s fun. Let’s do this!” Kara excitedly clapped her hands, “Can I go first?”

“Sure,” Maggies shrugged, “Winn, get the notepad, please.”

After everyone had a few notes of their own, Kara began the game, “Things that make you smile.”

Sam immediately knew what she should write. She scribbled it down and folded the note to be shuffled in the empty snack bowl. Maggie put the bowl back down on the table and said, “Come on, each person gets one note.”

Sam picked up one, smiled and read, “‘Food’. I’m sure Kara wrote this.”

Kara, unceremonily became the next person to read her note, said, “Mine says ‘travelling’. This is so James.”
“Guilty!” James opened his note and read, “‘Guns’ is definitely something Alex would write.”

The older Danvers shrugged casually, “Yep. Let’s see… ‘comics’, piece of cake, this is Winn.”

“Hah, I make it easy for you, okay?” Winn sat straighter, held up his note, “No one else but Maggie would write this. I mean, ‘winning bets’?”

The NCPD Detective proudly claimed, “My bets are my life. Okay, since this is the final note, which is Sam’s, I’ll let everyone see. But I think we all can tell who would write things like this.”

Everyone burst out laughing. Lena didn’t laugh, she went from neutral to flustered in a split of second the moment the word was shown. She turned to the owner of the note, who was also grinning at her.

‘Lena’

“That is so adorable! I hate you guys!” Winn faked crying, “Somebody is single here!”

Maggie whistled while Alex raised two thumbs up.

“Smooth, cous,” Kara seemed impressed, “I’m going to steal this idea.”

“Sam is Lena’s biggest fan, why are you surprised?” James slowly clapped his hands.
Lena knew her face now was as red as a tomato. It had been three years since she started officially dating Reign, or Sam, as the world saw it, but her girlfriend never failed to make her flustered and in awe. When she thought she couldn’t be any happier, Sam always surprised her with the little things she did.

This beautiful feeling didn’t fade a bit even when the game night had ended and everybody left her penthouse. Sam helped her cleaning up while humming a song. It was a simple act, a simple view, yet it made Lena’s heart so overwhelmed and happy that after everything they had been through, had been put through many tests of trust and patience, they still had each other so they could clean up after-parties together.

It was the most random but also fateful to meet, to befriend and to love Sam. There had been tears, laughers and even blood on the journey. The most important thing that they never gave up on each other.

They never gave up on hope.

Lena turned down the lights and walked to the alien, who was drawing her feet off the trash can. She put her hands on Sam’s waist. Her girlfriend stood still because she could tell what Lena was doing.

“Tired?” Sam asked, letting Lena slide her hands to the front and wrap around her belly. Lena rest her face on Sam’s back, taking in the warmth on her skin. “You should go to sleep, I’ll take care of this.”

“Thank you,” she whispered, knowing that the serum had lost its effect on Sam and she would hear her clearly.

“For cleaning up for you?” Sam joked, her voice created warm vibration running against Lena’s cheek.

“For coming into my life,” she said, snuggled a bit into the dip running on Sam’s back, “for believing in me, for having hope.”

Sam turned slowly, still stayed in Lena’s arms. When their faces met, Lena caught a smile on the alien’s face. “I can say the same about you, Tootsie.”
Lena smiled at the nickname Sam had for her after their first time having sex, she had said that Lena’s feet were cute. So ‘Tootsie’ was born.

“How so?” she asked.

“If it wasn't for you, I would still have an aimless life somewhere.” Sam tucked a strand of hair behind Lena’s ear, her gesture was so gentle, so treasuring and protecting. “I wouldn't know what it means to have someone I care about. I wouldn't have a purpose. I wouldn’t live and just exist. I wouldn't have found a family.”

Lena felt the sting of tears in her eyes. She could imagine how Sam felt, if the trip into her dream had left anything in her mind, it was the core of loneliness. She cupped her girlfriend’s face and placed a kiss on her lips. “I’m so glad you have found what you wanted to find,” she said when their lips parted, “I would have still lived in a pit of heartbreaks and pain if you didn't show up.”

“I guess we both did something to each other’s life,” Sam muttered contently, her hands went to Lena’s neck and the hairline on the back of her head, the thumb brushing on her earlobe. “Something good.”

Lena closed her eyes and tightened her embrace around Sam’s waist, feeling the kiss coming to her. She opened her mouth, let Sam in, just like how she had opened her heart to a very patient and stubborn Reign Flamebird, who continuously brought the light into a very dark place Lena had always found herself in.

They made love to each other, not as wild as usual but there was something more than just passion and need. There was love, care and vulnerabilities. They exposed their self to the other’s eyes, from heart to soul, knowing that they would always be there for each other, healing and tending the wounds life caused on them.

When Lena gripped on the sheets and called out one name, it was always ‘Reign’. No matter how long Reign had used her new identity and how comfortable Lena was with the new name, she always wanted to address her lover in the most familiar, meaningful and endearing sound of all. The name that had brought a lot of troubles, tears, blood and heartbreaks but also stood for an era of hope. To Lena, ‘Reign’ was the nostalgic call to the past, a reminder of what they had accomplished through those very same troubles, tears, blood and heartbreaks. The symbol of strength that pulled them both to stand up and fight for what they wanted.

Hope and courage.
Lena always felt the most hopeful and brave when she was with Sam. Even if it was just a simple look, a touch of the hand, a whisper, a smooch on the cheek, everything Sam did felt amazing.

“What are you thinking?” Sam asked as Lena laid on her bare chest, one hand draped on the alien’s belly and their legs tangled. They were naked and warm under the blanket, Lena liked it when they spent time to lay still after sexual intimacy, just stayed by each other and probably talked until they both fell asleep. Lena felt Sam’s fingers caressing her scalp in a lullaby of touches.

“You asked ‘what awaits me when I wake up’ when I went into your dream,” Lena spoke softly, closing her eyes under the soft rub on her head, “And I said ‘me’. ”

“Yes, you waited for me.”

Lena sensed a kiss on the top of her head and smiled. Then the smile faltered a bit. “Then what awaits us? If this was just a dream?”

“Why do you think this is a dream?” Sam asked again, her hand moved down to stretch across the bed and continued the movement on Lena’s back.

“Because I’m so happy,” Lena turned her head to look at Sam, “I’ve never felt like this around anyone. What if we’re in a Black Mercy dream?”

Sam only smiled confidently, “Then I know someone would come to rescue us. Even if nobody does, we’d still have each other. We’ll be fine.”

“I’m sorry for thinking about such things,” she said and Sam’s hand pulled her closer.

“It’s okay, we’ve been suffering for so long,” Sam replied understandingly, “happiness seems to be a myth. Just remember not to be afraid of the dark.”

“Why not?” Lena asked.
“‘Only in the darkness can you see the stars.’ - Martin Luther King Jr.” Sam quoted with a grin, “You are my star, Lena Luthor.”

Lena craned her head to kiss Sam and pulled back.

“You are my star, Reign Flamebird.”

Hope

Hope is the place where
you want to go
Hope is the person who
you want to know
Hope is the feeling that
carries you through
And hope is the future
for me and you.

(Hope is a poem © Ms Moem 2012.)

THE END.

Chapter End Notes

Writing this fic has brought me so many memories, feelings and even sadness.

Thank you for being with me till this very moment! I know there are people who stopped reading because the path I'm going for wouldn't satisfy them. It's okay, I
wholeheartedly understand.

Well, this is it. Good bye guys and see you again in another fic.

Have a very good day!

End Notes

Anyone wanna give me ideas?

Twitter: @moredramaforya

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!