### Lena Versus The Universe

**by** [S_Nebulosa](#)

**Summary**

Suddenly her legs give away under the gravity of all the implications. She slumps against the wall of her private bathroom and just lets her back slide down against the cold tiles. Sitting down slowly. Ending up in a messy heap of human. Still clenching the plastic stick.

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Lena finds out she's gotten impregnated on the Daxamite ship. She's used to doing things alone, but she doesn't know what to do now. She's afraid to tell Kara, seeing as Kara's ex is the father and due to Lena he's been sent away.

### Notes
This is the second version as I was unsatisfied with the first one and had some new ideas.

I've been sitting on this idea for a while and decided to just jot it down and see where it goes. If there are any mistakes or missing words in sentences, I'm sorry. English is not my first language and I refuse to proof-read (and word can only do so much) because then I known I'll never publish it because it's never good enough. Just kindly point them out and I'll correct them.

Also, I don't know how long this story will become because I'm very bad at keeping up with stories but we'll see. And sorry if the characters are a little different from the canon ones because I'm horrible at it and my mind is always adding its own traits or ideas.
She should have known. She had known. All the tell-tale signs were there. She did know, just didn’t want to acknowledge it. But she knew she had to. It made it real. At the same time, it made it hurt. Of course, it would go like this. Nothing ever went her way. All the odds were stacked against her from the moment her mother died and the universe had to prove time and again that it was mighty and she was merely a human. Her hand clenched the hard-plastic stick. She regrets looking at it. Buying it. She knows ignoring it did not make it less real. It would have just made her less prepared.

The full extent of what the plastic stick confirmed began to settle in. She had known it. Had the thought tugging at her for weeks, always lingering in the back of her head. But she had chosen to ignore it. To push it away until it was a better time to let it settle in. It would never be the right time. Now had just been one of the less bad ones. She has no meetings the rest of the day, so she could be with her thoughts. The paperwork can wait, she will finish that overnight.

She thinks back to all the signs she had pushed to the back of her mind, favouring ignoring it to facing it. All the moments others could have caught on because she refused to tell herself it was real. The morning she woke up sick but immediately felt better after emptying her stomach in the toilet. The dizziness when she stood up too fast, the world turning black when she was stubborn and tried to walk somewhere only to have to hold on to the first thing her fingers touched as not to fall down. Because up was no longer up and down was certainly not down. Now she refused to get up in company without being certain she could sit right back down. The moments where she had lost her appetite and could not bring herself to eat even though she knew she needed it. She had brushed off Jess when the secretary tried to get her to eat something because apparently, she hadn’t eaten all day. She had chosen to ignore her lack of energy because, frankly, being tired was something she was used to. Sleep never came easy and her work always came first. This tiredness, however, was something completely different. She had felt it, but she had told herself it was just because the guilt of almost killing her best friends’ boyfriend, even if it was to save the world, weighed down on her. This tired feeling extended to the tip of her toes. It swallowed her whole and she had caught herself almost giving in to sleep sitting at her desk, in the middle of the day. She might even have fallen asleep once because a few days ago Jess had sent her home. Her secretary had actually sent her home, had refused to leave her office. Had even threatened to call Supergirl so she would be forcefully brought home. She had listened to Jess, not wanting Supergirl involved in this. She had gone to bed and for once sleep had come fast and relentless. She had slept around the clock and woken up the next day feeling a little more rested.

She blinks at the stick she had never expected to be holding. Most women her age, young as she might be, had at least held one once. Just to be sure because you never knew. She hadn’t. The thought of buying one had never crossed her mind, save for only a brief moment in her teens when she wondered how people exactly looked at you when you bought it in a store. But she hadn’t needed it and so she had never known. She still had not seen a face when buying it now that she did need it. Only imagine the rumours it would have started if the young, very single CEO of a firm with a bad reputation went out and bought a pregnancy test. No, she had bought it online. Anonymously. Through a secured server using a fake name and an offshore account to pay for it so that it could not be traced back to her. It was not as if her secret would remain secret for long but she didn’t want it coming out to be up to fate. She liked control. Still, she could hardly believe she had actually done a test. She had never needed it. Had always steered clear of men, though she didn’t need to do much
for it. Had never had any bodily desired that needed to be met. Hadn’t actually realised people craved it until a few years ago. At first it had made her feel even more of an outcast. Then she embraced it and poured herself into her work. It had really made her a better scientist. No distractions. It had made her a better CEO because neither men nor women could seduce her into doing something she didn’t want to do. She had learned to work with it. Had taught herself to use it in her advantage. Had completely accepted she would be alone. She liked her job and had no desire for the Luthor lineage to continue. Then one day, she’d met Jack. They had a nice time together. He was okay with following her pace, taking things slow, very slow. But then she had left for National City and he’d stayed behind.

She liked having control of how and when things happened. Only this had not been in her hands. She was like the holy virgin Mary. At that thought, she lets out a strangled laugh. But right after, the weight of it falls down on her. She can’t do it. She has no one to share it with. No one who will support her through it all. She will survive, but she won’t live. She’s a Luthor and Luthors don’t give up. Luthors don’t go down. But she is not a real Luthor. Yes, she is one by blood, but she wasn’t raised like one for the first years of her life. Her heart just isn’t Luthor. Luthor’s didn’t make good parents. Suddenly her legs give away under the gravity of all the implications. Another Luthor, another person that will have to fight the prejudice of the name. A Luthor she has to bring up, she has to take care of. She slumps against the wall of her private bathroom and just lets her back slide down against the cold tiles. Sitting down slowly. Knees up to her chest, arms wrapped around herself for some sense of comfort. Still clenching the plastic stick. The world is falling down around her and the shattered pieces are weighing down her chest. Tears are rolling down her face leaving ugly streaks in her make up. She is ugly crying and she doesn’t care. If her mother knew she’s sitting here alone, crying, smudging her make-up, she would probably no longer be the CEO of L-Corp. Good thing her mother had made herself scarce right after the Daxamites were defeated.

Her first sobs are strangled and breathless but before long she is full out wailing. She tries to make herself as small as possible so the universe would not see her. But the universe did see her. No matter how small she made herself. She had its target on her back and the universe would not give up.

--- In the meantime ---

It had been six weeks since the Daxamites had stopped their hostile takeover. They had either died on the streets or fled the planet in their ships. The empty ships whose original occupants had suffered the consequence of breathing in the poisonous air were mostly removed from the skyline. Supergirl had made it her personal job to fly up to them, dismantle their weapons and land them in the military base for further inspection. The town was rebuilding and the rubble was all cleared. The cracks in the pavement and buildings were being repaired and the city started to look like it had before the invasion.

Catco had had to close its building entirely and have it demolished and rebuild. The destruction to it was so grave there was not a single stone in it that could be reused. In the meantime, the reporters and other employees were scattered all over the city. Most choosing working from home over the unfamiliar environment of their new offices. The news of the Daxamite invasion and its aftermath were dying down and work for the Catco employees was getting back to normal. Stories about fashion, gossip about the famous and updates on their building were now headlines were a few weeks ago “Supergirl and Lena Luthor ended the Daxamite invasion?” shone. The article, this time not written by Kara Danvers, had not contained a single bad word about either woman. Curtesy of Cat Grant who would not have it published by Catco otherwise. Kara Danvers’ articles were less...
impressive. The first few days after the liberation of National City, she had not written a single word. Her first article, more than a week later, had been a minor one about the best ice cream in town. She’d had a lot of ice cream those days but had been unsuccessful at eating away her sadness. Her sister and friends had not known what to do to help. In the end, she had embraced her feelings and felt herself coming up empty. It had not been sad, she’d felt guilt. She felt guilty for not feeling sad. Guilty for having to send her boyfriend off to another planet because she’d pressed a button that made earth inhabitable to him and guilty for not being there for her friend Lena when Lena’s mother, Lilian, had once again tried to betray her. After that realisation, her neck had felt unbearably empty. Her mother’s necklace missing, off to outer space with her ex. Alex had tried to fill the void with a different necklace, but it had just not been the same. It did not tell the same story, remind her of Krypton and why she was here: to protect. She’d given Alex’s necklace a special place on her wall. She might not be able to wear it but it looked nice and the gesture was one that made her feel a little better.

Snapper, her boss, had wanted her to go get an exclusive interview with Supergirl and Lena Luthor. But she couldn’t. Kara, Supergirl, was not ready for it and could not face Lena yet. Lena, whose life had been a concatenation of motherly disappointments and friendlessness and when she’d finally had a friend, that friend was not there for her when her mother disappointed her once again because Kara was too busy caring about herself. No matter how much Kara had loved Mon-El when he was here, she will always hate him for making his departure so dramatic she missed the people who cared about her that still were on this earth. She’d put all his stuff in a box with, written in big black letters “MON-EL” on it and threw it in the back of a closet so she didn’t have to look at it anymore now.

Kara had Cat Grant to thank for not pushing her to do the Supergirl and Lena Luthor story Snapper had assigned to her. She was eternally grateful for it and had thanked her by letting Catco take a clear picture of Supergirl while removing some rubble.

Snapper had found another victim who’d tried to cover the Supergirl and Lena Luthor story, but he had been unable to contact either of them without Kara’s help. The article was scratched. The only news about the two women, besides the one good picture of Supergirl Catco had obtained, were only a few scarce public appearances: Supergirl had been spotted flying up to a Daxamite ship and hauling rubble away, Lena Luthor was spotted at her children’s hospital during a visit. Both seemed to want to stay out of the news and were succeeding above expectations for such public figures.

Currently, Kara is working on a new article about whether white shoes during autumn was still a fashion crime or not. She’d interviewed some fashion gurus and went out on the street to ask people. In the coffee shop she was sitting, some other Catco employees were working on their own pieces. A cup of coffee stands on the table within reaching distance and an empty box of donuts is on the seat beside her. She is about to do some finishing touches on her article before handing it in when her phone rings. An unknown number shows on the caller ID. She hesitates to pick up as she does not expect any phone calls but then decides to just answer it.

“Hi... Err... Kara Danvers.” She says hesitantly.

“Hello miss Danvers. It’s Jess from L-corp. Miss Luthor’s secretary.”

“Oh, err, hi Jess.” Kara is taken aback. She’d not heard from Lena since the Daxamites left and thought the other woman might not want to see her anymore. Uncomfortably, she shifts in her seat and readjusts her glasses.

“I hope I’m not interrupting something, but maybe… could you maybe come to L-corp?” Jess asks tentatively.
“Why? Did something happen? Is Lena okay?” Kara suddenly gets worried for her friend. She already packed up all of her stuff and is out the door before Jess even has the time to answer.

“Nothing happened. Really… But I think Lena could really use a friend and, to be honest with you, you’re the only person she ever talks to outside her business associates and employees.” Jess rambles.

This, Kara has certainly not expected and for the briefest moment she hesitates. She’s not been a very good friend to Lena lately and doesn’t even know whether the other woman wants her there. She shoves the negative thought down and decides that if Lena needed a friend, she would be more than willing to be that friend for her. The L-corp building is only a few blocks away so she chooses to run rather than fly, the former being easier with undressing and redressing and by now she’s used to a pace perceived as rather normal by humans. The front entrance of the building is still guarded by two buff guards to keep the press out who so desperately wants pictures of the CEO. She walks up to them and doesn’t really know what to say. She fumbles a little with her glasses and ducks her head before thinking of something to say. “Hi. I’m Kara Danvers. I’m here for Lena Luthor. I don’t know if her secretary, Jess, has sent a message down but I’m-.” She rambles and cuts herself off when the female guard opens the door for her in reply. “Welcome, Miss Danvers.” The guard adds to the gesture, confirming that Jess did have a message sent down. “Thank you.” Kara replies before stepping inside the large lobby of the building. She rides the elevator to the top floor while trying to listen for Lena. That’s when she hears it. Loud sobbing. She’s never have guessed Lena was one to cry at work. When the doors open, she doesn’t know how fast she has to get to her friend. On her way in she greets Jess with a quick nod of her head and just storms in Lena’s office, dramatically opening the doors on her way in. She finds the CEO sitting on the bathroom floor. Head resting on her knees, arms hugging herself. Sobbing so loud Kara is sure Jess must’ve heard it and that was why she called.

Tentatively she makes her way towards the crying brunette, trying not to startle her. Her sneakiness, however, is not very good and on her way over she knocks a bottle of some sorts of the sink. Kara jumps at the sound and worriedly looks over at the CEO. But Lena does not seem to have noticed. Kara picks up the bottle and puts it back before sitting down next to Lena and wrapping a hand around her, pulling her in for a hug. Lena lets Kara guide her head to Kara’s shoulder, still sobbing profusely. Kara just sits there, not really knowing what to do. She has no idea what is going on in her friend’s life lately. The brunnete’s tears create wet spots on her cardigan and it reminds her of when she first came to earth. How she would cry alone at night and later, when she had accepted her new family more, Alex would come and comfort her. She tries to copy her sister, starting to whisper sweet nothings in Lena’s hair. After a while Lena’s sobs die down and her breathing slows. Kara looks down and sees Lena’s eyes closed, her face relaxed as her slumber deepens. Effortlessly she picks up the CEO and gently puts her down on the white couch in her office. She takes a seat in Lena’s chair and looks at the sleeping form of the CEO. How Lena’s body moves with her breathing and Kara sees the goose bumps form on her skin. She gets up to look for something warmer, finding a blanket stashed away in a closet. Carefully she tucks Lena in and wonders what has the CEO so terribly upset and tired. Even asleep, Lena looks troubled. Scrunching her face now and then and muttering inaudible. Kara doesn’t know how long she watches Lena sleep. She went out to get some food, as Supergirl so she’d be away as short as possible. The rest of the time she just sat in the corner of the room, looking at Lena and worrying about her.
When Lena wakes up she is no longer sitting but lying down. Beneath her she doesn’t feel the hard tiles of the bathroom but a soft surface. Surprisingly, she’s also not cold but comfortably warm. That’s when she feels the blanket over her body. Her head is resting on a pillow. She moves a hand to feel around her and realises she’s lying on her office couch. A blanket draped over her to keep the cold away. She stirs a little before opening her eyes. Kara springs alive by the movements of the brunette and gets up from her quiet corner. She takes a few cautious steps forward and tilts her head while looking at Lena. Lena’s gaze shifts towards the movements and her eyes catch Kara standing in the middle of the room, looking at her.

“Hey.” Kara says softly.

“Hey.” Lena stirs a little and starts rubbing the sleep out of her eyes.

“How long—.” Lena starts but before finishing her sentence stops and decides on another question. “What time is it?” She says while rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

Kara looks at her watch and is slightly shocked by how much time has passed. “It’s a little past seven.” She says.

Kara looks back up at the CEO and sees her eyes drift towards her desk, which is filled with a stack of paper, then fill with horror. Apparently, this paperwork needs to be finished today, Kara concludes as Lena mutters a “Shi-.” under her breath.

As Lena realises the time she remembers some important files that need her signature today. There’s a few patent applications on her desk that need to be sent out as soon as possible and a large file for a new cooperation she needs to look into. She pushes away the headache and stands up. But before she’s able to even put one foot in front of the other the whole world slowly starts spinning and black spots intrude her vision. Her arms flail out looking for anything to hold, anything to keep her steady. She doesn’t expect to find anything to hold, she knows that there is nothing here but a coffee table and her couch, so she’s surprised when her hand touches something solid. She grabs the thing and holds on for dear life while something else steadies her on the other side too. The arms, as she realises what they are, guide her down. Carefully they bring her down to couch while a voice says, ‘Whoa, steady. I got you, Lena.’ The hands are forceful but kind and make her lie down, lifting her feet back up the couch. The world slowly begins to stop spinning and her eyes can see properly again. Taking in her surroundings they settle on a pair of blue ones staring at her with concern. “Lena, are you okay?” Kara asks. Kara, right. Kara was in her office. Her headache creeps back up on her and Lena looks at her friend. “I-” she starts but suddenly remembers what she was doing before she woke up on the couch. Tears well up in her eyes as she realises all over again. She pushes them away, afraid to show Kara her weakness. Weakness was never something a Luthor should show, not even to the people closest to her. And it was not like she could share reason behind her sadness. Yet. There was no way she could up and tell Kara that she was pregnant with the reporter’s boyfriend baby, engineered by his delusional mother. Ugh, mothers. Always thought they knew what’s best. The guilt of having to send him away, having to make a weapon against her best friend’s boyfriend and his entire species, tries to creep up to her.

“Kara, I’m fine.” She says, trying to flash the blonde a smile but failing miserably and probably sounding a lot weaker than she wants to.
“No, you’re not. But you can tell me when you’re ready.” Kara is always friendly. Kara is always able to look further than Lena’s last name and her CEO mask. Kara trusts her to tell what she wants and when she wants to. Lena sighs and nods. Kara grabs hold of Lena’s hand and gives it a small squeeze in support. A small, still sad, smile forms on Lena’s lips.

Carefully Lena tries to sit up straight. Kara’s strong hands guiding her, preventing her from falling right back down. The two hands leave her and suddenly the cold hits her. A shiver goes up her spine but then they’re back. A glass with water is put in her hands and she takes a small sip feeling the cold liquid make its way down her throat. “Kara,” She starts, “you don’t have to—” but she gets cut off by the other woman.

“Lena, you clearly need a friend. That’s what friends are for. I’m here for you. If that’s what you want. If you still want me to be your friend… Because if you don’t you just have to say it and I’ll leave and, you know, not call you and delete your number. But if you want me to be your friend I’ll be your friend.” Kara blushes slightly and brings a hand to her neck.

Lena can’t help but smile at the reporter’s awkward rambling and nods. She does need a friend and seeing she only has one, Kara would do just fine. More than fine, really. Kara would be perfect as a friend. For as long as this friendship would last. She’d worry about telling her later. Much later. If only telling her never was an option. So, she would have to figure out a way to tell her friend and soften the blow. She would also have to learn to live without her because she did not expect to be in the woman’s life any longer when she’d torn open the wounds that had barely started to heal.

Her worrying was disrupted by the sound of a grumbling stomach. She looked up and saw red creeping up Kara’s neck and making its way onto her cheeks. Lena lets out a small chuckle. Leave it to Kara to always be hungry and have a stomach that interrupts silences better than any. The blonde giggled with a guilty look on her face. “Time for food? What do you like?” Kara asks. Lena shrugs because she doesn’t really feel the need to eat. Not that she’s nauseous, she just doesn’t really feel like eating. Hasn’t for a while actually.

“Pizza?” Kara suggests. For the briefest moment, Lena’s eyes grow wide in alarm before she regains her composure and looks away. Any human probably would have missed it, but Kara is not human and knows Lena good enough to see the short shift in attitude.

“Okay, no pizza. How about Chinese?”

Lena looks at Kara and shrugs but that’s all the blonde needs. She takes her phone out of her pocket and orders everything from the menu. Lena just raises an eyebrow at Kara and the latter just replies with a shrug and recites de address for delivery. Lena looks down and realises she’s still wearing her -what she likes to call- CEO-outfit. She’s had a few meetings today and always dresses up for them in formal clothing to be taken more serious. “I’m going to put on some more comfortable clothes.” She tells Kara as she gets up and moves to her bathroom where she always keeps some spare clothes to put on after a long meeting or when she has a long night of paperwork ahead of her.

When she closes the door, her eyes fall upon the small white stick lying innocently on the floor as if it didn’t just change her entire life. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and picks it up. A part of her resents it but she knows not to kill the messenger. Besides, keeping it might be useful later. One day she might reminisce about today, looking at this stick that brought about so many emotions. She quickly shoves it in a drawer and looks for the box. It has fallen behind the sink and she picks it up too, taking it apart and shoving it in another drawer to throw away later. Her mind races to Kara.
in her office and just hopes the woman has not seen the stick or the box. Spilling the beans now seems like the worst possible timing. Lena decides that if Kara knows, she’d have been a lot more flustered. Kara always gets flustered when she doesn’t know what to do or how to react. Lena splashes some water in her face to freshen up. She knows her eyes must look bloated and red and rubs away the residue from her tears and make-up, but refuses to look in the mirror. She picks a pair of black jeans and a green shirt and folds her skirt and blouse. Jess will know to get them to the dry cleaners. While still zipping on a pair of ankle boots, Lena makes her way back to the office. Slipping her foot in her boot, she finds herself staring at the legs of Kara. The blonde is standing near her desk with a stern look on her face. “What? Do I look so bad without make-up on?” Lena says with a small smile, clearly having her wits back. “No.” Kara says, still looking stern. Lena knows more is up if Kara is able to reply with such a short answer and her smile slowly begins to fade. Then she sees the concern forcing its way up Kara’s face. “Jess told me you haven’t eaten anything all day.” The reporter finally says.

“Oh.” Lena’s face immediately looks like she’s been caught red-handed. “Lena, when was the last time you ate?” Kara’s face is now only showing concern.

Lena thinks back, going through her whole day but she comes up empty. She thinks of the day before. Surely, she must’ve eaten sometime in the past two days. Then she recalls. Yesterday Jess was determined to make her eat and got her dinner. Or maybe it was lunch. Her day was so long, she doesn’t really remember what time it was she ate. She’s not even sure how much of it she ate. Probably only a few bites she thinks, she’d been so busy.

“Did you have breakfast?” The blonde interrupts her thoughts. “Yes.” She immediately lies, keeping her face neutral. “What did you have for breakfast then?” Kara says while raising an eyebrow.

“Err…” Lena tries. “I had…” She’s never had trouble lying so was her mind not working right now? She’d always been able to lie her way through any situation. *Think Lena. Food. Anything. EGGS!* “I- I had eggs.” She decides. Eggs is a normal breakfast, right? People eat eggs for breakfast. Clearly her lie was not good enough as Kara starts on a lecture.

“Lena, you have to eat. You cannot not eat an entire day. You have to take care of yourself. How… How can you forget to eat? Do you not get hungry? Is something wrong?” The blonde makes her way towards the brunette and her blue eyes stare into Lena’s green ones. “You know you can tell me everything, right?”

“I know. Nothing is wrong, I was just… busy.” Lena replies, trying to reassure her friend she’s fine with a weak smile. She makes a mental note to eat in the presence of Jess and Kara, or even just order something and not eat it when she cannot bear to eat, just so the two will stop worrying.

“Well,” Kara says. “I will not leave you until you’ve eaten a fair amount of food.”

Lena nods reluctantly. “A Lena-fair-amount or a Kara-fair-amount? Because I’m sure the latter will kill me.” Lena replies, a challenging smirk forming on her face. Kara gasps, hands covering her heart. Lena's smile turns into a laugh when she sees her friends stare at her looking horribly insulted. Kara cannot keep her face in check when Lena starts laughing and a giggle escapes her mouth as well. A smile on Lena’s face always brought a smile on hers.
Lena has sent Jess home and is now looking at all the food containers filling the small coffee table by the couch. There’s no way even Kara can eat this much. The scent of the food fills her nostrils and she’s happy to say it doesn’t bother her. Kara is babbling about what’s in each while Lena looks inside each container and finally settles on some sesame chicken with noodles. Kara grabs a random container and starts stuffing her face with the food. Lena’s playing a little with her food while staring in amazement at Kara. The blonde notices Lena not eating and points to Lena’s food with her chopsticks after taking another bite. Lena is roughly brought back to the here and now and shakes her head a little. “I just wondered.” She says. “Do you even chew?” She finally takes a bite of her food. Kara’s mouth almost falls open and as she tries to swallow, she almost chokes. She starts coughing and slams her fist to her chest a few times. Panting and with tears in her eyes she looks at Lena, who’s just staring back at her and shrugs. “I just wondered. You can eat so fast you know.” She explains as red appears on Kara’s face. “Oh, err… I do. Chew. I do chew, actually. Just fast. I chew fast. I like food so I don’t want to waste m-.” Lena’s laugh interrupts Kara and the reporter looks at her in shock. “It was a joke. Besides, everyone knows you love food.” Lena says while thumping away a tear from the corner of her eye. Kara’s face makes the transition from shock to a small smile and they continue eating while reverting back to how it was before. Bantering about N’SYNC and Justin Timberlake. Kara even finds out Lena, even though the woman is crazy busy, had time to watch orphan black and when the conversation moves towards the show the brunette gets side-tracked and calls out all the blatantly wrong science in the show, and in any other show she’s ever watched. Kara is happy to listen to her, Lena sounds so passionate while calling them out. When she’s finished her spirited lecture on TV-show science, or lack thereof, they finish eating in silence. Lena proudly emptying her container and Kara eating everything else. When Kara and Lena are together, they can each just be themselves. Kara can forget about being Supergirl for a moment and forget the weight of the world on her shoulders. She can even forget about how earth almost was occupied by her ex-boyfriend’s species. Lena can forget about her last name and its implications and forget about her company and how much work she still has to do. She even for a moment forgets that she’s pregnant. They can each just be their own person without having to worry what the other thinks.

“Lena?” Kara asks, suddenly breaking the peaceful silence.

“Yes, Kara.” Lena replies jokingly.

“Why do you always wear those uncomfortable clothes and shoes?” Kara asks while pointing at the pair of heels Lena had discarded near her desk.

“Oh, well.” Lena is taken a little aback by this question and takes a moment to think about her answer.
“It’s so I’m taken more serious. It’s easier if everyone just assumes I’m ten years older than I actually am. Which is what the clothes do. And it’s a uniform. A mask I can sort of hide behind. Makes it easier to act like a CEO.” She finally states.

“People think you’re in your late thirties?” Kara says surprised.

“Uhm, no. Actually, people assume I’m in my early thirties.” Lena says, emphasising the ‘early’. Then she looks down at her hands, picking at her nailbeds, almost looking ashamed. Kara is clearly surprised by her answer and looks the CEO over. She now notices the lack of wrinkles, or Botox. The bright eyes attracting most of the attention, making it harder to see how young Lena is. Suddenly Lena does not look thirty at all. She looks Kara’s age. Her CEO title had just always hidden it.

“So, you’re about my age then.” Kara concludes. Lena looks up.

“I think I might be younger than you.” Lena admits. “I was a little young for N’SYNC, did not stop me from listening. But most fans were older than me.”

Kara now looks at her like she’s a puppy. Or a cute cat video.

“Nooo. No way.” Kara says, hands pressed to her cheeks. “You’re younger than me? You’re… You are a baby.”

“I’m twenty-four.” Lena scoffs. “I’d hardly call that a b-” she cuts herself off. Kara’s face scrunches up a little in a frown. “Baby” she whispers after a moment and starts picking at her cuticles again.

“Oh. I- err.” Kara says, placing a warm hand on Lena’s. “I meant that in the best way. Babies are adorable. Babies are extremely cute and I could just eat them. Not literally eat them. But, you know. That’s what people say. I could totally eat them. Wait.” Kara rambles. Her hand leaves Lena’s and pulls her phone from her purse. Lena looks up at Kara with a small smile on her face. “I found the cutest baby video online the other day.” Kara fumbles a little with her phone and then turns it so Lena can watch. Leave it up to the reporter to try and make Lena feel better, any time. A video starts playing showing chubby babies eating lemons. Their faces scrunching up at the taste of them. Some are bold and go in for a second taste, resulting in the same reaction they had the first time. A scrunched up, sour look. Lena has to admit, it is very cute. Together, Kara and Lena coo over the video and laugh at the babies each time a new one comes up and tastes a lemon part.

After their laughing fit, Lena suddenly recalls her paperwork.

“Oh, damn.” Escapes her mouth before getting up. “I really should get that done.” She says and points over to the stack of papers on her desk. Kara nods and gets up too. She notices she’s taller than the brunette. So, Lena is not only a baby, she’s also a small baby. Not as small as Maggie, her sister’s girlfriend, but small none the less. She wants to say something about it but swallows back her words, not wanting the CEO hurt yet another time.

“You shouldn’t work so much.” She says instead. “You should take some time to relax.”

“Yeah, well, as the CEO of a big company there’s just a lot of work to do.” Lena replies. And I don’t really have a lot of people to relax with, so working on the things I like will have to do. She thinks, but doesn’t add.

“I think you need a movie night. My place. Tomorrow. You get to pick the first movie.” Kara says with a wide smile, trying to subtly make Lena work less.

“Deal.” Lena says, mirroring Kara’s wide smile. Kara leans in for a hug, which Lena happily reciprocates.

“I’ll have my driver give you a ride home.” Lena says.

“Oh, you don’t have to. I’ll just-” Kara starts before getting cut off by Lena.
“Fly home on a bus?” Lena jokes. “Doesn’t sound like the safest mode of transport. Just let Stephen drive you home. Please, for me.” Lena says, hand on the phone on her desk, ready to call down.
“Fine.” Kara says, knowing full well she can’t actually tell Lena she’d be home faster flying. Lena doesn’t even know she can fly.
“Thank you.” Lena says and calls down for Stephen to get the car ready. Kara walks over to the door and lingers a bit, her hand on the door handle.

“Don’t work too long, okay?” Kara says.

“Just some signatures. Then I’ll go straight home.” Lena says, shaking her head with a small smile. It’s a lie though. As soon as Kara has left she gets to the paperwork and halfway through reading the cooperation proposal from another company her thoughts just trail off. Movie night, tomorrow. At Kara’s. Lena doesn’t even know any good movies to watch. She’s never really had time to watch movies. Trying to get a degree at a young age, hoping that would make her adoptive parents – mother– accept her. What kind of movies would Kara like? Probably something light, but not too dull. Lena doesn’t really mind what kind of movie they watch. She’s probably never seen it and will enjoy it anyway if it means spending time with her best friend. She should thank Kara for inviting her and for today. Kara gave up most of her day to be there for Lena and Lena has to properly thank the reporter. Time is worth money and not everyone has as much as Lena does. Kara probably doesn’t, being a reporter living in the rent-controlled side of town. Lena thinks. Last time she thanked the blonde with a bunch of flowers. That was just for a nice article. This time she has to think of something better. Bigger. Something Kara will love even more than flowers. Not a puppy. Those take responsibility and time and Lena doesn’t want to force that on someone, no matter how much Kara might like puppies. Food. Kara loves food. Lena thinks of a good way to give food without actually giving food directly. All of a sudden it occurs to her. Kara’s favourite food is potstickers. Lena can just get her free potstickers for life. It might be late, but restaurants are always open late. Lena looks up the phone number of Kara’s favourite restaurant and makes the call.

Chapter End Notes

I’d love to hear what you think of the story so far and anything you think that might happen.
A knock on her front door drags Kara from her thought and brings her back to the here and now. The small plastic card she’d been holding ends up on the table as she rushes over to the door to open for her sister. “Hey sis.” Alex says, holding two cups of coffee.

“Hey.” Kara grabs one of the cups and takes a sip, enjoying the taste of the liquid. She twirls back to her counter and takes a seat. Alex takes a seat opposite her and looks at the blonde being all smiley and happy. “What’s gotten you so cheerful? You haven’t smiled this much since…” Alex looks Kara over again. “Well I don’t even know when the last time was you smiled like this.”

“Look!” Kara beams while shoving the small plastic card she’d been holding earlier in Alex’s face. “Wow.” Alex leans back at the unexpected movement and grabs Kara’s waving hand to try and read the card. “What is it? A discount card? Hold still, I can’t read it.” She says when Kara continues waving it without showing any signs of stopping. Kara tries to steady her hand and let Alex read it. “100% discount on all food items.” The card is also marked with the logo of Kara’s favourite Chinese restaurant. Alex finishes reading while Kara starts jumping up and down in her seat. “Wow. That’s… Yes. That’s something to get. Speaking of. How did you get it?” Alex says while trying to grab the card from Kara, not fully trusting it.

“First of all. It’s mine.” Kara says, hugging the card close to her out of Alex’ reach. “Second, Lena sent it.”

“Lena sent you a card giving you free potstickers for life?” Alex raises an eyebrow at the grand gesture of the Luthor.

“Yes.” Kara almost squeals.

“You know you can’t accept that, right?” Alex crooks an eyebrow at Kara.

“Why not?” A slight pout appears on Kara’s face.

“Because… Do you know how much that’ll cost her? Free food for life. For you.”

“But… She just wants to thank me.” Kara is full on pouting now.

Though Alex might be immune to the pout, she realises how happy her sister is with this gift, and maybe Lena does realise what she had given Kara.

“Fine, it’s your decision.” Alex raises her hands, palms forward, to indicate her surrender.

“Don’t go blaming me when Lena finds out how much it will cost her.”

Alex got up and walked towards Kara’s door. Halting suddenly and turning around towards her sister.

“I actually came by to ask you whether you think Lena might know anything about the Daxamite technology on the ships. Maybe she can help us figure out what they all had on board.”

“Well, Lena is the smartest human I know. But she’s a human and I don’t think she knows a lot about alien tech.” Kara says. “And even I don’t know half the tech they had on board. Though I guess if anyone can help, it would be her.”

“She did build the portal. With alien tech. And she’s the only one who was actually inside one of
those ships while the Daxamites used them.” Alex points out.
“Did you just say Lena is the smartest human you know?” Alex feigns hurt. “What about me? Are you complimenting here because she really is smarter than me or because she gave you free food for life?” Alex jokes.
Kara flashes her the famous pout and Alex can’t help but laugh at it.

“You know I didn’t-.” Kara starts.

“It was a joke, Kar.” Alex says as shoulder bumps her sister in passing. “Come on, let’s get going.”

Lena woke up early as usual, troubled sleep keeping her from getting a good night’s rest. She arrived at work soon after waking up to review the paperwork she should have finished the day before. She has just started organising her notes on a recent research proposal from one of her employees when Jess’s voice comes through the intercom.

“Miss Luthor?”

“Yes, Jess.”

“Your mail has arrived. There’s a handwritten letter with it. Do you want to open it yourself?”

Lena is not used to receiving personal mail. Most of her mail is corporate and decorated with clean stamps of companies. Her personal mail is limited to a few scarce letters from insurance companies or the bank. She ponders for a moment before responding.

“Yes, I’d like to open it. You can just bring in everything so I can also look at the rest.”

If the letter got as far as Jess’s desk, it has been cleared by security and is safe to read. The only damaging and hurtful things in there could be the words on the paper and Lena has developed a thick skin for threats by now.

Jess enters the room whilst carrying a large stack of paperwork, the handwritten envelope on top. Lena moves over some papers to make place for the new stack and motions for Jess to drop the pile there.

“Thank you, Jess. At what time was my board meeting again?” Lena asks her.

“It’s at two, miss Luthor.” Jess says and starts walking back to her desk.

“Oh, and don’t forget your meeting to look over the new prototypes of R&D at four.” Lena nods and makes a mental note.

“Thank you for reminding me Jess.”

Lena takes the handwritten letter from the top of the stack and looks it over. She doesn’t recognise the writing. Deciding to prioritise her work, she puts it aside to read later. She continues organising her notes as Jess closes the door to her office. Lena ploughs through the stack of paperwork, so absorbed in her work she again forgets to get lunch. When she grabs the last file of the stack she wonders where some of the new patent applications are. She would expect them to be finished for her to read by now.

“Jess?” She asks through the intercom.

“Yes, miss Luthor.”

“Where are the new patent applications? I thought I’d have more than two by now.”
“Oh… Err. I looked them over this morning and there was still information missing and some subjects needed more elaboration so I sent them back.” Comes the insecure answer from her secretary.

“You… Looked them over?” Lena asks.
“Well, Err… I thought you could use a little help with the paperwork and since they were not ready to be approved yet because information was missing- I just… I just wanted to help.” Jess sounds like she’s about to start crying and Lena picks up on the change of tone.
“Ahh, well, thank you. I do have quite a lot of paperwork, yes. Some help is very welcome.” She says in an effort to comfort her very capable secretary. She adds a note to her mental list to give Jess a raise because Jess is the best secretary she could ever wish for and she’d hate to see her leave.

She hears her secretary let out a small sigh of relief at her reaction and is reminded that she told herself yesterday to have lunch today so Jess would stop worrying.
“Jess, could you get me some lunch?” She asks.
“Yes, miss Luthor. I’ll send something up!” Jess replies enthusiastically.

Lena glances at her watch and sees she has some time left before her meeting. She quickly scans through the last piece of paper and signs at the bottom before grabbing the handwritten letter she’d set aside earlier. On the front of the envelope, “Lena Luthor” is written in a nice cursive handwriting. In smaller letters below her name is the address of the L-Corp building. The back lacks a return address, spiking Lena’s curiosity. Who would send her a letter and not leave a return address to receive an answer. Just as Lena grabs a letter opener, Jess knocks on the door.

“Miss Luthor, I have your lunch.”
“Yes, Jess, come in.”
Jess sets a plate with a sandwich and a cup of coffee on Lena’s desk. Lena can tell Jess has gone the extra mile and got the CEO her favourite sandwich. The smell of coffee spreads across the room but Lena has decided to forgo coffee, at least until she has time to think about whether or not she’ll go through with her pregnancy.
“Thank you, Jess.” She looks up at her secretary and gives her a wide smile. “While you’re hear, could you have these sent out?” She hands Jess a small stack of papers. “And have these returned to the corresponding departments. I’ve written my notes in the margin. I’d like them to be touched up a little more before officially sending them out.” She says as she hands Jess a smaller stack of papers. Jess carefully places the second stack on top of the first so she can still distinguish them when she gets to her desk. She gives Lena a nod and a small smile.
“I’ll have them back to you asap.” She says and hurries out the door.

Lena picks up the briefly forgotten handwritten envelope and letter opener again. Carefully, Lena slices open the envelope to reveal the letter inside. Crisp white paper with blue cursive letters inked on. One hand holding the letter, the other moving to take a bite from her sandwich, she starts reading.

Dear Lena,

You probably don’t remember me, but I remember you. When you were two years old you almost ran me over with your little pink bike. I remember I wanted to scream at you. My teenage-hormones making me unbearably angry all the time. But you looked up at me with your tear-filled green eyes and my heart just melted. How could I be screaming at this precious little kid who’s just starting to discover the world? I couldn’t break the illusion that the world was exciting so I just smiled at you and said it was
okay. You rubbed your eyes with your little chubby hands and got back up on your bike while I continued on my own way. Ever since that day I’d look at you differently. I’d recognise you when you were playing outside. One day you even came up to me. You had so many questions and I couldn’t answer a single one. Most three-year olds are not wondering why the sky is blue or why the earth is round, let alone where materials come from or why there are so many different animals. Your curiosity was refreshing and scaring at the same time. You had hardly learned to talk and yet there you were looking up at the clouds and asking me where they came from and why some cities had more clouds than other, because your mother told you some places have a lot of clouds and other hardly have any. I specifically remember one day in winter when a small layer of frost covered the earth. You came up to me and took my hand. You didn’t say anything, just lead me to a place between the bushes. There, you showed me a dead duck. A part of me was afraid you’d want to dissect it but you showed me your plastic shovel and told me the ground was too hard. You wanted to bury the duck. To the side, I saw a small cross you had crafted. I got a better shovel and dug a hole for you. You were so careful when you placed the duck inside and I wasn’t allowed to cover it with dirt until you had said a few words about this duck. I hammered the cross in the earth and you got a few rumpled flowers from you coat pocket and placed them on top of the grave.

A tear escaped Lena’s eyes as she read about her younger self. She quickly wipes it away as the memory of burying the duck come back to her. She’d forgotten about it. To be honest, she had forgotten most of her childhood. Eager to learn more about herself, she continues reading. A half-eaten sandwich laying forgotten on her desk.

I might have gotten off track a little reminiscing about the past. My point was: I know you. I remember you. I’ve read about you and I’d like to get back into contact. I think I have some information that you’d think interesting. I hope you still remember me, because I remember you like it was yesterday and for the longest time I’ve missed seeing you smile from across the street. I’ve missed the little girl grabbing my hand and making me get involved in the celebrations of our street. I’ve even missed burying dead animals. But mostly I missed your questions. Your questions made me a better version of myself. When I’d given up on school, on my education and on me, you taught me curiosity again. You taught me what it was like to wonder things without worrying about them. To want to know answers and search like your life depended on it. But also, to let go when the answer was nowhere to be found. To file it away for later. You made me who I am today and somewhere deep inside I hope I helped a little in making you who you are today, even if you don’t remember me.

If you want to hear me out, I’ll be there tomorrow at noon. I know it’s short notice but with you being who you are and me being who I am, we will have to make do.

I hope to see you tomorrow.

Your friend
Lena swallowed hard. She’d need some time to let it settle in. Someone actually remembers her from before she was a Luthor. Someone remembers Lena from before. Her hands are trembling and when she tries to refold the letter and put it back in the envelope her fingers slip and the letter floats to the floor. It lands beneath her desk with a small rustle. Lena sighs as she gets to her knees to pick it up. When she comes back up, she doesn’t think about the desk being above her head and hits it with a loud thud. The crash is immediately followed by a lukewarm liquid spilling over her entire back.

“Crap!” Lena yells while raising a hand to her head. She rubs the bump she is sure is forming on her scalp and slowly sits up, this time mindful of the desk. She slides the letter back on her desk.

“Miss Luthor?!” Jess exclaims at the sight of her boss in soaked through clothes, on her knees behind her desk. “Are you okay? Do you need me to get you a change of clothing? I’ll send someone up to clean the carpet immediately.” She rambles as she gets to Lena’s side, unsure of whether to help her up or if touching her at all is inappropriate. Finally Jess decides to just stick out a hand for Lena to take if she wants it. Lena gladly takes it and lets Jess help her get up, aware of her recent trouble with getting up too fast. When Jess lets go she quickly puts her hands flat on her desk to steady her. One of her hands moves to her forehead, rubbing the crinkle between her eyes. She looks at her assistant, who’s still staring at her clumsily.

“I’m fine, Jess. I think I still have a change of clothes in the bathroom. How long do I have before my meeting?” She asks.

“A little over ten minutes.” Jess answers, looking down at her watch.

“Right, so I should hurry a little.” Lena flashes Jess a small half-smile while taking in the damage to her office. Her paperwork luckily survived the ordeal and only her carpet and her clothes are soaked in coffee. Even her letter is spat free because her body was covering it.

“Are you sure you’re okay, miss Luthor?” Jess asks again. It was not like Lena to curse, let alone spill a full cup of coffee. Usually she’d have drained the cup before Jess had even left her office. Lena realises her hands are still on her desk steadying her and she promptly pulls them back, standing on her own two feet.

“Yes, Jess, I’m sure.” She says while smoothing some wrinkles from her skirt. “If you could have my carpet cleaned somewhere tonight. I won’t be working late today.”

Jess simply nods and leaves Lena’s office. Lena quickly changes into clean clothes and shoves her coffee-soaked ones in a bag. She checks her makeup in the mirror. Now is not the right time to show up to a board meeting with mascara down her cheeks. She lets out a relieved sigh at her still impeccable makeup and gets to her desk to gather her paperwork for the board meeting. On her way to the elevator she drops the back off with Jess to get her clothes cleaned. As soon as the elevator doors close, her mind starts to wander. Damn Lena. She thinks to herself. You need to get your act together. You can’t let your personal life get in the way of your professional one. Especially since the latter is still so fragile. She tries to shake the thoughts away, she even tries to physically shake her head to get rid of them but there’s no way her mind is going to stop now.

Her thoughts are all over the place while she’s still trying to follow the meeting. Not that the meeting is very interesting, but she can’t very well be caught not paying attention and her opinion is very much needed every once in a while. She’s trying to scribble down some notes but her head just won’t lead her. Her brain is playing tug-of-war with itself and every effort Lena put into trying to make it stop have only made it worse. The writing in front of her blurs and she loses focus. She’s not hearing any more words uttered and finds herself back in the elevator with some lame excuse on having an important conference call and if they could ‘send her the minutes so she can look them over, please and thank you’. Her breath is shaking and she berates herself for not getting her act together. Yet clearly, she has some things to figure out first and they evidently could not wait. She ignores Jess’s questioning look at her early return and closes her office door behind herself. She
kicks of her shoes and sits down in the middle of the room with an empty sheet of paper and a pen in front of her. First, she’ll let her thoughts come and then she’ll write down what’s important. What she needs to do and remember. The voices already start picking up, happy to oblige.

You’re a Luthor. Luthors never make for good parents.

But you’re not a real Luthor. You’re not like you mother, people have told you that.

Though, what if you are? Do you really want to find out?

What else do you suggest?

It’s the twenty-first century. Abortion is legal.

“No, no I can’t.” She mutters under her breath.

It’s just a lump of cells. It’s not like you are killing someone.

No, you’re killing the potential of someone. You are killing someone before they even had the chance to live.

Well, it wouldn’t be the first time you killed. Corben, Jack.

For some reason, Lena’s mind also wanders to a dark crook. A memory from boarding school tries to pry its way to the surface. Teenage Lena on a balcony. Lena catches this memory before it becomes clearer and pushes it back down where it came from. This was not the time for old memories.

Corben and Jack were different. They weren’t defenceless.

Jack was. Jack was defenceless.

Jack was going to kill the entire city. Everyone who was in Beth’s way. Jack wasn’t even Jack anymore.

You killed the entire Daxamite population. What more would an embryo add? It doesn’t even have a face yet.

It’s a foetus. Not an embryo. And not all Daxamites are dead. Besides, that too was out of sheer desperation. They were killing humans.

This embryo is eating away at you. If you leave it be you’ll have a child.

Lena, you can’t add another life to your list. Not like this. Not when you have a choice. Not when no one is threatened by it. Not when it is your child.

You’ll never make a good mother, Lena.

You have so much love to give, Lena. You’ll manage. You’ll find a solution. You’ll make it work. You’ll learn. You’ll adapt. Please don’t let this take another bite of your humanity.

Lena, think rationally. You don’t even have room for someone else in your apartment.

L-Corp is doing great. You can afford to buy a new apartment. One that fits all your needs. One with an extra room. One with a big kitchen and a view of the city. One with a balcony.

You know nothing of children.
You can learn. You’re a quick learner.

Lena, your life will never be the same. It’s not just a bump in the road. The road has been redirected. Right into a ravine.

You and I both know your life hasn’t really been great so far, change can hardly make it worse. Taking the plunge is sometimes the best thing you can do in life.

Your child will be half-Daxamite.

And half-Lena Luthor. Yes. No problem. It will take a little more research and help.

Your child will be allergic to lead. A compound you so generously spread across earth’s atmosphere to get rid of the same species your kid will be. No reason to even try and let it live. It will choke to death right after birth anyway.

“No, no I shouldn’t think in problems. I can solve it.” Lena whispers to herself. She starts writing on the paper. First point of action: invest in a way to either clear the lead from the air or some way for people to breathe without inhaling the lead. It even sounds like an idea she could get R&D to explore under the rouse of wanting to keep people with breathing problems safe. She really should definitely have R&D start on this right after this afternoons meeting. Second point of action: doctor’s appointment. This is something she really needs to do sooner rather than later. She gets out her phone and immediately makes the call. Third point of action: new apartment. That can wait until after the doctor’s appointment. After she knows everything is alright. Fourth point of action. Lena’s pen hesitates over the paper. She sighs as she continues writing. Tell Kara. She thinks of a few more points to add to her list. She has to tell Jess, arrange for someone to take over at least a little bit when she can’t take the long hours and many meetings anymore. She has to buy baby clothes, a crib, a high chair and all other stuff babies need.

Then the voice is back. Abortion would be easier. Except, this time, she doesn’t have to push it down herself and tell it that she’s Lena Luthor and doesn’t do ‘easy’. She doesn’t have to because this time she feels a small flutter in her stomach, a sign of life. A stirring, as if her child is trying to tell her it will be worth the fight.

“It’s okay little o-.” Lena said, a hand moving to her stomach, before she even realises what she is doing. Her head shoots up but her hand lingers just a little longer. She takes a deep breath and gathers herself. She knows it’s not her child. It’s way too small to make her feel anything but tired, lightheaded and nauseous. Lena gets up and carefully folds her list and puts it in her bag. She gathers the paperwork she needs for her meeting with R&D and heads downstairs with a renewed focus. Clearing your mind by writing things down really does help.

It’s not after her meeting with R&D, in which her idea to rid the air of lead was picked up quite well, that she starts worrying about movie night again. She tries to remember what movies she did watch and comes no further than a few Disney movies when she was really little. She doesn’t think documentaries count. These worries however are completely forgotten when her eyes fall upon the neatly written letter on her desk. She takes a seat in her desk chair and just stares at the letter. It’s not until Jess inquires whether she is indeed leaving early that she remembers movie night and shoves the letter in her purse to leave.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading. Please leave kudos, comment, tell me what you think, etc.
Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the kudos and comments!
I've decided to go more with only Lena's POV for the rest of this story, instead of both hers and Kara's. Also, I've got the whole plot outlined and I'll try to maintain updating on Monday, if my schedule permits.

Lena tries not to let her anxiety take over as she gets out of the car. Movie night was probably not something you should overthink. Not something to worry about as much as she is doing currently. It’s not just movie night. Lena’s tired and her thoughts keep jumping from having to explain she’s never watched a ‘real’ movie to the letter to whether or not she should tell Kara she’s pregnant right now or wait a little longer before she’s seen her doctor. And if she waits, she has to not let it show. Not ponder over it for one night because then Kara might catch on. Lena’s mask might be one of the best, but Kara somehow is able to see through it when Lena least wants her to. Her thoughts jump back to the letter as she climbs the stairs. If she tells Kara, there’s no way she can meet the writer alone. Kara will insist on either sending Supergirl or her sister with Lena and Lena’s not sure if she wants that. Though Kara would have a point. There’s no way to know for sure it’s not a trap. Even if the letter is eerily accurate. She’s reached Kara’s door and looks at it for a few seconds. Suddenly the prospect of having a movie night are laying heavy on her shoulder and she turns around again, walking back to the stairs, unsure if she’s ready for a movie night. Even if it’s with Kara. She’s never had one before and oh, does she dislike new situations.

Before she reaches the stairs, however, she turns around again. Lena’s hands are clenched and her jaw tight she steels herself and walks back to Kara’s front door. She takes a deep breath before knocking. Full of enthusiasm, Kara opens the door, almost unhinging it in the process.

“Lena!” She almost shouts.

“Kara” Lena says, trained face hiding the anxiety she feels in her entire body. Her arms stiffly by her side and her back straight and rigid.

“Come in, come in.” Kara says, almost dragging the CEO over the doorstep and closing the door behind her. “I got take out and ice cream.” Halfway to the kitchen she stops and looks back. “Lena, those are not comfortable movie-night-clothes.” She says, feigning a scolding tone while pointing at Lena’s skinny jeans and her fancy shirt.

Lena looks down at her clothes, certain she’d picked out her most casual attire. She’s wearing jeans and a shirt and to her that’s about as casual as can be.

She merely lifts an eyebrow in reply to Kara, challenging the blonde’s opinion while at the same time very glad they can both pretend like everything is normal. Like her friend didn’t find her sobbing by herself in her bathroom yesterday.

“Your shirt has a zipper.” Kara points out, seeming personally offended at this fact. “And jeans definitely do not count as comfortable.”

“Well, they do feel a lot better than pencil skirts.” Lena says with a shrug.
“‘That does not make them comfortable.’” Kara retorts, already halfway to her bedroom. “I’ll grab you something better.”
Lena watches as Kara walks away. The reporter is dressed in sweatpants, a sweater and fuzzy socks, which, granted, do look a lot more comfortable than her jeans. She takes off her coat and puts it with Kara’s chaotic collection. Next, she starts unticking her shoes. Kara comes back with a small pile of clothes which she almost throws at Lena out of enthusiasm.

“Here you go. You can change in the bathroom and then we can eat.” Kara says, while Lena struggles to re-pile the mess of clothes she’s received. Lena flashes Kara a red-lipped smile and recedes to the bathroom. She’s never actually worn clothes like this. She does own a sweater like this one, but from MIT, not National City University. It’s been in the back of her closet ever since receiving it. Only making a way out when days were especially bad, nights were long and she was alone. A Luthor could not been seen wearing such clothes. She rolls her eyes as she remembers her mother’s reaction when Lena had shown the sweater. Lena, you’re a Luthor. Not some scholarship student who needs to prove their worth by showing where they get their education. She rolls her eyes at the memory and feels a little rebellious when she puts on the sweater and sweatpants. Kara has even given her a pair of fuzzy socks to put on and Lena marvels at the comfort of the clothes. Her mother might have had a point about the way the look as they do not look very good and are not at all form-flattering but they are absolutely the most comfortable clothes she’s ever worn. She hugs her arms to herself, soaking in the feeling of softness before stepping out of the bathroom.

“Kara, I do have to admit. These clothes are a lot more pleasant than I expected.” Lena says as she walks up to the counter. Kara starts shining brightly at the compliment and all but skips over to Lena’s side gesturing for her to pick one of the take-out cartons. Lena peers into all of them and settles for one that actually seems to have some vegetables. Kara’s diet does not seem to consist of a single healthy item.

“I even got you your favourite wine!” Kara beams, showing Lena a dark bottle. Lena carefully keeps her mask in place as she denies the offer.

“Well thank you, Kara. But I’ve decided to lay low on alcohol for a while.”

Kara looks rather disappointed at this.

“I really appreciate the gesture, and if it makes you feel better I’ll come over one time just to taste it.” Lena says while placing a hand on her friend’s arm. “I just really cannot tonight. I’ll stick with just water.”

Kara pouts a little but gives in. She puts the bottle on the counter and fills two glasses with water. She sets the glasses on the coffee table and grabs as many take-out cartons as she can hold, shooing Lena to her couch in the process. Lena sits down at the end of the couch, not quite feeling like she belongs in this home, so much unlike any place she’s ever lived herself. She stirs the contents of her carton. She’s been in Kara’s apartment before, but never for long. It amazes her how much Kara’s small apartment feels so much like a home. Her own apartment has never been more than a place to sleep. Her furniture limited to a bed, couch, desk and bookcase. The only two rooms that really show someone lives there are her bathroom and bedroom, though they are still lacking a lot of personal items others would have. Kara would probably have. Kara plunges down in the other corner of the couch, snapping Lena’s attention back to the room. Kara crosses her legs in front of her, and takes a big bite of her food. Mouth still full, Kara tries to start a conversation and Lena really attempts to keep it going. To answer Kara’s questions. To be invested in picking the movie. But in the back of her head there’s a nagging voice. Lena, you’re making it worse for yourself. You shouldn’t get too comfortable here. You know it’s not going to last, everything you touch withers and dies. You’re toxic. Lena. Lena, you should tell her. Lena, she has a right to know. Sooner rather than later. You shouldn’t tell her anything. It’s your secret to keep. You’ll push her away if you tell her. Lena, you should tell her about the letter. You should show it to her. You should help her find out who wrote it, she’s a reporter. You should. You should. You should… Lena. Lena.
“Lena” Kara says sharply, clearly not for the first time.

“Hmm?” Lena’s head snaps to the blonde sitting on the other end of the couch.

“I was asking what type of movie you like, but maybe I should be asking what’s on your mind.” Kara slightly tilts her head, not used to Lena being so distracted.

“Oh, err… It’s nothing really.” Lena tries, shaking her head lightly.

“You’ve been picking at the same green bean for almost ten minutes, Lena. It’s not nothing.” Kara moves a little closer, unsure whether to comfort Lena or not.

“Oh.” Lena looks back down at the green bean, which looks more like a green mash than a bean by now. She considers her options: not telling Kara anything and having her feel untrustworthy because Lena won’t say anything, telling her she’s pregnant, which she is not ready to do at all, or tell her about the letter. One of her two secrets should be enough to justify her preoccupation.

“I got a letter today.” Lena says finally, eyes still intently focused on her food.

“A letter?” Kara looks puzzled. Her eyes try to find any sign of explanation on Lena’s face, but Lena has carefully put her mask back in place.

Instead of answering the question, Lena gets up and walks to her bag. From it she takes a crisp white envelope and hands this to Kara. She curls herself up in the other corner of the couch, knees to her chest, while Kara opens the envelope and starts reading. Lena watches Kara as she reads the letters. Sees her face go from silent coos over little Lena with a pink bike and an endless number of questions to a crinkle of worry over the prospect of a stranger inviting Lena to meet them.

“Lena,” Kara says, “do you want to go?” The concerned question clear on her face, a hand moving towards Lena. A long silence follows the question and when Lena finally starts talking she doesn’t really answer Kara’s question.

“I’d forgotten.” Her eyes are watery, but she’s not crying. “I’d forgotten about the pink bike and the clouds and the duck and having a friend. I have forgotten what her face. I’ve forgotten my friends face. I’ve forgotten what my house used to look like. I don’t even remember what my mom looks like. What colour her hair is, her eyes. What clothes she wore. What her job was. What she made me for dinner. Whether she gave me a goodnight’s kiss before bed. Whether she read to me. I don’t remember, Kara. I don’t remember my own mother.” Her words lay heavy in the air. Lena bites back her tears and swallows heavily. Kara’s hand moves to rest on top of Lena’s knee.

“You know it’s not your fault for not remembering, Lena. You were four.” Kara says, her mouth opening again to add something but closing back up when she decides not to.

Lena nods solemnly, not really convinced. She’s Lena Luthor, who graduated university early, with several degrees. Lena who was top of her class. She doesn’t just forget something.

“I can ask Supergirl to go with you?” Kara suggests. “You shouldn’t go alone.”

Lena simply nods again. She knows Kara won’t take no for an answer.

“Now, let’s watch a movie. Which one do you want to see? You pick the first one.” Kara beams while browsing the movies, back to her bubbly self. Lena can’t help but smile, it’s like a reflex. If Kara smiles, she does too.

“No, you should pick. I don’t really know any movies.” She says. Kara’s eyes shoot from the television to Lena wide with shock.
“You don’t know any movies?!” She gasps.

“We weren’t really allowed to watch them so I’ve only seen a few in boarding school.” Lena explains with a shrug.

“Oh. Okay. Well, then I’ll just have to pick a really good one.” Kara says as she selects a movie. Lena relaxes a little as the conversation has become lighter. She tucks her legs to the side as she leans back to enjoy the movie.

“It’s not as good cold.” Kara suddenly says with a wide smile as she shoves Lena’s food back in her hands. Lena flashes a smile back. Kara seems genuinely concerned with the fact that Lena forgets to eat sometimes. Lena starts chewing down her food while enjoying the movie. By the time she’s emptied her container, Kara has finished all the others. She really doesn’t get where the blonde leaves it all. She doesn’t even seem to have any fat on her frame but she eats like a horse.

“Lena, what’s your favourite food?” Kara asks all of a sudden. Eyeing the brunette on the other side of the couch curiously.

“On the record or off the record?” Lena says with a small laugh.

“Both?” Kara flashes Lena a big smile.

“On the record: vegetable lasagne. Off the record: burritos. Yours?”

“Mine’s potstickers… and pizza.” Kara says.

One movie turns to two. Lena knows it’s late. She should head back to her place and try to get some sleep. She’s tired. But then Kara offers to make tea and puts on a third movie stating that it’s one of her favourites and Lena cannot bring herself to leave now with Kara looking so happy she gets to share her favourite movie with Lena. So Lena stays. She shivers a little, her tiredness making it harder for her body to stay warm. Kara sees it and grabs a blanket. She drapes the fluffy blanket over Lena and joins her underneath it. They sit close together as the movie starts. The hot tea sits warm in Lena’s belly and she’s no longer cold. She really enjoys the movie but finds it getting harder and harder to focus. Her eyelids start to droop and she resigns herself to just closing her eyes for a moment. Just a few seconds so she can enjoy the movie again when she opens her eyes. Her head falls sideways, leaning onto Kara’s shoulder and though she vaguely registers it in the back of her mind she does nothing to change it. She likes sitting like this. Warm and content, watching a movie with her friend.

Lena’s eyes open to a dark room. She’s still only partly present in the here and now, the nightmare she’s had still lingering in her thoughts and her body. Cold sweat clinging to her forehead, her breathing shallow and rapid, her heart beating frantically and irregular. When she can finally take in her surroundings she only sees the dark. This is not her room. It’s so black. Not a single point of light. Her breathing was just starting to slow when it speeds up again. The shadows of the dark lurking at her. Trying to get to her. All the places she can’t see or discern, hiding monsters. The unfamiliar shadows, moving slightly as if alive. Then she sees Kara enter the room. As if stung, she quickly drops the hand hugging her stomach to her side. Kara. She’s at Kara’s place, she realises as the blonde is looking at her. Lena closes off the part of her that almost made her lose control, like it had done so often. This time she wouldn’t let it win. She couldn’t. She pushes away the dark tendrils...
in her belly, the cold shivers running down her back. The fingers of her left hand automatically
starting to play a tune on her thigh, an old habit that she can’t help and always starts when she’s
fighting the fear of losing control. Kara’s face grows concerned, worried. Lena’s looks at her but
immediately looks away. Worry, that’s Lena’s effect on people. If they don’t hate her, if they get
close enough to see further than her cold exterior, they start worrying. Lena scolds her face back to
neutral, tries to pretend nothing happened. As if she’s not plagued by bad dreams every single night.
As if the darkness of the room isn’t still trying to pull her down and submerge her. Kara moves closer
and sits at the end of the bed. She extends an arm in an attempt to soothe the Luthor. Lena doesn’t
need it. She doesn’t want it. She cannot let it. She’s been too open. She’s allowed Kara in and needs
to stop it now because when Lena tells Kara all her secrets she is sure the blonde will run away
screaming. She can’t let Kara get closer. She has to protect herself for later. For when Kara doesn’t
want any of this anymore. She cannot let her desire for a friend get in the way, she’ll only make it
harder on herself when that friend moves on. With a prickling feeling in her eyes, but her face still
completely neutral, she gets up and starts walking towards the door.

“I’ll just go back to my apartment.” Lena says, keeping her voice as even as possible. Which is not as
even as she’d like it to be. Kara grabs the brunette’s wrist in an attempt to stop her. Lena’s turned
away face lets the mask drop, but only for the slightest moment.
“No, Lena. You don’t have to go. It’s the middle of the night.”

Lena shakes her head and looks down at her bare feet, fingers still going through a well-practiced
motion on her side. She takes a deep breath to say what she’s thinking.
“No, I’m just a bother. I’m keeping you up at night in your own apartment. I should really get back.”
Lena tries to turn around and free her wrist, but still refuses to lift her head.

“Lena.” Kara says, looking intently at the brunette, not releasing her grip on her wrist. Waiting for
their eyes to meet. Repeating herself with a more urgent tone when Lena does not look at her.
The green eyes finally meet her blue ones. Lena keeps her face neutral, keeps her mask in place, but
her eyes can’t lie. Kara knows her better now. Knows to look beyond the cold exterior and see the
shadows lurking in the deep. Sees the insecurity of the younger woman, the pain.
“You are not a bother. You’ll never be. You’re my friend and I’d like you to stay.” Kara watches
Lena as the words settle in.

Lena can’t help it. Kara’s eyes hold nothing but warmth and worry. The worry she so much does not
want but the warmth that she desperately needs. She really can’t help it. Before she’s even had the
chance to tell herself to be strong and leave she catches her head nodding. Her feet moving back
towards the bed. Kara tucking her in with a sweet, soft smile. Kara gets up to walk away, back to the
couch where she was sleeping, when Lena makes her biggest mistake yet. Her hand shoots out and
grabs hold of Kara’s, breaking the imaginary tune on her leg. Kara startles at the touch and twirls
around, looking down at Lena.

“Please, don’t leave me alone.” Lena whispers, unable to keep the weakness from her voice. Kara
nods and gets in the bed. She tries to be mindful of Lena’s personal space but the CEO scoots over
herself. Cuddling close to Kara. Clinging to the sound of Kara’s breath and heartbeat to keep her
own steady. Hoping Kara can keep her safe from the shadows. The tune starting to play again on her
thigh. She settles down and waves of sleep roll over her and take her back down. This time in a
dreamless slumber.

Lena wakes up to an empty bed with the sun shining through the curtains giving everything a golden
It looks beautiful and peaceful but she doesn’t have a chance to enjoy it as a smell of pancakes and waffles wafts through the door. Her stomach has decided that it does not appreciate this in the early morning and makes a few turns, urging Lena to get up. She does so as fast as she can and races to the bathroom, wobbling a little as the blood leaves her brain and makes her dizzy. Luckily she makes it to the toilet and collapses in front of the bowl, relieving herself of the remainders of yesterday’s dinner. Her body is still heaving with the intensity when she senses her. Naturally, Kara would be there. Lena takes a shaky breath and looks up to face Kara who’s standing in the doorway looking like she has no clue what to do. A glass of water in her hand while the other fumbles with her cardigan. Then her demeanour changes. She sets down the glass and crouches down next to Lena, rubbing a hand on the CEO’s back.

“Hey, you okay?” Kara asks, her voice as soft as her eyes. She hands the glass of water to Lena, who gratefully takes it and sips some water.

“Thanks. I’m fine.” Lena says as she leans her head back against the wall and closes her eyes for a moment, pushing down the lingering nausea. When she opens her eyes again Kara is giving her a look that tells her the blonde is not buying it.

“Really, Kara. I’m okay.” She says, downing the rest of the water. She eyes Kara’s watch and her eyes shoot open wide at the time. She hasn’t slept in so late, ever. Lena gets up carefully, making sure she’s not dizzy before taking off to the living room to grab her clothes and bag. Kara scrambles in after her.

“Lena, you’re sick. You should just rest, take it slow. You should stay, I’ll make you something light. Like soup.” Kara says. Lena is still collecting her stuff and is determined to leave. She doesn’t need to rest, let alone slow down. She needs to leave and get her act together. She haphazardly throws items in her bag and puts on her shoes, phone already clenched between neck and ear to arrange a car to pick her up.

“Kara, I told you. I’m fine. It was just… Nerves. I guess.” Lena says, and she’s not lying. Part it was definitely nerves. Nerves from sleeping over. Nerves over the fact that she and Kara slept in the same bed, cuddled together. Nerves over meeting a very old friend and potentially revealing some information about her youth and her mother.

“Lena, please-” Kara starts but Lena interrupts her.

“I have to go, Kara. I really enjoyed movie night and I wish I’d stayed up to watch your favourite movie. But I really have something else to do right now. Just tell Supergirl to meet me at ten thirty if she wants to come with.” In a smooth gesture, Lena swings her bag over her shoulder and walks out the door. Both proud at herself for leaving so fast and guilty for leaving Kara behind like this. And still nauseous, though she doesn’t expect that to change anytime soon.
Six

Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who left a comment and for the kudos. They keep me motivated to continue the story.
Not quite on Monday, but since I'm still awake I think it counts.

Beware of the worst chapter so far. It just didn't come naturally but I desperately wanted to update today so I just went with it. Please bear with me. It will get better. I hope.
No beta, as usual.

“You know I can just fly you there.” Supergirl says.

“I don’t like flying and it would be way too suspicious if you flew me somewhere.” Lena retorts a little shorter than she might have wanted. Her day so far just has not been great and she can’t help letting it affect her. She had to run from Kara’s place, fleeing and joining the people that did their walk of shame with tousled hair only to come to L-Corp and find that a major investor had decided to close the money tab because they didn’t agree with the new direction of the company. On top of it all she’d been feeling sick and her emotions were a big jumble of chaos. Supergirl may be a friend but she just couldn’t bring herself to like it today, she’d wanted to go alone and the hero was making that impossible. She mostly blamed herself for that, not Supergirl, but it made her all the more grumpy.

Lena had arrived at her office in Kara’s clothes and immediately shed them and exchanged them for a pencil skirt, blouse and overpriced heels. The pile of discarded clothes is still sitting in the corner of her bathroom, waiting for Jess to pick them up and get them laundered on Monday.

They are walking to Lena’s car in the basement of L-Corp. Lena had tried to persuade the hero to let her go alone. To be in town in case National City needs Supergirl. To save the citizens. But Supergirl had only stated that Lena was also a citizen and at this moment seemed to be the one in most need of Supergirl. Lena hadn’t had the energy to fight the hero on it.

They spend the car ride in a heavy, almost tangible silence. Neither willing to break it by starting a conversation but both almost attempting several times. Lena clenches the steering wheel a little too tight, feeling Supergirl’s eyes glide to look her over every few minutes. Lena guesses Kara told the hero about this morning. Kara seems like the person that would do that because she thinks more people caring is a good thing. Not another reason for Lena to feel anxious, to feel like she’s taking up too much attention. After a little over half an hour she can’t take it anymore and pulls over at a gas station. She excuses herself and goes to the bathroom to just catch her breath. She just needs to not have someone staring at her for a moment. She forces her feet forward, away from the superhero in her car before she can respond. Lena looks herself over in the mirror after washing her hands and sees her own pale complexion. Last night’s sleep, though better than she’s had in a long time, didn’t do much for her sunken eyes. Her makeup is trying its best to hide the darkness beneath her eyes, but she knows it’s not enough. Not for those that are willing to look and see. She takes a few long and deep breaths and curses at the nausea that still lingers in her stomach. She has not had a single thing to eat today, sticking to drinking water and hoping that she’d feel better later and grab some food then. She decides to wait it out a little longer, too afraid it would come right back up if she ate
something now. If she wasn’t pregnant she’d probably also be feeling sick, just all from nerves. Eating can wait. She smooths out her skirt and makes her way back to her car. There, she finds Supergirl at least had the mind to remain seated and not draw any attention to herself. Lena opens the door to get in and is met with a suspicious look on Supergirl’s face. She chooses to ignore it and slams the door shut behind her. The rest of the car ride is filled with more sideways glances from the hero and an even more pressing silence. The closer they get to their destination; the tighter Lena’s jaw is set and the more rigid her back becomes. Supergirl has started shifting in her seat more and more, wanting to comfort Lena but only being met by angry glares. Both women let out a sigh when Lena parks the car and they can get out. Both women take a deep breath before turning around to face each other. At the same time, they start talking and fall silent as they realise the other is talking too. Lena lifts a hand indicating Supergirl should listen.

“We do it my way, or you can just fly back now.” She states, giving the hero the chance to leave and continuing when she remains on the other side of the car, not giving any sign of willingness to leave. “You stay here.” Lena raises her voice just enough to let it be clear that she’s not finished and does not allow interruptions from the superhero. “You have X-ray vision so you can see me just fine from here. You have super hearing so you can also hear anything that happens, and you have super speed so it shouldn’t be a problem to react fast if something does happen. Though I doubt that and you’re just wasting your time.” Lena finishes with a look that tells Supergirl this is not something up for debate.

Kara doesn’t like this. She doesn’t like it one bit that Lena is walking away from her, rejecting her direct protection. She stares at the straight back of the CEO as she disappears behind the bushes and switches to her X-ray vision to keep a visual. Lena’s heartbeat is fast but steady. Nervous but determined. Kara closes her eyes for a brief second listening, enjoying the sound of a little flutter intermingled with the strong thump. She opens her eyes again and finds Lena picking a flower from a bush. The brunette continues walking and wanders off the sidewalk, into the shrubbery. There, she bends down and places the flower on the ground. The place seems indistinguishable from the rest but Kara assumes it’s the duck’s final resting place. The cross weathered away and only Lena’s memory left to mark the spot.

Kara decides that she needs to do a quick perimeter check and flies over the area with super speed so Lena doesn’t notice. It seems to be all clear and she lands back by the car. She watches Lena wait, watches the CEO as she clenches and unclenches her jaw and starts fidgeting with her blouse several times before realising what she’s doing only to stop, straighten her blouse and a few moments later start again. Supergirl’s presence, of course, doesn’t go unnoticed and bystanders start collecting around her. Some are brave enough to approach her. She tries to be open to them but she needs to focus on keeping Lena safe now so when the crowd gets too big she decides it’s time to find a better spot and lands on top of a building and crouches near the side to keep out of sight. It’s a much better vantage point, though it does make focussing on Lena’s heartbeat a tiny bit more difficult as she is now farther away and the sounds from inside the building are interfering. She has had enough practice in shutting out certain sounds, however, so she focusses a little better and the noises from the building move to the background. While she waits, Kara worries over her friend. She knows Lena probably hasn’t eaten anything today and she wants to help her. She wants to give her friend some crackers because her quick internet search said that might help. But she wants to do it as Kara, not as Supergirl. She doesn’t want to make Lena feel like Kara would just blab Lena’s secrets or personal issues to a random friend. She worries about Lena because she’s having nightmares and when she wakes up at home there’s no one there to hold her, to calm her. Lena has to deal with everything alone and Kara just wants to help her, but Lena isn’t used to it. She worries about Lena still looking tired, even though she slept a good number of hours last night. Kara knows she did because most of them she was up listening to Lena’s heartbeat and the smaller one. She worries because Lena has no one to trust with the things that must be on her mind. She worries because Lena doesn’t feel like she
can trust anyone, not even Kara, with this secret. Kara worries over Lena feeling guilty of things that aren’t even her fault, like the Daxamite invasion or sending away Mon-El. Kara worries over Lena’s mother who’s still out and about somewhere, waiting for the perfect moment to resurface and hurt her daughter once again. Somehow to Kara, that seems inevitable. Lilian has never cared for Lena and Lena might hope she does, might believe she has changed each time she shows up, Kara knows she hasn’t. Kara just wants her friend to be safe, to have a good life. To not have a thousand things to worry about on top of the normal things people worry about.

Kara’s thoughts are interrupted when a male figure leaves the sidewalk and enters the same shrubbery Lena is in. Lena’s heartbeat picks up when she sees him and she briefly glances at her watch. Kara sneak a peek at that same watch to confirm her suspicion. It’s 12:10 pm. Lena’s friend is late and Lena had said ‘her’ when she’d talked about her friend yesterday. Granted, this could of course still be Lena’s friend, but chances were small. The conversation in the shrubbery was brief. The man tells Lena he was paid to give her this—he hands her something— if no one had met up with her by this time. Lena accepts the item and thanks him. It’s an envelope. The man steps out of the shrubbery, leaving Lena behind.

It’s clear Lena’s friend is no longer coming so Kara floats down from the building to enter the shrubbery with Lena. Lena is fumbling with the envelope; her fingers are not so much trembling as more refusing to function. Kara desperately wants to help, wants to steady Lena’s hands because she doesn’t deserve this. She doesn’t. She’s Supergirl now and Lena and Supergirl don’t have that kind of relationship. Lena has made it very clear today she doesn’t want anything from Supergirl. So Kara just watches Lena struggle with the envelope. Finally, Lena opens it and removes a picture from its confines. At first glance Kara thinks it’s a picture of Lena but when she looks closer she notices some features that are off. The woman in the picture looks older than Lena. Her hair is a shade lighter and the slant of her eyes is a little different. Lena’s thumb brushes over the jaw of—what must be—her mother.

“Lena—” Kara starts, but she’s interrupted by the brunette.

“Don’t.” Lena says shortly, eyes watery. She looks at the hero by her side, red cape waving in the air. A look of hurt seeping in under her hero-mask. Lena seems to notice this wavering of the hero’s mask. “I appreciate the sentiment. But please… don’t.”

Lena turns over the image. Blue ink decorates the back in cursive characters similar to the ones in the letter.

*If you receive this image, I am no longer able to meet. What I had to say could only be said in person. Instead, take this picture as a parting gift. The past is not something to dwell on for too long.*

Kara’s eyebrow crinkles at the strange text. Lena shoves the photo back in the envelope and places it in her purse. Her mask is carefully hiding her true feelings. It’s been put in place so thoroughly even Kara cannot read everything behind it. She can, however, tell one thing from the fact that Lena has this impeccable mask up. Lena thinks it’s her own fault. Lena is always fast to blame herself.

“You can’t blame yourself for everything, Lena.” Kara tries. Somehow this opens up the floodgates as Lena understands Kara is not just referring to this moment.

“What’s not to blame? My old friend turns up and then goes missing, no need to guess who’s behind it. Must be my loving mother. Besides, it was me who opened a portal that led the Daxamite ships here. We lost more than one percent of the city’s population. More than twenty percent got physically hurt and I bet every single person in one way or another got emotional damage from my
stupid mistakes. My useless determination to prove myself to someone. I sent my best friends boyfriend to eternal damnation somewhere outside of this planet because he can’t breathe the fucking air I contaminated! And on top of it all.” Lena cuts herself off. Kara knows what she wants to say. On top of it all she’s bringing another Luthor into the world. Another innocent that will have to carry the burden of the name. Kara doesn’t let Lena know however. Lena should tell her in her own time. Should tell Kara in her own time. And Kara knows her fair share of self-blaming.

“I used to blame myself.” She confides in Lena. “For my surviving. My planet blew up and I lived. I blamed myself for that, because I willingly got into that pod to be sent to earth. I blamed myself for getting stuck in the Phantom zone and not being here when my cousin arrived. Not being able to help raise him, to teach him everything about Krypton.” For Kara, the floodgates have also opened. She wants to tell Lena she’s not alone but she ends up just relieving her own sorrows. Lena’s hand moves to the hero’s forearm and rests there as Kara keeps talking. “I was sent here to raise Kal-el and instead I arrived when he was all grown up. I got left behind with a family and barely even saw him. I barely saw the man I was supposed to raise. He abandoned me and I was left on my own to struggle with my powers. With the loss of Krypton. He doesn’t remember. He’s not a real Kryptonian. He doesn’t know the language like I do. He doesn’t remember the sun, the mountains, the people. To him it’s just a fairy tale. To me, it’s my life. It’s my childhood. My friends. My family.” Kara suddenly remembers why she started on this sentimental journey. “I used to blame myself for everything. But my new family taught me that blame hardly ever falls on one person and most of the times the people that are harshest on themselves deserve the least blame. The fact that they blame themselves is already punishment enough. Blaming yourself is something that will only hurt you.” She finishes as she places her hand over Lena’s.

Lena looks understandingly at the superhero. They’ve both lost their worlds, each in their own way. They stand there for a short while. Frozen in time. Lena’s hand still on the one Supergirl has on her forearm. Then the moment is over and the magic is broken. Lena drops her hand and Kara in returns also retreats her hand. They walk back to the car, this time the silence is comfortable, not strained.

Before Lena gets in Kara remembers her sister mentioning asking Lena for help. She decides now is as good a time as any and Supergirl seems quite likely to get a ‘yes’ now.

“My- Agent Danvers” Supergirl quickly corrects herself, earning an eyebrow raise from Lena. Trying to ignore the CEO’s expression, Kara coughs and forces the sentence out. “Agent Danvers was wondering if you’d be available to help identify some of the Daxamite technology on the ship you were held on.” Kara scolds her face to her usual confident Supergirl features but can’t help tag another sentence to her question when Lena starts to nod her head. “If you’re ready. I mean, I get it if you don’t. You were held captive there and it probably doesn’t hold any good memories for you.”

“It’s been six weeks. I’ll be fine.” Lena states with a short nod of her head. Her mask so impeccable, even Kara cannot see behind it this time.

“Tomorrow?” Kara enquires.

“Morning. My afternoon is booked.” Lena replies. Kara nods in reply when her phone starts ringing. She’s startled by the sound and Lena can’t help muffle a small laugh at the jump of the superhero. “I believe that’s your cue.” She tells Supergirl as she opens the door. Kara struggles to grab her ringing phone to answer it and sends Lena a small smile. When she has recovered her phone she simply gives Lena a small nod and takes off into the air before answering. Half of her focus on the phone, half still listening to Lena and the sound of a starting engine.
Seven

Chapter Notes

It's late but I really wanted to update today so I can focus on learning for my tests Wednesday. So sorry for the (probably high) amount of mistakes. I know we all needed a little more Lena in our lives right now. Especially since she wasn't in last ep and the next ep is one I know a lot of people are not watching / supporting.

Also, no beta, ever....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena arrives back at L-Corp and is reminded of all the work she still has to do by the stack of papers on her desk. She pulls the headache inducing elastic from her tight ponytail and slips out of her heels before she settles in her desk chair and makes a start on the first page. She works through the pile page by page in an excruciatingly slow pace, the stack only diminishing slightly every hour. After a few hours, the stack of paperwork that she’s finished with is still a lot smaller than the other one. So Lena decides now is as good a time as any to take a bathroom break and get some distraction by writing down and arranging her new ideas for projects. In the bathroom, her eyes fall on the clothes she discarded haphazardly this morning. They look so tempting and comfortable, just lying over there. Lena gives them a few glances, trying to fight the urge to wear them again. They are Kara’s clothes and she probably wants them back as soon as possible. Though she’s not sure when she’ll see Kara again, and what damage would it do if she just for once wore them again. Only this one time. Just to make her work more bearable. She shrugs a little before slipping out of her clothes and pulling on the sweatpants and sweater. Wearing more comfy clothes, she makes her way back to her desk and grabs an empty piece of paper and a pencil. Mindlessly, she begins making some sketches of devices she’s had in her mind for a while. She scribbles notes in the margin on the function of certain parts or how she’d go about making them. She ends up with a sketch for a band aid that can measure concentrations of substances, like glucose or iron, in the blood through the skin. Another sketch shows a gun that makes a protective force field around whoever is targeted by it. A third sketch shows a locket that has a GPS tracker inside which is activated by touch, sending only a signal when in contact with skin and undetectable by screening if it isn’t activated. The fourth and last sketch is a new take at the device Lena used to spread lead through the atmosphere. It’s a hopeless attempt at designing a way to get rid of said lead. The design is there, now the compound that has to actually make the lead go away. Something that binds it or that neutralises it. She gets up to grab a folder with some of Lex’s old sketches to get new inspiration and see if there’s actually something useful in there. Before she even takes a second step her head starts feeling a little too light as she realises she got up too fast. The world begins tilting, her vision is invaded by black blotches that keep on growing until everything is obscured by a pitch-black tint. Her hand shoots out to grab the edge of her desk as she teeters on her feet.

The light-headedness, dizziness and vision loss all fade away as they came on and she sarcastically congratulates herself that there’s no one with her who’s seen it happen. She changes direction and opens a cupboard, thankful of few-hours-ago-self. A quick online search had told her that eating frequent meals, starting while still in bed, are the way to combat morning sickness –though Lena thinks they could better call it pregnancy sickness because it clearly isn’t limited to mornings– and that crackers are always a good meal when still nauseous. So, she had gone out and bought herself a
box of crackers, from which she now gratefully grabs a package. She takes the binder with Lex’s ideas in her other hand and moves back to her desk. Munching on her crackers, she looks through the drawings and notes. A sharp chime coming from her phone breaks her concentration and she casts her brother’s notes aside to search for the origin of the sound. A few more chimes follow the first as she relocates some papers. Finally, she finds her phone, screen alight with a text message.

**Kara Danvers**

*Hi!*

**Kara Danvers**

*How did the meeting go?*

**Kara Danvers**

*Did you get more information?*

Lena reads the texts, her heartbeat picking up a little at the fact that someone seems to be genuinely interested in her. And that someone being Kara.

Then the words settle in. The meeting, which didn’t even occur. She had drowned her feelings in work, as alcohol wasn’t an option, and tried not to think of it until now. She closes her eyes for a moment.

*I am no longer able to meet.*

That probably means something has happened and every time something happens in Lena’s life it’s because someone is interfering. And more often than not, that someone is her mother. This all reeks of her mother. All Lena’s efforts, though not extremely thorough yet, for finding both the long-lost friend and her birthmother came up empty. She is sure a more methodical search will still yield nothing, her mother is very good at hiding things she doesn’t want found. Lena might be a lot smarter than her mother, but information that has been carefully removed and deleted cannot be found. Not even by the brightest of minds. If her mother did go through the painstaking process of removing all information regarding these two people, there must be a reason. A very good reason.

She types a reply to Kara, unsure of what she should exactly say. But she presses send anyway.

*Hi Kara! The meeting didn’t really go … I mean, they were n’t there. I did get a picture of my birthmother though.*

**Kara Danvers**
Kara Danvers

Are you okay?

Yes. Nothing happened. I’m fine.

Kara Danvers

Lena, I didn’t mean okay like that. You were supposed to meet your friend today and something happened, to or with them. So how are you doing, knowing that?

How was she doing? She had never had someone ask her that and not be satisfied with her defensive and untruthful “I’m fine”s. She took a moment to contemplate. Clearly, she was not entirely fine. She was clad in someone else’s clothes for comfort, her desk was a mess with papers, she was still in the office and she hadn’t had a real meal today. But she also wasn’t one to admit that she was not really doing fine. Not to Kara, not even to herself.

I’m okay. Really. I’ll just try and look for them myself.

Kara Danvers

What are you doing right now?

Kara Danvers

Need any help with your search?

Kara Danvers

Or just company?

Kara Danvers

Or someone to bring you dinner?
Lena can’t help but let a little smile slip onto her face as Kara’s texts come in. It’s funny how the reporter chooses to send a separate text for each sentence she types. Kara’s latest text reminds Lena of the time. She’s been held up in the office for longer than she thought. She gathers her own sketches and Lex’s ones and his notes and puts them in her bag. The pile of unfinished paperwork gets a spot in the middle of her desk for her to start on first thing in the morning. She puts on a pair of sneakers and puts the heels that she left lying around neatly away. When she checks her bag to see if she didn’t forget anything her phone chimes again.

Kara Danvers

Lena?

Right, she was texting Kara. She quickly types a reply to her friend.

Sorry! I’m just leaving the office. I’ve already eaten and have a lot of work to finish at home so I wouldn’t be very good company tonight I’m afraid.

Kara Danvers

You work too much, Lena. Don’t forget to sleep a little tonight! :P

I will try to remember. ;)

She puts the phone in her pocket with a smile and grabs the pile of finished paperwork. With one last look behind her, she closes the door. She leaves the paperwork at Jess’s desk and gets in the elevator, mind already wandering to where else she can search for information regarding her old friend and birthmother. This is something she wants to find out herself, especially if her mother is involved.

“Okay, what’s gotten you troubled the entire day?” Alex says as she plunges down on the couch next to Kara, shoving a tub of ice cream and a spoon in her sister’s hands.

“Troubled? Me? Pfft. No- nothing. I’m fine. Nothing is troubling me.” Kara stammers, ripping open the ice cream tub with a little too much strength, sending the lid across the room. A blush is creeping up her neck and she plunges her spoon in the frozen goodness, taking a bite before her rambling gets too bad.

“Kara, you’re a terrible liar. Besides, yesterday you were all smiles and sunshine and now you have the tell-tale crinkle in your brow. Something’s going on.” Alex remarks.

“I’m not a terrible liar and I do not have a crinkle!” Kara scoffs. Alex bites the inside of her lip to stop herself from laughing at her sister, everyone knows Kara cannot lie.

“You do, now don’t change the subject.” Alex scolds her sister accompanied by a small slap on her
leg. Kara takes a moment to contemplate what to say and how to say it.

“Okay, so, what do you do if someone says they’re okay but you know they’re not. Or well, when you know someone keeps something from you?” Kara asks, worrying her bottom lip.

“Well, usually people say they’re okay because they don’t want you to worry. But some people might say it because they are also trying to convince themselves or they don’t even know they’re not okay. And they might be keeping things from others because they need to figure things out? Get everything straight, be sure, you know.” Alex looks at the blonde to check if this answers her question. The crinkle in Kara’s brow increases as she contemplates Alex’s words.

“Kara, is this about Lena?” Alex finally asks when Kara remains silent.

“What? Pfft- No. Of course it’s not about Lena. Why would I be talking about Lena? I know a lot of people. I could be talking about Winn, or James, or… err… Eve or Dana from marketing, or… Well, I could be talking about someone else. Maybe I’m talking about Maggie. Yes. Maybe Maggie says she’s okay when she’s not and maybe she’s keeping things from me. Pfft- Lena. No. I’m not talking about Lena. I’m-”

“Kara…” Alex interrupts, knowing the rambling of her sister will have no end if she doesn’t. “Your mood made a complete 180 since you met up with Lena, and your attempt at lying just now didn’t really do anything to make me think otherwise. But it’s fine. If you don’t want to talk about it I can let it go. She’s your friend.” Alex places a soft hand on Kara’s knee showing she’s fine either way.

“It’s just,” Kara starts, prompted by her sister’s comforting touch. “She’s not okay but she always says she is. And now something must’ve happened to her friend and I know she’s not okay. I saw her. She seemed almost broken when she got the message and the picture of her mother. But she refuses to let me help. She always blames herself for things she can’t even control. I just want to help her and make her feel better. But I was there as Supergirl so I couldn’t, because Supergirl can’t do that. Sometimes I just want to tell her. Tell her why I’m always leaving so suddenly and so I can stop pretending. But sometimes I’m scared she’d reject me completely because I’ve lied to her for so long already. And I know she’s carrying a heavy burden. Not just her company. She’s p-” Kara cuts herself short before spilling her friend’s secret that she’s not even supposed to know. “It’s just a lot for one person, you know.”

Alex gives her sister an understanding look and starts rubbing circles on her knee with her hand.

“There’s only so much you can do, Kara. You’re also one person and she has to come to you for help on her own terms. She has to be ready for it herself. And if you are one hundred percent sure you want to tell her you just come to me and I’ll make sure she behaves and not drop you like you’re just a bag of sand. And fill in the appropriate paperwork of course.

“You told me, she said you’re her first friend. She probably just has to get used to that. She’s never had someone to ask help from so she doesn’t know how to do that. Even when offered. In her entire family, nobody offered help without another secret agenda of her own. It might take her a little time to understand that you don’t have a secret agenda and want to help her just to help her. All you can do until that time is try and support her and make her feel safe and welcome and you’re Kara so just being yourself should be enough to do that.

“I know you always make me feel safe and welcome.” Alex adds with a wink.

Kara lets out a small chuckle and finishes the last of her ice cream.

“Now, let’s talk wedding details. Are you both wearing a dress?” Kara asks her sister with a bright
smile. She’s met with an eye roll and a scoff. They bicker a little about what Maggie and Alex are supposed to be wearing but move on to other subjects when they clearly cannot reach an agreement. They talk food, location, flowers, food, invitees, dates, food, colours, gifts and food.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks everyone for the comments and kudos! They are greatly appreciated. They've been nothing but nice the past few chapters so I might take off the comment moderation.
Eight

Chapter Notes

Remember how last week I said I had to learn for two exams? Guess what I did... I
worked on a one-shot.
No, it's not finished yet. I really have to finish some other stuff for uni first.

Enjoy this chapter!
Also, sorry for any mistakes that are more horrible than the ones I usually make. It's 1
am. I take all the blame on myself.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara watches as the black car stops right in front of them and the driver gets out to open the car door
for the passenger in the backseat. A slender leg is the first thing that exits the vehicle, followed by
another one. A pair of high heels hits the curb as a hand is extended towards the driver. He takes the
soft fingers in his hand with a professional look on his face. Kara’s eyes trail from the heels up,
taking in the legs and resting for a brief moment at the hem of the skirt that comes into sight. It’s
another tight pencil skirt, formfitting and tailored to precision. A dark red shirt with a wide V-neck is
neatly tucked inside the skirt and a sophisticated gold necklace adorns her pale neck. Kara’s eyes rise
even further to look at the –very put together, might she add– CEO’s face when an elbow hits her in
her side.
“You’re staring, Supergirl. Close your mouth.” Alex chuckles.

Kara tears her eyes from the brunette to look at her sister.

“She’s just,” Kara starts. “Just-”

“So pretty?” Alex tries, but Kara replies with a shake of her head.

“No, different.” She says as she tilts her head a little and looks Lena, who is now walking towards
the aircraft they are on, over. “Not that she’s not pretty. Because she is. She’s always pretty- What?”
Kara shoots Alex a questioning look.

“Nothing.” Alex says while trying to hide a snicker behind a cough. Kara, however, doesn’t seem to
notice.

Kara hadn’t seen Lena in full ‘CEO-mode’ since the Daxamite invasion and it looked strange now
that she knew Lena hid so much behind it. She could see through the makeup and expensive clothes
and see what truly hid behind it. A young woman who was insecure and had her own secrets. When
Lena got closer, Kara could see that the makeup didn’t quite hide the circles beneath her eyes. She
saw how Lena’s shoulders were just a little too tense and how her back was stiff like she had a rod
stuck up her shirt. Before Lena can notice Kara was assessing her, the hero averts her eyes.

With a simple nod of her head and an “Agent Danvers, Supergirl”, Lena boards the ship. Outwardly,
Lena showed no signs of distress but Kara wouldn’t be Supergirl, and Lena’s best friend, if she
doesn’t pick up the slight increase of Lena’s heartbeat as she walks inside.
They enter the main room of the space ship where Winn is tinkering with the control panel.

“Mr. Schott.” Lena greets him, startling the tech nerd.

“Ms. Luthor. H- Hi.” Winn replies. “You’re here…” He sneaks a look at his watch. “Right on time. Right. Perfectly on time. The time you’d be here. Yes.” He drops a screwdriver and knocks an array of tools off a tray when trying to walk around the control panel and mutters some things to himself. A red colour creeps up his neck and ears as he bends down to pick up everything. Kara stifles a laugh at the dorkiness of her friend, who was clearly too caught up in his tinkering to notice how fast time ticked by.

“Mr. Schott, would you show Ms Luthor the few devices and extensions we haven’t figured out yet?” Alex says with a stern voice. Winn immediately drops all the tools he’s holding back on the tray and walks over to one side of the room. Lena and both Danvers sisters follow him as he starts talking.

“We know this,” Winn presses a button and a door slides open. “Is used to open the door.” He points at the now open door to strengthen his, already obvious, statement. “Some others we know too. But we can’t figure out these two consoles.” He says, gesturing vaguely at a panel.

Lena walks up to the console and thoroughly investigates it. Winn grabs his tablet to start making notes.

“This,” Lena says, pointing at one of the console’s parts. “Only works if someone is standing on the beaming platform. I saw Rhea use it to transport herself and some others down.” Lena looks at Winn, Alex and Kara to see if this was enough of an explanation. At Winn’s confused face she clarifies. “To Earth. It’s a teleportation device. I don’t know how it exactly works and I can’t use it, I might teleport someone inside a wall or worse, but that’s what the Daxamites used it for.”

She moves over to look at another part of the console and after a few minutes explains.

“I think Rhea used this to broadcast messages. I saw a guard using this when she was talking to that,” Lena points at a black blotch in the wall. “over there. She used it when she talked to the people of Earth I think. But seeing as I wasn’t on the receiving end I don’t really know what happened and I don’t know how exactly to use it. It seemed rather complicated because only this one guard would use it and no others.”

Winn is typing away on his tablet, jumping up and down excitedly at every new detail he gets fed.

“Was that all?” Lena asks with the quirk of an eyebrow. Winn looks up from his exited typing and shakes his head, finishing up his sentence.

“No, also those big… well, we don’t really know what they are.” Winn says, pointing at two large solid masses that have no defined shape or colour.

“Oh, those. I think they were used to display message sent here. Like screens, but three dimensional. But I didn’t spend that long a time in this room to really observe all the details of the tech.”

Winn nods as he types up what Lena just told him. He looks over at Alex when he’s finished and tells her Lena is all hers. Alex simply nods her head a little and walks over to one of the doors without a word, assuming Lena will follow her. Which she of course does, Supergirl following close behind her. Alex suddenly stops and Lena almost bumps into her, not expecting it. She recovers quickly and looks at the wall where the agent is looking at.

“This is the only door that won’t close.” Alex gives as only explanation, still staring at the console in
“Ah. Yes. I believe that’s my doing.” Lena says, moving her hand towards the console only to have it pushed aside by Supergirl with a strange look of fear in the hero’s eyes. Kara doesn’t like Lena trying to mess with anything Daxamite. Especially from Rhea, that woman and her kind only meant trouble and only will mean trouble too. Lena opens her mouth to tell off the hero but stops when Kara is quicker. Maybe she used a little super speed to beat her to talking, maybe she didn’t. Who’s to say.

“How do you know that’s safe? You can’t just touch this stuff.” She tells Lena. Her hands are on her hips and she has taken on her classic hero pose.

“It’s fine. I know what I’m doing, Supergirl.” Lena says with a small huff. She pries a little with her fingers and removes a red circular object from it. When it’s completely removed and Lena hands it over to Alex, Kara recognises it as a tiara of some sorts.

“I kind of stuffed that in there to open the door.” Lena explains with a shrug.

Alex nods in silent approval of the innovative move of the CEO while Kara just stares at her wide-eyed. Kara had known Lena would fend for herself but she just hadn’t guessed it would really mean.. Well. Doing anything. Kara herself was always the hero and saving people. Sometimes she didn’t realise others also had to save themselves sometimes. Especially when she wasn’t there.

Alex starts walking again, followed by Lena. Kara is left running after them when she snaps out of her trance.

“So, we have a few more things we can’t really figure out.” Alex explains on the way. “We’d like some insight in their weapons, which is in a room we’ll get to next. We also could use some help in understanding their prisons and the med bay.”

At those last two words, Lena stops walking and stiffens. She quickly snaps herself out of it and catches up with Alex before the agent notices but it doesn’t fool Kara.

In quick succession Lena helps them solve some issues in the weaponry and prisons, showing some tech the DEO hadn’t even noticed. The entire visit seems to go very smoothly so far, Kara thinks. But right at that moment it suddenly doesn’t and Kara can curse herself for cheering too soon.

The lights on the ship all go out and they’re left in complete darkness. Kara immediately switches over to her X-ray vision, seeing her sister and Lena in front of her. The former is already yelling orders along the hallway for someone to start the backup generators and find out why there’s no power anymore. The latter, however, does not seem to faring so well in the dark. Kara can hear the erratic heartbeat and she starts to worry. Lena has gone completely rigid, arms wrapped around herself. Kara can hear her soft whispers as she filters out the pandemonium on the rest of the ship of people trying to fix the electricity.

“It’s fine, Lena. You’re on a ship. You have two feet on the ground. Nothing is going to happen. It’s fine. Get yourself together.” Lena mumbles, trying to reassure herself.

It breaks Kara’s heart, hearing her friend having to reassure herself everything is fine. Alone in the dark. Kara aches to help, but she’s Supergirl now and there’s really nothing she can do but help get the power back on. And so, she does. She’s even willing to admit she used her super speed. She just did it because it was such chaos and everything was so loud. Really. Well, and because she wanted to help Lena. But that didn’t have to be on record.
The lights flicker back on and Kara looks over at Lena, seeing if she is really okay. She catches a
glimpse of the Lena she had seen in the dark but the brunette soon covers it up with her near-perfect
mask. This time only with a little more rigidity and her movements seem a little more forced.

Lena walks over to Alex, taking a small breath before speaking to the agent.

“I haven’t set foot in the med bay while I was here so I can’t help you with the tech there. I believe
that was all you needed my help with. If you don’t mind, I have other business to attend to.” She
states. She turns on her heels and walks away before anyone can object.

Kara wants to go after her and show up as Kara. To comfort her friend. Even if she can’t really
comfort her because Kara doesn’t know what just happened and Lena probably won’t tell her. She
can just be there for her. With food. Food is always a good idea. Kara thinks of the food she’d bring,
the food that would make Lena happiest, when she’s roughly dragged from her thoughts by a sharp
“Supergirl!”.

“Supergirl, there’s a major blackout that caused several fires.” Winn gives her the locations through
her earpiece and she pushes her earlier thoughts away. She knows letting your thoughts drift will
only cause rescuing to take longer, so she decides to focus on extinguishing the flames and saving
the people at this moment.

Lena’s morning could have been a lot better, but it could also have been quite a lot worse. It started
with her waking up on the floor with her laptop and a whole assortment of paperwork lying next to
her. She’d stayed up too long once again, and fallen asleep while researching. She did congratulate
herself on not having morning sickness today. She’d decided that today would be an okay day and
she’d not let anything get in the way of that. So, she’d put herself together. Plastered a neat amount
of makeup on her face, hoisted herself in a tight skirt and nice shirt and had her driver take her to the
Daxamite ship she’d been a prisoner on only six weeks ago. It all seemed to go rather well, that is,
until the electricity gave out and she was dipped in pitch darkness. The only reason she could walk
out without having made a complete fool out of herself was because it had been solved rather
quickly. She did have to excuse herself, but it wasn’t like she was not planning to do that. She really
was not ready to visit the Daxamite’s medical bay, knowing that must have been where Rhea
decided to take Lena’s life and future in her own hands.

She sits in the back of the car, wondering whether anyone would have thought it suspicious. Her
leaving so sudden. But she finds she doesn’t really care. Most of those people do not matter to her
and it’s not like she will see them again. Let alone really remember them. She lets out a small grunt
when she thinks of all the paperwork she still has left from last week and decides that she’ll just start
with the most urgent ones and leave the rest for later.

When she is back behind her desk she sifts through the papers, picking out the ones that really need
her attention right now. She turns on the news and watches Supergirl blow out a fire with a single icy
breath. She starts working and is happy to notice that the really urgent paperwork is finished sooner
than she had hoped. She looks back up at the television and is met with the image of Supergirl up
close. All of a sudden, a nagging feeling starts at the back of her mind. She can’t place it and shoves
it away, attributing it to the fact that she only slept a few hours last night. But the feeling doesn’t go
away. She concludes she must really be more exhausted than she thinks she is and resigns to a short
nap on her couch. She likes that couch and if she naps at L-Corp, at least she can finish a little more
paperwork when she wakes up.
Kara had to blow out fire after fire caused by the blackout. Some were caused by spikes in electricity before the power went out but some other were just because people didn’t think. A couple had decided to light candles, only to set aflame their curtains because they hadn’t imagined putting candles beneath curtains would be a bad idea. Kara can still roll her eyes at that ignorant idea. She had to save some people from smoke inhalation and even some from burning alive as they were trapped inside burning buildings. For Supergirl, this was a good day. She saved a lot of people and could really help National City. For Kara, however, it was not such a good day. Her whole afternoon was filled with rescues and she just really wants to make sure her friend is okay. She gets rushed from one fire to another and can’t afford it to let her mind wander. When the final fire is extinguished and Winn is no longer screaming new locations in her ear she’s exhausted. But the first thing she does is check up on Lena. She hadn’t left the Daxamite ship this morning in the best state and Kara feels like she should be there with her, lifting her spirits. She takes off to fly to L-Corp, knowing the CEO would not let the fact that it’s Sunday get in the way of her working. She trains her ears on Lena’s heartbeat, which seems to be on some sort of speed dial by now. She’s met with a slow beating of Lena’s heart, decorated with the faster flutter that Kara so much enjoys now. The lack of speed in Lena’s heart must mean she’s asleep. Kara decides to check to be sure and finds her friend asleep on the white couch in her L-Corp office. She stands outside her window for a moment, staring at the peaceful figure until she decides her friend actually had a great idea. She should also get some sleep. She can feel the fatigue in her limbs from all the firefighting. With a last glance at the brunette, she flies away and crashes in her own bed without even bothering to change. She’s too tired to care about the soot and the smell of smoke that will soil her sheets.

Chapter End Notes

If you like it, please leave a comment and give me some kudos. They make me thrive. Comments are best, but kudos are appreciated.

Yes, Lena is working on telling Kara. I'm getting to that. But first things first.
Lena curses herself for getting her hopes up after an entire day without morning sickness when she wakes up the next night. Her morning sickness has come back with a vengeance and she makes a run for the toilet. Here, she spends a good part of the night dry heaving. She doesn’t actually throw up but also doesn’t feel safe enough she won’t to get up.

The rest of the week, she spends her mornings in the same manner; hunched over the toilet bowl with her eyes closed silently begging for it to stop. She doesn’t remember the last meal she kept down and has been living on a few crackers a day. It’s the only food that doesn’t make her stomach turn, if eaten in small portions.

Jess has been worried about her and mainly her eating and sleeping habits. Nothing gets past her secretary and Lena knows her assistant must have looked at when her card was used when she’s greeted with another comment about enjoying life and sleeping in. Jess never confronts her, but instead chooses to make some –almost– subtle comments on taking care of oneself or how good her lunch tasted or how she had slept so well. Lena doesn’t really enjoy it, though she appreciates the fact that Jess seems to care about her.

Currently, Lena is sitting at her desk trying to find a way to avoid going to lunch with Kara without cancelling. Kara had wanted to meet earlier this week but had bailed two times already after getting a new lead for a story she really needed to check out. Lena was almost afraid Kara was avoiding her but the blonde insisted that this time she’d not get a lead get in the way. She told Lena she’d just finished the first draft of her article, meaning she’d only have to wait for feedback and edit the article. No more going after new parts of the story.

Lena fiddles with a business card she received earlier this week from her doctor. She’d gone to confirm her pregnancy and get a check-up to make sure everything was okay. It was. Everything with the child was fine. There even was a heartbeat. Lena had expected hearing the heartbeat would make it all real, would even make her cry like she’d heard people do. It didn’t. It had already felt very real to her. She turns the business card over in her hand again. She gives it one more look and places it in her coat pocket. The card was from an abortion clinic. Her doctor had told her she needed to be sure. A hundred percent sure, whatever decision she made. It makes all her doubts resurface and by Friday she has convinced herself she made the wrong decision last week. She’s tired. Her body doesn’t agree with her anymore. She can’t eat, she can’t sleep. A human trying to grow an alien inside her seems like a more horrible idea every passing minute. Her body is not fit for this task. It has been made for her, and if needed for a human child to grow in. Not a half-alien. But part of her still wants it.

Lena thinks back to when she was four. She had just been adopted by the Luthors and wanted nothing more than a baby doll. She wanted one to dress and care for. She wanted her own little baby. She wanted to be a mother. Not long after this she had pushed her dreams down. She’d asked for a doll for her birthday and instead got nothing. Not even congratulations from anyone but Lex. The only birthday the Luthors celebrated was the one from the golden boy. She’d learned that the Luthor household was not one to cherish familial bonds and that being a mother was not something a girl or
woman should aspire to be. She should shoot for greatness in something more tangible. Something Lillian did understand, because clearly motherhood did not agree with her. So, Lena had pushed down her dreams. Had tucked them away in a dark corner of her mind to never be revisited again.

She walks back to her desk, still trying to find a good excuse enough to reschedule lunch to later that day. But then she remembers how Kara thinks any time is time for food so there is really no way to avoid being in the proximity of food.

Far too soon and at the same not soon enough, Kara entered her office with a little knock.

“Hi Kara, come in. I just have to finish this,” Lena says, gesturing to the paper in front of her with a small smile directed at Kara. “Then I’m ready to go. It’ll only be a minute.”

“Take your time. I thought maybe today we could eat in, so I brought some food.” Kara lifts a handful of plastic bags Lena hadn’t noticed she was holding earlier. She makes her way over to the couch and sits down. Lena hides a relieved sigh, she’s not out of the wind yet but at least eating in sounds more promising than a restaurant. Kara finishes setting out the containers and waits for Lena to finish her paperwork, not hiding the fact that she’s looking the CEO over.

“I’m fine, Kara.” Lena says as she makes her way over to the couch. She knows Kara won’t buy the lie but she can at least try and hopefully Kara won’t push it.

Kara did push it.

“Lena, according to Jess you haven’t had lunch even once this week. You’ve stayed after midnight twice and arrived before six a.m. four times. This week has only had four and a half days. We’re both worried. At least tell me you’ve had dinner a few times.”

Lena wants to lie. She wants to tell Kara she had dinner, even if it was only once. She can’t. She knows Kara would see right through so she just looks at her hands, a guilty look betraying her.

“How about dessert?” She says, holding the bag up for Lena.

Lena hesitates for a moment before deciding she can really use the calories. She picks a sugar glazed donut and starts eating.

“Lena!” Kara exclaims. “Good thing I brought the best food in town. I’ve got Chinese, potstickers, soup, green salad, sandwiches, fruit salad.” Kara continues naming the food she got and pointing at the containers on the table. She ends her list by lifting a paper bag from beneath the table and an excited “I also got donuts! I know you like those.”

They make small talk for a while until Lena’s finished her fruit salad and Kara has eaten most of the other food, except for the green salad and the donuts. Kara grabs the paper bag and tears it open.

“How about dessert?” She asks, picking up their conversation again.

Lena shrugs. “The stocks are steady, nothing much going on.”
“No cool new ideas you’re working on in that brain of yours?” Kara asks.

“I’ve been working on some new tech, drawing some ideas. I’ve also been thinking about looking into opening an alien hospital. I mean, the alien population is increasing and they also deserve proper healthcare so what’s better than a hospital specifically for aliens?”

“That’s a great idea Lena!” Kara smiles so wide, Lena wonders if it hurts. She’s known Kara is very pro-alien so of course this idea would sound lovely to her.

“Yeah well. I still have to convince the board and investors. They still have a hard time with me being CEO and even alien-neutral things are hard to get past them. So, I doubt an alien hospital would be something they agree to without struggle.” Lena lets out a frustrated sigh. “How are things at CatCo? Any more articles on autumn fashion?” Lena chuckles a little, and starts laughing at the crinkle forming on Kara’s brow.

“I’ll have you know that was a very important article. And no, I’m not writing another fall fashion article. I’m following some other leads.” A smile creeps back upon Kara’s face as she realises something. “Wait, you read my article on white shoes during fall?”

“Or course. I read all your articles.” Lena says.

“Oh. Well. Err.” Kara says, a blush creeping up her cheeks. “Thank you.”

“No problem. I’m curious. Besides, that’s what friends are for, right?” Lena tells her. A weird feeling settling in the pit of her stomach at that sentence, as though it isn’t really what she wanted to say. What she feels. But Kara has told her so before, so it really is what friends are for. Right. She pushes the weird feeling away as she finishes her donut.

Kara nods a little before she stuffs an entire donut in her mouth, making Lena’s fallen face break out in a small smile again.

“You’re such a dork.” She tells her friend, who’s by now finished the bag of donuts too.

Kara simply shrugs and gathers the containers.

“I have to go again. My next article won’t write itself and I’m sure you are busy too.” Kara gets up and tosses the containers in the bin.

“I am. You know I always am. A business doesn’t just run itself.” Lena says with a wink as she gets up. Kara turns around and gives Lena a brief hug. A warm feeling fills the CEO and she’s left with an empty feeling when Kara lets go.

“Please don’t stay too late and remember to have dinner.” Kara tells her. “If I find out you stayed too late or skipped dinner I’ll have my sister arrest you.”

Lena arches an eyebrow at her, trying to call her bluff.

“For real. I will. You know she’s an agent and she can’t resist my puppy eyes.” Kara smiles at the thought of Alex trying to resist her pleading.

“Well, in that case I should get as much done as possible now. I hated getting arrested last time. Wouldn’t want to add another arrest to my name, would we?” Lena replies.

Kara’s mouth forms a silent ‘oh’ at the reminder that Lena has been arrested before. Not by Alex at that time, but still.
“Sorry, I forgot.” Kara says with a weak smile.

“It’s fine. It’s nice to be reminded you just see me as Lena and not as a Luthor.” Lena says with a small shrug and a sincere smile.

“You are just Lena. You’re nothing like your family. Just because your last name happens to be Luthor, doesn’t mean you are like them.” Kara says, before turning around and opening the door.

“I’ll really send Alex if you don’t go home at a reasonable time today.” She reminds Lena before saying goodbye and leaving.

Lena spends the rest of the day with thoughts pulling her apart. She’s glad Kara is a true friend, which makes her even more scared to tell her she’s pregnant with Mon-El’s kid. She’s really not ready to lose this friendship. But she knows waiting to tell Kara only makes it harder on both of them. She buries her face in her hands and lets out a frustrated groan. The whole idea of her going through with this pregnancy scares her to death, especially doing so without any friends. Yet, the idea of having an abortion scares her equally so. The scientist inside her tries to rationalise it. She’s not ready, it’s not even a baby yet. It’s not like the kid could live without her. Right now, it’s just a parasite and she’s the one suffering.

Another side of her asks her if anyone is ever ready to become a parent. If the suffering she’s doing now really won’t be worth it in the long run. Most people with kids say they wouldn’t change a thing, no matter how bad the timing was. She tries to sort her thoughts but finds herself unable to do so. Reluctantly she gets back to her paperwork and decides to listen to Kara and go home at a reasonable time.

The next week flies by. Kara and Lena have a few more lunch dates. Lena knows Kara is just trying to make her eat enough and Lena is happy she does so. Whenever Kara is around, eating does seem a little easier. The nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach only gets worse each time they meet. Lena has been mustering up courage to tell her friend but hasn’t had the chance to actually do so. The last two lunch dates have ended abruptly when Kara got called away. The first time because her sister had “uhm, locked herself out?” and the second time because she had “forgotten to close the window. And what if someone got in and well, stole everything?”. Lena almost felt like Kara didn’t want to be her friend anymore and it only made it harder to have this secret looming over her. Last week Kara had cancelled lunches, this week Kara has found excuses to end them prematurely. To Lena it seems like she’d rather not be there at all. Even if Kara assured every single time that it wasn’t because of Lena and texted that same day to make new plans. It is just exhausting, second guessing and doubting everything.

“You look tired.” The girl in the bed says with a serious look on her face.

“Thanks.” Lena says sarcastically. She walks over the bed and sits beside the girl.

The girl smiles at Lena and stifles a yawn.

“Look who’s talking.” Lena says with a small laugh.

“I’m sick. What’s your excuse?”
Lena doesn’t really know how to reply to this. She’s pregnant. With an alien. Lying to her friend. Said friend already seems to be distancing herself. She’s a Luthor.

She knows lying to the girl, Charlotte, won’t work. She’s far too smart for that and for some reason has a knack for telling truth from lies. Instead of replying she just lets her shoulders slump a little, even though this girl is only eleven, Lena knows she doesn’t have to pretend to be this put together CEO. From the first moment she met Charlotte, and her mom, they gave her a place to forget. Reading to the girl in the bed, never having to talk about anything and not having to act as if nothing ever got to her. She always looked forward to her visits to the Luthor’s children hospital, not only for this reason but also because she loved seeing the kids she could help.

“I think we can both use a nap.” Charlotte says, filling the silence. Accepting the question she asked earlier to be unanswered. “And you know,” she scoots over a little, making some room beside her in the bed and pats her pillow in an invitation for Lena to put her head down. “I always sleep better when I’m not alone.”

“Then I won’t deprive you of a great nap.” Lena says, leaning her head back on the pillow and lifting her feet on top of the bed. She wiggles a little for a comfortable position. When she’s lying still, Charlotte moves a little closer, resting her head on Lena’s shoulder.

Lena tries to fight the sleep off for a little while, eyelids getting heavier each time she blinks. It doesn’t take long for her exhaustion to catch up with her and draw her under.

She wakes up to Charlotte’s mother sitting in a chair next to her daughter, a smile on her face. Lena blinks a few times and rubs her eyes to remove the sleep from them.

“She hates sleeping alone. Always has, but it’s worse here.” Charlotte’s mother tells Lena. Lena replies with a sad smile. “But it helps that we can stay here, that we’re always close in case she needs us.” The older woman says, referring to the building next to the hospital where families of sick kids can stay so they don’t have to pay for an expensive hotel or be away from their child when they can’t afford it. “Really, Lena, your efforts mean a lot to us. Others might not see it but we’re extremely grateful for everything you do for our children and for us.” She says, giving Lena’s hand a small squeeze. Lena looks over at the sleeping form of the girl next to her. Her eyes deep, skin pale, bones sticking out, and an IV connected to her body. Asleep she doesn’t look her age; the illness having stunted her growth. “It’s the least I can do. A child shouldn’t be alone when they’re sick.” Lena simply says. She can’t do enough to make up for the damage her family has already done, so she tries to help wherever possible. She tries to visit the Luthor children’s hospital at least twice a month, she spends time with the kids. She wants them to be and feel heard. She tries to listen and look for ways to help.

“You know, Lena. I think you’ll make a great mother one day.” Charlotte’s mother tucks her daughter in a little better and holds her hand beneath the blanket.

“Th- thank you.” Lena mutters, taken aback by the statement. It isn’t something she believes herself so it feels unreal to have someone else believe it for her. She swings her legs down the side of the bed and gets up. Luthors don’t cry but even so, she still has to wipe away a single tear making its way down her cheek.

“Bye Mrs. Morris. I really hope Charlotte gets well soon.” She says as she turns around before leaving the room.

“Thank you, dear.” She hears Mrs. Morris say before she closes the door.
Lena makes her way down the hallway towards the exit. She’s spent most of her Sunday in the hospital and she still has some paperwork waiting for her and actually is quite eager to get working on some new prototypes. The doors of the elevator have just closed behind her when an alarm starts sounding. A voice tells everyone to find a room, lock it and not open it for anyone they don’t know. Lena’s heartbeat picks up as the elevator glides down. Her fingers turn to icicles at the thought that there might be a shooter in her hospital. Her throat clamps shut at the idea that the reason they’re here could be because of her. Someone might be hurting innocent people because she just so happens to be inside the building. The elevator ride seems to last an eternity and when the doors finally open, she’s evened out her breath and decided that no one gets to terrorize any of her properties. She steps out of the elevator with a sure stride. Two masked men with big rifles are standing in the lobby, the rest of the people are face-down on the ground. Lena’s eyes are searching for a weapon. Anything she can use to defend the innocent people caught in between. She comes up empty.

One of the men spots her and calls out to her.

“LUTHOR!” He says with a deep voice, alerting the other man to her presence. She juts out her jaw and raises her chin.

“What is it you want of me?” She says with a sure voice, having learned at a young age to sound like she’s not scared when she really is.

“Your life.” The other man says before aiming his gun at her and pulling the trigger.

Lena starts. She wasn’t really prepared to face death. Most of the times someone’s after her, they want something real of her. They want her for her mother, they want her money, they want her to prove she’s really as bad as her brother so they can kill her without having a bad conscience. On the last one she’s never been able to deliver, but the first two have happened countless of times. She sees the bullets speeding towards her as in slow motion. But before they hit her, a blue and red shape is suddenly standing in front of her. Supergirl. It almost seems as if the woman has a sixth sense for her safety, every time she’s about to die the hero is there to save her. The bullets ricochet off the bulletproof Kryptonian and Lena sees realisation dawn on the men’s faces. She, Lena Luthor, is not dead.

“Go, get to safety.” Supergirl yells at her. The hero speeds forward, grabbing the guns from the men and bending the barrels so they won’t work anymore.

Lena snaps herself out of her daze and surges forward, to someone lying on the ground. One by one she urges the people up and away from the scene. Before the last people have gotten up, Supergirl has already defeated the men and NCPD agents flood the room. The men are cuffed and dragged off. Supergirl flies around the building to make sure there’s no one else waiting to harm anyone inside and then lands in front of Lena.

“Miss Luthor, are you okay?” She asks, a crinkle in her brow.

“We were on a first name base before, you can still call me Lena, Supergirl.” Lena says, avoiding the question.

“Oh, right. Lena.” The hero says, letting her confident façade slip for a moment before regaining her composure and placing her hands on her hips. “Are you okay?” She asks again.

“Yes, I am. Thank you for saving me. Again.” Lena says, her mask firmly in place unwilling to
show the hero just how shaken she really is. “Is everyone else okay?” She asks after a moment of Supergirl just staring at her. This seems to snap the hero out of her daze and the blonde blinks rapidly a few times before replying.

“Yes, no one got hurt. They weren’t here long.” The hero says.

“Good. Now if you don’t mind, I have work to do.” She says before walking out. Leaving a baffled superhero behind.

She gets back to her car and tells her driver to get her to L-Corp. Her mind starts spinning as she starts processing what actually happened. She was almost killed. Again. She is a walking target and she only endangers everyone she gets close to. It’s a miracle she still has employees. Lord knows how many more times they will have to fear their lives in her employment. L-Corp seems like one of the least safe places to work. Being a cop even sounds safer. Lena feels like she’s just a ticking time bomb on feet. It’s only a matter of time before someone around her really gets hurt, like Jack did. She can’t afford to inflict something like that on someone else again. She can’t have other people hurting because they are affiliated with her. She can’t bring a child into this world. Not one carrying the Luthor name. Not one that will have to look behind their back at every turn. She just can’t do that to someone else. Her hands are shaking and she’s unaware that the fingers of her left hand are tapping a pattern on her thigh. She just tries not to think of all the damage her life does to others.

Chapter End Notes

I still can't believe people are actually still reading this. Your kudos and comments really keep me going, I think I'd have given up long ago if you didn't send me digital reassurance and validation haha :p

Are you guys as excited as I am at the fact that we get more Lena on the episode tonight?! (Internal screaming)

I love to hear what you think and I read every single comment, even though I don't always react to them.
Next chapter will probably be Lena telling Kara.
Ten

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay. I went on holiday last week and should’ve known I wouldn't be writing there. But oh well, here's the next chapter. I'm not completely satisfied but it'll just have to do.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Kara has tried to contact Lena, but she won’t respond to texts and Kara doesn’t want to barge in as Supergirl. Lena needs her friend.

Kara fights the urge to fly to Lena’s balcony and force the CEO to leave her company.

Alex keeps telling her to give Lena some time. She might not realise a friend is what she needs right now. Kara doesn’t want to hear it. Lena does need a friend, and Kara is going to be that friend.

She breaks away from Alex, who’s still trying to talk her out of it. Her legs carry her to L-Corp, to the elevator which brings her to the top floor and before she realises she’s walking towards the door of Lena’s office with Jess trailing behind her. She has to give the girl credits for trying to keep her away. Apparently, Lena has temporarily revoked Kara’s privilege of being let in anytime she desires.

“Miss Luthor doesn’t want to be bothered. By anyone. That includes you.” Jess tries to tell Kara as she hurries to keep Kara from entering Lena’s office. Kara simply uses a little super speed and is inside the office before Jess can tell her off again. A shocked Jess is left to rush in after her, frantic apologies rolling off her lips.

Lena looks up, startled by the sudden intrusion and takes in the sight in front of her. With a wave of her hand and an “it’s fine Jess, I get it. She’s super fast.” Lena dismisses her secretary and her eyes move back to the computer in front of her.

“Kara, now is really not the time. I have a PR fiasco to deal with.” She says without so much as glancing at the blonde. Kara shuffles her feet uneasily, not sure how exactly to start. Then she makes her decision that any way to start is better than just staring at the brunette while she keeps working. She’s here to keep her from working.

“Lena,” She starts, her hand unconsciously moving to adjust her glasses. “You could have been killed today. You should slow down and just take an easy day. Watch a movie. Read a book. Play a game. I don’t know, anything you like but not work.”

“I could have been killed, but since I’m here I clearly have not. Now Kara please, I really do need to make sure everything at the hospital is going okay. Besides, I’m fine. So, I don’t see the need to stop working.” Lena briefly glances up at Kara before looking intensely at the computer screen again.

Kara took in the stubborn CEO sitting at the big white desk before making a bold move. She walked towards the brunette, standing behind her and in a swift motion tugged at the back of the chair. The move caused the startled brunette to be turned around and now facing Kara, without a screen in eyesight to distract her.
“Now you listen to me. You might think you’re okay but someone tried to put a few holes in you and send you to wherever you believe people go when they die.” Kara started with a stern voice. Lena opened her mouth to object but Kara continued her lecture before she could utter a sound. “So, you get your PR team to solve whatever the issue is here because you are not going to keep on working.” Lena seemed to have given up arguing Kara and the reporter’s stern voice slipped to one of concern. “Rao. Really, Lena, please just take the day off. Take a moment to breathe and take a small break from it all. You’re always working and almost getting killed is a very good reason not to be working. You didn’t even answer your phone or read any of my texts. I was worried, Lena. Please just go do something relaxing for once in a while.” Kara told her friend who seemed to unexpectedly accept her words.

“Fine, but only today.” Lena tells her.

“Golly! Great. Get your coat, movies at my place.” Kara says enthusiastically, almost bouncing up and down in excitement of the prospect of another movie marathon. Lena turns her chair around and shuts down her computer before getting up and excusing herself for a moment to go to the bathroom.

“Lena, you’re stalling. You know I also have a perfectly functioning bathroom at my place.” Kara yells at her through the closed door. Impatiently, Kara waits, hopping from one foot to the other. When Lena exits the bathroom, she lets out a small chuckle.

“Good enough excuse?” Lena asks Kara, one eyebrow arched. She twirls around slowly to show off Kara’s sweatpants and sweater she still hadn’t returned after the last movie night.

“Okay, yes. Good enough excuse. Now put your coat on. You need to receive a proper education on Disney today.”

“Thanks, Kara. For this, and… everything.” Lena says quietly.

“No problem. Besides, that’s what friends are for.” Kara says with a wink, ushering the brunette out of her office.

Lena hangs up the phone and puts the abortion clinic’s business card back in the pocket of her coat. A small wave of relieve floods over her. She made a decision and took the first step. As this now is no longer something for her thoughts to linger on, she grabs a folder from the endless stack of papers on her desk and starts working again. She knows somewhere in the stack there’s an update from R&D on a few new projects, amongst which is her personal project of removing the lead from the air again. Though she no longer feels like she has a personal interest in it, she still really wants it to be solved. The points she used as a cover are still something that could become a problem, especially in the long run. Children could get sick from prolonged exposure to the lead-filled air. She’d rather be safe than sorry and removing the lead from the air seemed like a safe decision.

After a few hours of ploughing through paperwork, Lena finally reaches the R&D updates. They haven’t really made any great discoveries but there’s some interesting ideas mentioned and Lena happily starts working on adding her own and seeing what the joint effort can bring them. The clock has stopped ticking for her but she still wants this to be solved as soon as possible.

It’s dark out and most of the city has gone to sleep when Lena is startled by the soft thud of boots on her balcony. She turns around and looks at the caped hero standing in front of her.

“Lena, it’s no time to be at work.” The hero speaks.
“I could tell you the same, Supergirl.” Lena tells her with a small smile before she swirls her glass and takes a sip. The hero’s brows crinkle and her eyes move towards the glass in Lena’s hand. “Oh, sorry. Where are my manners. Do you want something to drink, Supergirl?” Lena says, lifting her glass a little in an offering gesture.

“Ah. I- I’d like whatever you’re having.” The hero says, her hand moving up but falling short halfway to her face. The gesture stirs something in Lena, some kind of familiarity. But she can’t place it and it’s late, maybe it’s because she’s seen the hero do it on the news. Supergirl has been broadcasted frequently and Lena likes to keep up with current events, so the hero has graced her television screen a lot recently. Lena sends Supergirl a small smile before moving inside to fill another glass with the clear liquid. Lena hands the Kryptonian a glass, who accepts it with a soft “thank you” and takes a sip.

Amused, Lena watches the hero’s confused face.

“It’s water?” Supergirl asks her.

“Well, yes. What did you think I’d be drinking on a weeknight?” Lena says with a small laugh.

“Vodka?”

“No.” Supergirl says, a little too fast for it to seem credible. A redness creeping up her neck, peeking out above the collar of her suit. Lena just smiles softly at the obvious lie and moves over to stand back at the ledge overlooking the city. She’s always enjoyed the view, not because it’s the best view in town but because she can enjoy the sleepiness of the city as lights flicker off and traffic becomes calm at night. During the day, she can watch the bustle on the streets, hear the children playing outside or running to school. She can forget that she lives up here, and pretend that she’s one of them. Carelessly going about daily life without a fear in the world. Without having to worry someone might attack them, or turn their back to them merely because of their last name. They don’t have to worry about having to tell one of their only friends something that would ruin a friendship forever.

“What are you thinking about?” Supergirl prompts after a few minutes of silence.

“It’s err… It’s something I should probably talk about with someone else.” Lena says, staring intently at her water.

“Then why don’t you?” Supergirl moves to stand next to the CEO.

Lena takes a moment to assess whether she wants to confide in the hero. But, seeing as she’s her only other friend, Lena relents.

“I guess I’m afraid I’ll scare them off or end up in a fight. Or worse, hurt them.” Lena’s fingers move along the brim of the glass, making slow circles on the transparent material.

“Is err… Is this person a friend?” Supergirl asks, eyeing the brunette nervously. Lena doesn’t notice the hero’s internal struggle, too absorbed in her own inner battle.

“Well, yes.”

Supergirl takes a moment to reply, unconsciously copying Lena’s motion of toying with the glass in her hand.

“Then it shouldn’t matter what you say. A good friend stays, no matter what. That’s why they’re your friend.” She looks up at the CEO, taking in the slender figure of the woman next to her. The woman so powerful in full business suit, but so fragile underneath her act. “You should tell them. Talking about stuff makes you feel better. You shouldn’t bottle anything up. It’ll only make you feel
bad.”

Lena looks up at the hero to find blue eyes looking intently at her. Encouraging eyes, concerned eyes, but mostly honest eyes. Eyes that tell her they know what they’re talking about. Lena briefly nods her head. The hero could be right, it is time to tell Kara. Dragging it even longer will definitely make it worse, for both of them.

“You should go home.” The hero tells her. Lena takes Supergirl’s glass before stepping inside her office.

“Goodnight, Supergirl. Thanks for the talk.” She says after turning around to face the hero again.

“Goodnight, Lena.” The hero replies, before taking off into the night’s sky.

“*We should talk*” Lena types. She looks at it again and removes it. That was maybe coming on too strong.

“Hey, can we talk?” No, that sounds like Lena wants to stop being friends.

“Kara, I’m pregnant with your ex-boyfriend.” Hitting the remove button furiously before accidentally sending it, Lena shakes her head. Why can she not just find the right words to tell her friend she wants to talk.

“Hey” Lena’s fingers hover over the letters, trying to find the right words.

“Hey, I need to tell you something. Can I come over tonight?” Yes, that sounds better. She looks at it a little longer pondering whether to send it or to just drop by Kara’s place and drop the bomb on the unprepared reporter. Just dropping by seems rather rude, so she decides to send the text to Kara.

The elevator dings as Lena tucks away her phone. Her morning meetings went by in a rush and she’s glad she had an on-site visit for a new building so she could clear her head on the way over. She’s not looking where she’s going–her mind still on the text to Kara and any possible reply the blonde might send her– when she bumps into something. Or rather, someone. She snaps back to reality to find her coat dripping with coffee and a startled Jess in front of her, rambling apologies. Lena shakes her head to shake off her trailing thoughts and tells Jess at least half a dozen times it’s fine. Besides, Lena was the one not looking where she was going.

“But, Miss Luthor, you have a big meeting in half an hour!” Jess exclaims, looking at the sodden clothing on her boss.

“It’s fine, Jess. Really. You know I have spare clothes here. Just get my coat cleaned so I can take it with me again tonight, if that’s possible. Otherwise just get me something else to wear. You can use my credit card, you know my size. It’s no problem, really. As long as I have some sort of coat for when I leave tonight.” Lena takes off her coat and hands it to Jess. The rest of her clothing seemed to have fared better, the coat having sustained the most damage. Lena quickly walks over to her bathroom to change in some clean clothes, her next meeting is an important one and she wants to be sure her clothing is immaculate. After checking herself thoroughly in the mirror to make sure her clothing, hair and makeup were still perfect, she moves over to her desk to grab some papers. Lena hates being late and she wants to be sure she’s prepared. She rummages through the stack of papers before using her intercom to ask Jess if she knows where the files are. When she gets no immediate reply, she decides to check her secretaries desk herself. Jess is probably arranging for her coat to be cleaned. On her way over she grabs a pack of crackers and a bottle of water, to help keep her imminent queasiness off bay during the meeting. Nerves made her nausea worse, and she was feeling
like a nervous wreck now both over the meeting as well as over having to tell Kara tonight.

She opens the door of her office and walks over to Jess’s desk to find her assistant standing behind it. Jess’s face is pale, her hand clenching something as she stares unseeing in the distance.

“Jess?” Lena asks softly, not wanting to startle her assistant.

She gets no response and moves closer, putting her tablet, water and crackers on Jess’s desk. She doesn’t really know what to do. Jess looks distraught but Lena doesn’t know how to comfort her. She opts for a soft touch of her hand, placing it atop Jess’s. Lena notes her coat discarded on the floor, dropped from Jess’s hands. Lena’s thumb instinctively starts rubbing slow circles on the back of Jess’s hand.

“Jess?” Lena tries again, concern seeping through her voice.

Suddenly, Jess seems to snap out of her trance. Her brown eyes moving up and finally registering Lena. A little startled, she retreats her hand from Lena’s and relaxes her clenched fist.

“Ms. Luthor! I’m so sorry.” Jess says as she moves to pick up the coat.

“Are you okay, Jess?” Lena asks worriedly, moving her hand to stop Jess from picking up the coat. Jess takes a stuttering breath and nods.

“Yes, I’m fine, Ms. Luthor.” She says. Lena, however, is not convinced.

“If you need the rest of the day off, it’s fine. Take the whole week if you need it, Jess. I just want you to be okay. And you’re working to much anyway.” Lena tells her.

Jess lets out a small chuckle, at which Lena quirks an eyebrow.

“I think this is a case of the pot calling the kettle black, Ms. Luthor.”

Lena smiles a little, she cannot disagree with her assistant. She might be a bit hypocritical telling others to slow down when she’s never taking a break in her entire life.

Jess rolls her shoulders and recomposes herself.

“I’m fine, Ms. Luthor. I won’t need the day off. I was just reminded of one of my… biggest regrets.” Jess says with a sad smile. “Besides, what would you do without me?” She adds, trying to lighten the mood a little. She picks up the coat and drapes it over her desk chair when her eyes fall on the clock.

“Oh! Ms. Luthor, your meeting!” Jess’s eyes widen at the realisation she made her boss late for a very important meeting.

“Oh, damn!” Lena joins in on Jess’s stress, grabbing her crackers, water and tablet. “I was looking for the papers.” Lena says, moving the items to one hand and moving the other through her hair. Jess shoots into action. As a practiced secretary, she shifts through some papers before she pulls the ones Lena was looking for from the stack and handing them over. Lena gratefully accepts them and makes to turn around when her eyes catch the small item Jess had been clutching in her dissociated state. It’s the business card from the abortion clinic. Lena doesn’t have time to let her eyes linger when Jess shoos her away and promises to get her coat cleaned immediately.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry, still no Lena telling Kara because I suddenly thought of some extra stuff to add and I'm not good at long chapters. But I promise for real this time next chapter will have that. And I'm writing it right now in hopes of adding it tomorrow as a consolation.

I still enjoy reading your comments and some of you really gave me some good ideas or points to think about that I hadn't even considered before, so thanks for that. So, if you like this story please bless me with your kudos and comments and motivate me to continue writing! :P
I feel like there's no way I can do this scene justice with my writing. But this is what I concocted and though I feel like it deserves so much more and I have probably overlooked so many motivations and feelings, this is the best I got for now. So it will be like this. It did end up a lot more angsty than I planned so welcome to Angstville. Also, I get that some of you might want this story to take a different direction, but well, after some thought this is the one I chose.

Warning, there's some self-harm present in this chapter. If that triggers you, avoid the part below the break, just read the first sentence and leave it at that (or if you really want to know a little more, read the second and fourth paragraph, but leave the first and third be, the last one is on your own risk it only hints at it briefly. They're not vital to understand the story). Know that it'll be mentioned more in this story, I'll try to remember to put warnings in the notes but I might forget and I don't know all triggers so I might forget to mention others. Please comment if you feel like I should put a trigger warning in a chapter. I've tried to include the ones I know in the tags, but I might've forgotten major ones.

She’d keep it short, she had decided. Just rip of the band aid in a swift motion, get it over with. Lena steps out of the car, she feels like throwing up. There are more knots in her stomach than she ever thought possible. She’s on edge. She’s been on edge ever since her meeting finished and her thoughts were free to wander. Her mind had gone over every possible way this could go wrong and end up with her getting hurt. Every bad way Kara could react. Every way Kara could show her the hurt she caused. Kara’s anger, sadness, disappointment, regret, envy, fury. Not once did her brain stop and tell her what if. What if Kara didn’t blame her. What if Kara was still willing to be her friend. What if Kara wouldn’t mind. Lena never thought it a plausible outcome so she didn’t allow herself to hope. Her movements are stiff as she makes her way up. Her right hand clenched at her side, to refrain from scratching her own arm open, while her left hand tap familiarly on her thigh. Her sure fingers seeming to know what they are doing without her having to consciously tell them. She closes her eyes for a moment, taking comfort in the rhythmical touch of her fingertips to her leg. It’s still not enough to stop the electric buzzing of her nerves through her entire body, or the tightness she feels in her chest. It does help ease the snakes in her belly a little, making their tendrils a little calmer and feel more like little writhing worms.

She gets to Kara’s floor and takes a moment before she walks to the door. Tries to remember that Kara told her she could tell her anything. “Anything, Lena. I’m your friend.” And how Supergirl said that talking should make her feel better, though she doesn’t really believe it right now because she only feels worse with talking about it looming over her head. “A good friend stays.” Supergirl had told her and though she doesn’t allow herself hope, she subconsciously still clings onto those words. She knows there’s a boundary to friendship, some things friendships cannot return from and she fears this is one of such things. She takes one more deep breath in a futile attempt to let go of her worries and makes her way to the door.
As if Kara has heard her walking in the hallway, the door opens right when Lena stops in front of it.

“Lena!” Kara says enthusiastically, gesturing for the CEO to come in. A smile is plastered on her face because Lena trusted her enough to finally tell her she’s pregnant. Kara loves kids so this would be great, she could be the fun aunt to Lena’s kid and spoil them rotten with food she knows Lena doesn’t approve of. She’d give the kid so many sugar rushes Lena would almost regret them spending time together. Almost. And she’d get the chance to show Lena she really was here to stay. That friends don’t just abandon you, they support you. Kara had been thinking about all the things she’d get to do with Lena and her kid, because Lena hadn’t had a regular childhood. So Kara would show them both what normal kids did. Take them fun places Lena would never think of. Kara had been planning it all in her head ever since she found out. Since the movie night Lena stayed over and they ended up in her bed snuggled close together. That’s when Kara first heard it, an extra heartbeat. She’d stayed up listening to it, puzzling the pieces together of Lena not drinking wine. Lena being tired, Lena skipping even more meals than usual and Lena crying alone in her office bathroom the day before.

Kara was once more caught up in her thoughts of Lena and a toddler at a playground with her. Kara pushing the swing as Lena held her kid and told Kara not to make them go too high.

She looked at Lena and suddenly her smile faltered. The CEO looked like she was about to tell Kara someone had died and Kara realised that maybe Lena didn’t want this. That Lena might have other ideas for her future. She watched as Lena robotically made her way in and Kara closed the door behind her, now feeling like her body was made of lead. Like someone had slipped her some kryptonite and she could actually feel the weight of everything. Kara walked to kitchen and sat down on a chair. She felt like the air had suddenly become too thick to breathe in, though Lena hadn’t even spoken a word and she knew what the brunette was going to tell her. Kara tried to ensure herself that nothing was actually wrong. She could still hear the second heartbeat coming from Lena. The young Luthor must just be nervous, Kara heard it in her heartbeat. She told herself, Lena isn’t used to sharing things with others. Kara hated the silence that fell between them as Lena stood in the middle of the room staring at Kara seeming to try and find the right words. Lena always was the one to know what to say. When she finally spoke, Kara felt relieved. That first statement was just what she expected.

“So,” Lena said, unclenching her fist and ruffling her hair in a nervous gesture. “I guess I’ll just get it over with.” She took a stabilizing breath and blurted her next few words out a little too fast. “I’m pregnant.”

Kara is glad she had a habit of speaking too fast herself and had known what the CEO was going to tell her or else she might have missed it and she would have had to ask Lena to repeat herself. She makes to reply when Lena cuts her off with a simple gesture of her hand.

“IT- It’s Mon-El’s. And I get it if we can’t be friends anymore.”

Kara wants to interject, but she can’t find the words. This is not something she had expected or imagined. Her brain is working a mile a minute to keep up and puzzle it together. Her eyes grow wide at the implication of this being Mon-El’s child and she wants to ask, but Lena has read the question in her eyes before she’s able to form the words.

“Oh, no. God, no. Not like that. I mean, I don’t think so. I don’t think he even knows. No, I was unconscious. I think it was all very clean and clinical.” Lena shrugs at the thought, putting it off and continuing on what she was here to tell Kara.

“I just think you had a right to know. But don’t worry about it. I’m having it taken care of tomorrow.” Lena cringes a little at the last statement, but she knows it’s what she needs to do. “I’ll
just- I’m fine, you don’t have to worry about me anymore. I get it. I have- I will just go. I can let myself out.” Lena says while she walks to the door.

Kara is still trying to keep up, her super speed is no use here. She might be smart but the yellow sun doesn’t give her super brain capacity. She finally realises what Lena just said when the brunette is at the door. Kara rushes over and tries to stop her. She takes a hold of Lena’s arm which is moving towards the door knob.

“Lena,” She starts, but she doesn’t know what to add. She had not prepared for this scenario. Before, she had wanted to tell Lena she supported her whatever decision she would make. Before she knew it was Mon-El’s it was all different. The same, but different. Her objectivity is lost and her thoughts are clouded. Lena stares at her, unshed tears visible in her eyes and Kara can’t just let her go away and deal with it herself. Kara wants to give Lena all the support she needs, especially seeing that this was basically forced upon her.

Lena stays there for a long time, her wrist in Kara’s hand while she gives the reporter a chance to order her thoughts. Lena had not planned to give Kara time to process and respond, but she can’t get it over her heart to pull her arm loose and go away. She can’t leave Kara behind like this.

Kara is still staring at Lena, sees as the green eyes move away for a moment lingering somewhere else in the room and then moving back to the blonde.

“Lena, I don’t c-” Kara tries to start again. This time not interrupted by her own lack of words but by Lena.

“Kara, your phone is ringing. I think it’s important.” Lena points out, trying to find an excuse to get out of this. To run away.

Kara looks behind her and sees the lit-up screen where Lena eyes had previously drifted off to. She shrugs and snaps her head back towards the woman in front of her.

“It’s not important. What is important is-” Kara is interrupted once again by Lena. This time the CEO sounds less patient.

“It seems important. It’s been ringing for quite some time. Someone appears to be desperately trying to get a hold of you.” Lena says, finally wriggling her wrist free and turning to the door once again.

Lena’s words make Kara realise she’s shut out all other sounds. She’s automatically focussed on Lena and not let herself hear anything outside the room. As the sounds drift back in she hears the desperate screams, the crushing sounds of cars being crashed. The smothered sounds of buildings collapsing and concrete being broken. People running, children crying. Guns hopelessly shooting at something that can’t be shot. Monstrous growls from something that definitely sounds alien, which is confirmed when Kara hears some of the agents on site saying they need Supergirl because “*this alien is bulletproof*”.

Lena is out the door before she realises what’s happening and she is torn between running after her friend and saving the city. Moments like this make her hate being Supergirl. If she weren’t, she’d just been able to run after Lena and reassure her that this would not change anything. That maybe she needed a little time to process but that they were still equally good friends and that Kara will support her no matter what. That if Lena wants to have it “taken care of” as she so tactfully said, Kara will be there for her. She’ll be there with her the whole way and hold Lena’s hand through it all if Lena wants her to. But she can’t right now. She can’t tell Lena that and she hates it. She hates her sense of morality as she answers her phone and speeds into her Supergirl uniform. She hates that aliens seem to always have the worst timing possible and she hates that the DEO can’t handle them all by
themselves. She tries to call Lena on her flight over but her call is not answered and then Winn is shouting instructions in her earpiece telling her to get her head in the game because this isn’t going to be an easy fight. Kara knows she has to push away her thoughts for now because she’ll be no help to Lena if she ends up dead and if Winn says this fight will be rough, this fight will most definitely be rough.

Lena drags herself home. She feels heavy and empty at the same time. It’s not even late but she feels drained, yet knows she won’t be able to sleep. She forces herself to put one foot in front of the other and repeat the motion. It feels like the most difficult task she’s ever performed, harder than doing two masters, harder than sacrificing Jack. She manages to close the door and drops everything she’s holding. Kara had called her on her way home but she just couldn’t get herself to answer, instead she turned off her phone. She makes her way over to the bathroom, shrugging out of her coat and toeing of her shoes somewhere in the hallway. She forces herself to take a shower, even though her arms feel almost too heavy to undress herself. It takes her a long time to unzip her dress and unclasp her bra, her panties are less of an effort and when she’s finally naked she gets in the shower and turns the knob. She lets the water hit her, turning the temperature up. She feels cold, even as the water is hotter than usual. It seems impossible to ever feel warm again. Her arms are hugged close to herself as the water makes its way down her skin. She wants to cry, she feels her eyes burning. The tears refuse to come. She lets herself stand in the shower longer than she normally does, hoping the water will clean her conscience. She knows it can’t and finally she grabs her soap and watches as white bubbles form on her skin. She turns off the water and grabs a towel. She’s rough when drying herself, leaving red streaks on her skin. She doesn’t care. Her hands fumble in the back of her closet and she puts on the first things she can find. She tugs the oversized t-shirt over her head, she’d long forgotten she even owned it. Some old underpants and shorts complete her outfit and she takes the comforter off her bed, dragging it behind her while she makes her way to the couch. She turns on the television as a distraction but it doesn’t really work. She ends up staring at it but not registering a thing. She falls down on the couch, curling her knees up to her chest while she wraps herself in the comforter. She hugs herself close and lets the sounds of the television wash over her as she stares at the far wall. Her right hand moving over to her left forearm, nails leaving red streaks on it at the repetitive motion but Lena doesn’t even notice the burning feeling it leaves behind.

After some time, her eyes move to the screen and she ends up watching Supergirl fight an alien. The hero seems spent, but the alien doesn’t seem to fare much better. Their fight is rough, hurried. They throw each other into buildings, against the ground, up in the air. They hit each other with debris. The fight seems to go nowhere. Supergirl’s freeze breath doesn’t work on the alien, nor do her weak attempts at heat vision. A trickle of blood makes its way down her face. All Lena can do is watch the news report and see how the hero exerts herself. Just when it looks like the fight is going nowhere, Supergirl appears to have found another burst of energy. She flies up and shoots her heat vision at the alien, which staggers for a moment and then collapses. Agents rush over, cuffing the alien and putting it in the back of a van. Supergirl stays afloat for a moment when suddenly she descends too fast, she plummets back to earth and Lena watches as other agents rush over to take care of her. She sees agent Danvers elbow her way to the hero before the screens cuts back to an onsite reporter who talks about the fight and contemplates whether this is the end of Supergirl.

Lena can only think how fitting it is for her to lose her only two friends on the same night. It’s the same fast band aid she thought about before. If you have to lose your friends, might as well lose them together. Makes it easier. She feels like her life falls to pieces, tomorrow she will be there to pick up what’s left of it because she’s a Luthor and that’s what she does. She doesn’t give in. Today she allows herself to fall apart. She allows her fingernails to claw at her skin, to keep going beyond redness and rupture the skin. To leave ugly streaks of burn marks, broken skin and red welts. She
embraces the throbbing of her skin as she keeps on staring at the television screen throughout the night.

When sleep finally does come for Lena, it’s restless and fitful. She’s used to nightmares; her mind has plenty to choose from. This night, however, she dreams a new one. This night she doesn’t find herself dreaming of Daxamite ships, the Luthor mansion or boarding school. There are no appearances of Lillian, Lex, Lionel, Rhea, Mon-El, men in black or old classmates and she doesn’t find herself falling from her balcony, being shot at or standing frozen to the floor, watching as others die and she can’t help.

No, this night her mind has come up with a new way to torture her. It’s a different kind of torture and because of that, all the worse. She dreams of small pitter-patter, toddler feet running across the floor. She dreams of babies laughing and of hugs and kisses. She dreams of being loved only to have the dream turn on her. The laughter turns into dreadful cries and shrieks. A tiny voice keeps asking her “Why did you kill me mommy?”, “Mommy, was I not good enough?” and “Do you not love me, mommy?”. She wakes up soaked in sweat, no more rested than she was before falling asleep. She doesn’t remember the dream but the feeling of dread and emptiness lingers as she moves to get dressed. Her left arm is sore, but after a quick shower she notices it looks better than expected. She picks out a long-sleeved shirt to hide the marks she left on herself and a nice pair of trousers. She slips into her clothes and notices the trousers are no longer as formfitting as before, they seem at least one size too big. She rummages through her dresser for something else, she can’t very well be seen with sagging trousers in public, only to find that most of her clothing is sacking from her hips. She refuses to let worry overtake her now as she grabs a belt and loops it through the holes. She straightens her shirt and, after a quick clean-up of the mess in the living room, makes her way out the door.

Chapter End Notes

I hope to lighten the mood a little next chapter but I won’t make any promises. I might drag out the angst a little depending on what I feel like writing.
Twelve

The first thing Kara feels is an aching in her muscles. All of them. It feels like she’s just fallen from a great height, which, she realises when her memories start to flood back, is exactly what happened. Tentatively, she moves her limbs to reassure herself that they’re still attached and functioning. Her memories of the fight and everything else that happened that day start seeping back and she shoots up at the memory of Lena walking away from her.

“Lena!” She shouts as her eyes roam the room, looking for the woman even though she knows Lena won’t be there. Lena doesn’t know she’s Supergirl. Lena probably thinks Kara’s given up on her. It’s Lena; she probably thinks Kara hates her, even if it isn’t her fault.

Kara staggers on her feet, the urge to go find Lena and be there for her, to try and fix things, too great to hold her back.

“Supergirl, you’re not fit to leave.” Kara hears behind her in a familiar voice. She turns around, almost falling over but catching herself on the bed just in time. Alex is standing in the door opening, hands on her hips and a stern look on her face. She gives Kara a once-over, walks into the room and shuts the door behind her.

“Kara, lay back down. You need time under the sunlamps to heal.” This time the worry is evident in Alex’s voice.

“No, Alex, you don’t get it. I need to go to Lena. I have to- I need to fix this.” Kara says determined. The older Danvers doesn’t look convinced as she moves over and tries to softly steer Kara back towards the bed.

“Alex, please. Please. I need- It’s Lena! Alex. She’s my best friend and I feel just fine but she won’t.” Kara tells her, desperation and worry seeping from her voice as she kicks out the puppy eyes that normally don’t work on her older sister but this time it might just be the one thing that has her convinced.

“Kara,” Alex says, crooking an eyebrow.

“Please, Alex, please. If it were me that needed you, you’d go too, wouldn’t you? Promise I’ll take it easy until my powers kick back in.” Kara tries again, knowing she hits one of Alex’s soft spots.

“Ugh, fine. But no trying to be a hero until you have all your powers back. And don’t do anything stupid.” Alex briefly rolls her eyes before stepping aside to let Kara pass.

“Uhm, Alex.” Kara says with a sheepish grin, realising she won’t be able to fly now that she has no powers. “I need a ride.”

Alex’s only response is a low grumble as she turns around and heads out the door, not waiting for Kara to follow her.

“Remind me why I’m doing this again.” She asks Kara as they make their way to her motorcycle.

“Because you love me.” Kara says with an innocent face. “And for Lena. I mean, I know you still have your doubts because she’s a Luthor but she’s my best friend and you’d do anything for me and by extension you’ll do anything for Lena.” Kara adds, almost phrasing the last part as a question.

“Right, your friend.” Alex mumbles.
The engine of the motorcycles hums as they speed along the road on their way to L-Corp. Kara holds Alex tight so as not to fall off the back of the vehicle. They arrive in front of the building in mere minutes thanks to Alex’s speedy—and somewhat reckless—driving. Kara hurries of the back while Alex remains seated, waiting for her to return or tell her to leave. The blonde runs into L-Corp, almost getting herself kicked right out again by security. That is, until they recognise the reporter and give her the all clear to enter the elevator.

When she exits the elevator, she hurries to Jess’s desk. However, before she can even open her mouth to ask if Lena is free, the secretary tells her “Ms. Luthor took the morning off, Ms. Danvers. She said she had some things to take care of.” Jess looks up at the blonde, only to find her halfway back to the elevator. Kara quickly shouts a “thanks, Jess” at the secretary as the elevator doors close. She fumbles in her pocket for her phone and dials Lena. That’s probably the first thing she should’ve done. But Lena usually is in her office, and it was the safest way to make sure Kara wouldn’t get ignored. She lets the phone ring until it stops by itself, no answer. She rings again as she walks outside, signalling Alex that she’s on the phone as she moves out of earshot of her sister.

Kara has to ring two more times before the call is answered.

“Yes?” Lena voice sounds distant and cold. She’s already shut herself off and Kara is unsure now if she can salvage anything.

“Lena? Are you- Is everything alright?” Kara asks, worry settling low in her belly at the thought that Lena might hate her now for not being there last night.

“I’m fine.” Comes the frosty reply, telling Kara: no, she’s not alright.

“Lena, please, I didn’t mean to- I wanted to be there for you. I just- I can’t explain. Where are you?” Kara’s heart clenches and a new wave of guilt washes over her as she waits for the reply.

“I’m at the clinic.” Lena doesn’t need to elaborate, Kara immediately knows what she means.

“Oh.” Kara is a little taken aback. She’d forgotten Lena was planning on getting an abortion and now that she remembers she can’t help but blame herself. Both for not being there with Lena to help her friend through this, as well as for the fact that she hasn’t told Lena she doesn’t care it’s Mon-El’s, she doesn’t care whose it is; Lena shouldn’t have to do any of it herself. She partly blames herself for making Lena feel like this is the only way. “Did you- Did you do it already?” She finally asks.

The other end of the line remains silent for a long time. If it wasn’t for the muffled sound of breathing coming through, Kara would have thought Lena had just left her phone behind somewhere so as not to have to talk to Kara. After what seems like an eternity, there’s finally a reply.

“No,” Where Lena’s voice had sounded cold and distant before, now it seemed incredibly small and afraid. It sounds so helpless. Kara’s protective instincts kick in.

“I’m sorry, you don’t have to do this alone. I’m coming, stay put. Can you send your location?”

After a short moment, she hears the ping of her phone having received a text and she pulls up the location Lena shared. She sprints to Alex, shoves the helmet back on her head and starts shouting directions. She’s glad her sister seems to have some primal sense of what Kara needs and they speed off before Kara even finishes telling her where to go.
Kara shoves the phone between her ear and the helmet, as she holds on to Alex with one hand.

“Lena? Are you still there?” She asks, now using both hands to hug Alex as they speed through the streets, narrowly avoiding other traffic and sidewalks.

“Yes,"

“Do you want me to just talk to you until I get there?”

“Yes, please.”

Kara heart almost breaks in the moment because of how defeated Lena sounds through the phone. She starts rambling to her friend about how they’re getting closer, how Alex is driving like a maniac but she knows what she’s doing so Lena shouldn’t worry about them getting killed even if Alex’s driving might not be the safest. She realises she should maybe talk about something lighter and starts telling Lena about the time she and Alex had made a bunch of prank calls and accidentally found out the headmaster of their school wore a toupee. She’s about to start a new story when Alex suddenly drives right onto the sidewalk and through a bunch of bushes, earning a startled yell from Kara. They speed over the parking lot, screeching to a halt in front of the building and leaving behind a set of tire tracks. Kara takes off the helmet, holding her phone in place against her ear with one hand as she listens to Lena telling her she’s in her car. It only takes a second for Kara to spot the car with tinted windows that must be Lena’s, it’s a different car than the one Kara has seen before but the immaculate black paint, cleanliness and expensive look combined with the fact that the windows are tinted are a dead giveaway.

“Thanks, Al. I owe you!” Kara shouts over her shoulder as she runs towards Lena’s car.

Kara can already see Lena in the driver’s seat of the car. The sight scares her. The CEO is sitting straight up, like she’s probably been taught by the Luthors. Her hand is slowly making its way down, the friction of the phone against the side of her face making it not fall immediately. Her eyes gaze in the distance, focussing on nothing, staring beyond the line of shrubbery in front of the vehicle. Her face is emotionless, a perfect mask. When Kara gets closer she can see the sadness in Lena’s eyes behind the well-practiced charade of cold CEO. She doesn’t want to scare her friend, but she’s not sure what exactly to do now. Her protective instincts have given up and her rational –or worried– thinking have returned. She tries to shove it down, it probably doesn’t really matter what it is exactly that she does. As long as she does something. She settles for opening the car door and resting a hand on her friend’s shoulder.

“Lena? I’m here.” She reassures the brunette. “I’m here for you and I’m not going anywhere. I know you’re not okay, no matter how often you tell me you’re fine. But it’s okay to not be okay. It’s okay to feel hurt and broken sometimes. To feel sad. It’s okay to cry and I know you told me that Luthors don’t cry, but it’s not true. Crying is a normal thing to do. Crying can help sometimes, when everything feels like it’s too much. I had to learn that too. But crying can make you feel better, it can make you feel like you cried everything away and afterwards sometimes you feel like you can conquer the world again. Or at least handle it.” The tense body below her fingertips starts to relax at her words and Kara pulls her closer. She helps her friend out of the car. She opens the door to the backseat and guides Lena in again, closing the door of the driver’s seat before she slides in after her friend and closes the other door behind them. She embraces Lena again, letting the brunette’s head fall on her chest, one hand in the dark tresses and the other rubbing reassuringly on the CEO’s arm. She rests her own cheek on the top of Lena’s head as she reigns in her emotions, the fragility of her friend makes her feel like crying herself. But she’s here for Lena now, she has to be the strong one. They sit in silence, Kara doesn’t really know what to say anymore and just holds Lena, hoping her
presence is enough.

It almost feels like a small victory when she feels something damp and warm land on her shirt. After a while it is Lena who breaks the silence.

“I can’t- I couldn’t.” Her voice breaks and Kara squeezes her closer, glad that in this specific moment she doesn’t have her super strength and doesn’t have to fear squishing Lena.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to tell me now. I understand.” Kara whispers in Lena’s hair as the figure below her lips starts shaking slightly. It’s like she opens up the floodgates. More tears join the one on her shirt as Lena starts sobbing in her shoulder, trying to pull her infinitely closer as if she’s holding on for dear life.

Kara lets her cry it all out. She knows Lena doesn’t get to do that often and just calmly keeps caressing her hair and arm as Lena’s tears keep flowing. When the sobs turn to softer sniffs and the tear stains on Kara’s shirt stop growing, Lena starts talking.

“I- I couldn’t do it. I can’t ki-” Lena’s voice breaks and another wave of sobs wrecks her body. Kara moves the hand that’s in Lena’s hair to her back and starts making soothing circles. It isn’t until now that she notices the ribs she can almost feel through Lena’s clothing and skin. Her motions halt for a moment as she takes this in, and pick back up when she puts the thoughts away for another, more appropriate, moment.

“I’m scared, Kara.” She finally says, voice thick and hoarse from crying.

Kara cups her chin and lifts Lena had so she can look in her eyes.

“Remember what I promised, after Jack?” Kara asks her.

Lena blinks and another tear slides down her cheek. Kara uses the thumb of the hand on Lena’s cheek to swipe it away.

“I told you: you are not going to lose me. You don’t have to be afraid. I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere. I will always be your friend and I will always protect you. I promise. Remember?” Kara cites. Lena nods in reply, eyes casted downward.

“It’s okay if you’re scared. I get it. But you don’t have to be, because you’re not alone. You have me. And you have Alex and Maggie and Winn and James.”

Lena’s green eyes slowly make their way up to meet Kara’s blue ones.

“It’s not your fault, that this happened. What Rhea did was not right. She shouldn’t have forced this upon you. It’s not your fault.” Kara repeats, eyes trying to make Lena believe it too. Lena just stares back at her with watery eyes, the sliver of guilt still present.

“Repeat after me,” Kara thus tells her. “It’s not my fault.”

Lena cocks an eyebrow at Kara, the corner of her mouth turning up just a little bit in a sad smirk.

“Just do it, silly.” Kara says with a small laugh. “It’s not my fault.”

“It’s not my fault.” Lena’s voice is still small and broken, sounding unconvinced of her own words.

“Again.” Kara prompts, trying to convince her friend of what seems so obvious to the blonde herself.

“It’s not my fault.” Lena’s voice sounds a little surer, a little more confident with the statement.
“One more time.”

“It’s not my fault.” Lena says it with a small nod. She’s not completely there yet, but it’s a start.

Kara hugs her friend close again, trying to hug away all sorrow and they sit together for a long time before they’re interrupted by Kara’s stomach. Lena lets out a wet laugh and suggest ordering food and watching a movie at Kara’s place. A little voice inside her is proud that she’s come so far that she’s able to suggest something like that.
Yes! I'm alive! ;)
I went to my parents for the holidays so I didn't even get to open my laptop because I was busy the entire time. But here's an extra long chapter (for my standards) to make up for it.

Lena surprises herself, when she lets Kara back inside her walls again without even batting an eye. She thought she’d shut down completely, built her walls up higher and stronger than before. All it took was for Kara to tell her she’s not alone and they came crumbling down again. She doesn’t even know how she’s forgiven Kara so fast for letting her walk away. Part of her expected a shouting match, a deep resentment to etch itself into her heart. But she didn’t blame Kara. She didn’t want to yell at her, she didn’t think it’s Kara’s fault. Her friend deserved time to process, just like Lena had had time to process. Shutting people out is in the past.

Lena lets her mind wander the memories of moments she has done that or never even let them in, the latter being more common. Years ago, she’d let Jack in. A little. But he’d never come as far as Kara. Kara just has a way of pulverising walls without actually doing damage. Kara makes Lena feel warm, welcome and loved. Every time Kara looks at her or smiles at her or hugs her, a warm sensation courses through Lena’s body. Even now, as she looks at the blonde who’s staring intently at the movie playing onscreen. She’s never met someone like Kara before. Someone who goes out of their way to make her feel safe, who actually cares. She’s thankful for that, it’s one thing the universe actually did well.

She looks back at the television, trying to get back into the story of the movie as she pushes aside all other thoughts and worries. Kara had told her “one life-changing decision a day, now just relax and watch. Tomorrow you can worry and brood again.”, so she listens. Not because Kara said it, she tells herself, but because she’s right.

After a short while, Lena gets distracted again by her own thoughts. She’s really going to do this. She’s really going to continue her pregnancy. She’s really doing it. Her hand instinctively covers her stomach as she thinks of how it will grow, how the little person inside her will grow. She’s not sure what will happen after. When it’s no longer growing inside her, but outside her. That’s a decision for another day. For now, she is marvelled by the idea that she is actually growing another being. A child.

Suddenly she realises that if she is going to do this, she has to do it right. She has to start taking better care of herself, she knows that not her strong suit and both Jess and Kara have repeatedly told her so. She’s got to start sleeping more. Less stressing out over work. Eating three meals a day.

Then she realises she’s already going to fail that last one, having skipped breakfast.

As if she can read minds, Kara turns her head.

“What do you want for lunch?” The blonde asks.
Lena ponders over the question for a moment, she knows she has to eat but that doesn’t mean her appetite and queasiness agree.

“Sandwiches.” She finally settles on with a small smile. She can pick a light one for herself and Kara can have whatever unhealthy kind she wants.

Lena eats her veggie sandwich as she watches Kara divulge her own dozen sandwiches ranging from single meat to more than three kinds of meat and a combination of sauces. Kara’s stomach seems a bottomless pit. Every time Lena thinks she must've had enough, more fits inside. It’s like she’s some sort of alien.

Oh.

Alien.

Lena tilts her head a little, sandwich forgotten in her limp hand, and looks Kara over. She looks very much human. But if she’s alien it would explain the insatiable appetite and how she’s always coming up with bad excuses. Like flying somewhere on a bus. Lena had put them off as jokes that just weren’t timed very well, but maybe it really was covering up slip ups. It’s also a great clarification for how her alien detection device went haywire after Kara visited her, the wiring got fried so someone must’ve tampered with it and now it seems like the only logical explanation is Kara, not a business competitor.

Maybe that's where Kara met Supergirl, in some kind of aliens anonymous meeting. She’d have to ask one day.

Thinking of Supergirl reminds Lena of how she last saw the hero. Lying in a crater created by her fall from the sky.

“Kara?” Lena asks, righting her head and waiting for Kara to swallow to complete her question. “Is Supergirl- I saw her on the news. Is she- did she?” Lena doesn’t really know how to ask Kara if her friend is dead. Kara seems to sense the unfinished question, however.

“Oh! Supergirl! Yes, she’s fine. Little banged up but still functioning. Or well- Walking and talking and breathing. Not much super-ing for now though. Just for a day or so, until her powers are back to normal. But she’s fine. She’s… Super.” Kara rambled and Lena and she both burst out in laughter at the bad pun.

They fall back into a comfortable silence as they continue eating. Lena manages to eat half her sandwich, which she really thinks is an accomplishment. Kara finishes off her own sandwiches and grabs the paper bag which holds a few sticky buns. She offers one to Lena, who smiles but declines - if she can’t even finish her sandwich, sticky buns sound like a bad idea- so Kara starts inhaling the pastries.

“Oh, Lena!” She exclaims when she’s finished with her food. “Do you know what fruit the baby is?”
“Fruit?” Lena quirks an eyebrow at the weird suggestion.

“Yes, I heard it’s a thing. There’s a whole bunch of apps for pregnancy and one tells you what fruit your baby is each week.” Kara explains.

“Kara, it’s a foetus not a food item.” Lena lets out a small laugh.

“But it has the size of a fruit.” Kara says with her iconic pout. “Let me at least install the app for you.”

Lena knows she doesn’t stand a chance, because who can really say ‘no’ to Kara when she pouts. It’s a lost cause and Lena knows one when she sees one so she shoves her phone towards Kara to have the app installed.

Kara taps away on the screen and then shoves the device back to Lena.

“You have to fill in some things and then we can see the fruit. And it also has a load of tips, which is always useful!”

Lena looks at her screen and fills in the questions. When she’s done, a dancing grape appears on her screen. She groans at the tackiness and at Kara’s questioning look shows the dancing fruit. Kara bursts out in laughter and Lena can’t help but join in. Kara’s laugh is just very contagious.

They’re both a little out of breath when they finally manage to stop laughing.

“So, a grape then.” Kara concludes.

“Yes, a dancing happy grape with a wide smile.” Lena says amused.

“Hey, don’t mock it. You could’ve had a grumpy grape. That’s bad.”

“How is a grumpy grape bad for me? It at least would’ve looked less ridiculous.”

“Grumpy fruit means grumpy baby and a grumpy baby means a grumpy mommy and that’s bad. Or maybe that’s bad for me because if you’re grumpy you’re going to be grumpy with me and I don’t like it when people are in a bad mood, especially when they’re mean to me. So maybe a grumpy fruit would be bad for your friends, more so than for you. So, a grumpy fruit-”

“Kara,” Lena stops her friend from rambling any further, putting one arm on the table towards Kara. “I liked the dancing fruit.” She flashes the blonde a wide smile to support her statement.

“Good,” Kara says as she takes Lena’s hand. “You’ll get a new one each week. Now how about another movie?” She gets up and guides Lena to the couch. Lena makes herself comfortable and drapes a blanket over her legs while Kara reboots the television. Lena wonders how many sweats and hoodies Kara has because she’s borrowed yet another set from the blonde, who still managed to wear a set herself.

Kara nestles herself in next to Lena, picking up a part of the blanket and draping it over herself. She browses through her movies in search of one to watch.

“That one!” Lena suddenly says, almost making Kara fall off the couch startled. “Sorry,” Lena says sheepishly. “It’s just, I’ve heard about it and it sounded like a good movie.”

“Rao, you almost gave me a heart attack. But I like that you get excited over movies now, seems like I’m rubbing off on you.” Kara says, one hand over her heart, the other holding the remote and
pressing the play button. She sits back, her shoulder pressing against Lena’s. The brunette grins at
the blonde and faces the television again. She wonders if Rao is Kara’s God, she always seems to
use that word or name and never ‘God’ like most people -no, humans, Lena reminds herself- do.

Kara’s stomach seems to decide it’s snack time after the movie finishes and the reporter returns with
a tub of ice cream and two spoons.

“Cookie dough,” Kara says, handing one spoon to Lena. “Do you like that flavour?”

“I don’t know, never had it.” Lena says as she accepts the spoon. “But I’m not sure eating ice cream
is a good idea anyway.” She adds, missing Kara’s shocked look. It stays silent for a beat and Lena
looks up at her silent friend.

“Kara?”

“Never. You- You never had cookie dough ice cream?!” Kara finally manages to stumble.

“No?” Lena arches an eyebrow at her baffled friend. “The Luthors weren’t really big on… well any
food that wasn’t a regular meal. Or at least, my mother wasn’t. Father would take me for ice cream
sometimes when I was little.” Lena’s eyes glass over a little at the memory and Kara quietly sits
down next to her, opening the lid.

“Sorry,” Kara says when her friend looks at her again. “I forget how the Luthors didn’t like normal
things sometimes. Movies, ice cream, comfortable clothing…” She jokes, trying to lighten the mood.
Lena gently pushes Kara’s shoulder at the remark and sends her a smile.

“Just hand me the damn tub, Kara. I’ll tell you what I think right now.” Lena says, sticking her hand
out. Kara gives her the ice cream and Lena plunges her spoon in, finding a spot with a cookie dough
chunk. She brings the spoon to her mouth. Kara is watching the movement in anticipation, watching
how Lena’s lip close around the spoon. Lena closes her eyes as she swirls the ice cream through her
mouth before swallowing. She opens her eyes to an excited Kara and enjoys the silent torture of not
telling her friend what she thinks just yet. When it looks like Kara is about to explode she gives in.

“I like it. It’s different. Good different, I mean. It’s good.”

Kara sends her the brightest smile she can ever imagine someone having and she’s happy she got to
put that smile on Kara’s face. She hands her back the tub and leans back on the couch again. Kara
takes a ginormous bite, barely fitting in her mouth and tries to hand the tub back to Lena. The
brunette makes a dismissive gesture with her hands and curls her knees to her chest as she lets her
head drop back on the backrest of the couch.

Kara quickly swallows her bite and looks worriedly at Lena.

“Are you okay? You look a little pale.” She puts the ice cream and her spoon on the table, taking
Lena’s spoon and putting it there too.

“’M fine.” Lena mumbles, clearly not feeling fine.

“Lena,” Kara places a comforting hand on Lena’s thigh. “You don’t have to pretend to be okay if
you’re not. I can tell, you know.”

Lena opens one eye to look briefly at Kara before she closes it again.

“Just a little nauseous. Nothing that’ll kill me.” Lena shrugs. “I don’t think the kid agreed with the ice
cream.”
“Then they have a lot to learn.” Kara states, before beginning doting over Lena. “You should lay down. Here,” Kara scoots over to one side of the couch and pats her leg. “You can use my leg as a pillow and put up your feet. I do the same for Alex when she’s sick.” Lena silently obliges and rests her head on Kara’s soft thigh. Kara stretches out her arm to pull the blanket over Lena’s feet before she begins rubbing soothing circles on Lena’s temples. The brunette is laying on her back, hands covering her stomach, instinctively starting on their own soothing circles. She sighs deeply and lets out a sound of approval as the blonde’s fingers begin massaging her scalp. Under the nimble fingers of Kara and the heat from the blanket, Lena soon finds herself drifting off to sleep.

Kara watches Lena sleep. She watches how the worry and stress fade from her friends face and leave behind relaxation and a youth she sometimes forgets exist. It’s easy to forget that Lena is younger than her, that she’s only twenty-four. Especially with the way Lena usually dresses and carries herself. She just exudes authority and power. But here in Kara’s apartment, laying down on the couch, asleep in Kara’s sweatpants and hoodie, she looks her age. She looks like any normal person in their twenties.

After a while Kara’s growling stomach interrupts her friend-watching. Carefully she leans forward, cradling Lena’s head with one arm to prevent her from falling off the couch, and grabs the forgotten ice cream and a spoon. It’s a little molten, but it’ll do. She doesn’t want to have to get up to get something else because she wants Lena to rest as long as possible. Lena shifts a little and she looks down at the movement, afraid she did wake up the brunette. But the woman just moves to lay on her side and continues sleeping peacefully. Kara lets out a small bout of air she didn’t know she was holding in. She turns on the television with the volume down and decides on watching something, anything that isn’t Lena. Because it probably is a bit strange to watch how your friend sleeps. It gives her some creepy twilight vibes. She starts scooping the goo that once was her delicious ice cream into her mouth as she lets herself get absorbed into the movie she picked.

Lena wakes up with a pillow instead of Kara beneath her head and she groans slightly at the brightness of the room as she moves an arm over her eyes. Kara’s head pops out of the kitchen at the sound and she smiles at the figure on the couch.

“Morning sunshine.” She jokes.

“Hmm.” Is all Lena replies, trying to find a good spot and snuggle back into the comfortableness she was in while asleep. Lena fluffs the pillow a little and lets her head fall back on it again.

“Sorry, I hope I didn’t wake you up. I had to pee. How’re you feeling?” Kara asks, the worry from earlier creeping back on her face.

“’m fine.” Lena mumbles.

“Lena,” Kara says sternly.

“Better than before. Little tired, still a little queasy but not like earlier.” Lena relents.

“Good. I didn’t know if you were up for dinner, but I ordered you vegetable lasagne. You told me it was your ‘on the record favourite food’ and your ‘off the record favourite food’ seemed a little more risky.” Kara says while Lena removes the arm from her eyes and slowly sits up.

“Thank you.” Lena says softly, a little astonished that the reporter actually remembered her favourite
foods.

“No problem. Do you want some saltines for now? I read that they can help.” Kara offers.

Lena nods and Kara sits down next to her handing a pack of saltines over.

“Want to watch another movie or maybe try to sleep a little more?” Kara asks.

“Yes.” Lena deadpans, earning a confused look from Kara. Her face breaks out in a grin at Kara’s puzzlement. “Yes, I want to do one of those.” She half explains as she tries not to laugh too hard.

“Oh,” Kara says still a little baffled. “Oh, oh!” Realisation dawns on her face and she joins Lena in a fit of giggles.

“Okay, but for real. Which one?” Kara asks when she can breathe normally again.

“Movie.”

“Which one?”

“You pick, I chose the last one I think you know more about them than I do.” Lena says as she starts nibbling on a cracker.

She has to give Kara credits; the saltines really did help a little. Halfway through the movie the food arrives and Lena scoops a little on her plate while Kara just eats right from her dish. Kara, of course, immediately starts eating from the steaming food in front of her. It just smells too good and she’s temporarily forgotten that humans, and aliens who solar-flared, can burn themselves. It takes her only a moment to realise it as the heat settles in her mouth. Her eyes start bulging and she opens her mouth to let out the hot steam, running over to the sink to spit out the hot food and cool her mouth with water.

“Careful, it’s hot.” Lena quips.

“Thanks for the warning,” Kara says stony as soon as her mouth stops being on fire. She’s still gulping down copious amounts of water to cool her burnt tongue and cheeks.

“Sorry, it’s just- Really, Kara. You can see the steam rising from the food and still you can’t wait? I know you somehow have a high tolerance for eat because you always start eating immediately but you’d think you’ve burned your mouth enough times to know to at least take a small bite first.” Lena gestures to the dish in front of her that’s still heavily steaming.

Kara glares at the brunette.

“It smelled so good. I couldn’t wait.” She pouts, earning an eye roll from the CEO across the table.

“Is your mouth okay though?” Lena asks, taking pity on the reporter.

Kara smacks a little, testing if it feels okay. “Yeah, it’s fine. Still functioning. But I’ll wait before I take a next bite.”

“Oh good.” Lena says as she puts a small amount of food on her fork and blows at it a little to cool it down more. When it’s cooled down enough for her liking, she tentatively eats it to test if she’ll be able to keep it down. She waits a moment, watching how Kara’s started playing with her own food as the blonde waits for it to cool down. It seems to go well so she starts taking more bites of her
lasagne. Lena finishes her plate but decides against eating more afraid that too much will make her get sick. Kara finishes her first and second dish by the time Lena takes the last bite from her plate. The brunette catches her friend eyeing her food.

“You can have it, if you want. But beware, it does have vegetables.” Lena warns with a laugh.

“Does it have kale?” Kara asks with a small frown, still eyeing the food with a delicious cheesy crust.

“No.” Lena says as she shakes her head.

“Then I’ll take a chance.” Kara says as takes Lena’s dish and starts eating.

Lena is impressed when Kara finishes all the food, even the vegetable lasagne. They clean up the kitchen and Kara takes her hand and drags her back to the couch, sitting on her other side this time.

“I just remembered this movie you really need to watch.” Kara says as she browses through the list onscreen and picks one. In her enthusiasm, she grazes Lena’s arm. Lena can’t stop the hiss from passing her lips and Kara stops her motion. Fear kicks in of hurting her friend, who is now sitting next to her cradling her arm. Kara’s eyes are wide as she looks at Lena.

“Oh, Lena! I’m so sorry. Did I hurt you? I’m so sorry.” Kara begins rambling, but she’s cut off by Lena.

“It’s okay. It’s not your fault, don’t worry.” She says as she carefully lowers her arm again.

“Let me see.” Kara says as she pushes the sleeve of Lena’s sweater up. Lena’s too stunned to stop her and she can do nothing as the blonde’s eyes go wide in shock once again. Lena looks down and thinks it looks a lot better than it did yesterday, the mean red streaks are gone and the only injuries left are a few burn marks from the friction of her nails on her skin. The pain however has only gotten worse, seemingly creeping from her skin into her muscle.

“Oh, Lena. What happened?” Kara asks with those sincere blue eyes that look between Lena’s arm and eyes.

“It’s nothing. Just- just a little accident.” Lena settles on as she forces her arm out of Kara’s and pulls her down her sleeve again. Kara takes a moment to process.

“Did you burn yourself?” She finally asks.

“Something like that. Now can we watch the movie?” Lena says a little grumpy.

“Err, oh, sure.” Kara mutters, eyes never leaving Lena.

“It’s fine, Kara. It will heal. Won’t even scar.” Lena tries to reassure her.

“Okay,” Kara finally tears her eyes off of Lena and focusses back on the screen.

Kara covers them with a soft blanket and they settle back in their peaceful, silent movie watching. Lena struggles to stay awake throughout the movie. Her head falls on top of Kara’s shoulder and she’s just too tired to do anything about it, Kara doesn’t seem to mind anyway and is now using Lena’s head as a pillow for her own. As the movie finishes, Lena tries to stifle a yawn but gets caught by Kara.
“Time for bed I think, sleepyhead.” The blonde chuckles.

“Mhmm,” Lena hums. “I’ll just call Avid and have him pick me up here.” She moves to get her phone but Kara stops her with a hand on her shoulder.

“You don’t think I’m letting you go home alone tonight, silly? Stay, please. And if not for you, then do it for me because I don’t think I will be able to sleep knowing that you are all alone in that big penthouse apartment of you somewhere across town.”

“Oh. Okay, if you insist. And I don’t have a big penthouse. I think my apartment is smaller than yours as a matter of fact.” Lena eyes crinkle a little as she smiles and she looks around Kara’s apartment to compare its size to hers.

“No way! But you’re like… rich. Why don’t you have an awesome penthouse apartment with balcony and swimming pool? You ruined my hopes of coming over to yours and going swimming while looking out over the city.” Kara says as she pouts a little.

“Way. When I first moved here, L-Corp wasn’t doing that great and I didn’t know how long I’d stay in town so I decided to find something that wasn’t too expensive and use my money for L-Corp instead of myself. Though now that you mention a swimming pool overlooking town I kind of regret my decision. Maybe I should go looking for one of such apartments now that L-Corp is doing better and I’m clearly not planning on moving away any time in the near future.”

“You should. Get one of those luxurious penthouses, I mean. And then you can give a housewarming and show off.”

“A housewarming with one guest isn’t really a housewarming, Kara.” Lena says as she stretches her arms out and yawns again.

“One guest?” Kara asks with a questioning look in her eyes.

“Yes, you. Oh, maybe two guests if Supergirl wants to come too. But there’s not really anyone else I’d want to invite.” Lena says with a shrug. She isn’t looking at Kara and misses the sad and guilty look that washes over the reporter’s face at the comment on Supergirl.

“Lena, of course there’s other people who’d want to come!” Kara says in an attempt to cheer them both up a little.

“No, Kara, there really isn’t. I don’t actually have any friends besides you and most people plainly want me dead. So there isn’t and it isn’t a problem because that’s just what being a Luthor means.” Lena says unhappily.

Kara places her hand on top of Lena’s when an idea pops up in her mind.

“You should come to game night!” Kara practically yells. She should’ve done this a long time ago.

“Oh, no, Kara. Thanks for the offer but I don’t want to burden your friends with trying to be nice to me for your sake.” Lena says gloomily with a shake of her head.

“Lena,” Kara’s brow crinkles with sympathy. “They wouldn’t have to try. You’re a great friend and they’ll agree to that. You’re never a burden, you know. And if my friends don’t like you then they can leave because I want you to be at game night. They won’t dislike you though, so don’t worry about me making them leave. I don’t think anyone who really knows you can dislike you, Lena.” Kara assures the brunette. “I’ll text you the date when I know it!”
“Thanks, Kara.” Lena says, a small smile gracing her lips.

“Now let me get you a pair of PJ’s.” Kara says as she jumps up and runs off to the bedroom, leaving Lena to trail behind her.
Fourteen

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Even though they’re both tired, they lie awake for a while. Staring up at the ceiling, their thoughts running over their day.

Kara’s thinking about the fact that her best friend is having a baby. An actual baby! Though the circumstances are a little less than desirable, and she’s sure Lena would’ve liked a human kid from someone she actually loved more. Kara still can’t believe Rhea actually did that. Sure, the woman was awful, but to go to such extremes. To abuse someone else like that, isn’t it essentially rape? Her heart aches for what Lena must’ve gone through on the ship, even though she said she doesn’t know because she was unconscious. Not knowing starts up imagination and she’s sure Lena’s is even wider than hers and Kara herself can already think of enough terrible things that could have happened aboard that ship.

It makes her heart ache even more to think about how Lena feels like she only has two friends. It makes her feel guilty that those friends are the same person and that person is her. It claws at her that she’s still too afraid of Lena’s reaction to actually tell her. She doesn’t want to lose Lena, she doesn’t want to put Lena in more danger. Lillian had told her Lena wouldn’t like it, when she would find out Kara is Supergirl and Kara is not ready to be pushed away. Lena and her need each too much right now. Though, maybe she should start a game plan. Talk to Alex, see how she can soften the blow. Alex is always better at those things. Maybe ask Maggie. Anything to make sure it goes smooth, and anything Kara does by herself never goes smooth.

Lena lies on her back, eyes up but not actually seeing anything. Her mind is making the trip from waking up to sitting in the parking lot of the abortion clinic to ending up in Kara’s bed again. It’s made a very long stop at Kara being alien, contemplating all possible other explanations for Kara’s behaviour and evaluating and comparing all of them. Each time, Kara being an alien wins. Lena refuses to start the trip of finding out what kind of alien. When Kara’s ready to tell her, she’ll tell her. Lena trusts she will. Though she couldn’t help exploring her options briefly, Kryptonian got knocked off the list pretty fast because it is common knowledge that there are only two Kryptonians on earth and Kara and Supergirl are not the same person. Lena’s sticking with ‘maybe Jupiterian’ for now. She moves her hands from her stomach and turns to lay on her side, back to Kara. She closes her eyes and lets Kara’s deep even breaths lull her to sleep.

Kara hears Lena’s breath even out and deepen and looks over at the sleeping form of the brunette next to her. She hugs her covers a little closer and lets Lena’s breathing guide her to dreamland.

Kara is drawn from her slumber by a sudden movement of the mattress. She groggily opens her eyes to see what’s going on. She feels like her limbs are too heavy to move and forces her head sideways to get a better look. The spot on the bed next to her is empty, the covers clumsily discarded to the side. She remembers Lena’s sleeping over and should have been laying there. Then she picks up the sound of someone being sick. With great effort, she drags herself from the bed, it must be Lena and even if she feels like dying inside she’ll be there for Lena. Always. She makes her way over to the bathroom and kneels down next to Lena, holding the brunette’s hair back and softly stroking her back. When the CEO is done emptying her stomach, they lean back against the wall together. Lena’s
eyes are closed tight, trying to keep the nausea at bay.

“Do you want some water?” Kara whispers, her hands having moved from Lena’s back to her leg and now giving a small reassuring squeeze. With a very slight nod of Lena’s head, Kara is back on her feet to get a glass of water from the kitchen. She hands it to Lena, who gratefully takes a few sips. Lena hands the empty glass back to Kara, who places it on the sink and extends a hand to help the brunette up. Hands still locked together, they make their way back to Kara’s bed. They both lie down on their sides, Lena’s back towards Kara whilst Kara continues rubbing circles on her back. After a few minutes, Lena rolls over to lie on her back. Kara’s hand lingers in the air, unsure what to do. Lena takes a hold of it and places it on her stomach below her own hands. Kara scoots a little closer, dropping her head above Lena’s shoulder.

“I’m sorry I woke you up.” Lena whispers.

“Don’t worry about it, it’s not your fault.” Kara whispers back.

They fall back into the easy silence they are used to. Listening to each other breathing, feeling their skin connect and thoughts wandering.

“So, you’ve got morning sickness. And maybe you’re a little more tired than usual, am I right?” Kara says quietly.

Lena hums in affirmation.

“What else? Any other weird pregnancy… things going on?”

Lena swears she can feel Kara’s breath tingle the skin of her neck as she speaks. She can almost feel Kara’s lips, so close and yet so far away at the same time. She imagines those lips inching closer, connecting with her skin. Then, when she’d move her head, connecting with her own lips.

“Oh, you’re back asleep. Sorry.” Kara whispers as she gets no response. Lena is roughly brought back to the real world and shakes her thoughts off, burying them deep somewhere in the back of her mind to never venture to again. Thoughts like that are definitely not thoughts to have about your best friend. Absolutely not. It’s utterly inappropriate. Lena berates herself for it internally and tries to close them off.

“I’m still awake. Sorry.” She says when she’s cleared her mind a bit and feels Kara starting to move away.

“I’ve got the morning sickness and exhaustion, I have to pee all the time, and sometimes I get a little dizzy when I get up too fast.” Lena says softly, watering the dizziness down a little. Okay, a lot. She doesn’t want Kara to worry. Which she clearly failed at, judging by how Kara’s arm tightens on her stomach. “It’s normal, Kara. It’ll go away. And maybe I’m getting a little more emotional, but I’m not sure. But before, I hadn’t cried in years.

“And-” She hesitates for a moment, contemplating whether to tell Kara something so personal. Kara’s arm has started to relax a little again and she’s turned it to give Lena’s wrist another reassuring squeeze. Kara won’t tell anyone and she won’t judge. “And my boobs are growing, and crazy sensitive. I swear, I’ve gained at least one cup size already.” Lena finishes. Kara can’t help the laughter that bubbles up and earns herself a swat from Lena on her shoulder. “Not funny, Kara.” Lena whispers, but Kara hears the smile on her lips. Still, she apologises and tells Lena to get some more sleep, the heaviness of slumber already tugging at herself.
Lena wakes up from the warm rays of the sun hitting her skin. Kara’s arms are warmly around her and she closes her eyes for a second, enjoying the moment while it still lasts. She finally pries herself from Kara’s grip to make breakfast. Lena knows Kara eats a lot, but she doesn’t know exactly how much her friend needs to feel fulfilled. She stares at the contents of the fridge wondering if five portions would be enough to start the day. She settles for making a few batches of pancakes, a stack of toast and a load of eggs. She plates a piece of toast and some of the eggs for herself and puts the rest on a tray for Kara.

When she walks into the bedroom to wake up Kara she finds it a lot harder than she thought. The blonde refuses to join the land of the living. Lena, not wanting to be late for work when she’s skipped all of yesterday already is determined to make sure Kara isn’t late either. Gently shaking the reporter doesn’t work, neither does roughly shaking. Whispering, talking and almost shouting – Lena’s not one to actually shout at a friend for no reason– are not working either. Finally, she resolves to getting a wet washcloth and putting it on Kara’s face. That seems to do the trick as the blonde shoots up from the bed, almost knocking Lena over in the process.

“Rao, sor-” Kara starts to say, throat so soar she doesn’t even get to finish her second word. She ends up in a coughing fit after trying to clear her throat and tears spring up in her eyes at the effort. Lena runs out of the room and, before Kara’s coughing fit is even over, is back with a glass of water. She sits down next to her friend and gently helps her sip some of the soothing cold liquid.

“Better?” She asks with worry in her eyes when Kara’s finished half the glass.

Kara merely nods, afraid to start coughing again.

Lena places a cool hand on Kara’s forehead, Kara guesses it’s to gauge her temperature –when Alex was sick as a kid, Eliza did the same thing– but she’s not entirely sure.

“You’re burning up, Kara. How do you feel?” Lena asks, again worried.

Kara shrugs and takes a moment to assess her body. There’s a deep ache in her bones that doesn’t seem to be going away anytime soon, her throat feels like sandpaper and her head is pounding. Lena takes the shrug as enough of an answer and tells Kara to stay put as she walks out again.

Kara is happy to obliges, she doesn’t feel like getting up is a good idea at the moment. She leans her head back against her headboard and closes her eyes for a moment. When she opens them again, Lena is back. There’s a tray of food and bottles of Gatorade and water on her nightstand and Lena is holding the medicine Kara’s once bought for Alex when she was sick. Kara listens as Lena tells her to stay hydrated and eat however much she feels comfortable eating. She lets Lena medicate her and just nods as words flow into her one ear and out the other. Lena’s voice is just the right kind of deep and soft and Kara doesn’t even notice but she’s falling right back asleep by the lull of Lena’s voice.

Lena worries for a moment what exactly to do. She’s never actually cared for a sick person, or been around one for that matter. A thought pops up in her head and the first thing she decides to do is call in sick for Kara. She’s sure that’s something that needs to be done when someone is sick. Before she makes the call, she tries to think of how to call. She can’t really say that she, Lena Luthor, stayed over at Kara’s place. She thinks. Come to think of it, she’s never actually had to call in sick herself so she doesn’t even know who Kara should call in sick to. Probably Snapper, he’s her direct boss.

Lena roams the apartment trying to find Kara’s phone and come up with a better way to call in sick for Kara without using her own name. She’s sure Snapper won’t recognise her voice so she decides to come up with a cover name and just pretend that she and Kara were supposed to meet up for
breakfast but she’d sent her home because Kara’s sick. That should work.

It does work. Snapper’s not happy Kara’s sick and at first demands she comes in anyway but Lena is quick to shoot that idea down because Snapper sure “wouldn’t want to be responsible for getting the whole office sick, right?”.

Next, Lena checks up on Kara, who’s still blissfully asleep. Then Kara’s phone suddenly rings. It’s Alex. Lena’s not sure whether she should answer or not. She should. She’s not sure however, how Alex will react to her answering Kara’s phone. The persistent ringing of the phone continues so Lena presses answer and raises it to her ear.

“Kar, how did it go with Lena? Are you still solar-”

“Agent Danvers?” Lena interrupts Alex. She can hear a small gasp from the other end of the line before Alex composes herself.

“You’re not Kara.” Is the simple answer.

“No, I’m not. Kara’s sleeping, she’s sick.” Lena decides to just get it over with, damn what Alex Danvers thinks of it.

“Lena?”

“Yes, this is her.”

“You stayed the night?”

“Your sister is sick and this is what you take from it? That I stayed the night?” Lena can’t help the disdain shining through in her voice.

“Sorry, no. I just- she was worried about you. About she and you. I guess she’s got that figured out now. Sorry, she’s sick? I can come over and take care of her if you need to work.”

“She’s sick, yes. But it’s fine. I can stay. If she didn’t look so pale, I would have thought it was a setup to make me work a little less.” Lena says with a small laugh.

“Okay, thanks. I’ll come over right after work then. I’ll bring dinner.”

Lena’s about to reply –wondering if Alex meant dinner for Alex and Kara or for the three of them– when she hears a lot of noise coming from the other end of the phone. An insistent “Agent Danvers!” is yelled somewhere in the background and Alex is quick to excuse herself and hang up.

Lena makes one more phone call; to Jess, telling her she won’t be in today and if she can send over her paperwork, and get Avid to also pickup soup somewhere. Soup is always great when people are sick, or at least, a quick google search tells her that. She also tells Jess to take the day off herself but Jess will have none of it and Lena is left with a promise that Jess won’t make it too late.

Lena sits down in the kitchen and slowly eats the food she made for herself. She has to actively try not to forget eating. After a quick shower, she dresses herself back in Kara’s comfortable clothing from the day before. If she’s not going anywhere, why dress like she is?

She gets her laptop from her bag and starts another google search. Since it’s a new day, she can also
worry about new decisions. Today on the top of her list: adoption or not?

She ventures into the world of adoption agencies and after scouring around a few she suddenly remembers this would not be a regular adoption. There are thousands of adoption site for regular human babies, but finding one that also allows aliens and half-aliens takes a lot more digging. The is briefly interrupted by Avid at the door with her paperwork and some soup. She thanks him and tells him to take the rest of the day off, she’ll find her own way to her apartment. A quick check ensures her Kara’s still sleeping and Lena is sucked right back into the world of adoption sites. She quickly learns that even the most alien-inclusive agencies don’t just allow any species. There’s a list of banned species, Lena recognises some of the alien species that have poisonous or burning skin. There’s also a green list, which does not include Daxamites. Lena decides she will need to call to make sure. She dials the number and a friendly older man answers it.

“Hello, this is Tamir speaking. How may I help you?”

“Hello Tamir, I’m Tess Mercer. I was looking at your website and I had a question about the alien species you allow to be placed for adoption.” Lena decides to go with her alias, not wanting to get the fact that Lena Luthor is pregnant out in the open.

“Ahh, yes. Well, we have a strict rule of no alien species that are almost certain to be harmful to the adoptive family. They should not be put in danger by the child they will receive.”

“I understand, I actually have a question about a specific kind of alien that’s not on the banned list, nor on the green list.”

“Yes, ma’am, and what species would that be?”

“Daxamite.”

The silence on the other end of the line is already telling Lena enough, but she refuses to hang up before hearing it.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. But after the recent… incident, we will not be allowing this violent species to be placed through our adoption agency anymore. Besides, isn’t the very air we breathe toxic to them?”

“Yes, thank you.” Lena chokes out, unable to manage saying more. She hears Tamir say something on the other end of the line but she doesn’t listen anymore as she hangs up the phone.

She refuses to let one call dampen her spirit so she gives herself one moment to be sad and finds a dozen more agencies and gives them all a call.

They all tell her the same thing. Daxamites are volatile and dangerous and are not safe for any family, therefore they will no longer be allowed to be placed for adoption.

After the thirteenth call Lena’s had it. She can hardly keep the tears from her eyes. How can these people think they know this child growing inside her before it’s even born? Before it’s even grown hair, nails and separate fingers and toes. She feels an anger start to boil inside her and, with a little more force than strictly necessary, shuts her laptop. She starts working on the paperwork Avid brought over, happy to get her mind off of things.

The paperwork helps, she relaxes a little from the task as she signs forms and reads over proposals, ideas and financials. Within a few hours she’s breezed through the stack and it’s a small shock to find that there’s no more work left to do. She blames Jess, her secretary knows she’s been working a lot lately and must’ve thought this was the ideal opportunity to have her boss slow down. Jess is sly like that when necessary, but deep-down Lena is actually grateful for the forced break. Even if it’s also
driving her insane. There’s no more paperwork and Lena might be feeling a little less emotional but is now sporting a nice headache to compensate for it.

Her clock tells her it’s actually way past lunch time and she briefly berates herself for forgetting about it. She heats up the soup and fills two bowls. Before she brings the soup to Kara, she cleans up the leftovers from breakfast. Kara must’ve woken up for a moment because clearly someone has eating a little from the food. Then Lena brings in the soup and wakes up Kara again. She sits down at her feet and hands her a bowl, telling her to eat or else she’ll be fed. Kara’s eyes light up for a moment in defiance but then they dull over again and Kara starts sipping the soup, happy to watch Lena eat too. When both bowls are empty, Lena takes them and puts them on the nightstand. As she tries to get up and walk away however, Kara pulls her back and lifts the covers for her to sit next to the blonde. She almost tells Kara she’s got some things to finish, but the blonde uses her puppy eyes and it’s really unfair. In the blink of an eye Lena is sitting next to Kara, tucked beneath the comforter.

“I think I have what you had yesterday, Lena.” Kara says, still looking a little grey.

“I doubt you have morning sickness Kara. Unless there’s something you want to tell me.” Lena says with a small laugh.

“But it wasn’t even morning!” Kara pouts.

“Well, tell that to whomever gave it its name because trust me, it’s not isolated to mornings. I wish it were.”

“Then your veggies are trying to kill me.”

Lena rolls her eyes. “You got sick. Germs are trying to kill you, not vegetables.”

“It’s not fair.” Kara’s still pouting.

“Life isn’t fair.” Lena merely shrugs and hands Kara one of the bottles. “Drink a bit, else you’ll feel even worse tomorrow.”

Kara obligingly drinks from the bottle and lets Lena guide her down and tuck her in. Lena’s fingers are in her hair, their soft touch drawing her back to sleep. Kara fights it though and earns a small berating from Lena for it.

“Kara, you need to sleep. Sleeping it off is what works best.” Lena tells her.

Kara pulls Lena’s arm until Lena’s laying down next to her.

“You should sleep a little too. You look tired and you even told me you are tired all the time yesterday.” Kara says.

“I’m fine, Kara. I don’t need sleep.” Lena’s actually more convincing herself than Kara and she knows it. She also knows Kara’s almost as stubborn as she is and won’t let it go.

“You’re not fine. And I won’t sleep until you promise you’ll also sleep.” Kara tells her, a determined look shining through the sick dull of her blue eyes.

Lena wants to fight it, she’s more stubborn than Kara and she knows it. But she’s also promised herself to take better care of herself and she knows Kara’s right. Even without the emotionally draining morning she’d have been tired. Now she’s exhausted. And she can’t say no to Kara, ever.
Kara, who’s so close again. Who is now pulling her even closer as she feels that Lena’s giving in. Who likes to cuddle, apparently even more so when she’s sick and sleepy.

No! Lena won’t let her mind wander that path again. She turns around, back to Kara and closes her eyes. She tries to clear her mind. Which is not an easy feat as Kara is now pressing her front to Lena’s back and snaking arms around her waist. Lena is however dead set on not letting her mind go there again and she tries to think of anything but Kara. She starts by thinking of new L-Corp inventions, but they all come back to Kara one way or another. She then thinks of the boring side of L-Corp, the business side and the finances. But her mind gets distracted, because she’s not the biggest fan of this side. And Kara’s hands are not helping, as they begin rubbing circles on her arm and stomach. She even resolves to thinking about Lex when Kara presses her cheek against Lena’s shoulder. She’s lost, she utterly lost and she doesn’t know how to feel anymore. So, instead of battling herself even longer she resigns to enjoying this feeling for the moment and let Kara hold her. Eventually she drifts off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the replies and kudos. I know I say it almost every chapter, but they really keep me going and actually inspire me to include certain things and make me think twice about some decision I’d made.

I've never actually written romance, so I hope it feels (close to?) organic. If not, please give me suggestions because I feel like I can use all the help I can get. You're also welcome to give constructive criticism on other stuff.

I'm not sure if I'll be able to update once a week from now on because I'll be back to full-time courses again and an internship after that that could be rather demanding. But I'll try to update as much as possible, just expect them to be more sporadic. Some might follow each other faster if I feel inspired and sometimes if life gets busy it might take a little longer. I'm trying and you can always remind me if you feel like it's taking a long time.
There’s a knock on the door that the pair in the bed is entirely unaware of. Neither of them have woken up yet to hear anything happening around them. It takes Alex using her spare key, entering the seemingly empty apartment and roaming it to find Kara—ending up finding both Kara and Lena, intertwined, in Kara’s bed—and a surprised “Kara?!” to wake up the blonde. The brunette besides her only stirs and resumes sleeping. Kara’s eyes shoot open and even though she doesn’t have her powers, she doesn’t hesitate to move herself between Lena and the voice of the unexpected intruder. The sudden motion rouses the brunette from her nap. Kara’s eyes focus on the person standing in front of her.

“Kara?” Lena’s soft voice is still groggy from sleep as her fingers grasp at nothing on the spot Kara was laying down in mere moments ago.

“Alex?!” Kara finally recognises the figure in front of her and the surprise is clear in her tone.

Even more surprised, is Alex as she exclaims “Lena?!”. Kara’s fully awake now and quick to rise. She grabs a hold on Alex’s arm and leads the agent away to the living room.

“What are you doing here?” Kara asks her sister, her voice barely above a whisper so as not to worry Lena.

“What did I just walk in on?” Alex asks instead of answering the question.

“I asked first.” Kara says, her voice demanding and sounding like a little girl.

“Fine. I called you earlier, Lena answered. She said you were sick and she’d stay to keep an eye on you. I told her I’d come over after work with dinner and take over.” Alex says, her eyes suddenly going wide as she remembers the phone conversation. “Shit, Kara. I might’ve outed you to her. I asked if you were still solar flaring. Shit.” Alex begins pacing the room and biting the inside of her cheek as her brain starts working a mile a minute to try and find a solution to the newfound issue.

“Oh no, oh no! What if she knows? What if she’s mad at me? Or worse, hates me. Maybe she doesn’t want to be my friend anymore. I mean, my cousin sent her brother to jail. I lied to her. Alex, I’ve been lying to her from the moment we met. She’ll never want to see me again. I should—” Kara starts pacing the room even more frantically than Alex. Her distressed mumblings snap Alex out of her own worry and the older Danvers moves in front of her sister, stopping the blonde in her tracks. Alex lays her hands on Kara’s shoulders and looks her straight in the eye.

“Kara, I don’t think she’ll hate you and never want to see you again. From what you’ve told me about her, she’s nothing like her brother and she never agreed with his actions. She’ll not blame you for your cousin putting Lex in jail. I think. I mean, I just found you two sharing the same bed, I don’t think she’d do that if she hated you, right?” Alex starts worrying her lip because no matter how highly Kara has always spoken of Lena, how infinite Kara’s trust in Lena always seemed to be, Alex has to admit that she’s never really spoken to the Luthor herself. She doesn’t actually know how Lena will react. If Kara will be safe from her, if her secret will be safe. Alex’s biggest worry is Lena.
telling the world about Kara, especially after finding out like this. The fact that her sister and Lena were sleeping together –Alex hopes that it really was just sleeping and not more– is only a small consolation and sign that Lena isn’t going to shut out Kara.

Kara nods, her mind still running over every possible scenario. She doesn’t even notice the tingle going through her body as her cells reach the final stage of charging and her powers kick back in.

“We’ll just have to find out first if Lena actually knows.” Alex says, giving Kara’s shoulders a small squeeze.

“If I know what?”

The voice draws both sisters from their conversation. Neither can hide their surprise at Lena’s sudden appearance, both had temporarily forgotten they were not alone in the apartment. Lena has donned her CEO outfit and is standing just outside the bathroom door, hands folded and eyebrow crooked. Her green eyes armoured and expecting nothing good to come in reply.

“If you- err… If you know- uuh.” Kara stutters, causing Lena’s eyebrow to only raise to a seemingly impossible height.

“If you know what medical procedures the Daxamites performed on their ship.” Alex comes up with the excuse easily. It’s something the DEO hasn’t actually figured out yet, and though Lena has told them she hasn’t been there, she might’ve overheard something. It’s a good excuse, or so Alex thinks. She doesn’t know Lena well enough to see the brief flicker in her eyes. Kara does. Kara sees the sheer panic and fear in Lena’s eyes, only for a moment though and then it’s gone. Then Lena’s back to power-CEO who cannot be hurt or surprised. Kara herself is a lot worse at hiding her surprise, Lena is staring at Alex however and does not seem to notice. Even if she noticed, in the corner of her eye, she presumes it’s because of the bluntness of the formulation of the question, not the question itself.

“I don’t.” Lena replies curtly. “Now, if you’ll excuse me. I have some more work to do. Kara, I suppose I’ll see you tomorrow for lunch?” She walks over to her bag and slides in on her shoulder.

“You don’t have to go yet, Lena.” Kara says while she walks over to her friend. Alex studies the pair for a second, noticing Lena’s distant body language.

“Hey, sorry, I didn’t mean to drop a bomb on you like that.” She says, hands raised in a surrendering gesture. “You should stay for dinner. I brought enough.”

“Thank you, but I do have work to finish.” Lena turns around and walks towards the door only to be cut off by Kara who speeds in between Lena and the door.

“I won’t let you leave until you’ve had dinner.” Kara says. It’s not a threat or challenge. It’s a concern, because Kara and Lena both know she’ll probably forget all about dinner the moment the brunette sets foot outside. Lena doesn’t even fight it, she knows it’s a lost battle and she’s been taught to pick her battles wisely.

“Fine.” Lena turns around and drops her bag, making her way to the kitchen table. “Jess is right, by the way. You are fast.”

Kara grins sheepishly, realising that her speed might have been a little higher than humanly possible. When Lena has her back turned she lets herself float up a little, a little squeak slips through her lips as she realises her powers are back. She quickly lets herself drop back to the floor before Lena looks up and notices.
“Alex brought pizza and potstickers.” Kara says, as a way to explain the less than flattering yelp she had let out. She rushes to the counter to grab them plates and utensils and brings those and the food over to the table. Alex starts opening the pizza boxes, folding the lids neatly underneath.

“I didn’t know what kind of pizza you liked, so I just got some different kinds.” Alex says, gesturing to the pizzas with different toppings.

Kara notices Lena has gotten a little pale and her hand has moved underneath the table. She sits down next to her friend and sees the hand gently rubbing her stomach. Lena must be feeling sick again. Then Kara remembers Lena does not like pizza, possibly even hates it. The baby must share this sentiment at the moment.

Kara grabs a potstickers container and plops it down in front of Lena. Next, she hands over a fork and watches the CEO as she pricks her fork in one of the potstickers and takes a bite. Kara doesn’t look away until Lena has swallowed that first bite. When she’s sure the food has gone down, Kara grabs a few pizza slices for herself. All the while, Alex watches her closely with a tilted head.

“Who are you, and what have you done with Kara?” She finally asks when Kara has taken her first bite of food.

“What do you mean?” Kara asks around the food in her mouth, trying to watch both Lena and Alex at the same time. The first to make sure she eats and the second because of the strange question.

“You didn’t start eating before I even finished opening the first box and you gave away your potstickers.” Alex says, making it clear how unusual this behaviour is of Kara.

“We have a guest and it’s rude to start before they’ve got something to eat. And they’re not my potstickers, Lena doesn’t eat pizza so it’s only fair she gets some.” Kara merely shrugs as if it’s the most normal thing in the world. Lena feels a blush creeping up her neck at the idea that Kara actually waited to eat because of her. That Kara gave away her precious potstickers to her. Because even though Kara says they’re not her potstickers, anyone who’s ever shared a meal with Kara knows that in reality, Kara Danvers does not take anyone even so much as eyeing her potstickers lightly. Lena decides to keeps her head down, eyes on her own food as the sisters bicker. She needs most of her attention anyway to keep herself from throwing up right on top of the table.

The Danvers sister bicker for a while longer as Lena tries to take slow bites from the potstickers she now values even more dearly. When they’re done bickering, she can’t escape the conversation anymore.

“So, any cool new L-Corp tech you’re working on?” Alex asks Lena to get the conversation starting. Lena looks up and ponders for a moment over what to disclose and what not.

“Yes, actually. In a few weeks we’ll be launching some new tech we’ve been working on. It’s a new type of bulletproof vest that’s able to withstand alien weapons to some extent.” Lena’s eyes light up as she talks more about the new launch, the distraction working wonders for her nausea and nerves over having dinner with Kara’s sister. With agent Danvers. Alex shows honest interest in the equipment, suggesting to have the equipment used by the DEO. They’re always looking for better ways to defend their agents against aliens. The conversation flows freely, moving from Lena’s research to Alex’s job, Kara’s job at CatCo and briefly touching on Supergirl and how she’s doing now. It’s been two days since the hero fell from the sky for all of National City to see and there’s not yet been any news on how she’s actually doing. Alex looks a beaming Kara over and tells Lena Supergirl has been feeling a lot better, but she’ll send her regards anyway. The hero is expected to be picking up her duties tomorrow. Lena seems relieved at hearing that information and Alex can’t help wonder if she somehow does know, though Kara told her Lena is also friends with Supergirl.
Alex has a few slices of pizza and Lena manages to eat almost half of the container of potstickers in the time that Kara takes to eat the rest of the food. When all boxes and containers are empty Lena gets up to leave.

“Thank you for the dinner, agent Danvers. It’s late and I still really do have some work to finish.” She says as she picks up her bag again.

“Alex.” The agent says.

Lena looks up and gives Alex a questioning look.

“I think we should be on a first-name basis, so it’s Alex. Not agent Danvers. And you’re welcome for the food. I should thank you for looking after Kara. She can be very whiny if she’s sick.” Alex elaborates, earning some low grumbles of disagreement from Kara at the last statement.

“Oh, it was no bother really. I think my secretary was actually relieved that I took a day off. Besides, Kara spent the whole day sleeping so I didn’t actually have to do anything.”

Lena walks over to the door, followed by Kara, and opens it.

“Bye!” Len says as she makes to leave.

Kara quickly pulls her in for a hug. Lena let’s out a small “oof” as Kara holds her a little tighter.

“Lunch, tomorrow, your office.” Kara reminds the brunette as she lets go and waves goodbye.

Kara has barely closed the door behind her when Alex starts her interrogation.

“So, Lena spent the night?” It’s a rhetorical question. Alex knows Kara went to her yesterday and Lena was at Kara’s this morning when she got sick.

“Yes,” Kara still answers the question.

Alex lets out a low grumble, ignores Kara’s questioning look and schools her features back.

“And she stayed to take care of you when you got sick.” It’s not even phrased as a question.

“Yes,” Kara still answers, again.

“And she cuddled up in bed with you in the middle of the day for a nap.” Alex’s voice goes up at the end of the sentence, her surprise shining through.

“Well, yes. She’s got a very demanding job and we were both tired. You know I sleep better when I’m close to someone.” Kara tries to defend herself.

“I’m not accusing you.” Alex puts her arm on top of Kara’s to assure her. “She seems like a great friend.”

Kara nods frantically in agreement to that statement.

“It’s just, you’re lucky you solar flared. You know you have a tendency to start floating when you sleep. You’ll scare the living hell out of her if she wakes up with you hovering a few feet above the bed, hogging all the blankets.” Alex explains.
“I don’t hog blankets!” Kara has her trademark crinkle and pout in place at the allegation.

“You do, but that’s not the point. You could have outed yourself in a… less than desirable way. You know that right? You shouldn’t invite her for a sleepover if you’ve got your powers until she knows.”

“Right. Definitely no sleepovers when I have my powers. Aye, aye captain. No sleepovers unless I have no powers. Clear. Message understood.” Kara rambles, earning a frown from Alex as the older Danvers figures out why Kara is rambling.

“She already stayed over when you had powers, didn’t she?”

“Nooooo, of course not. I’d never be so irresponsible. I’d ne-”

“Quit it Kara, you’re the worst liar ever.”

“Am not.” Kara pouts.

Alex lifts her hand and puts her finger on the crinkle between Kara’s brows. “Crinkle.”

“Ugh! Okay, so she might’ve stayed over before. But I slept on the couch. Most of the night.” Kara starts fumbling with the bottom of her sweater, picking at an invisible thread.

“You- Oh, Kara. Sometimes I wonder how the whole world doesn’t know yet.” Alex shakes her head with a small smile. Her sister is truly hopeless sometimes.

Kara shrugs and flashes Alex a sheepish smile.

“I wouldn’t mind if she found out, I want to tell her Alex. Why can’t I decide for myself when I want to tell Lena? I’ve only gotten to tell Winn and now I can’t tell my best friend because the DEO won’t let me.” Kara’s shoulders sag a little.

“Do you plan on letting her stay over more often? How much time do you spend together anyway? It seems like you’ve been getting more and more attached to the hip the last few weeks.”

“We have lunch together almost every day and we watch movies together sometimes. Did you know Lena had never actually watched movies? Isn’t that insane. Who’s never watched movies. What kid didn’t spend their time watching movies?” Kara’s face reflects her passion about kids watching movies. “Yeah, Lena Luthor. But what kind of parents never let their kids watch movies. I’m sure she must’ve wanted to watch a movie at least once when she was younger. Right? Even Lena two-degrees and a child prodigy and chess genius’ Luthor must’ve wanted to watch movies.”

“Kara?”

“It’s crazy, really. She’d never watched a Disney movie. She didn’t even know musicals were a thing. She didn’t know there were movies in which people sang, Alex.”

“Kara?”

“How did she grow up without even being able to name a single Disney princess or movie. She didn’t know any of the songs. She-”

“Kara!”

“What?” Kara stops her ramble, not even having noticed Alex had tried to interrupt her twice already.
“I get it, Lena didn’t watch movies. I just asked if you were planning on inviting her over more often. But I guess that’s a yes because I know you and now you have your mind set on showing Lena every single movie you’ve ever watched and more.”

Kara blushes when she realises she’s just started a long rant about Lena and movies as a reply to a simple ‘yes’ or ‘no’ question.

“Someone has to show her the wonders of film.” Kara shrugs.

“You know what. I think if you keep this up she’ll find out anyway. I’ll talk to J’onn and see if he can agree to letting you tell her.”

“Really?” Kara’s eyes light up.

“Really.”

“You’re the best sister!” Kara leaps up and tackles Alex in a hug.

“Thanks.” Alex breathes out as the air is pressed from her lungs.

“Oh, but how should I tell her. I don’t want to scare her. I want to tell her in the best way possible. So she doesn’t hate me. What if she hates me? What if she thinks it’s because she’s a Luthor? What if-”

“Kar, I told you. She won’t hate you. Besides I don’t think there’s a bad way to tell her. Just tell her. And explain it’s not because she’s a Luthor. She’s only the second person you’ll tell. So explain that. Just tell her loud and clear and it will be fine.”

They’re interrupted by a short knock on the door and as Alex gets up to answer, Kara looks at the door to find out who it is.

“Hey!” Alex says to the short woman in the doorway, leaning in for a kiss.

“Hi!” Maggie gives her a short peck on the lips before she walks past her fiancée. “And hey little Danvers.” Maggie says to Kara.

“Hey Maggie!” Kara greets the detective.

“I brought ice cream.” Maggie puts a plastic bag on the kitchen table. “What did I miss?”

“Ooh! ice cream.” Kara says, a spoonful of the frozen goodness in her mouth before she even finishes her sentence.

“I was just telling Kara there’s no wrong way to tell Lena she’s Supergirl.” Alex tells Maggie, giving Kara a scolding look for using super speed to get to the ice cream first.

“Oh, we’re telling her?” Maggie and Alex both grab a spoon and pick a tub from the bag. Maggie places the rest in the freezer for later if Kara’s still hungry and she stashes a vegan one in the back of the freezer for herself, knowing that neither of the Danvers sister would ever willingly buy the stuff.

“No, we’re not. Kara is.” Alex digs in her ice cream and walks over to the couch, joining Kara.

“I’d like to disagree, to the wrong way of telling Lena. From what Winn told me, the way you told him would be a very bad way to tell Lena. I think she’d have a heart attack, or, even more likely, jump after you from her balcony, Kara.” Maggie turns to the blonde.
“She’d- You think she would jump off her balcony after me?” Kara’s eyes widen a little.

Maggie laughs at the blonde. “Oh, I’m pretty sure from what you told me about her. Anyway, when’s she coming over for Danvers movie night? I think I need to apologise to her for arresting her.”

“She doesn’t blame you for that. She told me. You were just doing your job.” Kara points her spoon at Maggie. “And I invited her over for the next game night.”

“So charades is back on? We can make even teams if she joins. And we probably shouldn’t play monopoly, I bet she’d beat everyone without even trying.” Maggie’s competitive side flares up as she names all the game and starts to contemplate how good Lena would be at them and whether they should even play them if she expects Lena to be good at one.

“I don’t think Lena’s ever played monopoly, so we can at least let her try it.” Kara says with a shrug.

“She’s never… What kid has never played fucking monopoly?!” Maggie almost drops her tub of ice cream in her shock. “Danvers, back me up here.” She nudges her fiancée in her side, trying to get some backup.

“Sorry, Sawyer. I think she’s right. The woman never even watched a movie before Kara made her.”

“Oh, boy. That is one fucked up family.”

“Good thing she met us, we can set her straight.” Alex says, taking another bite from her ice cream.

“Uuhh, I don’t think either of us will be able to set her straight.” Maggie says with a wink. She earns a laugh from Alex and a confused look from Kara, before she gets it and joins Alex and Maggie in their laughter.

Maggie sets her tub on the coffee table. “You guys pick a movie, and no sappy romantic movies without a plot, okay. I’ve got to pee.”

Maggie leaves Alex and Kara to bicker over a movie. Alex wants a scary movie, Kara refuses to watch another one if Alex and Maggie won’t stay over. Last time they watched a scary movie during movie night, Kara couldn’t sleep alone for a week, showing up tired at the DEO and almost flying into buildings. In the end, they settle on an action movie.

“Hey, little Danvers,” Maggie says as she exits the bathroom. “Did you have a booty call last night?” The wide smirk on her face grows even wider at Kara’s blush creeping up her cheeks.


“Just kidding,” Maggie says when she has caught her breath, giving Kara a pat her on her head as she passes. “But why do you have two toothbrushes?”

“Oh, that. It’s Lena’s.” Kara says as if it’s the most normal thing in the world.

“Lena’s, hmm. So she stayed over?”

“Err… Yes. You here too to reprimand me?” Kara says with a little pout.

Maggie turns from the blonde on her one side to the redhead on her other, taking the tub of ice cream from the unsuspecting agent. “I believe you owe me 50 bucks as well.” She says as she shoves her
own vegan ice cream tub in Alex’s hands before the redhead can even protest the loss of her own ice cream. Alex scoffs and glares from Maggie to Kara and back.

“What just- Alex? Did you bet on me? Again.” Kara says as it dawns on her what just happened.

“Maybe.” Alex shrugs and digs her spoon in the vegan ice cream with a deep frown on her forehead. Maggie just watches on amusedly as Alex and Kara both make disgusted faces with each spoonful of ice cream that enters the agents mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Constructive criticism is still welcome. 
As are comments. I love those and I love all of your ideas and thoughts on where the story might go, so keep ’em coming!
Same for kudos, they're awesome too (though comments are better :P )

(During the posting of this chapter AO3 and I had a brief disagreement on the date. AO3 won even though I still don't agree, I can't really change anything about it.)
Chapter Notes

106 words short of 50k!!! WOOOO!!! I'm having a small midnight-party by myself :P

Also, since it's been so long since I watched season 2 and don't have time to keep rewatching every time I feel like I've forgotten stuff, I'll venture away from being canon-compliant a little. So characters and events might not be exactly like in canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Morning Jess.”

“Morning ms. Luthor,” Jess says, handing Lena a cup. She looks like she wants to add something or ask something, but unsure whether it’s her place.

“Thank you. How are you today, Jess?” Lena asks as she receives the cup of coffee, giving Jess the opening to ask her back how she’s doing.

“I’m fine, ms. Luthor. How are you?” Jess says, glad for the opportunity.

“I’m good, thanks.” Lena replies, walking to her office. “Would you mind joining me for some updates?”

“Oh, err… Yes, ms. Luthor.” Jess says as she hurries to grab her tablet and runs after the CEO.

Lena puts her coat away and gathers her belongings from her bag before storing it away. She takes a seat in her office chair and turns around to face Jess, who is now standing in front of said desk.

“First, change my morning coffee to decaf or tea.” Lena says, pushing her coffee towards Jess. She waits a moment for Jess to catch up, seeing the realization dawn in her assistant's eyes. “I’ll not be able to do most of my lab rounds, so Sidney will have to take over and just report anything noteworthy back to me. I’d like Alice to take over the dealings with our Asian associates, if she’s okay with having meetings at odd hours. Could you ask them if they’re okay with that?” Lena waits for Jess to nod in affirmation. “And, if you don’t mind, would you inform me if you go out for lunch. You know I tend to forget time when I’m busy. And lastly,” Lena makes sure to look Jess straight in the eye. “Neither of us will tell anyone until we absolutely have to. I don’t need some anti-Luthor activists finding out the bloodline will be extended. I don’t need my mother to find out my bloodline will be extended. Clear?” Lena rests her forearms on her desk, watching as her assistant seizes to type on her tablet.

“Yes, ms. Luthor.” Jess says, knowing full well that Lena will become an even bigger target when any of this information leaks. The assistant starts to turn around to resume her work when Lena calls her back.

“Oh, and Jess. I think it’s time you start calling me Lena. Miss Luthor makes me feel old and to be honest it’s a little weird to have someone my age call me that. Besides, I think you know about anything there is to know about me so why not just call me by my actual name.” Lena says with a kind smile.
“Oh. Right. Sure, miss L- Lena.” Jess corrects herself, smiling brightly back before making her way back out the office to her own desk.

Kara and Lena have been sitting together on Lena’s office couch in silence for a while. Kara had tried to convince Lena to visit the DEO, make them their doctors and Lena had refused and cut the conversation short. Her own doctor is perfectly fine and capable, thank you very much. The lingering silence is tangible as Lena plays with her food. Kara’s already finished eating and uncomfortably adjusting her glasses every few seconds, not sure what to say or whether to say anything at all. The silence isn’t necessarily uncomfortable, but it’s not the nice silence they’ve had for a while. Lena’s mind is clearly somewhere else, while Kara’s isn’t and she’s fidgeting fervently.

“Do you still miss him and think about him often?” Lena asks, making a few twirling motions with her fork in her food.

Kara immediately knows who she’s talking about, but when she tries to remember the last time she’s really thought about him she comes up empty. She’s been to focussed on her own life, on movies with Alex and Maggie, on joking with Winn, on trying to rekindle her friendship with James, and on Lena. On worrying over Lena, on feeling guilty for everything that happened, on reassuring her that Lena was not to blame. Sure, Mon-El popped up in her thoughts sometimes, but no longer with the painful feelings she felt those first weeks. She hopes that he’s somewhere safe and making a life of his own, just like she’s been doing. Life’s too short to spend it mourning someone you never truly loved, even for a Kryptonian.

Lena’s eyes lock on Kara’s for the first time since she’s told Kara off for trying to make her change doctors.

“Honestly, not in the last few weeks. I mean, sometimes. But not really, not like when he’d just left. I’m too busy to think about him probably.” Kara shrugs. “I mean, I think more about the necklace I gave him when he left than I do about him really.”

“Oh.” Lena’s not sure what she’d expected, but she is sure it wasn’t this. She eyes Kara curiously but her friend seems to be telling the truth.

“You know I don’t blame you for what happened, right. You didn’t make the final decision. You saved National City and the citizens. You’re a hero, you know.”

Lena averts her eyes and shrugs. She still doesn’t believe it herself, she killed a lot of Daxamites. Even if she didn’t press that button, she did build the device.

“Can I be completely honest with you, no judgement?” Kara asks, looking sideways at Lena as if she’s afraid of asking.

“Of course, Kara. Always.” Lena turns a little towards the reporter, showing Kara some more support.

“I don’t really mind him being gone anymore. I didn’t see it before but I’m happier without him. I was happier before him. So, actually I think I should thank you for building the device. And Supergirl for pressing the button, but mostly you because without there wouldn’t be a button to press.”

“Really?” Lena’s voice sounded somewhere between surprise and disbelieve, thinking that Kara was only saying that to make her feel better not because it was actually true.
“I wouldn’t lie to you, Lena.” Kara said, a smile creating friendly crinkles around her eyes, her hand squeezing Lena’s shortly. “Have you found anything out about your mom? Your birth mom.”

Lena shakes her head, she’d tried but she knew if Lillian wanted to keep something hidden she’d do it thoroughly.

“Have I showed you the picture yet?” She asks instead.

“No, does she look nice? She probably does. I bet she’s gorgeous, I mean, she’s your mom.” Kara started rambling.

Lena sent her an amused smile as she got up to grab the picture from her purse.

“I guess I actually have two pictures to show you. But this one first.” Lena hands over the image of her mother.

Kara has seen the picture before, as Supergirl. Now she gets to actually see it as herself, and maybe offer some form of comfort she wasn’t allowed to as Supergirl.

“I called it. She’s beautiful. She looks like you. A lot. You could be twins.” Kara says, holding the picture next to Lena’s face and staring between the two to emphasize her point.

Lena doesn’t blush, but she has to try very hard to keep it that way. Kara thinks her birthmother is beautiful and she thinks Lena and her look alike. So, by extension, Kara thinks she’s beautiful. Now, of course, Lena’s known for a long time she’s rather good-looking but it’s still different if someone you like, really like, tells you.

“Thanks Kara,” Lena says, in the most dignified voice she can manage at the moment.

“You really found out nothing about her?” Kara’s eyes grow sad at the idea, even she knows about her parents and they’re not even from this planet.

“No, I mean. I remember some small things. Looking at the picture helps sometimes. I know she was Irish. That’s why I went to Dublin for an internship in college. I know she loved me and I remember some other small things. Like going to the park, drawing her, getting a sticker if I made my bed. But it all feels so foreign. All so different from the Luthors. And I was so young when she died, I’m not even sure if my memories are real or just figments of my imagination that I came up with one day and decided to stick with.”

For Lena, life was so different. For Lena, her new family after her adoption didn’t mean love and happiness, hugs and support, help. Kara doesn’t really know how life with the Luthors worked completely, but she got the gist of it and it didn’t sound like a healthy environment for a child.

“Did I tell you I’m actually a Luthor?”

If it wasn’t for the serious look on the CEO’s face, Kara would have burst into laughter. Instead, she stifles a smile and tries to be equally serious about the matter.

“Lena, it’s literally your last name. How can anyone not know you’re a Luthor? Do you have pregnancy brain?” Kara tries to joke. Lena doesn’t laugh, though and only shakes her head.

“No, I mean. I’m actually a Luthor. By blood. Lionel was my real father. He had an affair with my mother. That’s why the Luthor’s adopted me. Because he couldn’t watch me grow up in an
orphanage. That’s why Lillian hates me. I remind her of my birth mom.”

Kara’s mouth opens to form a silent ‘oh’.

“So, maybe I should give you a gun and tell you to shoot me when the inevitable comes and I go insane, like a real Luthor. At least then I’d be good at being a Luthor.” Lena lets out a self-deprecating laugh at her joke, but Kara isn’t amused.

“Lena, don’t say that. Your heritage does not make you who you are. Just because you share blood with the Luthors does not mean you have to end up like them.” Kara says as she thinks of her own parents. She really believes she’s right. She won’t end up like her own parents, making viruses that kill entire species and letting worlds burn because pride got in the way of salvation. Kara firmly believes everyone writes their own story and is quick to tell Lena that.

“We’ll see.” Lena says with a shrug.

Kara places a hand on her friend’s knee, silently telling her to give herself a little credit.

“On to a nicer topic,” Lena announced as she replaced the picture in Kara’s hand with another, smaller, one. “It’s about a week old, so they’ve grown a little probably, and started growing teeth and earlobes.” Lena explains, while Kara stares at the grainy black and white image trying to figure out what she’s supposed to be seeing.

“I’m lost, Lena. What am I looking at?” Kara finally asks, only seeing a lot of weird snow with some blotches.

Lena scoots a little closer so they’re both bent over the picture now. She points at a black blotch.

“That’s the baby.” It’s probably the hormones, but when Kara replies with a coo and “it’s a little peanut”, Lena can’t help the tears forming in her eyes. Kara studies the picture for a moment before looking over at Lena, mouth open to say something. When she sees Lena, however, she shuts her mouth and pulls her friend closer. She places the picture on her lap and uses her now free hand to hug Lena a little tighter.

“Hey, it’s okay.”

“I’m sorry,” Lena says, as she uselessly wipes at the tears trickling down her cheeks. “It’s probably the hormones. You know, the other day I almost cried at that puppy video you sent me.”

“You don’t have to apologize for crying, Lena. And if it helps, I sometimes also cry a little at puppy videos.” Kara admits, earning a watery laugh from Lena.

“You should probably finish your food before it’s cold.” Kara says after a moment of silence.

Lena nods and takes another small bite.

“I think I’m too late. It’s already cold.” She laughs when she swallows the bite. Kara gasps, hands clutching her chest as if Lena has just committed one of the worst food crimes possible. Though in Kara Danvers book, she probably did. Lena doubts Kara has ever eaten food slow enough for it to cool down even a little, let alone a lot.

Lena bursts out laughing at both Kara’s still bulging eyes and the idea of having to watch Kara eat cold food. Kara is quick to join in with a wide smile and small giggle.
Kara had finally gotten the okay from the DEO to tell Lena about Supergirl. It took her a little longer than she’d liked, but she was happy enough J’onn finally agreed without meeting Lena. Kara’s sure Lena would not have appreciated that. Not only because J’onn looking like Hank Henshaw would bring up some bad memories. Also because Lena would definitely not like having her mind read, especially now. Not only does her brain contain a lot of secret L-Corp projects, Kara’s sure Lena doesn’t actually want anyone—including a secret government agency director who can keep a secret—knowing about her pregnancy. Especially since her determination to not have the DEO involved unless strictly necessary was so evident. So Kara had—even though she still doesn’t know how she managed without spilling any secrets—gotten Alex to help her convince J’onn there was no need for him to meet Lena. They had made a few convincing statements, Lena did save J’onn life with Myriad and the entire National City population with the Daxamite invasion, and J’onn had reluctantly agreed.

“Okay, so. I want to tell you something. And I haven’t told you before even though I wanted and I probably should have. But I didn’t. And it wasn’t because you’re a Luthor or I didn’t trust you. I just didn’t want to change… us. What we have. Because I could always just be myself. Really, it was more selfish than anything else actually. And I’ve told Winn, but that was when it was all so new and exciting. And James knows because Clark told him.”

Lena has no idea where Kara is going with this rambling. She wants to interrupt but Kara looks fierce and determined and it seems that this is just something she needs to get off her chest. So Lena listens, even if she has no clue who Kara is talking about. Lena just sits back a little and keeps her questions to herself as Kara’s words seem to come faster and faster.

“And my mom Eliza knows and Alex knows, they’re my family so of course they know. And Maggie, but she figured it out herself. Oh, and I told Lucy, but that was different. I had to tell her. But she’s not really around anymore, too busy with work and such.” Kara takes a deep breath and simultaneously tries to look and not look at Lena.

“I guess what I’m trying to say is that you shouldn’t feel bad that I haven’t told you earlier. I haven’t told a lot of people and I wasn’t allowed to. So. Uhm. I’ll just have to tell you now I guess. Gosh, this was easier with Winn.” Kara pulls on the collar of her shirt, as if it’s cutting off air and blood. At this moment, Lena feels like it’s alright to intervene, placing a reassuring hand on Kara’s knee and sending her a supportive look. There’s not really anything that Kara can say to make Lena hate her, or not want to be friends anymore. Lena knows she’ll support Kara through anything. It’s the least she can do for the reporter. Kara keeps sticking with her every time she thinks the must’ve scared the blonde off for good.

Kara’s eyes move to Lena’s hand and then to Lena’s eyes. She closes her own for a moment, steeling herself.

“I’m Supergirl.” She says, making sure she’s not talking too fast.

Chapter End Notes

I was writing the next bit but thought, 'hey, why not torture my readers with a somewhat cliffhanger’. :D
Yell at me on tumblr if you want. I'm @randomramblingsbymyself and still don't get that site/app, so any help is also welcome. :P

Also, thank you for all the comments and kudos and the support during this story that's already a lot longer than I ever expected a story of mine to be and it's going to become even longer if I have a say in it.

Constructive criticism, comments (even ones that just say 'nice' or 'more kudos', I'll read them and I'll smile at them and I love them. Really, you can't write anything stupid) and kudos are always welcome!
Seventeen

Chapter Notes

My evil moment has passed. I couldn't leave you guys hanging. I'm not 100% happy with this chapter, I feel like I haven't addressed some stuff that I should've. (The same goes for next chapter, so please tell me if you think I'm missing something)

WOOO!! 50k words. It's insane. I can hardly believe it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m Supergirl.” Kara says, making sure she’s not talking too fast.

“You’re- You’re… Supergirl.” Lena says, as she lets the words sink in.

This was probably the last thing she expected to hear and she regrets to admit that she’s not happy with this turn of events. She just told herself there’s nothing Kara can say to make Lena hate her but Lena can’t help feeling hurt. All of Kara’s previous words are forgotten as Lena tries to wrap her head around the fact that her best friend was the caped hero flying around town saving people, putting out fires, fighting aliens. The same hero that also happened to be a friend to Lena. Who’d joined her when she was supposed to visit a long-lost childhood friend. Who’d saved her life, multiple times. Who’d helped her talk to Kara about everything. Kara had helped her talk to Kara. Kara had used Supergirl to make Lena open up. Kara had abused her position of Lena not knowing about them being the same person.

“You, lied to me?” Lena asks, getting worked up.

“I wanted to tell you for so long, Lena. The DEO just wouldn’t let me.” Kara tries to explain. “Oh! So that makes it okay to lie to your friend. Because some bloody secret government agency tells you to.” Lena says angrily, gesturing wildly with her hands. Her emotions making her accent a lot thicker.

Kara moves her hands up to calm Lena down but Lena flinches away from the movement, continuing her angry rant.

“No, I get it. You just became friends with me to keep tabs on me, have a way in if the youngest Luthor started following the inevitable path that came with the name.

“Well, guess what, you succeeded. You wormed your way into my fuckin’ laughable life and got me to tell you my dirty little secrets. That was probably a lot easier, playing two people, huh. Having the one tell me to open up to the other. Steering me towards yourself under false pretences. Damn! Kara, How could you?!

“Are you happy now? Being able to report back to your DEO friends about the ins and outs of Lena Luthor’s life. I trusted you. I bloody trusted you with my deepest fears and doubts. But you just lied to me about who you fucking are, Kara!
“You’re no better than him, you know. You are not a hair better than Lex. And at least he is insane! At least he didn’t lie about who he was!” Lena’s volume increases with every word she spits out. “Is Kara Danvers even real? Huh?! Or is she just an act for you to play with. Just a joke so you can have a laugh at the people that don’t get it?! How do you live with yourself? How do you sleep at night? You lie and deceive, that’s all you do!” Lena accusingly points her finger at Kara, steadily yelling now as her face turns red.

“Was it nice, making fun of me with your friends? Ha, look at the Luthor befriending a Super. Kara, how could you!? I thought you were a decent person. How could you! You told me you wouldn’t lie to me!” Tears start spilling from Lena’s eyes as they try to burn holes Kara. The blonde is glad her friend doesn’t have heat vision, because she’s sure there wouldn’t be much left of her if she had.

“I still-” Kara tries, getting cut short by Lena.

“Oh, shut it. You’ve done nothing but lie. You’re possibly the worst person ever. I figured you weren’t human, I didn’t mind. And I understood not telling me. It’s safer to not tell someone you’re an alien, especially a Luthor. But you’re not just a bloody alien. You’re the friend of everyone, Kara. You’re a hero. How could you lie to me like that! I thought you were my friend too!” The tears streaming down Lena’s face form a steady river as she closes the distance between her and the blonde. When she’s within reach, her hands clench into fists and she starts steadily pounding at the hero’s chest. Kara’s so surprised by this response, she just stands uncomfortably still, hoping Lena won’t hurt herself by smashing her fists against the girl of steel.


“You promised! You’d be there. You wouldn’t lie. You promised me!” Lena’s sentences get mangled in between broken sobs. When her fists lose their determination and force and Lena’s anger breaks into broken sadness, when her knees can’t seem to manage to hold her upright, Kara snaps out of her daze and catches her friend. She holds Lena close, hugging her tight and guiding the both of them down to the ground, letting Lena rest her head against Kara’s chest as she cries. The sound is utterly painful to Kara, not because it’s loud but because it cuts to the bone. She did this, she did this to her friend. Lena’s right. She lied. She shouldn’t have, but she did.

Lena’s sobs continue for a long time. They’re angry and breath-taking sobs, but that anger is no longer aimed at Kara. Lena is furious at herself. She’s distraught at not seeing it, at not making Kara feel safe enough to tell her. It’s her own damn fault. She didn’t give Kara a secure enough environment to tell her, and no matter what Kara had said previously, this was Lena’s doing. Lena was the one that didn’t make Kara comfortable enough to tell her about being an alien. About being Supergirl.

“I’m sorry.” Lena whispers brokenly through her tears and sniffles.

“Hey, ssshh. Don’t apologise. It’s not your fault. You’re right. I didn’t mean to, I never meant to hurt you. But I did lie.” Kara tries to consolidate her crying friend.

Lena merely starts frantically shaking her head and her sobs pick up again.

“I didn’t. Make you. Feel. Safe. Enough. To tell. Me.” She says, barely audible in between loud sniffles and sobs. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” She whispers, sounding like she’s almost chanting it. After only a few more apologies, Kara can’t hear it anymore.

“Lena, stop it. Stop blaming yourself for everything. It’s not your fault I didn’t tell you. It’s mine
more than any. You did everything right. You did make me feel safe enough. I’ve never felt safer than with you.” Kara says, starting to stroke her friend’s hair softly. “When I first came to earth, I got dropped at the Danvers’s by my cousin. I was supposed to take care of him, to teach him about our planet. But he got here before me and was all grown up while I was still a little girl. The Danvers’s helped me, they cared for me, they loved me. They taught me about earth and how to behave like a human and how to stay safe. But I’ve never felt as safe with them as I have with you. Even though you never seem to actually be safe. You make me feel at home. With you, I can always just be me. Kara. Not Supergirl. Not Kara Danvers. Just plain Kara.” Kara keeps talking until Lena’s sobs and whimpers have subsided and are replaced by stray tears.

Kara cups Lena’s cheeks to make eye contact. Her thumbs brush across Lena’s soft skin, wiping away the remnants of tears. Lena’s eyes are still cast down but at the soft and friendly sound of her name, she looks up and locks her green ones on Kara’s blues.

“She, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you like this. I didn’t mean to lie.” Kara says, guilt clearly written on her face.

Lena shakes her head a little and tears start spilling from her eyes again.

Guilt eating at her, Kara hugs Lena close again.

“Hey, it’s okay. I’m so sorry.”

“No, it’s not- it’s just- I don’t know what it is. It’s not because you’re Supergirl. Or because you didn’t tell me. I’m sorry for yelling at you and for the horrible things I called you. You’re not Lex, Kara. You’re so much better. God, Kara, I hit you. I hit you, I could’ve hurt you. I’m a horrible person.” Lena says, trying to get away from Kara as the regret and guilt of lashing out at her friend come crashing down.

Kara keeps holding on tight, making it impossible for Lena to get away.

“But you didn’t. You didn’t hurt me. And you only said those things because I hurt you.”

“Still, I couldn’t have reacted worse. I just- I couldn’t- My head’s just not… right… I guess.” Lena struggles to find the right words, she’s not used to being at a loss for words. She’s Lena Luthor, she doesn’t get tongue-tied. But with Kara all bets are off. With Kara she’s not Lena Luthor, she’s Lena.

Her blonde friend always seems to make her feel comfortable enough to feel like she can completely be herself. Kara always understands and Kara can always sense when things are off and how Lena’s feeling.

“I get it. There’s a lot going on.” Kara speaks softly, her hands moving down to soothingly caress Lena’s arms.

“I- I think it’s mostly hormones.” Lena starts to explain. “My mood’s just been all over the place. I didn’t even mean to get angry but suddenly I was. Today just isn’t my best day.” Lena shrugs against Kara’s arms still holding on tightly. “I mean, it was really doomed from the start. I began the day with crying because I couldn’t button my pants anymore, then because some skirts didn’t fit me either anymore. I’m getting fat and no one wants a Daxamite baby. Nobody wants to adopt one of the most dangerous and aggressive creatures known to men. Kara, I can’t find a home for them.”

“Oh, Lena,” Kara says, her voice filled with emotion. “You’re not getting fat. You are growing a baby inside of you. They need room. So, yes, maybe you will grow out of your clothes but it’s only
to give someone else space. And anyone is an idiot for not wanting your kid. If you want, I can help you look.”

“I don’t think that’ll help. I already tried calling every agency I could find, they don’t want Daxamites. Not even if they’re only half-blood. I also tried buying them but realised that even if I owned such an agency, there still wouldn’t be any suitors to adopt a Daxamite. And I didn’t even know for sure. If I wanted to go for adoption. But I guess the decision is being made for me and I don’t know how I feel about that.”

“They’re idiots for judging a baby on its heritage. You and I both know that, parents don’t necessarily decide what kind of person a kid is going to become. How about you sleep on it a little and we can think of solutions together, when you’re ready?” Kara suggests.

“I think I’d like that.” Lena says with a nod of her head.

They sit together in silence, still on the floor. Lena tucked in against Kara’s front, the brunette’s head leaning on the blonde’s chest. Kara’s fingers running through Lena’s hair, soft skin gently grazing Lena’s scalp. After a while, the mood seems to lighten a little and both their breathing evens out to a state of complete relaxation, just short of sleep.

Kara seems to notice how hard Lena has to battle her exhaustion, eyelids drooping every few seconds.

“Let’s get you to bed, you should sleep.” Kara tells her, but without making a move to break their embrace.

“I feel like all I do is sleep lately. How am I supposed to run a company when I need at least 9 hours of sleep each night and still wake up tired?” Lena mutters grumpily. She doesn’t want Kara to let go of her; Kara’s arms are the best spot in the world. Kara always seems to hug her just right, just tight enough and warm like the sun.

Kara can’t help but laugh at the ridiculous statement of her friend. “Lena, 9 hours isn’t an absurd amount. It might be on the long side, but plenty of people need that much sleep when they’re not pregnant.”

Lena just groans, she’s used to sleep no more hours than can be counted on a single hand. One hand moves to her eyes in a futile attempt to rub away the sleep. She tries to hide a yawn in her hand, but Kara’s not stupid. The blonde nudges her friend in the side.

“You really need to sleep Lena, don’t be so stubborn.”

“Stubborn is my middle name.” Lena mumbles with a thick voice.

Kara simply shakes her head and starts to get up, dragging Lena with her.

Lena’s head kicks in, overtaking her heart, and she breaks away from Kara’s hold on her. She pushes away her sleep a little to stand solidly on both feet.

“But you’re right. I should go sleep.” She says as she starts moving to the door.

“Na-ah. You’re not going home alone tonight. You’re having a bad day.” Kara says, stopping Lena in her tracks. “Alex calls them doubting days and on doubting days no-one should be alone.”

“Kara, not that I don’t appreciate the sentiment. But I think going to my apartment alone tonight is just what I need. Besides, you can’t make me stay over every time I doubt myself. I’d never get to
sleep in my own bed.” Lena tries to joke, but it falls short. Kara clearly takes this situation a lot more serious than Lena does.

“Well, then we can go to your place.” Kara says.

“No, sorry. I’m not angry at you. I still really like you, but I just have to process this alone. Just for a little. I need some time, I do need to mesh two people together in my head. I’ll call or text you okay?” Lena says, turning around with a dejected look on her face.

“Oh, Okay.”

Kara’s feelings are all off. Tonight’s been a rollercoaster and she doesn’t know what she’s feeling and why. She tries to clear her head by flying up high in the sky, breathing in the cold and thin air. It doesn’t work. She tries flying as fast as she can, she tries summersaults, she tries sitting still on a mountain looking at the skies. It still doesn’t work. She can’t make sense of what’s going on inside. She’ll need some help.

She focusses her hearing on the one person she can always rely on in situations that she finds confusing. Alex. She’s in her apartment. Kara flies to the alley next to Alex’s building and changes clothes. She knocks on the door and waits for Alex to answer, having learned not to barge in unannounced after she’d walked in on Alex and Maggie one day.

“Kara?” Alex can see the inner turmoil going on in her sister’s head without having to even ask. She steps aside to let the blonde in and leads her to the couch, handing her a blanket and a pillow. Kara throws the blanket across her shoulders and hugs the pillow close, her knees folded beneath her. Alex takes a seat next to her, also clutching a pillow close.

“Shit, little Danvers. What happened?” Maggie says, exiting the kitchen and taking a seat on a chair opposite of the Danvers sisters.

“I don’t know,” Kara says disheartened. “I just- I told Lena I’m Supergirl.” She starts fumbling with a corner of the pillow in her lap.

“I take it she didn’t react well. That sucks, kiddo.” Maggie says, giving Alex no chance to respond to her sister.

“No. Maybe. I don’t know!” Kara sighs deeply.

“Why don’t you tell us what exactly happened? We can figure it out together.” Alex says while she rests a hand comfortingly atop Kara’s fumbling ones. Kara nods before starting the retelling of that night’s events.

“I told her that it wasn’t because she’s a Luthor. And that’s she’s only the third person I told and that I’m sorry I didn’t tell her before. So, then I told her I’m Supergirl and first she didn’t react. Then she got mad at me for lying. Rao, she was so angry. She even said I’m worse than Lex. And she started hitting me.”

“She hit you?! I don’t like her anymore, if I ever see her again I’ll-” The small detective shoots up.

“Maggie.” Kara cuts the small detective off. “Not like that, it wouldn’t have hurt me even if I were human. I think she just- well. I don’t know. Then she started crying and, all of a sudden, we were on the floor and she was apologising. She still thought-thinks it’s her own fault I didn’t tell her. That she didn’t make me feel safe and comfortable enough to tell her. She looked so sad, she sounded so
sad. It broke my heart. She apologised, for everything. For yelling, for calling me worse than Lex, for hitting me. She explained. You should’ve seen her, she looked so broken. She’d had a bad day and I just sprung a really big on her out of nowhere. After the apologies, she said I’m so much better than Lex. She said she doesn’t hate me, she said she really likes me. She said she needed some time but she’d text or call me.”

“Sounds to me like she’s either mentally unstable or on her period.” Maggie shrugs.

“Maggie!” Both Danvers sisters exclaim at Maggie’s insensitive comment.

“Oh, come on. We were all thinking it.” Maggie glares at the pair on the couch, catching a look she can’t yet place in Kara’s eyes. “She said she really likes you?”

Kara nods at the question, glad for the conversation to veer back to the actual matter at hand.

“Do you really like her?” Alex asks, joining in the conversation.

“Of course I do. She’s my best friend!” Kara says as if it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“No, I meant; do you-” Alex starts, getting cut off by Maggie.

“Danvers! No meddling.”

“I wasn’t meddling. I was nudging.”

“Same difference.”

Kara eyes the couple curiously. She has no clue what’s going on.

“You should give her the time she needs. It is a big thing.” Alex says, turning to Kara.

“Yes, and when she does text or call you, you make up. You should both stop apologising for everything. Sounds to me like you already did that namely and you should just move on.” Maggie adds to Alex’s advice.

“Should I get her something? I should get her something. I should get her flowers. Plumerias. Those are her favourite. I should get her some plumerias when she wants to see me again.” Kara starts rambling. Maggie and Alex share a look as Kara’s ramble continues.

Chapter End Notes

I love reading all your comments, especially last chapter. I wanted to end this one also with a small cliffhanger, but couldn’t bring myself to do it.
Leave a nice comment, constructive criticism, your ideas for what's going to happen next, anything you liked or disliked in the chapter. Leave kudos.
Help motivate me to write even more! (I like this story better and better each day)

You're still allowed to come scream at me on tumblr: randomramblingsbymyself.tumblr.com
Or teach me how everything there works.
Eighteen

Chapter Notes

Again, no proof-reading, no beta, just happily living in the land of obliviousness to my mistakes.

I wanted to add more to this chapter but seeing as it took me so long to write I cut it short. And then saw the word count and realise it's already by far my longest chapter so I feel happy about my decision.

You can still yell at me on tumblr (my name's randomramblingsbymyself and I'm very lonely there :P ). Or prompt me to update.

I've just heard my internship starts a little sooner than planned so I'll be updating ridiculously slow from now on, I doubt I'll have as much time to write as I want when my internship starts Monday (it's fulltime).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena’s sitting on her couch, worrying her lip while she waits for Kara. She’d taken a few days to organise her thoughts. It hadn’t taken her long to actually accept that Kara and Supergirl were the same. Now that she knows, the signs are glaringly obvious. She’d even joked about them sometimes, though unknowingly. It taken her a lot longer to accept that how she reacted could not be taken back and that Kara might still want to be her friend. It did help that Kara had sent her a single text telling her to take care of herself and take her time; Kara would be waiting.

She realised that the main reason she didn’t find out her blonde friend was the caped hero flying through the city, was on her. Thinking back, she just didn’t want to know. Didn’t want it to be. To have the best person to ever enter her life be the same person who runs head first into a whole array of dangerous situations. Really, she should have realised much sooner. She’d picked Supergirl over Jack. Supergirl had come up that Daxamite ship to save her, and Mon-El. Supergirl saved her life a number of other times. Most of the times saying something about “Kara Danvers told me” in one form or the other. As Kara, the blonde supported her and relentlessly believed in her. It was foolish to believe that there were two people looking out for her like that.

She had taken those few days away from Kara to also revisit her feelings for the reporter. There was clearly no denying it anymore, Lena hated being her friend. She would rather be more. And, though it might have just become a whole lot harder, she would never give up being Kara’s friend. Even if she only gets to be the blonde’s friend. She’ll take anything she can get.

A knock on the door drags Lena from her reverie and she shoots up. She’s stood in front of the door, smoothing her already wrinkleless shirt—so what if she’s maybe dressed up a little for seeing Kara again?—and opens the door. She’s greeted by a bright and sunny smile over a small bouquet of white flowers. Plumerias, she notes.

“Kara!” She happily greets, stepping aside to let the blonde in.
“Lena,” Kara replies enthusiastically. She seems unsure whether to hug Lena and awkwardly sticks out the hand holding the flowers. “I got you these. I know they’re your favourite.”

Lena gratefully accepts the flowers. “Thank you, you shouldn’t have.” She tells her friend, nothing but kindness and relief in her eyes.

“Yes, I should. It’s no-” Kara’s interrupted by the flowers being shoved back in her hands and a brief glimpse of Lena’s back disappearing quickly. “Lena?” She shouts after the brunette, not yet realising what’s happened. As she turns to place the flowers on Lena’s counter, her ears pick up on the distinct sound of retching and she realisation sets in. She drops the flowers on the countertop and hurries after her friend. She finds Lena in the small bathroom, still bent down over the toilet but no longer throwing up. Ragged breaths leave the brunette and she tries to swallow away the sickening taste in her mouth. Kara quickly grabs the plastic cup on the sink and fills it with water, handing it to her friend and sitting down next to her. One hand moves to Lena’s back and the other rests reassuringly on her bicep. Her heaving has stopped and her breaths are evening out as she slowly sips from the water, the coolness of it soothing her sore throat. She leans a little more to the side, letting her body rests against Kara as the blonde envelops her in a soft and warm embrace.

“I’m sorry.” She says, voice barely above a whisper.

She feels Kara lightly shake her head, the blonde’s cheek resting on the brunette’s crown.

“Don’t, it’s not your fault. And if anyone should be sorry, it should be the peanut.” Kara nods at Lena’s stomach, a small smile gracing both women’s lips at the endearing term. “Or me. Mostly me. I mean, I should’ve thought about bringing flowers with such a heavy scent to you. I know you have bad morning sickness so I should’ve just brought something else. Like fake flowers. Next time I’ll bring plastic ones. They don’t smell and they have the added bonus of never wilting. Catco had some nice fake flowers, I should look into where they got them. You know, so I can buy pretty one’s for you.” Kara rambles. A small smile graces Lena’s lips at the affection and implication of Kara planning to buy her flowers another time. She moves one hand from returning Kara’s hug to resting atop Kara’s arm. With a small whisper of the blonde’s name, she stops rambling.

“You couldn’t have known. I didn’t even know. And I’m not just sorry for getting sick from the flowers.” Lena says tenderly.

“Oh,” Kara frowns and thinks for a moment what to say when her sister and Maggie’s advice from a few nights ago comes back to her. “We should stop apologising to each other, especially for things that are out of our control. Otherwise we’ll never stop and I rather like our talks about, well, anything else. And no more secrets.”

“Mmhmm, I guess you are right. No more secrets.” Lena says with a half-smile. “What got you so wise suddenly?”

“Alice and Maggie.” Kara confesses.

“Ah, some good old sibling advice.” Lena says, trying to mask the sadness in her voice with a light intonation. It doesn’t go unnoticed by Kara, however. The two are too familiar with each other to miss such nuances.

“Oh, you probably would’ve wanted some of Lex’s advice too, hmm?” Kara asks.

“Lex has never given me advice related to anything to do with feelings or friends. I never had friends. Luthors don’t have feelings. Lex was more of a ‘how to hack the school system to get the best schedule’ or ‘charming your way out of physical education’ advice kind of sibling. I wasn’t old
enough for serious advice when Lex went insane anyway.”

“Oh,” Kara remains silent for a while, processing the revelation. “Well, I fully intend to share Alex and Maggie. You’re part of the family too, Lena. You’ll see after game night.”

“Thank you.” Lena tries not to cry at Kara calling her family, she really does but the tears don’t listen and start glistening her cheeks.

“And you can share everything with them. They’ll understand. They’ll help. And Alex always knows if I’m keeping something from her, so she’s bound to find out. It’ll help you if you have someone else to tell. Multiple someone else’s.” Kara says, holding Lena just a little tighter as the brunette tries to bury her face in the blonde’s shoulder.

“Not yet.” Lena says, knowing the conversation drifted from friendship advice to her pregnancy. “I want to be past the first trimester. No need to bother others with it if it won’t stick anyway.”

“You won’t be bothering them with it, Lena. Your worries and feelings are never a bother. Besides, Alex is a doctor and she knows a lot about aliens. She’ll be able to help. I know you’re still not feeling well, don’t deny it, you’ve just proven it minutes ago.” Kara says, pointedly looking at Lena reminding her of her bout of sickness. “She might be able to help with that. Keep you healthy. Make sure-”

“Kara,” Lena interrupts. “Please.” A slow shake of Lena’s head against Kara’s shoulder makes it clear to Kara. No DEO. At least not yet. Lena’s not ready.

Lena curls into Kara a little more, feeling a little better already but wanting to enjoy the moment while it still lasts. If she’s completely honest with herself—and she’s Lena Luthor so she is—she has to admit that this, sitting so close to Kara, feeling loved by the blonde, is everything she wants. She never wants it to end. Kara is her home and sometimes it hurts to think that the feelings she harbours are not mutual. Sometimes it hurts that she can’t pull Kara close and wrap her arms around her, just because she wants to be close and loves her so much. That she can’t do that at random moments, that she can’t feel Kara come up behind her and hug her close when she’s cooking or working on some head splitting paperwork. In moments like this, however, she can forget that. If only for a minute, she can feel Kara close and pretend that she’s not alone.

But the cold hard tiles are making her butt feel numb and the angle of her legs make them ache and Kara notices her uncomfortable shifting. The reporter lets go and gets up, offering a hand to Lena who gladly takes it and lets herself get hoisted to her feet. She rubs at her bottom to try and get the blood flowing again and make the numbness wane. Kara laughs at the motion and receives a friendly swat against her arm from Lena.

“Not funny, we don’t all have Kryptonian asses.” Lena says, unable to keep her smile from showing. They make their way back to the living room when Kara’s reminded of the forgotten flowers on the counter. She’s about to trash them when Lena stops her.

“Don’t waste such pretty flowers.” Lena tells her, keeping a safe distance from the scent drifting around the bouquet.

“But they make you feel sick.” Kara says with a confused crinkle in her brow.

“You can give them to my neighbour Mrs. Martinez, she’s a nice old lady. She’ll like them. And while you do that, I’ll order some food.” Lena looks at Kara, waiting for affirmation of the idea. Kara’s eyes growing at least two sizes at the mention of food is enough for her to laugh and shove Kara outside.
“She’s a big old gossip, so don’t tell her they make me sick. Just tell her I’m never home and it’s a shame to have them go to waste or something.” Lena instructs.

“Right,” Kara says, nodding her head once before turning around to walk to the other door on Lena’s floor. “You order something you like. I’ll eat anything, even murderous vegetables, if they make you feel any better.” Kara looks back once again before continuing to walk to the other door.

The door closes to a crack and if Lena steals a peek at Kara’s retreating figure, then who’s to judge?

As Lena is taking two mugs from the cupboard for some tea, Kara returns from handing the flowers to Mrs. Martinez. The front door slams close a little too forceful and Kara lets out a small squeak at the loud sound. Curious, Lena looks up to find a red-faced Kara standing only one step inside the room profusely twisting her fingers.

“What happened?” Lena asks with raised eyebrows as she puts down the mugs.

“She, ah, she- you’re- she really is a gossip.” Kara stutters out.

“Oh no, what did she say now?” Lena asks, reminded of the tactless way Mrs. Martinez could bring up just about anything and make it something big when really there was nothing going on. Like the time she thought Lena was terminally ill because her cleaning lady came by an hour earlier than usual that day.

“Err… She- Umm. She said she’s happy you don’t work so much anymore. She said you worked too much and that was not something a young girl like you should do. Which is ridiculous, because you love your job and L-Corp is great. But she is right. It’s a good thing that you work less, because you really did overwork yourself. And- Well. Yes, that’s what she said. That she thinks it’s nice you don’t work so much anymore.” Kara finishes her ramble with a determined nod as if convincing herself that that is the main point Mrs. Martinez made.

“Really?” Lena says with an amused lilt in her voice.

“Yes. You working less, good.” Kara a confused crinkle appearing as she realises the sentence she just uttered makes no sense at all.

“That’s it?” Lena teases a little more, biting her lip to keep her smile from showing.

“Umm, yes. Yes, that’s- no.” Kara admits, fidgeting with her glasses and shifting her weight from one leg to the other.

“No? What else did she comment on? Was it my cleaning lady closing the door too loud again? Maybe the fact that I shouldn’t wear trousers? Or that my skirts are too short? She ask you to find me a boyfriend? I could see her do that. I heard her gos-” Lena cuts off as Kara’s blush affirms the subject discussed by the two, or well, brought up by Mrs. Martinez.

“Did she happen to have any suggestions? Last time I spoke her she gave me a magazine and pointed out some men. It’s a nice gesture but really, I don’t need someone to find me a boyfriend.” Lena says, trying to ease Kara’s discomfort. Kara’s flustered state is only funny for so long.

“No,” Kara’s voice sounds an octave higher than normal and she coughs to clear her throat. “No, she err. I think she kind of thought you have a girlfriend.”

“I have- what?” Lena almost chokes on air with her next breath.
“A girlfriend?” Kara says it more like a question than a statement, as if she’s asking Lena if it’s true.

“Why would she think that?” Lena asks, actually curious where this gossip comes from.

“Because I got you flowers, I think. She- eh- she kind of said it’s nice you have a girlfriend who gets you flowers. She- err, she thinks I’m your- your- I’m your girlfriend.” If Kara’s face turned any more red, Lena would be afraid she would ignite into flames on the spot.

“Oh,” A number of emotions cross Lena’s face before she schools her features back. Neither of them say anything for the longest time and the silence hangs heavy in the air. Kara’s the first to start squirming and eventually can’t stop herself from filling it with words.

“I told her we’re not. Dating, I mean. That I’m not your girlfriend.”

“Okay,” Lena says, turning around to start boiling some water.

“Wait, Lena, let me.” Kara says as she steps forward and takes the mugs from the counter. “I can boil water faster.”

Kara fills up the mugs, cutting off Lena when the brunette tries to tell her it’s not necessary. She places them on the counter and uses her laser vision to bring the water to a boiling.

“Done!” She grins proudly, handing Lena one of the mugs.

“That was- that was awesome! How- no, wait, I’ll ask later. Let’s finish this conversation first.” Lena says as she wraps her hands around the warm mug. She turns around again to get an assortment of tea from her cupboard. “Which flavour do you want? I’m sorry it’s all green and white tea but I didn’t really drink tea before and the black version has a lot of caffeine.” She opens the box to Kara, letting the blonde pick a bag before she gets one herself.

“So,” Lena says when they’ve both got their cup of hot tea ready to drink. “You’re uncomfortable with Mrs. Martinez thinking we’re dating and possibly spreading that around?” Lena says, a tang of bitterness in her voice.

Kara takes a moment to think and then shakes her head. “No, not that. Just that even your nice neighbour has her judgement ready. Remember you once told me people always have an opinion about you? Right after Lillian’s trial. I didn’t realise it then, how right you were. Not that I didn’t believe you. It just wasn’t really real, I guess.” Kara shrugs, too busy staring at her tea to notice the relieved breath Lena lets out. “For public things, I kind of understand. People have their own opinions, so even them saying hurtful things about you because you testified against your mother, publically, I can kind of understand. But your private life is your private life, right? That’s no one’s business to stick their noses in.”

“Well, I don’t think nosy old neighbours are the biggest anomaly in my life.” Lena says with a shrug. “I mean, between being a Luthor and L-Corp’s CEO, my private life is quite non-existent. Not only because of people not wanting to deal with Luthors or my demanding hours. The paparazzi also have a field with every tiny peek they can get at my life. Just a hazard of being me and I accept that. It comes with the name and, mostly, the job. It’s worth it if L-Corp can become a force for good.”

“But you shouldn’t have to. Give up your privacy, just because you’re a CEO.” Kara huffs.

“That’s just how the world works.” Lena shrugs, making her way to the couch.

“That’s not fair!” Kara follows Lena and plops down next to the CEO, folding a leg beneath herself.
“The world isn’t fair. I learned that soon enough.” Lena says with a sad smile. When she sees Kara wanting to comment on that she quickly steers the conversation in another direction. “So, what are the specifics of your powers? I would have looked it up in Lex’s database, I think he has everything there is to know about Kryptonians on there, but that’s not really possible.” She brings her tea to her mouth and starts blowing at the surface to have it cool down a little faster.

“You’re Lena Luthor, everything is possible. You’re smarter than Lex, you can hack his database.”

“His database was stored on a satellite, which I kind of crashed on purpose a while back. Better not risk anyone finding out about the darn thing and find out everything about the supers, right.” Lena chuckles.

“You crashed Lex’s database?”

“Mmhm. I had a brief glance at it. He was thorough in his research but only ever mentioned you as ‘his cousin.’” Lena says, using air quotes to emphasize the last part of her sentence.

“You. Crashed Lex’s. Database?” Kara says, still a little in shock.

“I did. I just told you, didn’t I?” Lena says, a little amused. “Couldn’t risk the lives of the supers and find out it was because of something I could have done something about.”

“You crashed Lex’s database for me?” Kara seems to be a stuck record only able to repeat herself with minor alterations.

“No, more for me actually. I would not want to be responsible for your undoing.” Lena laughs self-deprecatingly, again not joined by Kara who just stares at her friend in complete awe. Even before Lena knew Kara’s Supergirl, the CEO tried to protect the hero in her own ways. With a snap, Kara remembers what Lena’s initial question was and starts on a ramble about her powers, explaining all of them in detail and answering Lena’s curious questions.

“And it never gets too much? With all the sounds and the X-ray vision and handling everything with kid gloves.” Lena asks when Kara finishes explaining.

“It was horrible when I first got here and my powers kicked in. I couldn’t control them. Hence the glasses.” Kara says, adjusting one arm of the spectacles. “They’re lead-rimmed so my X-ray vision doesn’t work and the arms help with my hearing. The Danvers’ helped me control my powers. What worked best was just sitting down, closing my eyes and having a single heartbeat to focus on. Then, after a while, the rest of the sounds would die down and it’d be in control again. I still have them sometimes, the sensory overloads, but not as much and I can deal with them better. I know where to find the heartbeats I need, even when they’re not in the same room.”

“How far is your range? Can you hear Eliza’s heartbeat from here or do you just always focus on Alex’s?” Lena’s curious researches side showing at all the questioning.

“It’s a few miles so I can’t really hear Eliza from here, but Alex’s heartbeat works. Yours too, you know.”

“Mine?” Lena’s eyes start glistening with tears. She bites them back and curses her relentless hormones, though even if she wasn’t a hormonal wreck, the idea that Kara would listen to her heartbeat to calm down might’ve been enough to bring her to tears.

“Yours,” Kara confirms. “I like your heartbeat, Lena. You’re my best friend, you’re like a sister to
me.” That’s enough to push Lena over the edge and a single tear makes its way down the young woman’s cheeks. Kara misinterprets it as awe and flattery as she leans over to give Lena a hug, while Lena is trying to tell herself she shouldn’t be upset Kara sees her as a sister. She’d do anything for Kara, even being just a sister.

“You know, that’s how I found out you’re pregnant. You were sleeping over and your heart was beating so fast from your nightmare, so I listened to make sure it slowed down. But there was something in the background. I stayed up the longest time trying to puzzle out what it was, whether you had a heart condition or something. Then I realised and I was kind of amazed, because a mini-Lena, how awesome would that be, right?!’’ Kara starts beaming at the recollection of memories of that night. “And I’d be the cool aunt and spoil your kid rotten, because Rao knows they won’t get any good food from you.” Kara nudges Lena side with her elbow, earning a wet chuckle.

“At least they’ll be healthy.” Lena retorts just as the bell rings. “Oh, that must be the food.”

Kara’s up before Lena finishes her sentence.

“There’s money in the drawer of the counter.” Lena says as she gets up to follow Kara.

Kara opens the door to a wide-eyed youngster who looks very confused at finding just two women inside the apartment, not a party. Kara quickly relieves them of the copious amounts of bags and hands over the money. Lena appears behind Kara, taking over some bags. “Keep the change.” She tells the deliverer before Kara closes the door.

“It’s Thai, I hope you like that?” Lena says, starting to unpack the first bags.

“No kale salad?” Kara jokes, joining Lena and helping her unpack the rest of the bags.

Lena crinkles her nose in a disgust, earning a frown from Kara.

“I thought you like kale salad.”

“I do. The kid doesn’t. It’s not fair, I don’t even get to enjoy my favourite foods without them coming up right after the first bite.” Lena says, an angry but playful frown forming on her brow.

“I already like this kid.” Kara chuckles. “Not that you get sick, but that I get to eat good food.”

“Thanks.” Lena says with fake bitterness. “I actually got us even more food than usual. I assume you were eating less than you can when I didn’t know you’re Supergirl. And I got you a few orders of potstickers.”

Kara squeals at the mention of potstickers and even more food than they usually had. “Lena, I love you!” She jumps over to Lena’s side and presses a kiss on the brunette’s cheek.

Lena freezes, the warm tingle of Kara’s lips burning on her cheek. She can’t help her hand making its way up to gently press her fingers to the burning patch of skin.

Kara is oblivious to Lena’s internal freak-out, dancing around while popping potstickers in her mouth and finishing up the unpacking.

“Where are the forks?” Kara’s voice snaps Lena out of her daze. She drops her hand quickly before getting caught and opens the drawer to get them.

“I’ve got them.” She says waving the two forks in her hand.
They both make their way over to the living room and it takes Lena a solid ten minutes to find the dish she ordered for herself, a vegetable stir with tofu, amongst all the other containers for Kara. They settle on the couch next to each other and Kara starts inhaling the food at an almost dizzying speed. Lena gets so distracted by watching Kara eat that the blonde has to remind her several times to eat her own food.

“Lena, you’re forgetting to eat again.” Kara points out for what must be the tenth time.

“Oh, right. Sorry. It’s just that you don’t seem to actually eat food, but more inhale it.” Lena says, hoping Kara doesn’t realise she’s actually been watching the reporter more so than her eating habits.

“Oh,” Kara says around a mouthful of rice. “Sorry. You want me to slow down?”

“No, no, it’s fine. I guess you need to eat so fast otherwise you would never get enough calories and have time for anything other than eating.”

They continue eating in comfortable silence, Kara finishing her food way before Lena does.

“Do you want to change into something more comfortable and watch a movie maybe?” Lena asks as she gets up to throw away the empty containers and put the forks in the sink.

“Sure,” Kara gets up as well and helps Lena clear away everything.

Lena quickly gets some clothes for herself and Kara from her closet, opting to wear Kara’s NCU sweater herself but giving the blonde back her own sweatpants. She changes into the sweater and a pair of bright blue pyjama bottoms, adorned with small Supergirl crests –a new addition to her wardrobe when she realised comfortable trousers were worth investing in.

She gets back to the living room, to an amused Kara who, after she glows with a combination of flattery and pride, can’t stop laughing at Lena’s bottoms.

“Here, just put these on and stop laughing at me.” Lena says with an eye roll as she hands Kara the clothes and points her in the direction of her bedroom where she can change.

Kara comes back wearing a red MIT sweater and Lena can’t help loving the way her own clothes look on Kara. Kara bounces over to the couch and sits next to Lena, legs tucked beneath herself and facing the CEO.

“Lena,” She says, sounding a little hesitant “You said you couldn’t button your pants anymore the other day.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me.” Lena says with fake exasperation, flopping back against the couch.

“So that means you’re starting to show?” Kara adjusts her glasses and looks down at her legs. Lena shakes her head with a small breathy laugh. “Not really, yet. It’s more bloating. And it’s not really visible anyway. The only ones that notice are my clothes.”

“Can I see?”

“There’s nothing to see.”

“But may I anyway? I need a point of reference for when you do start to show.”

“Fine, but there’s nothing to see.”
“You just said that already.”

With a roll of her eyes, Lena gets up and lifts her shirt and rolls down the waistband of her trousers. She doesn’t look pregnant yet, though she knows there is a new sort of roundness to her lower abdomen. Not big and noticeable, it’s barely visible even to her and she knew her body through and through, but still a roundness nonetheless. Where sucking in her tummy once had made it concave, now it won’t do that anymore.

She turns to the side to allow Kara a better view of her stomach.

“Ohh!” Kara almost screams. “You’ve got a little bulge!”

“No, I don’t. It’s just bloating.” Lena is still trying to convince herself but knows damn well she’s really starting to show now.

“If you say so.” Kara says, clearly not buying it. Her hands are laying restlessly in her lap as if she’s executing great effort not to reach out. Lena notices and takes a step closer, her exposed stomach now right in front of the blonde.

“You can touch, if you want.” She says. Kara doesn’t even wait for her to finish the sentence and has a hand resting on the pale skin of Lena’s stomach before the CEO’s uttered her last word.

“There’s really a little peanut in there, huh.” She says reverently, her hand moving a little on its own accord.

“There really is a baby in there.” Lena says, almost tearing up again –darn those hormones– and feeling it get more real by speaking it.

“Oh! I got you something!” Kara says as she gets up. She lets her hand linger a little longer on Lena’s stomach before she grabs something from her purse by the counter.

Lena unwraps the small package Kara hands her and is now holding a set of buttons with an elastic attached to them.

“What’s this?” She says, turning one them over in her hand.

“It’s pant button extenders. According to amazon. You put the elastic around your existing button and then use the button from this to close your pants. They give you a little more room so you don’t have to get new clothing already.” Kara explains, waiting hopefully for Lena’s response.

“Thank you, Kara!” Lena smiles so wide, her nose crinkles.

“I actually wanted you to try them on today but since you’re wearing comfy clothes already you can just test time another time.” Kara says, fumbling with her glasses a little.

“Again, thank you. You shouldn’t have.” Lena says, moving to put away the new pant button extenders.

“I should have, they’re useful and as your best friend it’s my duty to give you useful things.”

“That reminds me, I got you something too. I’m not sure it works. I haven’t tested it because I doubted the DEO would like it if a Luthor had Kryptonite.” Lena walks to her bedroom to get the item she got for Kara.

“Kryptonite? What would you need that for?” Kara’s left behind a little shocked.
It takes a moment for Lena to get back, finding a still dazed Kara standing in the exact same spot she was left in.

“To test this.” Lena hands Kara a small necklace with a beautiful pendant. “It’s supposed to make you less vulnerable to Kryptonite. Only in low doses and when it’s not too close.” Lena explains as Kara eyes the piece of jewellery. Kara’s lost her ability to speak, so touched by the fact that Lena would invent something for her. Something for Supergirl, to keep her safe.

“Oh, do you not like it? I can make something else. Maybe I should’ve asked what you like first. I should’ve gotten you a bracelet. Or maybe earrings, those are much more practical and less easily lost.” Lena starts to muse, very much un-Lena-like, taking Kara’s silence as a negative thing.

“Rao, Lena. You invented something for me? For Supergirl?” Kara finally snaps out of it and looks at the brunette, eyes a little glassy but filled with warmth.

“Uhm, yes. I thought that’s the least I could do. You saved my life so many times. But if you don’t like how it looks, I can change it. Make something else.”

“No, Lena. It’s beautiful.” Kara charges forward, wrapping the unsuspecting CEO in a hug, almost making the both of them lose balance. “Thank you.”

Lena doesn’t know what exactly to say so she opts for silence and wraps her arms around the blonde, returning the hug. When they break up, Kara hands Lena the necklace and turns around, swiping her hair away from her neck and letting Lena put on her necklace. She turns back around, facing Lena again, and wraps the fingers of one hand around the pendant, still looking at it as if it’s the prettiest thing she’s ever seen.

She looks up again, catching Lena’s gaze and the two of them stand in Lena’s living room just staring in each other’s eyes. Lena examines the blue of Kara’s eyes, it looks so human yet is just a little too blue to not be alien, small speckles of light dancing in the iris are mimicking the stars from Kara’s home. In Lena’s eyes, Kara sees the green from the country and forest, the green from Ireland. The tension slowly seems to build and both women feel it.

Just when something is bound to happen, a Britney Spears song pierces the air. Kara tries to ignore the ringing of her phone, but the moment is lost and when it doesn’t stop playing she has to move and answer it.

“Alex, this better be important.” She says, a little grumpy but not even sure why she’s so pissed at her sister for ruining whatever it was that was going on.

“It is. We figured some more out from Rhea’s ship and you’ll want to see it.”

“Right now?”

“Yes, right now would be best. Or am I interrupting something?” Alex knows Kara too well, Kara sometimes thinks. At moments like this, she doesn’t like it, but sometimes it’s a really good thing that they’re so close and know each other so well.

“No, no. Not interrupting anything. I can come. I’ll come. Sure. I’m on my way right now.” Kara says, quickly hanging up before her mouth gets the better of her.

“I have to go.” She tells Lena, a little sad.

“I get it. Supergirl’s needed. It’s fine. Go.” Lena says, completely understanding of Kara needed to leave in a moment’s notice now that she knows about Supergirl. She walks Kara over to the door.
with a hand on her shoulder, gently pushing her outside.

“I’ll be back so we can watch that movie, okay.” Kara says, making it sound almost like a question.

“I’d like that.” Lena replies with a soft smile. She watches Kara’s retreating form until she’s no longer visible after rounding a corner and tells herself it’s not creepy at all to watch your friend walk away, she’s just making sure Kara’s safe.

Chapter End Notes

Now I can watch 3x12 and cry. I forced myself to finish this chapter first, so you're welcome.

I'd like to add that I love every single comment and hope you leave more :P And of course I also love kudos but I think every writer can agree comments > kudos and you can't really write a stupid comment as long as it's a nice one.
Kara’s still feeling a little confused at—well whatever it was that—happened at Lena’s. She follows Alex’s heartbeat to locate her and lands with a soft thud, noticing she’s next to the hangar with Daxamite ships, just outside of town. Suddenly, Kara feels a little uneasy at the prospect of Alex having found something on Rhea’s ship. As if being so close to the actual thing turns it into something real. Ever since she figured out what Rhea actually did to Lena, her resentment of the woman has grown to an inconceivable height. She’s never been one to truly hate another person but Rhea is top of her list if she were to ever do so. She takes a deep breath and lets the Supergirl suit calm her down a little. She’s here as the hero, not as Lena’s friend. She’s here to check out what they found and maybe help figure it out and she’s not here to give away anything that is Lena’s to tell.

Inside the hangar, she’s waved over by Alex to the biggest ship in the fleet. Rhea’s ship.

“Hey Kar. We’ve found some interesting stuff, but Winn will tell you more. It’s this way.”

Kara stiffly nods her head before following her sister inside the ship. Alex suddenly stops and turns around to face Kara. She looks her little sister up and down a few times before speaking.

“Something wrong, Kara?”

“No, no. I’m fine. Nothing wrong.” Kara says, internally proud of herself that she’s not really rambling. Alex just gives her an odd disbelieving look.

“Nothing wrong, maybe. But there’s something.” Alex says. “You don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to.” She adds with a small squeeze in Kara’s arm.

“Oh, no. Well. This place just gives me the creeps.” Kara finally says, opting to focus on one thing at a time and this, she can tell Alex. The weird tension between her and Lena before Alex called, she doesn’t even know what that was. Let alone how to explain it to her sister.

“Last time you seemed to be fine.” Alex says, locking eyes with Kara. It’s not an accusation, it’s more of a question of what changed without asking that exactly. A question if Kara’s still okay with it, if she’s okay with continuing and staying on the ship.

“Last time it wasn’t so real yet, I guess. I mean, my boyfriend- ex-boyfriend, and best friend were kidnapped and trapped on this ship. Last time it just hadn’t hit me yet.” Kara shrugs and raises her chin, donning her Supergirl mask. She continues walking past Alex, signalling the conversation is over and she’s fine being on the ship for now.
Alex lingers a moment, looking at Kara’s back. Then she shrugs, choosing to stay out of this – whatever this is – and catches up to Kara, leading them to Winn.

Kara immediately recognises the room as the med bay. She hasn’t been on this part of the ship before. When they first found it, there were other priorities and then Lena came in and helped them figure some stuff out, making sure to stay away from this room, and Kara just never went back after. It strikes her, how everything medical seems to be this eerie white colour. This sterile, harsh and almost painful white. It was the same on Krypton but for some reason she hadn’t expected it from the Daxamites. In her mind, they were still so different, even though Mon-El showed they might not have been as bad as she was led to believe. There wasn’t anything good about the Daxamites in general either. They proved that by invading Earth and trying to take over National City by force. She stops abruptly in the doorway, taking in every corner of the room. There’s some stretchers standing side by side on both sides of the room. A few poles, probably for IV fluids or other bags, and some monitors. Nothing that indicates Kara needed to be here. She’s pretty sure it’s all just improved versions of the equipment currently used on Earth.

“Kara, you gotta see this!” Winn’s voice stops Kara’s eyes from roaming the room and her head snaps to him. She hadn’t even seen him. He’s standing in an empty corner of the room, gesturing to the wall with his head. There’s not really anything noteworthy about the wall, just a plain wall. Kara frowns at the oddity but makes her way towards Winn nonetheless. Alex moves next to Winn and lifts her hand. Winn starts protesting but Alex doesn’t listen and pushes in a seemingly random spot on the wall.

“Nooo!” Winn whines. “I wanted to do that. It’s only fair I did it, I found-“ He stops suddenly at the look Alex sends him. Kara’s still staring at them in confusion when the wall starts to split in two. An entrance is created and through it, Kara can see the next room. Winn and Alex enter it with Kara in tow. This room is as painfully white as the previous but holds only a single bed in the middle. It’s an operating table, Kara concludes. There’s a small work table with medical tools next to it; clamps, scalpels, tweezers, aluminium bowls, injection needles and needle and thread on top of a green cloth fill the surface. A cold shiver makes its way down Kara’s spine. Though the Daxamites might have used this as an operating room, Kara has a feeling it wasn’t used only for that.

“Kara? Over here.” Winn says, interrupting Kara’s thoughts once again.

Winn is standing next to a closet, a computer screen embedded in its door. A small table has been moved to hold his laptop, which is hooked to the closet-computer. Winn’s screen shows English, which Kara assumes is a translation of the Daxamite on the closet.

The three of them huddle around Winn’s laptop and Alex and Winn start explaining.

“The Daxamites seem to have done some experimentation.”

“There’s more but this is just the coolest, Kara. I bet Kal will like it too. And Lois.”

Kara’s stomach drops at the last statement. She doesn’t know where this is going yet and it feels odd to have her stomach drop so seemingly random, but it feels like something is very much wrong.

“Rhea was still testing. I don’t think she ever succeeded so no need to worry, okay?”

Kara nods robotically in reply. She feels like she’s got every reason to worry because Rhea doing experiments and tests does not sound like a good thing. Even if she didn’t seem to have succeeded.
“See, here’s human DNA,” Alex points at a spot on Winn’s screen. “And here’s Daxamite and Rhea tried to find a way to combine it.”

If Kara thought her stomach couldn’t drop any further, she couldn’t have been more wrong. It feels like there’s a large boulder sitting in it now, weighing it down even lower than her feet. She can hear Winn rambling on in the background but the words don’t register. Her eyes are locked on the screen showing the human and Daxamite DNA.

“Kara?!” Alex’s voice and a hand waving in front of her face snap her out of it. Today clearly is not her day.

“Are you okay?”

“Mhm, fine.” Kara nods, still not breaking eye contact with the screen.

“Sure? I asked you a question and said your name at least three times.” Alex has gone into worried sister mode, Kara can tell. She forces her eyes away from the screen and locks them onto Alex’s.

“I’m fine. It’s fine. Just a little, err, distracted. What did you ask?”

“Do you know of any other way to incubate embryos?” Alex doesn’t beat around the bush, getting straight to the point. “Rhea’s research shows she was unsuccessful incubating human-Daxamite hybrids in Daxamite pods.” Alex gestures to the closet, one of the doors slid to the side exposing shelves with incubation pods. “Probably due to the human DNA. So, do you know any other ways Rhea might have explored? Anything used on Krypton?”

_Humans_. Kara thinks. _Humans would be the best ‘incubators’ for humans._ She doesn’t say it, letting Winn fill the silence for a moment with his enthusiasm as she thinks of other ways used on Krypton.

“Isn’t this so cool, Kara. If we refine it, maybe we could use it for Kryptonians too. Kal and Lois could get biological kids. You could have children, in the future. If you ever want that. Not that I’m saying you do, or don’t. This is awesome. Look at all this tech!” Winn marvels on while Kara focusses on Alex.

“Nothing, no, Krypton only used pods similar to these.” Kara’s not sure how she manages to utter such a coherent sentence. She’s not good at lying, though technically she is telling the truth; as far as she knows on Krypton there were no other ways of conceiving children.

“Kar, are you okay?” Alex puts a hand on Kara’s forearm, clearly having noticed Kara distress. “Does this place bring back memories from Krypton?”

“Okay. I’m okay. I’m fine. It’s okay.” Kara’s back to her stuttering and inarticulate self, unable to string together enough words to form a sentence. “Krypton. Yes. It reminds me of Krypton. Right. I should- I need- Yes, it reminds me of Krypton. I have to go. Was this everything you wanted to show me?” Kara looks up, meeting Alex’s concerned gaze. She waits for a reply, trying to reinforce her question with her eyes.

“Yes, that’s it. Kara, what’s going on?”

At the confirmation that there’s nothing more for her to see here, she gets up. Her eyes fall on the single operating table in the middle of the room again. On the tools next to it. The large needles, sharp scalpels, the clamps and bowls. She doesn’t want to imagine what this room was used for but can’t help her mind wandering there anyway. Seeing Lena lying on this exact table, unconscious and alone, fragile and completely unaware of Rhea’s intentions. Kara has to rip her eyes from the sight and consciously put one foot in front of the other to make her body leave the stifling white room.
She’d promised Lena she’d come back but she doesn’t know how. Not after seeing this, having it made so real and tangible. How is she supposed to tell Lena Rhea was planning on more than one child but just unable to do so. How is she supposed to tell her that Alex and Winn found out about Rhea’s plans. She and Lena both know Alex and Winn are not stupid, they’ll realise Rhea might have ventured to regular pregnancy soon enough. They might even figure out the specifics, it’s really just a matter of adding two and two together for them now.

Kara has lead in her boots, a brick in her stomach and a lump in her throat but she knows none of them will go away if she doesn’t share this information with Lena. Lena deserves it. No more secrets, she promised.

Kara’s met with the sight of Lena sitting curled up in a corner of the couch, one hand resting protectively over her stomach and the other holding the book resting on her knees. She waits a little before announcing her presence, taking in the moment. Lena somehow seems to sense Kara standing behind her and she shuts her book to turn around.

“Hey! Did you know I can totally have coffee? If I just limit it to a single cup a day it’s fine.” She tells the blonde, waving a little with the book in her hands. Kara just now notices it’s a book on pregnancy and babies, leave it to Lena to do thorough research. She tries to plaster a smile on her face, not wanting to alarm the brunette on the couch. But she’s Kara and she can’t keep secrets from Lena. Not anymore.

“Hey.” Her voice sounds dull and solemn and Kara knows it. Lena immediately picks it up and looks at her in concern. As she moves to get up, Kara rests her hands on Lena’s shoulders, guiding the brunette back down to the couch.

“What happened?” Lena asks as Kara’s walks around her and sits opposite her on the couch. Kara can’t make eye contact, instead picking at her finger nails and repetitively adjusting her glasses.

“Nothing happened.” Kara gives Lena a meek smile, opting to try and protect Lena even though she knows she’ll have to tell. It will only hurt Lena more if she keeps it a secret and she finds out another way.

“Then what’s going on?” Lena puts the book down on the coffee table and shifts to fully face Kara, legs crossed beneath her. “I can tell something’s wrong, Kara.”

“It’s- Alex and Winn- Daxamite ship. They found. Err…” Kara stutters, her hand trying to adjust her glasses with frustrated motions. Why can’t she ever just form a normal sentence at times like these?

“Kara, breathe. Take your time.” Lena leans forward a bit, resting a hand on Kara’s knee. Kara notices the few words she’s been able to utter have already given Lena an idea about the direction of this conversation. The tension and fear are clear in her voice, maybe someone who doesn’t know her as well as Kara does wouldn’t notice but Kara certainly does.

She huffs out a breath needing to finish what she started. She senses she’s only making Lena more stressed by not completing her sentences.

“A Alex-and-Winn-found-Rhea’s-research-on-combining-Daxamite-and-human-DNA.” Kara says in a single breath. For the briefest moment she thinks she’s spoken too fast, that human ears would not be able to understand her. But it’s Lena she’s talking to and Lena is used to Kara speaking too fast when she’s nervous. Lena is somehow even able to understand most of what Kara says when her
mouth is stuffed with food.

Almost comically slow—if it weren’t for the seriousness of the situation—, Lena’s eyes widen as she pieces together what Kara just told her.

“‘They know?’” The hand not resting on Kara’s knee moves back to her stomach, an automatic motion triggered by Lena’s need to protect the baby inside her, even if she’s still unsure of her feelings towards them.

Kara shakes her head, easing Lena’s anxiety a little. “No, not yet.” Kara’s found back her tongue and starts to elaborate. “Rhea’s notes only included her attempts at growing embryos in incubation pods. Those all failed. She hasn’t mentioned you anywhere. They don’t even know the human DNA used is yours. But I think they might figure that out soon. And it probably won’t take them long after to realise Rhea thought you are a great incubation pod.”

Lena nods along solemnly, coming to the same conclusion as Kara. She’s secretly praying for something more important to come up so she has a little more time. An alien, some mystery, other Daxamite tech discoveries that are far more interesting.

“Do you know what happened? On the ship.” Kara asks, scooting closer to Lena.

Lena shakes her head and grabs a pillow from behind her back to hold, starting to fumble with its corners as she recounts that day.

“I remember the portal worked, then suddenly all those ships came flying through. You showed up, but I don’t know what happened. I guess I must’ve hit my head or something because I had a headache for a while after.”

Kara nods. “A rack fell on you, it was kind of my fault.” She moves her hands to rest atop Lena’s, stopping the nervous fidgeting of them.

“You were just trying to stop her.” Lena says, before continuing her story. “When I woke up I was on a bed on the Daxamite ship. Rhea was watching me sleep. She’d changed my clothes, untied my hair and done my makeup. At first I wasn’t sure if I was dreaming, she tucked some stray hairs behind my ear and I was convinced I wasn’t actually awake. She looked at me like… Like I was her treasured daughter, a long-lost child of some kind. She told me I’d rule over this new world, alongside her. She told us that Mon-El and I were going to get married. When he told her we were not getting married, she just told us that there would be a wedding and that we were to produce an heir. When I told her we wouldn’t do either Mon-El just said she wouldn’t need us for anything. Explained that Daxamites can conceive using a single strand of hair. Which she obtained while I was still knocked out. Then she just told us to agree to the wedding now or she’d start blowing up hospitals, starting with the Luthor’s children hospital.” Kara Starts caressing Lena’s knuckles with her thumbs, soothing the young Luthor. “We were about to be married when you so kindly interrupted and rescued us.” Lena concludes.

“Oh, Lena! That must’ve been horrible.” Kara’s grip on Lena’s hands tightens a little and she can feel the small tremor going through Lena’s fingers. She tugs on the hands to bring Lena closer and wraps her in a hug. “You know that wasn’t okay, right? That what she was doing was wrong. You didn’t deserve that and it certainly wasn’t your fault. She should never have done that. Take you, invade your privacy like that. Abuse you. Lena, she basically raped you. That’s in no way okay, Lena and under no circumstances is that your fault. You never asked her to do any of those things. She just did them.” Kara’s words hit Lena hard. She might not agree with them completely, her feelings are still telling her it was very much her own fault, but Kara using these strong words does trigger something. Tears start streaming down her face, her body having decided that she hasn’t cried
enough today already. Her mind torn between feeling used and guilt.

“It wasn’t really rape, Kara. It’s not like she could do that.”

“I think it was Lena. She probably used a foreign object and definitely didn’t have your consent. That’s rape.” Kara says, remembering clearly what she read when she got to earth and learned about how humans have sexual intercourse and how important consent is. Krypton didn’t really have any of those things. She consciously chooses not to say anything about the operating table she saw in the room, about the injection needles on the tray next to it. She’s not sure Rhea used those, but the implication was strong enough. Nor does she suggest Lena find professional help, though that might be very useful for Lena she knows Lena is not going to accept it.

Lena stays silent, letting Kara’s words sink in. She’s probably right. Not that there’s anything Lena can do about it now. Rhea’s long dead and any surviving Daxamites have fled earth. Silently, she cries on Kara’s shoulder. Shifting a little so she can lean into Kara a bit more and hold on tighter.

When Lena’s crying seems to weaken, Kara tries to pry away a little to look at her. Lena’s heartbeat has slowed down and Kara can hear the exhaustion in the way Lena breathes.

“Do you want to go to bed?” She asks, trying to meet Lena’s eyes and gauge the response, not requiring a verbal response.

Lena nods without releasing her tight grip on Kara. The blonde doesn’t mind and simply puts one hand on Lena’s back and loops the other beneath her knees, carrying the young Luthor to her bed with the greatest ease. She sets her down on the side of the bed with the stack of books, concluding that’s where she must sleep most of the time. Lena’s still not letting go, feeling much like a little koala.

“Do you want to change?”

Kara receives a shake of Lena’s head as the brunette shifts towards the middle of the bed, dragging Kara on top of it next to her. Kara gets the message, Lena just wants to sleep and not alone. She pulls back the blanket and waits for Lena to settle in beneath it before slipping in next to her, still holding her close.

Entangled, they fall asleep. Lena’s is a restless one, filled with dreams of Rhea and threats towards the hospital and citizens of National City. Each time she wakes up with a start, she’s quickly calmed down by the warm body next to her. The two arms never letting go of her.

In the morning, Lena makes them both breakfast. She’s awake first and wants to thank Kara for staying over. She makes a simple cup of ginger tea and some cut fruit for herself and a full-out breakfast with eggs, toast and pancakes for Kara.

Both have a lot of feelings to sort and thinking to do, so their morning is rather silent, though neither of them mind.

After a brief discussion, Lena convinces Kara that going to work will be a good thing; it’s a nice distraction from everything and her company needs her. She does have to promise not to work too late and to take a break if she needs one.

Kara declares she’s going to get some of Lena’s tea for her apartment too so Lena can always have some if she needs it, she’s still working at a coffee shop anyway while Catco is still being rebuilt. She promises to text the details regarding game night and refuses to get a lift from Lena, opting to fly
by her apartment first to redress.

With a short goodbye and a hug that’s maybe a little long—which neither really notices, Kara is just unaware of it and for Lena, no hug with Kara can be long enough– they part ways for the time being.

Chapter End Notes

From now on, updates will really not be this regular. I've got too much to do, sadly.

!!! If you ever find yourself in a situation like Lena's (or anything even remotely close) please do get professional help and don't be unhealthily stubborn like Lena!!!

I love all of your comments, so please don't stop writing them!
Don't stop leaving kudos either!
Chapter Notes

This is more of a filler chapter with some stuff I needed to happen. I'm not entirely happy about it but needed to get it out of the way so I could get back into the actual plot.

Come talk to me on tumblr (about literally anything you want to talk about. I'm a little lonely on there, okay)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lena’s workday started blissfully slow. Her morning meeting got cancelled and where she’d normally be annoyed by it – it was an important meeting after all– she now enjoyed her time to recover from last night and this morning. Having Kara stay over and spend the night was both a relief and pure torture. At least she managed to get some sleep, Kara’s arm keeping her a little grounded and comforting her when she woke up again from her agonising dreams. At the same time, it physically hurt that Kara was just there as a friend, just for one night because Lena happened to need her and Kara could sense it. Lena always needs her, Lena always wants Kara’s arms wrapped around her. But it’s not something she can ask of her.

She’s slowly making her way through the never-ending stack of paperwork on her desk while trying to sort her mind when Jess calls.

“Ms. Luthor, there’s a Ms. Sawyer here to see you. She says she’s here to… chat.” Lena can hear the glare Jess is sending the woman through the phone and again is marvelled by the fact that she’s ever found an assistant like Jess.

“It’s okay, Jess. Send her in.” If she’s here as Ms. Sawyer instead of detective Sawyer, Lena is willing to listen. She knows she has the time, Jess wouldn’t have let her in if Lena didn’t.

The detective steps inside Lena’s office and balances two cups in one hand to close the door behind her. She readjusts them as soon as her second hand is free to keep them from falling and spilling all over the floor.

“Ms. Sawyer, what can I do for you?” Lena asks, not unkindly but not entirely friendly either. She can’t help but have her guard up.

“Maggie,” The older woman corrects as she walks over to Lena’s desk. “I’m here to apologise for arresting you.”

“I see.” Lena affirms. “There’s no need to apologise for doing your job. It would worry me more if I found out there was footage of me stealing Kryptonite without getting arrested for it.” Lena looks back at her paperwork, thinking this is the end of the conversation when a small rap on her desk drags her eyes back up. One of the cups Maggie was holding is now sitting in front of her.

“Just take my apology. If you weren’t Lena Luthor we might have dug a little deeper and wouldn’t have jumped to conclusions. That’s tea by the way.” Maggie adds, gesturing vaguely to the cup. “I asked Kara your coffee order and she said it was lemon and ginger green tea. I would’ve pegged you as a black coffee type but Kara insisted.” Lena has to suppress a groan at the mention of black
coffee. She would kill for a cup but she’s had her share of caffeine for the day already this morning.

“No if you don’t mind telling me your secret to surviving your job without caffeine, I’m all ears.” Maggie makes herself at home sitting back in one of the chairs across Lena’s desk. Lena wraps her hands around the cup, letting the warmth seep through to her bones. No matter how much she desires coffee right now, ginger tea is just what she needs and she knows it. She can’t linger on thinking of coffee, knowing she’ll not get how much she wants for more than half a year so she pushes those thoughts back and enjoys a sip of her hot tea.

“Having a routine makes caffeine almost redundant. Though it does help kick-start the day. I’ve actually always enjoyed a cup of black coffee but I had to dial it down for my health.” Lena says, choosing to lie as little as possible and create a story she can work with in future. Spinning something together that can excuse her lack of coffee drinking for other instances with other people as well, seeing as Kara is adamant on her joining things like game night.

“Routine. That’s not a luxury I can afford. Criminals never seem to sleep.” Maggie says, sipping from her own cup.

“That’s why something called delegation has been invented.”

“That requires people to delegate to.”

A silence that’s neither uneasy nor very comfortable fills the room as both women drink their beverages. Maggie shamelessly checks out Lena’s office, eyes sometimes stopping their venture and resting on objects to investigate further. She doesn’t get up and she doesn’t move, but she takes in every inch of the room nonetheless. Lena curiously looks at Maggie but doesn’t interrupt her. When Maggie’s eyes fall back on Lena again, she speaks.

“So, what’s your judgement?” A smirk graces her lips, knowing full well her office is large and looks expensive.

“It’s nicely decorated. It’s probably all expensive and it’s modern and sleek. But it’s impersonal.” Maggie doesn’t beat around the bush and blatantly state what she gathers from the room. Lena’s eyes shift a little, a small sadness appearing behind her mask. A sadness Maggie doesn’t pick up on, she’s only really just met Lena. Lena’s never had anything personal to add to her office, no pictures with friends or family she wanted to put up. No knick-knacks that remind her of so-called ‘good old days’ because those didn’t really exist. She just nods at Maggie in reply, silently agreeing with her judgement.

“You should get a nice painting for the wall.” Maggie says and then she suddenly gets up and throws her empty cup in Lena’s bin. Lena follows suit and raises from her chair too. Her still half-filled cup resting on her desk.

“Maybe I should.” She says, looking at the empty wall above her couch.

“You should. Now tell me you accept my apology because arresting you was not personal. It wasn’t even fair either and don’t tell me it was because you’re a Luthor. You’re not Lex or Lillian Luthor and we should not judge you for their wrongdoings, so just say you forgive me and get this over with so we can start with a clean slate and make Kara happy, she didn’t send me, so she’ll be thrilled to hear this.” Maggie says as she’s standing by the door, ready to leave.

“But it is-”

“No, it’s not. I just told you. God, Kara’s right you really do have a problem.” Maggie rolls her eyes
and even though what she says could sound hurtful it actually sounds more like a family member telling you something. Pressing your nose on the facts but only attempt to improve you, not degrade you.

“Fine. I accept your apology but I don’t have a problem.” Lena relents with a huff.

“Thank you. See you at game night.” And Maggie is out the door, leaving Lena confused and shocked.

Kara has been purposefully avoiding Alex the entire day. She knows Alex is going to ask questions about her leaving abruptly and reacting so strange to their discovery but she doesn’t want to be confronted. So far, she’s been rather successful in ducking out of rooms as soon as Alex enters or coming up with quick excuses to leave. Not that Alex would ever believe those excuses, because how often does Kara need to pee really during the day? Not eleven times before it’s even 4 pm.

But this time, when she notices Alex coming to the room and she tries to leave through the other door, she bumps right into Winn. She tries glaring at him, but he won’t budge. He’s trembling, but he refuses to move and Kara doesn’t want to hurt him, can’t hurt him. She immediately knows what’s up when Winn stares at Alex closing in on them. She knows that, even if she uses her super strength to move Winn, or her super speed to dodge passed him, Alex will be furious with him and she can’t do that to him. Furious Alex is the worst.

So she relents and turns around, facing Alex. She lets Alex drag her to a chair and sits down when signalled to. As if on cue, Winn closes the blinds and leaves. They’ll have complete privacy to talk.

Alex seems to have decided to let Kara sweat it out until she can’t take it any longer. The agent is leaning back in her chair, eyeing the blonde and watching her squirm in her seat. Waiting for her to break down under her glare, knowing full well that is going to happen. Kara is the worst at keeping silent, especially in situations like these. She can feel Alex’s eyes bore holes in her head and thanks Rao that her sister isn’t the one who has heat vision. She starts shifting uncomfortably in her seat, tapping her feet on the floor and picking at her sleeve.

When Kara feels like she can’t take it anymore, Alex suddenly breaks the silence.

“What’s going on? Kara, you know you can talk to me. I only want to help you.” The brown of her eyes looking so friendly and worried. Kara hates lying to her sister. She hates having to keep things from her but she can’t ruin Lena’s trust, she can’t give up what they’ve built together. She’s sure she can trust Lena into trusting Alex, and everyone else, in due time but she does need that little bit of time. If she can’t talk Lena into it she might have to force her hand, it’s not Kara’s style but she can’t live like this. If she doesn’t tell Alex soon enough, it will eventually slip out and only make it weirder.

“N-Nothing. There’s nothing g-going on. I know I can trust you but I’m fine. Just that the ship yesterday- I didn’t like being on it, okay. It just hit me, that Mon-El and Lena were forcefully held captive there. That they almost got married under duress there. I hadn’t stopped to think about it before. Who knows what they did to them. Lena told me she was out cold for a while. Who knows what Rhea did to her.” Kara knows. Or well, she suspects. She knows parts. The images of the operating table and syringes twirling in front of her eyes every time she blinks. Kara doesn’t know what else they might have done. If they’ve done more. If they hurt Mon-El like they hurt Lena. “If only I had gotten up there earlier. If we immediately accepted Lillian’s help we might’ve gotten them out sooner. They hurt Lena, Alex. Lena got hurt on that ship and I had promised to protect her and I didn’t. I didn’t protect her. I let Rhea do whatever she wanted to her. Alex, I was the worst friend in the history of friends. I let her down. I-” Alex’s hands firmly latch onto Kara’s, stopping her from
pulling another thread from her sleeve. Silencing her ramble.

“Kara, I’m sorry. I didn’t realise. But you can tell me, you know. You can always talk to me. And you have to know it wasn’t your fault. We had no reason to trust Lillian, working with her was a last resort and that wasn’t only your decision. We all agreed on that.” Alex scoots a little closer, letting Kara lean into her. “Did Lena blame you for taking so long? Because you’ve been spending a lot of time with her recently. Are you trying to make up for it?” It’s not an accusation. Kara can sense it’s merely meant to make her realise that Lena doesn’t feel like she’s let her down. She did show up eventually and rescued them.

“No, Rao, Lena would never blame me. She’s still convinced it’s her own fault because she built the device that got the Daxamites to earth in the first place. Which is ridiculous because she couldn’t have known. And she might think that everyone else suffers from them having come here, but she’s the one who’s hurt most. She never asked for any of that to happen. Argh! It’s just so- Argh!” Kara grumbles, frustrated at her inability to put her feelings into words.

“Kara, what happened? Maybe I can help her, or get her help, if you can’t.” Alex offers. Kara meekly shakes her head.

“She made me promise not to tell. I don’t think she really knows everything either. But she has nightmares. It’s bad, Alex, but she’s talking to me. I’m helping her, she’ll tell you too. I’m sure.” Kara’s speed increases as the words flow out. Alex can barely keep up but she understands. She brings Kara in for a hug before she leaves.

“You, both of you, can always come to me if you need to.” She says, before leaving.

Kara feels relieved about opening up to Alex. She knows Alex is now off her back, Alex understands. She’s also confirmed, both through this conversation and some questioning of Winn, that Alex and he haven’t come any further with their analysis of the human-Daxamite DNA hybrid. Time’s pressing but at least Kara knows Lena has a little longer to come to terms with everything.

Lena is barely settled back down at her desk after another rough meeting when Jess suddenly shows up, two steaming plates in her hands. Her eyes drift up when the door shuts, only to shoot at her watch when she sees Jess with food.

“Crap, I forgot to eat again.” She says as she rubs a hand over her forehead.

“You did. But my mom is in town and she made us leftovers.” Jess places one of the plates in front of Lena and turns around to leave again.

“She made this for me?” Lena says, curiously eyeing the food on the plate in front of her.

“Well, she made it for that ‘nice boss of yours who makes you work too much, Jess. But judging from your stories someone should tell her to work less too because working even more than you do is unhealthy, Jess. Tell her that.’ So, I’d say she made it for you, yes.” Jess says, changing her tone and intonation to, undoubtedly, imitate her mother.

“She thinks I’m nice?” Lena can already feel the tell-tale burning sensation start in her eyes and tries to blink it away subtly. It doesn’t seem like Jess notices as she replies.

“Hmm, well, of course she does. You are nice.” She says with a small shrug. She slides a fork to Lena indicating her to start eating and again turns around to leave.

“You can stay here for lunch. If you want, that is.” Lena suggests before Jess can take a step away
from her. “I feel like you know a lot about me and I don’t actually know anything about you. Except what’s on your resume. And I can use the distraction for a bit. But if you had plans, go ahead, I can eat by myself.” Lena doesn’t mean to sound desperate or lonely, but she still actually kind of is so there’s no way to fully hide it. She’s really hoping she’s not keeping Jess from eating with her friends or co-workers by suggesting she eat here, in Lena’s office.

“I didn’t really have plans, so thank you.” Jess puts her plate on the other side of the desk and moves one of the chairs closer so she can sit in it.

Lena realises she actually knows so little about Jess she can’t think of something to talk about that’s not work. She settles for the one personal thing she knows about Jess, even if it might be something she knows nothing about.

“So, your mother is in town?”

“Yes. She says that if I don’t have time to visit her, she’s forced to visit me.”

“You should take some time off then. That way she won’t have to visit you.”

“My mom might not be as bad as your mom, but seeing her once a year is enough. There’s only a certain amount of mom one can take in a set amount of time. Even if you love her very much.”

“Right.” Lena can’t really relate. Every amount of mother is too much for her, even after her mother told her she would better her ways with Lena. “And you talk to your mom about me?” She’s never thought of herself as a topic for conversation beyond plain gossip and bad assumptions. Had never thought there were people in her life who thought she’s worth talking about.

“You know you don’t have to work that much. You are allowed to leave before me.” Lena merely says, not knowing anything better to say.

“You know you don’t always have to stay so late. You should hire a CFO to take care of all that paperwork that definitely doesn’t need your personal attention.” Jess retorts.

“Point taken.” Lena says with a small smile. It’s not actually a bad idea, hiring a CFO to take over some of the work. She’s worked a lot the past year and the workload is not getting any smaller while her energy is. She looks up at Jess and considers for a moment to promote her to CFO right then and there. But that’s probably something she should consider a little longer. And she should find out if it’s something Jess wants. Maybe also look at some other people who might be interested. Lena might want Jess for the position, but it’s for L-Corp and not for herself so she has to do it the right way and hire the best person possible.

Neither of them know of another non-work-related topic to discuss and are too lost in thought to think of one or realise they are silent until they’ve both emptied their plates.

“This is really good! Thank your mother for me, would you?” Lena asks after a few bites.

“I will.” Jess says, bobbing her head.
Another silence fills the room until Jess breaks it.

“I found some more property owned by the company from when Lex was CEO. I’ve already sent someone to check most of it out, just see what kind of buildings they are and such, but there’s one I think you should know about. Nothing bad, it’s just in the middle of town. A penthouse apartment.”

“An apartment? Why would Luthorcorp need a penthouse?”

Jess shrugs. “Maybe as a backup apartment for Lex? A party apartment. Who knows. But it’s still owned by L-Corp and would be a vast improvement from your current apartment. You should take a look.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my apartment.” Lena says defensively.

“You practically live in a shoebox, Lena. Even my apartment is bigger. At least give it a chance, you should live in something with a little more space. Plus, it’s got some extra bedrooms, those are always useful.” Jess might not say it directly, but the implication is clear. A nursery would be possible in this place.

“I’ll take a look, when I’ve got the time.” Lena says, nodding at the idea. She should get a new apartment, even if she might not need a nursery, and this would be the easiest way. She can’t deny that. “Does it have a balcony?”

Jess looks back up from her food and squints her eyes a little as she looks at Lena.

“So, she finally told you?”

“She fin-” Lena starts, but a single look from Jess sending so many ‘don’t try to lie to me, I know you’ vibes makes her rethink her sentence. “You knew?”

“There’s only so much a ponytail and glasses can hide. At first, I didn’t even understand how you didn’t know. But well-” Jess cuts off with a shrug and continues eating. Lena almost thought Jess was going to say something insane and stupid like ‘love is blinding’. She feels almost relieved Jess did not say such a thing. She wouldn’t know what to do if someone noticed. If someone told her what she was feeling for Kara, that it was called ‘love’. She barely allows herself to admit to herself that she has feelings for Kara. Inappropriate feelings. Feelings that need to be suppressed for the sake of their friendship.

They finish eating in silence, both lost in thought. When the last pieces of food have disappeared, Jess takes both of the plates and makes to leave. At the door, she turns around.

“Yes,” She says, earning a confused look from Lena. “The apartment has a balcony.”

When she’s almost ready to leave –having finished a handful of meetings and a large stack of paperwork– and looking forward to game night, though she’s already a bit tired, she gets a visitor she hadn’t expected. She sent home Jess an hour ago to spend time with her mother while she’s in town. Take her somewhere nice for dinner, show her around the city, just spend time with her while she still can –you can never see the end coming, no matter how healthy you are.

The loud clicking of heels echoes through the empty hallway of Lena’s office and when the door opens wide, she looks up. Walking in like she owns the place is Lillian Luthor.

“Hello Lena. You look dreadful.” She says by way of greeting as she waltzes further into Lena’s office. Her eyes venture from Lena to the pile of paperwork, her unlocked balcony door and back.
Lena doesn’t need to look in the mirror to know she’s probably right. Even if today is one of Lena’s good days, it by no means compares to how she looked last time she saw her mother. She can feel the bags under her eyes that even makeup can’t completely cover, she’s lost weight and her skin is probably a shade paler than it’s supposed to be.

“Mother,” Lena greets back, stiffening her back and clenching her jaw. She puts her hands on the table, keeping herself from putting one protectively over her stomach. It would be enough for Lillian to notice, to start speculating.

“Now, now, that’s no way to greet your mother. Come, give me a hug. I came all this way for you, you know. Do you have any idea how much risk I put myself in to visit you?”

Lena doesn’t get up to give her mother the hug she asks for. It’s an odd request, Lillian’s never given Lena a hug and the first time Lena tried to give her new mother one, she was brusquely shoved away and told that Luthors do not need hugs.

“You didn’t have to come out of hiding to visit me.” Lena states stiffly, determined not to start fumbling with her hands or twirling in her chair.

“Oh, but I did. A mother needs to check on her daughter once in a while.” If Lena didn’t know any better, she would have thought she sees a hint of affection in Lillian’s eyes before they turn cold again.

“I’m well. You checked, now you can leave. Or was there another reason for your… unexpected visit.” Lena knows full well that her mother won’t leave so easily and braces herself for whatever ridiculous thing her mother will request or demand.

“Now, Lena, I do not always have some sort of hidden agenda when visiting one of my children.” Lillian says, pretending to be hurt by Lena’s remark.

“Not for Lex.” Lena mutters under her breath, luckily going unheard by Lillian.

“But if you insist, I do have a small request to make.” Lillian whips out a folder from her purse and puts it down in front of Lena. “I would like you to take a look at this. I need an engineer and frankly, you are the best I know. It’s a design for a bionic eye. Nothing harmful, just an eye and once it’s finished, L-Corp can get the blueprints too and bring it on the market.” She turns a few pages and Lena is now looking at a drawing of a mechanical eye. “I’d very much like to work with my daughter on this project, so have a look at it and let me know what you think.”

Lena is staring at the drawing in front of her. She can tell straightaway that there’s some mistakes in the design and for a moment she contemplates whether Lillian put them there on purpose in hopes of revoking an immediate reaction from Lena. She wisely chooses not to mention it and slowly gets up.

Lillian doesn’t utter another word and simply turns around. Her heels click on the hardwood floor of Lena’s office as she walks away. Lena doesn’t say anything as she stares at her mother’s back. She’s trying to process what just happened and sinks back into her chair as soon as her mother’s figure is out of sight. She sends off a quick text to Kara saying she’ll run a little late. She needs a moment to recollect herself, and maybe sneak a peek at what Lillian wants her help with. She did promise to be a better mother after all, and doesn’t everyone deserve a second—or even hundredth- chance?

Chapter End Notes
Thanks everyone for your comments and kudos! They are very much appreciated each and every day.
Please keep telling me what you think and whether you like it. What you expect to happen or what you wish to happen, etc. I will take it into consideration!
Kara’s apartment is a bustle of movement as she tries to make everything just right for game night. She’s moving chairs, tables, food and everything else that’s moveable.

“Kar, what are you doing? You just moved that chair away from that spot.” Alex says, as Kara is lifting a chair for the umpteenth time in half an hour and stops in the middle of her motion to glare at her sister.

“I need everything to be perfect.” She says and puts down the chair. She takes a step back to assess its new position and starts tugging at it to make it move just an inch this or that way.

“It’s just game night, little Danvers. We’ve all seen your apartment and everyone will be too busy losing to notice anything changed anyways.” Maggie says as she walks over from the kitchen and hands Alex a beer.

“It’s not just game night.” Kara says with an exaggerated sigh as she falls back into the chair she’d been moving around.

“It’s not?” Maggie asks, feigning ignorance, as she and Alex sit down opposite Kara on the couch.

“It’s Lena’s first game night. She’s never played games. I want everything to be perfect. Her first game night should be perfect.” Kara explains. She gets up again and moves to the kitchen, fidgeting with the empty plates sitting on her counter waiting for dinner to be served on them. She’d made sure to have Winn get a salad for Lena, knowing they normally ate pizza. Lena’s tea is waiting in the cupboard and Kara’s trying to figure out if she’s forgotten something.

A knock on the door startles her from her contemplation and she almost hits the ceiling when she jumps. Her super hearing picks up on Maggie and Alex’s conversation as she walks over to invite whoever is on the other side of the door in.

“She’s worse than you were with me.” Maggie says, and Kara can hear Alex shove her girlfriend and whisper “I wasn’t that bad.” Only to be told by Maggie “No one is that bad, Alex.”

Kara doesn’t really understand what they’re going on about, Alex was in love with Maggie and Kara just wants her best friend to have the best game night ever. Sure, she’s a little wound up about it, but it’s Lena. Lena’s even said she never had friends before. Lena’s not used to casual nights in and Kara wants her first experience with one to be flawless. So what, she was a little preoccupied and didn’t hear Winn and James arriving minutes before they knocked on the door like usual. She was just busy arranging her room to perfection.

“Hi guys!” Kara beams at Winn and James on the other side of the door. The former carrying a plastic bag with, what Kara presumes is, a salad for Lena and the latter holding a stack of pizza boxes. She may or may not have Winn and James go out their way to get Lena something to eat too. Something Lena likes. It’s the least she could do.

“Hi Kara!” Winn greets back, stepping in the room first.
“I’m amazed you allow so many vegetables in your apartment, Kara.” James says, nodding to the bag in Winn’s hand as he follows him in.

“I’m not eating them.” Kara shrugs and she closes the door behind the pair.

“Then who is? None of us eat salads, especially on game night.” James points out. He puts the boxes on the table and starts opening them.

“Lena.” Kara says, briefly glancing at Winn who’s busy greeting Alex and Maggie.

Both James and Winn freeze in their motions and look at Kara.

“Lena Luthor?” James asks hesitantly, a clear sound of judgement in his voice.

“Lena is coming? To game night?!” Winn’s reaction could not be any different from James’s. His excitement a stark contrast to James’s disgust.

Kara adjusts her glasses while she hums a little in affirmation. James snorts ungracefully, causing Kara’s heart to sink. She’d expected her friends, all of them, to be supportive of her friendship with Lena. Especially since Lena’s proven time and again that she’s not like her family, that she’s good.

“Just give her a fair chance. Lena’s really nice and, like I told you before, she’s not like Lex or Lillian.” Kara says, trying to convince James.

“She’s awesome, James. She’s like, the smartest person I know. Plus, she’s the one who built the lead device to save everyone from the Daxamites.” Winn puts in.

“She built a device that killed an entire alien species.” James says, making his way over to the living room.

“She saved all of us, James.” Alex says in an attempt to have Kara’s back.

“Lex seemed good too at first. Until he tried to kill Superman and took half a city with him.” James says to try and defend his point.

“I planned on having a nice game night with friends,” Kara says, stepping up close to James. “All of my friends. I expect you to make Lena feel like she’s welcome, or you leave. That’s up to you. But Lena needs some friends right now and I am going to be one for her. No matter what your opinion is. You know where the door is if you feel the need arise to keep judging her for her last name.”

James opens his mouth to respond, then closes it. He opens it again only to close it another few times, finally deciding on not answering with words but with a curt nod.

The silence that follows is a loaded and awkward one and Kara is happy it is interrupted by her phone bleeping. The sound, for some reason, makes everyone loosen up a little bit and she can hear Winn start gushing over Lena’s inventions. Kara lets her phone distract her for a bit, allowing James to settle down in the living room with the rest of their friends and contemplate her words.

Lena Luthor

Running late. You should start dinner without me.
Kara worries for a moment, but immediately remembers that Lena’s got a business to run. Sometimes unexpected work just comes up and she should let Lena deal with it now. She quickly sends a reply to Lena.

*Okay. We’ll wait for you with dinner. Do you need a flight over?*

It takes mere seconds for Lena to reply.

**Lena Luthor**

*I know you’re hungry. Just eat, I don’t know how long I’ll be. You know I hate flying and I do have a perfectly functional car waiting for me, but thanks for the offer. <3*

If she would take the time, Kara would notice that her heart swells a little at receiving a heart-emoji from Lena. Instead, she focuses her hearing on the L-Corp building, checking Lena’s heartbeat for any anomalies or signs of distress. She finds Lena’s heart in the blink of an eye and noticed it beating slightly faster than normal, indicating something was up. Kara hasn’t got a clue what, but she knows something happened.

*Are you okay?*

Kara doesn’t wait to think and immediately sends out the text to Lena. The reply is rather quick again. Lena’s probably safe, but that doesn’t mean nothing is wrong.

**Lena Luthor**

*Why wouldn’t I be?*

*Your heart is beating so fast*

It’s normal to listen to a friend’s heartbeat, right? Kara’s not entirely sure, it’s not like she can ask anyone because no one can actually hear heartbeats. Let alone hear them from all the way across the city.

This time it takes Lena longer to answer, Kara can see the indication that she’s typing appear and disappear a few times. It’s as if Lena’s unsure of what to say. Kara wants to tell her she can trust her, to tell her everything, but she doesn’t. She knows Lena knows this and not everything is best told over text. She’s blocked out all sounds from her living room by now, waiting anxiously for Lena to
clarify. It takes another few minutes of intense phone-staring for Kara to receive a reply

**Lena Luthor**

*My mother came by today.*

Kara has to read the text over at least three times for the words to come through. Lillian Luthor visited Lena. Of course, Kara knew Lillian was still at large but she never stopped to think what that would actually mean for Lena. That her mother, who never supported her, always second guessed her and never appreciated any achievement, would be able to insert herself in Lena’s life again. Kara’s mouth is hanging ajar as she keeps staring at the text. She doesn’t really know how to respond to it. Doesn’t know what Lena needs. In the end, she decides to just ask Lena if she’s really okay and offer her a lift again, only to be told Lena’s fine –Lillian didn’t actually do anything—, rejected once more on her ride offer and told to start dinner because Lena doesn’t want her first impression on Kara’s friends be of someone that keeps everyone hungry.

A pillow to her head pulls Kara’s attention away from her phone.

“Hey, lovebird. When’s Lena getting here? We’re getting hungry.” Maggie shouts at her with a chuckle. Alex pokes her in the side and the two exchange a look Kara can’t decipher. Sometimes she dislikes how in-tune Alex and Maggie can be.

“I’m not a lovebird.” She says confusedly.

“Says the girl wearing another girl’s sweater.” Maggie whispers to Alex, earning another confused look from Kara until the blonde recomposes herself and continues talking. “And Lena’s running late—”

The group groans loudly at the prospect of having to wait with dinner before Kara can even finish her sentence. “But she said we should start eating. She’ll join later.”

Kara brings over the pizza boxes, opening them one by one and putting them on the coffee table.

“I knew I liked her for a reason.” Alex says, grabbing a slice and stuffing it in her mouth.

Kara quickly sends off one last text to Lena.

*Text me when you’re leaving, we’ll wait for you with the best games. Put on something comfortable!* *That excludes any shirts with zippers and tight skirts*

A replying thumbs-up emoji makes her screen light up a few moments later and she can set her worries aside for a moment to eat.

It seems like the rest of her friends have convinced James to not see Lena as a Luthor, or at least to give her a chance to prove herself in person –even though her actions already convinced the rest a long time ago, one does not simply go against their mother and save all alien species on the planet or stop an alien invasion without at least proving partly that they’re good.
After all the pizza is gone, the discussion over which game to play starts. Everyone has their favourite ones to play but all ideas are shot down by Kara because she doesn’t want Lena to miss out on any of the games. When Kara shoots down yet another game idea, probably the twentieth suggestion, Alex has had it.

“That’s it!” She says, putting down the game she’s holding with a smack. “Kara, you can pick two games we won’t play until Lena gets here. Two. There’s more game nights to come and she can play the rest then. It’s not like we can play every game in one night anyway.”

Kara tries pouting, but it has no effect on Alex who’s been exposed to that pout too long to give in for something like this. With a grumble, Kara relents and scans over the boxes. She ends up picking monopoly and ladders and snakes, they’re classics and Kara’s sure Lena’s never played them and probably has a knack for the former.

They’re in the middle of a very competitive game of Jenga –no super powers allowed– when Kara’s phone chimes. The Jenga tower doesn’t survive because Winn is so startled, not from Kara’s phone but from Kara zooming off towards it, that he helplessly flails his arms and hits the stack of wooden blocks. Kara doesn’t even notice Winn just lost the game they were playing, she’s too captivated by her phone.

Lena Luthor

Will be there in 10 minutes. Wearing something semi-comfy? Couldn’t find anything better without being even later

The next ten minutes in Kara’s apartment are spent by her fussing over every little detail, Winn doing whatever she demands, Maggie and Alex laughing at her and James just staring at the whole ordeal. As soon as she hears Lena’s footsteps on her floor, she shoots out the door to greet her friend outside.

“Lena!” She says with a bright smile as soon as the brunette is in her line of sight. Lena’s wearing a coat, jeans and heels, the latter of which earn her a disproving look from Kara.

“Kara,” She greets back with an equally wide smile, one that’s solely reserved for Kara though the reporter doesn’t seem to know or realise. One that grows even wide when Lena realises what Kara is wearing; her MIT sweater. “What’s wrong??” She asks as Kara’s brow crinkles suddenly, her smile dropping immediately.

“You’re wearing heels, Lena.” Kara says, by way of explanation.

“I am, I could hardly go barefoot.” Lena says with a shrug as she makes her way across the hallway, smiling a little again at the reassurance that there’s nothing actually concerning going on.

“You shouldn’t be wearing heels. You should’ve, I don’t know, worn flats.” Kara says with a little huff.

“I didn’t have the time to change, besides, I’m just going to take them off when I’m inside anyway.”
Lena finishes her way across the hallway of Kara’s building. The blonde then closes the distance that’s left between them, opening her arms to wrap Lena in them. Kara can pick up on a heart skipping a beat. She’s not sure which one, or maybe it’s both. She hopes it’s the latter because that would mean Lena’s as happy to see her as she is.

“You’re pregnant, you should wear comfortable footwear.” She says, her breath tickling the skin of Lena’s neck just below her ear.

“I’m pregnant, not injured.” Lena deadpans.

“Oh. Okay.” Kara mumbles. “Are you sure you’re okay? You should’ve told me as soon as Lillian showed up in your office. I would’ve come over.” Kara says, still holding Lena close

“I’m fine. She just- She wants my help with some tech. She didn’t actually do anything. She was actually,” Lena pauses for a moment to think of the right word to use, loosening her grip on Kara and taking a small step back. Kara doesn’t let go of Lena’s hand though. “Nice, I think. I mean, Lillian-nice not Kara-nice, but still.”

“Lillian-nice? That sounds- it doesn’t- pfff. Are you sure she didn’t mean to hurt you? Or plant something in your office?” Kara looks Lena over once more. “You don’t really look okay to be honest with you.”

Lena waves dismissively with her hand. “I’m just a little tired and maybe have a small headache, nothing I can’t handle.” She takes a brief moment to rub her forehead. Kara only looks on with worry in her eyes but chooses not to comment on it, it doesn’t seem like Lena would appreciate it right now. “I don’t think Lillian is out to hurt me, this time. After the Daxamite invasion, when she got us off the ship, she told me maybe she backed the wrong child. I think this is her trying to stick to that.” Lena’s free hand is gesturing as she speaks, the other rests calmly in Kara’s hand. Their fingers have somehow managed to intertwine during the conversation and Kara thinks she can feel Lena’s pulse through her skin.

“We should tell Alex. Lillian’s still a fugitive who should be arrested.” Kara absentmindedly starts moving her thumb across Lena’s hand, trying to wordlessly reaffirm her that she’s got people in her corner now. People that will actually stick with her, through thick and thin. Who will have her back no matter what, unlike Lillian.

“She’s probably somewhere off the grid again. But you can tell Alex, I just don’t want any extra ridiculous security measures. She didn’t do anything, she probably won’t show again. She’s too smart for that and I can’t take another layer of security. My own people are just fine. And I’m just fine.” At the last sentence, she gestures at herself from top to bottom with her free hand, pointing out to Kara that she is indeed standing here unharmed.

“I can’t make promises about what the DEO will do. But I’ll try, okay?”

“Okay,”

“Did you take anything for your headache?” Kara asks, her worry seeping through in her voice again.

“No, it’s not that bad and I didn’t have anything in the office that was safe for me to take right now.” Lena says, dismissing Kara’s worry with a brief shrug and lopsided smile. Kara makes a mental note to keep an eye on her and fly out to get something Lena is allowed to take when it gets worse. Or rummage through her medicine cabinet that Alex once stocked because she needed to seem human and have some basic medicine in her apartment, both for show and for when actual humans visited
“So,” Kara says, changing tone entirely and now sounding peppy. “How’s the little peanut doing?” She asks, looking pointedly down at Lena’s stomach.

“You know by now it’s supposed to have limbs and doesn’t really look like a peanut anymore, right?” Kara only blinks with a stony look on her face, not acknowledging the comment. When Lena gets no verbal reply, she answers the actual question asked.

“They’re fine, I guess. Grown to a strawberry and decided to fall asleep on my bladder I think. So, if you don’t mind, I’d like to get the introductions before I explode.”

“O-oh, yeah, sorry.” Kara says, releasing Lena’s hand and turning around to open the door.

The moment her hand touches the door handle, Kara can hear Lena’s heartbeat spike. She looks around to see Lena standing a little tenser than before, face a little more hard lines.

“You don’t have to be nervous, Lena.” Kara says, trying to comfort her friend a little. She would rather take her hand and hold her close, but she knows Lena would not want that right now. Lena doesn’t want to be perceived as vulnerable. “You’ve already met everyone but James and they really like you.”

Lena tries sending Kara back a smile to acknowledge her words but it falls short, ending up in a sad lift of the corners of her lips.

“Lena,” Kara says as if she’s personally attacked, taking Lena’s hand to give her a small reassuring squeeze. “You’re great, they’ll love you and if they don’t, I’ll kick them out. Just be yourself, you have nothing to worry about.”

Lena has to fight back tears at the idea that Kara would prefer her company over her friend’s and would even go so far as kicking them out. She’s not entirely relaxed yet but she visible releases some tension from her muscles, slacking her jaw a little and loosening her shoulders.

With her chin held high, she steps into the apartment after Kara. The blonde practically bounces over to the rest of her friends sitting in the living room area.

“Lena, you’ve already met Alex, Maggie and Winn.” Kara says, gesturing to them as she mentions their names. Lena opts for greeting them with a friendly and professional smile. Winn greets her back with a wide smile and a little wave, looking like it takes everything in him not to jump up and greet her with a hug and start a big ramble. Maggie and Alex just smile friendly. Lena can’t help but let her anxious thoughts take over as she looks at the pair. They must be apprehensive because she’s a Luthor. Kara must’ve told them what happened when she revealed her identity. Kara must’ve told them Lena hit her, they must think she’s no better than her family. Lena’s smile becomes more of a tight-lipped grimace before she turns back to listening to Kara, who apparently started on a ramble about Lena. She blushes a little before she looks over at the last remaining person in the room.
“Lena,” Kara says when she’s recomposed herself and stopped spluttering. “This is James. James, Lena.” She mentions between the two and Lena walks over to shake his hand. His large fingers curl around her small hand, he towers over her with half a foot of height difference, even with her heels. His grip is firm and he seems to be determined to assert his dominance over her by shaking her arm out of her socket without the rest noticing. Maybe it’s a ‘don’t hurt Kara or I’ll come after you’ sort of threat, maybe it’s just because he feels the need to show off his power. Lena’s at least glad living with the Luthors taught her how to keep a smile fixed on her face even if she didn’t mean it and she’s not a stranger to too-firm handshakes either. Before anyone can start up the conversation again, she excuses herself to the bathroom.

Kara hadn’t missed the way Lena was greeted by James. So, as soon as the brunette excused herself, she plasters a stern look on her face.

“What was that?” She asks, her hands on her hips in her classic Supergirl pose.

“What was what?” James asks, feigning innocence. Maybe even thinking he gave Lena a warm welcome when the opposite is true.

“Don’t think I didn’t notice that.” She vaguely waves with her hands in the air, referring to James and Lena’s earlier interaction. “I told you; you are free to leave if you have a problem with Lena.

Before James can open his mouth to reply and try and defend himself or apologise, a soft but determined voice pierces the silence.

“I should go.” Lena is standing just outside the bathroom. Her face is all hard lines and dark shadows as she makes her way across the room and puts on her coat again. “I forgot I have some important paperwork to finish and a big presentation tomorrow to prepare for.” She says. As the words tumble out of her, she sees the look on Kara’s face and it’s clear the reporter doesn’t believe a word she’s saying. She sends a vile look behind her before she walks over to Lena, stopping the CEO in her motion of donning her coat by way of placing a hand on her arm.

“Lena, please don’t leave. I invited you to game night first and if they have a problem with that, they can leave. Please stay.” She says, her voice soft so the others can’t hear.

Her hands are nimbly prying the coat out off of Lena’s body and she drops it on the floor to rest her palms on Lena’s arms and gives a gently squeeze. She tries to catch the brunette’s gaze. “Please?” Lena doesn’t even have to look up to know Kara is sending her the puppy dog eyes and pout.

“Kara, I don’t want to be the reason one of your friends leaves.” Lena tells her dejectedly.

“You are one of my friends, Lena. I invited you first. If you leave, I’m leaving with you.” Lena doesn’t want to be the reason Kara leaves her own game night. She can hear the stubbornness in Kara’s voice and though she might be at least as stubborn, she can’t say ‘no’ to Kara. She gives up her resistance in an instance. Lena will do anything for Kara. Lena chances a brief glance at Kara’s friend watching on. A hopeful look adorns Winn’s face, Maggie sends her a small reassuring smile and Alex seems to even look kind of guilty, pretending not to watch Kara try to convince Lena to stay. James’s face remains neutral, as if he’s not sure if he would mind Lena leaving but also not sure if he wants to suffer Kara’s wrath over it.

She sends Kara a small nod to confirm that she will stay, still not looking up to meet the blonde’s
Lena tugs a little at the bottom of her blouse, now suddenly self-conscious about the clothing she’s decided to wear. The rest of Kara’s friend, and Kara herself, are all wearing soft sweaters and loose trousers. Their sneakers are piled at the door. Even though Lena tried to go for something kind of casual, she feels very much overdressed.

Kara, of course, immediately notices Lena fumbling with the buttons of her shirt and puts her hands on top of Lena’s to stop their motion. She intertwines the fingers of her left hand with Lena’s right and releases Lena’s other hand.

“Come on, let’s find you something better to wear.” She says with a smile. Lena is glad Kara leads her to the bedroom, she’s lost all composure and doesn’t want to seem weak in front of Kara’s friends. In front of people she barely knows and people who don’t seem to entirely trust her yet.

In her passing Kara tells the rest Lena’s mixed up the date of her presentation and will stay anyway. Lena can hear Winn’s soft cheer at the news and receives two reassuring smiles and a “good, game nights are not meant for working” and “I bet you work too much, it’s good to take a break once in a while” from Maggie and Alex.

Kara’s rummaging through her closet to find something for Lena to wear. She’s sure she put her softest sweater somewhere in it, but she’s not sure where exactly and she only wants the best for Lena. When half the contents of her closet are dumped haphazardly on the floor, her eyes fall on the grey fabric of her old sweater. She grabs it and means to hand it to Lena. Then she suddenly seems to realise what she’s wearing herself and it might not be her softest sweater but it is the sweater that makes her feel best. She looks down and then looks back at Lena. The brunette is standing behind her, looking rather out of place in Kara’s bedroom. It’s almost as if she’s embarrassed to be there, or uncomfortable.

“You can wear this one,” She says, holding up the soft grey sweater for Lena. “It’s really soft. Or you can wear you own. You probably want to wear your own. It’s your sweater, you should wear it. I bet you want it back. It’s from your un-”

“Kara,” Lena interjects, cutting Kara’s nervous ramble short. “I’ll take this one.” She takes the grey sweater from Kara and puts it on the bed. She starts unbuttoning her blouse and Kara just watches her skilful fingers undo each button from its hole. Lena’s to focussed on her task to even notice Kara staring, her body turned slightly away and head down. Then, without warning, Lena remove the blouse entirely to be left in only her black lacy bra. Kara’s breath hitches in her throat at the sudden reveal of that much porcelain skin and she snaps back to reality, turning away from the sight feeling a little embarrassed for staring and a slight blush creeping onto her skin.

In her attempt to distract herself from the image of Lena without a shirt burned on her retina, Kara’s listens in on a fragment of conversation coming from the living room.

“I still think it’s ridiculous you can get over Winn’s dad and Kara’s parents and their wrongdoing but not over Lena’s family.” Kara hears Alex say, presumably to James since he’s the one still apprehensive about the young woman.

“Because that’s different.” James says, his voice low as if he’s trying to keep Kara from hearing. Or maybe because he just doesn’t want Lena to hear. The open design of Kara’s apartment doesn’t help
with keeping people from eavesdropping or sounds from accidentally reaching people in other 'rooms'.

“Why? Because you met her after you knew?” Winn says.

“No, because all Luthors are the same. It’s only a matter of time until Lena follows suit.”

“Olsen, do you ever listen to yourself?” Maggie says.

Kara really hopes James turns around because if he keeps at it like this, she’s sure he’s going to be kicked out. It makes her blood boil just listening to it. The only reason she doesn’t just throw him out right now is to give him a chance to get to know Lena for real. To experience how nice and good Lena is, to let Lena prove herself directly to him. And maybe also for Lena to have a chance to see that even the people that didn’t believe in her will do so when they forget about Lex and Lillian for a moment. Kara stops listening to the conversation, her mind going back to Lena. How Lena’s never seen from who she is, only for her family’s wrongdoings. She’s always treated as a danger even though she’s as good as Supergirl. The only difference is that the citizens of National City –of the entire country even– don’t know about the hero’s father inventing the virus that was about to kill all aliens. The one Lena kept from doing so.

Lena slips the sweater on, only now noticing the red lettering on it reading “Stanford University”. Lena’s brow furrows at this knowledge and she can’t stop herself from asking.

“You went to Stanford?” Lena’s still looking down at the sweater. It’s a few sizes too big on her but she doesn’t care. The sleeves are too long and she could wear the entire thing as a dress if she wanted but it’s soft and warm and Kara’s. It makes her feel at home. She already hopes she’ll get the opportunity to smuggle this piece of clothing out of Kara’s apartment too, to add to the new collection she’s now decided to start of Kara’s sweaters.

Lena’s voice draws Kara back, her eyes still trained on the wall in front of her so as not to accidentally see more of Lena’s distracting skin.

“No, no, Alex did. She was so proud of it she got us all merch and I got an oversized sweater.” She says, still not looking at Lena.

Lena rolls up the sleeves a little so her hands are free and only then does she look up.

“Why are you staring at the wall?” She asks, watching Kara’s back.

“You were changing.” Kara says, still not chancing a glance to see if Lena’s finished. Too afraid of finding her friend still undressed.

“Oh, well, I’m done now.” Lena says and finally Kara turns around, fighting the blush still present on her skin. “You don’t have to turn away, you know. It’s not like I was naked and if I really wanted you to I would have asked.” Lena says, turning a little away herself to fold her blouse.

“Oh, err-” Kara stutters a few unintelligible sounds before finding any actual words. “I didn’t know.” She finally settles on.

“Oh, err-” Kara stutters a few unintelligible sounds before finding any actual words. “I didn’t know.” She finally settles on.

“It’s okay. Now you do.” Lena says, sending Kara an encouraging smile as she slips out of her heels. “Now, let’s get those games started, right?”

“Right. And dinner. You need to eat, there’s salad for you. No kale, I promise.” Kara says just as she
sends Lena a warm smile and puts her hand over the shoulders of the now shorter woman to guide them back to the living room and join the others for a competitive night of games.

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on tumblr or send me prompts I can work on if I have some time and no ideas for this story.

I love all the kudos and comments I'm getting. So please don't forget to leave any and let me know what you think, what you expect, what you hope to see, anything. (Also don't be afraid to leave a message in another language if you're not comfortable writing in English. Google translate gets me a long way and reading is a lot easier than writing, I know from experience.)

I also have two questions:
- What do you guys think the eye is Lillian wants Lena to work on (from last chapter)?
- Do you want a sort of redemption arc for Lillian (full redemption will never be possible in my eyes but she can at least try) or do you want her to remain the antagonist?
The pair entering the living room receives some curious glances as Kara guides them to the kitchen. She opens the fridge to grab Lena’s salad and hand it to the CEO. Lena can’t help but be a little moved by the fact that Kara made sure there was food specifically for her. She knows from the empty boxes on the counter that the rest had pizza and Kara was thoughtful enough to make sure she went out of her way to get Lena something she would like.

“Thanks, I can get the rest myself. You should go, uhm, setup the game?” Lena says, a little unsure if that’s what one does with whatever game they are going to play.

“Okay! We’re going to play monopoly. You’ll be great at it, I’m sure of it.” Kara says, sending Lena a warm smile before she bounces off to the living room to setup said game. Lena stares at her a moment, a smile tugging on her lips. She turns around as soon as she remembers there are others present and she doesn’t want them to think badly of her. Or to think she’s using Kara, or worse. She grabs some cutlery from a drawer and empties the salad container on a plate. When she turns back around to put the food down on the kitchen island, she almost bumps into Maggie.

“You look like you’ve been working for three days straight so what do you drink?” Maggie says. It seems like a rude remark but for some reason to Lena it doesn’t sound like that. She can’t really place it, but it sounds almost concerned but with a hint of joking. Lena’s not really used to people talking to her so casually. Kara’s too nice to make sarcastic remarks like that and no one else ever bothers to really have a conversation with her about something other than business deals.

“Thanks.” She says sarcastically. “I’ll just have some tea.”

“Tea when we brought the good stuff?” Maggie nods her head back, no doubt gesturing at the bottle of liquor behind her. “Or what about this nice red wine?” She lifts the wine Kara had bought for Lena for their first official movie night. “I know Kara must have it for someone, she doesn’t drink it herself and she hasn’t bought it for Alex. Therefore, she must’ve bought it for you.”

“I’m doing a cleanse.” Lena replies with a shrug, hoping to sound casual and convincing.

“Oh, Lena, I got you your tea. It’s in the cupboard above the sink.” Kara says to her from the comfort of the couch.

“A cleanse? No wonder you look like the walking dead.” Maggie murmurs a little dismayed at the idea of doing a cleanse as she walks back to the living room, noticing Lena’s getting her own drink.

Lena shrugs it off, gets herself a mug and fills it with water, then she turns to the cupboard above the sink and opens the door. She peers in and sees a whole assortment of food ranging from cookies to chips to skittles. Her eyes venture up when she doesn’t see her tea. Up. Up. Even higher. Until they land on the familiar box sitting on the top shelf, very much out of reach for someone her height.
Nevertheless, she tries. Standing on her tippy toes, reaching out with one hand. But she’s still a few inches too short to even have her fingers touch the shelf, let alone the box of tea. With a resigned sigh, she drops down on her heels and stares up.

“Kara, love, not all of us can fly.” The term of affection slips from her lips before she even notices. Then, when she does, she startles for a moment. Fearing Kara’s reaction. Kara’s friend’s and sister’s reaction. But nothing comes. Kara just laughs and James comes over to give her a hand, dropping the box on the counter next to her mug. Smooth Lena, that’s one way to ruin everything for yourself. She thinks to herself. It’s a good thing they don’t really know you. But at least James seems a little nicer.

She takes a bag from the box and her mug in on hand and the plate and cutlery in the other and makes her way over to join the rest. She places her food and mug on the coffee table to sit down and before she can even ask, Kara is heating up the water already. With a small ‘thank you’ she drops the tea bag in the boiling liquid. She lowers herself to sit on a pillow on the floor, just like Kara’s doing on the other side of the table.

She’s not even fully settled down yet when Kara starts protesting.

“Lena, you can’t sit on the floor.” She says, shaking her head.

“It seems like that’s just what I’m doing right now. I think I’m doing it perfectly.” Lena responds, shifting a little to find a comfortable position.

“But Lena,” Kara says, sounding a little whiny. “you can’t sit on the floor.”

“And why would that be?” Lena says with a changeling but pointed look. She thinks she knows why Kara is adamant she not sit on the floor and she knows Kara can’t say it here. It’s a nonsense reason anyway.

“Because you- you’re- you- Rao, you know why Lena!” Kara says, a little exasperated.

“Rao, I don’t Kara. No one’s died from sitting on the floor.” Lena says with a smile in her voice.

Winn gets up, wanting to offer his seat to Lena, but Lena cuts him off and tells him to sit back down.

“So, what game are we playing?” Lena says before taking a bite of her salad.

“Monopoly,” Alex says as she starts counting out coloured slips of paper. “Kara said you’d like it and probably win.

“Ugh,” Lena groans as she lands yet again in prison. She might not be the worst player, James and Winn were already bankrupt, but it was fair to say she was heading to be the third to lose all her money. At least the ambiance had become lighter. James is not as unfriendly as before –though still not entirely heartfelt, Lena just tries to ignore it– while Winn is less awestruck at everything Lena does and consequently, everyone feels a little more at ease.

“Is it because I’m a Luthor?” Lena asks the dice, feeling a little offended at them getting her imprisoned. Again. A few chuckles fill the room before Alex snags the dice of the table and takes her turn.

“Somehow I don’t think dice care much for last names.” She declares as she opens her hand and lets the two cubes roll onto the table. “Yes!”
“That’s easy to say when you land on ‘Free Parking’ every time and get a load of money.” Lena grumbles, feigning annoyance. Alex merely shrugs and collects her dollar bills from the board.

“So, Lena,” Winn says, having finally calmed down a little over having The Lena Luthor join game night. “What house are you? I had a discussion with Vasquez about- oh you don’t know Vasquez. She also works at the DEO. She’s really cool, and a lot nicer than Alex.” Winn sends Alex a friendly glare that borders on fear.

Lena smiles gently at the uncoherent way Winn talks. It’s a lot like Kara’s rambling, though of course not as cute. Still endearing, but not the same as Kara rambling.

“House?” Lena asks. “I’m afraid I don’t follow.”

“Err, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff?” Winn asks unsure. Probably doubting whether Lena’s heard of them as she hasn’t watched movies before Kara entered her life.

“Oh, Hogwarts houses. That explains.”

“You know Harry Potter?” Kara asks, surprise clear in her voice.

“Yes, Kara, I think there’s hardly anyone our age who hasn’t heard of Harry Potter.”

“But you don’t watch movies.”

Lena suddenly clenches her hands to her heart and gasps audibly. “Kara, you are not telling me you have not read the books but did see the movies.”

“Err. Uh. Uhm.” Kara starts fidgeting with the corner of the pillow beneath her.

“I don’t think I can be your friend anymore.” Lena jokes causing Kara to turn a nice shade of red.

“I’ve watched all these movies for you, the least you can do is read Harry Potter. You won’t regret it; the books are a lot better than the movies.”

Kara gets a crinkle in her brow and takes her phone out of her pocket. After a few taps on the screen she freezes and looks up, as if she only just now remembers that Lena and her are not alone. “Alex, can I borrow yours?”

A smile creeps on Alex’s face, while Maggie next to her completely loses it and breaks down laughing. “Sure, Kar.”

A silence falls over the group. Lena’s already forgotten the question Winn asked her, looking distractedly at Kara, who in turn looks curiously at Maggie still trying to even out her breathing from her laughing fit.

James’s voice fills the room. “She’s a Luthor; she’s Slytherin.”

Lena’s head snaps from Kara to James and she stiffens a little at the blatant generalisation of all Luthors. She knows there’s no way to make up for what her family did, but she had hoped to have at least shown the world that she wasn’t the same. At least a little. At least to Kara’s friends. And she knows Slytherin is not equivalent to evil, and JK Rowling might’ve done a bad job at showing this in the books but also confirmed the belief that Slytherins still can be good, it still stings. It’s clear from James’s tone that he does mean Luthors are Slytherin because of their murderous tendencies.

Kara notices Lena stiffen. Kara always notices. She has also linked every time Lena closes off again, it’s because of a comment James made. She really doesn’t want to send him away, but if he can’t
behave like a decent person she feels like she has no other choice.

“I don’t think she’s a Slytherin.” She says defensively. “Yes, Lena is cunning and ambitious. She did try to cure cancer from a garage for years. But it’s what quality you yourself value most and I don’t think those are what Lena values most. Tell me if I’m wrong?” She asks Lena with an affectionate smile.

Lena shakes her head. Kara is not wrong; those values are not most important to her.

“I’m a Gryffindor.” Lena admits.

Maggie leans down to give her a high five. “You picked the coolest house Little Luthor. Gryffindor is glad to have you.”

Alex nods along with Maggie. “We sure are.”

“Thank you.” Lena says, a little surprised still by the fact that people would be glad to ‘have her’. “Though there’s nothing wrong with being a Slytherin. Cunning and ambition are good qualities and J.K. Rowling was unfair in the books. Not only did she make Hufflepuff seem like the house for people that have no other qualities, a dump so to say, she also made it seem like every Slytherin is evil. Or at least a lot of them, and I don’t agree. Yes, they might value blood purity and are a house that has brought forth a lot of death eaters, Gryffindor also brought forth a number of death eaters. In the books, Peter Pettigrew is the best example of that.”

“But you’re a Luthor.” James brings up again. The accusation clear in his voice.

“And Sirius was a Black.” Lena retorts.

“Are you comparing yourself to Sirius Black now?”

“No, I’m merely pointing out that the sorting hat does not base its choice merely on last name.” Lena has her arms folded protectively in front of her, neutral expression in place as she argues.

Kara can feel the tension rise, sees the defensive body language on Lena and James and decides this cannot go on any longer. She’s given James a fair chance and made clear that she would not take behaviour like this.

“James,” She warns.

“No, Kara, they’ve fooled us once. I won’t let them fool us twice.” James says, sounding as if he’s starting on a lecture.

“Stop, James.” Kara says as she rises to put more strength behind her words. “I told you, Lena’s not like Lillian and Lex. I gave you the opportunity to give Lena a chance. I gave you more than enough time to act normal and decent and you blew it. I’m done with it. I don’t want to hear your hate anymore. It’s based on nothing. So, you can either leave by yourself or let me throw you out.” She points to the door in a clear sign of what choice she’d rather have James pick.

Out of her line of sight, Lena’s also gotten up and moved over to stand behind Kara. She puts a hand on Kara’s arm hoping to lessen her anger at least a little.

“Kara, it’s fine. I’ll leave. I don’t want to ruin game night for you and your friends.”

“No, Lena. It’s not fine.” Kara says, turning around to face the brunette. “James was just leaving.” She glares over her shoulder at James, making clear that she is not changing her mind.
“Fine,” James scoffs. “But don’t say I didn’t warn you.” He gathers his belongings and leaves, closing the door with a click, leaving behind a heavy silence.

It takes a while for someone to break the lingering silence. As if they all fear something worse will happen when they speak or move.

“You didn’t have to do that,” Lena says to Kara, shaking her head a little.

“I did. You’re supposed to have a nice game night and because of James you weren’t enjoying it. You couldn’t just relax and have fun. So I did have to.”

“Lena, you don’t have to keep people that treat you like that around just because some things your family did. You know. You don’t have to suffer even more for what they did because it isn’t your fault.” Alex says, receiving a grateful smile from Kara. “Let’s just finish the game and make the best of this night we can.” She says, handing the dice over to Maggie for the detective’s turn.

Lena nods meekly and moves to get her mug for some more tea. Then Kara is suddenly in front of her again.

“Here,” The blonde says, sticking out her hand to take the mug from Lena. “Let me do that and you just sit down and relax. Please?” She turns her head a little to the side and it’s too cute for Lena to refuse, so she hands over her mug and watches Kara move to the kitchen before she sits back down on her pillow.

When Kara returns with a steaming mug of tea for Lena and beer for the rest, she immediately protests Lena’s choice of seat.

“Lena, you should take the chair now that James isn’t here anymore.” She tells her.

Lena glances at the empty chair and then back to Kara, holding her hand out to take her tea from the blonde.

“I’m fine here and it’s your apartment, you should take the chair.” She says, cradling the mug in her hands to steal a bit of its heat.

“But Lena,” Kara whines, still trying to convince the young CEO to sit on a chair. “You- err. You’re- your butt will go numb again!” She exclaims finally, causing a loud eruption of laughter from the others and an unimpressed look on Lena’s face.

“That happened one time, Kara. Once. And that was on a cold, hard floor. Not a soft pillow. I’ll be fine here.” Lena’s too stubborn to admit now that maybe a chair would be nicer to sit on. She’ll just have to deal with it and her own hard-headed decision because there’s no way she’s going to let Kara win now.

Kara’s stubbornness is showing too though; the reporter hands everyone their drink and sits back down on her own pillow on the floor, sending Lena a challenging and determined look.

Their staring contest gest interrupted when Alex’s cheering distracts them. Maggie has landed on one of her properties and needs to pay up.

It doesn’t take long for the game to finish. Lena’s bankrupt not even two turns later and Kara follows quickly. Then it’s between Alex and Maggie, and tonight it seems like luck is on Alex’s side. Each dice roll makes her richer and Maggie poorer. Usually Maggie wins monopoly, but tonight Alex gets
to call herself Monopoly Queen, celebrating with a small dance party. Kara quickly puts away the game and starts unpacking the next. Ladders and snakes. After the brief explanation, Lena can’t help but ask.

“It sounds like a children’s game.” She says, curiously looking at Kara.

“And you sound like you’ve never played it. You can’t live life without ever having played ladders and snakes, Lena.” Kara says by way of explanation.

Lena shrugs and accepts because she’s fine with whatever Kara chooses and feels a simple game would be best, the headache that has been creeping up on her during the day only seems to intensify slightly every hour and she’s not sure she has the brainpower or energy left for a complicated game.

A few turns in, Alex suddenly gets up and drapes her own blanket over Lena’s shoulders. Lena looks up, a little confused but glad because the blanket is still warm from Alex’s own body heat.

“You were shivering. You know you can just ask for one, or for Kara to turn up the heat.” Alex says with a shrug. “She never notices when it gets cold because Kryptonians don’t get cold.”

“Oh, thank you.” Lena says, trying not to show how unused she is to other people caring about whether she’s feeling okay and comfortable.

Alex sits back down next to Maggie, tugging a little on the detective’s blanket to join her beneath it.

“Hey, Lena?” Winn asks, waiting for an inviting hum before continuing. “Is it true you’re working on removing the lead from the air again?”

“Yes, it is. It’s kind of a personal little project. We don’t really know whether there’s any long-term effects and it’s better to be safe than sorry.” Lena says, the passion for her project seeping through in her voice.

“Cool! If you need help…” Winn says, trailing off at the end but the message is clear. Lena nods, if she needs help she’ll remember to ask Winn.

“And is it true L-Corp now own BioMax?” He asks, a sparkle in his eyes showing his excitement over this particular project.

“Yes, we do.” Lena says. She’s not entirely proud of this fact, but it was a good investment and she still has hope they can get it functioning without sacrificing a person.

“Are you still planning on using it as a hive mind, or do you have other plans? Maybe reprogram BioMax for other purposes where functioning with individual goals works.” Winn curiously asks.

Little gears in Lena’s head suddenly start turning at this suggestion. She hasn’t really thought about BioMax a lot, seeing as it brought back some rather painful memories. But Winn’s combination of questions lit a light bulb in the back of her head and slowly everything falls into place.

“Winn. You’re brilliant!” Lena says, an ear to ear smile decorating her face.

“I am?” Winn squeaks, barely audible.

“Yes, you are.” Lena says as she takes out her phone to quickly jot down some ideas before she forgets them again.

Winn grins uncontrollably at the compliment and is too flattered to talk more for the moment.
Lena actually enjoys ladders and snakes a lot more than she had expected. Its simplicity does not diminish the enjoyment and only serves to strengthen it. She watches as in trance how their pieces move across the board, climbing ladders and being divulged by snakes. She hasn’t even noticed Kara getting up, let alone leaving, until she’s standing right in front of her.

“Hand,” She says, looking down at Lena. Her voice is soft in a friendly demand for Lena to hold her hand up. Lena looks up surprised, she raises an eyebrow at the blonde but when Kara does nothing but wait she relents and puts out her hand with the palm up.

Kara gently places two round white pills in the outstretched palm and pushes it a little, back to Lena. The brunette curiously examines the pills in her palm and looks between them and Kara.

“They’re safe. I checked.” Kara says, before Lena can start protesting. “You have a headache and its game night. Everyone should feel good. If you won’t take them for yourself, take them for me.” Kara says, almost begging. All it takes is for her lower lip to stick out a little in a tiny pout and Lena downs the pills with some water and muttered grumbles about how it’s ‘not fair’. She shifts a little on her pillow, trying to find a more comfortable position. The ground is not really a good seat after a few hours, though Lena would never admit that.

“And please take the chair.” Kara adds to her request.

A stubborn crinkle appears on Lena’s brow and Kara knows she doesn’t stand a change with just asking.

“Please. Otherwise I’ll have to put you in there myself.” Kara says, putting her hands on her hips and taking on her Supergirl stance showing Lena she’s not joking.

“She’ll really do it.” Winn pipes, clearly remembering a less than pleasant occasion.

“Fine.” Lena grumbles. “But only because I don’t need you to help me get in a chair.” She gets up and reluctantly sits back down in the chair.

“Good,” Kara says. “Winn’s turn!” She hands Winn the dice and they continue the game.

Kara ends up winning this game and performs an even crazier set of dance moves to celebrate. Lena figures it’s a Danvers thing, to celebrate winning a small game with awkward dance moves. She smiles endearingly as Kara’s limbs move uncoordinatedly. Seeing the others move to start cleaning up, she unwraps herself from the blanket and starts helping. She takes some empty beer bottles and brings them to the kitchen, running into Maggie. Winn’s cleaning up the board game in the living room and Kara’s just then whisked away from her private dance session by Alex to throw out the trash.

“You know, you could just ask her out.” Maggie says, startling Lena as she makes her way over to stand next to the CEO.

Lena merely quirks an eyebrow in a silent response.

Maggie rolls her eyes at the façade of innocence. “Don’t pretend you don’t know what I’m talking about. It’s glaringly obvious. You look at her as if she personally flew up to the sky to put all the stars up, just for you.”
Lena huffs and shakes her head. “No, I can’t ask that of her. Besides, she’s still getting over Mon-El. She’s not into me. I’m just her best friend.”

Maggie lets out a soft chuckle at Lena’s assumption. “Little Luthor, she looks at you like you were the inventor of potstickers. And we both know how much Little Danvers loves potstickers.”

“She does?” A hint of hopefulness betrays her, but the expression on her face is wiped off as soon as she realises.

“She does, Little Luthor, she totally does.” Maggie says, flashing two bright dimples and a wide smile at Lena. Lena shakes off her hope as she’s reminded of what Kara said to her the other night.

“No, she doesn’t. She called me her sister, Maggie. We’re just friends.”

“She called you her what now?!” Maggie almost chokes on the sip of beer she’s just taken and splutters to get air into her lungs again.

“She called me her sister. And I don’t think we’d want the same thing.”

“If I get my hands on that little-”

“Please don’t. Get your hands on her. It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine.” Maggie says with a hint of anger in her voice that disappears with the next thing she says. “Trust me, it’s just a misplacement of feelings. She doesn’t think the same way of you as she does of Alex.”

“Even if that’s true, I can’t drag her into this.” Lena says gesturing vaguely at herself, sounding sad and reverently.

“You don’t have to drag her; the girl will go completely willingly. The only thing you need to do is point her in the right direction.”

“No, I can’t do that to her. Kara’s too good for me.”

“God, Luthor, Kara was right. You need to appreciate yourself a little more.” Maggie shakes her head.

“There’s just- I can’t drag her into my life right now.” Lena casts her eyes down and starts playing with a pen her restless hands find on the countertop.

Maggie curiously looks at her and her restless fingers on the pen, and shrugs.

“You can still just ask her.” She says before walking away to help Winn with cleaning up the living room.

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on tumblr or ask me questions. My username is randomramblingsbymyself (AO3 and I don't get along, or I'm just too stupid to get links to work... Either way, no link this time)
I love all the comments I've gotten so far. I think I've figured out what I want to do with Lillian, so thanks for all the input!
I'm sorry to all the James fans, I just don't like James post-season-1...
To say Lena is perplexed is an understatement. She thought she’d been rather careful in hiding her deeply rooted feelings for Kara. Clearly, she wasn’t. If people notice it so easily, she has to do something about it. Her friendship with Kara is far too valuable to let it be ruined by something as petty as attraction. And ruined it would be if Kara were to find out. Besides, it would only be unfair to Kara if she were to be sucked into the mess that is Lena’s life. Especially if anyone were to ever find out. Lena can’t even begin to imagine what could- would all go wrong. How many more people would want to hurt Kara. Her own mother would want to hurt Kara, and her. Lillian Luthor would definitely not appreciate her daughter, even though she’s adopted, to date an alien. To date a Super no less. No, Lena just has to reign in her feelings and act normal. Act casual. Pretend there’s nothing. There’s no feelings. No wishing for more than friendship. She’ll just have to get through this stupid crush and everything will be alright.

“Look, Kara, I get that you don’t want to break Lena’s trust but there’s clearly something big going on and you know I’m just trying to help so please tell me if there’s anything I can do or need to know.” Alex says the moment Kara’s apartment door closes behind her.

Kara immediately starts stuttering. She can’t tell Alex everything going on, she promised Lena. She’s raking through the information in her brain for something, anything she can tell her sister.

“Lillian’s in National City.” She blurts out the moment she realises this is something safe to tell Alex.

“The hint of worry in her voice betrays how much Alex already cares about Lena. The fact that her mother previously got her arrested only to break her out of jail for her own gain hasn’t gone unnoticed.

Kara wordlessly answers the question with a nod. “She visited Lena at L-Corp today.” She elaborates.

“Is she okay? Lena, I mean. She doesn’t look too well.”
Kara really doesn’t know how to tell Alex how grateful she is for having her as a sister. For how accepting Alex is of Kara’s friend and how much Kara appreciates that she already worries about Lena, still without really knowing her. Knowing of her, of course, Kara’s talked about her plenty of times. But that’s not the same as really knowing someone. She’s so glad that Alex is showing to be willing to take over a big sister role for Lena where the young CEO doesn’t have anyone else to worry about her. Kara can’t give her that, the big sister relationship but Lena so much deserves it. Deserves someone to pick up Lex’s slack and help his little sister.

But Kara doesn’t really know what to tell Alex to this question. Lena’s not okay, Lena and her both know it. She just can’t tell Alex that without expecting questions she can’t answer for the sake of her friend. She settles for a truth—it’s Lena, so she knows this to be true even though it might not seem like it at the moment– yet not a complete answer to the question.

“She will be.”

“Did Lillian hurt her, again?” Alex’s tone changes to a more rough one, a sharper one. It’s clear she’s willing to do some harm to the Luthor matriarch if the answer is yes.

“No, no, nothing like that.” Kara shakes her head and sees Alex’s shoulders relax a little, a breath leaving her with the motion. “She just visited. Lena said she was Lillian-nice.”

“Well, we can’t have her just go and show up wherever she wants whenever she wants. She’s supposed to be in jail, not roaming the streets of National City. We should set up security-”

“No.” Kara knows where this is going and she promised Lena she would try anything in her power to not add another layer of security to L-Corp and Lena herself. “Lena’s not getting more security. You can install a panic button or something but no more people. No more precautions and hoops for her to jump through to get to her work.”

Alex gives Kara a weird look. One where she tilts her head and takes in Kara from top to bottom, but in the end Kara gets what she wants so she doesn’t give it another thought.

“Fine. But I’ll have to ask J’onn too. He needs to know about this and if he says Lena needs more security, she’ll get more security. I’ll ask him though, for another solution, but I can’t promise anything.”

Kara nods, she gets Alex needs to go through the DEO officially with this intel but that doesn’t mean she likes not having any control over what steps will be taken next.

“If he says more security, he can fight me on it first. And if he wins, he can fight Lena on it himself.”

“Down, girl.” Alex teases, putting a hand on the shoulder of an almost fuming Kara. “I’m sure we can figure something out that works for all of us.”

“You better.” Kara’s still a little mad at having to go through the DEO and having others decide what’s best for Lena, even if the others includes J’onn. They don’t know Lena and they don’t know what’s best for her. Kara likes to think she does, even though she knows Lena is the only one to really know what’s best for her.

Alex tosses the trash bag in the container they finally reached and holds up her free hands in mock surrender. “Hey, I’m not the one casually showing up in her daughter’s office after trying to commit genocide.”

“That’s why I like you better than her.” Kara has cooled down enough to laugh at her own comment.
“Are you sure she won’t need security? If only just for now, to make sure Lillian doesn’t still decide to do anything funny.”

“No, there’s no security better than Supergirl.” Kara says proudly. Again, Alex sends her that look. The one where she tilts her head a little and narrows her eyes just the slightest, looking at Kara intently but unreadable. Kara decides to ignore it, that it’s probably because Alex thinks she’s too confident, too sure of her own abilities. Alex seems to shake it off and follows Kara, the pair makes their way back upstairs and falls into casual conversation.

When Kara walks back in her apartment, she sees Winn and Maggie cleaning the living room and Lena in the kitchen with a shocked look on her face. Her eyes unfocussed, staring in the direction of the duo cleaning up a few meters away. Half a pen is clenched in her hand, the other half scattered as separate parts on the counter.

Kara completely forgets she was having a conversation with her sister and rushes over to the young Luthor’s side. She places a hand on Lena’s wrist and lets it rest there softly.

“Lena, what’s wrong?” She asks softly.

Lena’s head snaps sideways, facing Kara, and her eyes focus on the blonde. Kara can see there’s signs of unfallen tears in Lena’s eyes but the brunette just shakes her head.

“Nothing, nothing’s wrong.” Lena blinks a few times and her eyes clear a little. She removes her arm from underneath Kara’s hand and starts to reassemble the pen. “Sorry about your pen.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’ve got plenty.” Kara physically waves away Lena’s unnecessary worry over a cheap piece of plastic and ink. “Are you sure nothing happened? No one said anything?”

Lena doesn’t look back at Kara anymore, her eyes focussed on the task her fingers are performing. “No, I’m sure. It’s nothing, I’m fine.”

Alarm bells start going off in Kara’s head. Every time Lena says she’s fine, she’s not. She’s been the opposite actually. Kara contemplates prying a little more, have Lena open up to her and tell her who in Rao’s name made her feel so sad suddenly! But she doesn’t. She doesn’t because she respects Lena and Lena looks like she does not want to talk about it, at all. And she doesn’t because they’re not alone and she doesn’t want to make Lena so vulnerable with others around. Especially since Lena hasn’t built that kind of relationship with them yet, she hasn’t opened up and Kara doesn’t want to force her hand. So, she lets it go. She lets Lena get away with saying she’s fine this once.

“Okay, but if I need to burn a hole in someone, just tell me, please.” Kara says instead.

Lena nods briefly, acknowledging the comment but choosing not to look up still.

With a small squeeze to the brunette’s shoulder, Kara leaves to help the rest clean up the last bits and pieces lying around the living room, folding the blankets and fluffing her pillows.

By the time the living room is clean, Lena is screwing on the last part of the pen. Kara wonders if she deliberately took her time putting it together for some reason, because she’s sure certified genius Lena Luthor can reassemble a pen in seconds and wouldn’t need a few minutes to do so.

She walks Winn, Alex and Maggie over to the door to say goodbye while she hears Lena start to move somewhere behind them.
She gives Winn, Alex and Maggie all a hug and opens the door for them. Before they leave, Alex turns to her one last time.

“You’re sure Lena doesn’t know anything about-”

“I’m sure.” Kara cuts her off for the second time in an hour. Alex opens her mouth again to say something but Kara’s too fast. “One hundred percent sure, Alex.” With her eyes, she begs her sister to let it go. Alex relents, probably figuring she’ll find out eventually. Kara can’t keep secrets from her for long and this reeks of Kara hiding something.

“Okay, fine, I won’t ask her.” Alex readjusts her grip on the bottle of unfinished liquor she and Maggie claimed and glances briefly over Kara’s shoulder. “Goodnight, Kara. Bye Lena!” Alex waves at the brunette in the living room and Maggie and Winn join in the goodbyes before the all turn around and go, leaving behind Kara and Lena.

Kara turns to face Lena and notices the bag slung across the brunet’s shoulder.

“You’re leaving?” Kara can’t keep the surprise from her voice. She’s kind of assumed Lena would stay the night.

“Yes, I have plans tomorrow and I don’t want you to impose.” Lena looks away from Kara, seeming too distracted by closing her coat to look at the blonde.

“You’re never imposing. Is your driver here already?”

“I’m walking. I like the fresh air.”

“You’re walking?!” Kara’s eyes widen comically. “At this time? On heels!” Kara seems to realise only now what footwear Lena’s wearing.

“Oh,” Lena says, looking at the time. “I’ll call Avid.”

“I’m sure he’d rather sleep. Please stay, otherwise I’d just worry about you.” Kara can see Lena’s determination resolve and decides to add a little to it. “Especially with Lillian showing up today. Besides, I like it when you stay over. I sleep better and you wouldn’t want to cause me to have a restless night, now would you?” Kara throws in her signature pout for good measure. It’s enough to break Lena. Kara doesn’t even know why she has to convince Lena like this. Why it takes this much effort where previously she would have stayed over without needing a lot of convincing.

Kara gets Lena a pair of pyjamas and the brunette retreats to the bathroom. Kara uses the time to change and tidy her room a little. It was already clean, but perfection has no limit. When Lena emerges from her bathroom, clad in shorts and a shirt that’s two sizes too big, Kara has to consciously keep herself from staring and slips into the bathroom to brush her teeth. With a toothbrush in her mouth, she silently tells herself that it’s not nice to stare and Lena doesn’t need that from her. Lena doesn’t need to feel like Kara’s staring because there’s something wrong with her because everything about Lena is perfect. If Kara were asked to change one thing about Lena she would say there’s nothing that needs changing. Though, maybe a nicer family would be something to improve. She spits out the toothpaste and drinks some water, telling herself one more time to just behave and makes her way back to her bedroom. Lena’s already lying in the bed, face up and so much to one side Kara’s almost afraid she will fall off the mattress.

Kara gently lowers herself on the mattress too, on the other side and she turns to face the woman besides her. Lena has her eyes closed and her breath is even but Kara can tell from her heartbeat she’s not asleep yet. The blonde chooses not to cuddle close to the CEO, even though she very much wants to. It’s clear Lena doesn’t want that right now.
“Goodnight Lena.” Kara whispers as she tucks the blanket up to her ear and closes her eyes.

“Goodnight Kara.” Lena breathes.

It takes her a long time to relax enough to actually fall asleep. All the while, Kara listens intently for any changes in her heartbeat or breathing. Any signs of distress. She can’t find them but she doesn’t stop looking. Not until Lena’s well asleep. Only then does she allow herself to fall asleep too, still facing the brunette.

Lena wakes up to a pleasant warmth and something soft pressing comfortingly close to her. It takes her a few moments to adjust to not waking up in her own bed and it takes even longer to realise that the warmth is not her own still lingering in the sheets and the comforting softness is actually a body. No, not just a body. Kara’s body. They’re thoroughly entangled, Lena’s arm hugging Kara’s back while the blonde’s head is resting on Lena’s shoulder and her arms are wrapped around her in a death grip. One leg is casually draped over Lena’s, but she’s too distracted by Kara’s warm breath tickling her collar bone. She tries to pry Kara away, but it’s useless. Kara clings to her like a lifeline and her super strength makes it impossible for Lena to even move an inch away. Kara stirs a little at Lena’s movements but it only serves to trap Lena further in her embrace. Lena looks around the room to see if there’s something she can use to free herself from Kara’s hold but she comes up empty. There’s nothing in range and she knows Kara’s super strength is probably stronger than anything in the room. For a brief moment, panic takes over, she’s trapped in Kara’s arms and though that is kind of her dream she doesn’t want it like this. She wants it when Kara knows what she’s doing, does it on purpose, not in some kind of sleep induced daze. As if Kara notices Lena’s trepidation, the arm laying over her moves. Kara’s warm hand ends up on Lena’s stomach, fingers spread, making soft circular motions. It does nothing to quench Lena’s distress, until a raspy voice pierces the air.

“You okay?” It asks, thick with sleep.

Lena looks down to find soft features and closed eyes with a worrying crinkle between them. Kara uses the arm wrapped around the small of Lena’s back to her waist to hug Lena a little closer, a little firmer, as she waits for a reply.

“Mnhmm,” Lena has to think fast to find a way out of this. A way that doesn’t hurt Kara. An excuse.

As if on cue, she suddenly has a pressing need to use the bathroom.

“Just-, bathroom.” She stutters. Oh, how proud Lillian would be of her inability to form a coherent sentence.

“Oh, Rao, sorry. The baby using your bladder as a pillow again?” Kara says, starting off another one of her famous rambles as she removes her hand and head from Lena’s body.

Lena mutters something unintelligible as she speeds over to the bathroom to relieve her bladder. She has to give the baby some credits, because that was some impeccable timing. She tries to shrug off the lingering feeling of Kara’s hand on her stomach, her head on her shoulder, the soft palm pressed against her side. But it doesn’t work. The touch still burns on her skin even after she’s done. Even after she’s gone back and changed. She has to tell herself repeatedly to act normal, to not let Kara notice anything. She cannot, really cannot ruin this one good thing in her personal life.

So, when she meets Kara in the kitchen and is met by the domestic sight of the reporter frying eggs,
her back turned, it takes everything in her not to hug her from behind and rest her chin on her shoulder. Instead, she opens the fridge with her back turned to Kara and looks for something she deems worthy of breakfast.

“Morning,” She says, still looking for something reasonably healthy but coming up empty. Kara’s fridge is filled with everything never allowed in the Luthor household and Lena almost feels herself getting diabetes from simply looking at the content.

“Morning, you want eggs?” Kara asks as she plates the ones she was making. “I made them just the way you like.”

“Thank you.” Lena tries to not let the surprise seep through in her voice. She’s still not used to people remembering what she likes, let alone make it for her. She takes the plate from Kara and sits down at the cooking island.

“No problem,” Kara sounds cheery and she hums a little as she puts a bit of butter in the pan. “You sleep well? Because I know I did. Never slept better in fact.”

“Yes, I slept well.” Lena says distractedly. Wondering whether Kara always cuddles up to people when she shares a bed. Whether that’s why she seems so completely unaffected by waking up entangled with another person. Or maybe it’s because Lena is thinking too much about it and for Kara this is normal. For Kara, they’re just friends and maybe this is what friends do when they have sleepovers. What happens when you share a bed with someone you like—as a friend.

“Good, good. So, what are our plans for today?” Kara looks expectantly at Lena before starting to shove food in her mouth. Lena’s head snaps up at the mention of ‘our plans’ but she can’t help but smile a little—though with a curious crinkle adorning her face— at the way Kara eats her breakfast. She still thinks it’s a funny way to eat, inhaling food rather than eating.

“Our plans?” Lena eats much more proper. It’s been drilled into her. Don’t eat with your hands, small bites, chew plenty of times, mouth closed. She turns off the voice in her head commenting on the way she has to eat so she can listen to Kara. Anything Kara says is more important than her mother’s ingrained criticism and rules.

Kara swallows a large bite. “Yes, our plans. You said there’s stuff you need to do today so what are we doing exactly?”

“Well, I am going to the Luthor children’s hospital but I don’t know about you.”

“I’m going wherever you are.” Kara says it like it’s the most normal thing in the world, averting her attention back to the little scrap of food that’s left on her plate immediately after saying it.

Lena quirks one eyebrow, but Kara doesn’t seem to notice. She’s too enthralled by what’s left of her breakfast.

“I think I can handle a visit to my own hospital.”

“Well, since Lillian’s been spotted I think you cannot. Last time you nearly got killed when you went there and that was without your mother being back in town. And Alex said, either you have me tag along or she gets you some agents assigned to keep you safe.”

“So I have no choice in the matter?”

“You can choose me or DEO agents.” Kara looks so innocent and sweet. She looks like it’s an actual fair choice.
“Kara, that’s a false choice.” Kara looks like a kicked puppy and Lena can’t get it over her heart to
finish the sentence with the example of having Kara choose between broccoli and carrots for dinner.
“But I’ll pick you, I’m sure the children would love to meet Supergirl.” She hopes having Kara
distracted will keep herself distracted. Maybe she can even get them to split up. She desperately
needs a little distance—but not too much, she doesn’t want to lose Kara altogether—to get her act
together.

“Oh! Supergirl would love to meet them. If you’re okay with that, of course. I can get them little red
capes to play with. Alex and I got a bunch for events and I’m sure they’re around here somewhere.
It’s going to be awesome! I can’t wait to meet them.” Kara digresses into a ramble while ransacking
her apartment in search of the capes.

Lena chuckles at her friend’s antics and cleans up their dishes, sending a good-natured eye roll at
Kara when the blonde simultaneously lifts her couch and bookcase.

“Found them!” Kara yelps after a few minutes. Lena looks up and sees her jumping up and down,
using her powers to float a little longer and higher. There’s a box at her feet, a single red cloth
peeking out of it.

Lena smiles lovingly at the sight, her head resting on her hand and she can’t help but sigh slightly.

“I see,” Lena says, having recomposed herself when Kara made her way over. “They’re lovely. I’m
sure the children will love them.”

“I hope so, it’s going to be so much fun!” Kara’s restless on her feet, her excitement is almost
contagious.

Then Lena remembers something she should mention to Kara before she forgets it.

“Oh, Kara. I think you should also get Jess to sign an NDA.” She says, trying to slip it casually into
the conversation to save Kara’s feelings. She probably wouldn’t like to hear her disguise only
actually worked on Lena and not on anyone else, anyone who at least payed a little bit of attention.

“Why?” Kara can’t follow the sudden change of topic. Lena really doesn’t want to spell it out for
her.

“She kind of knows, Kara. And anyone who knows needs to sign an NDA. You told me so, Alex
told me so.” Lena says, avoiding the literal.

“What? H-How?” Kara splutters, her excitement vanished in a puff of smoke. Lena suddenly feels
bad for springing this upon her when she was so happy mere seconds ago.

“She’s a lot smarter than she pretends to be, Kara. And she probably wasn’t blinded, by friendship,
like I was. But she’s also a fan, just so you know.”

“Oh, well, I’ll ask Alex for another NDA then.” Kara looks stunted, sad.

“I think she loves you almost as much as the kids. You did save my life several times and I’m the one
who pays her.” It does nothing to Kara’s sombre expression.

Lena tries to find something to cheer her up and ends up with the ridiculous idea to grab one of the
small capes from the box in front of her and wrap it around herself.
“Kara, don’t feel bad about it. National City loves you. Everyone wants to be Supergirl, or at least be near her. Even I.” Lena stands up, taking on Supergirl’s iconic hero pose with one hand, the other holding the cape around her neck.

Finally, she’s rewarded with a small bubble of laughter from Kara’s lips and she wishes she can do this more often. Cheer Kara up when she’s feeling down. She likes the feeling of bringing Kara happiness.

The elevator ride takes an eternity, and Lena knows hospital elevators are slow but she can’t help thinking that somehow today this one is even slower than usual. Though it’s probably just the close proximity of Kara that’s making it seem like it’s taking so long yet still over too fast when the doors ding and slide open. She’s barely set foot out of the elevator when a small body throws itself at her, hugging her legs tightly and almost making her topple over. Thanks to Kara’s fast –super– reflexes she’s stays standing, a burning touch settling at her hip and arm.

“Lena, Lena!” The small body wrapped around her legs releases a little to tug on her sleeve. “I made the biggest bestest tower of all the kids! Look! Look!” The grip on her sleeve tightens and she’s almost pulled off her feet again as the little kid moves away, dragging Lena along to the playroom. When she realises what’s happening, she quickly catches up to the child and walks alongside him. “Hey Eli, I thought I said I didn’t want to see you here anymore when I had my next visit.” She says with a loving voice, ruffling the boy’s hair a little. The comment is completely ignored by the child, his mind set on one thing and one thing only. Lena briefly glances backwards to see if Kara’s doing okay and is met with a shiny bright smile and twinkling blue eyes surrounded by a few curious children asking all sorts of different questions. Satisfied that Kara’s doing fine by herself, Lena turns her attention back to the boy staring up at her expectantly, his big brown eyes looking full of pride.

Next to him is a big tower of blocks, several inches higher than the boy himself. It’s built with blocks of at least a dozen different colours and shapes and indeed is the ‘biggest and bestest tower’ Lena’s seen in this room.

“That’s amazing, Eli! You did this all by yourself?” She kneels down to meet him at his eye level, staring up at the top of the tower again. From down here, it looks even more impressive.

“Yes, all myself.” He says proudly. “Like this, look!” He grabs a new block and its only then Lena notices the mechanic hand attached to his little arm. It blends in with his skin almost perfectly and if she hadn’t known he’d lost his limb, she might not have noticed at all. The hand moves smoothly and closes around the block with a perfect grip; not too tight and not too loose. Eli starts making a new stack of blocks next to the existing tower, showing Lena what blocks he uses first and why.

“This one s big so it goes down.” He shows her a long rectangular block. “And this one s little so is on top.” Now showing her a smaller block.

“That’s right,” She encourages. “Big ones on the bottom and little ones on top.”

“You build too.” He says, somewhere in between a question and a statement in the way only little kids can. He puts a green block in Lena’s hand and moves over a few more at her feet before he continues building on his new tower.

“Sure, I’d love to build with you.” Lena’s reminded of when she was little and secretly watched other children build big castles and play with them. She was never really allowed to play like that, being ahead so much of her peers and being a Luthor she was drilled to study and achieve from the moment she set foot in the mansion of her new family.
“Do you like your new hand?” Lena puts block after block on the growing stack, making sure to let Eli build up while she just strengthened the base.

“Yes, it’s just like the other kid’s hands!” Eli says, showing her how his new fingers can form a fist and stretch out again without so much as a hitch.

“That’s really nice. Just like mine!” Lena says, showing Eli her hand clenched into a fist and relaxing again.

Eli shakes his head as he moves his fingers over to Lena’s hand and turns her hand palm down.

“Not the same?” Lena asks.

“No, you have painted nails.” Eli points out, running a finger over the nail of Lena’s index finger.

“Do you want painted nails too?” Lena asks, noticing Eli sounding slightly less cheerful. “I can paint yours if you want.”

He takes a moment to think about the offer but shakes his again. “No, I like my nails.”

“Good, because they are perfect. Painted or not.” Lena ruffles his hair again and slowly stretches her stiff legs.

“I’m going to see some other kids, okay? You go ahead and build on your new tower and please don’t let me see you here again next time huh.” She jokes, earning a toothy smile for a brief moment before Eli’s distracted again by the blocks.

Lena makes her way across the floor, visiting some children in their rooms and others out in the hallway. With all of them, she has a conversation. Answering science questions for some of them, listening to life updates or school gossip, talking about hobbies. She knows them all by name and what they like and don’t like. The last room to visit is Charlotte’s. The girl’s sitting at her table in a wheelchair and looks a lot better than she did last time. There’s more flesh to her bones and her skin has gained some of its lost colour back.

“Knock knock.” Lena says, standing in the doorway waiting for Charlotte to allow her to come in.

“Lena!” The girl exclaims as she turns around, her face lights up at the unexpected visitor. She tries to roll her wheelchair a little to come over to Lena, but the older woman is already making her way over and takes a seat in a chair adjacent to Charlotte.

“Hey to you too. You’re looking a lot better.” Lena takes a moment to examine the small girl and can only still conclude the same. A slightly rosy blush is covering her cheeks and she’s sitting up alone. Clearly, she’s feeling a lot better than last time.

“I feel so much better too. That stuff is like a miracle in a bag.” She says, pointing at the liquid in her IV.

“Well, I’m glad you’re feeling better. I hate to see you sick like last time.”

“You look a little better too.” Charlotte says, a naughty gleam in her eyes.

Lena knows she’s setting herself up here but she can’t help asking. “Only a little?”

“Yes, you still look like the ghost of Christmas past.”
“Oh, look who’s been watching Christmas movies already.” Lena teases. “And I don’t think I look like the ghost of Christmas past.” Lena can’t really look at herself without a mirror but she’s sure it’s an exaggeration.

“No, like the ghost of Christmas yet to come.” Charlotte snickers, tears of laughter springing in the corners of her eyes.

Lena can’t say she knows what image Charlotte is comparing her with exactly but she’s read the story and the ghost of Christmas yet to come, judging both from her memory of the book and Charlotte’s reaction, looks a lot worse than the one of Christmas past.

“Very funny young lady. What would your mother say of you mocking the nice lady that’s come here all the way for a visit?” Lena jokes.

“I think she’d say she thinks it’s nice to see her daughter laugh like this once in a while.” A voice behind them says.

“Mrs. Morris!” Lena’s a little startled by her sudden appearance, but she knows the woman well enough to not be threatened by her presence.

“Hello Lena, it’s good to see you.”

“I wish I could say the same, but I’d rather not see anyone here again, you know. I’d rather know all of these kids are out there living their lives.”

Mrs. Morris nods in understanding.

“I also saw you brought a friend with you today.” She throws a look over her shoulder and Lena follows it. A few feet from the door Supergirl is standing awkwardly, staring inside looking unsure whether she should enter or not. A single cape is in her hand. Behind her a bunch of children are wearing similar ones and running around pretending to shoot lasers from their eyes, or ice from their breath and lifting items like they’re incredibly strong.

Lena’s green eyes lock with Kara’s blues and they are entranced for a moment, forgetting the world around them. Getting lost in the vastness of each other’s eyes until Charlotte breaks the enchantment.

“Supergirl is your friend?” The awe in her voice is clear and she looks wide eyed at the superhero in the hallway.

“Mnhmm, she is.” Lena says, forcing herself to look away from the blonde who starts making her way over.

“So cool.” Charlotte breathes, one hand clutching Lena’s arm as if she’s afraid letting go will make the dream fall apart.

“Hi! Nice to meet you.” Kara says to Charlotte, kneeling down next to her and handing over the cape. “I got you all capes. Lena said you’d all like it. Do you want one too?” She raises the red cloth to Charlotte and watches the girl loosen her grip on Lena’s arm and move to the fabric presented to her. To outsiders, Charlotte might seem too old for something like a cape but Kara and Lena both know that any sign of hope can help these kids tremendously and any chance at being a kid for a moment needs to be encouraged and fostered.

“Thanks,” Charlotte says as she runs the smooth cloth between her fingers. “Is it true you can see through walls?”
It’s the first question of many and Kara’s happy to answer all of them until Charlotte’s too tired to ask any more and her stomach is grumbling from lack of food.

Chapter End Notes

Again, come talk to me on tumblr @randomramblingsbymyself

I love all the kudos and comments I'm getting and I think I've answered them all (if not, I'm so sorry, I really do try to). Do you like it when I answer or not?

Also, do you guys love Eli as much as I do? He just suddenly appeared and as I was writing I started to fall in love a little more with each word that appeared. Might have to make more hospital scenes just to include him and Charlotte more, though I wasn't actually planning to (but scenes sometimes just appear, like this entire hospital visit).
Thanks everyone who's sticking around for so long, this fic is becoming a monstrosity and the end is nowhere in sight yet I'm afraid. I hope you're all still liking it, because it might be another eternity before I finish this fic (with like 1000 chapters). xD

Thanks for all the well-wishes with my thumb! I don't really have any pain, so that's a good thing. I still have to have my splint on for another 4-6 weeks but I'm allowed to take it off when I'm really using my finger so I can move my thumb carefully, which is nice because the splint really does begin to irritate a lot.

You're still free to talk to me on tumblr, I'm @randomramblingsbymyself (because why pick an easy name, right?)

Enjoy my new longest chapter of this fic (so far)!

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“What’s this?!” Kara shouts, angrily slamming down a magazine on top of the papers Lena was reading. Lena looks at the bright cover, a picture of her and Kara. She’s hugging a cup of tea while Kara’s holding a half-eaten piece of pizza. The bold headline shouts “L-CORP CEO LENA LUTHOR SUFFERING FROM ANOREXIA?”. The article itself spans two pages and discusses Lena’s eating behaviour – she’s rarely seen eating anything in public – and her weight. It’s decorated with several images from the last few years, picked in such a way that it looks like she’s lost a lot more weight than she actually has.

“Ah, yes. I’m very sorry you got on the front page of a magazine like this, Kara. I know you like to stay out of the spotlight so I’m really, really sorry you got in it anyway because of me. I know how important it is to keep your Supergirl identity a secret, and this does not help. I’ll try to not make it happen again.” Lena says, not deeming the magazine worthy of another look. She’s read it early in the morning, her phone notified her of a spike in mentions of her name.

“No, Lena. Rao, that’s not- that’s- I’m not-” Kara stumbles over her words but Lena knows not to interrupt. Knows Kara will find the right words eventually. She curiously watches Kara until she can form a coherent string of words.

“That is not what I’m mad about, Lena. Who are they to think they can write about something so personal? Something so wrong. It is wrong, isn’t it? Be-”

“Yes, it’s wrong Kara. I do not have anorexia. And I agree, even it’s something personal and they shouldn’t speculate about that. No matter whether it’s untrue or not.” Lena does interrupt now, feeling that she should reassure Kara of this fact. “And I believe people that write about this are called reporters.” She jokes.

“Well, they shouldn’t be allowed to call themselves that. They’re parasites and the reason reporters have such a bad name.” Kara huffs.

“That’s why you should just take it with a pinch of salt.” Lena says with a shrug, starting to move
around some paperwork she’s finished. She’s used to ridiculous assumptions about her private life, especially since she likes to keep it, well, private. Paparazzi and reporters love to take things out of context and assume away.

Kara looks stunted for a moment before she recollects herself and draws Lena’s attention back to her again.

“That’s not why I was here, actually.” She says.

“Oh,” Lena’s eyebrow quirk up. “It was not?”

“No.” Kara sits down across from Lena, scoots her chair closer and takes a deep breath. “It’s actually about what they wrote, because they’re not completely wrong are they? You did lose weight and we’re worried about you.”

Lena’s a little taken aback, not just because Kara’s spot on but because she seems to care enough to bring it up. To say ‘we are worried about you’, implying not only Kara cares.

Lena tries to wave it away with a half-truth, because she assumes ‘no more secrets’ includes ‘no lying’ and hiding her attraction for Kara is already breaking the agreement enough. “I’m fine. It’s just a little stress and some morning sickness. Once the press conference and gala are done it’ll be fine.”

Kara shakes her head, all alarm bells going off at Lena saying she’s fine. “That would explain losing a little weight. Not this much, Lena. It’s a lot worse than ‘a little stress’ or ‘some morning sickness’.” She accentuates Lena’s usage of the diminutives. “Winn noticed, Alex and Maggie keep asking me if you’re okay and I tell them you are but I don’t think that’s the truth. Alex actually is really worried. What with Lillian being back and all. She’s kidnaped you once and tried to kill you several times and she probably won’t hesitate to do it again.

“I’m worried too, because you shouldn’t be losing weight. You should be probably be gaining.” Kara adds, the worry in her eyes only increasing.

Lena wants to tell Kara it’s not that bad. That it’s normal to lose weight in the first trimester because of morning sickness. That she’ll gain it back twice, three times even, once she hits the second trimester. But she’s not so sure about that anymore, because even though she’s still feeling queasy a lot, she’s been eating a lot more and still losing weight. She’s probably even eating more than before she got pregnant and has been pushing her own worry aside, not letting it take root and break her down. But she knows it’s valid, that is has a reason. And if even people who barely know her, who’ve only seen her a few times notice, there might be some truth to it. That it possibly does warrant action. She’s just too stubborn to admit it, both to Kara as well as herself.

“And you’ve been working too much.” Kara continues. “I know you told me you work less already, but cutting down your hours from a hundred to eighty a week is not really enough, Lena. Working eighty hours is crazy for anyone, let alone for you, now. And you should sleep more, because you look pale and you have bags under your eyes you try to hide with your makeup. And I just- Lena, you have to take of yourself!” Kara finishes with a sigh.

“I’m sorry.” Lena says softly, her eyes cast down.

“Hey, no. I don’t- I didn’t- I’m not mad at you. It’s not your fault. You don’t have to be sorry. Just let someone help you. Let Alex help you. Or a DEO doctor.” Kara reaches out to Lena, silently asking her hand to give a little comfort. “I told you, you don’t have to apologise for things that are not your fault. But please let someone help.”
“Sorry,” Lena says and if the situation weren’t so dire, they both would have laughed at Lena saying sorry for saying sorry too often. Now it just causes Kara’s worry-crinkle to deepen.

Lena looks up and catches the blondes concerned gaze.

“I’m really trying. I’m doing a lot better already. With the working less and eating and sleeping more. Just give me two more weeks to show you? I don’t want to bring anyone into this if something goes wrong. They shouldn’t have to deal with that. And technically it’s still very likely. My body might still reject the baby. Anything could go wrong. Two more weeks? Please?” Lena practically begs. She’s just absolutely not ready to bring anyone else into this ordeal. Even less ready to explain. To relive it again. She visibly shudders a little at the idea. Kara must notice Lena seems to have other reasons not to want to tell. Notice Lena really isn’t up to it yet because she says “Okay” and gives Lena’s hand another small squeeze.

“Two weeks, but we will tell Alex anyway then. Because she’s going to find out either way, I can’t keep secrets from her.”

“Two weeks and we’ll tell Alex.” Lena agrees. “Now, how about lunch?”

Kara lights up at the mention of food and all but drags Lena out of her office for some much-needed fresh air and a nice meal.

It has been a long day for Supergirl. First, there was a fire in a small factory. The chemicals inside made controlling the flames that much harder and it took everything from the firefighters to keep it from exploding and spewing copious amounts of toxic gases into the air. The raving flames were only extinguished when Supergirl swooped in to help, carefully extinguishing the fire in spots she was pointed to by the firemen. It took a long time to finally control it and when she was done, Kara was immediately called to another emergency: a robbery. Why people still wanted to rob banks in National City was a mystery, it never succeeded with Supergirl around.

The robbery was followed by an attempted kidnapping. Supergirl and the NCPD tried everything in their power to make it go over smoothly and recover the young man who was taken. After long attempts at negotiation, threatening and bribing, they finally recovered him. In four pieces. The kidnappers seemed to have decided that the price wasn’t worth the trouble. They were tracked down and swiftly cuffed, stupid enough to have thought they would’ve been able to get away through the dark sewers but forgetting Supergirl’s X-ray vision and super hearing that made it possible for her to pinpoint their exact location.

Even though they caught the bad guys, they lost an innocent. Kara blamed herself for not being able to help him. For not being there fast enough, being helpful enough. For not getting him alive. For making the kidnappers turn to killing. Because she’s sure if she hadn’t pushed so hard, they wouldn’t have turned to murder.

There’s no finesse in her landing when she touches down on the DEO’s balcony and drags her feet, carrying her over to where Alex is.

“You okay, Kar?” Alex asks with worry.

Kara shrugs and takes a deep breath, trying to let her muscles relax a little. When it fails, she just lets herself fall in one the chairs and swirls around in it propelled by the motion of her falling down in it, her feet dragging along.
Alex looks over at Maggie, who’s also just arrived from the kidnapping. It seems to have been an equally draining day for her fiancée and when Maggie is in earshot she announces an impromptu sister night. With Maggie. Two downcast faces with heavy lidded eyes focus on her, and though they don’t look happier, Alex knows a sister night is what they need. There’s no way she’s letting Kara go home alone after this and they both can use a small distraction to process today.

“Maggie, you’re in charge of picking a movie. No scary ones, no sad ones. Kara, you’re on food, we need sugar and fat. Lots of it. Bring whatever you feel you, we, might need.” Alex directs, sure she’s given someone a task small enough they’re able to do. Something simple they don’t have to think too much about.

The blonde seems to perk up just a tiny bit at the mention of her favourite thing –maybe second favourite thing after Lena, if she’s being honest. Kara’s always liked sister nights and even though she doesn’t feel like doing anything, she just wants to wallow and blame herself, she does need food for that and if Alex and Maggie are there she’s not going to say no.

With several bags filled with food, Kara leaves the store. Alex’s words are playing in her mind on a loop. Bring whatever you feel you, we, need.

Deep down, a voice tells her she doesn’t really need food. It’s not what she wants right now. It’s not what she desperately needs.

She shifts the bags to one hand and slips her phone from her pocket with the other. Mindlessly, her fingers find their own way across the screen as she takes off towards her apartment. She’s almost halfway when the dial tone stops and a familiar voice sounds on the other end of the line.

“Kara?” It says, both excited and surprised. Then suddenly it turns worried. “I didn’t miss a dinner appointment we made, right? Because I didn’t think we had plans today.”

Kara’s so relieved to hear Lena talking. To hear her worrying about missing plans with Kara. To hear the familiar shuffling of paper in the background. Lena must still be working.

For a moment Kara forgets her own trouble and worries about Lena’s working habits. All the more reason to invite her over for sister night. Then she’s reminded why there’s a sudden sister night in the first place and her throat shuts closed.

“Kara? Are you there?” Lena asks, and Kara realises she hasn’t so much as uttered a single sound. Lena must think she’s been butt dialled or something.

“Lena,” Kara begins, but her voice cracks and her throat closes up again. She’s unable to say anything else, to add to her sentence. But it’s enough for Lena. Kara hears a laptop snapping shut, more shuffling of papers.

“Are you okay?”

Kara doesn’t respond. She doesn’t have to.

“I’m on my way. Are you at your apartment?” The clicking of heals in the background, a door closing. Lena’s talking to Jess. Kara doesn’t bother to listen in, hears a ping from the elevator follow shortly after.

“Yes,” She finally manages to say as she lands on her fire escape and dives head first in her apartment, not caring about breaking anything inside.
Kara dumps the shopping bags unceremoniously on her coffee table, and herself on the sofa. She ignores whatever Maggie and Alex are saying in favour of listening to Lena’s voice.

“Kara, what happened? Are you hurt? One moment, I’m putting you on speakerphone.” Kara hears a car door slam shut, a soft tap and then the acoustics change a little.

“Thomas is driving me, but the partition is up so he can’t hear. Do you want to hang up or keep talking?” At the lack of response, Lena just continues talking. Kara doesn’t really listen to what she’s saying, just to the lull of her voice. The soft slipping of her accent here and there, her voice soothing her in ways Alex and Maggie would never be able to.

Alex puts a bundle of clothes in her hand, worn sweatpants and Lena’s MIT hoodie. Kara doesn’t bother to move to a more private area and just strips off her suit and dons the softer outfit. When she hears Lena come up the stairs she moves towards the door and opens it right as Lena walks up. She flings herself at the younger woman and clutches her like a life-line.

Lena doesn’t hug back immediately, a little shocked by the unexpected behaviour. Then her arms wrap around Kara’s torso, her foot moves behind her and kicks the door closed and she leads them to the couch. There, they collapse as one. Kara’s face buried in Lena’s neck while Lena’s hand run soothingly over her back.

The CEO doesn’t seem to notice Alex and Maggie at first but when Kara keeps clutching her, gripping onto her blouse with fervour, she looks up to find hints about what might’ve happened. She sees Maggie sitting in a chair staring rather blankly ahead, embraced by Alex in a similar fashion as Kara’s being held by Lena.

“Kara, honey, what happened?” Lena tries. This seems to open up the floodgates and big tears start falling down Kara’s cheeks, leaving wet spots on Lena’s shirt. Not that she notices or cares.

“He was- I wasn’t- Supergirl- and then- and he- so they-” She stammers, her words deformed by sobs and her sentences incoherent. Lena can’t really follow her but she understands it’s got to do with Supergirl. And probably the NCPD, seeing the state Maggie is in.

She berates herself for not checking the news on her phone on her way over, too concerned about Kara’s safety and wellbeing.

“There was a kidnapping. He got killed.” Maggie says several moments later in answer to Lena’s question, voice devoid of any emotion.

“Oh, no! I’m so sorry!” Lena’s voice is a stark contrast to Maggie’s. “What do you need, Kara? Maggie?” She asks, looking up at the detective briefly. She’s answered with twin shrugs.

“I thought a movie might help.” Alex says softly, gently prodding Maggie to get up and also change into some more comfortable clothes. They’re too big, but Alex lovingly rolls up the sleeves and legs to fit Maggie better. She guides Maggie to sit down on the couch and quickly changes herself before prodding over to Kara’s bedroom in search of something to wear for Lena.

“Lena, I’m so sorry. I don’t think Kara owns any more sweatpants. You can wear these if you like.” Alex says when she returns empty-handed and points at the sweatpants she’s wearing herself.

“Oh, no, no. You keep them on. I’ll ask Jess to bring me something.” Lena replies with a dismissive arm wave.

Alex nods and sits down next to Maggie, letting the smaller woman wrap around her again. They might both look like badass agents that can never be hurt, right now they just look like a soft couple.
cuddling together.

The four of them barely fit on the couch, it’s snug though and just what they need. Kara’s almost sitting on Lena’s lap by the time Alex starts the movie. Lena takes two throws from the arm rest behind her and tries to drape one over Alex and Maggie, her hands still on either side of Kara’s body. The other throw she uses to gently cover Kara, who adjusts it to also cover Lena. They sit back and stare at the screen. Four bodies entangled, watching a movie that’s too simple to be entertaining but just what they need to keep their heads from working too hard.

“I killed him.” Kara whispers a few minutes into the movie. She’s staring ahead, focussing on something beyond the television screen. Something Lena can’t see.

“I’m sure that’s not true, sweetie.” Lena consoles, not noticing that’s been slipping up on her deal with herself to not have anyone notice her attraction towards Kara. Her desire for more than friendship.

“It is. If I hadn’t pushed them to give him up, he might still be alive.”

“He might, but he might also have died a lot faster if you weren’t there. Kara, honey, you can’t predict what is going to happen and you did what you thought was best in the situation.” Lena still has no clue what exactly happened but she’s puzzled bits and pieces together and has a general idea of the events that occurred.

“But if I hadn’t interfered-”

“If you hadn’t interfered in anything, there would be a lot more people hurt. A lot more families broken, people missing and aliens wreaking havoc. Kara, you can’t always win. Sometimes you can’t prevent bad things from happening. But you mourn that, swallow it and look at the bigger picture. In the end, the world would’ve been a far worse place without Supergirl.” Lena says, her fingers caressing Kara in small, soothing patterns.

Kara nods and refocuses her vision on the television screen.

Halfway through the movie, Jess knocks on the door bringing clothes for Lena. The CEO gently moves Kara from embracing her to embracing her sister, thanks Jess and excuses herself to Kara’s bedroom to change quickly. She hadn’t realised before, that the burden, the world, Kara is carrying on her shoulders is far bigger than the one on hers. Kara is closer to the fire and can see the effect of her own decisions, of when things don’t go as planned. Lena at least has some distance between her and the world. People don’t judge her for who she is but for who and what her family is and did. Lena doesn’t suffer repercussions for her own actions. Kara does.

When Lena bends down to try her pantyhose off her legs, her eyes fall on something beneath Kara’s bed. She has a quick internal battle; let it go and return to Kara as fast as she can or take a peek before returning and consequently take just a little longer.

She settles on taking a peek, a brief one, but once her curiosity is peaked she knows she can’t let it go. She puts on her sweatpants –Jess brought the Supergirl ones for some reason, probably because she thought it’s funny– before bending down and slipping the item from underneath the bed. It’s a canvas. Red streaks of paint cover it and when Lena looks very close it seems just like a red sheet with fat streaks of paint. When she takes some distance, however, a world enfolds in front of her eyes. A sandy landscape with a blood-red sunset. The skyline of a city that no longer exists. Lena knows it’s Krypton. Kara’s told her about the red sun, the differences in plants, animals, buildings
and culture. It’s a lost world.

Anyone who doesn’t know about Krypton would’ve thought it a pretty image of a science fiction town, a fantasy. But Lena knows better. Her thumb gently brushes the corner, Kara’s lost world suddenly becoming a lot more real. Lena might’ve lost her birth mother, her brother, her father, but Kara lost her world. Literally. Kara lost her language, her people, her culture. Kara lost everything and came out a better person, a person choosing happiness instead of sorrow. Kara’s sunshine behaviour hides a much deeper hurt.

Lena carefully places the painting back beneath Kara’s bed, wishing it was hanging somewhere for the world to see, wishing she could put it up in her office on the empty spot Maggie pointed out to her when she visited. She then vows to learn more about Kara’s heritage. To learn Kryptonese, to make a model of the stars as seen from Krypton, to do whatever she can to help Kara remember.

She tugs her –Kara’s– NCU sweater over her head and relieves Alex of Kara’s koala-like hug. The older Danvers gives her a funny look, eyes falling down to her sweatpants decorated with the Supergirl logo. Lena shrugs in reply and continues watching the movie, Kara leaning against her, head on her shoulder and arms reaching around her waist.

“Did she see those before?” Alex whispers to her over Kara’s head, pointing between Kara and Lena’s pants.

“Yes, why?” Lena asks, suddenly worried it’s not okay to wear Supergirl attire if you actually know Supergirl.

“No reason.” Alex says with a shrug and a knowing look towards Kara.

Lena doesn’t feel reassured at all, but she decided if it wasn’t okay Kara would have said so herself, wouldn’t she? At least Alex would have told her right now. Alex didn’t seem like the person to beat around the bush. Lena puts it off her mind, focussing solely on comforting Kara for the time being. Her mind can take a run with her another time.

Just before the credits start rolling Lena notices she suddenly has a runny nose. She tries to subtly make Kara let go of her so she can grab a tissue from the box on the table. Kara doesn’t budge, however. Lena softly puts her hand on the arm holding on to her front and tries to gently move it a little.

“Kara, honey, can you let go for a moment?” She asks when Kara doesn’t seem to get the hint. Kara releases her grip and moves back a little. Lena shifts forward on the couch to reach for the tissue box without having to get up but she’s barely moved her hand forward when a terrified exclaim from Kara freezes her mid-motion.

“Rao Lena! You’re- You- Rao! Are you okay?” Kara flails with her arms and seems to make a general gesture towards her nose. Lena looks up curiously and moves a finger to her own nose, wiping away some of the liquid running from it. When she removes her finger, she realises she does not have a runny nose. She has a nosebleed.

“Oh,” She stares perplexed at the red tip of her index finger, not having had a nose bleed since she was very little. “Curious.”

“Are you feeling okay? Do you need to lay down? Have some water? Rao, Alex, do something?! You’re the doctor. Help her!” Kara seems to be entering a state of panic.
“It’s just a nose bleed, Kara.” Lena says, finally grabbing a tissue from the box and holding it against her nose.

“Kar, look at me,” Alex takes over from Lena. “Calm down. Humans generally don’t die from nosebleeds. She’ll be fine, okay. Look at me, she’s going to be fine.”

Kara blinks a few times, as if in a daze, and nods as Alex’s words reach her. She’s going to be fine.

“She’s going to be fine.” She repeats back to her sister.

Alex answers with a nod and gets up to sit in front of Lena and help her. Kara curiously looks on as Alex makes Lena first blow her nose and then pinch the arch of her nose and lean forward.

“But humans only get nosebleeds when something hits them.” Kara states, her panic starting to rise again and seeping into her voice. “They don’t just get nosebleeds sitting on a couch. What if something is wrong with Lena? What if she’s ill? What if she’s… dying.” The last word is barely above a whisper, an ominous air to it. Kara’s eyes are wide with fear and glistening with tears threatening to fall if she thinks about it any longer.

Maggie has to hold back a laugh, but puts her hand on the Kryptonian’s arm as soon as she looks in the terrified blue eyes.

“Kara, my cousin used to have nosebleeds out of nowhere all the time. He grew out of it for the most part, but even when he was older he would sometimes still get them. Some people just get nosebleeds.” Maggie consoles.

“Are you sure there’s nothing wrong?”

“Yes,” Three voices say in unison, followed by laughs.

It’s enough to put Kara at ease and have her turn her attention towards caring for Lena.

“You bnever had bnosebleeds on Krypton?” Lena asks, her voice sounding funny because she’s unable to breathe through her nose.

“No, we didn’t actually. I did scrape my knees all the time, but we’d just put some cream on it and it would be healed the next day.”

“Sounbs like Krypton had somb really advanced bedicine anb technologies.” Lena says, filing away every single thing Kara tells her off her home planet.

“Oh, Lena, you would have loved it! The technology was so advanced, we had flying intergalactic travel and our own robots. Kal-ex, one of them, even made it to earth. But I had to destroy him when he thought I was an intruder after Hank Henshaw used my blood to invade the fortress.” Kara trails off solemnly.

“Canb’t you fix himn?”

“He’s really badly broken, I don’t have the parts to fix him. I’m not sure Earth even has the parts to fix him.” Kara shrugs and looks away, seemingly lost in thought.

“Mbaybe I can help. L-Corp has access to somne pretty high-tech stuff. Who knbows, maybe we’ve evenb got what you’re lookink for or we can bmake it.”

“You’d do that for me?”
“Of course. Anything for you.”

Later, Lena will berate herself over this. Because how obvious could she have been? That’s not a friend thing to say, right? You don’t say ‘anything for you’ to a friend. She doesn’t actually know what one would say to a friend. Kara’s her first one and she’s already screwing that up with her stupid feelings. Not that she has a frame of references to tell when she’s overstepping, but she does the best she can to keep in line. Only moments like these make her say things she probably shouldn’t. They come from her heart though and it’s difficult to stop them, especially when it comes to Kara. Kara’s the one she feels safe with to open up and it doesn’t help one bit to have her stop oversharing and overstepping.

“You can let go and see if your nose’s still bleeding.” Alex says to Lena after a while and Lena tentatively releases her grip on her nose.

When she’s convinced Lena’s nose has stopped bleeding, Alex gets up and gets some food for them. They need it after the day Kara and Maggie have had and the recent panic about Lena’s nosebleed.

She tosses Kara a tub of cookie dough ice cream, Maggie one with vegan ice cream and throws two spoons in their general direction too. One almost hits Lena, but she manages to duck right on time to avoid getting hit in the face. She’s never been good at sports so trying to catch flying items is something she’d rather not try, knowing how bad she was at catching a ball in PE in high school. And those were a lot bigger than simple spoons.

Alex then takes the last tub, chocolate fudge brownie, out of the freezer for herself. She looks back at the couch and realises Kara didn’t get Lena any.

“Lena, I think you’ll have to share with me. Unless you want Maggie’s horrendous vegan ice cream.” Alex practically shouts to the living room.

“Oh, no, it’s fine. I don’t mind.” Lena says.

“I got gummy worms!” Kara says excitedly. “Lena will love those.”

“Gummy worms?” Lena turns towards Kara, one eyebrow raised at the odd choice of food for her.

“He liked them, so maybe the peanut likes it and then you like it.” Kara whispers in her ear. Her breath tickling the conch of Lena’s ear.

“Hey! No whispering with company!” Alex yells as she takes the bag of gummy worms and tosses it to Lena, who defensively puts up her hands to protect her face from getting hit and consequently gets hit on the shoulder by the bag.

“Damn, Luthor, don’t you catch?” Maggie asks with a laugh, picking up the bag from the floor.

Lena glares at the detective who tosses the bag in the younger woman’s lap and takes a bite from her ice cream.

“Wait, did you say ‘Lena will love those’?” Alex asks Kara as she sits down in one of the chairs, leaving more room on the couch for Maggie, Lena and Kara to spread out a little.

“Yes, I did?”
“Lena’s never had gummy worms?” She directs her question to the CEO.

“Uhm, no. I can’t say I have.”

“You’ve never had gummy worms?!” Alex looks like someone tells her they missed out on the best thing in life. “Oh, man, Kara it’s a good thing you brought her here because some things here need to change. This girl really needs to start living in the real world.” Alex points at Lena, who scoffs in reply.

“Did you even have candy at all?” Maggie asks curiously.

“I had chocolate, in college.” At the shocked looks she receives, she understands that it’s even less normal than she’d thought. “I did sneak in candy when I was younger one time. But Lillian found out and didn’t let me eat anything for the next two days because I’d already eaten enough in candy for those days. So I never dared to eat candy again.” Lena tells them with a shrug.

“I swear if I ever see her again, I’m going to throw her in outer space and watch her blow up and explode.” Kara says through her teeth.

“Please don’t.” Lena pleads.

“That’s some shitty thing to do to a little girl. But, now that we know, we can educate you on candy. Next game night you’re going to try every piece of candy we can think of!” Alex says enthusiastically, trying to take Kara’s mind off of murder.

“Yes! Warheads, and gummy bears, and goldfish and toffees, and sour patches and-” Kara continues listing more candy and Lena’s sure she’s naming more than even her Kryptonian stomach can hold but she doesn’t care. If this is what friends do, what family does for each other, she’ll gladly listen to Kara list off every single candy in the universe.

Maggie opens the bag when she realises Lena’s lost again in one of Kara’s ramblings, and waves it in between the pair’s faces.

“Try it,” She tells Lena, who carefully extracts a piece and takes a small bite. When she swallows, three expectant faces are staring at her waiting for her opinion. She waits a moment, mulling over her opinion, checking her body for any signs of rejection.

“It’s sweet.” She tells them. Kara looks almost disappointed at her not saying she loves them. “I like it.” Lena quickly adds, earning a proud smile from Kara.

They watch another movie, Kara still tucked in the crook of Lena’s arm. Her head resting on Lena’s chest. Kara whispered to her that her heartbeats helps her feel calm and Lena almost cries. Later she actually cries because the movie has such a happy ending and she can’t help it. Stupid hormones.

Maggie and Alex spend the rest of the night making friendly jabs at it, but Lena’s heart is only warmed each time they do. Never before did she have people who would joke with her, or about her in a friendly manner. Never before did she feel like she belonged. Deep inside she knows this will end one day, when Kara gets a new boyfriend and Lena’s forced to move on. But for now, she’ll enjoy this new family she’s beginning to find. Enjoy the presence of people who actually care about her, not about who she is or what that would mean for them. Just because she’s a friend. For now, she enjoys being able to forget her worries and sorrows. The burden on her shoulders and the scars on her heart. For now, she’s just Lena who watches movies with friends when they had a bad day.
After the third movie and numerous yawns, Alex declares it’s time for bed. They end up sleeping in a blanket fortress, because Lena’s never done that before and it makes Kara feel comfortable, and Maggie safe. Their bodies are entangled and though their sleep is restless, frequently disturbed by someone entering a nightmare or accidentally kicking someone else when they turn, they’re together and that’s all they could wish for on a night like this.

In the morning, green eyes open to a bright-coloured sheet barely inches away. Lena’s nose almost hits the low hanging fabric and a feeling of confinement rushes over her. The walls are too close-by, the entire structure is too small and Lena feels like there’s not enough air. Her sleepy state does nothing to help her snap out of it, only worsens it by adding a sense of disorientation. She feels like she’s suffocating and her stomach lurches. Her feet get a life of their own as they manoeuvre their way beneath her body and lift her up, dragging the sheet with her. She stumbles through one of the walls in a frantic attempt at reaching the bathroom. The entire tent collapses behind her and she barely manages to untangle herself, race towards the bathroom and drop down in front of the toilet before she’s coughing up everything she ate the day before.

She silently thanks her past self for not eating more than a few gummy worms, having allowed Kara to eat the rest. She’d rather not imagine what her sick would look like if she’d devoured the entire bag of candies.

In the blink of an eye, Kara’s by her side and handing her a glass of water whilst gently allowing her to lay back against Kara’s soft skin. She brings the cold glass to her cheek, pressing it against her own burning skin before taking a sip and rinsing out her mouth.

Kara presses something soft and cold against her forehead, Lena leans her head back once more, resting it against Kara’s shoulder. The cloth on her face feels nice. Somehow, Kara always seems to know what she needs.

“Alex and Maggie are getting breakfast, you can take a shower before we eat.” Kara tells her. Lena had almost forgotten about the two other who stayed with them in the tent and she reluctantly drags her body away from Kara and off the floor. She might’ve bonded with Kara’s sister and her fiancée recently, but not enough for them to see her like this.

Kara leaves Lena in the bathroom, a little worried about her friend’s wellbeing because she can’t really remember Lena staying over without getting sick. But she’s promised her two weeks, and Kara doesn’t break promises.

She’s barely back in the living room when Alex and Maggie barge in with deliciously smelling paper bags filled with goodies. They both stop short in the doorway and look down at the heap of sheets in the middle of the room.

“My beautiful fort!?” Alex exclaims before stalking towards Kara. “What did you do to it?”

Kara doesn’t want to tell on Lena, Lena doesn’t deserve an angry Alex all over her. Although, maybe Alex wouldn’t be as mad at Lena. Alex didn’t know Lena well enough to be as mad at her as she currently seems to be at Kara.

“Uhm, oopsie?” Kara tries with a lopsided smile.

“OOPSIE?!” Alex practically yells.
“Hey, babe, we’d have to take it down anyway. And it was our fort. We all helped build it.” Maggie says, trying to calm Alex down.

It works better than Kara could’ve hoped, Alex always did get very mad when Kara broke another one of her things.

Alex grumbles a little before she starts giving out orders to Maggie and Kara to clean up and muttering under her breath where Lena is and she better hurry because this is a team effort.

For breakfast, Lena manages to eat a donut, much to her own dismay and horror. But it’s the only thing that smells like it won’t be expelled by her stomach faster than she’d eat it, so she lets Kara win and eats the sugary pastry.

After breakfast, Kara tries to apologise to Lena for making her come over and deal with her ‘stupid crying’. Lena takes her hand and tells her it wasn’t stupid. It’s okay to feel like that sometimes and Lena’s there for Kara if she wants, whenever she wants. The promise Kara made, to be there for her, goes for her too. Lena will be there for her, no matter what. Lena will protect Kara, she’s not going anywhere and will always be her friend. Kara’s not going to lose her. Kara smiles at her, hugs her and tells her she will take Lena up on an earlier offer. Work at her office when Kara needs to get writing done, because CatCo’s building still isn’t finished. Kara needs to do some more research first on her article, talk to some people, but when she’s done with that in a few days, she’ll come put together the actual thing at L-Corp. Lena’s office sounds like a better and quieter place to work than a random coffee shop.

Lena offers all of them a ride to work, but Alex rejects the offer with a friendly smile and tells Lena they’ll get to work fine. Lena’s barely left when Alex turns to Kara.

“We need to talk.” Alex face looks like there’s no way for Kara to get out of it. And it seems serious. Very serious. Maybe even as serious as she looked when she was about to come out to Kara.

Rao, this does not mean anything good.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for all the comments and kudos!

Again, I’m on tumblr @randomramblingsbymyself and I’m always open to talk to. I also have asks and anonymous asks if you want to ask a question or something...
“Okay, how do I put this nicely?” Alex mutters, sitting down at the table with Maggie by her side and motioning for Kara to take a seat on the other side of the table.

“You don’t, Danvers.” Maggie steps in. “Little Danvers, you’re killing the girl. So this,” Maggie vaguely waves with her hand, “needs to stop.”

Kara’s mouth falls open, her words lost somewhere on the way out. All she can do is make an undignified sound of confusion. She shakes her head a little clear her mind and manages to form some sort of sentence.

“I’m what?” Okay, maybe it’s not really a sentence but it’s the best she has for now.

“Maggie,” Alex says to her fiancée with a pointed look. The pair has a silent conversation, a power struggle that Kara doesn’t understand. She doesn’t really know what to do when the other women at the table are having some sort of staring constant, sharing ideas or threats through mere looks. Right when she’s about to draw their attention, they both turn and look at her.

“Well, I have to go down to the station and get started on some paperwork.” Maggie says as she gets up and walks away. Kara can’t seem to keep up with what’s happening and Maggie is out the door with a casual “good luck, little Danvers!” before she fully comprehends the detective is leaving.

“Kara,” Alex draws Kara’s attention back to her. “I noticed Lena has Supergirl pants.”

Kara’s confusion only grows. First, she’s killing some girl and next this is about what Lena’s wearing. She feels frustration bubbling up her skin, Lena can wear whatever she wants. That includes Supergirl merchandise, and her being a Luthor does not affect that. Should not affect that. Though she still doesn’t get what this is exactly about, it must be about Lena being a Luthor. Which is nonsense and honestly Kara thought Alex was over that.

She decides to face Alex head-on and fight whatever she has to say about this because Lena can wear whatever she wants and her being a Luthor does not determine whether she gets to wear something or not. Kara gives Alex a short nod and crosses her arms in front of her chest.

“And you knew this.”

Kara nods again. “Lena can wear whatever she wants and the fact that she is a Luthor does not-”

Alex sends her a confused look and shakes her head a little, causing Kara to stop mid-sentence. “It’s not about her being a Luthor and wearing Supergirl pants?” Kara asks.

Alex shakes her head and places one arm on the table, palm face up in an invitation for Kara to put her own hand in it. “No, no, no, Kara. That’s not what I mean.”

Kara rakes through her mind. What in the world could she mean then? It’s not about Lena being a Luthor but it still is about Lena wearing Supergirl pants.

For the life of her, she can’t figure it out. She turns her focus back to Alex and waits for her to elaborate.
“Kara, you’re letting Lena wear Supergirl pants.” Alex says by way of explanation but in no way making it any clearer for the hero. They had already established Lena owns and wears Supergirl pants.

“You didn’t let me wear Supergirl clothes.” Alex says slowly, dragging out each word and hoping Kara understands.

She doesn’t.

Kara crinkles her brow in confusion and slightly tilts her head, as if that is going to help her comprehend.

“Kara, you told me only your spouse could wear the house of El insignia.”

“Yes, because house crests are only for true members of one and Alex, I love you and you’re my sister, but you’re not an El.” Kara unfolds her arms and places one hand in Alex’s.

“Neither is Lena, Kar.” Alex holds onto Kara’s hand a little tighter and gets up, giving a little tug on their interlocked hands to make Kara follow.

“No, but she’s-”

“Your best friend. And she deserves all the good in the world and you looked into her eyes and saw she has no ill intentions and isn’t involved in anything to do with Cadmus. I know.” Alex guides Kara down on the couch and takes a seat next to her, their bodies turned to face each other. Alex grabs a pillow and puts it in Kara’s lap for her to hold onto.

“Then what’s the problem? Why shouldn’t she be allowed to wear my crest?”

“Oh, Kar, it’s not about whether she should be allowed to wear something. It’s- Maybe she’s a little bit more than a best friend.” Alex’s other hand joins their entangled ones and she places it on top, her thumb brushing soothingly along Kara’s wrist.

“More? What do you mean, more?”

“That maybe you like Lena.”

Kara wants to tell Alex of course she likes Lena, they’re best friends. But something in Alex’s eyes tells her that Alex means another kind of like. Not the friendship one.

“Like, like like?” Kara asks, still confused and now even more so because of what Alex is suggesting.

“Yes, like like like. Like maybe you have feelings for her.”

“Feelings. For Lena,” Kara’s throat shuts tight at the name of her best friend and she sounds like someone is choking her. She feels like she’s been hit by a truck. Or rather, what she imagines humans feel like when they’ve been hit by a truck. She feels like an alien hit her in the chest. Hard. Like they punched all the air out of her lungs and she can’t quite catch her breath.

“Yes, Kara. Feelings for Lena. Are you okay?” Alex asks, no doubt worrying about the change in Kara’s composure and loss of colour in her face.

“Mhm, Alex. I’m fine. I’m fine. You should get to work.” Kara pulls herself together and gets up.

“Are you sure, you don’t look fine.” Alex will always be the big sister, always worry about Kara.
She pulls the blonde into a hug, holding her as tight as she can, knowing her little sibling can’t break.

“Yeah, yeah. I just need a moment to think.” Kara rests her head on Alex’s shoulder for a moment before extracting herself from the hug. “I’m fine. I’ll be fine.”

“Okay, just hang in there. And call me if you need me.”

“I will.” Kara says, her voice barely above a whisper. “Thank you.” What for goes unspoken, but Kara knows Alex understands. Thank you for being there when I will need you, when I have needed you. Thank you for making me realise. For not making a big deal out of it. For telling me in a safe place at a safe time.

With a small rub on Kara’s arm, Alex is also gone, leaving the blonde behind in apartment. Alone with her thoughts.

Alex’s words keep repeating themselves in her head. Kara has tried to do her job, to go out and collect some more information for her article. But throughout the day, her mind kept wandering back. She needs some time to process. To think. The moment her apartment door closes behind her after a long day, her mind takes a run with her.

“Lena has Supergirl pants.”

“You’re letting Lena wear Supergirl pants.”

“You never let me wear your crest.”  “You’re not an El.”  “Neither is Lena.”

“Maybe she’s a little bit more than a best friend.”

“Maybe you like Lena.”

“Maybe you have feelings for her.”

Kara feels like her world’s spinning. Like the Earth has started turning at an increased velocity. Like she can’t quite catch her breath and her heart is beating too fast. Too fast. Too! Fast!

She needs to sit down. She needs everything to slow down. She can’t catch up. She can’t breathe.

It’s like she’s living in a dream as she feels her body move back to the couch where she’d sat with Alex this morning. She feels her body forcing her diaphragm to slow down. Feels her breathing calm and oxygen rush into her system. Feels the fogginess clear a little. Realisation sets in.

She’s in love with Lena.

She’s in love with her best friend. With Lena. She's in love with Lena Luthor.

She needs… She needs to talk to someone. Her finger hovers over the familiar name on her screen when she realises she can’t talk to Lena about being in love with Lena. She can’t talk to the one person she wants to because she can’t bother Lena with this. She needs to get her thoughts straight, know what she’s feeling, know it’s real, before she talks to Lena.

She scrolls through the list of names on her screen and calls the person she’d called first if she’d never met Lena. The person she knows has experience with feelings for best friends.
Winn.

“Kara?” Winn’s voice comes through her phone.

“Winn,” Kara hears the strain in her voice but she can’t keep it away. She can’t sound chipper. She’s too confused.

“Kara, what’s wrong? Are you okay?” Winn clearly caught on to her mood.

“Winn, I think I’m in love with Lena.” Kara’s voice cracks.

“Oh. Ohh!” She can hear Winn’s mind catch up to what she told him. “Do you- Should I- Do you want me to come over? Or-” He trails off, the rest of his sentence unintelligible.

“Yes please.” Kara chirps, her voice high and choked. She could really use a friend right now.

Winn comes armed with ice cream, a shoulder to cry on, a listening ear and solid advice. They talk like they haven’t in quite a while because Kara would always talk to Lena nowadays. She hasn’t realised what she lost when she started spending so much of her time with Lena. She’s really glad to have found her friend back. She still doesn’t know how Maggie’s “you’re killing the girl” ties into this whole ordeal, but at least she realises where she herself stands in everything.

Alex and Maggie both text her to ask if she is okay, and, when that’s confirmed, tell her to ‘go get the girl’. Winn seems to agree with them and throughout the night he tries to convince her Lena feels the same about her and she should totally ask her out.

Kara’s not so sure though, because Lena is just really nice and would never like someone like her. Though by the time Winn leaves, she is convinced that maybe she should ask. At least to get some closure for herself. But she’ll wait until Lena is doing better, and until she’s sure Lena won’t stop being friends with her over it.

Lena lets out a frustrated groan as she slams her fist down on the table, shocking Kara from her article.

“Are you okay?” Kara asks a little worried.

No, she’s not in fact okay. If she’s honest, it’s been a long time since she has. She just doesn’t want to bother Kara with her unimportant issues and worries.

“Yes, I’m fine. I just- I can’t concentrate like this.” Lena says with a deep sigh, resting her forehead on her hand and closing her eyes for a brief moment. When she opens them, she finds Kara packing up her stuff.

“What are you doing?”

“Going to find another place to work. I’m clearly bothering you.”

Kara shuts her laptop and places it in her bag.

“Oh. Ohh!” Lena exclaims, as she realises what Kara thought she meant. Her head shoots up from where it was resting in her palm. “No, no. Kara, I didn’t mean you’re a bother.”

“Oh,” Kara says weakly, setting her bag back down and looking at Lena for clarification.
“I just- If I’m not exhausted or nauseous, I’m dizzy or an emotional wreck.” Lena rubs her temples. “Or I have a headache.” She adds, slumping back in her chair.

Kara walks over to her friend. “Hey, c’mere.” She says and pulls Lena a little closer, Lena’s head now resting against Kara’s stomach with the blonde’s fingers in her hair, gently massaging her scalp. Lena soaks up the affection until her internal battle starts up again. She shouldn’t feel this good from being comforted by Kara, they’re just friends. But Kara initiated it, and she’s not feeling all too sunny and Kara’s touch is really helping. Though she really shouldn’t feel like this and she should definitely not trouble Kara with her own feelings.

She closes her eyes, enjoys the feeling of Kara’s proximity for a brief moment more before she gently removes herself from the contact.

“You shouldn’t pressure yourself so much. You’re taking on way too much. It’s okay to slow down.” Lena can see a pang of hurt beyond the sea of worry in Kara’s eyes at the loss of touch, but she stows it away and doesn’t let herself hope. It’s probably because Kara thinks something else.

“I don’t want to have to take it slow. I want to finish these projects I started. I need to finish my paperwork.” Lena says.

“I’m sorry. I know how much you like to work, especially on your projects, but you’ve got to put your health first sometimes.”

“I know, I know. I’m trying.” And she is, she already has narrowed down some candidates for a CFO position in L-Corp so she doesn’t have to do that work herself anymore. She’s been giving Jess more responsibility and plans on offering her assistant a promotion to vice-president once she’s hired someone to replace her. But both of those things also mean more paperwork for now.

“How about we take a break? It’s lunchtime somewhere, we can go out for a bite. Maybe go for a walk, get some fresh air?”

“That walk sounds nice, but I’ve just had breakfast and it’s rather early for lunch don’t you think?” Lena says with a small laugh. “You go ahead and tell Jess we’re stepping out for a bit, I’ll get my stuff.”

“It’s never too early for lunch, Lena!” Kara’s eyes widen for a second from feigned shock before her eyes fall down to Lena’s heeled feet. “And please put on some decent shoes for a walk?”

“Fine, and put on other shoes.” Lena says with an eye-roll. Kara can’t stop complaining about her choice to wear heels but Lena knows Kara’s kind of right. Especially when they’re going to take a walk, flat shoes will be a lot better for her feet and ankles.

With a short nod, Kara grabs her coat and heads for Jess’s desk outside Lena’s office.

Jess seems extremely relieved at the prospect of Lena leaving her office for a walk. Kara wonders if Jess would actually have wanted to suggest it herself to Lena on multiple occasions but just didn’t dare.

“I swear, if no one told her to go out once in a while, she would’ve fused with her desk chair by now.” Jess tells her when Kara asks if Lena actually ever leaves without being prompted by someone, besides going home at night.

Kara laughs at the imagery, but suddenly stops when she realises it’s not funny at all. Lena doesn’t
ever take a break away from her desk unless someone tells her to. Probably unless Kara, maybe Jess sometimes, tells her to because Kara knows no one else bothers with Lena. No one else seems to care about her and it’s painful to think about because Lena deserves so much more than she gets. Lena deserves the world. She’s such a good person.

She’s working so hard, fighting so hard to better the world, to solve problems and all she gets in return is prejudice, neglect and hate. It’s unfair really, only because her brother lost his mind and turned on Metropolis’s hero. Because her mother has some twisted ideologies, sense of right and wrong, and a deep-rooted xenophobia.

It’s a shame no one seems to be able to look beyond that and see the Lena Kara sees every day. The Lena who puts her hair down when she’s relaxed. Who wears Kara’s NCU sweater. The Lena who gets excited about any new invention she thinks might solve a world issue. The Lena who crinkles her nose when Kara stuffs her mouth too full, or even mentions fast food. The Lena who lays her head on Kara’s shoulder when she’s tired. Who falls asleep cuddling her because they both know, but never spoken it, that they’ve lost their world and holding someone at night helps them forget.

And maybe it’s Kara’s feelings talking but she’s pretty sure Jess, Alex, Maggie and Winn all think the same. Though maybe not about the cuddling bit.

A loud thud coming from Lena’s office snaps her out of her reverie.

Kara and Jess both speed towards the sound. Kara tears open the doors, unhinging them in the process. For the shortest moment she stands in their opening, baffled, one door in either hand. Then her eyes find Lena and she tosses the doors aside to speed to her side, closely followed by a worried looking Jess.

Lena’s lying on the floor, her coat and bag a few steps behind her. Her eyes are closed and her body is still.

“Lena?!” Kara calls out at the lifeless figure, crouching down beside her and taking a limp hand in hers.

On Lena’s other side, Jess drops down and takes the other lifeless hand in hers. A worried “Miss Luthor?” falls from her lips but Kara doesn’t hear it, too engrossed in her own worry over the brunette on the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for all the comments and kudos, they keep me going. :P

Come talk to me on my tumblr!
I don't know if you read the end notes, so I'm just putting it here. I'd like your opinion on something because I don't really have strong one and I know some of you do. How would you feel about me breaking up Sanvers? I mean, they're also inevitably going to have the kid-talk and if I stick to canon, Maggie will not want kids and Alex will. But if you have strong feelings about keeping them together and deeming each other more important, I think I will do that (because fanfic is something you should love and want to read and such so if it would really hurt you to have them breakup, I won't do that to you).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lena?!” Kara desperately shakes Lena’s shoulder in an attempt to wake her up. Lena doesn’t respond to the movement, her breathing slow but her, and the baby’s, heartbeat steady. She takes of her glasses and does a quick scan of Lena’s body. There’s no tissue damage visible, she seems physically fine.

“Fuck. Lena, please wake up.” There’s tears springing in her eyes, and Kara knows it. She’s well aware of her body’s reaction to Lena being hurt, but right now that doesn’t matter. All that matters is Lena.

“Mmmm finnnneee.” Lena drawls, eyes still shut. “No need for such a foul mouth miss Danvers.” Kara can’t help the small tear that escapes from the corner of her eye as she hears Lena’s voice.

“Lena! Rao, you scared me- us.” Kara looks up briefly at Jess and sees the assistant let out a breath of air now that her boss is awake and responsive.

“I’m sorry.” Lena tries to get up, leaning heavily on both hands holding hers. She almost topples over when Kara wraps her free arm around her, steadies her and guides -though she probably carries more of Lena’s weight than the brunette does herself- her to sit down on the couch.

don’t suppose we’ll take that walk now.” Lena flashes Kara a lopsided smile, but it does nothing to hide how tired, how unhealthy really, she looks.

“No, we won’t.”

“I’m fine Jess, you can get back to your work.” Lena says to her assistant standing a little off to the side. Jess, however, doesn’t look entirely convinced of this and hovers for a while longer until Lena somehow fixes her with a stare and she makes herself scarce. Kara wonders how Lena manages to do that, look intimidating and at the same time like a gust of wind can knock her off her feet.

Lena sags a little more against Kara, and though she herself might not notice it, Kara certainly does.

“Lena, please let me help you.”

“Kara, I’m-”
“Don’t say ‘fine’, because you’re not.” If the fact that Lena saying she’s fine has always meant that she’s not isn’t enough to convince Kara, her ghastly pallor and the way her body is slumped against Kara’s tells her enough. “You know it’s not a bad thing to admit you’re not fine, right? It’s okay to tell someone when you’re not well. I just want to help you feel better.”

Kara moves a little closer to Lena, propping the brunette’s body up against her own, resting her cheek atop dark hair.

“Please be honest with me, with yourself. How are you really feeling?”

Lena stays quiet for a moment and then it strikes Kara. Lena’s not used to being honest about her feelings because no one has ever asked and wanted to listen. No one but Kara has ever asked her for another reason than politeness, etiquettes and pretence.

“Not too great I suppose.” Lena says with a wet chuckle.

Kara can’t help but wonder if this is the first time Lena’s allowed herself to admit it, not only to someone else but to herself too. This might be the first time Lena’s really stopped to think about how she’s doing. Really doing.

“Oh, Lena,” Kara says, placing a small kiss on top of the dark hair. “Please let me take you to Alex so we can help.”

Kara can feel Lena take a deep breath. She looks down to make sure Lena is okay with it when her eyes fall on the brunette’s arms. The fingers of her left hand are dragging along the skin of her right arm, leaving behind the occasional white gleam of dislodged skin cells which would immediately disappear when soft fingertips stroked over it. Kara gently places her hand on Lena’s arm, effectively stopping the scratching nails in their tracks.

“What are you doing?”

“Oh, sorry, nervous habit.” Lena answers, immediately pulling back her left hand and placing it on her thigh, her fingers starting to tap as if they have a mind of their own. “Kara, what happened to my doors?”

“Err,” Kara looks up from the woman in her arms to the set of doors on the floor. “Uhm. I may have been a little… Impetuous.” Kara grins a little awkwardly, even though there’s no way for Lena to see her face. “I thought you’d been attacked, or poisoned, or shot by a sniper.”

“I guess those are valid concerns.” Lena says after a short silence. “But, if it helps; those windows aren’t just regular glass.” Lena points at the wide windows looking out onto her balcony and over the city. “They refract light in a certain way so for outsiders it looks normal but everything is just a little shifted. If anyone were to fire a bullet, it would end up about a yard to the side of where they thought they aimed.”

Leave it to Lena to think of something so simple, yet so effective. Because of course Lena had thought about the prospect of being sniped. She’s Lena Luthor, for her that’s a monthly occurrence, someone trying to assassinate her.

“I never noticed.” Kara says, thinking back to the times she visited Lena through her balcony.

“Probably because you didn’t know to look for it. Next time you can try and spot it.”

Kara murmurs something in affirmation before she realises Lena has skilfully avoided answering Kara’s questions minutes ago.
“Is it okay if I take you to Alex now? She knows everything, and I mean everything, about aliens and she might be able to help you and the peanut. Please let me help you get some help to feel better.”

Lena’s head moves slowly against Kara’s shoulder, nodding an okay.

“Thank you.” Kara says gently.

She carefully places Lena against the back of the sofa so she can collect their bags and helps Lena into her coat, glad that the brunette has chosen to wear a short one today. With a hand from Kara, Lena gets up. She’s still a little unsteady and Kara walks her over to the side of the couch so Lena has something to hold on to while she herself quickly slips on her Supergirl suit.

“Here, put this around you so people won’t recognise you when we’re accidentally seen.” Kara says, unclipping her cape from her costume.

“We’re flying?” The surprise in Lena’s voice is decorated with a hint of fear.

“It’s the best and fastest way to get there. I know you hate it, but I won’t drop you. I’ll be careful and fly slow and steady, trust me.”

Lena visibly ponders but the last words seem to convince her.

“If I get sick, it’s your fault.” Lena wraps the cape around herself and takes hold of Kara’s outstretched arms. One wraps tightly around her upper body and as her own wrap around Kara’s neck, the hero’s free one gently moves down and lifts Lena’s lower body up by her knees. Kara makes sure to have a strong hold on the fragile body in her arms, but not so strong as to hurt her. She walks them over to the bags she’d put on the table and lowers Lena a little so she can slide them on her wrist, sure that the CEO would like to have her belongings with her when she indubitably gets sent home for the rest of the day.

“Ready?” Kara asks when they get to the balcony.

“No, but I don’t think I’ll ever be.” Lena says while she burrows her head in Kara’s shoulder, shielding her vision from the ground far beneath them.

“I won’t drop you, I promise.” Kara says before she ever so carefully lifts off and flies them over to the DEO, mindful not to go too fast or jostle Lena too much.

With her face buried in the crook of Kara’s neck, she inhales the distinct smell that’s all Kara. Vanilla, a hint of coconut and laundry detergent coming from her suit. It’s enough to ground her a little when her feet can’t, flying so high above the city.

Before she knows it, their flight is over. Kara has kept her promise and didn’t let her fall. Keeping a slow pace and making for a smooth travel. Not that Lena isn’t still feeling woozy when her own feet finally hit the pavement too, but Kara’s hands are there to hold on to her until she’s found her footing and standing fully on her own two feet. Lena is certain she’s still looking as pale as before, not feeling any better and even more nauseous from the flight. Kara might’ve tried to be gentle with her, her stomach isn’t the most reliable lately and flying, no matter how careful, does nothing to help.

“Thank you.” Lena says, handing Kara back her cape and taking her own purse from Kara.

“No, thank you.”
Lena quirks her eyebrows in confusion.

“For returning my cape. I know plenty of people who’d try to keep it.”

“Well, it is very soft,” Lena says, mindlessly running a finger along the fabric. “so I can’t blame them. But I would never steal from you Kara.”

Lena’s earnest eyes meet Kara’s and a small spark travels between them before Kara blushes and looks down at where Lena’s hand meets her cape. Lena realises what she’s just said and drops her hand in an instant, not wanting to come on too strong and scare Kara away from being her friend.

“You know, it’s Kryptonian. The fabric I mean. It was Kal’s baby blanket, he was wrapped in it when he got sent here. It’s bulletproof and all.” Kara runs her hand over the spot Lena was touching seconds ago. Reminiscing sometimes hurt and made her sad. It reminded her of Krypton. Of the reason she was sent to Earth in the first place. Of not being able to care for Kal, for he was a grown man when she arrived. Of being dumped at the Danvers by him the second she got here.

“That’s astounding. I’d love to take a closer look at it, another time.” Lena says, her eyes following the movement of Kara’s hand along the rim of the cape. In the corner of her eye she can see Kara nod and for a moment the world stops existing around them. Just the two of them, in an alley, unspoken memories filling the air.

Kara’s the one to break the silence.

“I do need to tell you something first, before we go in.” Kara says, looking back up and meeting Lena’s eye. Lena feels a cloud of worry start to grow in the pit of her stomach, but Kara doesn’t let the silence last long enough for the cloud to take over Lena’s mind.

“J’onn, the director. He looks like Hank Henshaw. The cyborg working for your mother.” Kara carefully gauges Lena’s response before filling her in on the rest of the details, only the ones Kara feels Lena needs to know. Like his telepathic powers, the fact that he’s from Mars, how nice and friendly he is and that he’s practically like a father to her and Alex.

“It’s just down here, okay?” She says after giving Lena some time to process the information about J’onn. She points down the alley and to the left. Her eyes are glued to Lena as the brunette takes a first step. After Kara’s made sure Lena can walk by herself just fine without tipping over or wobbling, she uses a burst of super speed to change and comes up next to the brunette.

With each step, Lena’s demeanour changes more. She’s beginning to don her CEO façade and stop in front of the door to the DEO to blow out a deep breath. Kara takes her change to quickly send her friend a reassuring squeeze in her arm, knowing Lena wants to keep up her façade of being untouchable as a form of protection and something as soft as a reassuring hand is not appreciated when others are looking.

Kara leads them inside, through the main entrance she’s never actually used before except for that one time Alex dragged her in while she was drunk. She can’t say she remembers much of that day. Lena dutifully follows her in, then to the metal detectors and security clearance and then through a long hallway to the centre of the DEO.

Lena watches the turmoil happening at the DEO’s core. An organised chaos of bodies where, just like in an ant farm, everyone seems to know what they’re doing and narrowly avoiding collisions. She follows Kara onto a platform in the middle of the room and focusses her mind on why they’re
here, choosing not to get distracted by the marvellous tech around them.

“Kara? Hey! I thought you were work- Oh, hi Lena. Kar, I told you, you can’t just bring any civilian here for a tour. Lena is no exception to that.” Alex says when she looks up from the screen in front of her and notices them.

“We’re actually here to see you.” Lena says before Kara can start another one of her ramblings.

“Yes,” Alex prompts, turning fully to face Lena.

“In private, Alex?” Kara points to another hallway. Alex nods and, after giving some orders and putting someone else in charge, leads their way. They pass Winn’s desk, who swivels around in his chair, does a double take and then greets them.

“Hey Lena!”

“Hey Winn.” Lena says friendly, but not in the mood for small talk.

“Hey Kara, did you, you know?” He says with an attempted wiggle of his eyebrows.

“No Winn, another time probably.” Kara cuts him off kindly before rushing after Alex.

Lena tries to figure out what Winn meant but Kara is not giving any hints and she’s quickly reminded of the fact that she’s here for a reason when a wave of someone’s cologne sparks another wave of nausea in her. She turns her head, hoping Winn doesn’t notice and follows after the two sisters down the long hallway.

They go up a set of stairs, Kara hovering behind her probably out of worry Lena can’t make it up. She does, make it up without help. Though it leaves her feeling like she’s run marathon. Or two.

Once they’ve all entered the small lab Alex has led them in, the agent closes the door and blinds and turns around. When her eyes fall on Lena she grabs a chair and slides it toward the younger woman.

“Luthor, sit down. You look like you’re either going to pass out or throw up.”

Lena feels like it too. For once she chooses to listen without protest and sits down on the chair.

“I can’t promise it won’t happen.” She admits. It’s as if telling Kara she didn’t feel well made it all ten times worse. As if her mind only now acknowledges the things her body has been feeling.

“What happened? Did someone try to kill you? Are you okay?” Alex goes from curious yet a little pissed to worried in the blink of an eye.

“I have some information regarding your investigation into what kind of pod the Daxamites could have used for incubating human-Daxamite hybrids.” Lena says, beating Kara to the explanation. She’s sure Kara would’ve phrased it differently and made this whole thing about her, but Lena would rather not begin with that yet.

“You learned something on the ship?” Alex asks, the edge of her worry dissipating and making place for her curiosity again.

“It’s me.” Lena says with a stone face.

“It’s you what?”

“I am the incubator Rhea settled on using.”
It takes a moment for Alex to catch on to what Lena’s telling her.

“You… You mean, you’re pregnant?” She asks, sounding rather unsure of her own conclusion.

“Yes.”

Kara silently stands in the shadows of the lab, watching the two women.

“With an alien.”

“Yes.”

“That does explain a lot. You’re not doing a cleanse, are you?”

“No, I’m not.”

“Did you go to a doctor yet? You must be, what, almost three months pregnant now?”

“I’m eleven weeks, and I did go to my doctor but Kara thinks she’s not competent enough.”

“You collapsed, Lena!” Kara interferes, stepping out from her spot behind Lena and joining the conversation.

“I fainted.”

“You passed out on the floor and didn’t wake up.”

“I did wake up.”

“In the end, yes. But you can’t do that again. I almost thought I had to fly Jess to the ER too, for a heart attack!”

“Okay, okay, enough.” Alex interjects before Lena can reply and this banter continues. “Lena, I’d like to take a blood sample to run a few basic tests and get our own doctor to have a look and make an ultrasound. After that I have a lot of questions, but first I want to have you checked out. Is that okay?”

At Lena’s nod, Alex moves to get some supplies from a cupboard and grabs a chair to sit next to Lena. She looks concerned.

“How are you feeling?” She asks and Lena knows, this time, not to immediately say ‘fine’. Not that she really knows how to say she’s not entirely fine, not to Alex, not yet.

“A little dizzy.” She settles on, feeling that it’s not a lie and currently the main thing she is feeling.

“In that case I’d like you to lie down.” Alex says as she gets up and extents a hand towards Lena.

“No, no, Alex, that’s not necessary.” Lena tries in vain. Alex steps closer anyway and takes her hand, Alex’s other coming to rest beneath her elbow when Lena gives in and gets up.

“It is, I don’t want you to faint and you’ll have to lie down for the ultrasound anyway.” Alex doesn’t let go as she leads them out of the laboratory and down the corridor.

“Kara, could you bring my stuff?” Alex asks the blonde they left behind. Behind them, Lena can hear a cart starting to roll. The sound follows them into the next room they enter. This one looks a lot more like a hospital room with a bed off to one wall and a lot of different appliances.
They don’t cross anyone’s path along the way and Lena is glad for it. Being practically held upright by someone else is not an image she likes to spread. She gratefully sags down on the bed once they reach it and leans back against the elevated headrest. Kara leaves the cart she rolled inside by the door and makes her way over to Lena. She carefully lifts Lena’s legs on to the bed while Alex gets the abandoned cart. The agent sits down on a stool next to Lena and starts prepping everything she needs to withdraw some of Lena’s blood.

“Better?” She asks, her eyes on Lena and her hands going through automatic motions evidence of how often she must’ve done this procedure.

“Yes, thank you.” Lena admits with a soft voice and slight smile.

Kara takes hold of Lena’s arm while Alex smoothly withdraws a small vial of blood from the other. Alex steps out for a second to get Lena’s blood tested and get the DEO doctor. Lena rests her head back, closes her eyes and puts her free hand on her stomach. She’s still not showing a lot, could pass it off for being bloated if she wants, but not for long.

“Not exactly how I planned my day would go.” She says with a deep breath, her voice sounding strained and tired and she knows she’s not going back to work today. Not if Kara and Alex have a say in it, not if Jess has a say in it either.

Right then, Lena’s phone starts ringing. Kara gets up and hands Lena the device with a “no work calls!”. Lena answers it; it’s Jess calling to confirm she’s gone off somewhere with Kara and has not been kidnapped again. When Lena’s reassured Jess she’s indeed with Kara and won’t return to L-Corp today, Alex steps back in the room with a woman in scrubs in her wake whom she introduces as doctor Hamilton.

With the formalities out of the way, dr. Hamilton starts asking Lena’s questions from a list. She tries to answer them truthfully but Kara still has to correct her sometimes. “Lena, you do get sick a lot.” And “Jess told me you fell asleep at your desk the other day, so don’t say you don’t feel exhausted.”

“Oh, I might be a little fatigued. A lot.” She corrects with an eye roll when Kara gives her a hard stare. Doctor Hamilton doesn’t comment, just takes notes on all of Lena’s answers and it makes it easier for Lena to tell the truth because she doesn’t feel like she’s being judged. When they’re done with the last question, doctor Hamilton rolls up an ultrasound device.

“Now for the fun part, if you could please bare your stomach for me.” She says to Lena while she starts turning on the device.

Lena unzips her skirt, folds down the top of it and lifts her shirt to expose her belly. Doctor Hamilton positions the device in a such a way Lena can see the screen. She squirts a gel-like substance on an ultrasound wand and fixes some settings before taking a seat next to Lena.

“It might be a little cold, but let’s take a look at that baby.” She puts the wand on Lena’s stomach, who reflexively tightens her muscles at the contact with the cold substance.

“Let’s see,” Doctor Hamilton moves the wand along Lena’s stomach until she seems to find something she’s satisfied with. “Here we go. Looks like this one’s a little camera shy. Let me just- Ah, now that’s a pretty picture. Here is the head, and a little foot. I think someone has the hiccups.” She smiles a little while pointing at the screen to show them what she’s talking about.

Lena watches the screen with a soft smile on her face and she squeezes Kara’s hand slightly. Doctor
Hamilton’s free hand starts pressing buttons on the device while the other finds some different angles to look at the baby. “Now for some measurements and then I’ll turn on the Doppler and have a look at the heart and let you hear the heartbeat, okay?”

She presses more buttons and hums some unintelligible things under her breath before changing the settings one more time. The wand moves a little and suddenly the whole room is filled with the fast and steady beating of a tiny heart.

A tear escapes from Lena’s eye. “They’re okay. They’re okay.” She whispers more to herself than anyone else. She’d been so afraid she’d killed her own baby by not taking care of herself. By not realising she wasn’t taking care of herself until it would be too late.

“They’re doing mighty fine. Everything checks out, the measurements are all within range and I can’t see any abnormalities.” Doctor Hamilton confirms. She removes the wand and the room is suddenly extremely silent.

“Could I just, listen to it a little longer?” Lena asks a little timidly.

“Oh course!” The wand is back and after a few seconds the room is filled with the baby’s heartbeat again. After a few minutes, the wand is removed again but this time the sound doesn’t disappear; doctor Hamilton has put it on a loop on the device. Lena gets handed some tissues to clean her stomach and doctor Hamilton cleans the device. She wishes them good luck and says her goodbyes before leaving the room with Alex.

By the time Alex returns, Lena has scooted closer to Kara, their bodies almost touching. Kara’s thumb still softly tracing over Lena’s knuckles.

“Is it okay if I turn it off?” Alex asks after letting them enjoy the moment for a little longer.

Kara looks at Lena, waiting for her to decide. Lena hums and nods her head. She doesn’t think she can ever get enough of the sound of her baby’s heartbeat but she knows they have to turn it off some time. Alex sits down the stool on Lena’s other side and waits until Lena looks at her.

“I got the results back from your blood sample.” She says. Her voice is neutral, deliberately emotionless. Lena and Kara both stare at her in anticipation.

“Lena, you’ve got to learn to listen to your body. The baby seems fine, but you are dehydrated, malnourished and anaemic.” Lena lets out a relieved breath of air, at the least the baby is okay. After her initial reaction she guiltily casts her eyes down. She knows the baby can only be fine for the rest of the pregnancy if she is too. If she starts taking care of herself and listen to what she needs.

“I’m prescribing you some iron tablets and other prenatal vitamins. For your nausea you should first try some other solutions like ginger tablets, peppermint, or special lollies meant to reduce nausea. I’m also going to hook you up to an IV with some fluids to help with the dehydration. You can’t fight me on that,” Alex says when she sees Lena opening her mouth to protest. “I won’t let you leave before you’ve had an IV and some sleep. Our talk can wait until then.” Lena sags back on the bed.

Alex hooks her up to an IV while Kara sits by her side, still holding her hand. Lena barely registers Alex stepping out again before she drifts off, letting her exhaustion take over and listening, really listening, to her body for the first time in weeks.
I want to thank you all again for the comments and kudos. Sorry for torturing you but you know you love it :P
Your comments and kudos keep me motivated, and that's why this chapter is here sooner than after a week!
Come talk to me on my tumblr!

Don't forget to tell me about how you feel about Sanvers breaking up! And of course also please leave comments on what you think of this chapter and such. :P
Twenty-Seven

Chapter Notes

Warning for very, very graphic depictions of violence. It's gruesome and disgusting. If you want to avoid it: it's the part in Italics, I think you're safe to read until mentions of a knife if you want to get the gist of what happens.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As soon as Kara hears Lena’s heartbeat slow down, she moves to untie her shoes and cover her with a blanket. Lena looks so fragile, alone in hospital bed. Her relaxed features make her look her age. Kara sometimes forgets she’s just twenty-four. Two years younger than her. Lena is so good at putting up a front, dressing older, acting older, it’s no wonder Kara sometimes forgets.

Kara sits back down, her hand once again holding onto Lena’s. The brunette shifts in her sleep, rolling over to face Kara and placing her other hand over their entwined ones.

“She looks peaceful when she’s sleeping.” Alex’s soft voice pierces the air. Kara hadn’t even noticed her entering, too enthralled by Lena’s sleeping form.

“She does.” Kara puts her free hand on Lena’s hand creating a mesh of hands.

Alex puts some bottles with pills on the bedside table and takes the stool from Lena’s other side. She puts it next to Kara and takes a seat beside her little sister.

“I take it she didn’t really have a say in any of this happening. In becoming pregnant.” Alex says, looking at the sleeping woman on the bed.

“No, it was all Rhea. She didn’t even realise until weeks later.” Kara’s voice is soft, as not to wake up Lena.

“She doesn’t seem to ever catch a break, does she?”

“No.” Kara shakes her head, visibly heartbroken by everything Lena has to withstand.

“Hey, she’s family now Kar.” Alex says as she places a hand on Kara’s knee. “We’ll all look after her. She’s no longer alone, and she has more people than just you in her corner now.”

“Thanks Alex.” Kara leans to the side and rests her head on her sister’s shoulder. Alex scoots a little closer and puts her arm around Kara’s shoulder.

They both look at Lena as she sleeps, sitting in silence as Alex sensed Kara’s not in the mood for small talk. Kara’s hands are still entwined with Lena’s and all three of them are oblivious to anything that may be going on outside the door of the very room they are in.

“She scared me, Alex.” Kara says when she feels like talking again.

“I know, Kara. I know. She scared me too. But you did good bringing her here. Now we can look
after her together. Help her look after herself.” Alex whispers back.

“Thank you.” Kara says a little in awe. Alex is a lot more supportive than she ever could have dreamed. Alex gives her shoulder a little squeeze.

“That’s what big sisters are for, Kara, and I think by now she’s done more than enough to prove herself. She’s so nice and she tries so hard.”

“It’s unfair. She’s so good, you know. She’s just twenty-four and she’s already had to bury two parents, watch her brother go insane and get sent to jail, get kidnapped by her own mother and then testify against her. Get abducted by an alien, forced to marry her son, and now she’s impregnated by that alien against her own will. All while she’s still fighting to have people believe in her and not judge her for her last name. It’s not fair.”

“No, it’s not. Life never is.”

“I just want her to be safe. I love her so much.”

“Oh, Kara, I know. But even though you want to, you can’t wrap her up in bubble wrap and lock her away.”

“I know I can’t but sometimes I still want to, to stop everyone and everything from hurting her.” Kara releases one hand from Lena’s hold to wrap it around her sister. The other is still holding on to Lena, a silent reassurance she’s still here. A reassurance to herself Lena is still here, Lena’s going to be okay. Lena shifts a little in her sleep and mumbles something about ‘cargo’ and ‘weight distribution’ causing Kara and Alex to giggle a little. Even asleep, she’s still thinking of new invention no doubt meant to save the world in their own way.

“I’m sorry I never told you I’m bi. I don’t think I realised before.” Kara says after a while.

“It’s okay. You’ve told me on Krypton it was different. I- it’s okay.” Alex says, placing a kiss on Kara’s temple. “You should never feel like you’re obligated to tell someone. Not me, not anyone. That’s your own decision.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Loud shouting from outside the room suddenly draws their attention. An agent rips open the door, his eyes frantic as he searches for something. They finally settle on Kara.

“There’s an alien trying to take children from a school. We need Supergirl.” He says, desperation clear in his voice. He doesn’t wait for Kara to respond, just turns around and walks away.

Kara’s eyes find Alex’s, the brown ones reassuring her. Comforting her.

“I’ll stick with her. They need you, those kids need you Kara.” Alex’s hands rest on her shoulders, giving her a small squeeze. “They need a hero. I’ll make sure Lena’s okay.”

Kara nods and gently untangles her hand from Lena’s. She gets up and places a kiss on the sleeping woman’s head before walking to the door. There, she turns around and looks at her sister sitting by Lena’s side.

“Don’t let her wake up alone, please.” She requests of her sister.

“I won’t.” Alex says and with that, Kara turns around and rushes off to do her superhero duty as fast as she can.
She’s sitting on the couch in her office, her feet propped up in the air. L-Corp just announced a new type of drone that carry heavy loads and can be used to assist in any disaster by delivering necessary equipment, food and medical supplies to the area. Her hands rest on her protruding stomach. Any day now her baby will join the world. She rests her head back and closes her eyes, enjoying this brief moment of calm. Her baby lazily twirling inside her, caressing her from the inside. She matches the movements and places her hands where her stomach protrudes even more, feeling like it helps connect them.

The door to her balcony slides open, but she doesn’t look up. The only person who uses that door is Kara. Light footsteps approach her and stop just in front of her. Lena sends her a soft smile, acknowledging her presence but wanting to savour the moment a while longer. It’s been a while since the baby hasn’t been actively trying to bruise her insides short of when they’re sleeping.

“You look so good with my heir in there. You can still change your mind and come with me, rule over our kingdom.”

It’s not Kara’s voice speaking. It’s not Kara who entered her office through the balcony. Lena’s eyes shoot open, her whole body tenses and she shoots back towards the armrest of the couch, putting as much distance between her and the woman in front of her. Her head shaking profusely.

“I’m not coming with you to that twisted kingdom of yours. I’m not letting my child grow up there.” Her hand carefully holds on the tiny life inside her.

“Oh, Lena, you can’t get away from me. You’ve got something I want and I always get what I want.” Rhea’s arm shoots out and grabs Lena by her ankle. Lena kicks and squirms, but it’s futile. Rhea drags her from the couch by her leg and pins her on the ground. Seemingly out of nowhere, a glinting knife appears. Its dark handle decorated with crystals, the blade shiny and sharp.

“This knife took my husband’s life, now it will grant a new one.” Rhea says, trailing it along Lena’s cheek without breaking the skin.

“No! No! Please don’t- you don’t have to!” Lena screams, begs of her. Her squirming increasing but all it does is cause Rhea to push her into the ground harder, painfully hard. The Daxamite queen is so much stronger than her. She’s pinned down with a single hand on her chest, the other holds the knife and tugs at Lena’s shirt. It drags the fabric up, exposing the taut skin of her belly. Lena kicks and screams, cries and twists and begs but Rhea doesn’t pay it any attention. She merely places a knee over Lena’s legs, pinning her lower body to the ground too. She trails her fingers over Lena’s abdomen, caressing it. Lena feels the baby kick against the touch, as if trying to fight her away too. Rhea removes her hand and places the blade on one side of Lena’s abdomen.

“Lena?”

She shifts her head, trying to pinpoint the voice but she can’t see anyone. Her screaming increases, hoping the person connected to the voice can hear her.

“Please, help me, please. Don’t let her take my baby. Please, please!”

Rhea presses down on the knife and drags it towards the other side of Lena’s stomach, causing red drops to form in its wake.

“Lena?”The voice again, soft and kind as if it can’t see what’s happening. What Rhea is doing to Lena. To her baby.
Rhea pulls the knife back and tries to push back the skin but doesn’t seem to be successful. She puts her knife back in the wound, putting on more pressure and cutting deeper. Cutting through the underlying tissue, gashing open Lena’s uterus.

“Please, Rhea. Please don’t do this!” Lena’s pleading becomes hopeless. She feels like there’s no way to change the older woman’s mind but can’t help trying.

“Lena?!” She feels a warm hand on her arm, but when she looks there’s no one there. Someone’s playing mind games with her. Taunting her, laughing at her. Watching on how she’s being dissected, mocking her for crying and screaming, for fighting.

Rhea puts the knife away and forces her hand inside the incision. Lena can feel her fingers prodding inside her, taking a hold of her child. A maniacal laugh escapes Rhea as she wraps her fingers around a tiny limb.

“Rhea, please. No, no, no. Rhea! Please, Rhea!” Lena sobs.

Rhea’s other hand joins its partner, releasing its hold on Lena but she’s too afraid of hurting her baby if she moves now. Both hands grab inside her, holding on to the tiny body and starting to pull.

“Lena? Wake up.”

Tears stream down her face, her breathing is uneven and her heart feels like it’s beating out of her chest but there’s no Rhea. There’s no hands prodding and poking inside her. Lena’s hands shoot towards her stomach to reassure herself nothing happened. Rhea didn’t cut her open. Her hands land on the rough fabric of a blanket.

Soft but firm hands land on top of her upper arms. A soothing voice talking to her, the same voice in her dream. She doesn’t really hear what the voice says but looks in its direction anyway, needing something to ground her.

Alex is sitting by her bed, holding on to her hands. Watching over her with concern in her eyes.

“Alex,” Lena chokes out, her hands moving to hold on to Alex. Clutching at the fabric of Alex’s sleeves. She doesn’t say anything else. She probably can’t say anything else as she starts crying. Her dream was so vivid, is still so fresh in her mind. She barely notices Alex climbing on the bed with her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her closer. She instinctively buries her face in the offered shoulder to cry on and she starts bawling her eyes out. Her whole body convulses but she still tries to talk.

“S-sorry. Alex. I’m- I’m. Sorry.” Alex doesn’t move beneath her just whispers reassurances that Lena can’t listen to, feeling too guilty for making Alex babysit her. “You. Probably. Have work. To do. You. Should. Go.” Lena tells her but makes no move to actually let her go.

“They don’t need me, they can handle it. I’ve got you.”

It’s enough to prompt Lena to break down completely, to make her feel safe enough to show her weakness and pain.

“I’ve got you.” Alex repeats in Lena’s hair, her voice no more than a whisper but the volume just right for Lena to hear her and not get startled. “I won’t let anything happen to you.”

“I was.” Lena hiccups, one hand indicating her stomach was a lot bigger, indicating that she was
heavily pregnant in her dream. “And she- And then.”

“You don’t need to tell me, Lena. Not if you don’t want to.”

“She cut me.” Lena ignores Alex and traces a finger from one hip to the other, showing Alex what Rhea had done. What she had dreamt Rhea did. “She laughed- she wanted- And I couldn’t do anything.” Lena wraps her arm protectively around her abdomen and curls further into Alex, her tears soaking the agent’s shirt.

“You’re safe, Lena. We won’t let anyone hurt you. Rhea’s not going to hurt you, either one of you.” Alex puts the arm not wrapping Lena up on the CEO’s arm covering her stomach. “Rhea’s dead, Lena. She’s dead and she’s never coming back. Kara, and I, and Maggie, and Winn, and everyone here at the DEO is going to keep you from getting hurt again.”

Lena’s sobs quiet down and she runs her fingers beneath her eyes to clear away any running makeup and the remaining tears. Alex doesn’t yet let go, though. Lena can’t help but wonder if Alex used to hold Kara like this when Kara came to Earth first, when everything became too loud and too much. She remembers Kara telling her Alex would help, Alex would be the only person who could really help. That is, after their endless fighting and bickering had stopped. Before that, Eliza helped but it wasn’t the same as Alex.

“Where’s Kara?” Lena asks, only now noticing her absence.

“Supergirl emergency, she had to save a school full of kids. But she’s fine!” Alex adds quickly at seeing Lena’s worried expression. “She can handle it. I wouldn’t lie to you.”

Lena nods and tries to pat some crinkles out of Alex’s shirt where her hand had gripped tightly onto the fabric and scrunched it up.

A knock on the door sends them springing apart, Lena releasing Alex and tugging on her shirt to look a little more representable while Alex flies to the stool by the bed and puts a serious and stern expression on her face. Their eyes meet for a second, making an unspoken agreement; nobody hears about this. The door opens and Winn’s head peaks through.

“Alex, it’s Kara. She says she’ll only talk to you.” Winn’s eyes drift from Alex to Lena, who’s still perched on the bed. They widen a little in surprise but Alex cuts off his view by placing herself in his line of sight as she makes her way over. She takes a small device from him and thanks him, effectively sending him back out to the hallway. She closes the door behind him and puts the device in her ear. With a press on the earpiece, Lena hears someone talking on the other end of the line. She can’t decipher what they’re saying but Alex cuts them off.

“She’s fine. Kara, calm down. She’s fine. She had uhm-” Alex looks at Lena, silently asking if it’s okay to tell Kara what happened. Lena nods her consent and Alex starts talking, again cutting off Kara. “She had a bad dream, but she’s okay now. Mhmm, mhm. Yeah, I think so. Mhmm. Yes, you should. That’s a good idea.” Alex says, talking a little with Kara before she hands the earpiece over to Lena.

Lena puts the device in her ear and immediately can hear a lot of background noise. She hears running feet, screaming, sirens and something that sounds like a wall cracking.

“Kara?”

“Lena?! Hmmppff.” A faint thumb resonates through the device. Kara breathes hard before she speaks
again, sounding a little more out of breath. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, yes. Kara, are you okay?” Lena asks worriedly.

“I’m fine. I’m Fine.” Kara says with a grunt and Lena can hear another thwack in the background. This time it sounds more like Kara threw the punch, a very distant growl sounding in the background.

“Please be safe.” Lena pleads.

“I will, I can take him.” Kara replies followed by the distinct sound of Kara’s heatvision.

“Okay, just be safe.” Lena says before handing the earpiece back to Alex when she doesn’t get an immediate reply. She doesn’t want to distract Kara from her fight any more than strictly necessary. Though she’s worried, she knows Kara will not fight better when she has to keep a conversation going.

“Kara, you get your head in there and come back here in one piece.” Alex orders her, before she pushes the button on the earpiece again.

“She’ll be fine. She can take him.” Alex tells Lena with such conviction it’s hard for Lena to imagine she’s lying.

“Oh, Alex, your shirt! I’m so sorry.” Lena suddenly says, embarrassment and remorse sounding through in her voice. She’s only just now noticed the dark spots her tears left behind, and though she noticed the crinkles before, she didn’t realise half Alex’s shirt was ruined by them.

“Oh.” Alex looks down surprised and shrugs. “I’ve got plenty in my locker. I’ll just change later.”

“Do you need me to pay for dry cleaning? I’ll totally pay for the dry cleaning. Let me get my purse.” Lena moves to get up but Alex’s hand coax her back down.

“Lena, you don’t have to.” She says with a laugh. “We’ve got machines here and it’s a lot easier to get cleaned than blood or weird alien bodily fluids.” Alex shivers at what must a memory of getting covering in some alien’s goo.

“Oh, okay. Okay.” Lena says meekly as she slowly sits up.

“Here,” Alex moves to the bedside table and extracts some pills from different bottles. “You should take these. They’ll help.” She hands a few pills to Lena and a bottle of water and continues explaining what they’re for and how often and when Lena needs to take them.

Lena takes the offered pills with some water while Alex starts checking out the IV pump. The bag is empty and Alex asks Lena’s hand to remove the needle. She puts a small band aid on the wound and starts putting away everything.

“You don’t have to do all of this for me, you know.” Lena says, feeling a little overwhelmed with all the care that has been given to her today.

“I want to. You’re family now, Lena. We care about family and we take care of family when they need it. You might not realise it, but we do, care about you. Kara most of all, more than you even realise. And, in case I ever need it, I hope you’re there for me too.” Alex says with a smile, turning around to finally meet Lena’s eyes.

“Yes, of course. That’s the least I can do.” Lena replies with a proud smile. It amazes her how, in
such a short time, she’s gained Alex’s trust so completely and of course she’s willing to do everything and anything for Kara’s sister.

Alex finishes tidying the room while Lena slowly sits up and lets her legs drop over the edge of the bed, her feet suspended a little above the floor. She watches as Alex puts everything back into place and throws out the needle and fluid bag previously attached to Lena. She looks over at Lena and seems to have an internal battle.

“I hate asking you this, but do you mind telling me what happened on the ship. In an interrogation room so we can record it.” She asks then, startling Lena a little with her request but the CEO is determined not to show that.

“Okay.” Lena complies and she scoots off the bed, mindful not to stand up too fast in fear of getting dizzy again. Alex hands her her purse and the pill bottles from the bedside table, which she quickly drops inside the bag before hanging it over her shoulder.

Alex leads the way out the corridor, across the bustling centre and into a small room. She points Lena to a chair and sits down on the one across the table herself. Lena plops down her bag and fixes her hair, trying to keep herself occupied to keep her mind from replaying everything over and over more than necessary. Alex’s hands move to a box on the side of the table and while her hands fumble with it, a bright red led lights up in a top corner of the room. She sits back up straight and looks at Lena, her eyes are serious but not unfriendly and Lena doesn’t feel like she’s being interrogated, more like she’s being listened to for once.

“Miss Luthor, could you tell me your side of the story surrounding the Daxamite invasion.” Alex requests formally. Lena sits up ramrod straight before she starts talking. She tells Alex about meeting Rhea, finding out she’s an alien but agreeing to work with her anyway because the project was solid and could provide so much for Earth. She tells her about building the portal, Rhea taking over and opening it, Supergirl, J’onn and Mon-El showing up. About the Daxamite ships flying in and waking up suddenly in a strange bed, clad in a dress that wasn’t hers. Rhea caressing her cheek -she shudders a little at the memory. She tells Alex about Rhea’s plans for her and New Daxam. About the arranged marriage and demand of an heir. How she was forced to accept when Rhea threatened to destroy the Luthor Children’s hospital. She recollects their attempt at escaping, shooting a Daxamite and Supergirl and Lillian showing up. How relieved she was that Supergirl and her mother showed up to take her back to solid ground. Lillian having Hank Henshaw close the portal and leaving behind Supergirl and Mon-El on the ship. How angry she was that her mother did such a thing. She tells Alex about building the lead-device and finally about finding out she’s pregnant, six weeks later.

Alex asks Lena to confirm Mon-El’s consent in the marriage and creating an heir.

“You don’t happen to know what method was used to impregnate you? Whether Mon-El raped you while unconscious or Rhea implanted an embryo.” Alex asks, looking like it takes everything in her to keep up her put together and objective demeanour.

“I don’t know.” Lena admits. “I was out cold. But I don’t think he did that. He did say Rhea only needed a hair for procreation, implying he wasn’t actually involved himself.” Her formal wording is a way to keep everything in her to keep up her put together and objective demeanour.

“Thank you, miss Luthor.” Alex says. She presses another button and the small red light turns off. She lets her cold front slip off her face and an array of emotions take their turn appearing.

“If I ever get my hands on that glorified frat boy,” She hisses, letting the unfinished threat hang
heavy in the air.

“No, Alex, he didn’t do anything.” Lena pleads.

“That’s the whole problem, isn’t it? He never does anything.” Alex says bitterly.

“It’s not his fault. He didn’t help them come here.” Lena says, her head downcast.

“Like hell it isn’t. You, on the other hand, have nothing to feel guilty about. You had no idea what Rhea had planned. It definitely isn’t your fault, Lena. The only person who blames you is you.” Alex tells her, calming down a little. “Ugh, I regret every day trying to push Kara to date him because he was from the same solar system. I should’ve just… Done something way back then. But now-”

“Alex, please don’t do anything you’ll regret. He’s not worth it.”

“Oh, but I won’t reg- Kara?” Alex says surprised when the door slams open and Kara struts inside. The blonde fixes her older sister with a glare, then looks over at Lena before looking back at Alex with another angry glare.

“Alex, I told you-”

“Kara,” Lena interrupts the blonde, getting up to move closer to her. “Alex has been nothing but nice.”

Alex still glares at Alex, before giving in and looking Lena in the eye. “Are you sure?”

“One hundred percent.” Lena says as she places a hand on Kara’s bicep.

“Okay,” Kara deflates a little and her gaze softens. “How are you feeling?”

“Better, a lot better.” Lena says after a short silence.

“So, not great?” Kara asks a little worried. Lena’s rich laugh fills the room, Kara always has the keening ability to detect when she avoids telling something.

“A little queasy, but not too bad thankfully.” Lena spills.

“Well, I think I need to have a talking to with someone.” Kara says with a stern face.

“Kar, I can’t fix everything with pills and they don’t work this fast.” Alex says exasperatedly.

“I wasn’t talking about you.” Kara says to Alex as if it is obvious.

“Oh, Kara I-” Lena starts but she stops as soon as Kara sinks down on her knees, her nose almost touching Lena’s belly.

“Please stop making your mommy feel so bad, peanut.” Kara says softly, her lips now fully touching the fabric of Lena’s top. “We all love you and I know you’re probably hungry but if you keep making your mommy feel sick you won’t actually get anything to eat, you know. Now, be a good peanut because I got your mommy her favourite vegetable lasagne and if you behave she might even feed you some potstickers or a donut.” Kara finishes, giving Lena’s stomach a small kiss before leaning back and getting up. Lena can’t help weeping for the second time in an hour, this time though for a completely different reason.

“Ohh, Lena.” Kara says tenderly before wrapping her in a hug.
“Hormones.” Alex supplies with a laugh and good-natured roll of her eyes.

Lena laughs through her tears, there’s really nothing more she wants in her life than for these two to be there for her. She feels so warm and happy. In the back of her mind a small voice keeps telling her she can’t have this for forever, one day Kara will move on and find someone else to share her life with but for now, Lena pushes that voice back and enjoys the moment.

The food is sublime. Lena doesn’t know whether Kara’s speech somehow helped even though the baby can’t hear yet, Alex’s pills did something or it’s just natural progression, but she enjoys her food better than she has in a long time. Maybe even better than she ever has. She finishes her entire dish and Kara looks so proud and happy. And cute with half a piece of pizza still sticking out of her mouth because there’s no way she’s going to stop eating when there’s food in front of her.

When Kara offers her a donut she can’t refuse it, not only because she can’t refuse anything from Kara but also because Kara did promise her baby one if they stopped making Lena feel sick. At least, that what she keeps telling herself.

Alex gives her a cd with a recording of the baby’s heartbeat, a sonogram picture and tells her to go home and rest and not overdo it on the work for, well, the next nine months. As Kara cleans up the containers that held their food, Alex leans over. “Call me if you need it, anytime.” She tells Lena. Then she gets up, says her goodbye and is off to work again.

Kara offers to stay with her, and though Lena would love her to she knows she can’t. If she wants to quench these stupid feelings for Kara she needs to suffocate them and she can’t do that when Kara’s around all the time, when she’s reminded of what she wants constantly. She kindly declines, telling Kara to go do her job before she doesn’t even have one anymore due to taking so much time off. Kara does walk her up to the car that’s arrived to pick her up and reminds her not to work today. With a laugh Lena promises not to go back to work. As soon as she’s in the back of her car though, she bends the rules a little and takes out her phone. She’s not going in to L-Corp and how much harm is one phone call to an old acquaintance really? She puts her phone to her ear and waits for the other end of the line to be picked up.

“Samantha Arias” The familiar voice comes through. Lena feels herself relax a little more knowing she can have this arranged right now.

“Sam, hey! How soon can you be in National City and start working?”

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on my tumblr!

Thanks everyone for all the support and super nice comments! I’ve made up my mind about Sanvers, you'll see what happens...

I can't promise I'll be able to update next week because I've got a hectic week ahead and am struggling with next chapter. But who knows, I might get another bout of inspiration (like almost all the previous times I thought I didn't know where exactly to take the
chapter) and finish it in time. A surefire way to motivate me, though, is leaving kudos and comments. ;)

Twenty-Eight

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the great comments and the lovely kudos!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Tell me everything! Who’s this new mysterious CFO of yours?” Kara asks, twirling around to face Lena and walking backwards for a few steps.

“I don’t own her, Kara.” Lena laughs and moves her purse from one arm to the other. “She’s called Sam, what else do you want to know?”

Kara hooks her elbow around Lena’s and pulls the brunette closer. “How did you meet?”

“She worked in the same building Jack and I did, for this small financial office. We both used to work until late in the night and we would run into each other when leaving or coming in early when the other left. We brought each other coffee sometimes. Oh! Here it is.” Lena pulls on Kara’s arm and drags the blonde with her to a sleek little store.

Kara raises her eyebrows. “I thought we were going to this maternity store I found because you need new clothes.”

“We are, we are. But I also need new clothes for the press conference and gala and I don’t want some weird obsessed stalker finding out I’m wearing maternity clothes before I decide to tell the world. And I need to look good, in something fitted and this is the place.” Lena steps inside and causes a small bell to ring.

Kara’s eyes bulge as she takes in the interior of the shop. Mannequins clad in expensive suits and gowns, a wall filled with ties in every colour of the rainbow costing more a piece than a month worth of rent for Kara’s apartment, a small stage in front of the fitting rooms used for adjustments. She takes it all in, jaw practically on the floor, while Lena checks out some of the dresses on display.

A frail looking old man appears from the back of the shop, making his way over to them with shuffling steps assisted by a richly decorated cane.

“Lena! How lovely to see you here. To what do we owe the pleasure?” He walks over and takes hold of one of her hands, gently patting it before giving her a once over as if to check whether she’s doing okay. He doesn’t wait for a reply and gently tugs her towards one of the deep red gowns on display. “You look a bit peaky. I hope you’re not overworking yourself. I know you have a business to run, but you’re only human, dearie, and you’ve got to have some time to yourself. This one will look just lovely on you, it’s your colour.” He pulls a part of the flowing skirt across Lena to strengthen his point.

Lena laughs wholeheartedly at him, her eyes crinkling in the corners and Kara wonders how often she’s come here to get clothes tailored. From the looks of it, the familiarity between the two, she’s a regular.

“I’m doing okay. I might’ve been working a little too much lately but I’m getting that sorted out.”
Lena reassures him and Kara can’t help a small smile creeping up on her face. She knows Lena’s been making a real effort and she already looks a lot better than a week before. “How are you doing, Mr. Parks? And how’s the wife, children and grandchildren?” She inquires politely.

Kara stops eavesdropping on the pair, they seem to have forgotten -or maybe not even noticed- she’s in the story too and she uses their distraction to check out some of the clothes on display. She walks past some men’s suits and looks at some of the dresses. Her eyes end up getting drawn to a beautiful one on the end. She walks over to give it a better look. It’s the deepest blue, the colour of the sky at night. A small piece of the same dark blue fabric with a sparkly finish wraps around the waist, making it look even more like the night’s sky. The long dress is everything Kara imagined from a shop Lena would buy her clothes, especially the ones she wears to galas and other events she no doubt has to attend.

“That one would look gorgeous on you.” Lena’s voice sounds beside her ear and Kara jumps ever so slightly at the unexpected sound.

“Rao, Lena!” Kara says, her hand clutched to her chest trying to slow her heart rate down.

“Sorry,” Lena laughs. “I didn’t mean to startle you. But it would be a waste not to wear it to the gala.”

“Lena, that dress costs more than everything I own. Combined. I can’t afford it.” Kara adds when Lena looks unfazed.

Lena, however, simply replies with “I can,” and a shrug.

“I- Lena, that’s- I can’t. You don’t- I can’t accept that!” Kara splutters.

Lena takes a step closer, facing Kara. “Consider it a thank you for taking me to the DEO and talking to the peanut, I’ve been feeling a lot better since.” She tells her, gently taking hold of one of Kara’s hand and placing it over the small protrusion of her abdomen. Kara looks her in the eye and only sees gratitude and appreciation, until something else flashes in Lena’s eyes and she drops Kara’s hand as if she’s been burnt.

“I didn’t introduce you yet. Mr. Parks, this is Kara. Kara, Mr. Parks.” Lena talks so fast she’s almost stumbling over her words as she rushes away from Kara and towards Mr. Parks. Kara feels like she’s got whiplash and can’t keep up, having no clue what in the world just happened nor why. She tries to wrap her head around it, but it’s rather futile. Lena’s voice keeps going and doesn’t grant Kara any time to think about it.

“Kara will have the blue dress over there,” Lena says, pointing at the dress in question. “You can charge it to my card.”

“Lena, I can’t-” Kara protests but it falls on deaf ears and she’s ushered on the small stage by Mr. Parks to get some measurements. Kara doesn’t protest more, knowing Lena is too stubborn to ever take back what she’s said, not that she’d probably want that anyway. Lena’s turned face away from Kara, feigning interest in the people walking by outside the shop windows. Kara can tell she’s fumbling with her hands like she always does when she’s anxious and doesn’t have anything to channel her nervous energy. She desperately wants to reach out and ask her what’s wrong but Mr. Parks has her tied up in measuring tape. By the time she’s done, Lena seems more like her old self and Kara decides not to bring it up now opting for a nice and relaxed afternoon of shopping. They can do the talking later, over dinner at one of their places.

Lena takes Kara’s place on the small stage to allow Mr. Parks to take her new measurements. Kara
watches on as Lena and the tailor fall into comfortable conversation and Kara wonders if Lena’s already told him or Mr. Parks is just very discreet as he not once comments on the change in Lena’s size. He writes all the measurements down while they talk about L-Corp and Mr. Park’s family a little more while Kara happily sits to the side. That is, until Mr. Parks turns to her and changes the topic of conversation.

“So, Kara, I heard you are a reporter. That must be a very exciting job.” His wrinkly face turning into one big smile.

“Yes, I am. I really like it.” Kara’s a little flabbergasted Mr. Parks knows what she does for a living. She realises that must mean Lena has told him; Kara can’t really think of any other way for him to know. “It’s just something different every day. You never know what a day looks like. Sometimes it’s only writing and editing and getting back articles filled with red marks and other days it’s going in the field, interviewing, researching. I love it. But I don’t know whether I’d ever have thought about it if it wasn’t for Lena. She thought I was a reporter before I actually became one. She gave me the initial idea to pursue it.” Kara admits, smiling briefly at Lena and noticing a small blush appearing on the brunette’s cheeks. She’s not sure if it’s because of what she said or because Mr. Parks whispers “she’s a keeper,” to Lena. The latter at least does make Kara blush. If only it were possible for her to have Lena as something more than her best friend.

A few hundred dollars, a dozen bathroom breaks for Lena, and three food breaks for Kara later and Kara and Lena are back at the reporter’s apartment. Lena had needed some persuasion to join Kara for an after-shopping-movie Kara totally did not make up just to have a reason to spend more time together. But not only did she want to relax a little, she also wanted to talk to Lena. The brunette had been acting different for a while now though at first Kara hadn’t realised. She’d been shutting herself off, or maybe just shutting Kara out, Kara couldn’t really tell. Kara hadn’t been able to really point out what exactly it was that bugged her, until today. Lena reaching out for Kara and then pulling back like she’d burned herself had opened Kara’s eyes. Lena must’ve been acting weird since she told her about being Supergirl. Even though Lena didn’t seem to have a problem with aliens and even told Kara she has no problem with her not being human, there’s probably something her subconscious tells her. Maybe she’s afraid Kara will hurt her because she still sometimes slips up with her powers when her emotions get out of control. Maybe she’s just afraid Kara might hurt her baby. Whatever it is, it’s probably about the fact that Kara isn’t human and Kara just needs to hear it from her. Then she can tell Lena’s she’s got nothing to worry about but she’ll keep her distance if that’s what she wants. It’ll break Kara’s heart, but if that is what Lena needs Kara will do it. Kara will do anything if it is what Lena needs.

“Lena,” Kara says, thinking it’s better to just get the talk over with. She sits up straighter to be able to look Lena in the eye. “I want you to be honest with me.”

Lena sits up too, pushing herself up off the side of the couch but sliding away from Kara a little and Kara can’t help notice. Her hands start moving on their own accord and grab hold of a pillow behind her, dragging it on her lap so she has something to do with her hands. Lena gestures for Kara to continue with a nod of her head and a hum approving she’ll be honest.

“Is there- Are you-” Kara takes a deep breath, using the time to form a coherent sentence in her head and forcing it out through her mouth. “Does me being an alien make you uncomfortable?” Kara fidgets with the edges of the pillow, watching as Lena’s eyes widen and her face shifts from surprised to confused.

“No, Kara, no of course not. I couldn’t care less about whether you’re an alien or not.”
“Oh,” Kara says, even more confused now than she was before. “Then, do you just not like me?” She holds her breath, afraid of Lena telling her that’s what is going on. Afraid she’ll lose a piece of her world, maybe even her whole world. Before her fear can bubble up and overtake her, she gets her answer.

“Why would I not like you? You’re my best friend, of course I like you,” Lena says, seeming at least as confused as Kara.

“Because,” Kara says, breathing out heavily as if the single word is enough to convey all her thoughts and feelings to Lena.

When Lena doesn’t seem to understand, she continues. “You’ve been acting … weird. And at first I didn’t think anything of it because maybe you were just busy or dealing with your own stuff and that’s why you didn’t want to spend as much time with me. But then today at that tailor you acted like touching me could hurt you and I just- I don’t want to make you feel uncomfortable,” Kara sighs. She looks up, finally meeting Lena’s eyes and sees the green ones staring at her in shock and filled with tears threatening to spill out but not doing so because Lena wouldn’t be Lena Luthor if she didn’t reel them in for the moment allowing her to say what she needs to say.

“No, Kara. That’s not- I do want to spend time with you and I’m not afraid of you hurting me. I know you would never do that. I’m sorry. I’m sorry for making you feel like that. That was never my intention. I’ll do better. I’m sorry,” Lena says, eyes cast down and fingers nervously picking at her cuticles.

“Was it your mother? Did Lillian threaten you when she visited, or visit again and threaten you?” Kara asks, trying to pinpoint where this behaviour comes from and why Lena’s suddenly so nervous.

Lena shakes her head. “No, no she didn’t do any such thing. I told you, she was nice.”

“Did someone else say something?” Kara shifts from unsure to protective in a heartbeat. If someone said anything that made Lena uncomfortable, Kara will call them out on it and make sure Lena knows she doesn’t care what the others think. Make sure Lena knows, really knows, she’s good and she deserves all the love and support in the world.

“Not like that. I- forget I said that. It’s nothing,” Lena rambles uncharacteristically, and Kara immediately knows something’s up. Lena Luthor does not take back her words or do rambling.

“Talk to me, Lena,” Kara pleas. “What’s going on?”

Lena briefly meets her eyes and Kara sees a sea of emotions in them, hiding behind a weak attempt of coldness. The green eyes are soon cast down again, and Kara is left guessing what’s going on behind them.

“It’s stupid. I’ll get over it. I just don’t want to lose you as a friend.” Lena’s explanation is anything if not cryptic.

“Whatever it is, I don’t think it’s stupid. And you’ll not lose me as a friend for whatever it is that’s going on. I’m here to stay. I’m not going anywhere unless you want me to,” Kara says, supressing the urge to reach out to Lena as she doesn’t look like she wants Kara to.

Lena slowly shakes her head, her eyes closed and she blinks them open sluggishly only to shrug and start picking at invisible lint on her leg.

“Who said something? Because I swear, whoever it was, I’ll throw them into space for hurting you,” Kara says when Lena remains quiet.
“It wasn’t like that. She didn’t hurt me or make me hurt.”

Kara makes a mental note Lena used a female pronoun but doesn’t pursue her hunt for finding out who it was, prioritising Lena over it.

“Then what’s going on, Lena? Because you can’t tell me it’s nothing. We promised each other no more lies, so please talk to me.” Kara bends her head to try and catch Lena’s gaze. When she finally succeeds a green storm is looking back at her. A sea of doubt and apprehension hides behind black and green, Lena’s features are as if set in stone, the obvious Luthor mask making it hard, but not impossible, for Kara to read her. She’s uncertain about something and contemplating whether to tell Kara.

The blonde just leans back a little, giving Lena some space. Her hand is resting on the couch between them, not reaching out herself, but allowing Lena to do so if she needs it. Lena looks away for a while before she looks back at Kara, something in her eyes has changed and Kara can’t pinpoint what it is exactly because the sea of hesitation hasn’t changed. Kara tries to look as trustworthy and determined to stay as she can, trying to convince Lena nothing will change between them by sheer power of her eyes and body language. She remembers the pillow in her lap and picks it up, handing it over to Lena for her to hold and keep her hands busy if she needs it. Lena seems glad to have something to hold on to and she clutches the pillow close to her, her fingers finding the worn corners of the fabric while her eyes investigate Kara. After a short moment she seems to have made up her mind.

“I’m sorry,” she starts, and Kara has to stop herself from telling Lena she doesn’t need to apologise. She’s finally started talking and Kara interrupting is no way to motivate her to keep going. So Kara bites her lip and listens intently as Lena lets it all out.

“It’ll pass and it’s just silly and I get it if you don’t want to see me as much. It’s just, I think it was inevitable. I was just lonely and you’re the first person who actually seemed to care and fought for me and wanted to get to know me for me and not for my money or name. And I just- I’d been feeling it for a while, but I never really thought about what it would mean. Not really really thought about it, I mean. And then Maggie pointed it out and I didn’t want to scare you off and lose you as a friend so I kind of made myself increase the distance between us and not see you as often as I wanted because I thought that would be weird. And I’ve never had real friends before so I didn’t know how I was a real friend and when I would be overstepping so I just didn’t really do anything unless you did it and I’m sorry for making you think I had a problem with you being an alien and for making you feel insecure. I’m sorry, Kara, I’ll really do better.” Lena casts her eyes back down at the fabric of the pillow while her fingers play with a loose thread.

“Sorry for what exactly?” Kara asks, still not getting what really happened. She does notice it was Maggie who set it all, whatever ‘it all’ is, in motion and makes a mental note to call her out on it.

“For- for- God, I’m sorry,” Lena says as she stumbles over her own words and silent tears spill from the corners of her eyes. She brings a hand up to rake through her hair as she lets out a frustrated breath at her own inability to voice her thoughts and feelings. “For liking you, as more than friends.”

Kara feels like her brain momentarily short-circuits. Like Lena has just pulled the emergency break and somehow turned off Kara entirely. Kara’s jaw drops slightly in surprise because never in her wildest dreams would she have thought Lena has feelings for her. For someone as silly, tactless and childish as she is at times.

“I’m sorry and I know you could never return those feelings because I’m just me and I’m all broody and serious and I get it that you don’t feel that way. It hurts but it’s okay.”
“Lena,” Kara says, trying to politely interfere.

“It’s only fair after all, because good things don’t come to me and I’ll always have to atone for my family’s wrongdoings, so it’s okay.”

“Lena,” Kara says a little more urgently, wanting Lena to cut off but not wanting to seem rude.

“I’m sorry I feel this right now and it’s totally uncool to jeopardise our friendship like this. I never wanted you to suffer from my feelings, so I’ll be better and I’ll reel them in because it’s unfair on you and—”

“Lena.” Kara puts her hand on Lena’s knee, making her stop mid-sentence in her ramble. Kara hates that Lena is hurting because of something Kara could only wish to happen, something she never actually dared to wish because it was too wild. She hates that Lena is apologising for her feelings and briefly wonders how much pain Lena must’ve endured in her life to feel this way about her own feelings and emotions. She doesn’t let the silence last, however, knowing Lena needs to hear something from her before she eats herself up.

“You like me?” She needs to have it confirmed one more time, just to be sure.

Lena nods, angrily wiping away a stray tear spilling out. In Kara’s head, a little voice chants a single sentence over and over. Lena likes me. Lena likes me. Lena likes me. She scoots closer to the brunette and puts her arms around her, slowly and carefully, giving Lena time to stop her or move away if needed. Lena only seems to lean a little more towards Kara, so Kara wraps her arms around the woman next to her, one across her back and one across her front, her hands resting on Lena’s arm. She pulls her a little closer while Lena rests the hand of her free arm on Kara’s forearm and leans even more into the hug.

“Thank you for telling me,” Kara says to her, feeling that’s the first thing she should address because she wants Lena to know she can always talk to her. “I think now it’s my turn to tell you something.”

Lena stiffens a little in her embrace, but Kara just rests her cheek on Lena’s shoulder for a moment. For Lena that seems enough to convince her Kara’s at least not leaving or going to get angry at her.

“I like you too,” Kara says, cutting to the chase and surprising herself with her ability to say something so coherently in this moment instead of spewing out a word vomit about wanting the same thing and telling herself for a while that it’s not possible because Lena doesn’t want it. “I like you too, I mean,” she clarifies.

Lena doesn’t say anything, and neither does Kara. They sit in silence for a while, both processing the other’s confession and enjoying the feeling of each other’s presence and closeness. In the end, Lena is the first to speak up, her voice a little hoarse and unsure, “you like me? Why?”

Kara lifts her head and looks at Lena with nothing but love in her eyes. “Why not?” she asks, turning the question back on Lena, “Lena, you’re wonderful. You’re strong, smart, funny, beautiful and my best friend. How could I not like you?”

Lena chuckles wetly and Kara can see a few more tears spilling from her eyes as her mouth forms a soft smile. “You are all of those things and more, Lena. I only wish you would see it too,” Kara says, moving her arm a little so Lena can wipe away her tears while she snuggles in a little closer.

“You’re always so happy and cheerful. You can make a room light up simply by walking in. You enjoy the small things in life and you never fail to make me smile,” Lena says as if that answers Kara’s rhetorical question. Kara can’t help but smile at the compliment.
“You never fail to make me smile either, Lena,” she tells her. Kara lifts her cheek from Lena’s shoulder and leans back a little to look at the brunette with her soft, insecure smile and eyes hiding a galaxy.

“Is it okay if I kiss you?” Kara asks, brushing away some of the hairs clinging to Lena’s damp jaw. Lena’s green eyes meet her blue’s and Kara sees the change in them happening.

“Please,” Lena says, nodding her head a little before they both close their eyes and lean in. Their lips meet in the middle, melding together perfectly. Kara’s one hand cupping Lena’s cheek, the other resting on her back while Lena’s hands come up and hold Kara’s waist.

Their first kiss is nothing special, there’s no fireworks or extreme heat, but to Kara it’s perfect. It’s everything she could have wanted in its simplicity. Kara leans back with a goofy grin embedded in her features and she’s sure it’s not going away for a long time. Lena seems to shyly mirror her smile and Kara can’t help but drown in it, taking in every detail of the woman she just kissed from the small scar beneath her eyebrow to the dimple in her cheek when she smiles and from the way her eyes crinkle a little to the slight tilt of her head.

It takes a little while for them to stop staring at each other in awe. Eventually, Lena burrows her face in Kara’s shoulder and snuggles up close with her feet tucked beneath her. Kara envelopes her in a warm embrace and gives her a peck on the top of her head before grabbing a blanket and spreading it over them.

“Movie?” she asks, awkwardly trying to move the remote closer with her feet so she can grab it without letting go of Lena.

Lena laughs at her antics and lets go of Kara for a moment so she can grab the little device. “Movie,” she agrees.

Chapter End Notes

Special thanks to Angel because I needed the support to finish this chapter and the affirmation that it was not super unnatural (because do I know shit about kissing and relationships...? haha no. XD)

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Please comment and leave kudos! I love every single one of them and they keep me going.
“Okay, I give up,” Alex says, throwing her hands up in the air. “What’s got you grinning the whole day? That stupid smile wasn’t even swiped from your face when Winn threatened not to order potstickers for next game night. Kara? Kara!”

Alex waves her hand in front of the hero’s eyes, snapping her out of her daydream.

“What?” Kara says disoriented.

“You just got slimed, yet you can’t stop smiling.”

“I always smile.”

“No, you’re smiling more than usual and I didn’t think that was possible.”

“Today’s just a great day.”

“James said you got yelled at by Snapper, you’re covered in slime and Winn threatened your potstickers.” Alex narrows her eyes at Kara. “Something happened.”

“Nothing happened. Today is just another day. Superheroing and saving the people of National City and-”

“You never use superheroing unless you’re trying to hide something. Spill it, sticky bun.” Alex locks in on Kara and steps closer, sending her younger sister to bump into the control panel behind her as she steps back. Her hands are up and ready to jump on the alien in case she tries escape, Alex knows full well Kara would never hurt her but the girl is fast and getting a grip on her is the only way to slow her down because then she’s too scared to hurt anyone to use her powers. Alex fixes her with a stare and Kara doesn’t even try to run.

“Alex,” she whines, but her older sibling is not backing down. “Fine. Fine! We kissed okay.” Kara’s eyes turn foggy as she replays the memory in her head. She doesn’t even notice the loud squeal escaping Winn’s mouth, quickly cut off when Alex stares at him. Nor does she see her sister’s gaze soften.

“You and Lena?” Alex asks, knowing the answer she’s going to get but wanting to hear it confirmed anyway.

“Yes,” Kara practically melts over the dash she’s still leaning into, “it was just- best kiss ever. Lena is so soft and- it was perfect.”
“Kara, you’re drooling all over my workspace and leaving slime on the dash,” Alex says as she shoves her sister away from the console, “but if you go get cleaned up, I’ll meet you in conference room five and you can tell me everything.”

“And me!” Winn pitches in, rolling past on his chair, catching himself on a control panel on the other side of the small platform and starting to type away again.

Kara rushes off to the showers to get rid of the slime, not caring about the small trail she leaves behind like she’s an actual snail.

“So, let me get this straight, you kissed and watched a movie and then Lena went home?” And neither of you asked the other a date?” Alex asks after Kara finishes gushing about kissing Lena.

“Yes? No? We- I didn’t think of it. Do I have to ask her on a date?” Kara asks, her crinkle appearing on her brow as worry sets in.

“You don’t have to do anything. Do you want to go on a date with her?” Alex is so much better at these things than Kara is. Always asking the right questions and making Kara see what she wants herself instead of forcing her in a certain direction.

“I do. I really do, but what if Lena doesn’t want that? What if she says no?” Kara starts to worry.

“I don’t think she’ll say no, have you seen the way she looks at you?” Winn says, boosting Kara’s confidence a little. It drops just as fast though.

“What if she doesn’t want it because I might have to run away at any moment because I’m Supergirl? What if she thinks it’s too much of a hassle? What if she doesn’t want to go further with a simple reporter? What if-”

“Kar,” Alex places her hand on Kara’s arm and catches her eyes, “that’s all something for Lena to figure out and worrying about it doesn’t help. Do you want to be with Lena? With her work and her family and her being such a public figure?”

“Yes, I don’t mind any of that. I don’t mind her work or the publicity or Lillian and Lex. We’ll figure it out. If she wants it too,” Kara says with a decisive nod.

“Okay, but that’s not entirely what I meant when I said family,” Alex says, her voice soft and kind trying to ease Kara into thinking another direction.

“Lena doesn’t have any other family,” Winn says, a little confused, “or do you mean us because we’ve adopted her in the Superfamily?”

“You mean-” Kara looks at Winn, ignoring his question and trying to gauge if he would catch on. She might be bad at keeping secrets, usually, but this was one she was determined to let Lena tell everyone, “I’m okay with whatever she decides. If she wants it, I could work from home more, and have Supergirl only be called for real emergencies that the DEO can’t fix on their own. And Lena can probably arrange some things with her work too because she’s the CEO. Whatever she says happens, happens.”

“This isn’t just shuffling work to get a little more free time, Kara,” Alex reminds her. “It’s someone entirely depending on you for their survival. It’s late nights and early mornings, waking up at odd hours, not getting enough sleep, being more careful at work because you just can’t risk not getting home safe.”
“I know,” Kara says, “I know. But it’s also loving deeply and-”

“You’re talking about Lena like she can’t take care of herself,” Winn says. Kara had almost forgotten he was there too and she’s just glad he’s a little dense sometimes. She tries to think of what to say, but Alex beats her to it.

“Is that Chang standing in front of your computer? Oh, I think he might be trying to look something up.”

Winn flies out of his chair and out the door, cursing Chang under his breath and stumbling down the stairs out of sight. Kara turns around, looking at Winn’s retreating figure and then over to Winn’s computer and doesn’t see Chang anywhere. She sends Alex a thankful smile for coming up with such a good excuse to get Winn to leave them alone for a moment.

“Are you ready for a baby? Really ready?” Alex pushes. Kara knows she has to think about it, because she has no clue where Lena currently stands on the adoption matter, and she’s both thankful for Alex making her think about it and resents her sister for being so on point and forcing her to do it right now. She takes a moment to think of what life would be with a kid. Specifically, with Lena and her child. Slow Sunday mornings making breakfast for her family, Lena grumbling about coffee and a little boy or girl running around their kitchen, unable to sit still. Lena napping on the couch, with a little baby lying on her chest, her hand protectively over their back. Kara herself holding the baby, rocking in a rocking chair while feeding in the middle of the night to let Lena sleep a bit longer. Chasing a small toddler around the living room, circling the coffee table, Lena sitting at the dinner table with a laptop laughing at the antics of her family. Teaching someone else Kryptonian so Kara’s culture will live forth, even if it might not be by blood. Drawings of their family hung on the refrigerator along with report cards and pictures.

“Kara?” Alex interrupts her train of thought.

“Oh, sorry, I- yes, I think. Yes,” Kara concludes. It might not be easy and it would take a lot of work and learning from mistakes, but she thinks she can be ready if Lena is having a baby. If they are having a baby, Kara corrects her thoughts, because if Lena and she are going to be together, she’ll treat the kid like it’s her own.

“Well, if you two do become parents, know that I’ll be the cool aunt,” Alex says, standing up and going in for a hug.

“Thanks, Alex,” Kara says as she receives the hug. “Do you want to come with me while I talk to my mom? I did promise I’d ask her about Kryptonian and Daxamite pregnancies so Lena knows what she can expect.”

“Wow!” Ruby says, her jaw practically dropping to the floor as she steps into her new bedroom.

“You shouldn’t have, Lena,” Sam says, turning around to face the woman leaning against the door post. Behind Sam, Ruby’s regained her composure and starts checking out the furniture, from the soft bed to the large television screen hooked up to a gaming device.

“Of course I did. My CFO needs a proper place to live, and it’s in a good school district for Ruby.” Lena pushes herself off the wall, turns around and walks to Sam’s new bedroom, waiting for the tall woman to follow her. She throws the door open, allowing Sam a clear view of the large room. Sam takes it all in, from the light blue walls to the large bed to the couch in the corner and the large bathroom, sporting a bathtub, visible through the open door.
“Wow,” she repeats her daughter, “this is better than I could’ve ever dreamt, Lena. Are you sure you don’t want to live here yourself?”

Lena smiles at her, shaking her head a little. “No, this is yours Sam.”

“Thank you.”

A loud squeal from the other room suddenly sends Sam rushing towards Ruby’s room. Lena follows behind her a little slower with an amused smile.

“I take it Ruby found her walk-in closet,” Lena says, her smile sounding through in her voice.

Ruby is dancing through her room in happy celebration.

“I have to tell Maddy this,” Ruby declares before slipping her phone out of her pocket and scrolling through her contacts.

Sam tries to remind her they’re about to have dinner, but Ruby doesn’t seem to listen anymore as her friend picks up the phone and she starts babbling to her.

Lena chuckles at the interaction until realisation hits her that this could be her in twelve years and she falls silent.

Sam doesn’t seem to notice though as she shakes her head with a smile and leaves Ruby to talk to her friend, moving downstairs. Lena follows and gratefully settles on Sam’s couch, between a nearly full day at L-Corp, picking Sam and Ruby up from the airport and showing them around their new house she’s glad to just sit down and not do anything for a moment.

“So, how’s National City? Have you actually managed to have some human contact and make friends or have you just been holed up at work for a year straight?” Sam asks with a playful smile.

“Actually, I did make a friend,” Lena says, feeling herself already starting to blush at the thought of Kara. This time, her reaction doesn’t go unnoticed and Sam gets a sly smile at having caught Lena.

“Lena Luthor, do you have a crush?” she asks slightly amused.

“No,” Lena says, sounding much less convincing than she wishes.

Sam settles in a little more, popping her legs up on the couch and leaning towards Lena. “Tell me everything!” she urges.

“There’s not really that much to tell you,” Lena tries, adding a shrug to seem more nonchalant.

“Liar.”

Lena glares at Sam before spilling her beans. “I don’t know if we’re friends anymore really,” Sam raises an eyebrow at that confession but allows Lena to explain, “we kissed. But it’s complicated and I don’t know if we should pursue it because it’s just a lot and there’s so much going on,” Lena confesses. Sam looks at her and takes a moment to process the information while Lena starts plucking at her cuticles, her head cast down while she waits for Sam’s verdict.

“Well, do you like him?” Sam asks.

“Her,” Lena corrects and if Sam is in any way surprised, she doesn’t let it show. “She’s- I do, a lot. I like her a lot.”
“Is she good to you?”

Lena’s slightly taken aback by the question. No one’s ever asked her whether someone was good to her. It’s not a question she has to think about for long though, she just has to overcome her initial shock.

“Yes, she’s lovely.”

“Those are the two most important things. If you both want it, you’ll overcome anything else,” Sam says with a simple shrug.

“It’s a little more complicated than that, Sam,” Lena argues.

“Try me,” Sam says, her eyes soft yet challenging.

Before Lena can begin to think of where to start on the whole mess that is her life right now, the bell rings and Sam gets up to open the door.

“After dinner I want all the details, don’t leave a single thing out,” she says before closing the living room door behind her.

Lena can hear her shouting upstairs to Ruby to get down for dinner. Alone on the couch in the living room of this house she chose for Sam and Ruby, she’s trying to think of a way to explain everything to Sam. Where would she even start. **Hey, I was impregnated on an alien ship and now I’m carrying a child who is also happens to be of my best friend’s not best friend? ex-boyfriend, yes that’s the friend I kissed.** Sure, that will work. Lena rolls her eyes at herself. At least she has a little longer, because there’s no way she’s casually discussing this over dinner with Ruby present.

Sam’s the first to return, shouting once more upstairs for Ruby to get down now or lose phone privilege for a week. She puts the bags of food on the table and walks to the counter as Lena makes her way over to the dining table, sitting down in one of the chairs.

“How about some wine to celebrate?” Sam suggests, holding up a bottle and two wine glasses already heading back over to Lena.

“No, thank you,” Lena says, shaking her head. Sam stops dead in her tracks, a look of shock on her face.

“Lena Luthor declining alcohol? What, it isn’t strong enough for your Irish liver?” Sam jokes, “sorry, I don’t have any whisky for you.”

“No, Sam, I don’t want anything stronger.” Lena shakes her head. “Just water is fine.”

Sam gives her an off look, tilting her head and curiously studying her but they know each other well enough that Sam doesn’t pry. Lena will tell her in her own time and by the looks of her, probably somewhere later tonight.

“Okay, I’ll save this one for later then,” Sam says, turning around and putting away the wine and glasses, getting regular glasses and filling them with water.

“You should have some wine if you want, Sam. Don’t let me not drinking stop you.”

“It’s a waste of such a good bottle. I’ll leave it for another time.” Sam hands Lena a glass of water and places two more on the table before she sits down opposite Lena. “You did a great job at finding us a place. I hope you also have something nice for yourself, though knowing you that probably isn’t
true."

Lena laughs, Sam really knows her too well. “I’m working on it.”

“Good,” Sam says, starting to unpack the food.

Right when Sam looks like she’s had it with the waiting, Ruby enters the room and they can finally eat dinner. They converse over their food, Lena pointedly not talking about her social life in National City and instead inquiring about how Ruby’s been doing in school and whether Sam had a lot of trouble getting the move arranged.

As soon as they’re all done eating, Ruby jumps up and declares it’s “food baby challenge time!” earning her a curious look from Lena and a loud laugh from Sam. Ruby doesn’t seem fazed by Lena’s confusion and turns to the side, blowing up her stomach and pressing her shirt tight over it to show of her so called “food baby”. She leans slightly sideways to get a better look and rubs a hand over it.

“Pretty neat huh,” she declares as she relaxes her stomach muscles and stands up straight again. “Mom’s turn!” Ruby sits down ushering Sam to get up.

“I’m sorry,” Sam mouths to Lena, who’s still curiously looking on to whatever is going on yet a little apprehensive at trying to look as pregnant as possible. While Sam blows up her stomach, Ruby starts explaining to Lena.

“It’s our tradition! Whenever we have takeout, we see who has the biggest food baby- that’s when you look pregnant because you ate a lot- and the winner gets to pick what we eat the next time we order. Nice mom!” Ruby encourages when she looks back at Sam. When Sam sits back down Ruby expectantly looks at Lena. “Your turn,” she says, hopeful Lena will join.

“You don’t have to,” Sam is quick to reassure her, looking over at her daughter with a pointed look.

“Please, Lena,” Ruby practically begs, using her puppy eyes and her youthful features to her advantage, “if you join I’ll give you my allowance for a week!”

“Trying to bribe me, are you?” Lena says with a smile. Ruby at least has the decency to look mildly guilty.

No matter how much Lena doesn’t want to join in this silly contest that’s about to ruin her, she can’t really deny Ruby this. The girl looks so happy at the prospect of having Lena participate and Lena knows a week’s worth of allowance is a lot to offer at Ruby’s age, so she takes a deep breath and pushes herself up out of her chair. Ruby’s face lights up as Lena takes a few steps away from the table and turns sideways. She takes a steadying breath and pretends to put a lot of energy into blowing up her stomach whilst actually only trying to make it extend only a little, she doesn’t want Sam to find out she’s pregnant this way but instead just tell her. She presses the fabric of her top flush against her skin and looks down. It takes some effort not to think of looking like this in a few weeks time, having this as her new reality, so to help herself not do it she tears her eyes away from her stomach and looks over at the table. Ruby looks so joyful, Lena cannot even begin to regret her decision to join in the challenge. Sam looks slightly amused at Lena joining in and Lena quickly releases her shirt and tugs a little at it while she shifts her weight back and sits back down at the table.

Lena watches on in silence as Sam and Ruby briefly exchange a look.

“Lena won!” Ruby declares with a proud smile and looks over at Lena, “next time, you get to pick what we eat.”
Lena tries to protest it, she did not have the biggest food baby, on purpose, but Ruby won’t have it.

“Jury’s always right. Never challenge the referee,” she says before getting up, taking her phone out of her pocket again and running upstairs.

Sam laughs and shakes her head, “at least soccer taught her something.”

“Sam, I can’t have won.” Lena shakes her head, a worry line appearing on her brow.

“Well, you just did so you clearly can,” Sam chuckles as she starts to put away the leftovers and throw away the rest.

“No, I can’t. I cheated,” Lena confesses.

Sam bursts into laughter. “You can’t cheat at the food baby challenge. How would you even do that,” Sam says, trying to catch her breath. “You’re stick thin. If I didn’t just witness you eating something I’d be worried.”

Lena purses her lips. “So I’ve been told. But I did actually cheat.”

Sam stops laughing at the serious look on Lena’s face and joins her back at the table, sitting down next to her and turning her chair to face the younger woman. “Lena, you can’t cheat this game. Besides, we always let guests win so we have an excuse to invite them over to dinner again if we like them.”

“No, Sam it’s- I don’t think it’s very fair if, you know, there’s an actual baby inside of you,” Lena says, her pitch increasing with every word, turning the sentence into a question. “I’m pregnant,” she adds to clarify, feeling a little of the weight lift off her shoulders at telling her friend. Because that’s what Sam is. A friend. Now that she thinks of it, Sam’s always been her friend. She just never realised it, too worried about using the label. Luthors don’t have friends because emotional connection is weakness, but Lena’s always felt like she wasn’t a real Luthor so maybe having friends, and calling them friends, isn’t such a bad thing.

“You’re pregnant?” Sam sounds shocked but she quickly processes the new information.

“Yes, I am.” Lena nods as she closes her eyes and lets out a small sigh, Sam knows her well enough to recognise this as a sign of Lena still dealing with its reality.

“How are you feeling?” Sam asks, instead of prying for information.

“I’m okay, I guess,” Lena says with a small self-deprecating laugh, “at least a lot better than a week ago. I, err, kind of had an intervention I think.”

“Let me guess, you were overworking and forgot to eat, like you usually do. Only now it was at least ten times worse and then some?” Sam lets out a small snicker as Lena crinkles her nose in defeat.

“But it’s good that you’re doing okay. God, I remember feeling so overwhelmed I hardly remembered how to breathe for the first eight months.” Sam laughs again, but she turns serious again as she looks Lena in the eyes.

“Anything, you name it and I’ll help okay? No,” she says, preventing Lena from saying anything to turn down the offer, “don’t object. I know you don’t usually ask for help, but I’m offering it now because I wish someone did the same for me. And no, the fact that you’re not a teen anymore is not an excuse. So don’t get it in your stubborn head that you can’t ask for help. Anything, okay?”

Sam looks so stubborn and determined, and worried even, Lena can’t really do anything but nod.
She gulps, trying to get rid of the lump in her throat because she hadn’t realised there actually were so many people in her life she could depend on. People always say, when something serious or bad happens you’ll know who your friends are because those are the ones that don’t go running. Currently, Lena’s experiencing the same thing, only her friends are the ones that go running. Not away from her, but towards her.

Lena nods; she will ask for help when she needs it. Or at least try to.

Sam leans over and envelops her in a warm hug and Lena melts into it, because even though it might take a little longer for her to realise she can ask for help, she’s glad at it being offered.

With a laugh Sam whispers “I should’ve known Lena ‘I can do it myself’ Luthor wouldn’t hire a CFO just because she had a lot of work to do,” before she leans back. Lena laughs at the comment and gives Sam a friendly push against her arm.

They end up on the couch, each hugging a warm mug of tea and keeping the conversation going. Sam’s been updated on everything L-Corp because Lena needed something else to talk about for a moment, and they’ve just ventured back to talking about Lena and her kiss with Kara. If someone were to ask Sam, Lena thinks, she’d say it should be world news.

“So, you kissed your best friend and now you’re having second thoughts?” Sam asks, obviously wording it as black and white and provocative as possible.

“Not really? I think- It’s just- I’m pregnant Sam. I shouldn’t drag her into this and that’s not even the worst,” Lena complains. Sam replies by raising her eyebrows, wordlessly asking for an elaboration. She hadn’t pried, hadn’t asked about how Lena got pregnant or who the father is.

“She knows this?” Sam asks after a short moment.

“No, ew, Sam,” Lena says, making a face. “I would never do such a thing.” Sam nods her agreement and Lena’s glad she also sees that Lena would never cheat on her best friend.

“So,” Sam incites, “how?”

“Long story short? It wasn’t really with consent. Remember the alien invasion a few months back?” Sam nods, it had been all over the news globally. There’s no way anyone who stepped outside during those few days had missed it. “Well, I was on that ship because his mother, the queen, thought I’d make a great bride to her son. They were defeated, but not before she made sure there’d be an heir to her blood line. I built a device that made air toxic to them, so they either died or fled. So, Kara’s boyfriend had to leave Earth too. And now we’re here,” Lena concludes.

Sam mulls over this new bit of information, her face serious and her eyes directed somewhere above Lena.

“Wait. So, it’s not Jack’s. You slept with your best friend’s ex?” Sam asks.

“No, ew, Sam,” Lena says, making a face. “I would never do such a thing.” Sam nods her agreement and Lena’s glad she also sees that Lena would never cheat on her best friend.

“So,” Sam incites, “how?”

“Long story short? It wasn’t really with consent. Remember the alien invasion a few months back?” Sam nods, it had been all over the news globally. There’s no way anyone who stepped outside during those few days had missed it. “Well, I was on that ship because his mother, the queen, thought I’d make a great bride to her son. They were defeated, but not before she made sure there’d be an heir to her blood line. I built a device that made air toxic to them, so they either died or fled. So, Kara’s boyfriend had to leave Earth too. And now we’re here,” Lena concludes.

Sam mulls over this new bit of information, her face serious and her eyes directed somewhere above Lena.

“She knows this?” Sam asks after a short moment.

“Mhm, she’s the first I told,” Lena says with a hum.

“And you two kissed and it was not suddenly weird between you two?”
“We watched a movie,” Lena says, unconsciously folding her arms across her body to protect herself from Sam’s studious eyes.

“Then it sounds like you should think whether you want it and let her decide for herself. But if you don’t mind my unsolicited advice; I think we both know what you want.”

At Lena’s questioning look, Sam elaborates, “your eyes started to twinkle the moment you told me about her. This doesn’t seem like some feeble crush.”

Lena sighs in resignation, resting her head against the back of the couch. Sam’s right, this isn’t some feeble crush. It’s never been a feeble crush.

Sam lets her struggle with herself awhile but interrupts when Lena’s frown seems to become deeper and more serious. She pushes her mug, filled with fresh hot tea, back in her hands and changes the topic. They talk until the sun sets and Sam sends Lena home to sleep.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Sam says, leaning against the doorpost.

“What time are the movers getting here with your stuff?” Lena asks as she finishes buttoning up her jacket.

“They told me ‘somewhere around eleven’,” Sam says.

“I have a meeting at 10.30 but I’ll come right after to help.”

“No, you’re not. You can come over at six, we can have dinner together and play a game with Rubes but you’re not helping us carry heavy boxes.”

“I didn’t suddenly become impaired, you know. I can still carry boxes,” Lena scoffs.

“A girl from my support group thought the same. She ended up on bedrest for the rest of her pregnancy, and I know you wouldn’t last a day on bedrest let alone six months,” Sam says with a small snort.

“I’m not-” Lena starts, only to be interrupted by Sam.

“No, you’re not her. But you might become her. You’re not touching a single box, so just do us both a favour and come at six.”

Lena mutters her discontentment under her breath but ends up agreeing. A small voice in the back of her head is telling her to listen, Sam only has her best interest at heart and Alex did tell her to take it easy.

“Tomorrow, six pm,” she says, turning around and walking away from Sam so she doesn’t have to see the gloating face of her friend.

Chapter End Notes

Come talk to me on my tumblr!

Thanks for all the great responses and never-ending support (apparently it’s not complete wishful thinking to hope that one day I’m actually going to be able to pay my bills with
my stories).
Hope you have a nice day!
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“I talked to her,” Kara tells Lena as soon as they’ve both settled down for their talk, “my mother. She said human pregnancies are very similar to how pregnancies would be on Krypton and Daxam if we still reproduced like that, probably. There’s not a lot of data though, because the last recorded pregnancy was a long long time ago. But, from what I gather, and with some help from Alex to help me with the biology; the only main differences seem to be that human foetuses require a lot less energy and cause a lot more hormonal fluctuation. In general. And pregnancies seem to also last around 9 months. So, Alex thinks you can just follow the books on human pregnancy and get regular check-ups to make sure everything is still going okay,” Kara ends with a decisive nod.

“Thank you,” Lena says, letting the information sink in for a moment. This does simplify everything at least a little. The silence stretches on though, turning into an unusually uncomfortable one for Kara and Lena. Their silences have not been uncomfortable for a long time.

“Let’s discuss the elephant in the room,” Lena says at last.

Kara nods her head but doesn’t say anything, so Lena continues, “You like me?” Lena waits for Kara to nod again.

“I do. A lot,” Kara says before Lena can continue, “and you like me.” Where Lena phrased it entirely as a question, Kara keeps it somewhere in between; not really a question, but not a solid statement either.

“I do,” Lena confirms, trying not to start picking at her cuticles, but failing miserably. “You do realise I’m a rather public figure and me dating you, another woman, would probably make the headlines,” she says after a moment.

“I know.”

“And my family’s not too keen on you, so they’ll probably try to kill us. Again.”

“I know.”

“People are probably going to harass you over dating a Luthor.”

“They’re just jealous. Lena, I know what I’m getting myself into, and I know you know what you are getting yourself into with a Super. With me,” Kara assures Lena. She’s thought about all of this and though it might be putting an even bigger target on their backs for a while, it’s all going to be worth in the long run and she’ll just up her effort to keep Lena safe until the threats have died down.

Another silence follows. This one shorter, both women staring at their own hands and trying to find the right words to phrase whatever next sentence they want to formulate.

“I’m pregnant,” Lena blurts out as if only now remembering it.

“I know, silly,” Kara replies, clearly suppressing a giggle.

Lena sends her an unimpressed look. That was not what she meant. Of course Kara knew about her pregnancy, they’d discussed it as friends, but Lena needed to make sure Kara was aware of
everything it would bring along if they were really going to this.

“I know you are, and I don’t mind. No, that’s not- It doesn’t change my feelings for you and I know it makes the decision harder because you have to be sure I’m here to stay if, you know, you’re going to have a baby. But I am. I am here to stay. I’ve always been and if us admitting we have feelings for each other has done anything, it’s only strengthened that decision for me.”

Lena slowly nods her head, taking in Kara’s words when her mind wanders to a conversation she had with Jess.

A light knocking draws Lena from the paperwork on her desk. Knowing she isn’t expecting anyone, she assumes it’s Jess on the other side of the door and invites her in. She glances up briefly to confirm it is indeed Jess and not some of her brother’s henchmen -you never know when you’re Lena Luthor- and continues signing the papers she’s just finished reading while Jess makes her way over.

“Here already to send me home?” she asks when she senses Jess has stopped in front of her desk.

“No, though I wouldn’t object to it if you called it the day,” Jess says, a smile gracing her lips. She holds up the tablet in her hand and sits down in the chair opposite Lena’s desk. “There’s been some meeting requests and some changes, so I thought I should check in when it suits best.”

“Jess, you’ve been scheduling my meetings for over a year. You know just fine how to organise everything,” Lena says, keeping her tone friendly and wondering why Jess all of a sudden would want to discuss how to organise Lena’s itinerary. She’s always just scheduled meetings for Lena, giving her boss only daily updates on roster changes and keeping everything updated in Lena’s online agenda. It’s worked fine so far, Lena thinks. It at least keeps her from worrying over double booking her time.

“Right, I did,” Jess says, “but one meeting has been requested to be moved to a day you already have three others planned and I wasn’t sure whether four wouldn’t be too much. If it is, then I’d have to ask them to reschedule but it’s with some of the new investors and that would probably send the wrong signals because I know you really want them on board. Or I’d have to reschedule one of the other-”

“Jess,” Lena cuts her off, her face nothing but kindness, “I think I can manage four meetings just fine. It wouldn’t be the first time.”

“No, but-” Jess cuts off, swallowing whatever she was going to say next.

Lena thinks Jess was going to mention her being pregnant and not taking on too much, and tries to find some form of compromise.

“Just schedule them with some time in between so I can have lunch and take a breather,” she says, specifically not saying she might use the time for a nap. She’s still hoping the second trimester fatigue relief a lot of women experience doesn’t skip her.

Jess nods and starts tapping on the tablet, fitting in the meeting. When she’s done, she puts the tablet face down on her lap and looks at Lena.

The CEO quirks an eyebrow at her in surprise. “Is there something else you’d like to discuss, Jess?” she asks seeing as Jess doesn’t make a move to leave.
Jess visibly squirms under her gaze and seems to contemplate whether to actually bring up whatever she wants to talk about.

“Jess, you know you’re free to tell me anything,” Lena says with a questioning look.

Jess gives her a nod and huffs out a breath. “Would you mind some unsolicited advice?”

Lena’s curiosity is piqued by the question and she gestures for Jess to continue as she folds her arms over each other on her desk, leaning forward to listen.

“Okay, so,” Jess begins, her fingers nervously tracing the edges of the tablet, “it’s about miss Kara Danvers.” Jess looks at Lena, earning an almost confused, yet interested look. “I know you’re probably scared she’s going to run off one day because whatever silly reason you’ll come up with, but I just want to tell you, you can have good things in your life. And ever since the moment she first stepped inside L-Corp, she’s given you a smile that would last more than a day. She makes you happy and if you ask me, you two are made for each other. You shouldn’t fear she’ll just take off and leave you behind because you’ve practically been dating for the past year and she’s still here. You two are even closer than before,” Jess concludes, looking both confident and insecure at the same time. An odd contradiction. It’s clear, however, that she stands behind her words and Lena taps her fingers against her lip.

“Thank you, Jess,” she finally says, sending her assistant a soft smile indicating Lena’s not upset in any way. “Now, where did you manage to gain such intimate knowledge in my social life?” Lena doesn’t attempt to hide the humour in her voice as she asks the question.

“Err… From miss Danvers. The other miss Danvers,” Jess says almost questioning it.

“Ah, Alex. Yes, I shouldn’t be surprised.” Lena leans back in her chair, placing her crossed arms in her lap and wonders what more Alex has told her assistant.

“Lena?” Kara’s voice brings her back to the present.

“I’m sorry,” Lena says, blinking rapidly to clear her mind off the memory, “I was just-”

“Brooding?” Kara supplies with a small smile.

“No,” Lena laughs and shakes her head, “thinking. I was thinking.”

“What were you thinking?” Kara asks, sounding worried at the prospect of hearing all of Lena’s doubts. Lena smiles, happy to prove her wrong. On this matter at least.

“That I trust you. When you say you’re here to stay, I believe you.”

Lena’s face falls and consequently, so does Kara’s. When Lena doesn’t say anything, Kara prompts her with a soft “but,” in hopes of getting Lena to open up.

“But there’s still a lot I have to figure out,” Lena says, worrying her lip.

“I’ll help, if you need that,” Kara offers without missing a beat.

“It’s just—” Lena rests her hand on her stomach and Kara finishes the thought for her.

“You still don’t know whether you want to keep it.”
Lena drops her head in her free hand, resting her elbow on the table, and shakes it in negation. Kara gets up from her chair and rounds the table, gently taking Lena’s hand and coaxing her to get up. Kara leads them to the couch and sits Lena down in a by now all too familiar position, a throw pillow on her lap and a blanket tossed over her shoulders.

“If you don’t want to talk about it, it’s okay. But I really want to help and I don’t think you’re going to decide this by brooding on your own,” Kara says as she wraps herself up in a blanket too, sitting down to face Lena.

Lena looks Kara in the eye and tries to read her face. For the first time, it’s not like an open book and Lena can’t tell what it is she wants to say, only that she has something to say.

“Okay. What do you want to tell me?” Lena says, steeling herself for whatever harsh words Kara may have. For any judgement to come. But none comes.

“Lena, I’m trying to help you. Not hurt you,” Kara says, noticing Lena tense up and close off. When Lena seems to relax a little, she continues, “I wanted to tell you I think you’ve already made up your mind but just haven’t allowed yourself to give in yet because you’re scared of what that would mean.” Kara’s voice is kind, her words are soft, but the message hits Lena like a tonne of bricks. She tries to deny it, though. Tries hopelessly not to see it. To ignore that she’s in fact been setting herself up for a specific choice by not making the choice.

“I’m not,” she tries, chewing defiantly on her cheek.

“Okay, then explain to me. You’ve been looking for an adoption agency?” Kara asks and Lena nods half-heartedly, she’s hardly looked after that one detrimental morning spent scouring the web.

“But you can’t find one?” Lena shakes her head, eyes cast down knowing they would probably give her thoughts away to Kara because somehow the blonde always knew what she was thinking when she looked her in the eye.

“So what’s really stopping you from finding someone to adopt? Because you’re Lena Luthor, you can get anything done you put your mind do,” Kara tells her. They both know it’s true. If Lena had actually put in the effort, she might have found a family willing to adopt a half-Daxamite baby. She hadn’t though. She’d just been putting it off and tried not to think about it too much.

“What if a family like the Luthor’s adopts them?” she finally says, her voice small and her eyes scared. “What if they don’t want them anymore or find out they’re a Luthor.” Lena spits out her own last name, just like the people protesting against her always do. Tears are brimming in her eyes and she gets angry at herself for getting so emotional over something so trivial. Though, if she were to ask anyone else -Kara, or Jess, or Sam or Alex- they would probably tell her it is something major and it’s okay to have strong feelings about it and she’s not stupid for getting emotional over it.

“Hey, Lena,” Kara says softly, scooting closer and taking Lena’s hands in her own.

“Kara, I can’t do that to them,” Lena says with a broken voice. “I can’t make them think they’re unwanted or an inconvenience to me, or I hate them. I can’t make a kid feel like they’re worthless, I can’t do that to them.” Tears are starting to brim at the corners of her eyes and the moment she blinks, they escape and trace a path down her cheeks, resting for a moment in the crevice between her lips before they continue their journey down and drip from her chin.

“You don’t have to,” Kara says, folding her legs to the side to make room for Lena if she wants to sit closer, “if you still want to go for adoption, you can make sure you meet the new family. Or go for an open adoption and you can tell them yourself when they’re older.”
Lena shakes her head and hugs her knees to her chest before resting her chin between them. The pillow falls forgotten to the ground beside her.

“I can’t,” she admits, voice barely above a whisper and nearly cracking on the two simple words.

“Okay,” Kara moves one hand to rest atop Lena’s knees, almost touching Lena’s cheek. The other, she uses to soothe Lena by rubbing the brunette’s upper arm. “You don’t have to decide today, just think about it,” Kara says after a few moments of silence. Lena blinks owlishly and then slowly nods when the words seem to register.

“Do you want to go home? Or get some sleep or watch a movie just to take your mind off of it for now?” Kara asks a little worried with the state she’s put Lena in.

Lena shrugs and lifts her head from her knees. When Kara keeps looking at her, waiting for an actual reply, she breathes out a “movie,” and turns a little so she can tuck herself in Kara’s side as they watch the bright colours on screen change and flicker.

Lena doesn’t seem to be really paying attention to the movie, and Kara is glad she picked a simple one so Lena doesn’t actually miss anything. The plot is dull and predictable. Kara pays more attention to Lena than she does the movie, and when Lena’s look like they’re trying to focus on the screen but fail, Kara pulls her in a little closer and adjusts the blanket so Lena’s still fully covered. Lena buries her head a little more in the nook of Kara’s shoulder, while the blonde watches the slight crinkle between her brow and the emotions flickering on her face, leaking out from her eyes, too much to hide behind a mask of stoicism.

By the end of the movie, a little of Lena’s usual calmness has returned and when Kara offers her to stay the night she thanks her but declines. She slips her shoes back on and grabs her coat and bag on the way to the front door. There, she seems to hesitate, lingering for a while longer until Kara’s opening the door for her. She steps outside and turns around, facing Kara.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” Kara asks. She can’t pretend not to be worried about sending Lena home alone.

“I’m-” Lena catches herself trying to say she’s fine and cuts of, “I need to think, alone. I’ll be okay,” she offers instead, “I do know one thing though.”

“Oh?” Kara’s a little surprised but Lena’s small smile eases her mind a little.

“I can do this. I want this. Us,” she says, “if you want that too.”

“I’d really like that,” Kara says, a goofy grin starting to form on her face.

“Really?”

“Really.”

Lena’s face breaks into the most beaming smile Kara’s ever seen. It’s brighter than the brightest sun and she vows to make sure she gets to see that smile a lot more often.

Kara’s still basking in Lena’s smile when soft lips connect with the skin on her cheek, right next to the corner of her mouth.

“Goodnight,” Lena says as she pulls back.
“Goodnight.” Kara smiles, watching Lena walk away. The goofy grin on her face doesn’t leave her face. She makes sure she hears Lena enter her car before closing the front door and only when she drops on the couch with a content sigh does she realise they never actually made arrangements for a first date. She makes a mental note to drop by L-Corp tomorrow with lunch to both check on Lena and ask her out.

“Hello Jess,” Kara says, strolling out of the elevator and over to the assistant’s desk.

“Hi miss Danvers,” Jess replies, looking a little surprised to see the reporter here.

“Has Lena had lunch already?” Kara asks as she holds up the bags of food she’s brought. Small waves of fragrant dishes waft out of it as she swings them side to side a little.

“No, I was just about to get her her order, but I guess that’s no longer necessary.”

“Nope,” Kara says, making her way over to Jess’s desk. A small smile graces her lips as she thinks of the fact that Lena actually arranged to have something to eat for lunch, though that might be because of Jess’s insistence at least she had something planned.

She drops the bags on its surface and starts rummaging through one mumbling something under her breath. “Oh! Here it is. I got you noodles from that place downtown Lena mentioned you like.” Kara retrieves a white container and a set of chopsticks from the bag and hands them to Jess.

“Miss Danvers, you shouldn’t have!”

“I should. I was downtown anyway to get Lena something and I just wanted to show my appreciation for you keeping her alive,” Kara says with a smile as she removes the bags from Jess’s desk one by one, “is she free?”

“Keeping her alive is just my job, miss Danvers. I get payed to do that.” Jess gestures to Lena’s office door to indicate she is indeed free.

“No, you get payed to do what she tells you to do, but you go above and beyond.”

Jess smiles humbly, tries to wave off the compliment and says, “her next meeting is in two hours.”

“Thanks Jess,” Kara says, already knocking on the office doors to let Lena know she’s entering.

Lena looks up from her paperwork at the sound and the slight bit of stress and frustration ebb away from her face to make room for a surprised smile. “Hey! What are you doing here?”

“Well, err… I eh-” Kara hadn’t expected to have to cut to the chase this soon.

“You wanted to check up on me,” Lena supplies, no trace of judgement or hurt in her voice, only understanding.

“I brought lunch,” Kara says, glad for Lena’s own interpretation of the situation. She’s not wrong, Kara also really does want to check up on her after last night. Kara plops the bags down on the coffee table and starts unpacking while Lena finishes up what she was doing and joins her, her heels left forgotten somewhere by the desk.

“So, is this lunch or second lunch for you?” Lena asks, eyeing the contents of several containers.
“No.”

“Liar!” Lena calls her out.

“I’m not lying,” Kara says as a little crinkle appears on her brow. When Lena just stares at her unimpressed, Kara admits, “it’s my third lunch. But in my defence, we ordered pizza at the DEO to celebrate cleaning up all the Daxamite rubble, and there were sandwiches at CatCo when I went to hand in my article.”

Lena chuckles, the sound like music to Kara’s ears and the blonde smiles sheepishly at having had two lunches already.

“See anything you like?” she asks when Lena goes back to the first container and starts looking at all of them again. Lena shrugs and continues her search for- well, whatever it is she’s looking for. Kara closes some of the containers Lena’s already dismissed twice and puts them on the ground next to the table in favour of opening the last bag and reiterating its contents to Lena.

“I’ve also got this rice dish, and I think this is- chicken, it’s chicken, and there’s this one with veggies and beef- I don’t know any of their names I just like to eat them okay,” Kara defends herself when Lena smiles at her inability to actually name any of the dishes. She hands the containers one by one to Lena for her to inspect, but all of them end up back on the table.

“And these two.” Kara hands one of them to Lena for her to open while she opens the other one. Hers holds sesame chicken and she’s just drawn the conclusion of what Lena’s must hold when she hears Lena say, “oh.”

She looks up at the brunette next to her and immediately sees this is the dish she wants, yet probably doesn’t feel she has a right to eat or deserves to eat. Kara grabs a pair of chopsticks from the table and hands them to her, trying to convey that Lena can have it. But instead of Lena accepting the chopsticks, the CEO tries to hand Kara the container of food. Her shoulders are slumped a little as she tries to give away the food she clearly wants to eat herself.

“No, Lena, if you want it you should have it. Like I said, I’ve had two lunches already,” Kara says, trying to push Lena’s arm holding the container back to her own lap.

“No, Kara, I couldn’t. They’re your favourite. I can’t eat your potstickers!”

“They’re not *my* potstickers. They’re yours. I bought lunch for you, not for me.”

Lena just keeps shaking her head and still tries to give Kara the white box.

“Lena, really, I can just get more if I want. It’s a three second flight from here and I also had some last night after you left. Please, I want you to have them,” Kara pleads.

Lena stubbornly looks at Kara and they end up in a true staring contest. Kara even whips out her puppy dog eyes and pout, but Lena doesn’t give in. That is, until Kara tells her she’s not going to eat them anyway and will just leave them at L-Corp for the insects. Or Jess.

With a stubborn frown, Lena snaps the chopsticks apart and stuffs the first potstickers in her mouth. Kara smiles at her victory and inhales almost all of the other food, leaving one container with something she knows Lena usually likes too so the brunette can take some leftovers home for dinner or leave them here for lunch tomorrow.

When they’re both done eating, Kara busies herself with collecting and throwing away the trash under the curious eye of Lena. She feels there’s a restless energy burning through her veins but when
she’s done tidying, there’s nothing to do but sit down next to Lena and hear her out. She clearly has
something to say.

“First of, I’m doing fine. No, really, I am.” Lena raises her hand to cut off Kara when the blonde tries
to point out Lena saying she’s fine usually means –or meant at least- the opposite. “And I want to
thank you, for talking to me last night. You made me realise some things I should’ve realised a while
ago.”

Kara wants to tell Lena it’s not something to beat herself up over for not seeing it, sometimes you just
need someone else to tell you what you’re feeling. She knows like no other sometimes you need that.
But she chooses to keep quiet when Lena looks like she’s about to say something else. She doesn’t
actually say anything for a while longer, just looks at Kara while Kara watches the gears behind
green eyes work.

“Are you sure you’re okay with whatever I decide?” Lena asks, her usually well locked-away
insecurity bleeding through.

“One hundred percent,” Kara reassures her. She places a hand on Lena’s knee to instil some
confidence and patiently waits.

“Then I think I’m not going for adoption,” Lena says, placing her own hand atop Kara’s on her
knee.

“Are you saying you’re having the baby?” Kara asks giddily but her smile disappears quickly when
Lena doesn’t confirm it immediately and instead looks at Kara with an unreadable and extremely
serious expression.

“Kara, would you say we’ve basically already been in a relationship for almost a year without
realising it?”

“I- Err- I never- never really thought about that. But, well, I guess you’re maybe right. Why?”

“Would you- Would you be okay with saying it’s our baby then?” Lena’s eyes are wide in
anticipation, longingly looking at Kara with so much adoration Kara almost doesn’t know what to
do. Almost. In a slight trance, her head starts bobbing up and down and as an emotional smile forms
on Lena’s face, Kara snaps out of it and presses a kiss to the woman’s lips, cupping her face in her
hands. She rests her forehead against Lena’s and whispers multiple repetitions of “yes” in different
forms. When her grip on Lena’s cheeks starts to slip, she notices the tears streaming from Lena’s
eyes. She tries to brush them away with her thumbs, but new ones keep replacing the old.

“I’m sorry, are you okay?” Kara asks worriedly.

“Yes, I’m sorry. They’re happy tears. I’m happy. I’m relieved,” Lena sighs.

“Don’t be sorry, it’s a lot.” Kara releases her hold on Lena when she feels the brunette leaning her
head forward until it rests on Kara’s shoulder and she can burrow her face in the crook of Kara’s
neck. Kara moves closer and wraps one arm around Lena’s torso. With the other, she gently lays
Lena’s legs over her own and lets it rest on Lena’s thigh as she cradles her close to her own body.

Kara rests her cheek atop Lena’s head and waits for Lena to stop profusely wiping at her own cheek
and her breathing to become smooth again.

“You know,” Kara whispers in Lena’s hair, “I actually came here to ask you out on a first date.”

Lena shifts so she can look up into Kara’s eyes, her own still wet from the tears. “You did?”
“Yes, I wanted to have an official first date. Where we both know it’s a date,” Kara says with a lopsided smile, giving Lena’s leg a small squeeze. Lena nods her head, indicating she understands. Her hair brushes against Kara’s shirt and the bun that was immaculate when Kara entered the office starts falling apart more and more.

“Well then, ask me,” Lena says after a silence, sounding beyond amused.

“Oh- right. Yes- err.”

Lena doesn’t have to look up to know Kara’s face is turning beet-red and her hands are noticeably fighting the urge to fidget with her glasses, instead tightening their hold on Lena.

“So- Err. Lena, would you- would you like to go on a date with me? I’ll arrange it! You don’t have to do anything but show up. I’ll make sure you like it. Nothing big and flashy, just us,” Kara says, her question turning into a ramble when she tries to make sure Lena knows she’s not going to make them go to an expensive restaurant or big event because even though Lena attends those a lot, Kara also knows Lena actually likes it best to keep things small and intimate.

“Kara,” Lena says, sitting up straighter now so she can actually sit face to face with Kara. A slender hand gently turns Kara’s face towards her own. “Yes. I’d like to go on a date with you. A real one where we both know it’s a date.” She tenderly presses her lips against Kara’s. She can feel the goofy grin gracing Kara’s lips and knows Kara can probably feel hers. It’s Kara who deepens the kiss, chasing Lena’s lips and wrapping her arms around the torso of the woman still sitting on her lap. Lena doesn’t pull back until she needs to breathe, her smile -that would probably remain plastered to her face for the rest of the week- causing small wrinkles to form near her eyes. With her thumb, she brushes away a lipstick stain on Kara’s lips and they smile widely at each other, both a little high on oxytocin from their kiss.

“I probably need to fix my hair and makeup before my meeting,” Lena says but she remains put nonetheless.

“Hmm, I like it when you look like this.”

“What? With my face blotchy from crying and lipstick on my cheek?” Lena laughs, resting her head back against Kara’s shoulder.

“No, soft and sweet.” Kara smiles softly and rests her cheek on Lena’s again. “Your meeting is in half an hour. Think you can spare five more minutes?”

“I think I can manage that.”

Chapter End Notes

I still don't know a thing about kissing, so I'm just winging it and hoping no one will actually notice.

Thank you for all the lovely comments and the kudos! They make my day, please keep feeding me affection. :P

Come talk to me on tumblr
Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I'm super tired but I really wanted to update today. (If you find any stupid typos or other mistake, please point them out so I can correct them when my brain's functioning again.)
I've removed the suicide and depression warning tags because I don't think I'm going to have that in here anymore.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Don’t worry, Lena. No one will notice,” Jess says when her boss adjusts her blazer for what must be the hundredth time in the past five minutes. She checks the list on her clipboard again to make sure everything has been arranged to perfection and looks over at Lena again. The CEO’s hands have dropped down to her sides, but she’s still worrying her lip.

“But they might.” Lena looks Jess in the eye, her own green ones filled with fear.

She’s normally not this affected by public appearances, or at least not like this because normally the worst that can happen is someone tries to kill her. Now, it’s different.

“They won’t,” Jess reassures her. “I’m standing only a few feet away and I can’t tell and I know. Relax, Lena. You’ll do fine. They will all be distracted by the new tech and announcement of miss Arias becoming the new CFO.”

“God, I’m such a mess, Jess. I’m sorry to make you deal with it.” Lena clamps a hand behind her neck and sends her assistant an embarrassed smile, clearly ashamed of her own loss of composure. She takes a shaky breath and slowly puffs it out, putting herself back together in a few seconds and prepping to face the crowd. Since Jess, Kara and Alex all told her there’s nothing to see and no one will catch on, they must be right. More so than her own anxious brain, though she hates to admit being wrong.

“Hey, no problem. I get not wanting them to find out. Especially with that target on your back, and the scrutiny of not being married and how much the press always likes to jump to conclusions and make presumptions. It’s a big deal and it’s okay to worry about it. That’s why you have me, to help you with that. That’s what friends are for,” Jess tells her and hands her a bottle of water. Lena laughs when Jess speaks the last sentence. Lena’s probably the last one to know what friends are for, especially since she and Kara used to tell each other that when there clearly was a lot more going on than just friendship. “You’re on in ten, so drink a bit and take your time.”

“How’s Sam hanging on?” Lena asks, knowing she’s plagued by stage fright with every presentation and public appearance she has to make.

“She’s, err, still alive,” Jess confesses. “Julia is with her now.”

“Thank you, Jess,” Lena says and makes her way over to the door. “I’ll be in Sam’s dressing room. Have someone come get me in a few minutes, would you?”

When Jess nods Lena leaves and makes her way to the room she knows Sam is in. Sam’s stage fright
is not something she wants her new assistant to deal with during her first week.

“Sam,” Lena says as she knocks on the door of the little dressing room, “may I come in?”

When her question is answered with silence, Lena slowly pushes the door handle down and enters the room, closing the door right behind her.

“Miss Luthor?” Julia says clearly surprised, “I’m sorry, I tried everything and it’s not- she’s not-”

“It’s okay, Julia. I’ll take it from here, see if you can help Jess with something, would you,” Lena dismisses her, turning her attention right back to the hunched figure on a chair against the wall.

“Sam, honey,” Lena says as she kneels down in front of her friend and puts a hand on her knee, “you’re going to do fine. Take a deep breath.”

Sam shakes her head, her breathing ragged and not showing signs of improvement. “I’m going to ruin everything. I can’t do this.”

“Okay, then you don’t have to. We will make the announcement with a picture and a short text on the website of L-Corp, broadcast it to a few magazines and handpick someone to interview you. On your turf,” Lena suggests.

“No, that’s- you don’t have to. I know how hard you worked for today.” Sam meets Lena’s concerned eyes with her own watery brown ones.

“I don’t care whether I did or didn’t work hard for today, if you don’t want to do this you aren’t going to do this,” Lena says, rubbing her thumb over Sam’s kneecap.

“God, this is so unprofessional,” Sam exclaims when a tear escapes her eye.

“I’ll just skip over your part, it’s no problem. I don’t want to force you into anything you’re not comfortable doing, Sam,” Lena says, already cutting and pasting her speech together in her head without the announcement of their new CFO.

“But I want to do this. I do,” Sam says as she carefully removes the stray tear from her cheek, making sure not to ruin her makeup.

“Are you sure?”

“I am. I need to do this. Ruby’s sitting in that room.” Sam presses her trembling hands on her legs in an attempt to make them stop trembling.

“Okay. Would it help you if I told you I might have had my own little freak out just minutes ago?” Lena asks her as she gets up from her crouched position.

“No,” Sam says with a shaky laugh.

“Then I’m not telling you,” Lena says with a smirk. She reaches behind her for a bottle of water for Sam knowing it helped her calm down a little more when Jess offered her the same. Sam takes the bottle and takes a few sips before someone knocks and opens the door.

“Miss Luthor, miss Arias, you’re up in about five minutes,” Julia tells them, her eyes lingering on Sam for a moment until Lena thanks her and turns her back to her.
“Ready then?” Lena says and offers Sam a hand to help her up.

Sam gives her a determined nod and takes the offered hand to get up.

“How’s the working on not living in a shoe box going?” Sam asks Lena.

“Still in progress. Tomorrow Kara’s sister Alex is going to make sure an old apartment Lex had bought is safe. She’s FBI,” Lena explains when Sam gives her a confused look.

“I still can’t believe I missed her,” Sam complains.

“She had an emergency to attend to. Besides, you did see her. She was the first to ask a normal question,” Lena says thinking back to the totally uncalled for questions about her ties to and opinion of Cadmus and who she’s still sleeping with to maintain her position as CEO of L-Corp, asked before Kara finally could get her question in. Luckily, Kara swerved the discussion back to topic and the rest of the reporters followed her example.

“Just because I saw her from across a large auditorium staring right into bright lights doesn’t mean I actually met her.”

“You’ll meet her soon enough. She visits L-Corp almost daily so don’t worry,” Lena says with a laugh. She briefly allows herself to think of Kara, storming passed Jess to make sure Lena has lunch and isn’t overworking herself.

“Ruby, what did I tell you about phones during dinner?” Sam says to her daughter across the table and Lena lets the thoughts of Kara slip and brings herself back to the here and now.

“But mom,” Ruby says with a whiny voice, “I’m bored.”

“How about we talk about something else?” Lena suggests. “How is your new school?”

Ruby groans but does put away her phone. After a little probing she even tells them about her new teachers and classmates, her favourite subject and what extracurricular activities she’d like to do.

“Remind me why I’m doing this again?” Alex’s voice sounds through Lena’s earpiece.

“Because you offered, and you wouldn’t want to see me or Kara getting hurt because of some boobytrap,” Lena says with a smile. “If it motivates you a little more, you’re free to come over and try the swimming pool.”

“This place has a swimming pool?!”

“Not that I know, but since Lex bought it, I wouldn’t be surprised,” Lena grimaces at the reminder of her brother. She hopes she’ll be able to let go of that connection once she actually sees the place, otherwise she’ll have to start looking for a new apartment from scratch.

“Well, I’ll be the first to try it, so jot that down Luthor,” Alex says before Lena hears some commands flood through the connection as Alex arranges some of the agents to enter the apartment.

“Swimming pool? I want to try it too!” Winn says.

Lena’s staying at a safe distance, all the way at the DEO under the watchful eye of Winn while Alex
makes sure the place is fine. Kara’s working today so Lena hopes it’s enough to keep her away, if not, Lena hopes Alex is right and Kara’s too busy worrying about getting their date tonight perfect. Kara offered to arrange everything and Lena can’t help but feel a little relieved over not having to worry about that too.

“Wow, Lena, this place is huge,” Alex says, her voice switching from emotionless commands to sounding a lot more human and clearly impressed. She blows out a low whistle between her teeth and Lena can hear the sound of feet shuffling along a hard floor.

“Well, it is a penthouse,” Lena says with a laugh.

“Clearly, and damn that view. Luthor, next game night is at your place because I want to see the city at night from here,” Alex declares. Lena just replies with a soft chuckle, she’s really glad Alex and she have bonded so well in such a short amount of time and sometimes she’s still a little surprised Alex doesn’t seem to mind her company.

“So,” Alex’s voice sounds a little more serious now but not unfriendly, “please tell me you’re not going back to work after this.”

“I’m not, I wish I were but I don’t have the energy and I don’t want to fall asleep halfway through my first date with Kara. So I can assure you I’m going back home and you’ll probably also like to hear that I plan on taking a brief nap.”

“Good, I’d like it even better if your nap wasn’t brief but I’ll take what I can get.”

“Lena, do you want a coffee too?” Winn asks her, walking back up the small stage with two steaming cups in his hands. Lena eyed them with longing, if there’s one thing she needs nowadays it’s the thing she can’t have: caffeine. Well, that and alcohol but the desire for alcohol has been dwindling ever since Kara and her friends inserted themselves in her life and Sam moved here, ever since she didn’t spend every night alone and sulking.

She tears her eyes from the coffee and looks at Winn, “no, thank you.” If only she hadn’t had her daily dose this morning already, though she needed it then too to kickstart her day and survive a ruthless meeting.

“Sure? It’s not a problem or anything if you do want a cup. I did bring two,” Winn says as he puts them both down on the ridge along the control panel in the middle of the room. The coffee looks really good, though Lena’s heard Alex complain about the quality several times. At this point she probably won’t even care if it tastes bad, she just wants to feel energised.

“No,” Lena says, at the same time hearing Alex voice the exact same thing through her earpiece.

“I can’t,” Lena says in lieu of an explanation. Winn curiously looks at her, he’s also wearing an earpiece so he’s heard Alex’s protest too.

“You can’t?” he asks slowly, pausing in between the words to emphasise his confusion.

“I’m pregnant, so no, I can’t,” Lena says, surely Alex would’ve already told him about her insane alien pregnancy. It’s Winn’s job too. She knows he was working with Alex on figuring out what Rhea used all her equipment for, so it’s only logical Alex filled him in.

“You’re- you- eh,” Winn splutters, “pregnant?” He gestures vaguely with his hands, seeming unsure what exactly to do with them and whether to meet Lena’s eyes or not. Winn nearly swats the coffee cups from the ridge and his hands slowly still to avoid spilling their contents all over the -no doubt-expensive control panel.
“You didn’t know?” she asks him, when he keeps staring at her stomach, his mouth opening and closing like a fish.

“No- no, no, I err, I didn’t.”

“Way to tell him, Lena,” Alex says, her voice sounding as if she’s holding back a laugh.

“You didn’t tell him?” Lena hisses to Alex while Winn grabs one of the small cups and blows at its contents to keep himself busy while Lena’s focussed on Alex.

“No, why would I? It’s not my secret to tell,” Alex says as if it’s the simplest thing on earth. To Lena, it isn’t though. She’s never really anyone to keep a secret for her, and now she suddenly has all these people acting like it’s straightforward to keep someone else’s secret, even if it means jumping through hoops to keep it.

“Thank you, Alex,” Lena says sincerely, trying not to choke on the words. The DEO is not a place she’d like to be caught crying, even if she can -rightfully so- blame her hormones.

“No need to thank me, it’s only human decency,” Alex tells her.

“Still, thank you.” Lena doesn’t want to literally say she’s not used to it. No matter how fierce the Luthors are about wanting to keep everything and everyone human, they themselves seem to be the least human humans sometimes.

“Is Winn still breathing? I haven’t heard him yapping in my ear for a while,” Alex asks and Lena looks to the side to find Winn staring straight ahead, his cup of coffee clenched in his hands. His gaze doesn’t seem focussed on a specific object and Lena curiously looks at him.

“Winn?” she asks, earning several blinks before Winn seems to come back to his body and looks at her.

“Yeah- yes, I’m fine. I’m okay. Nothing- I wasn’t-”

“Are you okay?” Lena asks him, hearing Alex complain in her ear about the fact that she had to mention Winn because now he’s no doubt back to destroying her ear drums in no time.

Winn nods his head and walks back to his computer. Lena hears him yelp when he takes a sip from his coffee, forgetting it’s still scorching hot.

“Kara’s still at home,” he says after a minute. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen her be home this long during the day in, well, ever.”

Lena’s left guessing as to what Kara might be doing, home alone hours before their date. She secretly hopes Kara’s taking a nap like she is planning to do the moment she gets home -Kara’s jobs are demanding and Lena knows she’s been up during the night on Supergirl duty- but she has a feeling that’s not what Kara’s doing. Whatever the blonde might be up to, though, Lena doesn’t know.

Alex keeps Lena and Winn updated on the status of each room she and her team check, commenting on some of the décor.

“Does Lex have an issue with simple?” and “Who keeps a painting of their mother in their bedroom?”

Lena kindly requests for Alex to please remove the painting of Lillian. She knows exactly what
painting it is, and she’d rather not have Lillian’s piercing eyes judge her every move in her own bedroom. She doesn’t even want to see the panting at all.

“I can do with it whatever I want?” Alex asks her.

“As long as I don’t have to see it.”

“Yes, I’ve always wanted to have a lifelike target for the shooting rink,” Alex whispers gleefully and Lena can’t help but roll her eyes with a laugh.

“Are you almost done?” Lena asks, her feet are starting to ache -maybe Kara and Sam are right and she should give up wearing heels, but she’s a business woman and she dresses to impress so that includes her killer heels- and she’s getting a little tired.

“This place is so big you could house a small orphanage, Lena. We’ve only checked about two thirds, or at least that’s what we estimate. Maybe Lex has hidden a lever somewhere that opens a secret passage to another house,” Alex jokes but Lena doesn’t really appreciate it. She’s so done with all of this. It doesn’t even sound like a place she’d like to live; way too big, the furniture probably horrendous and just too big an effort to make sure it’s even safe at this point.

She catches Winn repeatedly glancing at her from the corner of his eyes and she curiously glances back whenever he looks away.

“Ask away,” she invites him, seeing his eyes brimming with questions. She’ll have to answer them eventually and she knows her way around an interrogation well enough to make her boundaries clear and not answer anything she doesn’t want to.

Winn rapidly fires his questions, each answer spurring on new ones he dies to ask and Lena’s glad for the distraction for a moment. Even if the distraction is answering rather personal questions that bring up some less than pleasant memories. Those memories won’t get to her, not now and not here. Here, she’s safe, surrounded by people who hopefully will make sure she is in case of an emergency.

After a flood of questions, an empty desk chair suddenly bumps into Lena’s leg. She looks down at it and then up again to find out how it got there without someone in it. She meets a friendly pair of eyes turning away from a screen to look at her.

“You’ve been standing for hours and those heels must be killing your feet by now,” says a short-haired woman with a kind smile. Lena doesn’t want any pity, doesn’t need any pity. She’s not suddenly incapable of standing because she’s tired a little faster and her feet ache sooner. But when she looks at the woman again, she doesn’t find pity. Only a genuine smile. The woman gestures at the rest of the people in the room, and Lena notices they’re all sitting too. She is, in fact, the only one standing.

She sags down in the chair, it’s a lot more comfortable than she expected -though with the time she spent standing on her heels today even a block of concrete would feel comfortable she guesses- and sends a grateful smile back to the woman. If she actually were within earshot without Lena raising her voice, she’d have thanked her verbally but she doesn’t want to shout.

She rests her head back against the leather, closes her eyes and feels some of the tension leave her body. The kind of tension she got from standing too long, not from having a friend enter her brother’s -possibly boobytrapped- apartment, or from working a lot and worrying even more. She’s about to tell Alex to just give up and leave the building so she can sell it and buy herself something else when Alex’s voice cracks through her earpiece again.
“Lena, you are obliged to throw a pool party now because this place has an indoor pool,” Alex’s voice is full of awe as if she’s currently lost in the sunlight’s rays swirling in the water of the pool.

“How about you throw one yourself,” Lena suggests. She has no clue how a pool party works and even if she did, her list of people to invite would be tragically short it’s really not worth her effort.

“Sick!” Alex exclaims.

“How about you throw one yourself,” Lena suggests. She has no clue how a pool party works and even if she did, her list of people to invite would be tragically short it’s really not worth her effort.

“Sick!” Alex exclaims.

“Can I come too?” Winn asks, looking more excited than ever.

“Of course,” Lena says, her voice drowning out the ‘no’ Alex mutters.

“Shit, your view Lena.” Some sounds Lena can’t place come through before Alex sends everyone out and calls the apartment boobytrap free, Kryptonite free and Lillian Luthor painting free. Maybe the place is worth it after all.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks everyone for all the kudos and the super nice comments! They really really make my day, especially when it's super busy and I feel completely overwhelmed with stuff I still have to do.

Come talk to me on tumblr if you want that. Feel free to recommend me any fics (don't hesitate to recommend your own) because even though I might complain I'm super busy all the time, I do like reading fics before bed or when I have a moment to spare away from my laptop.
Finally! Right?
I do have an excuse though, I have this major test Friday and I've been studying a lot (so
I better ace it, otherwise I'm going to cry).

A mixture of different smells fills the little apartment, wrapping around the sole occupant in warm
curls reminding her of the best things in her life. Strong cinnamon clouds reminiscent of birthdays at
the Danvers, colourful Mexican spices bringing up memories of trying out every food earth has to
offer with Alex to find what she likes best and a slightly acidic smell of vinegar making Kara think of
the restaurants she frequents with Lena.

She’s been slaving away in the kitchen the entire day, working on the perfect home cooked dinner
because that is what Lena deserves. She knows Lena rather stays in, especially now that she’s slowly
starting to show. And even though no one will be able to tell, a simple shirt is enough to hide it
because her bump is still so small, Lena still gets anxious about it so Kara decided to have a private
dinner. It’s saves a lot of anxiety for both of them and allows them talk about anything they want
without having to worry about people listening in and hearing something they shouldn’t, like
Supergirl’s identity.

For the umpteenth time that night, Kara moves the cutlery on the table a millimetre, making sure
everything is exactly the way she wants it to be. She looks at the set table with a proud smile and
turns around, nearly tripping over her own feet as she does so. In a hurry, she gets back to her
bedroom, rips off the apron she’s been wearing to spare her clothes and checks herself in the mirror
to make sure she looks okay. Lena’s already on her way over, Kara can hear her heartbeat getting
closer.

Impatiently, she paces around her room until she hears Lena arrive at her floor. She speeds to the
door and rips it open with a nervous but wide smile to see the brunette approach her. She’s dressed to
the nines, even though Kara told her not to dress up too much. Not that Kara listened to her own
advice either. Lena’s sporting neat black trousers and a dark green shirt peeking out from beneath her
open coat, perfectly complementing her eyes. Kara has a hard time not to stare. Lena really knows
how to dress herself. Even though Kara’s put on her nicest clothing, she feels like she pales in
comparison to the other woman -which is saying a lot because Lena is quite pale of her own. She
tears her hands from her skirt, where she’d been toying with the fabric, and opens her arms wide to
hug Lena. The brunette presses a kiss against Kara’s lips before melting into the embrace, head
resting on a muscular shoulder.

“Hey,” she says softly.

“Hey,” Kara says equally softly, “I feel like I haven’t seen you in weeks.”

Lena chuckles, an amused smile gracing her lips as she releases the hug. “You saw me yesterday.”

“From the other side of a theatre, that doesn’t count,” Kara says, pouting a little.
“We had lunch two days ago,” Lena counters as she walks past Kara towards the door of the blonde’s apartment.

“Are you saying you didn’t miss me?” Kara jokes, trailing behind the younger woman. She nearly bumps into her when she sets foot in the apartment. Lena’s barely standing inside and Kara closes the door and carefully walks around her when she sees she’s stopped moving. Lena’s eyes are closed, a small smile gracing her lips and her chin slightly lifted.

“Lena?” Kara asks, curiously watching the brunette.

“Mmmm,” Lena replies, her smile widening ever so slightly, “it smells good here. Are we staying in for dinner?”

“Yeah, if that’s okay with you,” Kara says a little nervously.

“Perfect.” Lena quirks her eyes back open, smiles lovingly at Kara and sheds her coat.

Kara takes it from her, even though Lena tries to protest it, and puts the coat with Kara’s own on the coat rack.

“I thought you said we were staying in?” Lena asks her when her eyes fall on the empty dinner table and the kitchen void of food.

“We are,” Kara says mysteriously, only adding to Lena’s confusion. “But first!” Kara speeds off in a gust wind and is back in the blink of an eye, holding an oddly shaped, gift wrapped package. With a sheepish smile she hands it over to Lena.

Lena curiously turns it over in her hands and looks back at Kara, who is clearly trying not to jump up and down with bubbling excitement. “You didn’t have to get me a gift for going on a date with you,” she says, “I didn’t get you anything.”

“Just open it,” Kara prompts, bouncing slightly on the balls of her feet.

Lena starts meticulously removing each piece of tape from the wrapping before gently folding it away from the object inside, torturing Kara with her painstakingly slow movements. Kara can tell she doesn’t do it on purpose, though. Or at least not to torment Kara. It’s probably something left over from her childhood, whether it be forced upon her by Lillian making her always be prim and proper even when opening presents, or because of the fact that Lena’s never received many presents in the first place and tries to savour the feeling of getting to unwrap one, Kara can’t tell.

Lena’s brow crinkles slightly when she removes two fluffy and soft stuffed animals from the blue paper.

“Are these-” Lena starts to ask, confusedly looking at the two stuffed penguins in her hand.

“It’s slippers, Lena!” Kara says when Lena doesn’t seem to get it and she can no longer keep it in. Bouncing over to Lena she takes the paper from her and puts it on the table. Lena turns over the slippers in her hand and then it seems to click.

“Slippers?”

“Slippers! So you can take off your heels and not get cold feet,” Kara says, nearly stumbling over her words in excitement.

“Oh.” Lena turns the fluffy grey animals over in her hands again, slipping her hand inside one of
them to feel. “They’re really soft,” she observes, but still she doesn’t take her heels off in favour of the slippers.

“I know, I’ve got them too,” Kara says, and it’s only now Lena notices Kara’s traded her flats for fluffy golden brown puppy slippers. “Well, in a different animal but still the same slippers.”

The fact that Kara is wearing equally silly slippers seems to put Lena at ease a little, but still the slippers do not find their way to her feet. Kara’s battle against the heels has not been won yet.

“If you like these better-” Kara wiggles her puppy-clad foot- “we can trade. I got you penguins because you told me you used to want a pet penguin but wasn’t allowed to and now you know penguins aren’t really pet material and should live in their natural habitat. It’s my way of still giving you a penguin,” Kara says, looking at Lena with a mix of hope and love in her eyes.

Finally, Lena relents and lifts one foot to take off her heel and then the other. She bends down and puts the slippers on the floor before stepping into them and looking down at her own feet. As if she wants to say something, Lena opens her mouth but shuts it immediately when she sees Kara’s happy smile, lighting up the entire room. She swallows down her fear and anxiety, reminding herself that Kara won’t think it’s silly and immature like Lillian. Kara is not Lillian and will never judge her for something like this. Lena does not have to justify her decisions to Lillian anymore, hasn’t for a while though she still sometimes seems to forget it. Kara’s a great reminder though, always supportive of Lena and never shy of showing how much she cares.

“What do you think?” Kara asks, brimming with anticipation, her excitement having molten away the moment Lena actually put on the slippers.

Lena Mirrors Kara’s loving smile back at the blonde and wiggles her toes a little to get used to the feeling of slippers instead of heels on her feet.

“They’re soft,” Lena says, “I like them.”

Kara lets out a delighted squeal before taking hold of Lena’s wrist and practically dragging her off to one of the large opened windows in the back of the apartment.

“Kara-” Lena starts, but Kara has crawled through the window already and is now standing on the small ledge on the other side beckoning for Lena to follow her.

Lena pops her head through the window and gives Kara a questioning look.

“Do you- err, would you mind flying just a little bit? Just a few yards really,” Kara asks and she looks so thrilled and happy, Lena really can’t say no. She knows Kara won’t drop her and what’s a few yards if it makes Kara this happy?

“I guess I can manage a few yards,” Lena says and she carefully steps into the window sill, waiting for Kara to pick her up. Kara wraps her arms around Lena’s torso and pulls the woman flush against her own body, waiting for two arms to wrap around her shoulders before she slowly lifts of, mindful of the precious cargo she’s carrying. She can feel Lena burrow her head in her shoulder so she doesn’t see the ground below them getting farther away, the people and cars shrinking and the sounds of the city below them fading.

After only a few seconds, they’ve already arrived at their destination. Lena briefly wonders whether anyone saw them fly up along the building and figures Kara’s probably used some kind of DEO tech to keep them from sight, but she quickly forgets what she was thinking when Kara releases her hold on her and steps to the side.
The roof is decorated with brightly coloured lanterns hanging from a string circling a neatly set table decorated with candles. A small heat lamp is aimed at one of the chairs, which Lena assumes is meant for her since Kara won’t feel the cold. To the side of the table, outside the circle of lights, there’s a bar holding two plates of food and a small assortment of beverages.

“You shouldn’t have, Kara,” Lena says in awe, one hand still holding on to Kara in shock at the effort Kara put into everything. “I told you to keep it simple, how long did this take?” Lena looks at Kara and Kara’s afraid she hates it until she meets Lena’s green eyes brimming with love, adoration and wonder, her smile so wide Kara gets a clear view of the dimple in her right cheek.

“I should have. You deserve nothing less, Lena,” Kara says as she gently places her hand on Lena’s lower back and guides the brunette to the table. She pulls out the chair beneath the heat lamp for Lena to sit on before serving the first course.

“Vegetarian sushi,” she tells Lena, “because I know you miss eating sushi and I looked it up to make sure you can have this. It’s avocado, cucumber, omelette and mango.” Kara points to the corresponding pieces of sushi on the plate. They’re a little lopsided, cueing Lena in on the fact they’re probably hand rolled by Kara herself.

“Kara,” Lena says, “you-”

“Stop saying I shouldn’t have, Lena. Because I should and I wanted to,” Kara says, one hand resting atop Lena’s and her thumb gently stroking the pale knuckles beneath it.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologise,” Kara says with a soft smile, “just enjoy it.”

Lena bites back another apology and instead says “okay.” She eats a piece of sushi and her face lights up.

“Kara, this is really good!”

“You sound surprised.”

“I’ve seen the products of your grief-baking. It was not pretty,” Lena jokes, crinkling her nose slightly. “I didn’t expect you to be able to actually cook.”

“I might have had a teensy little bit of help,” Kara confesses with a lopsided smile.

Lena replies by sticking another piece of sushi in her mouth and humming approvingly.

The second course is burrito’s Kara made with some help from Maggie and a side salad because she knows Lena will like the added vegetables. Kara even scoops some of it on her own plate and Lena’s proud smile is totally worth it, besides, she has to start learning to set an example and if Lena wants her- their kid to eat vegetables, Kara will be on board and show the little one how it’s done.

“Why do we always have take-out when you can actually cook?” Lena asks her after a bite from her burrito.

Kara laughs and gently swats at Lena’s free hand, “because I can’t actually cook like this and it might have taken me longer than I’d like to admit.”
“So we’ll have to ask Maggie to cook for us?” Lena guesses, and judging by Kara’s deer-caught-in-the-headlights look, she’s right about Maggie helping out. She smiles comfortably at Kara, making it clear she doesn’t mind at all. She’s glad enough Kara even went through the trouble of making dinner in the first place.

“How was your day?” Kara asks after a moment, realising she hasn’t even asked how Lena’s doing and they haven’t seen each other in two days, which is a long time for them.

“It was good. Alex checked out my new place, the old one from Lex I told you about, and I survived a terrible meeting. At least now I’ve had it over with, until the next one that is,” Lena says, rehashing some more details here and there.

“That was today?” Kara asks, wrinkling her nose at the veggies on her fork before braving the bite and swallowing it without chewing. She crinkles her nose once more but tries to hide it as soon as she notices Lena looking at her with an amused smirk. “When are you- do you already know whether and when you’re moving in?”

“I’ll move in as soon as it’s redone. I’ll have Jess look into hiring someone next thing in the morning.”

“You don’t want to decorate it yourself?”

“I barely have the energy to get through a busy day, I don’t think adding redecorating an apartment is a good idea, especially one this big and I also don’t think you or Alex would agree to me taking on more work,” Lena quirks an eyebrow questioning Kara on this and is answered by Kara profusely shaking her head. Kara indeed will not agree to Lena taking on more work than she can bear.

“I’ll have them skip the nursery though, I want us to decorate that together. If you want that too?” Lena leans forward across the table to hold onto Kara’s hand for a moment.

“Of course I want that. I would love that.” Kara replies and wonders for a moment how this is all going to work out with them living apart and having a baby together. They’ll talk about it later. Kara makes a mental reminder to bring it up in a few months, hoping maybe it will already somehow be sorted out before then. Lena sends Kara a loving and soft smile that almost melts her right then and there. If she weren’t Kryptonian, Lena surely would have already killed her with her smiles or stares. It’s no wonder she holds her own as CEO of L-Corp.

“So, besides the low energy, how are you feeling?” Kara asks after a short silence.

“I’m good. Not a lot has changed really, though I feel a little stronger. Less faint, and less nauseous on some days,” Lena relays, her fork playing moving some pieces of corn around on her plate. “How are you doing? Any cool new articles to write?”

“That’s good, that you’re feeling stronger. You should feel strong,” Kara babbles. “I’ve just finished my piece on your last press conference so expect to see it in the next issue.”

“I hope you didn’t do a hatchet job,” Lena interjects with a smirk.

“Never, Lena,” Kara says as she clutches a hand to chest in feigned offence, “I couldn’t even if I tried. And I did try, remember.” Kara laughs at the memory of trying to write a terrible article about Lena and her alien detection device. She’s now even more glad than ever Snapper made her redo it, it was the best do over she’s had in her life.

“Oh, I remember. That was actually the first article that didn’t end up calling me a stuck-up bitch, xenophobe or whore,” Lena says, hiding her still not forgotten hurt over the slandering articles about
her behind an eyeroll and a weak smile.

“Well, allow me to make up for that with both a great article praising you and L-Corp and pie!” Kara ends up yelling as she speeds off her chair and returns with a fragrant apple pie still steaming—or steaming again from Kara’s heat vision, who’s to say. She puts the pie in the middle of the table and cleans away the plates before putting two smaller ones down, a can of whipped cream and a tub of ice cream. Carefully, she cuts a big piece and dislodges it and plates it. Then, she cuts a far bigger piece—Lena had actually expected the big piece to be for Kara but clearly the girl has set her mind on fattening Lena—and plates that one for herself. To her own plate, Kara adds a large scoop of ice cream and even more whipped cream. She hands both over to Lena so she can add her own in the quantities she likes.

Kara finishes her piece of pie a lot faster than Lena does and cuts off another big one with nearly all of the ice cream and a mountain of whipped cream so high it’s almost taller than the candles on the table. Halfway through her own piece, Lena slowly stops taking more bites and starts pushing around a few pieces of apple that broke away from the filling, staring at them intensely. “If you don’t like it,” Kara says when she notices Lena’s stopped eating before finishing her piece, “I also have some other ice cream for dessert or cookies or maybe—”

“No, no, Kara, that’s not it, Lena quickly reassures her. “It’s lovely, really. It’s just a big piece.”

Kara looks from the piece to Lena and finds the brunette still staring rather longingly at the pie on her plate, though not eating anything. The sight seems very conflicted to Kara, who can’t fathom looking at food like that and not eating it.

“Are you full?”

Lena hesitates a moment before nodding, but Kara doesn’t believe her.

“Are you really full? Not hungry at all anymore, stuffed to exploding?” she asks, trying to give it a little lightness because she knows Lillian has always been very strict about food when it came to Lena.

Lena looks at Kara with her green eyes wide, looking like she wants to admit it but doesn’t dare to.

“You have to eat enough, more than a human normally would. Remember I told you, Alex thinks you need somewhere between two to five times the amount of food you normally would.”

Lena moves around one of the apple pieces again with her fork, seeming to consider Kara’s words. She glances briefly between the food, Kara and back, “I know but—”

“Are you still hungry?” Kara interjects.

Lena nods with a guilty look on her face, this is not like her. She’s never this hungry, certainly not after having had two courses already and half a piece of pie. She’s usually satisfied after a single course.

“Then don’t worry about it and just eat a little more until you’re not hungry. You can’t keep the peanut hungry, Lena,” Kara jokes, gesturing at Lena’s stomach with the back of her fork before taking a demonstratively large bite from the remainder of her own dessert.

“Fine,” Lena finally relents, sticking her fork in the pie and taking off a piece, “but only so you stop using the peanut for your own arguments.” Lena sticks out her tongue at Kara briefly before
plopping the piece of pie in her mouth.

“I’ll take it,” Kara says, sticking out her own tongue at Lena in reply. She has won, and not only is Lena eating a little more, Kara is also sure this is the first time Lena used a pet name for the baby and Kara can’t help feel her heart grow at Lena getting more used to and accepting of their future child.

Their future child. Kara repeats it several times in her head and she likes the sound of it, even though it’s scary and they’re nowhere near ready. They will be, though. They will have to be.

Kara proudly watches on as Lena finishes her apple pie and when she’s eaten the last crumb on her plate, Kara gets up and walks over to her. She sticks out her hand for Lena to take, who looks at her with a questioning look in her eyes but Kara’s not telling her anything. Instead, she leads Lena across the roof to a spot where Lena sees several pillows and blankets piled together. Kara gestures for her to sit down, so she does. When Lena’s settled, Kara uses a little bit of super speed to turn off the lanterns around the table and blow out the candles, bathing the roof entirely in darkness. She drops down next to Lena and gently brushes her hand against Lena’s. Lena sticks out her pinkie and intertwines it with Kara’s, who can’t help but smile.

After a short moment, Kara carefully leans back until she’s lying on her back on the mass of pillows, her hand still connected with Lena. Tenderly, she nudges Lena with her hand to lean back too. She releases their connection only to take Lena’s hand back in hers after a moment, this time having all their fingers intertwine. Lena follows her suggestion and leans back, lying down on the softness beneath them too, face looking up at the stars in the sky.

“Did you ever go stargazing?” Kara asks her softly when she feels Lena has completely relaxed besides her.

Lena takes a small breath before answering, probably closing her eyes briefly at the memory that comes flooding back, “Lex and I used to watch the stars. We had a competition who would be the first to discover a new one. Neither of us ever succeeded though, it’s a good thing I guess because the names we came up with were horrendous.”

Kara doesn’t have to look to the side to know Lena’s eyes are staring unseeingly and she has a distant and sad smile gracing her lips. It’s what happens every time she’s reminded of Lex or any other piece of her childhood really.

“Horrendous you say? Please tell me,” Kara asks, trying to make Lena feel comfortable with talking about her family. They might want Kara dead, but they’re still her childhood and she can’t not talk about them for the rest of her life, even if they both sometimes would rather pretend none of the Luthors ever existed.

“Lex would have named his, very creatively, Alexander. Mine would have been called réalta, which is even less creative really.”

“Sounds better than naming a star after yourself,” Kara muses.

“Hmm but naming a star ‘star’ isn’t very creative,” Lena points out.

“I like the sound of it though. I would love to look at réalta- how was it pronounced again?”

“Réalta,” Lena corrects.

“Réalta,” Kara repeats, “I would love to look at réalta at night knowing you discovered and named
“But I didn’t and I never will. I stopped trying when Lex-” Lena says, unable to finish her sentence and stiffening slightly at Kara’s side.

“It’s okay. You can talk about Lex. He’s still your brother.” Kara gently squeezes Lena’s hand and focuses her attention back to the stars, giving Lena a moment to herself.

“Where would Krypton have been?” Lena asks after a while.

“It wouldn’t have been visible from Earth, but see that bright star over there?” Kara points at the sky. “A little to the left and a lot of light years away. That’s probably where Krypton would have been, if it hadn’t exploded.” Kara moves her free hand over and takes Lena’s hand in both of hers, drawing her a little closer with the movement.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have brought up Krypton. It must be a sad memory,” Lena says when she feels Kara increasing their closeness.

“I like talking about Krypton. It makes me remember, I don’t want to forget and if I get to talk about it, if I get to remember things I thought I had forgotten, it feels a little more alive. It doesn’t feel as if I’m the last one anymore.” Kara says, moving her arm closest to Lena away from their intertwined hands and sliding it behind Lena’s neck. Lena shifts a little to rest her head comfortably on Kara’s arm and rests her free hand on her middle.

“If you want, you can teach the baby everything you know. You can teach them Kryptonese, you can try to teach me Kryptonese, if you want that. Then at least the memory would live on a little longer,” Lena suggests. She stares up at the sky and doesn’t see the tears welling up in Kara’s eyes at her offer.

“I’d love that,” Kara says, barely able to keep her voice steady, “if you want that.”

Lena turns her head at the sound of Kara’s broken voice and gently cups her cheek, brushing a stray tear away with her thumb, “of course I want that, silly.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for all the lovely comments that keep me going and the kudos that get me through my days sometimes! The next update might be late too because as I said, I have this big test and I’m going to Paris so I doubt I’ll get any writing done there. Don’t expect anything in the next few weeks. I’ll try, but I can’t promise anything.

Come talk to me on tumblr
Chapter Notes

Pfew, that took a while. But it's finally here. It took me a little longer than planned to establish a connection back to your plane of existence, since last weekend I've ascended to a higher one. But the chapter is a little longer than planned to make it up to you. I'm not 100% satisfied with it, but it's the best I can do for now so we'll all just have to deal with it.

Thanks everyone who leaves kudos and comments because those really make my day and motivate me to write! So 1000x thank you!!

My tumblr in case anyone is interested.

Lena wakes up hot and clammy with something sticky pressing against her back and her bladder feeling like it is about to explode. With a small groan in her pillow, she lifts herself up and off the bed, away from the hot stickiness and in the directions of her bathroom. She doesn’t bother turning a light on, she knows her room like the back of her hand.

That’s why she’s so confused when she walks right into an immovable object. She rubs her tired eyes in hopes of waking up a little more and understanding what has just happened. She blinks a few times and with a start realises her mistake.

This is not her room. Her bladder doesn’t allow her to linger on the thought any longer and she turns around to walk in the right direction this time.

It isn’t until she’s back in the warm bed, this time not sticky and stifling but comforting and safe, that she realises she’s never done this. She’s never stayed over after a first date and she starts overthinking and worrying until something presses against her back again. This time it’s not something sticky but something calming, something pulling her in closer and pressing their face in the back of her shirt, sighing softly as if relieved that Lena’s back in the bed.

Lena feels herself melting into the touch, her own arms wrapping around the one holding on to her as she breathes in the familiar and calming scent of Kara. It’s not really a first date she reminds herself, and the only reason she’s lying here now is probably because she fell asleep on the roof. At least, that’s the best reason she can come up with seeing she doesn’t remember how she got here. She does remember telling Kara she was getting tired and should probably go home and Kara agreeing but asking for a few more minutes and nestling them into the pillow pile even further, burrowing her head in Lena’s shoulder and snuggling close while recounting more of her childhood on Krypton.

Lena must have fallen asleep before she got to call for her car and Kara must’ve put her in bed, not wanting to wake her up knowing Lena could use every minute of shut-eye she gets.

Enveloped in Kara’s warmth, she soon drifts off to sleep again.
The next time she wakes up, the beams of the sun hit her closed eyelids and she once again burrows her face in her pillow.

“Oof,” she hears someone say softly. Kara, it must be Kara. She can feel her arm hugging her shoulders and realises it’s not her pillow she nuzzled but Kara’s stomach, her own arms wrapped tightly against Kara’s leg.

“Sorry,” Lena mumbles sleepily, defiantly keeping her eyes closed against the intruding sunlight.

“Good morning,” Kara whispers softly before gently brushing some of Lena’s hair from her face.

“Too early,” Lena murmurs, shifting a little and pretending to fall back asleep again.

Kara laughs softly, jostling Lena’s head with the spasming of her muscles and Lena groans, let’s go of Kara and turns around, pulling the covers up over her head. She hears Kara put away her laptop and feels her slide closer, wrapping herself around the covers Lena has wrapped herself in.

“Alex texted you and you should probably tell her you’re alive,” Kara says, “unless you want her to waltz in here to check herself.”

“What time is it?” Lena groggily wipes some of the sleep away from eyes as she realises there’s no way she’s going to get more sleep. She’s already too awake and apparently her wakefulness is needed.

“Almost ten,” Kara answers with a quick look on her phone.

“Ten?! I slept until ten?” Lena nearly shouts, pushing the blankets off her and bolting upright. “And you didn’t wake me up?” She points an accusatory finger at Kara.

“You looked so peaceful and you told me yourself, you’re always exhausted. I figured I’d give you a chance to catch up on some sleep and you told me you don’t really have plans today, except doing L-Corp paperwork and some phone calls.”

With a loud groan Lena lets herself fall back again, dropping one of her arms over her head. “Thanks,” she says half sarcastically but still meaning it. She’s slept a lot more than her average night, unbothered by nightmares, loneliness or nausea.

“I got us breakfast,” Kara announces while she gets up from the bed and hands Lena her phone, “you reply to Alex and freshen up and then we can eat it and make plans for the day.”

Lena accepts her phone, a little baffled at how fast and comfortable everything is. How it seems so natural to stay over and make more plans for the day and it doesn’t even bother her the least. She’d gladly spend all of her free time with Kara.

She swiftly checks her messages and finds Alex has indeed texted her asking whether she survived her first date with Kara and if she can drop by the DEO in the afternoon for a quick check-up. A second text informs her Alex and Maggie are coming over in a little under an hour with donuts to congratulate Kara and Lena on their first successful date and welcome Lena into the family for real now. Lena doesn’t know whether to be moved or be annoyed but since she’s never felt like her family was really a family she chooses to let the annoyance slip, that’s also something about family, right? Annoying each other.

She quickly sends Alex back a text telling her she’s alive and available to go to the DEO if needed and rolls out of bed to take a quick shower, driven by the unusual sensation of her stomach grumbling. Before she steps under the stream of water, she takes a moment to look at her changing
body, though the progress is still slow it still feels extremely fast and Lena can’t help to stop and take a moment each time she undresses.

She braids her wet hair and quickly applies a small layer of makeup from the stash she always keeps in her purse before slipping on last night’s underwear -if she’s going to stay over more often because she falls asleep, she needs to start keeping some clean ones in Kara’s apartment. With a brief glance around the room, she finds her clothes neatly folded on a chair and puts on the trousers but chooses to rummage through Kara’s closet in search for a comfortable sweater in favour of her blouse.

When Kara had said she’d gotten them breakfast, she didn’t just mean breakfast. She’d meant a buffet. On her table, there’s pancakes, waffles, sliced fruits, sticky buns, toast, eggs, croissants and pastries. Kara’s sitting behind all the food with a wide smile on her face and Lena smiles brightly back. The sight is just too adorable.

“Isn’t this a little much for just breakfast?” she asks as she sits down at the table too.

“It’s never too much, Lena. You clearly have a lot to learn,” Kara says, grinning widely while handing Lena a plate over and beginning to stack her own with various foods.

Lena curiously eyes the food on the table and begins scooping some of the fruit on her plate when Kara starts piling up sticky buns on top of each other to fit on her plate better.

“Since when are sticky buns breakfast?” Lena asks with an amused snicker and gestures at the precariously balancing pile on Kara’s plate.

“Have you ever had sticky buns for breakfast?” Kara throws the question back, inhaling one of them before Lena has a chance to answer.

“No,” Lena says as she grabs a piece of toast and puts some eggs on top.

“Then you can’t say it’s not breakfast.” Kara sticks her tongue out at Lena and inhales another two of the sticky buns, halving the stack.

“That’s not-”

“Just try one,” Kara says, cutting Lena off and handing the rest of the sticky buns over.

Lena takes one and grumbles, “are you happy now?” as she takes a bite.

“Very.” Kara says with an unfaltering smile.

Before long all of the breakfast has disappeared in their stomachs and they’re snuggling up on the couch while they wait for Alex and Maggie to arrive.

“I’m stuffed,” Kara complains and she rests her forehead against Lena’s shoulder pretending to no longer be able to keep it up anymore.

“I told you it was too much food,” Lena says with a smile, ruffling Kara’s hair a little.

“It wasn’t too much,” Kara whines, “it was just a lot. I bet I could eat more.”

She sounds so unconvincing Lena can’t help but laugh.

“It’s your fault,” Kara says, “if you’d eaten more I wouldn’t have had to eat so much.”
Lena starts laughing even louder at the soft accusation, “you didn’t have to finish everything, you know. You could have saved some for lunch or for tomorrow.”

“I did, I had to. I can’t help it,” Kara says, shaking her head against Lena’s shoulder.

Lena wraps her arm around Kara a little closer and presses a kiss on the back of blonde locks.

Kryptonian biology is truly amazing because ten minutes later Kara is bouncing around her apartment once more, cleaning up their breakfast dishes and trash with Lena’s help. Lena keeps being impressed by how fast Kara seems to rebound from some things, mainly her temporary dislike for food after eating too much. By the time Alex and Maggie knock on the door to announce their presence the apartment is spic and span and Kara excitedly screams “donuts!” before bolting to the door and swinging it open.

Lena appears by her side with a sheepish smile as if she’s just now being caught staying over. Alex hands Kara a big box and waltzes into the apartment, followed by Maggie.

“I know you’re happy to see the donuts than me, but can you at least pretend you don’t dislike me,” Alex says jokingly to her little sister.

Kara squeaks a little before rushing to the counter to set down the donuts and wrap Alex in a hug.

“Better,” Alex breathes with a laugh, “I take it you two had a nice evening.” Alex gestures between Lena and Kara and both automatically nod in reply. Kara reaches her hand out to Lena, who steps closer and presses her side against Kara.

“I think it was my best first date ever,” Kara says, reinforcing her statement with a kiss to the temple of the brunette who’s profusely nodding next to her.

“Ugh, gross, I thought we were the ones getting married,” Maggie says with a laugh, one hand hiding something behind her back.

“We are,” Alex says and as if to prove their worth, she leans over and presses a firm kiss to Maggie’s lips. Maggie grins widely as if she’s just won a contest and lets her hand trail down. Alex slaps it away and gives Maggie a stern look but can’t keep her face straight for long when Maggie pouts at her.

“But that’s not why we came,” Alex says, opening the box of donuts.

Maggie walks towards Lena and moves in for a hug. “Welcome to the family, Luthor,” she announces. A bouquet of white flowers appears from behind her back and gently hits Lena’s shoulder when Maggie’s arms wrap around the taller brunette, releasing a wave of flowery scent. As soon as the strong perfume hits Lena’s nose, she pushes Maggie off her and bolts away.

She barely makes it to the bathroom before her body starts convulsing and expelling everything she’s eaten for breakfast. It’s an all too familiar position, kneeling in front of the toilet bowl with her arms resting on the seat, the sour smell of her own sick replacing the scent of the flowers that made her like this in the first place. She hasn’t had a bout of morning sickness this bad in a while, she’s hardly had morning sickness at all the last few days and had been hoping she was getting over it like most pregnant women do around the end of their first trimester.

A cold and wet wash cloth is placed in her neck and a warm hand starts rubbing soothing, large circles on her back and brushing some of the stray hairs behind her ears while she’s still heavily
vomiting and cursing herself for getting so sick from a few flowers. Her favourite flowers even. The gagging makes place for dry heaving and goes back to throwing up again when her stomach decides it’s not done getting rid of its contents.

When there’s finally nothing left for her to expel, she tiredly rests her cheek on the seat and with a weak hand fumbles along the top of the toilet for the flush button. Her fingers finally find it but she doesn’t have the strength to press it. Warm fingers wrap around her frozen ones and gently guide her away, while another hand presses the button and flushes the toilet. A glass of water is pressed in her trembling hands and she’s carefully pulled backwards. Two arms wrap around her, keeping her from falling sideways and helping her hold the glass of water and take a few tentative sips.

She’s completely spent and lets her head drop against Kara’s shoulder. Her hands let go of the glass but instead of falling to pieces on the tiles, Kara holds on to it for her and nudges her to take a few more sips. She manages to lift her head a little and do as Kara wishes but as soon as she’s done she rests her head back once more and feels herself go completely limp.

Kara brushes the wet cloth along her face, cleaning away some of the sticky sweat left behind and Lena listlessly wraps her arms around Kara’s free one.

“Do you want to take a nap?” Kara asks her softly but Lena slowly shakes her head.

“I’m fine,” she breathes, “I just need a minute.”

“You’re not fine but I’ll let you get away with it this time,” Kara says with a little chuckle. Lena hums softly, acknowledging that Kara might be right on this one.

“We shouldn’t leave Alex and Maggie waiting,” Lena says after a little while and weakly tries to get up. She attempts to push herself off of Kara’s knees but her arms give in before she’s barely started. Kara catches her and drags her back down against her own body.

“They can wait.”

There’s a soft rapping on the door and Alex’s voice drifts through the thin wood, “Lena, are you okay?”

Lena nods but doesn’t seem to realise Alex can’t see through doors, so Kara replies for her instead.

“Yeah, she’s okay I think. We’ll be out in a bit.”

“Okay, do you need anything?”

“No, we’re good. Oh, wait,” Kara adds after a beat, “can you get rid of the flowers?”

“Sure, noting else?” Alex asks and Kara detects a sliver of worry and overprotectiveness in her voice.

“You need anything?” Kara softly asks Lena, brushing back some of the hairs that escaped again. Lena shakes her head and closes her eyes, breathing out heavily.

“No, that’s it,” Kara relays to Alex and she hears her sister’s footsteps retreat. She zones in on Lena’s heartbeat to make sure there’s nothing else wrong with her and hears the familiar and reassuringly steady thud. She refocuses her attention and a much faster beating, also steady and strong, fills her ears.
After a few more minutes, Lena seems determined to get back to the living room. She drinks the rest of the water and as she leans forward a little to drink, Kara gets up to lend her a hand. Lena’s a little unsteady but Kara doesn’t try to hold on too much, knowing Lena wants to prove herself in this. Kara’s one part glad when Lena slips her arm around her waist, silently accepting Kara’s help to keep her up, and one part sad because Lena must really be feeling bad if she accepts help walking the short distance to the living room.

Kara tries not to make it too obvious she’s carrying nearly half of Lena’s weight, knowing Lena doesn’t want to look ‘weak’ in front of other people. Even if she’s in no way weak and those others are Alex and Maggie. Kara helps Lena to the couch and pulls a blanket over her.

“I’m fine, Kara,” Lena says, her voice betraying her lie, “you don’t have to do that.”

“I want to and you should stop saying you’re fine when you’re not,” Kara chides but doesn’t press her on it. “Now do you want anything? Maybe some food or something to drink?” Kara suggests as she kneels in front of Lena, one hand on the brunette’s knee. The woman in front of her just shakes her head and tucks the blanket up a little.

“Are you sure, you should probably eat something,” Kara says, unable to keep her worry from her voice. She’d thought Lena was doing so much better now, Lena had even said it last night, she felt much stronger, so this feels like a giant leap backwards to Kara it is as if she’s staring at the same woman who fainted in her office only two weeks ago. The same grey tint covering her skin and lifelessness in her eyes.

“Kara,” Lena protests weakly and she shrugs, “I won’t keep it down anyway.”

Kara can’t argue that because Lena really doesn’t look like she’ll be able to stomach anything. A little helpless she looks behind her, where Alex and Maggie are in the kitchen, purposefully keeping themselves to the background. Kara’s gaze connects with Alex for a brief moment and Alex mouths for her to wait it out a bit. Kara nods at her sister’s advice and sits down on the couch next to Lena, moving her hand beneath the blanket to hold Lena’s icy one.

“So, what did you guys want to do?” Kara asks when Alex and Maggie make their way back over to the living room. Four mugs are placed on the coffee table and filled with tea and Maggie holds up a bunch of old DVDs.

“We were thinking; movie?” She says, already carding through the options and picking a few to suggest.

“You don’t have to do adjust for me, you can just do what you wanted to do,” Lena says but she pulls her legs up on the couch showing how glad she really is to not have to go out or really do something.

“We’d already planned a movie, otherwise we wouldn’t have brought this many,” Alex says, looking over Maggie’s shoulder at the movie selection. “Oh, no, not that one. Kara can’t handle scary movies.”

“Can too,” Kara immediately counters.

“Cannot, remember cabin in the woods? You had to stop halfway through and watch a Disney movie in order to be able to sleep. I’m not repeating that fiasco,” Alex says as she points out another movie to Maggie who hands it over to Alex.
“But it was during a thunderstorm and I was still very young, Alex,” Kara whines.

“That was last year, Kara,” Alex laughs while she puts up the movie she and Maggie ended up picking.

Kara mumbles something unintelligible and grabs the two mugs closest to her, handing one over to Lena who seems glad to be holding onto something warm.

“You okay with a movie?” she asks, pressing a kiss to Lena’s temple.

“Yeah,” Lena whispers, resting her head on Kara’s shoulder.

The opening credits of the movie aren’t even over and Lena’s already fast asleep. Kara’s saved her from spilling tea all over them when she noticed Lena losing her grip on the mug. Thank Rao for superspeed. Kara gently lifts Lena’s head off her shoulder and onto her lap to give her a more comfortable sleeping position, adjusting the blanket to cover her a little better and adding another one when she feels Lena’s still rather cold.

“Why are we watching this one?” Kara whisper-shouts at Alex. “This movie’s boring.”

“I know,” Alex says with a shrug and then points at Lena, “she asleep?”

Kara nods and brushes her fingers along Lena’s cheek, causing the brunette to crinkle her nose slightly. In the mean-time, Alex gets up and picks another movie from the stack, replacing the one currently playing.

“She’s cold.” Kara looks at Alex as if her sister can make Lena stop being cold.

“You know, little Danvers, as her girlfriend you should hug her warm,” Maggie says with a mischievous gleam in her eyes.

“I’m- we’re- she’s not-” Kara splutters, earning a loud laugh from Maggie.

“Quit teasing my sister, Mags,” Alex says with a half-hearted slap to Maggie’s thigh as the detective passes by to get the donuts from the kitchen. “Kara, she’ll be fine. Throwing up is just tiring and she’s probably drained, though Maggie does have a point. Having a Kryptonian heater probably wouldn’t hurt.”

“Here, to fuel Lena’s furnace,” Maggie says, handing Kara a plate with a few donuts. Two donuts end up on another plate back in the kitchen for when Lena wakes up and Maggie and Alex settle down together with the remainder of the donuts.

“So,” Alex says after a moment of silent eating, “when are you going to introduce her to mom?”

Kara finishes her last donut and licks the stickiness off her fingers before replying to Alex, “we haven’t talked about all that yet, Alex. We’ve just had our first date and I don’t want to rush it. What if Eliza doesn’t like her? Or what if Eliza thinks of her as just another Luthor?” Kara says, voicing her worry.

“She’ll love Lena, you know that too and Eliza can look past a last name. She’s already heard you babble about how she’s innocent and you knew because you looked into her eyes,” Alex says with a laugh.
“Not funny,” Kara mumbles, “I was right.” She carefully lifts Lena’s head and scoots out from beneath her, replacing her legs with a pillow and putting Lena’s head back down so she can carefully wiggle in between Lena and the back of the couch.

“Mom is going to be so excited about getting a grandchild,” Alex says as the movie plays on in the background, completely forgotten.

“Oh,” Kara had forgotten Lena and her having a baby would make Eliza a grandmother, “are you sure she’s not going to be mad or disappointed?”

“Kid, she’s been not so subtly asking us when we’re going to make her a grandma since I first met her, I think you’re fine,” Maggie tells her. Kara looks over uncertainly and is met with two bright and reassuring smiles almost convincing her Eliza really will do nothing but love Lena and their future baby.

“Aren’t you going to be proud?” Maggie asks.

“Alex told you?” Kara asks when she realises Lena has never mentioned telling Maggie she’s pregnant.

“I’m a detective, I detect,” Maggie smugly claims, “who’s going to believe a CEO not drinking coffee and alcohol because of a cleanse while at the same time taking twenty bathroom breaks an hour and drinking the same tea as my pregnant co-workers?”

Kara opens her mouth to reply with “Winn,” but decides not to as Winn isn’t really good at picking up hints in any way, so he’s not the best rebuttal to use. She shrugs even though Maggie isn’t looking at her anymore and looks down at Lena again. She stares at her sleeping form, how her colour has slowly began seeping back into her skin, her muscles relaxed and actually looking her age instead of fifteen years older and dressed to impress.

“She was doing so much better, this feels like a major setback,” Kara says as she pulls Lena’s body a little closer, nuzzling her hair for a moment and enjoying the fresh scent of her own shampoo that smells a lot better on Lena.

“One little setback doesn’t mean she isn’t doing better, Kar,” Alex tells her, looking at the pair. “She looks better and this is just one little step back, she has more colour on her skin, even now, and more flesh to her bones. She’ll be fine. I’ll check her at the DEO, but she’ll be fine, Kar.”

“Okay,” Kara says softly, wishing profusely her sister is right.

Kara has to leave on a Supergirl emergency, reluctantly leaving the comfort of holding Lena and lying on the couch. She needs a little incentive from Alex and Maggie to actually leave but does so eventually because she can’t let people get hurt because she wants to stay home and look after Lena.

By the end of the movie, Lena starts to stir and slowly blinks her eyes open.

“Did you watch two movies?” she asks a little anxious when her eyes focus on the screen and notice this is clearly another movie than the one they were watching when she drifted off.

“No, Kara didn’t like it so we changed it,” Alex lies, in no way willing to tell her she purposefully put on a movie with a slow start in hopes of making Lena fall asleep.

“Oh, good, good,” Lena mumbles as she rubs her eyes and slowly sits up.

“How you feeling, little Luthor?”
“Hungry.” Lena stretches her arms and legs with a small yawn and her eyes drift through the room in search of something to eat.

“Good thing we saved you some donuts, then,” Alex says as she hands Lena a plate with three sugar-glazed and deliciously looking -though Lena might be a bit biased by her starvation- donuts. She picks one and puts the plate away, being hungry isn’t enough to reason to devour three donuts, not to Lena. She tears off a small piece and plops it in her mouth, too hungry to actually chew so it’s quickly followed by a few more pieces.

“Where’s Kara?” Lena asks when halfway through her donut she can finally pay attention to something other than eating.

“Supergirl duty,” Alex tells her, and when Lena noticeably tenses up adds, “nothing major. A small forest fire the fire department couldn’t get under control just out of town. Last I heard she’s almost done.” Alex sits down next to Lena, placing a comforting hand on her knee.

“How about we go have lunch somewhere. Kara can join us when she’s done and we can go to the DEO for a check-up after so you still have some of your day left.”

Armed with several new images of the peanut, a box of pastries and a clean bill of health for both Lena and the baby, Kara and Lena arrive back at Kara’s apartment.

“It’s getting so real,” Kara says happily as she takes out the new pictures and looks at them again.

“It is.” Lena’s face is grim and her smile is tight-lipped, a stark contrast to Kara’s bubbliness.

Kara’s eyes shoot up to look at her, “is something wrong?”

Lena shrugs and sigh lightly, resting her head on her hand with one elbow propped on the table she’s sitting at.

“Are you sure?” she asks eventually. Wide green eyes look at Kara in earnest, hopeful yet clearly prepared for rejection. Expecting rejection, like they’ve been trained to do. Like they’re used to.

“Am I sure?”

“A baby is a lot of work, Kara. And between your job and being Supergirl… I get it if you don’t want to add more to that. I’m offering you an out, we can still be friends and go back to how we used to be because—”

“I don’t need an out.”

“I’m hormonal,” Lena continues her list of objections, “and I will be for at least another year. I’m not easy to deal with and I know that.”

“I’d deal with you with love and I doubt you’ll be worse than grouchy teenage Alex,” Kara jokes but Lena still pretends not to hear her.

“Not to mention how dangerous it would be for you to be associated with me. My mother is going to try everything to kill you. The public will roast you, the press will never leave you alone. You’ve got to quadruple your efforts to keep your super-secret. All of that while constantly sleep-deprived.”

“Lena,” Kara says, rounding the table and pulling out the chair next to Lena to sit down in, “as long as I get to do it with you, I don’t mind. If it means I get to be with you, I will take any and all threats
and deal with them and I don’t care having to quadruple my efforts to keep Supergirl a secret because it would be worth it. For you.”

Lena casts her eyes down, unable to look into Kara’s earnest blues, and shakes her head.

“Lena?” Kara asks, reaching out with her hand but retracting it before she touches Lena, unsure whether it is welcome or not, “I thought we already talked about this.”

“Not everything, and if you leave later I don’t think we can ever go back. If you leave later I don’t know if I can ever forgive you.”

“I won’t leave later. I’m in this for real and I’m not about to leave, I can’t do that and I won’t do that, Lena. I thought you know that.”

Slowly, Lena nods but her eyes are still averted and her shoulders slumped.

“Hey,” Kara prompts her to look up, “please talk to me. What’s ‘everything’, what’s bothering you?”

“I sh- It’s not- I should’ve told you before. I feel like I’m giving you an ultimatum now and it’s not fair to you. I should’ve-”

“Lena?” Kara interrupts, getting a little scared off by her words.

Lena takes a deep breath in before facing Kara once more.

“I’m asexual and for me that means I might never want to have sex with you and I get it if you think that’s a deal breaker and don’t want to do this anymore,” she spews out in a single fearful breath.

Kara’s brow furrows at this confession. It’s so far from what she had expected, she doesn’t really know how to react. It takes Lena dropping her head in her own hands with resignation to snap Kara out of her own turmoil.

“Oh.”

“Yeah,” Kara breathily laughs.

They sit in silence for a while.

“Was that your ‘everything’?” Kara asks after a few minutes.
“Mhmm,” Lena hums, “are you sure you’re up for it?”

“More than sure, Lena,” Kara shifts in her seat to face the brunette, nudging her with her knee to turn to face Kara back. When Lena’s turned, Kara takes one of her hands in her own and her face turns serious “will you be my girlfriend?”

“Only if you’ll be mine,” Lena replies, entangling her free hand with Kara’s free one.

“It’d be my honour,” Kara says with a proud smile. She leans forward slightly and releases their entwined hands in favour of placing them on Lena’s hips. Lena follows her lead and leans towards Kara too, her hands moving to Kara’s cheeks. Kara closes her eyes and right before she would have expected their lips to touch, she feels Lena place a kiss on her nose and withdraws herself from Kara’s grip.

“Hey!” Kara pouts, opening her eyes to see Lena has gotten up.

“Sorry, the baby ruled. I’ll make it up to you,” Lena says over her shoulder as she walks to the bathroom.

“I guess I should get used to that, huh.”

“Probably.”

It isn’t until later that night, home alone, that Lena realises Mon-El was -or is- as much an alien as Kara is, one very similar to Kara. She’s glad she couldn’t have brought it up during their conversation though because she’s sure Kara’s had enough of a self-realisation bomb dropped on her already.
“Have you told mom yet?” Alex asks as she takes two bottles of beer from the fridge and tosses one to Kara.

“No, I told you last night I haven’t yet.”

“Have you at least talked about it with Lena?” Alex continues her grilling. Sometimes Kara dislikes having an older sister.

“We did and I already tried calling Eliza the other day but she was working and I wanted to ask if we can come over during the weekend but Lena has to see if she can arrange that with L-Corp and maybe take a few more days so we can stay a little longer so I didn’t want to call before she knows that and-”

“Excuses. I’m calling mom right now!” Alex takes her phone and looks up her mother’s phone number in her contacts. Then her phone suddenly isn’t in her hand anymore, swooped away by some super speed.

“Hey! Give my phone back!”

“I don’t want to call Eliza without Lena,” Kara says, clicking away Eliza’s contact information and locking the phone before handing it back to Alex.

“Fine,” the agent grumbles and repockets her phone.

As if on cue, there’s a knock on the door and when Alex opens it, Maggie and Lena enter the apartment. Lena greets Alex, walks over to Kara for a kiss and immediately makes her way to the couch to crash down on it.

“Ugh, my feet are killing me,” she complains, resting her head back and her arms stretched out besides her.

“You probably shouldn’t have worn those crazy heels last night. I can’t believe how you can walk on those,” Kara tells her as she sits down next to Lena and pops her feet on her lap to start and untie
“The sneakers she knows Lena’s probably only changed into to get to Kara’s apartment."

“But they looked good.”

“They did,” Kara resigns because she can’t pretend Lena didn’t look amazing last night.

“I never used to have my feet hurt this bad the day after.”

“Well, you weren’t pregnant then.”

“It’s not fair,” Lena grouches. She doesn’t really mean it though. To her, it’s everything but unfair. She’s brought the Daxamites to Earth so it’s very fair she has to suffer the consequences. She does generally take it lightly, Kara, Sam, Alex, Maggie and even Winn have instilled enough confidence in her to not always blame herself, she only does that on the really bad days and today isn’t one of those. Today is light and happy. “I’m already getting fat I don’t need my feet to hurt all the time too.”

“I know it’s not, babe,” Kara says, giving Lena a peck on her cheek, “but you’re not getting fat, you’re growing a little person who needs room.”

“Still fat,” Lena mumbles, earning a reprieve look from Kara but she doesn’t flinch. Kara can wrap it in as pretty paper as she wants, but Lena is starting to get fat. She closes her eyes instead and enjoys the foot rub Kara has started giving her, not commenting anymore in fear of Kara stopping.

Neither of them notices the devilish smirk appearing on Alex’s face as her phone makes its way back from her pocket to her hand and then to her ear.

“Hi mom!” she says, loud enough to draw Kara and Lena’s startled attention. “Yes, I’m fine. Maggie is fine too.”

“Hi mom!” she says, loud enough to draw Kara and Lena’s startled attention. “Yes, I’m fine. Maggie is fine too.”

Kara starts motioning for Alex to cut the line but Alex’s smile just grows as she continues talking with Eliza.

“Oh, no, nothing is wrong. Yes, Kara is fine too. Better than fine I’d say.” Alex turns around and slowly starts pacing the room as she talks, it’s a habit she’s had as long as Kara can remember. She’s read somewhere it’s because the human body hears a voice but can’t see anyone and has an instinctive need to find where the voice comes from. Alex keeps sending Kara evil smiles, knowing Kara won’t throw Lena off her lap to leap at Alex and take her phone from her this time, using Kara’s weakness against her like any big sister.

“Ohh, she hasn’t told you yet?” Alex feigns ignorance, “she’s in a new relationship now.”

Alex stays quite for a moment, listening to Eliza’s reply probably but Kara’s too distracted to listen in. The moment Alex dropped the relationship bomb, Lena stiffened in her lap. Kara takes one of her hands and with her other rubs reassuring circles on Lena’s thigh hoping it will help her relax a little. Though they have talked about telling Eliza and Kara has since been completely convinced Eliza will love Lena just as much as she does, Lena doesn’t have a lot of good experience with mothers and is very hesitant and a little scared of how Eliza might react.

“They’re offendingly cute together,” Alex relays to Eliza and Kara looks at Alex with a mixture of anger and flattery. “Whether Kara is here?” Alex looks at Kara, who’s signing her to say no and dragging her finger along her neck indicating she’s going to kill Alex, “Yes, she is. They both happen to be sitting right here.” Alex puts the phone on speaker, pushes it into Kara’s hands and speeds off out of Kara’s hitting reach. She does get a pillow thrown against her back but judging by her satisfied grin, it’s worth it.
“Hi Eliza,” Kara squeaks when she puts the phone to her ear after taking it off speaker phone. Alex might want to listen in but Kara would rather have her not.

“Hi sweetie,” Eliza replies, “how are you doing?”

From the corner of her eye, Kara can see Alex send Lena a thumbs-up and a wide smile, mirrored by Maggie. Lena seems to relax a tad more and removes her legs from Kara’s lap, folding them in front of her.

“I’m fine. Great. Yes, really good,” Kara rambles to Eliza.

“That’s nice to hear.”

A short silence follows, Eliza giving Kara the opportunity to bring up her news herself. Kara took it. It would be better to tell Eliza on her own terms, or as much of her own terms as there were still left with Alex forcing this out of her.

“Err- I, eh, I- Alex told you I’m dating someone again and—” Kara stutters.

“Yes, sweetie, I heard. I’m very happy for you,” Eliza saves her, “I was thinking of maybe visiting you and your sister in a few weeks and then I can also meet him. What do you say?”

“Her,” Kara squeaks.

“What was that, honey?”

“Err, her? You said him, but it’s her.”

“Oh, oh! Her. I’m sorry for assuming you were dating a man, you’d just never shown any interest in girls as far as I know.”

“It’s okay. I never did tell you.”

“Is she at least good to you?” Eliza’s mothering shines through, always concerned about the wellbeing of her daughters.

“She’s perfect,” Kara says with a dopey smile, staring at Lena and practically melting.

“I’m really happy for you, Kara. So, when can I visit and meet her?”

“About that, we were thinking about coming to Midvale next weekend. If that works for you, of course. Otherwise we will find another moment but we could both take a few days off so we can make it a long weekend and come this Friday if that’s okay.” Kara gives Lena’s leg a reaffirming squeeze and silently asks if she’s still okay with visiting Midvale. She’s answered with a small nod and a warm hand on top of her own.

“I would love that! I’m off on Friday and Saturday but I do have to work from Sunday on.”

“That’s okay, I want to show her around Midvale anyway.”

“Do you need me to pick you up from the station?”

“No, we’re driving.” Kara is glad they have already talked this through. Lena doesn’t want to take the train or bus because of the sheer amount of bathroom breaks she has to make and the risk of
getting bad nausea again because someone brought something with them that would trigger it for her. And maybe Lena wanting to avoid public places, lately even more than before, also motivated this decision. But it’s fine with Kara. Lena has a car, several even, and they both have a license so they’ll be fine.

“As long as you drive safely.”

Kara rolls her eyes, “Eliza, we both know how to drive just fine.”

“I know how you drive and that’s why I’m worried.” Kara rolls her eyes at that, she’s not that bad. “Now, are you going to tell me who she is or am I left guessing for another week?”

“Oh, right,” Kara says as she turns her hand around to intertwine her fingers with Lena’s. She knows the moment she drops Lena’s name, the CEO will likely freeze again out of fear of Eliza’s reaction. Lena doesn’t have many good experiences with people finding out about her last name but Kara is determined to make this one. She’s sure Eliza won’t care, she’s already heard some good stories about her and was even present when Lena was proven innocent with regards to using Kryptonite and freeing her mother from prison.

“I’m dating Lena.”

“Lena Luthor?” Eliza asks and Kara can tell she has a knowing smile on her face. Rao, was she really this dense every single person around her could tell but she?

“Yeah.” Kara brushes her thumb over Lena’s hand as the CEO waits for Eliza’s response with baited breath -waits for Kara’s response to Eliza’s since she can’t actually hear the other end of the line.

“Congratulations, sweetie. Though when I joked you should get yourself a billionaire who could afford your appetite I was joking,” Eliza says with a laugh loud enough Kara knows even Lena can hear it, “I can’t wait to finally meet her in person. What do you want for dinner Friday?”

Kara covers her end of the phone with her hand, “she asks what we want for dinner.”

Lena isn’t often speechless but this is really the last question she had expected to be asked and she finds herself unable to answer it, staring wide-eyed at Kara.

“Enchiladas,” Kara directs to the phone. Then turns to Lena and adds, “you’ll love Eliza’s enchiladas, they’re the best.”

“Enchiladas it is.”

“Oh, and potstickers.” Kara grins. She knows she’s not only doing herself a favour by asking, ever since she’s pregnant Lena has been having a weakness for them as well.

“Of course,” Eliza laughs, “what’s a meal without potstickers.”

“Right! Can you please tell Alex that next time she refuses to order them for game night.” Kara sticks her tongue out to Alex, who shoots up at the sound of the doorbell to open the door for Sam.

“Do you have guests over?” Eliza asks at the uproar in the background.

“Yeah, we’re having game night.”

“Well, then I won’t keep you any longer. Enjoy your night and say hi to everyone for me.”

“Thanks, Eliza. Bye!”
“Bye mom!” Alex shouts at the phone from across the coffee table right before Kara hangs up.

“Meeting the parents, huh,” Sam jokes, handing a wine bottle over to Alex who nearly squeals in delight.

“I think I need some of that wine,” Lena says with a wry smile.

“Oh, come on, they can’t be that bad.”

“Mom is great,” Alex says before Lena can reply.

“Eliza truly is,” Maggie confirms.

Lena groans and leans forward to grab the glass of water Sam hands her, sending a longing look to the bottle of wine being uncorked by Alex.

“Lena thinks Eliza is not going to like her but Eliza likes everyone, so she has nothing to worry about,” Kara relays to Sam, scooting over a little so Sam can squeeze in next to her. They only met the night before but get along like they’ve been friends since childhood. It makes Lena almost envious of how easy they both seem to get along with new people, she’s always struggling to find her footing and not come off too stiff or distant.

“Well, rightfully so,” she says.

“No way. Lena, everyone who gets to know you likes you. I bet Kara and Alex’s mom won’t be any different,” Sam tells her over Kara’s head.

“Morgan Edge does not like me.”

“Morgan Edge doesn’t know the real you and he’s an asshole and your business rival. If he’s your best defence I think I’ve just proven my point.”

“I hate your business side.”

“I love you too,” Sam says, sending Lena an air-kiss and earning an eye-roll in return, “so, when is the meet-the-parents?”

“Next weekend. She’s going to hate me.” Lena burrows her face in Kara’s shoulder.

“She’s not. Stop saying that. She already loves you and she hasn’t even met you,” Kara says, wrapping her arm around Lena’s shoulders.

“I’m going to make her a grandmother. I’m going to make you a mom. What’s not to dislike?”

“Everything. Lena, she can’t stop talking about becoming a grandma. If she had her way, Maggie and I already had a kid,” Alex says with a small laugh.

“I still don’t believe you.”

“At least give her a chance to prove it, little Luthor,” Maggie tells her. “Besides, she’ll be grateful you’re telling her about the kid before they can talk.”

“Saved by the bell!” Lena exclaims when there’s a knock on the door signalling Winn’s arrival. She shoots up to let him in so they can finally start game night.
“Look what I found on my way over!” Winn says excitedly after greeting everyone. He waves a magazine in the air and when no one answers holds it still, front page facing his audience.

“Lena and Sam made the front page.”

“Sam and I- what?” Lena coughs out.

“Made the front page. They’re praising your clothes, you’re already being called best-dressed celeb of this year.”

Winn hands the magazine over to Sam’s outstretched hand, who turns to the actual article and skims through it.

“Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, and Samantha Arias, L-Corp’s new CFO, arrive at the annual L-Corp fundraiser gala dressed to the nines. Luthor looks downright radiant in her suit, turning a lot of heads as she walks past on the red carpet. She wears it so well several of our reporters have wondered why men still wear suits,” she reads out loud with a chuckle, “Oh, look, Kara also get an honourable mention for her dress.”

“I can’t believe it, give me that.” Lena nearly throws herself over Kara to grab the magazine from Sam and read the article for herself.

“They actually wrote that?!?” she says, red creeping up her cheeks as she reads the article praising her and her outfit.

“Well, you did look really good.” Kara punctuates her statement with a kiss on Lena’s red cheek and takes the magazine from her hands, throwing it to Alex for her and Maggie to read too.

“So did you,” Lena says, resting her head on Kara’s shoulder as she relaxes a little again.

“Ohh, little Luthor, you’re trending on twitter and tumblr,” Maggie suddenly says, trying to hide a sneaky smirk. She waves her phone in the air but doesn’t elaborate.

“Why?”

“Because of your pretty suit, or maybe I should say handsome.”

“What do they say?” Kara asks.

“Oh, no, little Danvers. I can’t repeat that in front of the baby,” Maggie says, obviously enjoying the redness that creeps up Kara’s neck.

“That’s my girlfriend they’re talking about,” the blonde sputters.

Lena lifts her head and pulls Kara close to her, tucking her head beneath her chin.

“It’s okay, we’ll just avoid social media for a while. They’ll always talk, at least this time they’re not sending me death threats.” Lena lets out a dry laugh. Kara mutters something about her not liking either of the options.

“Lena, can I get your tailor’s contact information,” Winn gallantly changes the topic, “because those are some neat stitches and they could be super useful in my suits.”

“Oh, err, sure. If you promise to come help me next week on my anti-lead device. I’m almost there
but I need an extra pair of hands that knows what it’s doing.”

“Oh, oh, you’re-you’re asking *me* to work with *you!*” Winn gushes.

“Yes, if you want to.”

“If I want to?! Of course I want to. Say the word and I’ll drop everything and come help.”

Lena chuckles, “don’t you have a job?”

Winn shrugs. Alex sends him a glare but he is too high in heaven from the promise of working with Lena to notice.

“How about Tuesday?” Lena suggests. Winn’s face lights up at the prospect of having it happen sooner rather than later and nods vigorously.

“Lena?” Kara asks, hands trailing over Lena’s arm under the covers.

“Yes?” Lena stifles a yawn and pulls Kara’s arm tighter around her.

“Are you awake?”

“Now I am.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“Don’t worry, I wasn’t asleep yet.” Lena says as she turns in Kara’s arms to face her girlfriend, straining against the dark to see her, “what is it?”

“Can we talk or are you really tired?”

“We can talk.”

“Okay.”

Kara takes a moment to continue talking and Lena patiently waits, her hand settling on Kara’s waist to silently let her know she can tell Lena anything.

“I might to one day,” Kara finally says.

“Might want what?” Lena’s thumb plays with the folds in the fabric of Kara’s pyjama top.

“You know,” Kara lowers her voice to a barely audible whisper, “want well, you know.”

“It’s not a dirty word, Kara, you can say ‘sex’.”

“Oh, right, okay. I probably want that someday.”

“Oh. Thank you for telling me,” Lena says, moving her hand to Kara’s to intertwine their fingers.

“One day, maybe, I will want it too. But I might not.”

“I don’t want to make you do something you don’t want.”

“I know you won’t make me but just talk to me when you might want to. Maybe I’ll be getting there too.”
“Okay,” Kara says, briefly letting her forehead touch Lena’s. “You don’t have to answer this because I know it’s a personal question, but did you and Jack ever…?”

“We- no. Jack and I was different. We had an agreement over it but he couldn’t go without sex and we had an understanding about it since day one,” Lena explains.

“Agreement? How does that work? Again, you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.”

“I know, honey. But we’re in this together and it’s okay for you to ask. We agreed he could have sex with other people, as long as he did it safe and he wouldn’t stay over and break it off -with either one of us, the deal worked both ways- if he got emotionally attached.”

“That- that sounds hard.”

“Relationships are never easy, especially not when the people involved have different needs and desires but we made it work. It was good for us, we were both happy with it.”

“I don’t want that. I couldn’t have sex with random people.”

“I’m not asking you to.”

“I know. I know.” Kara pulls Lena closer and nuzzles her nose in Lena’s hair. “I’m glad we can talk about it though.”

“Communication is the key to a happy relationship, Kara.” Lena untwines their hands and wraps hers around Kara, relaxing against her body.

“That’s why I’m glad we can talk. Because I’m happy and I want to stay that way and I want you to be happy too.”

“Me too, I want you to be happy too,” Lena replies.

“And peanut,” Kara adds, tracing her fingers briefly over Lena’s small baby bump.

“And peanut,” Lena agrees before she sighs and closes her eyes, settling in Kara’s arms for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks everyone for all the comments and kudos I keep receiving and even the super rare anon on my tumblr (here) once in a while. They really do motivate me and make me write faster / more.
Thirty-Five

Chapter Notes

Good morning!

What? Two chapters in one week? And this long? What's going on?
I have no clue either. Don't tell my internship supervisor though because I may or may
not have used time at my internship to write... Oops?
But I just had to write this. You'll get it when you're finished, I hope.

“Winn,” Lena says stifling a laugh, “come on, you can check out the other labs when we’re done.”

“I can?!” Winn looks like a kid in a candy store, running from side to side in Lena’s labs to look at
all the tech.

“Of course.”

“You’re the best.”

Lena smiles shyly and leads them to her private lab, scanning her card, her eyes, her thumb print,
swabbing the inside of her cheek with a cotton swab and sticking it in a device that does a DNA
check and finally activating the door through a voice check. She can’t risk someone else getting in
and destroying her research or using it for their own plans -be it evil or not.

Winn takes several deep breaths, barely able to keep his hands to himself and not caress all the sweet
equipment in Lena’s private lab. He follows Lena further into the room until they stop at a large table
holding all of the individual Biomax bots.

“Okay, so what do you need my help with?” Winn asks as Lena drags a desk chair over and sits
down. She does listen to Alex and Kara sometimes.

“I’ve reprogrammed Biomax to make the bots all act individually instead of like a hivemind, that way
they don’t need a mother-bot to tell them what to do. They’re programmed to target airborne lead and
collect it and when they’re full they either empty their load in a designated safe spot where there’s a
device solidifying the lead to keep it from entering the air again, or they fly to their home base and
shut down if the lead concentration is below a certain point. The only problem is I need to physically
alter all of the bots to be able to perform this task but I can’t risk making mistakes and it’s too much
to do myself, I’m on a strict deadline,” Lena gestures to her stomach with a crooked smile.

“Say no more. Show me.” Winn leans over the table, grabbing the magnifying glass and adjusting it
so he can check out the bots. Lena quickly guides him through the necessary alterations and how to
perform them and they settle into a steady pace, handing each other tools and streamlining their
teamwork to reach maximum efficiency.

Kara shows up with lunch, forcing them to take a break before they settle back into their steady pace
of work.

A few hours later, Lena gets called away by Jess. She’d said only emergencies and if Jess called, it
means Lena’s needed, urgently. She leaves Winn to work alone as she makes her way up, using her
key card to block the elevator from being used by anyone else so as to make sure she gets to the top floor without delays.

“Jess, what’s it?” she asks as she stalks out of the elevator before the doors have fully opened.

“Harold from R&D didn’t show up today and he was supposed to pitch the new L-scan to the board. Jules can take over but I know you’d rather it do yourself because Jules is terrible,” Jess rattles off.

“It’s nothing like Harold not to show up without notice,” Lena thinks aloud.

“I pulled up his record, he’s never missed a day unannounced except the one time he got pneumonia and even then, he called in,” Jess follows Lena to her office, hugging her tablet to her chest.

“Why is Jules the only option to give the presentation? Alice should be able to take over, or May.”

“They haven’t showed up either, several days in a row actually.” Jess taps on the tablet vehemently. “How did I not see this?! It’s not just R&D, some people from IT and a few other projects haven’t showed up either.”

“Okay, so my employees are going missing and their supervisors fail to notify me?” Lena says as she walks over to the closet in her bathroom to find some more appropriate clothing for a business pitch for the board, “First, can you send security to see if there’s maybe another reason than the worst for them not showing up? I don’t want to assume the worst. Second, make sure their supervisors are told these occurrences should be reported immediately. I can’t have half my staff go missing before finding out.” She doesn’t want to think the worst but can’t help her mind going there. Abducted employees, bait to get to her or Supergirl, an underground organisation developing God knows what and needing people with know-how to build it for them. The possibilities are endless.

Shaking the thoughts away in favour of using her brain capacity for the pitch she didn’t know she had to give, Lena pulls on a blazer and slips on some heels that would certainly earn her very disappointed looks from Alex and Kara as she makes her way over to Jess to let her assistant judge whether she looks good enough to go to the meeting.

Jess puts her tablet down on a chair and tugs and pulls at some hems, working to hide Lena’s growing bulge that she’s not ready to reveal to the world. It’s one of the reasons Lena wouldn’t be giving the pitch in the first place, she doesn’t feel comfortable in front of audiences with all eyes trained on her anymore. Not when she knows one wrong move, one wrong pull on her blazer or blouse, could give everything away. The gala was different, there she had the luxury of having a suit tailored exactly to her body as it is right now and not having to worry about it shifting a little to reveal her stomach. A loose-fitting shirt perfectly concealing her expanded midsection.

She knows she can’t hide it forever, not while remaining active as CEO and she doesn’t want to step down to have a child in secret. She wants the kid to have a life too and so does Kara.

“Can you show me the slides?” Lena asks Jess as they walk back out the office. Jess pulls up a short presentation compiled of pictures of the different parts of the new L-scan. Lena looks through them and, in her head, formulates a somewhat coherent story, mentally checking the main talking points and making sure she isn’t missing anything. She quickly runs the points by Jess who nods approvingly, gives Lena a once over and tugs a little on her collar before giving her a firm nod.

“Thank you, Jess.”

“Knock ‘m dead.”
“I’d rather not,” Lena says with a small smirk, “I still need their money.”

Jess laughs and shakes her head fondly before opening the door to the conference room for Lena.

Her pitch goes fine. Better even. A little over an hour later Lena and Sam step out of the room with signed papers promising a solid investment in the new product. L-Corp needs it, some of their more conservative investors have announced to stop their money-flow after Lena didn’t wear a dress to the gala saying a company run by ‘someone like that’ is not one they wish to be affiliated with. Lena can’t mourn the loss. They’re not the kind of people she wishes to be affiliated with either. It might leave L-Corp desperate for new investors right now but Lena is sure they’ll pull through and was bound to lose these investors the moment she announces to the world either that she’s dating a woman or that she’s pregnant and not married -to the father, or any man. Better to spread that loss across a few weeks so it’s easier to overcome.

“You did great,” Sam says as they file into the elevator together.

“Thank you, Sam. So did you, I can’t believe how L-Corp could ever run without you.” Lena takes off her heels with a small groan, losing the height advantage she desperately needs when in business-mode.

“I can’t believe you did everything yourself either, when did you even sleep?”

Lena laughs awkwardly, she didn’t really sleep a lot. Running on caffeine and stress more often than not.

“Lena!” Sam scolds, “good thing I started then.”

As the elevator steadily makes its way up, Lena’s mind drifts back to her missing employees. She hopes Jess will know more by now. Hopes it was all just a miscommunication, an error in the system and they’re all just on a holiday without it being registered.

Lena doesn’t even have to ask. Jess is already waiting for them at the elevator, updating Sam on the missing employees and filling them both in on what she’s found out while they were in the meeting.

“Security found some signs of forced entry in some of the places, the others didn’t show any signs of force or damage but they can’t legally enter to check it out. It does seem like it wasn’t just an accident or coincidence. It’s unclear yet what exactly is going on. I’ve compiled a list of everyone missing.” Jess hands a tablet to Lena with a list of names and links to their files. “It seems limited to National City, no other cities reported missing employees, save for one student but I believe that’s an anomaly. His supervisor is looking into that as we speak but I believe that’s an anomaly. His supervisor is looking into that as we speak but he seems to have a history of not showing up.”

Lena scrolls through the names, filing them all away and tries to find a pattern. Everyone seems to be either working for R&D or one of L-Corp’s linked departments. All engineers, chemists, programmers. All clearly knowledgeable in their respective fields and that’s what scares Lena the most. These people seem to be targeted specifically for their skills.

“Call detective Sawyer for me please, Jess,” Lena instructs, feeling this needs a little more investigation and preferably through the legal route.

As soon as she gets to her office she calls down to her lab, assuming Winn will figure out how the intercom system works when he sees it.
“Winn?” She waits a moment, logging in on her computer to pull up her employee files to sift through the exact projects they work on and find out what valuable knowledge they share.

“Lena?” Winn’s crackly voice sounds through the device.

“I’m sorry but an emergency came up. We can work on the bots another time if you’re okay with that. I’m sorry for keeping you alone down there.”

“Are you kidding? This lab is awesome! I can finish them on my own this week if you’re okay with that. These are too cool.”

Lena can imagine Winn’s excited face nearly drooling over the little devices.

“If you want that.”

“Yes!”

“I’ll give you temporary access to my lab for this week. Please don’t break anything,” Lena adds when she hears the sound of something dropping on the floor in the background.

“No, no, no, I’ll be super careful. You’re the best. I’ll have them all done next week for launch.”

“Thank you, Winn.”

Lena quickly arranges for Winn to gain access to her lab and contacts PR and HRM to both make sure this doesn’t make it out to the public and update her employees, instructing them to stay safe and having sent a list out with directions to make sure they don’t undergo the same fate.

Jess instructs Maggie as soon as the detective shows up while Lena is still with PR and HRM in her office. When Lena’s done with them, Maggie asks her for more information and assures her she’ll make sure finding her employees is top priority. Lena nods and pinches the bridge of her nose; all this chaos has given her a headache and she hasn’t even called Kara yet and told her she has to cancel their trip to Eliza. She can’t leave L-Corp right now.

Sam and Jess join her and Maggie in her office and they talk through the most important findings they’ve already made themselves.

As soon as they’re done, Lena tries to get on the phone with Kara but before she’s even dialled her girlfriend’s number she gets stopped by Maggie.

“You can’t cancel your trip to Midvale,” she says as she carefully pries Lena’s phone from her hands.

“My company needs me, detective,” Lena bites back. She knows family is important and knows how much it means to Maggie who was kicked out of her own but her work is also very important to her and this is a crisis situation.

“You’re the CEO of a company where employees go missing. You’re even more at risk of being the next than any of your employees and you’ve just instructed them to take some days off and visit their families preferably as far away as possible. You might be next and I will not let that happen.”

“I’m not next. I’m fine. I’m not an idiot, they can’t just get to me like that.”

“But they can. That’s the thing. They can if they want it badly enough. You can’t risk it, Lena.”
Lena realises how serious Maggie is when she uses her first name instead of her last.

“My company needs me,” she still weakly protests.

“We will manage just fine without you, Lena,” Sam betrays her, “we already planned to and we can handle this. Jess and I are a lot safer than you and we’ll do just fine. We don’t have the knowledge they seem to seek and L-Corp will only benefit from you staying safe. Even if you only stay away for a few days.”

“Okay,” Lena finally complies reluctantly, “but I won’t stay a day longer than we planned. I’m helping until then and I get to help when I get back.”

“That’s not-”

“I can also just not go,” Lena cuts Maggie off and quirs her eyebrow as if to dare her to rebut.

“No. No way, no one makes Eliza sad. How about this: you run L-Corp until you leave and when it’s not fixed when you’re back, you can help.”

Lena narrows her eyes slightly at Maggie as she contemplates the offer.

“Deal,” she says, sticking her hand out for Maggie to take.

Lena calls Kara afterwards, filling her in on her day and reassuring her she’s okay. Kara doesn’t seem convinced and insists on escorting Lena everywhere she goes. Though very annoying at times, Lena’s also touched by how much Kara seems to care about her wellbeing and she keeps telling herself it’s only for a few days. Then they’ll go to Midvale and Maggie, Sam and Jess will sort everything out while they’re there.

It’s still early. The sun has barely risen above the horizon and the birds are only just starting to wake up along with Kara and Lena. They’d decided to leave early so they could get the most out of their day and get some time with Eliza too before everyone is tired and night hits. Kara wants them to properly meet and can’t seem to wait to tell her adoptive mother about her child. Lena’s a little more hesitant, understandably so but she tries not to let it affect Kara’s unrestrained enthusiasm.

“How did it feel,” Kara asks, voice still groggy from sleep, “sleeping in your apartment for the last time?”

Lena stuff is all being moved while they’re in Midvale, courtesy of Kara who immediately arranged someone else to do it once she found out Lena planned on moving by herself. Her new apartment is furnished, redecorated and ready for her to move in.

“Both nice and terrifying,” Lena admits. “I haven’t lived anywhere else in National City. I haven’t lived in a big place for a long while so I think it’s going to be a big adjustment.”

“But a good one?”

“Yes, a good one. I can’t stay in this shoe box forever.”

“Mhmm,” Kara hums as she cards her fingers through Lena’s soft hair.
The bed is a little small, Lena hadn’t needed a bigger one. Hadn’t even imagined ever needing a bigger one after breaking up with Jack and taking over the company. It’s another thing that’s nice about moving. She’ll have a bed that can comfortable fit both of them without Kara having to make sure she doesn’t accidentally kick Lena out of bed or hovering over the edge slightly in fear of tipping Lena over the other one.

They enjoy each other’s closeness a little longer before finally having to get up. After a quick breakfast they gather the last items needed before leaving.

“Lena, where’s the presents?” Kara asks when she’s gone through the entire living room in search of them.

“I don’t know, I thought you had them.”

“No, I don’t. I can’t find them. I gave them to you right? Because we would leave from your place.”

“I” Lena shakes her head to clear her foggy mind- “I don’t remember, honey. Are you sure you didn’t just pack them?”

Kara uses her X-ray vision to scan her bag but doesn’t find what she’s looking for.

“I didn’t. What are you doing?” she asks when she sees Lena pull apart the couch cushions.

“Looking for my coat.”

“It’s right here.” Kara takes one of Lena’s coat from the hanger and holds it up.

“No, not that one. I’ve looked there already. I can’t find it.”

“Can’t you take another? We should really leave. I think the presents are still on my counter if you didn’t take them.” Another quick scan of Lena’s apartment shows they’re indeed not there. “I can fly back real quick and bring them.”

“I can’t take another coat,” Lena says, moving to continue her search in the kitchen.

“Why not? They’re all working coats right.”

“They don’t fit.” Lena’s voice holds a tinge of sadness and insecurity making Kara immediately regret suggesting Lena wear anything than what she has picked out herself. It had taken Lena a dozen reassurances the night before to pick an outfit in the first place and a dozen more to get her into it this morning. Pregnancy made her more self-conscious about her body and she wanted to look perfect so Eliza couldn’t make any comments about the way she looks, not that Eliza ever would but Lena hasn’t met her yet and her only base for any maternal figure are Lillian and Rhea. So, Kara understands her nervousness and insecurity and takes every opportunity she gets to ease Lena’s mind.

Kara does another scan of the apartment to make sure she’s not just overlooking the coat and presents but doesn’t find the either.

“Didn’t you wear that to my place yesterday?”

“Mhm, maybe.”

“You left wearing my sweater, right?”
“No. I don’t know.”

“How about we just go to my place together and find your coat and the presents?”

Lena perks up a little at the suggestion, clearly valuing the way she looks when meeting Eliza more than Kara thinks necessary. Eliza will love her no matter what. Kara throws her bag over her shoulder and takes Lena’s before the brunette can try to carry her own. She wraps her free arm around Lena and pulls her close as they make their way to Lena’s car.

The drive is short. It’s still quiet on the road this early in the morning and before they know it the elevator doors open to Kara’s floor.

“You promise no work,” Kara asks Lena before they step out of the elevator.

“Promise,” Lena says, resting her head on Kara’s shoulder, “it’s not like Jess or Sam would let me work anyway. But if it makes you feel better, I left my work phone on my desk.”

Kara nods but when Lena looks up she doesn’t look at her but stares in the distance. Lena follows her gaze and there, next to Kara’s door, sits a hunched figure.

“Alex?” Kara asks, detaching herself from Lena’s side and hurrying over to the figure. Lena swiftly follows and both of them sit down on either side of Alex, wrapping arms around her as she lifts her head and reveals her red eyes and blotched face.

“Kara?” she croaks.

“I’m here. What happened?” Kara asks, gently guiding Alex’s head to her shoulder with her hand while Lena soothingly rubs Alex’s back.

“Maggie and I- fight,” Alex manages to tell them before tears comes spilling again.

“Oh, Alex,” Kara coos as Lena and her comfort her sister.

Alex calms down again after a few minutes, brusquely wiping at her face to get rid of the tear tracks. Lena quickly rummages through her purse and gives Alex a new tissue so she doesn’t have to use her sleeve.

“Let’s get inside so you can get yourself cleaned up and drink some water,” Kara suggests, getting up and extending her hand to Alex. Alex takes it and allows Kara to pull her up. Kara helps Lena up next and they all file into the apartment when Kara unlocks it. Alex gets put on a chair in the dining room, a glass of water in her hands and Lena and Kara join her, asking her to share if she feels like it.

“We used to have discussions, you know,” Alex says as she circles her finger along the rim of the glass, “but now we actually fought. We’ve never had a fight like that, I almost threw a book at her. I didn’t but God, I wanted to. She just- We- I got so mad, so so mad. I think I just need to be away for a few days-” Alex looks at Kara- “can I use your place? I don’t know if Maggie’s still at mine.”

“Sure,” Kara quickly answers, pulling Alex in for another hug, “whatever you need.”

Lena takes in Alex’s dishevelled look, the bags under her eyes and the red blotches on her face and makes a decision.

“Have you been sitting there all night?”
Alex shrugs and rubs her hand roughly over her cheek. Lena doesn’t need a verbal reply to know the answer.

“Why don’t you come to Midvale with us?”

“Ohh, yes, Alex! That would be nice and then you really get to be away for a few days.”

“No, no, I couldn’t. It’s your weekend.” Alex shakes her head and looks at her glass.

“Alex,” Kara chastises with a faux-serious voice, “you can’t argue with a pregnant lady.”

She jokingly nudges Alex’s side earning a small laugh.

“But it’s Lena’s first-time meeting mom and you’re telling her about the baby and I don’t want to take away from that.”

“We know you won’t, Al. Please come with. Eliza will be so happy to see you and you get some time away. It’s a win-win really.”

Lena already moves to take the coat she has found again, draping it over her arm and moving over the kitchen counter to pick up one of the presents Kara had lost. She quirks an eyebrow at Alex. The older woman sighs but gets up anyway.

“Oh, but I’ll need a moment and I’m only coming if Kara’s not driving.”

“Hey!” Kara pouts and Lena pats her cheek laughing. Maggie had warned her about Kara’s driving only days before and though Kara insists she’s not that bad, Lena would rather not risk it. Kara might be made of steel but she certainly is not.

Alex retreats to the bathroom to clean her face while Kara takes over Lena’s coat and the present. Lena, hands now free, walks over to couch and picks up a pillow and a blanket.

“I thought second trimester was supposed to give you more energy,” Alex comments when she exits the bathroom and sees Lena with her hands filled with a blanket and pillow.

“It is,” Lena confirms and nudges Alex out the door after Kara. Alex sends her a questioning look but doesn’t get a reply or an answer to her unspoken question until they’re back at Lena’s car and Lena waits for her to get in.

“Here,” Lena hands over the bedding, “it’s a long drive, or so I’ve heard.”

Alex gratefully accepts the offered items, only now realizing they’re meant for her. It’s as if suddenly all her exhaustion surfaces and Alex sighs as she tucks herself under the blanket.

“Thank you, Lena.”

“You’re welcome.”

They’ve barely left the city when Alex’s eyes fall close and her head lolls against the pillow propped up against the window.

“So,” Lena says, turning briefly glance at Kara, “can’t argue with a pregnant woman huh?”

She quirks an eyebrow and doesn’t even try to hide an amused smile; that’s one argument she can use to her advantage for the next few months. Kara grins sheepishly and splutters a little before shrugging and intertwining her hand with Lena’s free one.
A few hours later they stop at a little diner Kara claims is her favourite. She’s been saying that about every place they’ve passed that sells something resembling food though. Kara orders a pile of pancakes and beams enthusiastically and a little proud at Lena when the brunette orders a waffle with whipped cream. Kara starts devouring her pancakes as soon as they’re placed in front of her but nearly choke on her third when Lena starts pouring hot sauce on her waffle and happily eats it. Kara quickly recovers when she remembers pregnancy can bring weird cravings with it and she probably shouldn’t mention it. Or gawk at Lena like she’s been doing. Though the brunette doesn’t notice, too absorbed in her meal.

When they’re done they order a bunch of sticky buns for on the road and for Alex when she wakes up. Neither of them wanted to disturb her sleep so they left her in the car with a text saying where they are in case she does wake up.

The next few hours Kara spends singing softly along to songs, serenading Lena with big arm gestures whenever the song allows it. Alex wakes up and Kara puts on another playlist, one she knows Alex likes too with less ‘too happy’ -Alex’s words- songs and the sisters both belt out the lyrics and dance in their seats when one of their shared favourites comes on, mouths still full with sticky buns but neither of them seem to care.

With every passing mile, Kara starts to notice Lena becoming more and more subdued. Where she would smile or laugh at Kara’s antics -or even join in- before, she now barely reacts. Her eyes are strictly focused on the road ahead and her hands are holding on to the steering wheel a little tighter than necessary. Kara notices her heartbeat speeding up ever so slightly and her breathing becoming a tad more forced.

Kara glances sideways several times, trying to comfort Lena by putting her hand on her arm but it’s not enough. It doesn’t even change anything and she can’t help while they’re driving and she doesn’t know what’s wrong.

“Are you okay?” she asks Lena after she notices her girlfriend’s jaw clench and a worry line appear on her brow.

Lena curtly nods without taking her eyes off the road.

“Maybe we should pull over for a bit? Take a little break. You’ve been driving for a while,” Kara tries to suggest.

“I’m fine.”

Kara stares at her clearly not fine girlfriend for a few moments and before she can think of anything else to say, Alex steps in.

“Lena, I need to pee. There’s a little restroom in a few miles, can we please stop there?”

It doesn’t seem like Lena really believes her but she also doesn’t look like she wants to call Alex’s bluff so after a few tense minutes Lena parks the car and they all file out. The young brunette immediately walks away from the small lot and disappears behind a line of trees. Kara quickly follows her and finds her sitting on a small bench with hunched shoulders. She silently makes her way over so as not to startle Lena, she can tell Lena already knows she’s there, and sits down next to
her girlfriend, enjoying the view of the small valley spread out in front of them for a moment.

When Lena doesn’t seem to be willing to break the silence, Kara does. “Lena?” she asks, unsuccessfully trying to catch her girlfriend’s gaze. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.”

“Not nothing-” Kara shakes her head- “talk to me, please.”

“It’s just,” Lena breathes in deeply, “what if more people go missing? What if it’s my fault and now I’m not there to fix it. What if something happens to anyone, if anyone gets hurt. What if Jess or Sam get hurt?”

“Sweetie, they’ll be fine. You told me you trust them and they’re not as much at risk you’d be. They’ll take care of everyone. And Maggie is still there, working with her whole team to keep everyone safe and make sure no one else goes missing. The DEO is even keeping an eye out.”

Lena closes her eyes briefly and bobs her head up and down but her demeanour doesn’t change. There’s still the same anxious set of her brow and stiff way she moves.

“That’s not what you were worried about. Not really,” Kara observes.

Lena shakes her head and presses her lips together to form a thin line, still staring in the distance. “It’s Eliza?” Kara’s voice is a little surprised. Though she’d known Lena is worried about meeting her, she had no idea how bad it was.

Lena’s only reply is a slow and forceful blink, briefly crinkling the skin around her eyes as she visibly fights back tears.

“She will love you, Lena. There’s nothing to be worried about.”

Lena shakes her head again, not to disagree with Kara but rather in disbelief. “I’m Lena Luthor,” Lena spits her name out as if it is the most vile thing she’s tasted. “I’m not exactly great dating material, especially not for a Super.”

“Lena,” Kara kneels down in front of her and rests her hands on Lena’s knees, “you’re the best dating material. You’re sweet and kind and good and everything I could ever want in a girlfriend. I wish you could see that yourself.”

Lena lifts her gaze to the sky for a moment, biting back tears before she lets her eyes drop to the ground, never looking at Kara. Her fingers are still white from clenching her thighs and Kara can nearly feel her nervously trembling beneath where her hands connect with Lena’s leg.

“Do you know how I am so sure Eliza already loves you?”

Once more, Lena shakes her head, prying her hands loose from her legs only for them to clamp the edge of the bench with even more force than before.

“Because you make me happy. And most importantly,” Kara raises her hand to cup Lena’s face, guiding Lena’s chin up a little until watery green eyes meet determined and loving blue ones, “Eliza loves you because I love you.”
Kara anxiously watches as she waits for her words to be processed by Lena’s brain. Suddenly she worries it’s too soon, she should’ve waited. She shouldn’t have said it so early in their relationship. Now she’s forcing Lena to say it too even though she doesn’t need Lena to say it back. She can wait, as long as Lena is comfortable.

A lone tear escapes from the corner of Lena’s eye and Kara is propelled into action. Her mouth starts talking and it feels like there’s no connection between it and her brain anymore as the words start to flow, at first directed at Lena and then just at herself.

“Oh, no. Rao! Lena, I’m sorry. Please don’t cry, Lena. Don’t cry. It’s too soon, I shouldn’t have said it so soon. I’m always too much, too soon. I’m so sor-”

Kara doesn’t get to finish her sentence when Lena -now crying in earnest- clumsily tries to shush her by cupping Kara’s cheek. However, she doesn’t get her breathing enough under control to say something.

“You don’t have to say it back. I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Kara starts rambling again, filling in the silence when Lena fails to do so.

Lena draws in a sharp breath.

“No, you- you’re- not too much. Just th- the perfect amount. And it- it’s not too soon,” Lena ensures Kara between gasps, “they’re hap- happy tears.”

“Oh-” Kara needs a moment to process, for all her super speed she feels utterly slow sometimes.

“Oh!” She shoots up from her kneeling position and sits down next to Lena on the bench. One leg on each side of the seat, front facing Len. She gently wraps her arms around her girlfriend, pulling her in a little. One hand automatically drifts to Lena’s side, her thumb softly brushing the far side of her baby bump, the other wrapping around her shoulders and soothingly rubbing comfort into her.

Lena burrows her face in Kara’s neck and returns the embrace, hands tangling in the fabric of Kara’s button up. Kara whispers sweet nothings in Lena’s hair, occasionally alternating it with a kiss to Lena’s crown. They sit together for a while as Lena calms down again. Kara’s nerves slowly ease too knowing that Lena’s tears are happy tears and she didn’t do anything to ruin their relationship. She didn’t scare Lena off.

After a few minutes Lena pulls back a little to look at Kara. There’s so much love in her eyes that when she opens her mouth to say something, Kara panics she’s going to say ‘I love you’ back just because she said it. Panicked Kara might not make the best decisions but she doesn’t think about that in the moment when she presses her lips against Lena’s to cut her off.

Lena’s surprise quickly dissipates as she instinctively returns the kiss, their lips moulding together perfectly. Kara can still taste the saltiness of Lena’s dried tears, or maybe they’re her own tears of relief.
They’re both a little breathless when their lips disconnect.

“What was that for?” Lena asks.

“I didn’t want you to say something you didn’t really want to say, just because I said it.”

“Honey-” Lena brings her hands up to cup Kara’s cheeks- “I won’t say anything I’m not ready to say. I was going to ask whether we could find a place to eat because I think peanut is getting hungry again.” Lena smiles softly and takes Kara’s hand from her side, intertwining their fingers and resting both their hands above her belly button.

“Lena Luthor getting hungry faster than I am?” Kara jokes.

“Oh shush,” Lena says, bumping her shoulder against Kara’s, “I didn’t have a dozen sticky buns since breakfast.”

“You’re lucky I happen to know a great place then, it’s one of my favourites.”

“Kara, every place is one of your favourites.”

“I just love food! I can’t help it.”

“I know, love.” Lena gives Kara a chaste kiss and makes to get up only to be gripped tighter by Kara and pulled back to the bench.

“Just a minute longer?” Kara asks. Lena immediately obliges, melting into Kara’s hold, her head nestled under Kara’s. Kara rests her head atop Lena’s, sighing a little as she relaxes against the body in her arms.

It’s another fifteen minutes before they actually make their way back over to the car. Alex is sitting against one of the trees closest to the car and looks up from her phone as soon as she hears the couple approach. Her eyes widen in horror as she takes in the state of Kara and Lena’s clothing, several drops of blood prominently visible on Kara’s light shirt and even more on Lena’s.

“Oh no, Kar. Please tell me you didn’t break her nose.”

“Alex! I didn’t do it that often.”

“No, just a nose bleed. Not Kara’s fault,” Lena reassures Alex and turns to Kara, “exactly how often did you break someone’s nose?”

Kara makes an undignified noise as Alex happily supplies Lena with the answer, “three times.”

Lena bursts into laughter but immediately softens when she sees Kara’s pout.

“Aww, honey, I’m just glad you didn’t break my nose,” she says as she briefly touches her head to Kara’s shoulder. Kara quickly gives Lena a kiss before glaring at Alex as they walk past her to the car to get some clean clothing.

A brief bathroom visit to clean up Lena’s face and change their bloody clothing for clean ones later they are finally ready to hit the road again. Kara tosses the car keys to Alex informing her she’s driving them to lunch and Lena and Kara both pile in the back of the car, seemingly unwilling to release their hands for their entwinement.
Kara and Lena use the drive they have left after lunch to talk through how to go about everything. They’ll arrive well before dinner and decide to wait until after to tell Eliza she’s going to be a grandmother. That gives her and Lena some time to get to know each other and Kara hopes it will also ease Lena’s still present nerves. Kara might have convinced her Eliza will not immediately hate her, she’s still sceptical on Eliza loving her especially after telling her about the baby. Kara seems so convinced everything is going to be just fine, though, that Lena is willing to let her have her way. Lena will apprehensively follow her lead, hoping but doubting Kara will be proven right.

Lena had purposefully chosen a black and more flowy shirt so Eliza won’t notice her bump as soon as she gets out of the car. It did take both Kara and Alex to convince her she looks perfectly fine and presentable. She hadn’t planned on wearing this and her jitters are slowly coming back at the prospect of meeting the woman who took Kara in when she landed on Earth. Kara remains on the backseat with her, one hand always on her as she recounts stories of how Alex tested how impenetrable Kara skin was with a nail gun when they were younger.

“In all fairness, Kara, I did first try to get a needle in your skin and slowly built up to the nail gun. And it wasn’t like you felt a thing!” Alex protests and returns the favour by telling Lena how embarrassing Kara was, always having to tag along with her and being amazed by the simplest things such as birds and blades of grass.

A few hours later than originally planned they arrive at Eliza’s. Kara had already let her know they’re running late and Eliza is standing right outside the door when Alex pulls the car up on the small driveway. Eliza’s small smile widens the moment she realises the unfamiliar car is pulling up to her house and must hold Kara and Lena.

“Lena, breathe,” Alex chuckles when she looks in the rear-view mirror at her passengers.

“Babe, it’ll be fine.” Kara gives Lena’s hand a quick squeeze before she opens her door and gets out. She gallantly waits outside, stretching one hand out to Lena to help her out as Alex makes a beeline for Eliza.

Kara puts a hand on Lena’s lower back, pressing close when Lena slips her arm around her waist and leading them to where Eliza and Alex are now engaged in casual conversation.

“Kara, sweetie!” Eliza wraps Kara up in a hug. Kara’s hold on Lena slips a little and Lena offers her hand instead. Eliza cups Kara’s cheeks to check her thoroughly from head to toe. “You have to come visit more often, I missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too, Eliza,” Kara says, pulling slightly on Lena’s hand to draw her closer again from where she’s slowly drifted as far away as possible while still holding hands with Kara.

“Eliza, this is Lena,” Kara says, letting go of Lena’s hand and instead putting her hand in between her girlfriend’s shoulder blades as she moves her a little towards Eliza, “Lena, Eliza.”

“It’s very nice to meet you, Mrs. Danvers,” Lena politely says, stretching out her hand towards Eliza for a handshake.

“Oh, nonsense, sweetie. The pleasure is all mine and please call me Eliza. Or mom,” Eliza adds as an afterthought and before Lena realises what’s happening, she’s being wrapped up in a hug by the mother of her girlfriend. Her arms limply hang beside her otherwise stiff body and it takes a moment
for her brain to catch up to what’s happening and make her body respond accordingly, returning the hug albeit a little awkwardly.

Eliza releases Lena from her tight embrace but keeps her hands on Lena’s shoulder, giving Lena the same thorough check Kara had received. Lena visibly squirms under Eliza’s gaze though and the older woman catches on, letting go of her.

“I’m sorry, sweetie. I’m just so happy to finally meet you.” Eliza gives Lena’s shoulder a small squeeze and takes a step back, now addressing her daughters too. “How about we have something to drink and eat first and then we can see about sleeping arrangements?”

Kara doesn’t seem able to contain her excitement at the prospect of Eliza’s food and nearly flies inside the house but comes to a stuttering halt, turns around and walks to Lena with a blush on her cheeks. She slides her hand in Lena’s and gently pulls her after her to the living room while she praises Eliza’s food to Lena. Alex and Eliza follow them as they share a laugh over Kara gushing about Eliza’s pies.

Kara drops Lena off at the couch where the brunette stiffly sits, unsure of what to do. She’s great at ruling a board room, intimidating a bunch of old white men, entertaining people at a gala but she has no clue what to do in an unscripted situation like this. One she really cares about, one where the impression she makes actually means something to her - might be the most important thing in her life right now. So, when Eliza and Alex return and Eliza asks them what they’d like to drink, Lena automatically gets up and offers to help.

“No, thank you sweetheart but you’ve had a very long trip so just sit down and let me get you something,” Eliza dismisses her and Lena drops back on the couch, even more unsure now. She wasn’t wrong offering was she?

Before she can work herself up even more, a soft hand gently lands on her fidgeting hands stilling their motion.

“Eliza makes the best lemonade in town,” Kara says, beaming brightly at her mom to divert some attention away from Lena but turns to her girlfriend again with a gently squeeze of her hand. “Do you want to try some?”

Lena nods and it takes her a second to swallow away the lump in her throat, “yes, please. I’d love to try it.”

Eliza retreats to the kitchen to get them their drinks, knowing what her daughters want to drink without asking.

Kara uses the short moment to repeat some reassurances to Lena, “you’re doing great, baby, you don’t need to stress.”

It isn’t until Kara pulls her a little closer, their bodies touching from their shoulders down to their feet, that Lena finally feels her body relax a little again.

Eliza returns with a tray with glasses, a pitcher with lemonade and a closed tin. She fills the glasses with lemonade and hands one to each of the women seated in the living room, Lena first. After filling a glass for herself and putting it on a coaster she opens the tin and hands it over to Lena.
“Peanut brittle!” Kara yells excitedly, having snooped over Lena’s shoulder to look what’s inside. Suddenly her face falls, “I can’t eat that.”

“Why not?” Lena asks her, taking a piece from the tin and handing it over to Alex’s grabby hands.

“It’s peanuts, Lena,” Kara says, trying to convey some deeper meaning to Lena through her eyes.

“You’re not allergic right? This is delicious, Eliza,” Lena says after taking a bite from the treat.

“It’s peanuts, Lena. Pea-nuts.” Kara drags the word out as if the meaning suddenly changes. Alex catches on before Lena does and bursts into laughter so loud whatever she tries to say ends up in ragged sounds that are indiscernible as words. Kara catches Lena’s eyes, quickly darts her own down and back up at Lena’s again and that’s when Lena catches on.

Kara won’t eat peanuts because the baby’s nickname is peanut.

Lena stops eating for a moment, then shrugs and takes another bite, to Kara’s horror.

“I have no problem with eating peanuts,” Lena simply says, “and neither should you. I don’t think there’ll be a revenge action.”

“You just jinxed it.” Kara pouts at the tin with goodies now back on the table but still doesn’t make a move to take one.

“Fine but until then, there’s more for us.”

Kara grumbles, glances between Lena and the treats several times and when Eliza offers Lena a second piece finally indulges and inhales two herself before savouring a third piece.

Conversation flows easy between the four of them. Lena realises Kara and Alex were right, Eliza doesn’t seem to hate her. For now. They talk about Lena’s work for a while and then gravitate through Eliza’s, Alex’s and Kara’s jobs to talk about Kara and Alex as kids.

“I always wanted a large family,” Eliza tells them, the tin with peanut brittle long since empty just as the lemonade pitcher. Lena leans relaxed against Kara, Alex’s feet are spread out on the other couch, a cup of coffee -because she needs the caffeine- clutched in her hands as she listens to her mother talk.

“At one point I just thought it wasn’t meant to be. We had Alex and I was happy, I love her but I always felt like I had so much more love to give. So when Kara came along I felt like I got a second chance at giving my love to someone and now Maggie and you joining the family, I’m finally getting the large family I’ve always wanted.” Eliza looks at Lena with a warm smile, eyes crinkled around the edges but so much love in it Lena can no longer believe Eliza doesn’t want her with Kara.

Time flies by and soon enough Eliza is waving away Lena’s offer to help with dinner, leaving her daughters and Lena behind in the living room while she cooks. Lena’s stomach lets out a low rumble and she self-consciously wraps an arm around her stomach as red creeps up her cheeks.

“Aw, babe, are you hungry?” Kara puts her hand on Lena’s stomach, making Lena turn even more red.
“Kara,” she pleads, gently pushing Kara’s hand away. She needn’t say more. Kara drops her hand back in her lap and looks down remorsefully.

“Sorry.”

Lena takes Kara’s hand from her lap, holding it in hers, “it’s okay. I know you didn’t mean anything with it. It’s just, your mom is right in the next room and she could come back any moment and I don’t want her to find out like this.”

She places a kiss on Kara’s cheek and Kara turns her head to capture Lena’s lips in her own, leaning in a little to deepen their kiss.

Alex coughs exaggeratedly and Lena’s head snaps up. Of course it would only be her luck if Eliza came out of the kitchen, had heard her and then saw this overt display of affection between Kara and her. A blush creeps up her neck.

Eliza isn’t standing in the living room, though. Sounds coming from the kitchen still betraying her presence there. Lena looks at Alex in confusion.

“You were getting too sappy.” Alex grins innocently, “I could feel my teeth starting to rot.”

“You nearly gave Lena a heart attack! Not funny.”

“Don’t be so gross then. I don’t need to see my little sister devour her girlfriend.”

“Oh come on Alex, it’s nowhere near as bad as you and Maggie that time I came over for pizza!”

“You should have knocked, Kara!”

Their voices get increasingly louder and more agitated.

“You knew I was coming!”

“You knew Maggie was over!”

“Girls,” Eliza’s stern voice interrupts them, her head popping out of the kitchen. “Can you not get along without me present for five minutes?”

“Oh-oh,” Kara mumbles under her breath.

“But they were being gross, mom. I don’t need to see my sister eat her girlfriend.”

“I was not eating Lena!”

“Alex,” Eliza’s voice makes it clear she’s had it with them, “could you please set the table.”

Alex looks like she wants to complain but one look at her mother and she swallows her words. With a glare directed at Kara, she gets up and walks to the kitchen.

“Should I help?” Lena asks Kara when Alex walks out of the kitchen to the dining table with a pile of plates.

“No, you’re the guest. Eliza would never let you anyway. Now, how about I get you a pre-dinner snack you won’t be starving for the rest of the night.”

Lena bashfully hides her face in Kara’s shoulder. “It’s not that bad,” she murmurs, “I’ll survive.”
“Babe, I bet even Alex could hear your stomach and you said it yourself, you don’t want Eliza to find out when you eat dinner for three.” Kara punctuates her statement with a kiss and extracts herself from Lena’s grip to grab a snack.

“Kara, we’re having dinner in ten minutes,” Eliza’s voice drifts from the kitchen.

“I know, I know. I bet it’ll be so good. I love your cooking but I’m hungry.”

Someone, presumably Kara, starts rummaging through the kitchen.

“When are you ever not?” Eliza’s tone is light and friendly holding nothing of the bite Lillian’s would when making a remark like that, “I think there’s some cookies in the pantry.”

“Thanks!”

A cupboard opens and Kara appears from the kitchen again armed with cookies, one of them already stuffed in her mouth. Lena gratefully takes several cookies from the roll and gingerly eats them. This baby is even more effective at ruining her healthy diet than Kara had been and she can’t even begin to care because it’s so satisfying to still her hunger. At least for the short time it allows food to. She’s still limited by the size of her human stomach and might eat less than Kara in one sitting but she’s also noticed she needs food more frequently to remain satiated.

Dinner goes by in a breeze of ease. Eliza is a phenomenal cook and Lena is glad she had those cookies because she’s not sure if she would be able to contain herself otherwise. To Eliza’s obvious surprise, Kara doesn’t finish the entire dish but sets a plate with at least two portions to the side ‘for later’, sending Lena a knowing look when Eliza isn’t paying attention. Lena is so touched it takes her a little more effort than she’d like to admit to not let it show - she still won’t risk Eliza catching on- and she mouths a “thank you” to Kara, gently squeezing her leg under the table. The familiar warmth she’s always associated with Kara settles in her chest and it’s like she’s receiving an invisible hug. She swallows her emotions away and finishes her drink.

When everyone is done eating, Eliza gets up and starts stacking the dishes.

“Do we have dessert?” Kara hopefully asks as she starts helping Eliza clean the table.

“We do,” Eliza answers mysteriously.

Kara makes an excited noise and jumps up and down a little. “I hope it’s chocolate pecan pie. I love chocolate pecan pie!”

Lena gets up and softly excuses herself, still unsure of how this all works. She’s suddenly reminded this is her first real family dinner and she has to admit she can get used to them.

In the hallway she looks for Kara’s bag and finds it propped up against the wall beneath the coat rack. She zips it open a little bit and takes the three wrapped packages they stuffed inside when they left this morning. She walks back to the living room door but suddenly the room seems too small, the air too heavy and opening the door too insurmountable. She needs to breathe. She needs air. Without being completely aware of what she’s doing, she turns around and opens the other door, walking outside and sitting down on the steps of the front porch. The packages haphazardly spread out next to her when she doesn’t even seem to be able to hold them any longer.
She takes a few deep breaths, closing her eyes and calming her mind. There’s no reason for her to react like this. She’s just telling Eliza she’s pregnant. And making her daughter a mom. Of a half alien whose alien part happens to come from said daughter’s ex-boyfriend. Because the ex’s mother decided she wanted an heir and Lena was deemed acceptable enough to provide the other half of the genes and bear the baby. Just your average telling the mother-in-law -though technically not in-law- she’s going to be a grandmother.

A warm arm wraps around her shoulders and Alex sinks down beside her.

“Eliza can’t stop gushing about you. If she were a little younger and not my mom I would worry about her trying to steal you from Kara,” Alex says, gently pulling Lena in a little to bump their shoulders together.

“Eliza is great.”

“But?” Lena should’ve figured Alex knows her long enough to read her.

“It isn’t exactly a simple situation, you know.” Lena shifts a little and self-consciously rubs her belly.

“No, but there’s nothing you should feel guilty about. You’re a victim to them just as much as every citizen of National City. Eliza will understand. She won’t blame you.”

“She should. I did-”

“Lena,” Alex softly chastises, “you couldn’t have known Rhea wanted to initiate a Daxamite invasion.”

“If I wasn’t so blinded by her affection-”

“Lena, you got to stop that. Yes, if you’d seen through her maybe things would’ve been different. But she would probably have found another way anyhow and it could’ve turned out a lot worse. The only who blames you in the entire universe is you and though you might be right a lot of times, I think this isn’t one of them.”

Lena’s lips curl up a little to the smallest smile. “I’m sorry. I’ve been working on it but sometimes I just- I can’t help it.”

“It’s okay. I know how hard it is to let go of old habits. Now that we’re on that topic anyway. I want to apologise for making Kara call Eliza last week. I thought she just kept forgetting and- okay, well, I wasn’t really thinking actually. I didn’t even consider she didn’t call yet because she wanted to make sure you were absolutely okay with it.”

“You should say that to Kara.”

“I will but I still had to say that to you too.”

“Thank you.” Lena leans her head against Alex’s, conveying her thanks with her body as well.

“So,” Alex reaches around Lena and grabs one of the gifts, “I’m assuming this was Kara’s idea.”

“You assume correctly.” Lena picks up the other two gifts and places them in her lap.

“You know, we might joke about you being extra but sometimes Kara has you beat. What is even in this?” She tosses the round object between her hands, weighing it and feeling it up.

Lena doesn’t reply, toying with the edges of the larger package.
“You can always tell her the regular way like you did me if you don’t feel comfortable doing it this way.” Alex puts the round gift in Lena’s lap with the other two.

“No, it’s fine. I’m okay doing it like this and Kara really wants to and I want her to have this.”

“Aren’t you the regular way like you did me if you don’t feel comfortable doing it this way.” Alex puts the round gift in Lena’s lap with the other two.

“No, it’s fine. I’m okay doing it like this and Kara really wants to and I want her to have this.”

“A little,” Alex answers, question clear in her voice.

“How do you say ‘I love you’ in Kryptonese?” Lena lifts her head from Alex’s and looks her in the eye.

“Oh,” Alex takes a moment for the implication to settle but answers raptly after, “zhao khap rrip.”

“Zhao khap rrip,” Lena tries, taking a few more attempts to get used to the unfamiliar sounds. Kara had been teaching her little snippets of Kryptonese here and there but the sounds are still very foreign to Lena.

“You’re a really sweet girlfriend for her, Lena,” Alex says, wrapping Lena in a hug. After checking if Lena’s okay, she gets up and offers Lena her hand to help her get up too. Lena instead hands her the gifts to free her hands and gets up herself.

“I’d like to do whatever I still can before I’m going to need a tow-truck to help me with it,” she jokes with a smile, taking the gifts back from Alex and waving her inside. Alex bursts out in laughter and follows after her.

Lena hands two of the gifts to Kara as she sits down next to her, Alex lingering in the doorway with her phone ready.

“Are you okay?” Kara asks Lena, placing her hand on her leg and looking at her in a way Lena knows won’t allow her to lie.

“I’m good,” she answers truthfully, placing her hand atop Kara’s.

“Okay,” Kara turns to face Eliza, “we’ve got you some gifts from National City.”

“Sweetie, you know you don’t have to give me presents. I’m happy enough with you just being here and bringing Lena.”

“I know but we wanted to. I’m sure you’ll love them.” Kara smiles lovingly at Lena and Lena is sure these are the heart eyes Winn keeps talking about. When Kara nods at her slightly Lena gives Eliza the round gift.

“Wait!” Kara says before Eliza can start unwrapping. “No questions, you’ll get it and we’ll explain the rest after but first just unwrap everything.”

“Kara, you didn’t do anything, right? You’re kind of scaring me here.”

“No, no, it’s nothing bad I promise,” Kara rushes to reassure Eliza, gesturing for her to start unwrapping the first gift for real now.

“An orange?” Eliza says when she’s removed the paper, turning it around in her hand as if she
expects it to be more than a simple orange.

“A navel orange,” Lena specifies but Kara hands over the second gift before Eliza can ask more. It’s a solid rectangle shape and Eliza carefully undoes the tape and folds the paper away to reveal a photo album. She browses through the pages to reveal it’s entirely empty.

“We’ll give you one year or so of pictures and the rest you can take yourself,” Kara says cryptically, handing over the last gift. It’s a smaller, soft package with something a little harder on one side. Eliza’s fingers slip along it to find it a little rectangle on top of the softness. She carefully unwraps it and takes the rectangles -photos, sonograms actually- looking at them with obvious confusion.

Lena knows she’s a doctor so she’ll no doubt know what they are and what’s visible on them. She’ll realise as soon as she turns them around at least and when she does so her eyes widen.

She softly reads the careful handwriting on the backs, each holding a date and a week count. Lena’s free hand goes to her stomach, wanting to hold on to the little life in their they’re revealing. Her other hand tenses slightly in Kara’s as realisation settles on Eliza’s face, her eyes looking a little teary as she looks up and stares from Kara to Lena and back.

With trembling hands, she takes the soft white fabric she’d momentarily forgotten and unfolds it. It’s a little romper with “grandma’s favourite” written on the front. Kara and Lena had agreed until there’s another grandkid, theirs is grandma’s favourite by default and there’s no shame in flaunting it.

“Grandma’s favourite,” Eliza repeats with a shaky voice, “how, what-”

“I’m pregnant,” Lena comes to her rescue.

Eliza no longer is able to keep the tears at bay and lets them flow freely as a hand flies to her mouth in shock. She quickly snaps out of it and rushes to the other side of the table, pulling both Lena and Kara in a tight hug.

“Congratulations,” she manages to say to them. Then, “I’m going to be a grandma?”

There’s so much awe in her voice Lena instantly forgets why she was so worried in the first place. With the worry falling off her shoulders come her own tears and she’s no longer able to answer Eliza with words, nodding her head against the older woman’s shoulder instead.

Kara doesn’t seem to fare much better, though she does manage to choke out a “Yea,” as her own tears stain Eliza’s other shoulder.

The three of them cry together for a while until it seems there’s no more tears to be shed. Though Lena has thought that before and been proven wrong, hormones are a real joy.

“Alex,” Kara says, voice still a little unsteady as she wipes away some tears from her cheek, “are you crying?”

“No,” Alex obviously lies and when she’s met with three pairs of disbelieving eyes she adds, “I’ll kill you if you tell anyone.”

Lena, still sniffling slightly, extends her hand towards Alex and the agent feigns indifference as she puts her phone away but joins in the hug anyway, melting into it the moment two arms wrap around her.
They spend the rest of the night in the living room, sharing a chocolate pecan pie Kara claims as her own as soon as the rest has taking a piece from it and a key lime pie, as they explain everything to Eliza. From the navel orange—the current size of the baby—to why Kara wouldn’t eat peanuts and from the Daxamite invasion and them falling in love. By the time Eliza is all caught up, Alex has long since fallen asleep and Lena is visibly battling sleep herself. Kara takes the last bits of pie and wraps them in some cling film before popping it in the fridge where Lena can hopefully find it if she wakes up hungry again like she’s been prone to do recently.

Eliza nudges Alex awake and Kara guides a sleep drunk Lena up the stairs and to her bedroom—they’ve agreed Kara and Lena get Alex and Kara’s old bedroom and Alex takes the home office with an air mattress.

Kara quickly runs back down to bring everyone their luggage, she seems to be the only one remotely awake apart from Eliza and has had a remotely shorter day than Alex and a less emotional day than Lena. She helps Lena change and sends her to the bathroom to finish up for bed as she pushes the beds together—sleeping together is a lot nicer than alone and a more room is also always appreciated. She changes into her pyjamas and brushes her teeth in the kitchen. When she gets back upstairs, the bathroom is empty and she takes the opportunity to wash her face. Lena’s already in bed and edging on sleep by the time Kara slips under the covers next to her. Kara wraps her arms around Lena and nuzzles her head between Lena’s shoulder blades.

“Goodnight,” she whispers.

“Zhao khap rrip,” Lena says softly, wrapping her own arm around Kara’s and burrowing a little tighter against her girlfriend.

Kara doesn’t really notice any of it, her body going slack at the unexpected sound of her own language. At the words Lena said. She’s sure she hasn’t taught Lena those yet, or at least not very part of the sentence. She can’t help the emotional turmoil in her chest, the warmth Lena causes because she’s gone out of her way to learn and remember this phrase. For Kara. She’s done it all for her because there’s no one else who feels this connection to that ancient language.

“Lena?” Kara’s voice is disturbingly unsteady.

“I wanted to say it to you in your own language,” Lena drawls sleepily, “because you said it to me in mine.”

“Zhao khap rrip,” Kara tells her, placing a kiss in Lena’s neck. Lena doesn’t even squirm like she usually does when Kara’s lips tickle the skin there and Kara knows she must be really tired so she rests her head against Lena’s back again. Lena’s no fool though, even sleep drunk she’s attuned to Kara and she turns around in Kara’s arms the moment her first tear falls. Lena gently wipes it away with a weak hand and wraps her arms around Kara, placing a soft kiss on her temple.

“I- I’m- it’s-” Kara stutters but Lena gently shushes her.

“It’s okay, honey. You’re okay,” Lena whispers in her hair. She keeps mumbling little reassurances, her voice getting lower, softer and more inarticulate with each word until all that’s left are faint breaths against Kara’s temple. Lena’s heart rate and breathing evened out and Kara can’t help wonder how she got so lucky. She tucks her girlfriend in a little better and shifts to a more comfortable position before falling asleep herself.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks again for all the nice comments and the kudos! I'm a complete Kryptonese noobie so if I didn't translate it right please correct me so I can fix it. Please also point out any other mistakes because I stayed up late to finish this and it's 1.30 am now and I should've been asleep hours ago so my higher brain functions have already shut down awhile ago.

Feel free to talk to me on tumblr
Hi, I'm sorry this chapter is terrible but it's all I've got and I didn't want to keep you guys waiting even longer so guess you'll have to do with this...

Next update might take another while because I haven't really been in the 'zone' (or mood) to write a lot lately. Maybe in a few weeks I will be, let's hope so.

Thanks for all the kudos and comments! I love each and everyone of them and they got me to even finish this chapter in the first place.

Lena wakes up to the low rumbling of her stomach, an empty feeling settled in the pit of it. She tries to ignore it, shifting to another position and willing sleep to draw her under again but alas, it doesn’t work. The rumbling only gets worse and with a resigned sigh she carefully removes Kara’s arm from around her and gets up. If she remembers correctly there’s still some pie leftover.

She blindly searches for a pair of socks, not wanting to wake up Kara by turning on the light, and puts them on her feet knowing she’ll be more silent that way. She silently exits the room and tiptoes downstairs. In the kitchen, she pulls the fridge open and lo and behold, there’s still a good part of the key lime pie sitting in it. Lena eagerly wraps the cling film away and cuts of a piece, eating it a lot faster than deemed healthy by most people.

She debates having another piece but now with her stomach filled again, she can feel the clutches of sleep reaching out to her again and reseals the pie, putting it back for the morning.

On her way back upstairs, she suddenly hears small sounds coming from the small office on the end of the hallway. When she inches closer she can hear it’s stifled whimpers. They must be coming from Alex as she’s sleeping there and Lena suddenly remembers why Alex is in Midvale in the first place. Kara and she had hoarded Eliza’s attention and Alex had been fine with it but inside she must be hurting so much. Lena makes her way across the hall and gently knocks on the door.

“Alex?” she whispers as she pushes the door open a little, “are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Alex sniffs unconvincingly.

Lena pushes her way inside and lowers herself down on Alex’s air mattress, pulling her in for a hug.

“I’m sorry,” Alex says.

“Don’t be. You’re sad, you had a fight with Maggie. Nothing to be sorry or ashamed of,” Lena reassures her. Alex tries to suppress her sobs but only ends up shaking from tears more. Lena holds her while she cries, rubbing along Alex’s back and holding her close.

Alex calms down a little and lowers Lena’s arms away from her.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Lena says. She gets up from the bed and sticks her hand out for Alex, “come.”
“Come what?” Alex asks confused.

Lena picks up Alex’s pillow and blanket when Alex doesn’t move to take her hand.

“You’re not sleeping alone tonight.”

“I’m not sharing one of those tiny beds with you and Kara, it won’t even fit,” Alex protests.

“Good thing Kara pushed them together then.” And with that Lena turns around and leaves with Alex’s pillow and blanket, forcing Alex to chase after her.

With a soft grumble, the redhead gets up and follows her, “fine, but you’re sleeping in the middle. I don’t need Kara to koala me in the middle of the night.”

Lena laughs quietly and puts Alex’s stuff on the bed before slipping back under her own cover and smiling softly when Kara immediately wraps herself around her. Alex lies down next to her, careful not to touch but Lena won’t have it and wraps an arm loosely around Alex, closing her eyes and ignoring Alex arguing she doesn’t need a hug to sleep. Alex lies stiff beneath Lena’s arm for a moment before slowly relaxing into the contact, scooting closer when her breathing becomes more uneven again. Lena tries to comfort Alex the best she can. Long moments later, Alex’s breathing evens out and slows down to the slow puffs of sleep. Lena tugs Kara’s arm closer around her waist, twining her own fingers with hers as she rests them on her stomach. Soon, she follows Alex and Kara to dreamland.

Soft sunlight filters in through the light curtains making everything in the room glow with early morning brightness. It’s still very early, sunrise has barely started and Kara nuzzles a little closer to Lena’s sleeping body. Kara loves mornings the best, waking up to the sun tickling her skin while she holds Lena in her arms. Lena’s right hand on top of Kara’s, cradling the slight swell of her stomach together. Her left limply in Kara’s while her other left hand rests on Kara’s forearm.

Kara’s eyes shoot open. Lena doesn’t have three hands. She raises her head to look at where the third hand comes from, body tense with a sudden burst of adrenaline.

“Alex!” she hisses loudly when she recognises her sister. She feels herself deflate a little. At least it’s not someone meaning Lena or her any harm. She does pull her arm away from Alex with a little more force than necessary.

“Mmmm,” Alex mumbles sleepily.

“What are you doing?” Kara spits at her.

“Kara, it’s 5 o’clock.” Alex blinks her eyes open several times before focussing on Kara.

“It’s at least 6.”

“My point exactly. Now let me sleep.” Alex closes her eyes again and rests her head back on her pillow.

“What are you doing in my bed?”

“This is my bed, Kara. Just because you pushed them together doesn’t make this your bed too,” Alex says, not even opening her eyes back up.
“It’s not yours. You would sleep in the office.” Kara glares at Alex but her sister still doesn’t open her eyes.

Lena’s sleepy voice suddenly cuts through their bickering, “ssssh, sleeping.” Her voice is thick and she draws the word out. There’s a weak tug on Kara’s arm to get her to lie down again but Kara’s still too busy glaring at Alex to react.

“Then it’s Lena’s and she dragged me here so please let me sleep.” Alex turns around so her back is facing Kara. Lena chooses that moment to turn too, now facing Kara and wrapping her arms around the blonde’s body mumbling something Kara can’t decipher. Kara huffs out a breath, looks at the sleepy woman tucked against her front and slumps back down again. She tugs Lena a little closer, the brunette burrowing her head beneath Kara’s chin, feeling warm and soft in Kara’s arms and if she ignores Alex’s presence she surely can get used to this feeling. She dozes off to the thoughts of sharing lazy Sunday mornings with Lena in her arms and a little toddler jumping on the bed for them to wake up.

She manages to sleep for another hour or so, waking up again to the sound of the door closing. A glimpse at the other side of the bed reveals it was Alex leaving. Lena, however, is still sleeping. Her body relaxed, limbs slumped over Kara and her lips are slightly parted. Warm breaths ghost over Kara’s shoulder and she brushes some stray hairs away from Lena’s face to enjoy the view a little better.

After a few minutes Kara decides to get up too to help with breakfast. Carefully prying Lena’s fingers from her shirt and turning just so, so Lena slips off her and Kara can pull away, she extracts herself from the bed. Lena’s eyes sleepily blink open though when she tucks her girlfriend back in.

“Is it morning already?” the brunette mumbles, eyes blinking shut slowly.

“It is, but you can sleep a little more. I’ll make you some breakfast.”

“You don’t have to. I can get up.” Lena doesn’t make a move to do so, however and Kara chuckles at her sleepy tone.

“I know. I want to. Just sleep a little more and come down in your PJs. We’re having a lazy Sunday morning breakfast.”

“It’s Saturday?”

“Eliza has to work tomorrow so today is Danvers-Sunday,” Kara explains.

“Oh, okay.” Lena mumbles, already halfway back to sleep by the sound of it.

Kara tells her, again, to sleep a little more and leaves with a kiss to Lena’s forehead. She skips downstairs ready to make the best Sunday morning breakfast ever with waffles, pancakes, fruit, toast, eggs and anything else Lena might want to eat.

Downstairs, Eliza and Alex are both hugging a cup of coffee to their chest. The former leaning down over a newspaper and the latter staring bleary-eyed in the distance, clearly still struggling to wake up completely. Eliza looks up from her paper as soon as Kara closes the door behind her.

“Morning sweetie,” she greets, “I didn’t start on breakfast yet. Is Lena coming down too?”
“Morning. Lena’s still sleeping. I thought I could make her a nice breakfast like we used to do?” Kara suggests, pulling out a chair and sitting down at the table with Eliza and Alex.

“Hmm, cinnamon rolls?” Eliza muses.

“And waffles!” Alex seems to perk up slightly at the mention of an extensive Danvers breakfast.

“And pancakes,” Kara adds.

Eliza takes the last sip of her coffee, folds the newspaper and says, “let’s get started then.”

It takes Alex a few more minutes to finish her coffee but when she does the three of them fall in a familiar rhythm, making each other’s favourite breakfast foods.

“I’m glad you, Alex and Lena found time to visit,” Eliza says as she measures off flour. “Lena is a really sweet girl.”

“Hmm,” Kara agrees, “she was really worried about meeting you, you know.”

“She was?” Eliza asks, following it with a hum and nods as if she suddenly sees how Lena would be worried about meeting her. “Well, I really like her so she can stop worrying.”

“I don’t think she will. She somehow got the crazy idea stuck in her brain about being unlovable,” Kara says wistfully.

“Oh, I know exactly how that idea got planted in her head,” Alex pitches in with a peeved look on her face.

Two sets of blue eyes lock in on her and she shrugs, “just saying. I don’t think Lena got a lot of love growing up, especially with a mother like Lillian. No wonder she thinks she doesn’t deserve. Doubt Lillian ever thought Lena did.”

“Yeah,” Kara agrees mournfully.

“But now she has us, right?” Alex gives Kara a strong pat on her back sending her an encouraging smile which Kara copies. Lena does have a new family now. One that will probably only grow with the years, the first expansion expected in a little under half a year.

“She does.”

“So, you better put a ring on it fast because otherwise I might be tempted to,” Alex jokes with a wink.

“Alex! You have already put a ring on Maggie!” Kara protests, flicking a pinch of flour at her sister.

Alex look turns sour as she stares at the bowl in front of her. She shrugs and makes a small aloof noise that’s completely unconvincing.

“Oh. Right. Sorry.” Kara wraps an arm around her sister when she realises her mistake. “You know you can talk to me if you want.”

“I don’t want to. There’s nothing to talk about. Maggie doesn’t want kids, I do. Now please can we get back to cooking?” Alex turns around, away from Kara, and starts stirring the batter in it with a little too much vigour.

Eliza looks at her with a concern but doesn’t make any comment and Kara turns silently to her own
bowl of batter, too scared to say anything that might anger Alex even more.

They silently work on their respective dishes, only speaking to ask for items or compliment each other’s finished products. Eventually, they settle on easy conversation again catching up while they work.

The smell of fresh baking fills the kitchen and drifts out to the living room in long steamy tendrils. They carry the dishes out to the table, filling it to the brim with golden brown waffles, pancakes, cinnamon rolls, toast, scrambled eggs and an assortment of toppings. Kara may or may not have had a small taste of everything when Eliza and Alex weren’t looking. She’s just started pouring them all glasses of freshly pressed orange juice when she hears Lena’s heart rate pick up, telling Kara she’s slowly waking up again.

Unable to suppress it, she smiles goofily at the thought of a slow morning with Lena – and Alex and Eliza, but mostly Lena – as she carries the glasses to the table. With one ear trained on Lena and one on Alex and Eliza’s casual conversation. She freezes and earns a worried look from both women when she hears a clattering noise come from upstairs. Her head shoots up but she immediately relaxes when she hears Lena mutter something under her breath and her footsteps move, signalling she’s fine.

“She dropped something,” Kara explains sheepishly and with a shrug turns back to setting the table. When Kara hears Lena finally descend the stairs she hobbles over to greet her at the door and presses a soft kiss to her lips.

“Morning,” Kara greets, snaking her arms around Lena’s waist and pulling her in for an embrace.

“Good morning indeed,” Lena replies, “something smells good.” She tries to sneak a peek over Kara’s shoulder to trace the source of the smell but Kara’s holding her too tight for her to get on her tiptoes. She’s released, albeit a little reluctantly, after her stomach rumbles softly and they share a muffled laugh hidden in each other’s shoulder.

“Morning,” Alex and Eliza greet from the table.

“Morning,” Lena greets back as she takes in the food spread out on it. “Kara, you said you’d made breakfast not an entire buffet.” There’s a sparkle in her eyes as they drift from one dish to another and a smile plays at her lips.

“Sunday morning breakfast is a buffet, Lena. Everyone knows that.” Kara pulls out a chair for Lena and the brunette thanks her with a peck on her cheek.

“I must’ve missed the memo then.”

Alex coughs unsubtly and mutters, “whipped,” under her breath when Kara offers Lena coffee and fills her cup. Eliza shoots her a disproving look and the redhead looks away immediately, looking much like a scolded child.

“I like your pants,” Eliza says with a conspiratorial smile as she nods at Lena’s Supergirl sweatpants.

“Oh, thanks,” Lena blushes, “my assistant got them for me. I think she thought she was funny.”

“Okay, let’s start eating. Lena, you want a waffle?” Kara asks to change the topic, already putting a waffle on Lena’s plate before she gets an answer. Lena reminds herself to ask about her odd
behaviour later but gratefully accepts the food and starts adding marshmallow fluff, peanut butter and Nutella to her waffle and then tops it off with some fruit salad.

“Lena! That’s not food,” Kara exclaims when Lena is about to take a bite.

“Oh, so now you think some combinations are inedible?” Alex quips. She’s all too familiar with Kara’s ability to deem anything edible, including week old pie.

“It is food, Kara, and your child wishes to consume it so please don’t look at me like that.” Lena pierces a piece of waffle with her fork and, without breaking eye-contact, takes a bite. Kara gasps and looks away.

“I cannot look at this,” she proclaims and focusses her attention back to her own food. Alex raises an eyebrow at her as Kara drowns her chocolate chip pancakes in whipped cream and maple syrup – no doubt an equally monstrous combination in Alex’s eyes – before taking a large bite.

“Cravings, huh?” Eliza asks her and Lena smiles sheepishly with a half-shrug as she cuts off another piece. “I remember when I was pregnant with Alex all I wanted to eat was cake. At least it was something edible and not laundry detergent like a friend of mine.” Eliza smiles. “Pregnancy looks good on you and you have a beautiful little bump. And I must say I’m also happy there’s no weird secret to your nice glow at the gala. The girls from my book club were talking about how you sacrificed virgins and drank their blood to get such a nice glow and look that young. Of course, I already knew you’re a lot younger than people usually think you are but it’s nice to also have confirmed there’s no dark ritual to your look.”

“Thank you, I think. I’m not really into sacrificial offerings.”

“They what?!” Kara nearly chokes on her food when she realises what was said. Lena slips her hand under the table and puts in on Kara’s leg.

“It’s not the weirdest story I’ve heard, honey. I’m used to it and at least it’s positive, right?”

Kara looks at Lena, crinkle firmly in place. She’s not sure if she really agrees with her but it’s true Lena must’ve had worse allegations thrown at her and this one israther positive in the end.

The rest of breakfast passes without much more ruckus. They have just started clearing the table, Lena moving to pile plates together and carry them to the kitchen when Eliza stops her with a hand on her forearm.

“You don’t have to do that, sweetie. You’re a guest here. Just sit down and relax a little while you still can, you know,” Eliza says with a brief look at Lena’s stomach.

Lena doesn’t entirely agree but after Kara guides her back to a chair with a hand on her shoulder she relents and sits down as the rest cleans up. She’ll make up for it later when they’re not paying as much attention. She might not have a lot of time to relax but half a year is long enough.

“I wanted to do some groceries because I don’t think I’ve got enough food for two alien appetites and maybe after that we can do something together,” Eliza suggests as she starts clearing the table.

“How about we do the groceries,” Lena suggests instead, “we did spring this upon you and Kara did promise to show me around town.”

“Oh, no, you don’t have to,” Eliza tries to protest.
“I want to. It’s no trouble at all, really.” Lena wants to say it gives Eliza and Alex some time to talk but she doesn’t know how much Eliza knows and doesn’t want to say something Alex hasn’t told her yet, so instead she just tries to smile kindly and hopes Eliza lets them go.

“Well, okay, if you insist. Here’s a list and don’t forget the Halloween candy. The rest, I wouldn’t mind but I don’t think the neighbour’s kids will like it if I don’t have anything to give to them this year.” Eliza hands over a piece of paper with a neat list of items to get. “Remember to get the big ones, they like those best.”

Lena glances over the list and concludes this is indeed something she can do, grocery shopping with Kara. Maybe she can even slip in some extra items for Eliza as a thank you for accepting her with open arms, no hint of bigotry or judgement.

When they get in the car, Lena makes the mistake of asking Kara what Eliza meant with ‘the big ones’ when she told them not to forget Halloween candy. Kara looks extremely confused as to why Lena wouldn’t know that and after a little prying finds out Lena has never actually celebrated Halloween.

“I’d never watched a movie, Kara. Did you really think I celebrated Halloween?” Lena says with a laugh, though probably Kara isn’t entirely wrong to assume she did celebrate it. It’s a very American holiday and the Luthor’s were proud to be very American.

Kara shrugs. “I hadn’t thought about it. But!” she turns to face Lena briefly, nearly running them off the road when her arms follow her body’s movement and jerk on the wheel. “Now we can celebrate in Midvale. Midvale Halloween is one of the best. We can get pumpkins and costumes and go trick or treating. You have to go trick or treating before the peanut gets here. Can’t raise a kid without ever having celebrated Halloween,” Kara starts to ramble.

Lena smiles affectionately at her. She might not entirely agree on the not being able to raise kids without having gone trick or treating, but Kara seems so excited about the prospect of going together Lena can’t say no. And she must say, it does sound rather fun, dressing up – she would want something where she can’t be recognised in though because she doesn’t need more rumours – and walking through the quiet town of Midvale in the dark, huddled close to Kara.

Kara suddenly swerves the car around, shocking Lena back to reality.

“What are you doing?”

“We need pumpkins so we can carve them and I know just the place,” Kara explains excitedly.

“We were going to do groceries, remember?” Lena asks with a laugh.

“Yes, but if we get the pumpkins first our groceries won’t melt. And they sell the second-best pies in town next to it so we can take a pie break between the pumpkin patch and the grocery store.”

“Second-best? Midvale doesn’t seem large enough for the best place to be that far away.”

“The best place is Eliza’s and we ate them all.” Kara smiles, reminiscing about the chocolate pecan pie she devoured the night before.

Lena barks out a laugh at the dopey look on Kara’s face and briefly, very briefly, wonders if that’s how Kara looks at her when she’s not looking. She’s interrupted by her phone ringing and, knowing only a select few people have her number and she’d only be called in case of an emergency, she
answers without looking at the caller ID.

“Lena,” she says.

“Lena?” comes through the receiver in a choked voice, a sob stifled but still audible. It takes Lena a moment to place the morphed voice, her smile quickly fading.

“Maggie? What’s wrong?”

“Lena,” Maggie chokes out again but no more words follow. It leaves Lena worried.

“Maggie? What happened? Are you hurt?”

“No.”

When she gets no more answer, just more stifled sobs, Lena keeps on asking questions to get an idea of the situation, “is someone else hurt? Sam, or Jess or-”

“No.”

“Did something happen?”

Maggie takes a few shuddering breaths before answering, “no. Yes. I just- I don’t know where Alex is. I can’t find her a- and we had a fight and what if something happened to her. What if-”

“Maggie?” Lena interrupts her, her voice calm and steady. She raises a single hand to shush Kara when she notices the blonde wants to say something. Kara can wait. She waits for Maggie to stop babbling before she speaks.

“Maggie, Alex is fine. She’s in Midvale. We found her outside Kara’s apartment yesterday and she joined us to Eliza’s. She’s fine, Maggie,” Lena reassures her. It takes a minute for her words to settle in but then she hears a relieved breath.

“She’s fine?”

“Yes. She was pretty shaken but I think she’s okay. She’ll be okay.”

“Can I talk to her?”

“I’m sorry, I’m not with her right now. I can ask her to call you if we get back,” Lena offers instead, feeling bad for Maggie who’s clearly still shaken from the whole experience and doesn’t have a support system as solid as Alex does, even though she has her own good friends it’s not entirely the same.

“No, no, I’ll talk to her myself.”

“Okay. Are you okay?”

“I’m- I will be, I think.”

“Okay. Do you need anything? Is there something I can do for you right now?”

“No, thank you but you should enjoy your vacation with Kara.”

“Maggie, I’d gladly help. You know that, right?”
“Yeah, I know.”

“Okay.” Lena looks out the window, at the landscape passing by. “Is everything else okay? L-Corp, Sam, Jess, my employees?”

Maggie lets out a watery laugh. “Lena, we said no work while you’re there.”

“I’m not working. You called me remember and I just want to know if my company is still standing.”

“We’d have called you if it wasn’t, you know that. But L-Corp is doing good, Sam and Jess are handling it just fine and your employees have started to show up again. Though they don’t remember anything but at least they’re unharmed and we’re trying to jog their memories to see if we can get them to remember even the smallest thing,” Maggie informs her and Lena feels herself deflate a little. She’d been so worried about everything and after meeting Eliza had gone well, she’d begun brooding again about her company and employees. It’s not solved yet but at least her employees showing up again is progress.

“Thank you, Maggie.”

“No.” Lena can practically hear Maggie shake her head through the phone- “thank you.”

Before Lena can wave away Maggie’s thanks, the line goes dead again and she’s left staring out the window.

She knows Kara’s heard the entire conversation and doesn’t need to be updated and when she looks sideways she sees a small smile on Kara’s lips. She twines her fingers again with Kara’s free hand, willingly risking her life by doing so because Eliza, Alex and Maggie were all right and Kara isn’t the best driver let alone one-handedly.

“They’re going to be fine,” Kara tells her, “they’ll talk it out. I know it’s a big thing but I think they can talk it out. Meet each other somewhere in the middle.”

Lena nods, it appears both Alex and Maggie were too heartbroken by the fight not to want to talk about it and they’d probably be able to find a middle ground on any issue if they wanted to. It might be rough but if they both fight for it, they’ll be fine.

“So, as what do you want to go?” Kara asks, breaking the silence.

“Go where?” Lena’s not sure she can follow Kara’s train of thoughts, her own still trailing in a completely different direction.

“Halloween, silly.”

“Oh, Halloween. I don’t know. As what do people usually go?”

“You can be anything!” Kara’s back to practically bouncing in her chair as she pulls up to a sandy patch of land to park the car.

“How about you think of something? Can you even get costumes this late?” Lena asks.

“I know just the place. Do you really not mind if I pick something?”

“I think you know me well enough to know what I would and wouldn’t like. Do remember to get me a size forty though because I don’t think I’ll fit anything smaller.”

“You’re not that big, Lena. I don’t think size forty even exists.”
“Pff,” Lena huffs out. “I don’t fit any of my old clothing. I haven’t been able to button up my normal pants in weeks and now I have these special ones,” she says as she snaps the waistband of her pants, “because I’m too fat for normal clothes.”

“Hey,” Kara says as she rounds the car and catches Lena’s hands in her, “you’re not too fat for normal clothes. I will say this every day if I must. You’re growing a tiny person and yes, you might not fit in your old wardrobe for a while but it’s only temporary and even if you never lose the baby weight, we’ll get you a new wardrobe and I’m sure you’ll look just as stunning in that. And you know, there’s no shame in gaining weight. It’s normal to sometimes put on some and sometimes lose some. Okay? You’re perfect just the way you are, and I love your baby bump because that’s where our peanut is. I love you and I love peanut and I don’t care in what shape or size you come but you’re not fat, Lena so please will you stop saying that?” Kara’s hands let go of Lena’s in favour of resting on Lena’s sides, her thumbs brushing the currently invisible swell beneath her coat.

“I’m sorry,” Lena says softly, eyes cast down, “I’ll try harder.” She knows the Luthor picture of perfection Lillian has painted in her head isn’t a healthy one, not only making weight an issue but also damaging her in so many other ways she can’t even all comprehend herself.

“You shouldn’t have to try hard. I’ll remind you of how perfect you look every day if it makes it easier for you.”

The familiar pricking of tears starts in the back of Lena’s eyes and she curses her hormones for the hundredth time that week. She shouldn’t be crying over someone telling her she looks good. She shouldn’t be crying over someone showing her love. She shouldn’t be crying overKara loving her. Yet, here she is. Soft tears tracking down her cheeks once again and she can’t remember the last time a day went by where she didn’t have to cry. It must be weeks, if not months, ago.

“Lena,” Kara’s hands trail up to Lena’s cheeks, gently wiping the tears away, “are you okay? Did I say something wrong?”

Lena sniffles and tries to smile at Kara, she’s not sure if she succeeds because Kara only seems to look more worried.

“You’re perfect, Kara,” she manages to say before wrapping her hands around Kara and burrowing her head in the blonde’s warm and comfortable shoulder. Kara immediately embraces her and cards the fingers of one hand through Lena’s dark hair.

“No, Lena, you are and I wish you could see it,” Kara whispers, almost too soft to hear but not soft enough and it causes Lena to shake her head as more tears fall, creating a small patch on Kara’s sweater. Kara doesn’t seem to mind though, gently swaying them as she tries to soothe Lena.

After a few minutes, Lena pulls away slightly and wipes her tears away with her sleeve. She raises herself on her tiptoes to press a kiss to Kara’s lips.

“Thank you. Now, I think it’s time to find us some pumpkins.” Lena smiles at Kara and takes her hand, leading them to the large patch of pumpkin plants. It takes a moment longer for Kara to recover from their little moment but before long she’s bouncing around Lena excitedly telling her about the one time Alex had tried to rig her pumpkin with a motion detector and light but instead caused it to explode.

They buy one pumpkin each, totalling four large ones for them, Eliza and Alex, and a tiny one for the baby because Halloween is foreveryone and it doesn’t matter if you’re born yet or not.
“Can I post this picture?” Kara asks, pressing her phone up under Lena’s nose. They’ve both been banned from the kitchen by Eliza, to Lena’s dismay since she just wanted to help, because Kara couldn’t stop eating the pie batter and kept feeding Lena bites too. The smell of baked goods wafts out of the kitchen but Eliza has told them multiple times the food isn’t finished until she says so, and she hasn’t said so yet.

Lena’s fingers stop carding through Kara’s hair and she drags her eyes away from the book she was reading, looking down at Kara’s phone. It’s a picture of earlier that day. Lena, clad in an oversized old band shirt of Alex’s, arm elbow-deep inside a pumpkin but with a wide smile on her face as she stares behind her at the camera. Alex in the background, also wearing an old band shirt, sticking her tongue out to the camera and Eliza off to the side drawing her design on her own pumpkin.

Kara lifts her head from Lena’s lap and scoots to sit by her side, staring at the picture together.

“You look happy,” Kara observes. Lena looks a little closer at herself. She does. She looks a lot happier than she’d ever seen herself in pictures before. Lighter too. She feels happy.

“I am happy,” she says as she rests her head on Kara’s shoulder and hands her the phone back. Kara lovingly smiles down at the woman resting on her shoulder.

“So, you’re okay with me posting it?”

“Don’t we want to keep it to ourselves a little longer? People are going to jump to conclusions and I don’t want your Super-secret to come out because of it,” Lena argues.

“Mmm.” Kara ponders for a moment. “But I can’t keep loving you in secret, Lena. I want to shout it from the rooftops and I don’t care if other people know. It’s going to come out anyway and I’d rather have it now so I can start openly bragging about you.”

“You want to brag about me?”

“Duh. You’re Lena Luthor and you’re the bestest girlfriend in the world,” Kara says with a small laugh, “of course I want to brag about you.”

“Well, if you’re so sure about it. You might want to turn your notifications off, though, and be ready to block a lot of people. I’ve heard I have some rather… passionate fans. Or you can remove the
hashtag,” Lena suggests, pointing at the #lenaluthor in the picture’s caption.

“Nope. No way. If I’m going to brag about you, I’m doing it properly.” Kara presses the ‘post’ button and puts her phone on silent. The picture and caption aren’t really that suggestive, just informing everyone Kara’s prepping for Halloween with Lena, her sister and Eliza but Lena knows it’s enough for people to start speculating. Especially after the numerous pictures of them on lunch dates that made it to gossip magazines and websites. Lena’s recent lack of public appearances, aside from the press conference and gala, might even serve to back up the wildest of theories.

“Well, if you’re bragging about me to the whole world, I’ll have to brag to you about mygirlfriend. She’s pretty awesome you know. Super sweet, has the biggest heart in the world—” Kara grins dopily and puts her head back down on Lena’s lap, letting the brunette card her fingers through her hair again as she keeps on listing things— always makes sure I’m properly fed. I might have starved to death without her, honestly. She always has my back and never doubts me or my intentions. She’s the best girlfriend in the entire universe. And—” Lena leans forward until her lips are ghosting over Kara’s forehead— she’s going the mother of my child, our child.” She presses a kiss to Kara’s skull before sitting back up again.

Kara’s smile widens and she tilts her head a little to press a kiss to Lena’s leg.

“One more month.”

“I sure hope it’ll be a little longer before they’re born,” Lena laughs, “we need all the time we can get to prepare.”

“One month before we tell everyone,” Kara clarifies. “I’m sure peanut will stay put for another five or six months. Right, Boo?” Kara pokes a finger softly against Lena’s stomach.

“Don’t poke your child, Kara,” Lena laughs.

Kara pokes her stomach another time, and another, and several more times causing Lena to squirm slightly. A giggle bubbles from her lips as Kara’s fingers move more towards her sides.

“That tickles!” she gasps.

“You know what else tickles?” Kara asks, answering the question herself by moving her hands to the spots she knows Lena is most ticklish. Lena shrieks and falls over, her muscles spasming so much she’s no longer able to keep herself up.

“Kara!”

“Lena?” Kara deadpans, “I’m just playing with our kid. We’re having fun, aren’t we?” She directs the question to Lena’s stomach and presses a kiss on top when she’s had her pretend answer.

“Kara, if you don’t stop now I’m going to pee my pants,” Lena says, suddenly turning serious. Kara’s fingers still, but hover by Lena’s sides as if she’s ready to start her attack again, and she looks up at Lena’s face.

“Oh, you’re serious.”

“Yes, I’m serious.” Lena sighs deeply, still trying to get her uneven breathing under control. “Bladder control isn’t really a skill I possess anymore.”

“I’m sorry- Hey!” Kara cuts herself off seemingly out of nowhere. “What’s she doing here?”
“She? Who’s she?”

But Kara doesn’t listen and gets up to answer the door, closely followed by Lena. She stomps through the hallway and yanks the door open. Before the visitor can say anything, Kara has her pressed against the wall.

“I told you, you hurt my sister I fling you into space. Don’t do it again or I’ll have to follow through on that,” she hisses at Maggie, all her sisterly instincts taking over.

Maggie doesn’t fight back. Doesn’t have some sassy retort ready and that in itself already says enough for Kara but she still waits for Maggie to meekly nod in understanding.

“Alex is in the garage,” Lena says, one hand resting between Kara’s shoulder blades to calm her down.

Maggie doesn’t look either of them in the eye and leaves for the garage. She looks a lot like a dog with its tail between its legs and Kara really hopes it’s a good sign rather than a bad.

“Don’t eavesdrop, love. That’s not nice,” Lena tells her, stroking one hand over her arm. Kara’s head is back on her lap, Lena leaning back against the couch cushions and Kara’s legs splayed out across its entire length.

“I know, I know I’m sorry but I can’t help it. It’s too quiet here.”

“Would it help if I talked? Told you a story?”

Kara nods and settles down against Lena’s a little more.

“One time, when I was little, Lex and I built robots and we had a robot battle, running after each other and making our robots chase each other through the entire manor in an attempt to smash our weapons on top of the other and destroy it,” Lena says, her eyes glossing over as she loses herself in the memory.

“Yours won, right?” Kara interrupts. She’s never been good at sitting still and focussing on only one thing. It’s already hard enough to block out Maggie and Alex’s conversation.

“I would have if Lillian hadn’t stepped on my robot and crushed it. But that’s not the point,” she says, cutting Kara off when she tries to interrupt again to tell Lena that’s horrible.

“The point is,” Lena continues, “I tried to copy Lex. Build my robot just like his so I wouldn’t have a worse one but as soon as he found out he kneeled down next to me and said I’d only beat him if I made something myself. And the satisfaction of winning with something I built myself instead of copied off of someone else would be worth all the effort I’d have to put in. Even losing by your own hand feels better than losing due to someone else’s work. He taught me to always do things my own way if I wanted to excel because someone else’s way wouldn’t be the same and wouldn’t feel right. That’s not to say he discouraged cooperation, we worked on a lot of projects together but always brought our own ideas to the table. After Lillian had practically flattened my robot, I brought it back to our improvised lab an worked on it for days on end, improving its defence, shields and weapons until I was satisfied Lillian’s foot would no longer break it. I ended up accidentally driving it off of the balcony but I learned a lot and Lex and I had had so much fun.”

Kara moves her head a little on Lena’s lap, turning it and pressing her ear against Lena’s belly.
“What are you doing?” Lena chuckles as Kara softly touches her fingers to the fabric of Lena’s shirt.

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“Listening to the heartbeat. I like peanut’s heartbeat.” Kara starts tapping out the rhythm of the tiny heart. Lena leans back a little, a soft smile on her lips and her eyes glossing over a little. She doesn’t cry but Kara knows it means a lot to her to feel the heartbeat. Lena can’t hear it herself, can’t check in at any given moment like Kara can, so Kara likes to give her a little more connection to their baby even though they’re literally growing inside Lena.

Lena is tucked comfortably in Kara’s side as the blonde tells Eliza a colourful story about one of her Supergirl adventures while they wait for Alex – and Maggie – to make an appearance so they can have some pie. Eliza was adamant they wait until the pair finishes talking so they can all have pie together and start watching a movie as a family. Kara’s about to tell how she heroically saved a few hundred civilians by catching falling debris when an alien hit a building when the door opens and Alex and Maggie appear. Hand in hand and wearing matching giddy smiles. Kara stops mid-sentence and expectantly looks at them. She feels Lena sit up a little straighter and sees Eliza turn around as well.

“Save the date! We’re getting married on March thirty-first,” Alex beams, stealing a loving glance at Maggie beside her.

“For real?!” Kara asks as she shoots up and pulls her sister and Maggie in a fierce hug.

“For real. Now, I’d like it if you didn’t squeeze us to death before the big day, little Danvers,” Maggie laughs as she gently tries to pry Kara’s arm loose.

“Oh, sorry. I’m just so happy!” Kara lets go and bounces around the room while Lena and Eliza congratulate the pair. She’s unable to contain her excitement and as soon as Alex is no longer wrapped up in a hug, she swoops in and pulls her sister close.

“You’re getting married! Really getting married! Who’d have thought it,” she rambles as she jumps up and down with Alex still in her arms.

“Wait!” Kara puts Alex down and turns to Lena, who’s staring at them with an amused smile. “Isn’t that right before peanut is due?”

Lena thinks for a short moment before replying.

“It’s a little over two weeks before peanut’s due. It’ll be fine,” she adds when Kara sends her an uneasy look, “first babies are more often late than early, right?” She looks between Alex and Eliza and cups her stomach as if to ask her baby themselves too.

Alex and Eliza both nod.

“Usually,” Eliza verifies.

“See, it’ll be fine,” Lena says to Kara, turning and repeating herself when Alex gives her a dubious look, “it’ll be fine, I promise. No need to reschedule for me.”

“Sure, little Luthor? We wouldn’t mind, we want you there too,” Maggie inquires.

“It’ll be fine, I don’t want you to reschedule for me.”

“You’re the first we’re telling and we don’t have anything arranged yet, so there won’t be a lot of
rescheduling necessary, Lena.” Alex gives her a pointed look, but Lena waves the offer away again.

“You picked the date for a reason, right?” Alex answers with a nod. “Then who am I to take that away from you? You’ll regret it for the rest of your lives if you change it for naught.”

“If you’re certain.” Alex clearly isn’t, her voice sounding unsure.

“I am. Please take the date you want. I’ll tell peanut to wait.” Lena directs the last sentence down with a small smile and earns a laugh from the rest of the women in the room.

“I don’t think that’s how it works, babe,” Kara tells her, pulling her close anyway to give her a kiss.

“Not with that attitude,” Lena laughs. “Peanut listens better to you so you better tell them too.”

“Peanut does not listen to me better. Peanut can’t even hear,” Kara argues with a small smile.

“Peanut’s ears are developing as we speak so there’s a chance peanut can totally hear us right now.”

“Peanut has ears!” Kara all but dives down, pressing her nose against Lena’s stomach and starts babbling to the protruding bump. “Hello little baby. Your mommy just told me you can maybe hear me and she also says you listen to me better than you do to her. Which I don’t agree with because no one dares to defy your mommy but I’ll do her a favour. So, since you can hear us talking, mommy and I have a favour to ask of you. And I know you probably don’t have anything to say about it either but it would be nice if you would do everything in your power to cooperate. Then you’d be the perfect little baby. Not that you wouldn’t be a perfect little baby otherwise!” Kara backtracks only to ramble on to the amusement of Lena and the rest, staring at her kneeling form. “Where was I? Oh, right. The favour. It’s not just a favour for mommy and me but also for auntie Alex and Maggie and for grandma Eliza. Well, and maybe for all our other friends but mostly for auntie Alex and Maggie. So, the favour. We’d really like it if you don’t make us miss auntie Alex and Maggie’s wedding March thirty-first. It would be nice if you stay put until at least after that day. Nice and snug and safe in your mommy’s warm tummy, doesn’t that sound nice? And then you’d have and extra happy mommy, and me, and auntie Alex and auntie Maggie and grandma Eliza and, well, extra happy everyone. Doesn’t that sound really good?”

Lena looks down at Kara with a loving smile and pulls her girlfriend up for a kiss when she’s finished talking.

“I said peanut could probably hear, not comprehend. But nice speech,” Lena jokes.

Kara pouts at Lena, earning another laugh from her girlfriend but she soon gets distracted by Eliza declaring there’s no better time for pie than to celebrate a wedding date.

Soon, everyone is delegated a task. Alex is to get a bottle of champagne Eliza kept for special occasions. Kara gets them plates and brings the pies over to the living room. Eliza gets a knife to cut the pies in fair portions. When Lena offers to help with something she’s quickly dismissed by Eliza. She’s ‘a guest’ and should ‘sit back and relax’. Maggie, on the other hand, is immediately sent out to get glasses for the champagne when she offers to help.

Kara returns from the kitchen balancing five plates and three pies on her arms and hands like an experienced waitress, though it is a lot easier when you can’t feel the weight of items and only have to worry about balance and not muscle cramping. With flourish, she puts everything down on the table, setting out plates for everyone as Eliza starts cutting the pies.

“What do you want to drink?” Kara asks Lena, knowing the brunette isn’t allowed any of the bubbles Alex is fetching. She doesn’t get a reaction, Lena looks to be in an entirely different world
mentally.

“Lena?” After a few long seconds Lena finally looks up at Kara, still seeming far away though. “What can I get you to drink?”

“Nothing.” Lena’s voice sounds too soft. Too distant.

“Are you okay?” Kara asks as she observes Lena once more. The brunette looks a little closed off, both hunched in on herself as well as sitting ramrod straight on the couch, her fingers tapping some sort of rhythm on her thigh. “Did something happen?” she directs the last question at Eliza when Lena only nods in reply to her first one.

Eliza looks up, seemingly unaware of anything. “No,” her voice going up making it almost sound like a question.

Kara looks back at Lena again, raising an eyebrow at her girlfriend. Lena shifts a little in her seat and tries to hide her uncomfortableness. Kara might be oblivious at times but this isn’t one of them and she eyes curiously between Lena and Eliza. The latter seems blissfully unaware and entirely innocent and Kara can’t figure out what’s going on without having everyone else in the room hear it. Instead, she opts for sitting next to Lena and trying to ease some of the awkwardness.

Alex and Maggie return with the champagne and glasses and, with spilling only a minor amount of the drink, the bottle gets uncorked and the glasses are filled. They clink them together in celebration and Kara nearly forgets Lena’s odd behaviour as she tucks into her large piece of pie. Alex and Maggie alternate talking about wedding plans – location, flowers, food and anything in between – and Eliza offers her own opinion occasionally.

Kara almost thinks she’s imagining things. The rest don’t seem aware of anything going on with Lena and maybe she’s exaggerating. Lena’s a little quiet but she’s been quieter at Eliza’s in general, especially with everyone present. Her doubt gets confirmed though, when Lena excuses herself as soon as everyone’s finished their first piece of pie and first glass of champagne.

“I’m going to bed,” she says softly to Kara, letting her hand lingering briefly on the blonde’s knee before using it to push herself up off the couch.

“Don’t you want to watch the movie?” Alex asks, pointing at the tv Maggie’s just turned on.

“No, sorry, I’m tired but don’t let me leaving ruin the fun for you guys.”

Kara pushes herself off the couch too, catching Lena on her way to the door and taking one of her hands in her own.

“Are you sure you’re okay?”

“Mhm, just tired.” As if to prove her point, Lena blinks languidly.

“Want me to go with you?” Kara asks, still trying to discern what in the world is going on.

“No, I’ll be fine. You enjoy the movie, okay,” Lena replies, sounding a little short. She gives Kara a quick peck on her lips before exiting the room and leaving behind a puzzled Kara.

“Kara, you watching too?” Alex asks her, snapping Kara out of her daze. Deciding Lena did look a little tired and probably just needs a little sleep, Kara sits back down on the couch and waits for Alex to turn on the movie.
Kara doesn’t have time to really settle down and focus on the movie. Before it’s properly started she hears angry muttering and soft sniffs. She’s off the couch in a beat and up the stairs in even less time. Not wanting to startle Lena, Kara knocks on their bedroom door and slowly pushes it open.

“Lena?”

The woman in question is already lying in bed, having changed into her pyjamas after the pumpkin carving. Her back is turned to Kara but Kara doesn’t need her superpowers to know Lena’s trying not to cry. And failing. Kara walks over to Lena’s side and sits down on the bed.

“Babe, what’s going on?” she asks softly, stroking Lena’s arm over the blanket.

“Nothing.”

“If it really is nothing, then why are you crying?”

Lena shifts a little but doesn’t turn to face Kara. Instead, she pulls the blankets a little tighter around her. “Hormones,” she eventually chokes out.

“Lena,” Kara chides, even with her wacky hormones Lena’s not cried out of nowhere. There’s always been a catalyst, no matter how small – like the toilet paper commercial a while back.

Several sniffs follow and one of Lena’s hands appears from beneath the covers to wipe at her eyes. “It’s nothing, really. I just have to adjust some expectations. It’s my own fault really,” Lena whispers.

“I don’t follow. You’re not upset Alex is getting married, are you?” Kara asks, earning a wet chuckle.

“No, I’m happy for Alex. She deserves to be happy.”

“Then what is it? You know you can talk to me, right?” Kara keeps up her steady rubbing of Lena’s arm, unsure of anything else to do.

“You’ll disagree and think I’m stupid,” Lena confides in Kara as she turns slightly, allowing Kara a look of the side of her face.

“I’ll never think you’re stupid, sweetie,” Kara assures Lena.

“But you’ll disagree and then try to fix things, even when you can’t fix them and you’ll only make it worse.” Lena sighs and a new tear slithers down her skin.

“If I promise not to disagree or try to fix things?” Kara suggests, brushing away the offensive tear.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep,” Lena answers solemnly before turning away again.

“Lena, please. I won’t break my promise. I’ll keep my mouth shut. I won’t say a thing.”

“It’s nothing. It’s stupid,” Lena says again.

By way of reply, Kara pretends to zip up her lips and lies down next to Lena, wrapping her arms around her girlfriend. It takes a while for it to have an effect but eventually Lena gives in.

“Who cares if Eliza likes me, right? Why did I ever think she would not hate me?”

It takes everything Kara has not to interrupt her but she doesn’t, she’s not ready to face the consequences of doing so.
“I mean, I’m still a Luthor. Why did I even think I could escape that? And even if she doesn’t hate me because I’m Lena Luthor, she’ll definitely hate me because I’m your girlfriend and basically impregnated you. Or, well, not like that but still dumping all of my own shit on you. I mean, what mother wouldn’t hate the person who basically single-handedly takes away the future of her kid. I would hate the person who did that to my kid so why wouldn’t your mom? I guess I just hoped she liked me and convinced myself of it but it was just me imagining things. God, I’m such a hopeless wreck.” Lena laughs while a constant flow of tears escapes the corners of her eyes.

Kara feels powerless to do anything but pull Lena closer, not wanting to cause a fight by disagreeing. Lena turns around and burrows her face in Kara’s chest, fitting perfectly against Kara who moves her hands to envelop Lena better, one of them rising a little to play with Lena’s hair as she slowly calms down again.

“Can we talk about this tomorrow?” Kara asks after biting her tongue for seemingly the longest few minutes in her life while she tries to think of what to say that’s not outright disagreeing with Lena or suggesting some way to attempt to fix it.

“Just the two of us?” Lena’s lips brush against Kara neck, trembling slightly.

“Just the two of us,” Kara confirms.

Lena’s head brushes against Kara’s skin as she nods.

“You should go back. Celebrate with Alex and Maggie.”

“Nuh-uh,” Kara objects, “you need me now, so I’ll stay here.”

“I’m okay, Kara. You shouldn’t let me ruin Alex and Maggie’s night. I just- I want to be alone for a bit okay?” Lena gently extracts herself from Kara’s hold and turns away again.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I- yes.” Lena wraps herself in the covers again. Kara gives her a kiss and wishes her a goodnight in case she falls asleep before Kara comes back upstairs. She goes back to the living room with a stone in her stomach but trying very hard not to ruin the night for Alex and Maggie.

But, since Kara is Kara and she can’t keep secrets and carries her emotions on her sleeve, it isn’t long before she’s being questioned on what happens and since she can’t lie either, she tells them Lena’s somehow gotten it into her head Eliza doesn’t like her.

She’s interrogated about the why’s, what’s and how’s but she doesn’t really know anything specific and doesn’t want to talk about it without having talked with Lena first.

“We’re talking about it tomorrow, okay. Can we please let it go and just enjoy tonight?” Kara eventually snaps. They try to make the best of the night, Alex and Maggie both nearly too drunk to walk upstairs within the hour and Kara’s kind of over it and just carries them both up so she can end the day and start a fresh one after some needed sleep.

With a sigh Kara floats down next to Lena, prying away some of the blankets to cover herself with them and slotting herself against Lena.

Lena’s sleep is restless. She wakes up several times and falls from one nightmare in the other. The last one is most vivid. Lena was holding her baby, a pink and soft new born, and Eliza offered to
watch them. Once Eliza was holding the baby her face morphed into Rhea’s and she laughed
maniacaally as she ran away holding the crying child in her steel grip and shouted at Lena what a
foolish girl she is.

Lena sneaks out of the bed after that, unable to stay motionless in bed and not willing to wake Kara
yet. She carefully pads downstairs and slots herself in the corner of the couch with a book, hoping
the dream away with something else to think of. Another fantasy world to lose herself in.

She wakes up hours later. A soft blanket covering her body. Her book placed on the coffee table
with a bookmark where she’d left off – hopefully. Next to her book is a plate with pancakes. It seems
like her stomach takes the sight of food to realise she hasn’t had any since the small piece of pie the
night before and it lets out a loud growl. Within seconds she’s devoured the food, getting up to find
herself some water and some food for in an hour or so when the pancakes have made room for
something new. She’s reached the stage of her pregnancy where she can really no longer pretend
she’s not pregnant. The baby having migrated up a little and pressing against her stomach, making it
impossible to eat large meals in one sitting, and squashing her lungs making her out of breath even
from sitting and talking.

She uses the time alone to watch the sun rise through the window and contemplate the night before.
When Kara gets downstairs they awkwardly go through breakfast together and get dressed. Kara
suggest a walk along the beach to talk in private. Eliza’s already left for work early but Alex and
Maggie are still at the house and they don’t want to be interrupted.

The first few minutes they walk in silence, putting some necessary distance between them and the
house before Lena finally breaks the silence.

“I’m sorry, I know I was ridiculous and I don’t think Eliza really hates me.”

“But you don’t think she likes you either?” Kara inquires.

“I- no, I can’t say I do.” Lena’s determined to be honest with Kara, can’t base a relationship on lies,
and not let her emotions get the better of her. She’s got every intention to stick to that.

“Did something happen?” Kara gives a reassuring squeeze to Lena’s hand where their fingers are
intertwined, silently telling Lena she won’t judge.

“Not really. I mean, maybe but I guess I just overreacted a little. I mean, I should’ve realised as soon
as we arrived, you know. I think I just didn’t want to though.” Lena answers vaguely.

“What happened then? Because I’m certain Eliza likes you very much. She even told me so last night
while you were asleep.”

Lena swallows hard, clenching her jaw. She’s not going to get angry at Kara telling Eliza about what
happened between them. She knows Kara can’t keep a secret for the life of her and Eliza has years
upon years of experience on reading the open book that is Kara so it’s no wonder she knows.

“She might not dislike me but she doesn’t trust me either.”

“What do you mean? Of course she trusts you. If she didn’t, I don’t think you’d be sleeping inside.”

“She doesn’t trust me to do anything. To help. She keeps saying I’m a guest so I shouldn’t help but
she lets Maggie help and I just want to feel useful,” Lena ends with a frustrated huff.

“You think Eliza doesn’t trust you because she doesn’t ask you to help?”
“Yes,” Lena replies tentatively. In the Luthor household love wasn’t shared willingly but slacking, not helping when help was needed or desired, was reason for disdain and punishment. Both a lot worse than no love.

“Eliza just tries not to burden you with stuff. It’s your vacation and she knows your work too much. That’s her way of showing you she cares,” Kara explains.

“It’s your vacation too and you get to help,” Lena refutes.

“We can ask Eliza to let you help if you really want to,” Kara suggests, “I just don’t want you to overexert yourself on your vacation. Or ever, really but especially not on your vacation because that’s where you’re supposed to relax and recharge so you can work again without worrying about overexerting yourself then. If you don’t work too hard.”

Lena laughs softly at Kara’s ramble and rests her head against Kara’s shoulders. “I really do want to. I want to feel useful and I’ve gotten better at knowing when to take a break and when something is too much and if you don’t let me practice I’ll never learn completely.”

“Okay, how about we make Halloween dinner tonight? Eliza always works late and if we want to have plenty of time to celebrate Halloween night we shouldn’t eat too late.”

“Sounds good,” Lena agrees.

They walk a while longer, talking about anything and nothing. Discussing ideas for the nursery – Lena wants to choose a theme before they know the sex because she doesn’t want to subconsciously be influenced by that – and settle on a soft green with a space theme for the baby’s alien heritage.

They’re almost back to the house when Kara remembers her phone.

“Oh! Lena, I got so many comments on that picture of us. It’s insane,” she exclaims.

“Please tell me they weren’t too bad.”

“Oh, no, most of them were very nice. Most people didn’t think too much about it. Some caught on though. I believe our ship name is Karlena,” Kara laughs before schooling her features again. “Some people were brutal though but I just blocked them. James asked what you’re doing in Midvale. I think I should call him and talk to him. I don’t think he even knows we’re in a relationship. Or having a baby. Unless Winn told him but I don’t think he did because then I’d have heard something of him sooner.”

Lena nods along to Kara’s story. She’s not a fan of James’s but he used to be Kara’s friend so he probably deserves to know before he reads it in a magazine – or publishes it in his own magazine.

“And Clark called,” Kara says with distaste clear in her voice. “He’s not a fan, as expected. But I think he just needs to meet you properly. And he’s still family so he’ll have to get over it because you’re family now too and he’s going to be the baby’s cousin too.”

“I can’t wait,” Lena says sarcastically.

“Hmm,” Kara hums as she presses a kiss to Lena’s hairline, “you sound very excited. And we haven’t even talked about actually publicly announcing our relationship or your pregnancy.”

Lena groans softly, “don’t ruin it. At least we have another month to figure the last bit out if I
manage to cover up this ginormous bump that only keeps growing,” she says with a chuckle, cupping her stomach and arching her back to make her bump look even more pronounced.

Kara laughs and pats Lena’s belly. “I think you’ve been doing just fine and you’ll manage another month. You can always use the scarf or large bag tricks if you’re really desperate.”

“I really hope the blazers and fancy yet flowy sweaters will suffice. Especially with the weather starting to turn.”

“At least it’s nice to know you have a backup plan ready, right?” Kara beams.

“It is, I just hope I won’t need it.”
I'm so so so so so so so so so sorry this took so long. Life happened and then when I finally had some ideas again life happened again and I didn't do shit for a while. I had to scrap 2K of angst for this chapter because they really deserve a break and some fluff so prepare to make a dentist appointment.

I didn't respond to any comments on last chapter and when I finally had the mental capacity to do so again it felt weird because it had been a month or so but I'll try and comment on any new comments again (my mental space is kinda freed up enough now to do so) and know that I love every single one of them (except for the one person saying they're not interested in reading about asexual Lena, I'm sorry but fuck you because someone should've taught you to say something nice or not say anything at all because really your comment hurt me and you won't read this because you stopped reading my story but it's shit to say a character is not interesting because of something like that. Which I tagged.)

Okay, rant over. Enjoy your read. I'm sorry again for taking so long. I hope it won't happen again.
My tumblr so you can talk to me. Please feel free to do so. Leave me your thoughts or hopes or dreams for this fic or any other fic or something you'd love for me to write (I have some ideas brewing, maybe I'll ask for opinions on which one to start with on tumblr someday)

Once again, Eliza is a godsend. Everything Lena used to wish for in a mother and more, making her unsure of what she did to ever deserve this.

Eliza listens to Lena. She listens to understand, not to respond. A vastly different approach to conversation than Lillian has. Eliza asks questions. Not to judge but to understand, to learn. Eliza reassures Lena. She’s never meant anything badly, never left Lena out of helping out of ill-will, just like Kara had told her but Lena didn’t believe it until Eliza said so herself.

They move the conversation from the dining table to the living room, hugging hot tea close to their skin while Maggie and Alex volunteer – with a pointed look from Eliza – to do the dishes.

Over and over Eliza reassures Lena she’s loved and trusted and totally welcome in this family. That it’s okay to tell them when something makes her uncomfortable because the way Lena’s used to showing love isn’t the same as theirs and Lena’s entire upbringing is so vastly different there’s a lot she’s not used to.

When the conversation starts to shift again, Kara excuses herself. She gives Lena a chaste kiss and heads upstairs to sort out their Halloween costumes.

“How have you been sleeping?” Eliza asks with a knowing look that tells Lena she doesn’t just mean here in this unfamiliar place.

“A lot,” Lena says, avoiding answering the real question. She hasn’t really admitted the answer, and
its consequences, to herself yet so it’s hard to do now but Eliza weren’t Eliza if she didn’t just wait it out. Allowing Lena to realise it, admit it to herself and then admit it to the older woman.

“Not that good.” Lena’s hand moves to the hem of her shirt but she catches herself before she can start fidgeting. This is Eliza, not Lillian, and Eliza won’t judge her for having trouble sleeping.

“Can’t get comfortable or bad dreams?” Eliza prompts when Lena doesn’t elaborate, adding a little personal story to it to make it easier for Lena to open up, “I remember my pregnancy dreams. God, Alex would give me all kinds of weird and troubling dreams. I couldn’t remember most of them when I woke up but the ones I did were straight out of horror movies. Not to speak about my stomach always being in the way and later Alex made it her favourite pastime to kick me in the kidney or ribs whenever I was nearly asleep.”

“A bit of both but mostly the dreams,” Lena confesses, causing Eliza to nod in understanding. Her stomach isn’t bothering her, yet, for which she’s very grateful and she hasn’t felt the baby kick yet either. It’s more a general sense of uncomfortableness and some aching muscles and ligaments but she’s usually tired enough at night to actually fall asleep despite of her aches and pains.

“What kind of dreams do you have?” If anyone other than a Danvers would have asked her this, Lena would have bolted. The Danvers all have a certain charm about them, all kind and open and non-judgemental. She feels safe sharing bits and pieces. Not everything. Not yet. That would be too much. She’ll start with her current predicaments.

“It’s all sorts of dreams,” Lena starts, hand unconsciously covering her bump as if to protect the baby from her invisible demons. “Mostly bad, though. About, err, the ship. Or about losing the baby. No—” she shakes her head- “about the baby being taken. Sometimes about my brother. Or mother.”

Lena’s slightly trembling with the memories of her dreams. The graphic pictures she was given of having her baby cut out of her stomach. Dreams of Rhea laughing. Of Mon-El returning. Of Lex. Haunting her.

Eliza places a comforting hand on her knee. It’s warm, even through her trousers. Probably from holding the hot mug. Eliza’s blue eyes – so much like Kara’s despite them not sharing any DNA – ever friendly looking at her, comforting her without a need for words.

“Those sound terrible,” Eliza says, soft but firm. “Maybe you should talk to someone about that, sweetie. It sounds like maybe part of it isn’t just the pregnancy.”

Lena shakes her head. She’s pretty sure most of it isn’t because of her pregnancy. She’s just a little damaged. Broken even.

“I wouldn’t know how to explain,” she admits.

“You just explained it to me.” Eliza’s thumb strokes the side of her knee in a sensation so familiar. It’s exactly the way Kara does it and Lena briefly wonders how often Eliza would console Kara like this.

“You already know everything. You know about the Daxamites and about Kara and everything,” Lena explains. She can’t very well go around revealing Kara’s identity and the whole complicated mess with Mon-El and Rhea to just anyone only because she wants to deal with some bad dreams.

“The DEO has people for that, sweetie. They already know most of it. They’re cleared to know the rest and I know they’re very good. Don’t tell Alex I said this but they really helped her too.” As an afterthought, because she’s probably told Lena something she probably shouldn’t have, Eliza adds,
“she has to go every time she fires her gun at someone to get cleared.”

They both know that, though it isn’t a lie, it’s not the complete truth. Alex has her own demons, most people do. Knowing even the agent needed some help dealing with hers and there apparently are people who already know half the story makes Lena less hesitant actually taking action and getting some help. It would probably be good for her.

“Thank you,” Lena says softly, hugging her warm tea a little closer to her chest.

“And when you’re back in National City and anything happens or you just need someone to talk to you can always call me. Any time of day, or night,” Eliza tells Lena with another firm rub on her knee before Eliza’s hand moves back to her mug. Lena replies with a grateful smile.

The short silence that follows is soon interrupted by Kara barging back into the living room. She’d probably noticed the conversation between Eliza and Lena coming to an end and decided to take advantage of it. In her arms, she carries some white and black fabrics but Lena can’t make out what exactly they’re supposed to be for. Kara walks up to her and starts shifting the bundle, pulling out the black pieces and dropping them on Lena’s lap.

“I saw this super cute idea online a while back and I forgot until I remember when you said you’d never gone trick or treating,” she rambles, “so I hope you like it too. If you don’t, you can have my costume because I got something that would work for you too in case you didn’t like what I got for you because I want your first Halloween to be perfect and that’s not possible when you don’t like your costume so I went with something classic for me because I figured nobody can hate a ghost, right?” Kara smiles widely as she holds up the large piece of white fabric that, if Lena’s honest, looks a little like a large white sheet with holes for the eyes and maybe just a tad more adjusting so it wouldn’t shift when the wearer moves.

“No,” Lena agrees, “no one can hate a ghost. Now, what is this then?”

She starts unfolding the pieces as Kara eagerly watches, refraining from saying anything and letting Lena find out herself, jumping from one foot to the other from the effort of keeping silent and excitement. Lena ends up with two larger pieces – a long-sleeved shirt and trousers – and a small piece – a mask. It’s all soft and stretchy material without any zippers or buttons convincing Lena she’ll probably fit in them.

The black clothes are sporting white prints of bones, creating the look of a skeleton. They have this slight green sheen hinting at a glow-in-the-dark effect but most notable is the exact print on the shirt. Aside from a large torso and arms, there’s a tiny skeleton floating just above upper edge of the hips. A baby in an invisible womb. Lena lightly traces the bones of the tiny skeleton.

Kara takes her silence as rejection and can’t keep quiet anymore, “if you don’t want to wear I also have a t-shirt without the baby. I just thought it was really cute and with the mask people won’t recognise you so it’s safe. But you can also wear mine and I’ll go as the skeleton or-”

“Kara,” Lena cuts her off gently, “it’s perfect.”

Kara’s face lights up, her eyes smiling just as much as her mouth.

“No?” she asks.

“Really?” Lena confirms. Lena hadn’t really had any expectations for her costume but Halloween costumes for women had the reputation of being made from too little fabric and though she knows
Kara would never have her dress like a ‘slutty maid’ or some other profession, she hadn’t known what Kara would do.

“Let’s get dressed and show Eliza, Alex and Maggie our costumes then,” Kara suggests, stretching out a hand for Lena to help her up off the couch.

Clad in her new costume, hair braided by Kara and tucked beneath her mask, Lena waits next to the picket white fence of some neighbour while Kara talks to the resident. Kara was set on giving Lena the real trick-or-treat experience so she’s walked up to every house they’ve visited to explain the situation and have them allow Lena to trick-or-treat even though she’s an adult.

They haven’t been turned away anywhere and Lena’s really enjoying herself. Though the waiting for Kara does suck because she has to stand alone and in those moments the late October cold seems to find its way through her several layers of clothing. Until Kara comes back and they walk up to the front door together. They’ve amassed a decent amount of candy in Lena’s black bag decorated with a large tombstone saying ‘R.I.P.’ to match her costume.

It feels nice for once to be some anonymous woman who can share her pregnancy without worrying about judgement or danger. She’s had so many nice reactions and congratulations from people she doesn’t know, it gives a little bit of hope for when she makes her pregnancy public. Even though her name taints everything she does, people do seem to love babies. Who knows, maybe they’ll surprise her. Though probably they won’t.

After a few more houses, Kara decides they’ve done enough trick-or-treating. It’s exactly at the right moment because Lena’s feet are aching from standing and walking so much and she can feel her heart beating in the muscles of her lower back.

Instead of going back to Eliza’s, however, Kara leads them to the park in the centre of Midvale. Kara explains it’s for another Midvale Halloween tradition Alex and she still uphold whenever they do celebrate here, like this year. With one hand wrapped around Lena, Kara leads her to the slightly sloped field of grass. At one end there’s an enormous white screen and the place is already littered with people on plaids and wrapped in blankets.

Kara expertly weaves through the seated people and stops at a red plaid with two people on it. Alex and Maggie, Lena recognises when they get close enough to distinguish more than dark silhouettes in the night.

“Alex and I always go here to watch horror movies on Halloween,” Kara informs Lena as the approach the pair on the plaid. “It’s the only day of the year I do so.”

“Hey Kar,” Alex says when they’ve reached them, Kara’s talking announcing their presence. “Ready to jump at every sound?” Alex laughs when Kara frowns and sticks her tongue out at her teasing sister. She untangles herself from Maggie and moves a large bag over to Kara and Lena. A quick peek shows it contains another plaid and some blankets.

Kara swiftly turns the empty spot beside Alex and Maggie into a cosy one for her and Lena, blue plaid laid out for them to sit on and blankets ready to wrap themselves in. Lena picks one up and throws it over her shoulders, using the ends to cover her front and once her costume is mostly hidden from view she removes the mask. Kara doesn’t hesitate to remove hers, revealing her brightly smiling face and fun pyjamas she insisted on wearing beneath it.

The candy gets tossed on top of the plaid as Kara and Lena sink down behind it, Lena wrapped in
both her own blanket and Kara’s seeing as the Kryptonian doesn’t really need it to stay warm. They idly chat with Alex and Maggie, who, to Kara’s dismay, aren’t wearing costumes but when Kara points this out she gets informed they’re dressed as an incognito agent and detective respectively. That earns them a scowl and some candy flicked their way. They laugh it off and stuff their mouths with presumably the only pieces of candy they’ll get. Kara’s never been one to just share her food and between a Kryptonian and a half-Daxamite baby appetite they’re sure Kara and Lena won’t need help finishing the small mountain either.

The first movie starts with lights around the perimeter flickering off and static crackling sounds filling the air. Kara’s grip on Lena tightens, though controlled, and the speed with which she eats candy increases as tension builds.

Halfway through the movie Lena understands why couples like watching horror movies together. Kara’s made her way on top of Lena’s lap and hides her face in her girlfriend’s shoulder at every jump scare and suspenseful scene. She voices how impressed she is by Lena’s ability to remain cool and collected. Of the rest of the movie, she only sees about half, the other half she spends with her eyes tightly pressed close and her head burrowed in Lena’s neck.

It feels nice, Lena muses, being the one to comfort Kara for a change. She’s needed way too much comforting herself for her liking so it feels good to be able to return it. Even if it’s only over a scary movie. She idly strokes the side of Kara’s face with one hand and Kara’s leg with her other as she continues watching. She’s not very impressed by horror movies, they’re terribly predictable and she won’t let it get to her, laughing most of it off. Besides, her own demons are a lot scarier than a dark silhouette with a kitchen knife.

By the time the movie is done, Lena can’t feel her legs anymore, her back is screaming, her stomach growling – Kara devoured most of the candy – and her bladder about to burst. Kara has a death grip on her shirt, though, and doesn’t seem ready to let go. Lena attempts to gently pry Kara’s fingers away but it’s useless.

“Kara?” she asks, gently caressing Kara’s hair.

Kara looks up at Lena, then at the screen and then back at Lena seeming to only now realise the movie is over.

“Oh, it’s done,” Kara says as she relaxes her tight hold and futilely tries to smoothen the wrinkles she’s created in Lena’s shirt.

“Yes, it is,” Lena laughs, stroking Kara’s cheek. “Did you like it?”

“It’s better with you than with Alex.” Kara shifts and slides off Lena’s lap, allowing blood to flow back through Lena’s legs making them tingle and sting.

Lena wiggles her toes, sending more prickles through her limbs.

“How far is it back to your house?” She really does need to pee but she’d rather at Eliza’s if it isn’t too far.

“About ten minutes,” Kara answers, “but there’s a second movie before we go back.”

“Are you sure you want to see that? I don’t think you’ll be able to sleep after this one,” Lena teases.

“Then it won’t matter to watch another, does it? And I really do like being here with you,” Kara
states matter-of-factly.

“I like being here with you too.” Lena punctuates her statement with a deep kiss that’s only interrupted when someone walks passed with nachos and Lena’s stomach rumbles loudly in complaint of being empty.

“Are you hungry?” Kara asks unnecessarily.

Lena nods guiltily, pressing one hand against her stomach and rubbing slightly in hopes of easing the feeling. It doesn’t really work but Kara offers to get them food and tells Lena to stay put because she’s already been on her feet a lot today.

Lena, of course, doesn’t listen but not out of ill will. Her bladder is just about ready to burst and she decides Kara would probably rather have her get up to pee on a toilet instead of stay put and wet the plaid and her clothes.

She exchanges the blanket for her mask. Even now, in deep darkness where it’s hard to recognise people she knows really well, she’s scared of someone finding out who exactly she is and spreading the news about her pregnancy or her relationship. Or both.

There’s a line for the bathroom but Lena doesn’t have to wait as long as she initially feared when she saw it. Several people let her go before them, insist she does really because Lena tries to decline every offer. Her costume makes it too obvious she’s pregnant though and people are somehow set on having her go first because they ‘can’t let a pregnant lady wait’ or ‘I remember when I was pregnant and I had to pee all the time, your bladder must be ready to pop’, which is right so Lena accepts the offers and suddenly finds herself first in line.

The stalls are small, the toilet and toilet paper are cheap but everything looks clean and that’s a big relief to Lena. Before long she finds herself back on their plaid chatting about the movie with Alex and Maggie. They’re both enjoying Kara’s reactions thoroughly and Alex is glad she’s no longer the one being squished to pulp whenever something startles the superhero.

Throughout the conversation, she chances glances over at Kara. The line she’s standing in is long, longer than the one for the bathroom Lena got to skip, and Lena’s grateful Kara told her not to come with because she’s sure her feet would hate her even more for making them stand in line after a day of walking. Kara inches closer to the counter as Maggie and Alex compete for who knows most facts about the previous movie.

When it’s finally Kara’s turn, Lena can tell from the time it takes her to rattle off her order she won’t be able to carry it all over. Even Kryptonians have their limitations, super strength doesn’t add hands to hold stuff. Lena’s almost starting to reluctantly drop the blanket she’s draped back over her costume to go help her girlfriend with the food and drinks piling up but Alex and Maggie stop her and tell her they’ll go.

Lena moves the currently unused blankets and her trick-or-treat bag filled with candy wrappings out of the way so the others can put their food down. Kara’s taken Lena’s hunger serious, having bought arms full of food and a large drink for everyone.

After Kara’s handed some of the food over to Alex and Maggie, there’s still a small buffet on their own plaid. From nachos to cotton candy, from popcorn to diced fruit, it’s all there. Laughing, Lena leans into Kara’s side.

“I didn’t say I was this hungry,” she says, gesturing to the food.
“Your stomach begs to differ.” Kara pokes at her belly before handing over one of the drinks.

Lena huffs out a breath and frowns slightly but her stomach betrays her by letting out a low growl. The smell of nachos fills her nostrils and she can no longer keep her urge to eat in, grabbing one of the trays and stuffing a chip in her mouth.

“So good,” she groans, taking another bite. Kara responds with a loud, musical laugh and moves to grab a tray for herself and devours it. She slows her eating after the first snack to allow Lena – who can’t keep up with Kryptonian speed – to eat plenty.

Within minutes – maybe a little more – they’ve eaten their way through a decent amount of their food. Hunger sated, bladder empty and blood flow to her legs restored, Lena’s body seems to decide it’s late. She’s determined to sit through this one movie though, the last according to Alex and Maggie, and absentmindedly rubs the sore muscles of her back.

“You hurtin’?” Kara asks around a full mouth, free hand moving to Lena’s lower back and covering Lena’s hand there.

“Just a little,” Lena admits, “it’s just from the walking and the hard ground. It’ll be fine tomorrow.”

“Would sitting on my lap instead of the ground be better?” Kara asks.

“Yes but-” Lena doesn’t get to finish her sentence. Kara’s food has already been discarded and she finds herself being lifted off the earth and put down on Kara’s lap. She rests her head against Kara’s shoulder as Kara wraps another blanket around them to keep the chill away. Idly picking at some more food and sipping her drink, Lena waits for the next movie to start.

Normally, Kara hates horror movies and tolerates this one night as an exception to refusing to watch them. Tonight is a little different. The movies aren’t any better or less scary but she has a girlfriend to curl up with. One she really trusts and who she knows won’t make fun of her for it like some of her exes were wont to do.

Having Lena on her lap is actually even better than being on Lena’s lap. The sense of having someone vulnerable to protect makes her able to distance herself a little from the movie. No longer scared for herself but determined to protect the woman in her arms.

Lena’s eyes are glued to the screen and Kara enjoys watching Lena enjoy the movie. Bonus points for not having to actually watch the movie herself if she watches her girlfriend. Lena doesn’t seem intimidated by the gore, blood and jump scares and though Kara still hides her face behind the brunette’s head at every gruesome scene, it’s slightly less scary.

Slowly, she feels Lena start to relax in her arms. Her head drooping against Kara’s chest, face no longer turned towards the screen. Kara wraps her a little tighter in her arms and cradles her to her chest as she finishes the movie, anxiously eating the remainder of the food.

She convinces Alex and Maggie to carry most of the blankets, except the one Lena’s wrapped in, home while Kara carries Lena who’s still fast asleep.

It’s been a long day with a lot of new experiences and some heavy emotions and deep conversation. Kara hopes Lena will sleep well tonight. She deserves it for once, to have no nightmares haunting her. It’s an idle hope, Kara’s knows too. Lena’s not likely to have a dream-free sleep and Kara should probably just hope for her to get a decent amount of resting done before the dreams start haunting her.
Kara carries Lena home, receiving quips and jokes from Alex and Maggie about it during the entire eleven minutes it takes them to reach the front door of Eliza’s. Kara doesn’t care though. She has the woman she loves in her arms. The woman who trusts her enough to fall asleep on her in an unfamiliar place. She knows Alex and Maggie love her too, maybe in their own way and definitely more as a little sister but they do and that’s why they feel comfortable joking about them. It shows in Alex not trying to scare Kara every minute like old times. Alex clearly cares about not having her drop Lena when she jumps ten feet in the air out of fright.

Knowing Lena is loved like she deserves makes Kara’s shoulder and spine straighten, giving her that tiny bit of extra length making her tower over Maggie and Alex – at least, that’s what it feels like.

Eliza opens the door for them, ushering them inside the warm house with a warm smile. Kara gently lays Lena on her bed and helps her change, Lena being more asleep than awake though trying to do stuff herself with her eyes still closed but her limbs slightly under control. Kara swiftly changes herself and curls up behind Lena, tucking the covers over them and pulling Lena closer as she too drifts off to sleep.

It’s the first Halloween night she manages to fall asleep before the sun rises again and she doesn’t even dream about the movies she’s watched.
Well, hello all. Isn't it a great Supergirl season 4 premiere day? I thought I'd celebrate with another update (and because it's about damn time, right?)
I'm pretty excited for this season (though I've refused to watch any trailers and previews, I'll just let it wash over me) and I'm sure going to watch tomorrow morning after I've finished my stuff for my deadline I do plan on meeting.
Side note, I forgot to give you a very important tip last time so I will now: do not, I repeat, do not dive on top of your own hand. It's a bad idea. Bones can break, tendons and muscles aren't semi-fluid and can bruise or tear and you will fuck up your fingers and it will hurt.
PSA over.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

National City is still exactly the same as when she first moved there over a year ago yet it feels like everything has changed. It’s no longer the gloomy city with a lot of concrete and sparsely spread parks. No longer the city where she has no one and no history. No (former) friends, no life, no relationship.

Meeting Kara had changed it all.

Now, Lena has a new family. Something to leave work for. Friends, a social life. Joy.

She twirls her tumbler, watching the water slosh against the sides as leans back against the balcony railing. Her new apartment is gorgeous. Too large and a little pompous but the decorator did a nice job and when Kara stays over it feels almost right. Maybe in the future they could look at something better fitting. Or maybe Kara actually moving in, the baby being born, can make it feel less like it’s larger than life. Bursting with life and never quiet, toys lying around and Kara’s shoes discarded halfway through the living room.

A small smile graces Lena lips as the scene plays out in her mind’s eye. Kara chasing their kid for a welcome home kiss and hug, pretending not to be fast enough to catch them until finally she does catch the tiny toddler and lifts them up in the air, blowing a raspberry in their tummy. Kid greeted, Kara turns to Lena for a kiss and asks how her day has been. Kara’s stomach interrupting the talk, signalling time for dinner.

Kara isn’t home yet, though. Kara is late and Lena has a bad feeling about it. Not a Supergirl-incident bad feeling, Alex would have called her if that was the case. Lena had checked the news too, there wasn’t anything but some small incidents where Supergirl showed up. As far as Lena knows, Kara got safely back to the DEO at the end of the last one. Something must be keeping her though because it’s been eight thirty and Kara is never this late. Not for dinner. Not when Lena promised her she could get whatever she wanted – even pizza – tonight as long as she stays over.

To kill time, Lena gets out her tablet and looks at the newest update on the progress of her nanobots. The ones Winn finalised and sent out to remove all the lead from the air. Lena’s lead.
The numbers are steadily declining. The predicted time before the air is probably safe – it’s unknown what exactly is a safe dose for Daxamites – is around a month from now but it might take up to four to remove the largest bulk and years to actually have the last dispersed bits cleaned up. She hopes it’s enough.

Lena puts the tablet back inside and returns to her spot at the balcony’s edge, this time leaning against it facing out. Maybe she can catch a glimpse of Supergirl flying off for an emergency. Her eyes trace the pattern of the stars in the sky, the twinkling lights from windows down below and the streetlights lining the streets and paths of the park. There’s no Supergirl though.

She drops her free hand to the swell of her stomach – Lena swears has grown three sizes during their trip to Midvale though Kara disagrees – and comfortingly traces her thumb up and down.

“It’s okay. Jeju will be back soon. Don’t worry,” she whispers, more for herself than the baby.

Suddenly, strong familiar arms wrap around her from behind. Warm hands join Lena’s on her stomach. Lena instinctively leans back into Kara’s embrace, resting her head on the blonde’s shoulder and closing her eyes briefly as relief floods her system.

“I love you,” Kara whispers with a thick voice.

“I love you too.” Lena turns around in Kara’s arms and lifts herself up on her tiptoes to kiss Kara. Kara’s lips, soft as always, taste of salty tears and Lena pulls back slightly. She raises her hand to Kara’s cheek, wiping away the tears with her thumb.

“What’s wrong?” Lena asks, putting her glass on the balcony railing to have both her hands free to hold her girlfriend.

“You called me jeju.” More tears escape Kara’s eyes and she tries to blink them away.

“Yes, well, I thought, since you dubbed me mommy and two mommies is way too confusing, jeju would be a good name for you,” Lena explains. “If you want to. You could be mama too if-”

“It’s perfect,” Kara cuts her off and presses a kiss to Lena’s lips to show her gratitude.

“I thought I was the emotionally unstable one in this relationship,” Lena jokes to lighten the mood, slipping her arm around Kara’s waist and steering her inside. The chill outside has a bite, especially up this high and Lena’s been standing in it long enough to cool her to the bone.

“I ran into James at the DEO,” Kara says when they’re safely inside. Lena’s arm goes limp for a moment before she regains herself and presses it back to Kara’s back firmly. This isn’t about her but about Kara and she’s experienced enough with this to be able to not let it get to her. She guides Kara to the couch and sits her down.

“You did?” Lena asks.

“Mhm. He, err, we had a fight.” New tears well up in Kara’s eyes and slip down her cheeks and Lena wraps her arms around her. “I told him you’re my girlfriend and if he hates you for what your family did he should hate me too. Because my dad made Myriad. My parents didn’t do anything to prevent an entire planet from exploding. And he- he said maybe he should and then I yelled at him and he yelled back and he said he made a mistake trusting me and that he won’t be back at the DEO and-” Kara’s sobs cut her story short and she buries her head in Lena’s shoulder.

“I’m so sorry, honey,” Lena tells her when Kara’s recollected herself enough to listen. “You shouldn’t have to lose friends over me.”
“I didn’t-” Kara shakes her head against the fabric of Lena’s sweater- “I don’t think anymore he ever really was a friend. Not if he behaves like this. I didn’t even get to tell him I’m going to be a mom.”

That revelations brings with it another stream of tears and Kara’s shoulder shake uncontrollably. Lena presses her closer again, hugging Kara as tight as she can so the Kryptonian may feel more comforted.

“What if he tells Kal-El?” Kara questions after the newest cluster of sobs has quieted.

“We’ll see about that tomorrow, okay love? Maybe James doesn’t even have time to speak to your cousin before he’s visiting tomorrow,” Lena muses, “and even if he does, don’t you think he’d like to hear it for himself? We have the ultrasound tomorrow morning so you have new pictures to share and maybe we even know if he’s getting a niece or a nephew. Who can say no to an innocent baby?”

Lena guides Kara’s hand to her stomach and brushes some blonde strands away to look at Kara. The Kryptonian sends her girlfriend a shaky smile. She’s not entirely convinced but Lena’s trying and Kara appreciates the effort.

“How about you change into something comfortable while I heat up the food? I’ll even let you pick a movie,” Lena suggests.

“You don’t even want to pick a movie,” Kara points out but nods along anyway, nuzzling into the brunette’s neck for a little moment longer.

“Don’t ruin it Kara,” Lena laughs, “I’m trying.”

“Mhmmm,” Kara hums contently, “do I at least get to cuddle again?”

“I’ll even play with your hair.” Lena playfully pushes her girlfriend off her and saunters off to the kitchen to nuke the pizza and potstickers.

It’s different, stepping into the DEO now after her fight with James. The hallways somehow feel tainted. His hatred having oozed out and filling the walls. Kara’s glad she has Lena by her side. Lena who feels her unease and slips and arm around her.

Usually Kara is a morning person but today she had burrowed herself in the covers and cuddled Lena a little closer for comfort.

Her head is still reeling from the fact James dropped her as a friend with such ease. Over Lena. Because James couldn’t get over his prejudices and somehow managed to turn it into her problem instead of his.

Now that she thinks about it, wasn’t Lena to James what Mon-El was to her? Someone from a tainted legacy. Someone whose family killed – or tried to kill – their friends. Them growing to hate said family – or entire species. And did Kara not overcome her prejudice and forgive Mon-El? Even though Mon-El actually turned out to be involved in said atrocities himself, having held slaves and leaving behind his people to save his own arse. There wasn’t even any proof of Lena being involved in anything Lex or Cadmus ever did except the one time she nullified the Medusa virus and saved the entire alien population of earth.

“Kara?” Lena asks, bringing Kara back to the hallway the brunette has led them to. Kara hadn’t even noticed they are no longer on the way to the med bay.
“I’m sorry,” she says as she tries to get herself back to the present.

“If you’re not up for this yet we can probably postpone the appointment another week or so,” Lena suggests. Her worried eyes try catching Kara’s.

“No, no,” Kara protests, “I’m okay.”

“Are you sure?”

“I don’t want him to ruin this for me and if we don’t do it now, next time will be worse,” Kara admits. She grips Lena’s free hand in hers and pulls her a little closer, pressing a needy kiss to Lena’s lips. She just wants her girlfriend close. Lena pulls back slightly after a moment, keeping Kara away with a hand to her chest.

“Are you really sure?” she asks again, “I know friendship breakups are the worst so it’s okay if you’re not okay and can’t do this right now.”

Kara ponders for a moment but reaches the same conclusion, “I want to do this right now. Maybe you’re right and I’m not okay but I really don’t want this tainted by James and if we go home now and come back next week he’ll have had the chance to ruin it for us and I don’t want to give him that pleasure, even if he doesn’t know he’s had it.”

“Okay,” Lena acquiesces and she presses a comforting kiss to Kara’s lips before pulling her out of the hallway and back on track to the med bay.

“Good morning Kara, Lena,” doctor Hamilton greets the couple in the little room, “you look good.”

“Thank you,” Lena kindly replies from her spot on the bed, “I feel good too.”

Kara is perched next to her on a chair, hand firmly holding onto Lena’s. Lena sends her a soft smile as if thanking Kara for looking good somehow – or maybe thanking Kara for taking her to Eliza where she could relax a little.

“Let’s start with some measurements first,” doctor Hamilton suggests as she takes out her tape measure.

Lena nods her agreement and bares her stomach. “Fair warning, I think I gained at least twenty pounds over the past week.”

“I’d only be happy with that,” doctor Hamilton says with a laugh, “you have some weight gaining to catch up on after you lost so much during the first trimester.”

Lena’s brows knit together and her lips form a thin line before her features relax and she barks out a laugh, nodding along with doctor Hamilton.

Kara watches as doctor Hamilton takes her measurements of Lena’s stomach and writes them down, comparing them to the past measurements and what’s normal for human pregnancy. Doctor Hamilton nods a little, ponders over the numbers for a moment and then puts them, along with the others, in a graph. It kind of worries Kara she’s taking so long, sets her nerves on edge in fear of something being wrong.

“Everything seems to be on track,” the doctor finally divulges, “for the previous measurements you seemed to be a bit behind expected size but you’re catching up slightly.”
Kara lets out a relieved breath and loosens her hold on Lena’s hand a little, realising she should’ve paid more attention to that in case she squeezed too hard and flattened Lena’s hand. She makes a mental note to be more mindful in future and focusses back on Lena.

A bluish gel gets squirted on her bare stomach after doctor Hamilton rolled the ultrasound machine close.

“Oh, it’s warm,” Lena notes surprised when the gel contacts her skin.

“Yes, I made sure we had a place to heat the gel up this time, just like at a regular doctor’s visit,” doctor Hamilton says with amusement. Without further ado she places the transducer on Lena’s stomach and presses down, searching a little for a better angle. “Let’s first go for some more measurements and then get some pretty pictures,” she suggests as she starts pressing buttons and taking measurements of the baby.

“Can we find out the sex today?” Kara asks excitedly. She knows the sex doesn’t really mean anything, it won’t say anything about how their kid is going to be and it doesn’t make a difference in how much she’ll love them. Still, it makes it even more real. Someone’s sex is still important in today’s society and though Lena and she might not conform to all the norms – they’ve already agreed on a green nursery – it somehow means something to her to know. Like she gets to know a little bit more about their child, has the chance to get a little bit closer.

“If the baby cooperates, we should be able to.” Doctor Hamilton proceeds to take more measurements, moving the probe around on Lena’s stomach at every angle imaginable. “Everything seems normal, the baby looks completely healthy,” doctor Hamilton shares. “Now, let’s see if I can get a better look, seems like this little one is a bit shy.”

Kara divides her attention between looking at Lena, Lena’s stomach and the grainy image on the ultrasound machine. It seems to take a while before doctor Hamilton can get a good enough angle.

“I’ve got a nice view of the face now, so I say we take a few pictures and see if your baby is willing enough to twist a little and move their legs out of the way so we can see if you’re having a boy or a girl.” Doctor Hamilton does as she says and takes some pictures for them before prodding a little more and trying some other angles.

After a few minutes of futilely trying to get the baby to move even the slightest bit, doctor Hamilton seems to give up.

“I’m sorry, Lena, Kara,” she says, “I can’t get the right angle it’s still so early in your pregnancy it’s hard to determine a baby's sex without a clear view. This little one is just stubbornly hiding themselves from my probe and I can’t get them to move.”

“No,” Kara says before leaning down and pressing her face against Lena’s stomach just above the smear of gel to whisper to Lena’s skin and the baby beneath, “hey peanut, can you do your mommy and me a favour and move a little so the doctor can see if you’re a boy or a girl?”

“Kara,” Lena cuts her off, putting her hand gently on Kara’s shoulder, “it’s okay. It’s still very early to find out and hard to see. Maybe it’s better if we wait until next time and find out then.”

“But I want to know now,” Kara pouts, immediately going back to talking to Lena’s stomach, “I’ll get you potstickers for lunch if you move.”

“Kara you cannot bribe our kid with food!” Lena exclaims with a laugh, pushing Kara’s head away.
from her belly.

“Why not?” Kara asks innocently.

“We can’t make them learn to only listen when we offer food,” Lena explains. “Food isn’t a reward, it’s a basic human need and our kid will never be hungry so long as I live. I don’t want them to start life with a twisted relationship with food. That never ends well.”

Kara pouts but, after thinking about it for a moment, understands where Lena is coming from. Food is probably a more precarious thing for humans, who can actually get overweight from eating too much or have body image issues related to food and eating. For Kara it’s always been straightforward ever since she landed on earth. Food keeps her going and she should eat as much as possible. There’s never been a consequence or downside to eating too much except brief stomach aches.

“Okay, no potstickers but a kiss,” Kara amends, looking at Lena for approval and earning a small smile.

“It’s fine, Kara,” Lena tells her, “I don’t need to know today. I can wait a while longer.”

“Well, I can try one more time, see if your lovely speech worked,” doctor Hamilton jokes, “and if not, we can always try again during the next appointment.”

She places the transducer back on Lena’s stomach and starts moving it, taking a few other pictures.

“So, are you looking for a penis?” Kara asks when her curiosity gets the better off her, her nerves reducing her brain-to-mouth inhibitions.

“No,” doctor Hamilton laughs, careful not to move the transducer, “at this foetal stage a boy’s penis and a girl’s clitoris are roughly the same size actually, so I’m looking for other signs.”

Kara nods along interestedly, watching the black and white speckles on the screen closely as if they’ll show her something.

“Well, looks like someone owes someone kisses,” doctor Hamilton says after a while with a wide smile.

Chapter End Notes

Here’s my tumblr for anyone interested in messaging me, or screaming at me, or trying to bribe me.

Also, as you may have noticed AO3 has started another donation campaign because they run entirely off of money voluntarily given to them. So, I ask anyone who likes story and can spare some money, to donate a little to AO3 so writers like me can keep sharing their stories and readers like you (and me) can keep enjoying them.
Forty-One

Chapter Notes

One eternity later...
I'm sorry for the long wait. This chapter was entirely uncooperative and I scratched like 3 drafts because they didn't agree with me. I tried to introduce J'onn but he also didn't agree with me so I decided to skip it and just see where it got me. Which is here.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena quietly closes Kara’s apartment door behind her and puts her coat up besides Kara’s before walking towards the kitchen area, plopping a box on the counter before embracing her girlfriend nuzzling her nose in her shoulder.

“You’re a lifesaver,” Kara thanks, opening the box and taking out some of the basil inside to garnish the pasta sauce simmering on the stove. She turns in Lena’s arms to press a kiss to Lena’s lips.

“It was on my way over.” Lena shrugs, releasing Kara to get some papers from her purse.

“Still.”

“You’d have done the same.” Lena holds up the papers for Kara to looks at, several paint swatches and all of the pictures from their echoes intermingled. “For the nursery and for Clark and Lois,” Lena elaborates as Kara stares at the different colours, most of them shades of green as that’s what they had decided on earlier but Lena had also thrown in some soft oranges, blues and purples.

“This one for Clark and Lois.” Kara picks out the picture from that morning, putting it aside for after dinner when they’re going to tell Clark and Lois the news. “We can decide on paint later when we’re standing inside the room.”

Lena’s hums her agreement before putting the stales away again and moving back to the kitchen to start setting the table.

Kara turns around a little, facing Lena for the first time since they parted ways after lunch. Her eyes rake up and down Lena’s body, appreciating the formfitting dress the brunette is wearing. The fact that she’s pregnant clearly visible for anyone looking, though perhaps still excusable as bloating if people don’t know how she looked before. Her heels several inches high and Kara would’ve told her off if she didn’t know Lena’s reasoning for wearing them. “You didn’t have to dress to kill.”

“I know, honey,” Lena says as she moves over to Kara at the stove to steal a kiss. “I just want to make a good impression, you know that.”

“I don’t care what Clark thinks. You’re more important.”

“I shouldn’t be. You shouldn’t have to cast out your family over me.” Lena stops rummaging through the cutlery drawer and closes it, all of her attention focussed on their conversation.

“I will if I have to,” Kara says plain as day but Lena knows it’s not. Kara might not fully realise yet. Lena does.
“Don’t say that and you do care. If you didn’t, you wouldn’t spend so much time on cooking dinner when you could just order. It smells good though,” Lena compliments, slipping a spoon in the pan and tasting the sauce. “Tastes good too.”

“Thank you.” Kara presses another kiss to Lena’s lips. Nerves for the dinner make her a little more possessive and she wants Lena as close as possible. “It does taste good,” she agrees when she licks the lingering taste of Lena and the food off her lips.

“I wouldn’t lie to you. In such an important moment,” Lena adds with a smirk. Kara briefly knits her brows together at the insinuation Lena would lie in other moments but quickly recovers when Lena smiles sweetly letting her know it’s really only a joke.

“Can you watch the food for a moment while I change? It only needs to simmer for a while longer so all you have to do is stir and make sure it doesn’t burn.” Kara hands Lena the ladle before moving away to let Lena take her place.

“I do know how to cook, you know,” Lena replies, swirling smoothly through the food.

“You do?” Kara stops in her tracks and turns back around to face Lena.

“You didn’t know?” Lena raises an eyebrow.

“No.”

“I guess we need another official date night so I can show you.”

“I guess we do,” Kara smiles. Their first date was several weeks ago and they haven’t taken the time to go on an actual date again. They’ve had breakfasts and lunches and dinners together but none of them like that first. None where they’d taken the time to just be together for the sake of being together. Putting effort into the food they would be eating and the décor of the room. It’s high time for another proper date.

“Why do you even need to change?” Lena asks, gesturing at Kara’s neatly buttoned up shirt and khakis with her free hand. “You said casual was fancy enough yourself.”

“Well if my girlfriend shows up like that-” Kara gestures back at Lena’s dress, “then I need to look at least half as good and a plain old shirt won’t cut it.”

“Don’t worry about that, honey. You always look good and-” Lena cuts herself off but it’s too late, Kara has already caught on where she was about to go.

“Don’t start with the whole fat-thing because you’re not fat and I love the way you look either way. Lena, babe, you’re the most gorgeous woman on Earth and beyond and I wish you could see that.” Kara walks back over to Lena, cupping her cheek and staring in her eyes with so much conviction Lena almost forgets how to breathe.

Kara’s hands slowly inch down, resting briefly on Lena’s shoulders where Kara tells her, “I love how you keep your chin up and your shoulders straight under any circumstance. I know it’s been drilled into you and sometimes I wish you could relax a little, for your own sake. But I also know you’re so strong. You’re one of the strongest women I know and you can shoulder anything the world throws at you. It hurts me to know you have to but I know you’re capable of it and I love that about you.”

Kara moves her hands from Lena’s shoulders down her arms and in until they’re resting on the small swell of her stomach. “Right now, I love your belly most. I love it because it shows how hard your
body works to help peanut grow. It shows how much peanut grows and as long as your stomach is growing, so is peanut and that’s a good thing, not a bad one. It’s a symbol of our love for peanut and with it also for each other so really, the more your baby bump grows the more we love each other, right?” Kara casts her eyes up from Lena’s stomach to her eyes again, finding them cloudy with tears threatening to spill over.

“You’re ruining my makeup,” Lena complains softly, leaning into Kara’s touch and bringing her own hands up to hold onto her girlfriend.

“Oh, no, we can’t have that,” Kara jokes, bending down and planting a kiss on the top of Lena’s belly. “Peanut, I need you to stop making mommy cry. She wants her makeup to be nice tonight so could you please help? I’ll give you three kisses and you get to pick the movie for movie night.”

“Kara,” Lena laughs, patting the corner of her eye to get rid of the wet tears threatening to trail their way down her cheek, “stop bribing our baby.”

“It worked last time,” Kara argues.

“Fine, but the bribery stops as soon as I’ve given birth.”

Kara presses a kiss to the bottom of Lena’s stomach in reply, then plants another one on the top of Lena’s stomach and a third on Lena’s lips. “Deal. Now can I go change?”

Upon Lena’s nod Kara turns back around again to retreat to the bedroom while Lena absentmindedly stirs the food.

“Kara?” Lena asks as soon as she hears footsteps inching closer, “does that mean when I give birth our love will shrink?”

“What?” Kara’s brows knit together and her nose scrunches up a little as she tries to figure out what Lena is talking about.

“You said my stomach growing is a symbol of our love and that the more it grows, the more we love each other. So, when I give birth and my stomach starts shrinking, hopefully, does our love shrink too?”

“No!” Kara quickly reassures her, speeding over and taking Lena’s free hand in hers, “no, no of course not. I didn’t mean it like that. Our love won’t just shrink. It will grow on in peanut and in each other. We’ll find other symbols of our love for each other. Right now, it’s your baby bump for me but that doesn’t mean once the bump is gone I will love you any less.”

“I’m sorry,” Lena whispers.

“Don’t,” Kara chides softly, tilting Lena’s head up with a gentle hand under her chin when she tries to cast her eyes down. “Don’t be sorry for being insecure about something. We all are and sometimes we just need someone to tell us we don’t have to be.”

“I’m just- I don’t feel in control of it sometimes, so I guess I’m sorry for that.” Lena self-consciously bites the inside of her lip. Being so open and vulnerable is still a very new thing to her and even though Kara is always ready to ease her mind and support her, it’s still sometimes hard to admit things she’s insecure about. Especially admitting she’s not in control of something.

“You don’t have to be sorry for that. No one can be in control all the time and I get that it might be a
little harder right now with the hormones and everything changing so fast and all but just talk to me and we can work it out together, okay?"

“Okay,” Lena agrees, bringing their entwined hands to her lips and pressing a kiss on the back of each of Kara’s fingers. “I’ll just have you know, you look really good too.”

“Thanks.” Kara blushes a little but her smile widens a lot at the compliment and she nearly dances as she starts setting the table a moment later.

Too soon their happy bubble is burst by Kara faltering slightly and announcing Clark’s presence. It takes a few minutes before Kara tells Lena he’s entered the building and they quickly finish up setting the table, putting the large pan in the middle. Kara swings the door open as Clark and Lois are still making their way over to the door.

Lena lingers behind inside the safety of the more familiar apartment. She might not have much of a history with Clark, they do know of each other and he has a – not undeserved – bias against her last name. She doesn’t want to ruin the first moment of Kara rekindling with him with her presence. Feeling the need to hide herself somehow, she throws on the blazer she brought. It helps hide her stomach, her dress suddenly feeling far too constricting and revealing.

Voices drift in through the door but Lena can’t make out what they say as she anxiously waits for the inevitable moment Clark recognises her. He’ll leave, no doubt. There’s no way Clark Kent, Kal-El, Superman, is going to let a Luthor into his family. He’s not going to give her a chance to earn his trust ever. Lex ruined it all.

She feels herself getting worked up and closes her eyes, forcing her breathing to slow down as she casts away her negative thoughts. She does retreat a little further inside the apartment, finding herself at the far end of the table where she stops. She’ll have to sit down with them eventually and it’d be very strange if she lingers in the living area when they are about to have dinner.

Kara is the first to enter the apartment, stopping just beyond the threshold and effectively keeping Clark and Lois out of sight for a moment longer.

“There’s someone I’d like you to meet,” she states surely but continues in a ramble mainly directed at the other Kryptonian. “Technically I think you’ve already met, Clark, but I want you to really meet. As my cousin and my girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend?” Clark’s low voice carries far into the room now and Lena feels herself tense up again. Kara quickly sends her a reassuring smile over her shoulder before turning back to their dinner companions, “yes, girlfriend.”

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Kara quickly sends her a reassuring smile over her shoulder to Lena before turning back to their dinner companions, “yes, girlfriend.”

“Oh, okay,” Clark mumbles. A female voice that isn’t Kara’s – and therefore must be Lois – laughs at him and Lena hopes Lois isn’t as vicious as her reputation makes her out to be. She’d somehow managed to never actually meet the reporter, even while in Metropolis and despite them both attending the same events occasionally.

“Clark, Lois, meet Lena.” Kara walks to Lena’s side, guiding her forward a little while wrapping an arm around Lena’s lower back causing Lena to instinctively return the gesture.

Clark takes a moment to stare at Lena and Lena would get nervous over it if Lois wasn’t a lot faster to process and already stepping up to her with her hand out to shake.
“Nice to meet you, Lena,” she says as Lena shakes her hand.

“The pleasure is all mine,” Lena replies smoothly.

“I wish I could say I heard a lot about you, aside from the article headlines sometimes appearing but I can’t.” Lois sends Kara a look that tells her not to keep secrets this big anymore but the look is a friendly one. It’s like a parent chiding their child for something menial, a little bit accusatory but mostly loving. Before Lois can continue talking Clark interrupts her.

“Lena Luthor,” he bristles, letting a heavy silence follow as all heads turn his way. “Lena Luthor.”

“Yes, that’s my name mister Kent,” Lena retorts, every bit the CEO she was in that first interview where she and Kara met.

“Jimmy mentioned you did something really stupid,” he continues, ignoring Lena completely in favour of staring Kara down. “I didn’t think it was this serious but it seems like Jimmy’s judgement is far better than I gave him credit for. You don’t actually expect me to sit here and have dinner with that woman?”

“That woman is my girlfriend, Clark,” Kara snaps, pulling Lena a little closer for comfort and to reassure her she’s not leaving. She hasn’t missed Lena tensing up at the accusations. “So, yes. I do expect you to sit here and have dinner with her because you’re both family. I love both of you and I want you to get to know each other.”

“If this is your idea of something nice to tell us, you’ve got a twisted idea of what nice is, Kara.”

“Actually, I’ve got something else to tell you but I wanted to wait until after dinner. After you and Lois got to know Lena a little better.”

For the first time since Clark and Lois entered the apartment she leaves Lena’s side and walks to the closest chair, pulling it out and gesturing for Lena to sit down. Lena stiffly lowers herself in the chair, briefly squeezing Kara’s arm on the back of chair in passing as if to show her support.

“Lois,” Kara offers, voice carefully controlled as she pulls out a chair for her cousin’s wife.

“Thank you, Kara,” Lois says with a small nod of her head towards Kara. She fixes Clark with a firm stare; one Lena recognises as the same one she gives to uncooperative business associates.

“Clark,” Kara tries as she pulls out the chair next to Lois. Clark has other ideas, however, shaking his head with a vicious look in his eyes which are now locked on Lena. With another brief look at the other occupants of the room, he turns on his heels and pulls the front door open. Lena can see how Kara’s shoulders sag and her head drops slightly.

“Clark Kent,” Lois scolds sounding more disappointed than angry. “If you do not sit down at this table right this minute, don’t think you will be allowed inside our house for the rest of the year.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.” Lois does not look like she’s kidding and Clark seems to realise too, hanging his head and looking every bit the petulant child as he drags himself to the table and sits down in the proffered chair. “I’m sorry,” Lois directs at Kara and Lena. “Your cousin sometimes needs a reminder he’s an adult and needs to behave as such.”

Kara softly thanks Lois but the mood has already been ruined.
Dinner is an awkward affair. Lois tries to keep conversation flowing, first inquiring about Alex and Eliza, then turning her attention on Lena, who’s a lot better at politely keeping the conversation going than Kara. Clark remains mostly silent, only giving curt replies when Lois tries to include him by directing questions at him.

Lena can tell Kara is thoroughly shaken by Clark’s disapproving reaction. Not only does Kara eat no more than a single serving, she doesn’t attempt to make Lena eat more than the small amount she’d initially scooped on her plate. Neither of them really have much of an appetite left, Lena partially because she doesn’t want Clark to question why she eats more than Lois even though there could be ample of ‘normal’ reasons for that.

Even Clark eats a small amount for a Kryptonian, using a late lunch as an excuse. Kara doesn’t even bother to bring out the dessert she’d made. No one seems to mind it when she returns from the kitchen empty-handed. She offers Clark and Lois another drink but they both decline, Lois’s glass not being empty yet and Clark probably just wanting to leave as soon as possible.

Kara sits back down and Lena slips her hand onto Kara’s leg as they both shift a little closer, preparing for more angry backlash from Clark. Kara rests on of her own hands on Lena’s, thumb absentmindedly stroking Lena’s skin as she takes a steadying breath.

Clark beats her to it, curtly demanding to know the news now that dinner is over.

“She was getting to that,” Lena bites back. Good impressions forgotten, Lena is now set to defensive mode ready to tear Clark verbally apart if he hurts Kara more.

“Yes, I- yes,” Kara babbles before another squeeze from Lena to her leg gets her back on track. “So, there was something we wanted to tell you and that’s why you’re here.”

Clark interrupts her before she can get to the point, “oh, God. Don’t tell me you’re getting married. How long have you even been dating? I know lesbians do things faster but do you even really know her?”

“We’re not getting married,” Kara says after a beat, once again taken aback by Clark’s rudeness.

“Just let her finish talking,” Lena nearly seethes.

Clark presses his lips tightly together, impatiently waiting for Kara to get to the point. Lena turns the hand on Kara’s leg around to intertwine their fingers, bringing their hands to her stomach together knowing it gives Kara some comfort and strength. Upon realising what Lena’s doing, she can’t help but smile a little before deciding a new course of action. With her free hand she takes the picture of Lena’s latest echo from her pocket and slams it on the table, image hidden by the palm of her hand but message clear.

“We’re having a baby,” she states, voice scarily icy and nothing like Lena’s ever heard before.

Both Clark and Lois need a moment to process. Kara pushes the picture forward, revealing it to Clark and Lois.

Clark is the first to respond, barely having glanced at the echo, “of course, you’re also pregnant. Just what you needed.”

“Congratulations,” Lois says, pinching Clark in the arm. It’s useless. He hardly even feels it and even if he would, it’s not like he’s ready to change his opinion.

“Actually, I’m not the one who’s pregnant,” Kara corrects, looking to the side and instantly having a
loving smile appear on her face as she directs her gaze at Lena.

“I am,” Lena discloses.

“Like the world needs another Luthor.” Clark pushes his chair back and gets up. “I think we’re done here.”

“That’s your niece you’re talking about!” Kara yells angrily.

“Well don’t bother sending a card when it’s born.”

“She. She’s a person, not a thing. And don’t worry, I won’t.”

“Good.”

“Clark,” Lois admonishes but it’s clear Clark’s had enough. Without any other comment or even so much as a goodbye he lets himself out, not even waiting for his wife to follow.

“I’m so sorry about this,” Lois apologises on Clark’s behalf. “I’ll try to talk to him but I want you to know I’m really happy for both of you. I’ll call you so you can tell me everything,” Lois tells Kara, giving her a quick but firm hug before turning her attention to Lena. “It was really nice to meet you. I can tell you make Kara very happy. I’m sorry for Clark ruining the night but I’d love to really get to know you another time.” Lena also gets a brief hug before Lois is scrambling after her husband. Lena quickly sends her a goodbye before the door closes and she can turn her attention to her girlfriend.

It takes a moment for everything to settle in Kara’s mind. Befuddled, she follows Lena to the couch where she’s wrapped up in a warm hug. Only then do the tears come. She’d had so many expectations for tonight and they did not include Clark behaving like an arsehole and treating her and Lena like he did. Though she’d told Lena she didn’t care about Clark’s reaction she did. How could she not? He’s her only family by blood so of course his reaction mattered.

She burrows herself further in Lena’s shoulder, curling up on her lap as Lena gently strokes her back giving Kara all the time she needs to cry. Kara keeps her arms carefully wrapped around herself, too afraid she might hurt Lena in her emotional state of mind. She’s always less in control of her strength when she’s hurting.

Long minutes pass by and when Kara slowly calms she realises Lena’s crying too. A slightly wet spot forming on the top of her head where Lena had rested her cheek.

“Sweetie?” Kara asks with a thick voice, tilting her head a little so she can look at Lena.

“Hmm?” Lena hums, brushing some stray hairs behind Kara’s ear.

“Are you okay?”

“Shouldn’t I be the one asking you that?” Lena says with a weak laugh.

“You’re crying,” Kara remarks.

“So are you.” Lena brushes her tears away with the palm of her hand. “I’m fine. I just hate to see you hurt and apparently I can’t keep it dry when someone else is crying. How are you?”

Kara rests her head back on Lena’s chest before replying, “I didn’t expect him to be so mean. I knew
he’d probably not accept me dating you at first but I hoped he’d get over it quickly when he saw how happy you make me. I’ll be okay but not right now,” Kara admits.

“Sometimes the people closest to us can hurt us the most,” Lena says solemnly, falling silent for a moment as she’s reminded of the people that once were closest to her and still have the power to hurt her.

“Thank you,” Kara tells her before she can get completely lost in her memories.

“Always,” Lena promises with a kiss to the crown of Kara’s head.

They sit cuddled up together for another while, Kara drifting in and out of sleep for most of the time until her stomach complaints about the small amount of food she had for dinner.

“We should eat a little more,” she declares before a soft rumbling can be heard from her stomach which causes both of them to laugh.

“I can’t say I’m really hungry,” Lena protests, releasing her hold of Kara as the blonde makes to get up.

“How about ice cream while we watch a movie?” Kara suggests instead. “You need to eat and I’m hungry. I threw away the leftovers anyway. It’s not like we would’ve wanted to eat those.”

“Did I ever tell you you’re my favourite person?” Lena leans back on the couch with an easy smile as Kara opens the freezer and gets out two pints.

“I don’t think you ever did,” Kara teases back. “Catch!” she yells before throwing one of the two pints at Lena causing the brunette to flinch and cover her face and stomach with her arms as well as possible in a split second.

“Kara!” she chides, “you know I can’t catch.”

“You should learn, you know. Peanut’s going to want to play catch.”

“Can we stop calling her peanut,” Lena requests. “Now that we know she’s a girl we should start looking at names and not name her after food.”

“But I like peanut,” Kara pouts as she picks the fallen ice cream up from the ground and hands it to Lena along with a spoon. “It’s so sweet and gives us a lot longer to decide on a name. Do we even want people to know her name before she’s born?”

“It’s kind of weird to name a baby after food though, even if it’s just a nickname,” Lena argues. “But maybe you have a point about not announcing her name until she’s born.”

“Sometimes I have my clever moments,” Kara declares around a mouthful of ice cream.

“You’re always clever, Kara. Just because your knowledge doesn’t always translate to Earth doesn’t mean you’re not smart.”

“I know, I know,” Kara says as she settles down next to Lena, taking the brunette’s feet in her lap.

“If I have to stop talking myself down, then so do you,” Lena reprimands. “If not for yourself then for peanut because we don’t want her picking up on our bad behaviours.”

“See!” Kara suddenly exclaims. “Even you call her peanut. You have to admit it’s a nice nickname and it works and everyone who knows about her knows her by that name. We can’t just change it,
right boo?” Kara asks Lena’s stomach, gently brushing her fingers over the fabric of Lena’s dress covering her belly.

Lena rolls her eyes affectionately at Kara with a smile on her lips. “Fine, you win. But the name goes as soon as she’s born and we can call her by her actual name.”

“We could also just call her peanut,” Kara jokingly suggests.

“Over my dead body.” Lena shakes her head fondly and digs into her own ice cream as Kara picks a light movie for them to watch, something to take their mind of off things, while they snuggle up on the couch.

Though already feeling better than minutes ago Kara knows it’s going to take a while longer to get over the harsh rejection of Clark and she’s glad she has Lena with her. Lena who cares so much and always listens. Lena who loves her unconditionally and gives the best hugs. Lena who knows exactly what she’s going through because she went through the same thing with her own brother.

Kara grabs a blanket from the back of the sofa, draping it over her and Lena as she curls herself in on Lena’s side, head resting on Lena’s chest as the movie starts playing and a comfortable silence falls over them.

Chapter End Notes

Find me on tumblr
Forty-Two

Chapter Notes

I know. It's been eons. I hope I'm going to be able to update a bit more regularly but I needed the time for myself without stressing about updating for a bit. Here's my tumblr for anyone interested

She’s not sure what wakes her; the lack of heat or no longer feeling anything but empty sheets beneath her fingers when she stretches her arm out, but, the fact is, Lena wakes up to an otherwise empty bed in the middle of the night. For a brief moment her sleep-muddled mind thinks Kara has gotten up for Supergirl duties but then her ears catch up with her.

The sound of heaving drifts from the bathroom and before Lena’s conscious mind realises what that means, her feet have already gotten themselves under her and are moving her towards the sound. She knocks on the door before gently opening. Without second thought Lena drops down on the floor next to Kara, who’s crouched over the toilet bowl. She bundles up the long blonde tresses and pulls them out of the way as Kara heaves again and her stomach relieves itself of some of its content.

Softly rubbing her girlfriend’s back, Lena waits for the retching and heaving to stop. She drops Kara’s hair and quickly gets her a glass of water to clean her mouth with, sitting back down next to her and rubbing her back again in soothing circles.

“Are you okay, honey?” Lena asks after a while, Kara now heavily leaning against her side.

Instead of replying, Kara’s shoulders start softly shaking and when Lena looks down she sees fat tears trail down smooth cheeks.

“Oh, love,” she soothes, pulling Kara in for a hug. Kara immediately wraps her arms around Lena and burrows her face in a t-shirt clad shoulder, letting all dams open as she sobs uncontrollably.

“I just- I had hoped- and he- and I only wanted- him to be okay. I didn’t- I never asked him to- be involved or do- anything,” Kara splutters, slightly muffled by Lena’s shoulder. “I just wanted him to accept you.”

Lena’s blood starts to boil and she’s about ready to get up, catch a plane to Metropolis and murder Clark Kent. The only reason she doesn’t is because Kara needs her here now. Lena doesn’t even care she’d be following in Lex’s footsteps if she tried to kill Superman. She knows she’s not Lex, knows now she’s smarter and more organised. She’s convinced she would succeed.

Her jaw clenches and her fingers dig into Kara’s back as she tries to contain her anger, which only gets blown even more out of proportion by her raging hormones. She simply can’t act on it and has to keep it in. She can’t let it show now, Kara isn’t helped by her cursing Clark.

Another part of her really wishes she could apologise for Clark’s betrayal but Kara would only feel more hurt by it. Lena has learned that by now. She shouldn’t apologise for something that’s not directly her fault, even if it’s for something caused by her last name.

So, instead of apologising, she holds Kara close and rubs her back.
When she has her anger in check a little better, she starts filling the silence with small words of comfort but doesn’t promise to fix anything or that Clark will change his mind. He might but she can’t promise it and she doesn’t want to instil false hope upon her girlfriend.

“You shouldn’t be on a cold bathroom floor,” Kara eventually states. “You should be in bed, sleeping. I’m sorry.”

“I’m right where I’m supposed to be, honey,” Lena soothes. “I couldn’t bear knowing you’re out here feeling miserable and I’m not doing all I can to help you.”

“I’m okay. You should go back to bed.”

Lena shakes her head, “I’m only going back to bed if you’re coming with and I can’t carry you there. My girlfriend would kill me if she found out I tried to lift something heavier than a cup of water.”

“Yeah right I will!” Kara doesn’t hesitate to claim protectively. “You’re pregnant, you aren’t allowed to lift anything heavy.”

“I wasn’t planning to, love.” Lena gently places a kiss to Kara’s forehead. “I’ll just sit with you until you’re okay to get to bed.”

Kara nods absentmindedly, resting her head back on Lena as she takes deep breaths to steady herself. All the while, Lena mentally plays out the murder on Clark Kent a thousand different ways, though never stopping the soothing motions of her hands on Kara’s back. That is until the hard ground makes her sore and she removes her hand to rub her own lower back, shifting a little to find a more comfortable position.

Kara slowly removes her head from its warm resting place to look at Lena, at Lena’s hand massaging her muscles and then back to Lena’s face again. “We should get back to bed.”

Following her own idea, Kara releases Lena and gets to her feet, reaching out a hand. Lena gratefully accepts it and uses it to pick herself up from the floor too, deliberately going slow as not to trigger a dizzy spell or round ligament pains. They’re both terrible at the best of times but something she absolutely cannot use right now.

Hands connected, they walk back to the bed. As soon as they’re both settled in, Lena with several extra pillows to help her get comfortable, Kara wraps herself around Lena and rests her hand on the baby bump.

“I’m sorry you had to see that, peanut,” Kara whispers in the dark, thumb stroking just below Lena’s belly button.

“Don’t apologise for showing emotions, Kara.” Lena tugs her girlfriend a little closer, connecting their hands over her stomach. “It’s not healthy to pretend emotions don’t exist and teach peanut she has to hide them and apologise for them. Trust me.”

“T’m s-”

“Don’t say sorry. Didn’t you say we really needed to stop apologising for things that aren’t our fault?”

“I did,” Kara confirms. “Sor- oops. I’ll try to remember.”

Lena chuckles softly before tilting her head so she can rest it against Kara. She knows her girlfriend probably isn’t going to sleep anymore tonight and she really wants to stay up with her to ease her
mind and talk through all of Kara’s worries and grieves but she can already feel herself fighting to stay awake and there’s no way she’ll manage to stay up the entire night. Not to mention Kara probably wouldn’t let her if she offered anyway, so instead of suggesting it Lena just lets Kara hug her close as her own eyes slip shut and sleep envelops her.

She wakes up several more times before morning. Each time, Kara is awake too and refuses to let Lena get up unless she absolutely has to, Kara simply can’t go pee for her. Kara brings her food when she gets hungry, picks up fallen pillows and even lets Lena sleepily push her away a bit when she gets too hot.

As soon as the sun’s first rays spill into the bedroom, Kara gets up. Lena wakes up from the movement behind her and the sudden lack of heat radiating beneath the covers.

“Where are you going?” she mumbles, eyes still closed but face tilted to the sounds Kara makes.

“To work,” Kara simply states.

Lena blinks her eyes open, fighting to keep them that way. “You shouldn’t. Stay home.”

“I need a distraction. I can’t just sit here and mope around.”

“Do you want to go to work?” Lena asks, sitting up and rubbing her eyes to get rid of the heaviness behind her lids.

“No but I don’t want to stay here either.” Kara shrugs and continues looking for clothes.

“We could also do something else, something nicer than work. I don’t have meetings until the afternoon so I could play hooky and I know for a fact you have plenty of sick days left to call one in today.” At Kara’s hesitant look Lena adds, “do you think you’d be productive at work today if you went in? Or would you just be distracted the whole day and have Snapper yell at you and make you feel even more miserable?”

Kara huffs and glares at Lena briefly before her look softens. “You win. What do you suggest?”

“Breakfast and I thought maybe we could start some nursery shopping? Just so we have an idea about what the options are and what we need to get.” Lena gets up from the bed too, walking up to Kara and hugging her from behind. “Or we can do anything else. I’m all yours until two.”

Kara turns around in Lena’s arms and looks down with a watery smile, tears threaten to spill from her eyes again. “No, breakfast and shopping sounds good. I think.” Before she can say anything else, a sob spills from her lips and she leans her head down to Lena’s shoulder to give in to another crying spell.

Lena holds her as Kara gives into her emotions, one hand softly stroking blonde hair and the other rubbing Kara’s back. She can’t help letting some of her own tears escape. It breaks her heart to see Kara like this, though she would blame hormones if anyone asked even if this time that wouldn’t be entirely true.

“Are you okay?” Kara asks suddenly. Lena hadn’t even realised the blonde had stopped crying, now looking at her with concerned eyes. She quickly wipes away the tear tracks and nods.

“I’m good.”

“Sure? You don’t need anything? I can get you some water or-”
“Kara, I’m fine. I can take care of myself,” Lena softly assures Kara.

“I don’t mind taking care of you,” Kara argues.

“I know, honey, but today I’m taking care of you.” Lena cups Kara’s face and brushes her thumb over a soft cheek. “Now, go take a nice long shower while I look up which place to visit first, okay?”

“You should shower first.”

Lena shakes her head. “Kara-”

“I’m not saying it because I’m trying to take care of you,” Kara explains quickly. “You should shower first because I’m going to hog all the warm water and you’re a human who gets cold from a cold shower. So, you should shower first so I won’t feel guilty about using all the warm water.” Kara tries for a smile but it looks more like a teary grimace.

“Oh, you win. I’ll be quick, you think about where you want to get breakfast in the meantime.” Lena quickly pecks a kiss on Kara’s lips before grabbing a towel and leaving to the bathroom.

In the time it takes Kara to shower, Lena calls in a breakfast order, finds a store to visit – one that will be discrete and not tell the press Lena Luthor shopped there – and calls Alex to tell her about Clark’s visit and make sure Kara has company when she has to go to work.

They have a breakfast of several boxes of sticky buns – because Kara wanted those – and a box of donuts – because peanut wanted those. Lena only grumbles a little about how they’re ruining her healthy habits and body but, since she’s still the one deciding what she puts in her mouth or not, quickly accepts her fate and joins Kara in devouring the food before there’s nothing left.

They spend the morning in the baby store, looking at furniture and making a list of everything they will need to buy. Lena is almost overwhelmed by how much stuff a baby needs, especially for how small she’s going to be. She’s glad they started this early because now she has time to research everything and find the best articles and not forget something important she might not have thought of initially.

They don’t buy anything, except for a large stuffed penguin Kara insists on getting. Lena wants to stop her from doing so, she doesn’t plan on asking gifts from their friends but she knows they will get them anyway and stuffed animals are usually something given a lot, but a single look from Kara with her sad eyes and her pout has Lena relenting before she’s even managed to do anything.

Alex and Maggie join them for lunch and, while Lena goes to work, take over spending time with Kara. Lena has to make them promise not to go after Clark – if anyone gets to do that it’s her and Kara, and Kara doesn’t seem to want that. Instead, they promise to do something fun and claim Lena’s place, spamming her phone with pictures of the game battle they’ve started.

As soon as she’s done with her last meeting she drags Sam out of her office and, after they pick up Ruby, join the game battle.

After a violent Just Dance battle Lena manages to stay out of, followed by Mario Kart and another round of Just Dance Lena does not get to sit out, she finds herself sitting on the couch next to Ruby while the others bicker over a new game. Lena leans back against the couch, trying to get her
breathing under control. She’s never been the athletic type and having a baby beginning to press up against her lungs isn’t helping.

“Little out of shape, are ya?” Ruby asks her with a big grin, tilting her head to the side as she looks at Lena.

“Oh hush you. Not all of us can be soccer stars.” Lena sticks her tongue out to the young girl before dramatically flopping over and taking several deep breaths. Ruby laughs loudly at her, joined by Sam and Kara.

“I think your girlfriend has lost,” Sam tells Kara, poking her with her elbow.

Kara smiles broadly at Lena before agreeing with Sam. “Yeah, she’s over and done with.”

“Hey!” Lena protests, still lying down on the couch and not helping her own case. “You try making a tiny person.”

“Come on, Luthor. Don’t go making excuses now,” Maggie pitches in from the other side of the room.

“Yeah, Lena, be a good sport,” Alex shouts.

Lena grumbles something unintelligible, her face buried in a pillow, before lifting herself to a sitting position again and taking one of the water bottles she’d already set out.

Ruby and she spend the next game watching in silence as the others lose themselves in their competition. Lena watches Kara get absorbed into the bright graphics on the screen and decides she has to thank Alex later. This is great distraction. For both of them.

“Aunt Lena?” Ruby quietly asks after a while and Lena’s heart swells a little at the familial term. She doesn’t think she will ever get tired of hearing it.

Ruby’s hands restlessly twist around each other as she visibly gathers the courage to keep talking. Lena tries to look as open and friendly as possible to make it easier for Ruby.

“How, err, how did you know you liked girls?” Ruby’s eyes briefly lock with Lena’s before she casts them down and focusses of an invisible piece of lint on her jeans.

“Oh, well, I guess one day I just realised I didn’t feel different about girls than I did boys,” Lena says. She’s never really thought a lot about what made her figure it out. “I mean, I realised someone’s gender doesn’t matter to me when it comes to feelings. I could crush on anyone as long as they were the right person and it took me a while to figure it out but then I did and it suddenly made sense. Why are you asking?”

“We talked about it in school a bit and that got me thinking. I don’t want to be halfway through my life before I realise I’ve been looking at the wrong people all along, you know.”

“You’re twelve, sweetie, you have all the time in the world to figure it out.” Lena places a reassuring hand on Ruby’s shoulder.

“But what if I don’t ever figure it out? What if I never meet the right person?”

“Don’t worry about it too much. You’ll figure it out when you do, when the time is right, and until then you should just enjoy life as it is. And, personally, I don’t believe something as ‘the right person’ exists. You might meet someone you want to spend the rest of your life with, you might not
but who’s to say you even have to in the first place?”

“Don’t you have Kara?”

“I do.” Lena glances lovingly at Kara, who’s competitively jumping around in front of the tv to get the most points, or something. Lena doesn’t really understand the game. It just looks tiring. “Still, it doesn’t mean I was unhappy before Kara or I wouldn’t have enjoyed life if I hadn’t met her or had not started dating her but just been friends. I mean, look at all the downsides. She’s making a mess of this apartment, leaving crumbs everywhere. She talks with her mouth full, eats like a garbage can and makes me do the same, she wakes up super early and hardly seems to get tired,” Lena trails off and stops looking at Kara to give Ruby her full attention again.

Ruby looks at her curiously, drinking in every word she says and processing the new information, then looks over to Kara and back to Lena. “But you love her.”

“I do. I can’t help it. But don’t let anyone tell you you need a partner. You are a whole person on your own and you decide whether you want a relationship and what kind of relationship that is and other people really can’t judge you for wanting what you want. And if you want something a little less conventional, then so be it. Be single. Have a long-term relationship without ever planning on living together. Live in a group house with a bunch of friends as a community. The world is at your feet.”

Ruby nods absentmindedly before focusing back on Lena. “Thanks, aunt Lena. You know, you sound a little like a mom already, but a really nice one.” Ruby leans over and wraps Lena in a hug, the older woman’s hands automatically coming up to reciprocate the action.

“Thank you, sweetie. Now how about we raid the fridge while those four are too invested in their game to notice,” Lena suggest to smoothly avert Ruby’s attention so the girl wouldn’t notice her getting emotional over being called a nice mom.

“Sure!” Ruby jumps up, making a beeline for the fridge and already having a carton of ice cream in her hand before Lena catches up on her.

They end up back on the couch, each armed with a spoon and, while they eat, Ruby curiously starts asking Lena questions about being pregnant. When they finish the carton, Lena guides Ruby’s hand to her stomach to allow her to feel. The baby is still too small to really feel but, when pressing down, it’s noticeable there’s something growing inside Lena’s stomach.

Ruby is in awe at it. She doesn’t seem to care the baby’s kicks can’t be felt yet. Not even by Lena herself. Ruby just continues her rapid-fire questions, now with her hand pressed to Lena’s stomach.

The unexpected sound of the doorbell ringing interrupts them and everyone suddenly falls the quiet. The game gets paused and Lena and Kara share a look. They don’t expect anyone tonight; everyone who got dragged along for the games and cheering Kara up is already present.

Lena moves to get up but as soon as Kara notices, she yells, “I get it,” and runs to the door. First, she glances through the peephole, even though Lena knows she’s already used her X-ray vision to look behind the door. Then, she throws the door wide open.

A ragged looking Winn stumbles inside. He immediately shuts the door behind him without even noticing six pairs of eyes staring at him.

“Thanks, Kara,” he sighs, “do you mind if I stay here for a bit?”
Kara automatically shakes her head, not minding her friend staying one bit. In hindsight, maybe they should have invited Winn over in the first place.

“Oh, hey guys. Wait. Were you having a game night without me?” Winn adds when he notices the rest and the paused game on the television. “Oh my- is that, is that, Lena?” His eyes keep drifting between Lena and the large wall-mounted television screen.

“Winn,” Lena greets, stifling a laugh. “That is indeed a one hundred inch 4K laser television screen. If that was your question.”

“It was. Wow.” Winn slowly wanders over to the television to look at it up close, bringing a hand up to softly touch the rim.

“Winn?” Kara interrupts his admiration. “Are you okay?”

“What? Yeah, yeah, I think so.” Winn focuses back from the tv to the rest of the room after briefly shaking his limbs to check for injuries. “I’m sorry to barge in unannounced.” He tries to straighten his cardigan and stroke some crinkles out of his trousers but it’s to no avail. He’s still looking as ragged as when he entered.

Lena pats the empty couch cushion next to her as she and Ruby scoot over a bit to make a little more room. Winn sits down with a deep sigh and puts his elbows on his legs so he can rest his chin in his hands.

“What’s wrong, Winn?” Kara asks gently, sitting down on the armrest of the couch and placing a hand on Winn’s shoulder.

“I’m- I think James just broke up with me.” At everyone’s shocked and confused reaction he adds, “As a friend.”

Before anyone can form a response to this news, Winn continues. “I asked him why he wasn’t talking to Kara anymore and what his problem is with Lena. He said it’s because Lena is a Luthor and Kara was right or something about him not wanting to see her anymore because of her parents. You know, the whole, err- virus thing.” He looks at Kara to see if she catches on he means Medusa, unable to name the virus or explain more with Sam and Ruby present. Kara nods briefly, her face looking as grim as those of the others.

“He said maybe Kara was just like her parents and she was right, he doesn’t want to be around people like her. So, I said if he had a problem with me. He didn’t even know what I meant so when I asked if he had a problem with my dad being the Toy Man, he just sort of blanked and then looked at me all weird. We got in a fight and I think we’re not talking anymore. And maybe he might be coming over to try and kill me.”

“Oh, Winn,” Kara mumbles before she pulls him in for a hug, being joined by Lena from the other side and Alex from behind the couch.

“Winn,” Alex says, “we are not going to let James kill you. Or anyone else for that matter. He’s clearly got some issues he needs to work out.”

“Do you want some leftover pizza and play some games? Pizza always cheers me up.”

“Kara, any food cheers you up.” Maggie pitches in but she’s already on her way to the fridge to get some of the pizza and a carton of Chinese food for Winn.

Cheering Kara up turns into cheering Kara and Winn up—though the games and the oversized tv
seem to work like a wonder for them – and before long Sam and Ruby are gearing up to go home. Lena ends up going to bed long before Kara does, building a wall of pillows for herself to lay against in Kara’s absence.

In the morning, she finds out Winn, Alex and Maggie ended up staying the night. They’d been playing games until deep into the darkest hours and Kara decided it wasn’t safe anymore to drive home, and maybe she also wanted her friends and family as close as possible tonight.
Hi guys,

I've emerged from my cave momentarily. But only to tell you, with a heavy heart, this story will be going on an official hiatus (let's pretend it wasn't already on an unofficial hiatus for a month and a half). I've written and scrapped several versions of the next chapter already and I'm stressing myself out with it so I decided to just make it official and tell you guys not to expect anything from me related to this story right now, because I was pressuring myself to produce and that just doesn't feel good.

I do have a lot of the plot (main outlines only, though) planned so I do want to get back to this but maybe once I've finished my other ongoings, have decided what to write for the next chapter and once my personal life is better again (uni and responsibilities and deadlines and organising stuff and fluctuating mental health are the worst combination ever).

In the mean time, like I said, I want to continue my other works and maybe write some more fluffy short stories (or a series of fluffy stuffs). So, you're welcome to shoot me prompts or ideas on my tumblr (randomramblingsbymyself). Or shoot me ideas regarding this story or small snippets of things past I never wrote that I could write as a separate small thing. Or just lurk there... Do whatever, just don't send me hate please 😔

And while you wait for this story (please don't actually wait for it, it'll happen when it happens and I have no idea how long it's going to take), read some other fics. There's so many good ones on here and on tumblr and on ff.net and, well, anywhere...

Enjoy reading other people's stuff, or writing it, or watching manip videos of supercorp or pictures of them or just pictures of Katie or Melissa or whatever floats your boat. Just do whatever you enjoy. I'm going to try and do the same.

Until next time!
Chapter Summary

To jog your memory:
Lena's pregnant (but the summary of the entire story already reminded you of that). Kara and Lena are dating. Sam's L-Corp's CFO. Employees of L-Corp have gone missing and turned up again unharmed without memory. It's unclear where they went or what they did. The NCPD is investigating. Clark's been a dickhead about Kara dating Lena and Lena being pregnant and made a homophobic comment. It hurt Kara a lot so they had a game day/night to distract her and make her feel better. I think that's about the jest of it. Feel free to make a better summary and link it to me so I can link to it here instead (and give you credits) because I suck at summarising and I know it.

Chapter Notes

Hi! I'm back
(I will warn you in advance, I've completely let go of even pretending to stick to an update schedule.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara takes one more day off from work. She spends it roaming a store for paint swatches, taking several home, cleaning Lena’s apartment from their game night — she doesn’t feel like going to her own place right now — and doing some painting of her own. On a canvas, like she used to.

She paints Krypton, a gloomy sky above the buildings and faceless people on the streets. Thoughts of Krypton tainted by Kal-El. At least, for now.

Lena’s not there. She can’t justify taking off yet another day but promises Kara they’ll spend the night together. Kara understands, Lena’s already taken several days off because she wasn’t feeling well and then yesterday for Kara. She needs to make sure everything is in order before her maternity leave starts and to do that, she needs to actually work.

Near the end of the day, Kara starts grief baking as she waits for Lena. Her painting is drying, the swatches are all laid out in the nursery and Kara just misses her girlfriend and wants her home.

Her first creation is a chocolate pecan pie because she is in dire need of some comfort food. When Lena still isn’t home by the time it’s done, she starts on a New York cheese cake, sitting down on the kitchen floor as she waits for it to bake. She stares through the small window in the oven while sipping a hot chocolate with whipped cream. Slowly, torturously slowly, the texture of the cake starts to change.

Before it’s fully done baking, the door opens and Lena steps into the apartment. Kara doesn’t move from her spot, however, too engrossed in the baking process to notice her surroundings. For once,
she’s not overstimulated by her environment but has somehow shut it out completely.

“Hey,” Lena greets softly, sitting down next to Kara after she’s put away her shoes, coat and bag. “How are you feeling today?”

Kara looks away from the cake for a moment, gesturing at the messy kitchen in answer.

Lena scoots closer and wraps her arm around Kara, resting her head on Kara’s shoulder. Kara, in turn, rests her head on Lena’s, her hand resting on her girlfriend’s thigh. They sit like that in silence until Kara’s alarm goes off to signal the cake is done. Kara isn’t bothered one bit by the quietness in between, merely comforted by the way it soothingly wraps around them. The way words aren’t needed anymore to convey certain feelings.

Kara waits another minute after the alarm stops before getting up and taking the cake out.

“It looks good and it smells even better. When did you get so good at grief baking?” Lena asks as she gets up too.

“I don’t know. Maybe looking up good recipes helps?” Kara tries for a goofy smile and can almost feel the emotion she tries to portray. Almost.

Lena hums and takes another sniff of the cake, knowing it needs to cool down before they can eat it. And they probably should have dinner first too.

“What do you want to eat? Do you want to order in?”

“I thought maybe we could make dinner together. If you want. I bought groceries.”

“Of course I’d want that. Making dinner together sounds lovely.” Lena gives Kara another — this time proper, full-body — hug and steals a kiss while she’s at it.

When they part, she moves to the corner of the kitchen to get an apron for herself. She slips it over her head and turns around with her back to Kara, silently asking her to tie it behind her back.

Kara directs Lena to washing veggies, after which she cuts them herself. They work together really well, Lena letting Kara take the lead and direct her around the kitchen. Kara puts Lena on stirring duty while she sets the table, joining Lena at the stove when she’s done, arms wrapped around her girlfriend and chin resting on her shoulder. Her hands softly resting on Lena’s small baby bump.

“I like cooking together,” she comments.

“Me too.” Lena turns in her arms and wraps her own around Kara’s neck. “We should it more often.”

“We should.” Kara leans down for a kiss.

They nearly lose themselves in each other, but Kara turns off the stove before the food can burn and releases her hold of Lena so they can get to the table and start eating dinner.

Kara tells Lena about her day, recalling everything she did and promising to show the painting of Krypton after they’re done eating. Lena in turn talks about her work. The conversation drifts away from the day and they talk a little bit about the therapy Lena recently started. She’s still unsure about it, feeling a little awkward and uncomfortable about opening up to a complete stranger. She’s so used to keeping her thoughts and feelings close to herself and hidden.
Kara, however, is nothing but supportive and encouraging. It makes it a little easier for Lena to stick it through and not chicken out because it gets hard. She knows she’ll benefit from the therapy later.

They make plans for a pool party for the super friends, deciding to let Alex do most of the actual planning and organising but agreeing on a date themselves.

After a short silence, Lena asks Kara on a date. She clearly wants the opportunity to smother her girlfriend in affection and return the nice date Kara had given her.

“No over the top things. Nothing you’re not allowed to do and nothing that takes too much planning and saps your energy,” Kara lectures. “I want you to enjoy the date too because it’s not a date if you’re not 100% there.”

Lena laughs. “I promise. Nothing over the top and nothing I shouldn’t do.”

Kara sticks out her hand over the table, offering her pinky to Lena. Lena hooks her own pinky with Kara’s and pinky promises what she’s just said with another laugh.

“On an entirely different note,” Kara says when their hands have returned to their cutlery, her voice sounding a lot more serious now. “Did you ever find out where all your employees went or why they even went missing? And did you find that intern from New Bath?”

“Yes, he was apparently so stoned he didn’t realise time was still passing.” Lena disapprovingly shakes her head. “He didn’t get kidnapped or anything. Just sat at home watching his plants grow or something. The others... no clue. Maggie found all of them but no one remembers anything and there was no evidence on their bodies to determine where they’d been. No one has gone missing since, though and everyone is on high alert.

“I guess whoever took them got what they wanted. I just hope that isn’t something that puts people at risk.”

“Is the NCPD still working the case?”

Lena nods, mouth full with food again. She swallows quickly. “Maggie says they’ll probably work it another few weeks but without new leads it’ll probably turn into a cold case.” Lena crinkles her brow, showing her dislike for that prospect. She’d rather have it all figured out and know her company — or its employees and collective knowledge — isn’t responsible for another threat to humanity.

Kara can’t think of a good response to that. There’s only so much she can do to help. Especially now that everyone is back and there’s no missing people for her to look for, just an elusive location she doesn’t know how to find. Instead of giving an answer, she just bobs her head understandingly. She knows Lena will get what she means without her having to put it into words.

Dinner eaten and plates with pie in hand, Kara invites Lena to look at her painting. They walk to the spare-room-turned-studio together and, nervously, Kara waits for a reaction.

Lena takes a moment to look at the painting from afar and then up close.


“Thank you.” Kara shifts her wait from one foot to the other and back again, still a little insecure about her creation.
“Hey, could you maybe paint something for the nursery? Or paint something nice on the walls.” Lena’s eyes light up at her own idea, infecting Kara with their enthusiasm.

“If you’d like that.”

“I’d love that!”

“Sure. We first have to settle on a colour, though. I have some options laid out on the floor.”

Lena nods along and heads towards the nursery to look at the options but Kara stops her with a hold on her arm.

“Dessert first,” she says as she takes a piece of her cake and holds the fork up in front of Lena’s mouth in an attempt to feed her.

Lena smiles affectionately and takes the offered bite, feeding Kara some of her cake in return.

They end up on the couch, having eaten both pies together and feeling too stuffed to move. The paint swatches have to wait another day before they can be assessed.

The days fly by and before they know it, it’s Friday already. Date night. Lena had made sure to get off work a little earlier than usual so she can make them a nice meal. Kara purposefully works a little longer so she has a distraction from trying to listen in on what Lena’s doing.

Lena’s put on some loud music and subduedly bobs along with it as she stirs through a pan of pasta sauce. It’s a simple meal — pasta with garlic shrimp — because Lena’s determined to stick to her promise not to overexert herself before the date even starts and nowadays standing for too long even counts as overexerting herself. Curse her pregnant body, swollen feet and hormones.

She shoots Kara a quick text to tell her she’s ready. They’d agreed upon that way instead of a set time so Lena doesn’t have to worry about timing as much, and the blessing of super speed makes it possible for Kara to be there within a minute of the text, which makes everything a lot easier.

Lena’s set her table with the best plates, napkins and tablecloth she could find. A large candleholder on the side with three brightly flickering candles in it. Before she can even think of carrying the large pan of food to the table, the doorbell rings. She turns off the stove and moves to open the door for Kara.

Kara, dressed in a gorgeous dress and holding a small bouquet of flowers, smiles brightly at Lena but awkwardly waits for Lena to actually invite her in before moving inside. She hands the flowers over to Lena, along with a kiss.

“I got you fake ones to be safe,” she tells her when Lena inspects the flowers closer.

“Thank you. They look really good. I don’t think I have a vase, though.” Lena leads Kara into the dining room and gestures for her to sit down.

“That’s the nice thing with fake flowers, you can just put them in a glass or a box or anything.” Kara gets out one of Lena’s taller glasses and puts it on the table before sitting down.

Lena puts the flowers in the glass and it doesn’t even look bad. Almost like the glass is a vase, except
the top doesn’t get wider like with most vases.

“What do you want to drink?” Lena asks when Kara’s seated. “I have iced tea, soda and homemade lemonade from Eliza’s recipe.”

“Ooh! Lemonade please. Eliza’s lemonade is the best. When did you get the recipe?” Kara asks enthusiastically.

“She sent it to me the other day, after I asked whether she’d maybe share it with me.” Lena smiles proudly. She’d been really hesitant to ask Eliza for a family recipe but eventually wanting to be able to offer the beverage to Kara won out over her worry and she contacted Eliza. The older woman was nothing but kind and willing and immediately sent over the recipe and asked Lena if she needed anything else.

“Do you need any help?” Kara offers when Lena returns with a jug of lemonade.

“Yes, please. Could you get the pan from the stove? I think it’s a little too heavy for me to lift. You can put it on the coaster here.” Lena points at the coaster in the middle of the table and Kara immediately gets up to help her girlfriend.

Lena waits by the table for Kara to return and put the food on the table. She doesn’t sit down until after Kara does too. It somehow feels wrong to sit before Kara, her guest, does so. That’s probably her upbringing talking but sometimes it’s difficult to turn it off and this seems harmless enough to not try and use energy to fight it.

The food smells extraordinary and Lena’s glad she went with this recipe. Hours slaving over the stove wouldn’t have guaranteed something that smells this good so it’s a perfect balance between effort and quality. She serves Kara first before filling her own plate. She can’t wait to finally taste it — though she did of course take a small bite to make sure it turned out alright before Kara arrived.

It’s even better than it smells and Kara seems to agree, humming her approval of the food as soon as the first bite has entered her mouth. What cues Lena in most to how much Kara likes the food, is the fact that she doesn’t inhale it but actually takes the time to enjoy each bite. Chewing carefully, emptying her mouth before taking a next bite or a sip of her lemonade.

“This is so good, Lena,” she says after several bites.

Lena smiles gratefully. “Thank you, honey.”

They eat in silence for another while. Both enjoying the food too much to talk. When their plates are empty, conversation slowly picks up. Starting with Kara asking Lena whether she wants more food.

In lieu of an answer, Lena starts scooping more on her plate, making sure to leave plenty for Kara but also to have enough for herself.

“How was your day at Catco?” Lena asks as Kara waits for her to finish so she can start filling up her own plate.

“It was good. Snapper was his usual self but I think I’m getting used to it. I think he actually likes me but doesn’t want others to know,” Kara says with a grin. She knows for sure her boss has developed a little soft spot for her but it’s made him more strict and harsher during meetings and when Kara shows she notices it.

“Also,” Kara adds a little more serious, “Kal-El texted me. He wants to talk. I haven’t answered yet because I’m not sure whether I want to.” Kara casts her eyes down and moves some food around
“Do you want to give him a chance to make things right?” Lena knows she has to let Kara make the decision on whether to meet up with her cousin or not. It also doesn’t sound like he wants her involved in the first place, which makes her a little hesitant as to his intentions but she’s determined to give him the benefit of the doubt.

“I- yes. I don’t want to be on bad terms with him.”

“I think now’s as good a time as any. Well, not now now because I’m on a date with you, but- you know. This week or something. That sounds fine. I know I’ll just worry about it if I postpone it,” Kara rambles.

“Okay, so tell him whenever suits you. Pick a place you feel comfortable but something that’s maybe a more neutral place than your apartment,” Lena suggests. She doesn’t want Kara to start associating her own apartment with fighting her cousin, even if he does apologise for everything. In that case, a neutral ground would also be fairer, maybe make it a little easier on him.

“Oh, I was thinking of painting spaceships or maybe animal profiles in the nursery,” Kara says after a brief silence. “Depending on whether we go with a space or forest theme.”

“They both sound really cute. Maybe the animals are a little more realistic, which isn’t necessarily better because I do want to encourage creativity but it’s maybe more fitting for a nursery. Unless you like the space theme better?”

“Either is fine with me. You know I love animals and space.” Kara smiles widely and takes another bite of her food.

“How about we think on it a little longer? We have time and we can see what furniture we want and what matches best,” Lena suggests.

Kara is quick to agree. They still have enough time to think about details like these. It’s still nice to know what option they are going to have to pick between, instead of the vast vagueness of ‘anything is possible’.

The rest of the food is finished over more casual conversation. As soon as they’re both done and ready to move on to dessert, Lena insists on loading up the dishwasher. She did organise the date and loading a dishwasher is easy enough to do, at least while she can still bend over without trouble.

“Are you ready for dessert?” Lena asks when she gets back to the table, hugging Kara from behind and leaning forward over her shoulder.

“Yes!”

“I was thinking we could go out for ice cream and a walk in the park. I didn’t really have time to make us something.”
“That sounds great. You know I love ice cream.” Kara quickly gets up, taking Lena’s hand and practically dragging her to the door.

“You love everything edible.”

“What can I say. I’m a simple girl. The way to my heart is through my stomach.”

“I know, love. I still wanted to check to make sure.”

“Thank you for that. Now, can we go?” Kara adds, slightly impatient. The mention of ice cream has clearly made her want it badly.

Lena quickly grabs her coat from the rack and puts it on, raising an eyebrow at Kara to suggest she do the same. Kara might not feel the cold but walking through the city at night with temperatures like these, wearing only a dress, would earn them some odd looks. Lena doesn’t want Kara to accidentally reveal her identity. She also doesn’t want people to stare at them at all, but that’s mostly for her own sake and therefore a secondary worry.

Kara doesn’t catch on until Lena prompts her by taking her coat and holding it open for her. That makes Kara understand why Lena was looking at her with her eyebrow raised, waiting for something. She quickly slips her arms into her coat and shrugs it on.

Lena doesn’t mind helping Kara into her coat. Usually, the roles are reversed and it feels nice for once to be the one who gets to do stuff like this. To show some classic chivalry. Kara sheepishly grins at Lena as she blindly buttons up her coat and Lena can’t help but melt inside. She also can’t help pressing close to Kara to steal a long kiss before they leave.

Lena’s not one for overt public displays of affection. Especially not when they’re still not official to the rest of the world. She knows the best way to cue people in is to show it but it’s still a big step and she’s a little hesitant. Tonight is going to be step one, but she doesn’t think she’ll want to do more than hold hands and maybe give Kara a quick kiss while they’re out.

They start their outing by sharing a gigantic ice cream coup, earning some odd looks when they manage to finish the entire thing with just the two of them. Feeling slightly giddy from the sugar rush and slight embarrassment, they interlock hands and walk to the park, strolling around for a while.

Lena untangles her hand from Kara’s and wraps it around her waist after a while. She just wants to be closer to her girlfriend. More connected. She even leans her head on Kara’s arm and earns herself a small kiss to the top of her head. Kara’s arm wraps around her back and they keep walking like that. Until Kara sees a taco stand and moves her hand back to locking with Lena’s hand so she can — cautiously — drag her there.

Kara insists on having late night tacos and Lena’s really already eaten too much and her stomach is so full but Kara looks too excited and she can’t help but indulge. It’s also been a while since dinner now and her stomach has some more room, the alien appetite that’s taken over her body agreeing with the chance to eat more.

They end up sitting on the grass, looking at the fountain with different coloured lights creating a small show, eating tacos and enjoying each other’s presence. It’s a perfect night because of its simplicity and Lena’s glad she didn’t organise some crazy activity. She just wants to bask in Kara’s closeness, talk about everything and nothing and hold each other close.

They don’t leave until long after the tacos are devoured and Lena’s starting to get cold. Both of them
feeling very happy, loved and fulfilled.

Chapter End Notes

I was pretty anxious about updating so please be kind to me

I'm still on tumblr as @randomramblingsbymyself so feel free to find me there.
Kara nervously waits for her cousin to arrive. The shredded remains of a napkin are haphazardly shoved in her pants pockets, part of the remains having spilled out onto the floor in the rush to get them out of sight and hide the evidence of her anxiousness.

She hasn’t ordered any food. Her nerves make her stomach twist and turn, and even though she would probably still eat any food placed in front of her, she wouldn’t enjoy it and just be more nervous about possibly being exposed as Supergirl because she eats too fast and too much.

She can hear Kal-El getting closer and feels her nerves growing. She can’t help being scared of their conversation. Scared of what her cousin might say. Of him making it worse somehow, picking a fight, making her lose her only real connection to Krypton still left.

Kal effortlessly finds her in the busy cafe and takes a seat opposite her.

“Hi,” Kara greets awkwardly, unsure of whether she should start the actual conversation they’re here for or not.

“Hi. Thanks for seeing me.”

Kara lets out a small sigh. At least he’s starting off by being nice; that’s already a big relief to her.

Before Kal has a chance to continue, a waitress walks up to their table and asks whether she can get them anything. They both order a drink but no food and tensely stare at the other, waiting for them to start talking. Or maybe that’s just what it feels like to Kara.

“So...” Kal finally starts, “I wanted to apologise for how rude I was the other day.”

Kara can tell there’s part of Lois shining through his words. That his apology isn’t entirely honest but forced because his wife told him to. So instead of saying something, she just waits for him to talk. She hopes he’ll actually give her an honest apology.

“I shouldn’t have said that thing about lesbians. I know you’re not like that and you’re probably not even a lesbian.”

Kara is already halfway through stringing together a sentence to thank him when she realises what he’s really saying. It’s not that he’s sorry for the comment, he’s sorry he made it to Kara because she’s not a lesbian.

She should tell him off. She really should. She should open up her mouth and say something about how rude he’s being and how lesbophobic. How he should know better. She really should react.

She doesn’t.

Her silence gets filled with more words from Kal.

“I just don’t want you to rush into stuff and get hurt in the end, Kara. I’ve been where you are. I’ve been way too close to a Luthor and look what that got me. A near-death experience, loads of property damage and dead civilians. I’m just saying, you don’t know what you’re getting yourself
“Lena isn’t Lex, Kal.”

“No, she’s worse. She’s smarter than Lex, he even told me so. She’s a lot better at the deceiving game and playing the long con. I’m not saying this to hurt your feelings but someone has to say it. I don’t want you to get killed.”

“I’m not going to get killed,” Kara bites back. “Lena’s proven herself time and again. She’s nothing like her family. It isn’t her fault they’re all evil. You’re just saying that because she’s a woman and because you have personal issues with her family.”

“I’m not, Kara,” Kal answers calmly, icily. “I’m trying to protect you here.”

“If it’s not because of that, then why? You didn’t try to protect me from Mon-El. You never gave me grief about anyone I was dating. Why is this suddenly an issue when it’s Lena?”

“Don’t you see what she’s doing? She’s planting all these ideas in your head. She’s tying you down and making sure you can’t leave. She even got herself pregnant so you won’t leave.”

“Lena. Did. Not-” Kara is outrageous. Livid. She can’t even finish her sentence out of white-hot anger. With great restraint, she gets up and manages not to throw her chair and the table through the restaurant. “You don’t understand. I think we’re done, Kal.”

“My name is Clark.”

It’s always the people closest to you who can hurt you the most. Her cousin seems determined to prove it, twisting the knife in her body even more with his parting statement. Denying his Kryptonian roots, knowing how much they mean to Kara.

With barely held back tears, Kara briskly walks out of the cafe and to an alley so she can fly her anger off. She needs to get her thoughts sorted out a little better before going home, knowing she’d only be brewing in them if she went back now.

She remembers Alex is off and texts her to ask if she’s got some time. She needs a hug and someone to rant to about Kal. No one understands better than Alex, not even Lena. Lena wasn’t there when Kara first arrived to earth.

Kara desperately needs some sister time. And to calm down before she does something stupid, like take her anger out on the people she loves.

At least she has the pool party to look forward to later in the week.

“You’re still up for making dessert on thanksgiving?” Lena asks Sam.

They’re lounging on beach beds on the side of the pool, watching the rest play in the water. It had taken Lena some time to muster up the courage to leave the safety of her bedroom, but eventually she
managed — with a large towel wrapped around herself.

“Of course! I love any excuse to bake cookies and pies with Ruby. And give her chance to have a thanksgiving with an actual turkey. We usually had take-out.”

“Great! I can’t wait for my first real thanksgiving either. I usually spent it behind my desk or at some pretentious Luthor party.”

“You’re long overdue for a proper thanksgiving, Lena,” Sam says. “Do you know when Eliza will come over yet?”

“She’ll be here on Wednesday. I’m picking her up from the train station and dropping her off at Kara’s. Kara is staying over with me while Eliza is over so Eliza can use her place.”

“Exciting!” Sam sends Lena a sly smile. “Practicing for the future, huh?”

Lena rolls her eyes with a fond smile. “It’s just more practical this way. Alex and Maggie don’t have room for Eliza and there’s no reason for Kara to have to sleep on the couch or for Eliza to get an expensive hotel room when my place is plenty big for Kara and me both.”

Sam doesn’t seem to believe that’s Lena’s only motivation to have Kara temporarily live with her but she doesn’t comment on it either.

“So, how’s month five of pregnancy treating you?” Sam asks, shifting on her bed to find a more comfortable position to hold a conversation.

“It’s only been a few days, Sam. I don’t think there’s much change yet compared to last week.” Lena casually rests her hand on her stomach, something that’s become automatic when she talks about her pregnancy, or anything that makes her uncomfortable or feel loved and happy.

“But it’s loads different from last month, isn’t it?”

“Yes, but last month I was just getting out of my first trimester. Of course I feel different now.”

“Tell me everything.” Sam doesn’t have to say she means everything Lena is comfortable with. It goes unspoken.

“Okay. You remember I told you about being sick all the time back then. Well, that’s all gone. I mean, I’m not going to try and go near plumerias anytime soon because last time they did make me really sick but other than that I’ve been feeling a lot better. I’ve got such an increased appetite now, it’s insane. It’s the alien DNA and it’s ruining my diet.”

Sam chuckles at that, knowing how much Lena values her healthy diet.

“Not funny, Sam,” Lena chides with a smile.

“Very funny. Lena-hasn’t-eaten-a-donut-in-her-life Luthor having her diet ruined by someone not even able to breathe on their own.”

“Rude. I have eaten donuts.”

“Before or after getting pregnant?” Sam jabs.

Lena wisely keeps her mouth shut. She’s not going to feed Sam more reasons to make fun of her.

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop. Other than the nausea, how have you been feeling?”
"Better. Less tired, though still more than before I got pregnant. But that could also be because every-thing in my life is just changing so fast. You know, getting together with Kara, moving, preparing for a baby, finding new investors for L-Corp who aren’t misogynistic white men...

“I’m also getting some round ligaments pain, dizziness and back aches sometimes but usually I just slow down when I notice them and they go away. My feet hurt more. That won’t go away by slowing down but you’ve probably already noticed I’m not wearing heels when I don’t have to. They only make it worse.”

“Oh, I remember. I was a very stubborn kid when I got pregnant with Ruby and was determined to not be one of those girls who stopped wearing heels because she got pregnant. Very dumb idea. I had to give up by the time I was entering my third trimester because my feet hurt so bad I could barely walk. Just make sure you get plenty of foot massages. You have a great excuse to ask for them now,” Sam suggests before looking over at their friends in the pool splashing about.

Lena smiles at her suggestion. Kara’s been giving her foot rubs sometimes, when she’s had a long day and they happen to spend the night together.

“Mom! Mom!” Ruby shouts from the pool as she tries to hurry over to the edge while being chased by Kara. “Come join us. Save me!”

Sam laughs and shakes her head but makes to get up anyway.

“Come on, Lena. Let’s join them. It’s a pool party after all, we can’t just sit on the side the entire time.” Sam reaches out her hand to Lena after she sheds her towel.

Lena’s a little hesitant in taking Sam’s hand. All of her insecurity comes back crashing down on her. She does get up, but hugs her towel close to her body. Sam notices Lena’s reluctance and pulls her closer, resting her hands on Lena’s shoulders.

“You look gorgeous, babe. You’ve got nothing to worry about here. This is a safe place. I know you’ve been hiding yourself behind your clothes mostly these days but you don’t have to do that here. Everyone knows you’re pregnant and no one will judge you for having gained some weight or having stretch marks or whatever crazy thing you’ve gotten yourself in your head to be insecure about. Just have fun.”

Sam cups Lena’s cheeks and waits for her to put away the towel.

“Told you. Stunning,” Sam comments as she takes Lena’s hand and leads her to the pool stairs.

Lena slowly wades into the water. It’s not cold but she still needs a moment to acclimate. Ruby is already swimming up to them and challenging Sam to jump in, who smiles widely before doing as Ruby asks, splashing water everywhere.

Lena shivers slightly as the water hits her dry skin, a friendly glare sent in Sam’s direction before she gets in all the way too.

The water feels really good. It makes her feel a little weightless, immediately taking pressure off her back and feet and she can feel herself relax. She relaxes even more when no one makes any comments on the way she looks. They don’t even stare or give her weird looks. Everyone just acts like they always do and it eases her mind tremendously.

She watches as Maggie tosses a small ball to Ruby, starting a game of catch. Still not inclined to go anywhere near any flying objects, Lena stays to the side and watches the game. She swims around a bit before Kara comes up to her and wraps her up in a hug.
“We should go swimming more often,” Kara tells her as they make their way to the side of the pool to lounge there.

“Mhm, we should,” Lena agrees. “It’s a lot nicer than I expected.”

Lena wraps her arms around Kara’s neck and lets her weight slowly shift so it’s no longer on her feet. Kara, in turn, wraps her arms around Lena’s torso and helps support her weight.

“Sam and Ruby are still in for thanksgiving,” Lena says after a quiet moment.

“Awesome! Eliza’s very excited to meet them.” Kara pulls Lena a little closer so she can rest her cheek against Lena’s forehead and Lena can rests her against Kara’s shoulder. “I’m still sorry I can’t pick her up from the station. Alex is too.”

“I know. It’s okay. You can’t help having to work. Neither can Alex.”

“Still, one of us should have been able to get off.”

“It’s fine. I’m okay with picking up Eliza. Besides, Alex is keeping the city safe and you’re providing everyone with something to read over the holidays.”

“You’re perfect, you know that,” Kara says dreamily before leaning down to steal a quick kiss.

“I’m far from but it’s sweet you think I am.”

“You’re perfect to me.”

“You’re perfect to me too. Well, except when you forget to put away your shoes or leave papers all over the table and floor or drag in mud because you forget to take off your shoes,” Lena says with a devilish smirk.

“What did you say?” Kara asks, both eyebrows raised but a small smile on her lips.

Lena answers with a laugh, which soon turns into a shriek when Kara starts relentlessly tickling her.

“Sto-op! Noo! Karaaaah!!” Lena splashes through the water in a desperate attempt to get away from Kara, drawing attention from all of the others who stop their game to look at what’s going on.

Lena manages to stay out of Kara’s hands for a short time, hiding behind Alex and Winn. Eventually, Kara does catch up and continues her tickle attack.

“Kara-aaaah! Stop, please, stop,” Lena says, laughing loudly and without any real urgency in her voice.

“Take it back.”

“No,” Lena states before bursting into another giggle fit caused by Kara’s fingers attacking her sides.

“Then I’m afraid I can’t stop.”

“Alex! Help me. Maggie? Sam? Anyone?” Lena tries but the others are too busy laughing at them.

“Fine! Fine! I take it back I take it back. Please just stop. I can- can’t breathe.” Lena gasps in an attempt to get more air into her lungs.

Kara immediately stops tickling her and wraps her in a very welcome hug. All the tickling and
thrashing about to escape has made Lena’s muscles weak and with Kara’s arms around her, she doesn’t have to worry about drowning because of muscle weakness. Lena puts one of her own arms around Kara’s body, with the other she gently rubs at a muscle twitch in her stomach as she rests her head on its familiar place on Kara’s shoulder. When the muscle twitch eases a little, Lena uses her now free arm to hug Kara closer her and more fully.

“I love you,” Kara whispers.

“I love you.”

Lena tilts her head up and presses her lips to Kara’s. They share a soft kiss and, after they pull back, stare in each other’s eyes for a while. The world around them is completely forgotten.

Their peaceful moment is shattered when the ball the others were playing with accidentally hits Lena’s shoulder, startling the pair away from each other.

“Sorry!” shouts Winn, turning slightly red.

“It’s okay, Winn,” Lena says as Kara picks up the ball and tosses it back.

The ball game picks up again, accompanied by loud laughter and splashing water. It doesn’t take long for Kara to join in and Lena’s left to drift to the side again, watching but not joining.

“So,” Maggie suddenly pops up next to her. “How about we start the throwing and catching a ball training here?”

Lena’s a little startled by Maggie’s sudden appearance and maybe even more so by her suggestion. She’d expected to go swimming, not to come into contact with a ball. The ball they are tossing around is also pretty small and Lena’s certain she will never be able to catch it. Not even if Maggie tries to teach her.

“Alex and I brought a big beach ball.” Maggie points to her bag and looks back at Lena.

“I don’t know. I’m useless at this sort of thing and I’m not sure you could even teach me.”

“Let me try. If you hate it and don’t see any progress, we can always quit but you might regret not even trying. Wouldn’t it be nice to not live your life in fear of flying objects? Especially with a kid on the way.” Maggie hopefully looks at Lena but upon seeing her, still uncertain, face, she adds, “but if you don’t want to, I’ll stop bothering you about it.”

Lena feels a small relief flood over her. She doesn’t have to do this if she doesn’t want to. At the same time, she knows she’ll regret not having even tried.

Lena finds herself shaking her head and looking at Maggie as she says, “I want to try.”

“Great!” Maggie swims off to the edge of the pool and climbs out, blowing air into the beach ball until it’s entirely full and gestures for Lena to come towards her.

Maggie and Lena spend a while with the beach ball together and, ever so slowly, Lena notices herself start to get less scared of the ball. It’s just a little plastic filled with air and even when she doesn’t manage to catch it, it doesn’t hurt her. The size and lightness also make it a lot easier to anticipate its trajectory and catch the ball. Lena actually finds herself enjoying it, as long as Maggie doesn’t throw too hard.

They don’t stop until Alex declares it’s time for cocktails and mocktails and urges them all out of the
water to enjoy the drinks together.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you thought!
I'm also (still) on tumblr

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!