Next Contestant

by Chronicles_of_Scout

Summary

Alex Danvers is going to kill Lucy Lane.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Alex Danvers hated Maggie Sawyer.

And if Lucy Motherfucking Lane didn’t keep her Motherfucking hands to her Motherfucking self, Alex would not be held responsible for her actions.

“Chill out Danvers. You glare any harder and you might set all the booze on fire.”

Maggie’s hand slapped down on her shoulder as the detective sat next to her at the bar. Alex had been steadfastly glaring at the liquor shelved, lest she get up and actually kill Lucy Motherfucking Lane.

“Shut it Sawyer.” She said, refusing to stop her staring contest with Jimmy Bean. “This is all your stupid fault anyway.”

“Me?” The detective’s full and hearty laugh belied her false tone of innocence. “Dude, what did you want me to do? Kara asked for my opinion and I gave it to her. It’s not my fault your sister is a fox.”

“Foster.”

“Sorry?” Maggie asked, beer bottle poised at her lips, brows scrunched together.

“We’re foster sisters.” Alex knocked back her shot of tequila when she heard Kara’s laugh flow over the din of the crowd.

This.

Was.

Bullshit.

“Oh, so sorry I missed that very important detail.” Maggie shook her head, her ridiculous short wig swinging slightly with the movement. She of course had chosen to dress up as Agent Alex Danvers. How charming.

The bartender placed another shot in front of Alex, who quickly gulped it down, immediately motioning for another.

“Touch me and die.” Alex’s mood continued to sour as Winn eeped and slowly lowered his hand from where he had been about to touch her arm.

“I just thought that maybe you would like to know that those two jocks are flirting with Kara and not really taking no for an answer. She’s like two seconds from going all Wonder Woman on their asses.”

Alex blinked past the fuzziness overtaking her brain because yes, Kara had chosen to go as Wonder Woman this year. Short skirt and cleavage and all. Honestly, how in the world did Diana even fight in that thing? Kara’s boobs looked like they would spill out if she leaned over to far and that skirt… She was going to talk to J’onn, this made it clear that Kara’s supergirl uniform needed some modifications. Maybe some nice tights like her cousin? Alex tilted her head as she thought about it,
trying and failing to mentally replace the skirt with tights. The damn skirt was just to distracting. And Kara was simply to beautiful.

That two idiots had stopped to hit on her wasn’t shocking. That Kara was losing her temper, was.

She turned, shot in hand and assessed the situation. Lucy, as an adorable recreation of the Cat in the Hat, stood next to a fully Amazoned Kara, both women glaring daggers at the men in front of them. Obviously, the men couldn’t take no for an answer.

Idly, Alex wondered why they didn’t just play the lesbian card and tell the bozos to fuck off. Hell, she’d used that card well before she’d even thought of knowing she was gay. She’d even made out with a few girls in the process when the especially persistent guys wouldn’t shove off. At least that was what she had told herself at the time.

She smiled, tipping back her shot as she thought back to one especially satisfying encounter. Yeah, Kara and Lucy should just…

No.

Fuck No.

Distantly she heard Maggie call out to her, and knew subconsciously that she must look like a madwoman after having just slammed her glass down hard enough to break it and then taking off. She didn’t care though, she’d be damned if she let Lucy Motherfucking Lane’s lips anywhere near her- near Kara’s.

The men, appropriately dressed as the Bevis and Butthead, didn’t even turn at her approach. But she had been noticed by Kara, whose eyes got very big, mouth dropping open in surprise. The blonde’s hands shot out to the men, quickly shoving them to the side without hurting them. She needn’t have worried. They weren’t who Alex was after.

Kara’s startled gasp was swallowed by Alex, who pushed her hands into Kara’s hair, disrupting the brunette wig she was wearing and kissed her in the middle of the alien bar.

Alex didn’t give her break, devouring her mouth, catching every breath and sigh, nibbling on that perfect bottom lip and soothing it with her tongue.

When she felt Kara tremble, she released her, moving her hands down to drop at the other woman’s hips. Kara’s eyes were still closed, and her hands were fisted in Alex’s “This is my costume” t-shirt.

The brunette turned to their flabbergasted audience, eyes settling on the bozo’s and Lucy Motherfucking Lane.

“She’s taken.” She said, happy when her words didn’t slur too much, and grabbed Kara’s hand, pulling her out of the crowded bar.

The fresh air of the alley hit her face and she sighed as the soft mist in the air coated her skin.

This felt nice, the bar had been getting a little hot, especially when Kara had- Shit.

Kara.

Alex turned to the blonde, intent on explaining, apologizing.
She didn’t get the chance.

This time it was Kara’s hands in her hair, Kara’s mouth moving steadily over hers, Kara shoving her against the damp alley wall.

Alex’s hands clenching at the heroine’s waist, pulling her closer, even as her own hips jerked up when Kara’s tongue found a sensitive spot behind her ear.

“If I had known that all it would take for you to kiss me was for me to wear this damn costume, I’d have been Diana when I was 17 and first learned about Halloween.” The blonde husked in the elder Danvers ear, dropping one of her hands to stroke along Alex’s ribcage, thumb brushing the underside of her bra.

Alex would later tell herself that she did not whimper. That was for sissies.

Kara forced her thigh between Alex’s, and pulled the brunette still closer, nosing her way along her cheek until their lips met again.

Alex’s arms went around Kara’s shoulders for leverage as the blonde started moving against her more firmly, swallowing Alex’s moans.

Alex decided not to correct her charge; let Kara think it was the costume. That was probably for the best.

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November 1 brought a new alien threat that the DEO needed to track. Alex stepped onto the platform for the main conference room and idly listened to Winn complain about a headache as they waited for J’onn. Kara was at work on standby, awaiting word should she be needed.

Kara.

Alex couldn’t help the goofy grin that came to her face when she thought of the other woman. She barely noticed it was there.

Her attention was pulled when Vasquez and Lucy came onto the platform. Now that Kara had reciprocated her feelings, there was no need for the fucking of mothers. It actually seemed quite rude in hindsight.

Maybe she should apologize?

She turned her full attention to the approaching pair, ears tuning into their conversation.

“… these guys were being total dicks about Kara’s costume, saying she didn’t get the armor right. Which is ridiculous because Diana helped her make it. But then Alex comes out of nowhere, and just goes for it. Like wam! Not blamin her, I mean you should have seen Kara’s Wonder Woman outfit. Whooooo weeee. Talk about Sexy.”

Then again, maybe she should explain to Lucy Motherfucking Lane, how she should stay in her own damn lane!
Our next fest of revelry: Thanksgiving.

Chapter Notes

Hi Guys!!! I'm back!!! Took a short vacation and came back to a shit show, hence the delay. So yeah sorry for the ghosting, I will get back to any open comments and messages asap.

On to the show.

Alex was crying when Kara entered the apartment; although, to be fair, she’d known Alex was crying well before she’d even made her way over. She’d known and she’d still stayed away because…

She’d needed a moment.

She’d just needed a second to process.

Her life had been a series of twists and turns and she felt like she was on a really terrible macabre roller coaster ride that just refused to stop. And there was a part of her (a really huge part of her) that wanted to just jump off and damn the consequences. But Alex was still on it, and Alex couldn’t get off, and so Kara would stay right where she was.

It was a shame too, because the morning had been spectacular. She had woken up to light touches on her cheeks, lips ghosting on her forehead, her nose…

When she’d finally opened her eyes, Alex had been waiting with a smile and not much else. They’d tried to ‘take things slowly’; to build, Alex had said. But it was hard, very hard when you considered just how long Kara had hoped for this to happen. How long they both had apparently. They hadn’t lasted the month. And now they were at yet another holiday, except it would be their first holiday together as a couple. Kara was kind of freaking out.

“Good Morning,” a soft kiss was pressed to her lips as Alex pushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear. “You ready to brave the demon horde?”

She tried and failed to hold back her snort, hitting Alex directly in the face with her morning breath. Morning breath that was especially horrid if the way Alex crinkled her nose and flinched back was any indication. Still Kara couldn’t keep the smile off her face as she answered.

“The demon horde? We’re shopping for groceries Alex, not facing down an alien attack.”

“Shopping two days before Thanksgiving love,” Alex refuted, tucking her body and rolling out of
the bed to begin her morning routine. “It’s insanity and we might not make it back. I think now is a good time to tell you how much you mean to me.”

Alex’s face was completely stoic but Kara knew her; knew that that particular glint meant Alex was happy.

I did that, Kara thought, feeling weirdly accomplished as she sat up to watch her girlfriend gather her shower things.

“I’m sure we’ll be fine,” she replied, standing and grabbing Alex around the waist right before she entered the bathroom. “In other news, now that we’re dating I think it prudent that I mention how much I care about the planet. You might already know this, what with me risking life and limb everyday but I thought I should remind you that there are also invisible dangers… Like global warming.”

Alex huffed out a laugh, shaking her head at Kara’s antics, only serving to make the blonde’s smile grow larger from where it rested against the side of her neck.

“You’re really lucky I like you, showering is a sacred time. You know this.”

Kara allowed her hand to wander from where it rested around Alex’s waist, dipping past her hips and cupping her gently while she nipped at her ear.

“I promise I’ll make it even better.”

And yeah, maybe Alex had been a little grouchy that because of Kara they hadn’t made it to the grocery store before the noon crowds, but they had still been fine. So, when Alex threw up in the front of the butcher stand, Kara was more than a little concerned. They’d been fine. Alex had been a little under the weather last week, but she had said she was fine; a stomach flu.

Only the attendant that had rushed over to help them had given Alex a knowing look and asked Kara if she minded paying for the groceries while she found some place for Alex to sit. Kara had not, and had quickly agreed when she saw Alex nod. She had had to mentally tell herself that Alex couldn’t really fake throwing up, but it had been particularly difficult over the sound of Alex’s maniacal laughter. Honestly! Shopping wasn’t even that bad, the woman was acting like a total child. A child that Kara was slightly worried about, both for her physical and mental health. So, even though Alex had still been fine, Kara had picked up some chicken noodle soup from the deli department and made her way towards the registers, half believing that Alex would be there with an innocent smile and a peace offering.

Except she’d been quiet when she’d met Kara at the front of the store. Her face had been pinched and she’d looked like she did when Kara had been on RedK. Confused and hurt and scared.

Kara had juggled the bags so that she clutch all in one hand, uncaring that that might seem a little strange, and reached out to Alex.

“You ok?” Her fingers had gripped the leather on Alex’s forearm, squeezing gently. “I called an Uber so we don’t have to walk home, I know you tend to get a headache after you’re sick.”

Alex had only nodded, still looking lost, so Kara had taken her hand and led her out to the sidewalk where there Uber driver arrived about 2 minutes later.

They’d made it home, walking into Kara’s apartment at around 2 in the afternoon. Kara had moved towards the kitchen, intent on making Alex something for her stomach. She’d turned green when Kara had mentioned the chicken soup, so apparently meat was off the table at the moment. Maybe
she could order her some vegetable soup from that Thai restaurant she loved…

“I think we have to break up.”

Kara dropped the bags more heavily than she had intended on the counter, a resounding ‘clunk’ echoing from the short fall as she turned to face Alex in disbelief.

“Why?” Her voice had sounded strangled even to her own ears and Alex’s face had looked even more pinched. Like she was going to throw up again.

“Please don’t ask me that.”

“Don’t ask you what?!” Her heart was thundering in her ears as she moved to fully face Alex, taking a step forward even as Alex took a step back. “Ask you why your—why you want to—I don’t understand Alex.” The red head crossed her arms over her chest defensively and looked off to the side, refusing to meet her girlfriends… ex-girlfriends? Eyes. Kara licked her lips, feeling them tremble as panic began to set in. “Alex… are you seriously asking to break up right now?”

Alex’s jaw flexed and Kara turned up very bit of her super hearing, trying to find something, anything that would clue her in to why Alex was doing this. They had been fine.

“Yes.” Alex said, finally turning to face Kara and meeting her stare dead on. And she’d meant it. Her heart rate was elevated, but it was steady. There wasn’t a spike. No, ‘I’m lying Kara, I love you’ indicator. She’d meant it.

Kara felt like the bottom of the barrel had just fallen out; the air got trapped in her lungs and she actually had to cough to get the air flowing again. She didn’t understand this; couldn’t understand this. They had been fine that morning. Hell, she’d had Alex’s legs wrapped around her shoulders that morning; the red heads fingers clenched in her hair as she sobbed her name. She’d still had Alex’s taste on her tongue when they had gotten to the grocery…

The grocery store. They had been fine until the grocery store.

“Ow! Hey, quit it!” Alex yelped trying fruitlessly to slap the blonde’s hands away as Kara maneuvered her head back and forth. “What are you doing?!”

Heaving a frustrated sigh, Kara released the shorter woman, now moving to circle her; a maneuver that was made slightly difficult by Alex turning with her. Kara’s hands shot out to catch her shoulders, efficiently halting her movements.

“Stop! I’m trying to find…” she trailed off as her search came up empty. There was nothing on Alex, nothing in Alex. Nothing poisonous at least…

Alex’s hands slapping over her eyes didn’t even faze her.

“Kara stop! You can’t just… I didn’t—stop!” It was the desperate plea in Alex’s voice that finally pulled her back to reality and still she couldn’t move.

So, they both stood there, Alex’s hands remaining firm over the blonde’s eyes as though that could take back what she had already seen; already heard. Their breath came in heavy pants and they just… stood there.

But Alex was human and imperfect and was easier to break. She’d always been easier to break.

“I’m sorry.” She pulled her hands away from Kara’s face, dropping them to grab her hands instead.
“Kara, I swear… I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

Kara remembered high school. Remembered learning about the human body, paying special attention to the female anatomy. Alex was female, she’d needed to know everything about her, needed to make sure that she would be ok always; that she’d be able to tell when she wasn’t. And right now, she wasn’t. There were cells clumping together in her body, different structures merging and forming together. The rough beginnings of a child, a baby. Alex was pregnant.

“I don’t…” Her voice was rough and low and Kara worried that Alex couldn’t understand her so she cleared her throat and tried again. “Did you…”

Her second attempt was no better and she swallowed harshly as she tried to wrap her brain around what was happening.

“No! No Kara. I haven’t been with anyone since Halloween I swear.” Alex implored, shifting her weight as she ducked her head and tried to make Kara look at her. “I don’t…” She shook her head, cutting herself off. “That woman at the grocery? She suggested it, gave me a free test to take while you finished shopping. I didn’t even think this was a possibility but then after Maggie… After she said she didn’t want me like that, I just—there was a bar and there was a guy and I just... just for a second I wanted—I needed to not be gay, to not be feeling that and it just happened and it didn’t mean anything and I am so sorry Kara.”

Her Star Wars ringtone broke through the tense atmosphere, piercing the air with the cries of R2D2. She blinked slowly, still trying to process everything even as she pulled her hand away from Alex’s and reached for her phone.

“Please don’t answer that.” Alex’s voice was a desperate plea and Kara wanted to listen to her, but this? Checking her phone? It was so much easier.

“It’s Winn.” She said in lieu of a real response, pressing the accept button and listening in as Winn brought her up to speed on a gas main break on the other side of the city. Sounded like as good an escape as any.

She’d pressed a quick kiss to Alex’s cheek, ignoring the tears that she felt on the skin there and took off.

Things got really blurry after that, but she knew that the gas main hadn’t taken her more than a half hour to sort out. It was nearing nine at night now and she was just now returning to finish their conversation. Alex hadn’t stayed at her apartment, although the groceries had been neatly packed away when Kara had finally returned home. So now here she was, standing outside on Alex’s balcony as she listened to the red head cry softly; her breath hitching every few minutes as she clutched a pillow to her chest.

Steeling herself, she gently opened the balcony door, being especially careful not to employ any of her super strength.

Everything felt especially heightened at the moment and she was trying very hard not to break anything.

So, she took carefully measured steps to where Alex was sitting with arms wrapped around bent knees in front of her couch, slow tears making trails down her face as she stared longingly at an unopened bottle of Jack on her coffee table. Kara remembered teasing her about her alcohol preferences. Jeremiah had been super into Johnnie Walker and had allowed Alex small sips during the holidays, calling it father daughter time. When Alex had gone away to college she’d moved on
to Jose Cuervo as her drink of choice. Jack Daniels had arrived around the time she’d joined the DEO, Kara was slightly suspicious that Hank had introduced her to it. The three great stages of her life.

“Can I sit?”

Alex didn’t look away from the bottle but offered Kara a tired nod, prompting the blonde to slowly lower herself on the ground next to her.

A tense silence descended upon them then, and Kara hugged herself to try to alleviate some of the anxiety coursing through her body. She’d known Alex wouldn't say anything, knew she’d have to be the one to start this, but that didn't make it any easier. Hesitantly she turned her head to stare at the woman next to her, taking in the trembling chin and blank expression. She leaned in slowly until her shoulder bumped Alex’s, feeling her heart break when the woman pulled her lip between her teeth and turned away.

"Alex..." She started. "It's going to be ok."

The red head scoffed, shaking her head and scrubbing furiously at her face.

"How Kara? This is such bullshit! Shit like this happens every time I--" Alex cut off abruptly, her lips pressing into a thin line as she continued to avoid looking at Kara.

"Every time you what?" Alex's jaw twitched but she remained silent, and Kara turned her body further towards her. She was all kinds of scared and unsure but she never wanted Alex to hurt; she never wanted Alex to cry. "Alex, every time you what?" She asked again.

The agent ducked her head into her arms, face disappearing into her throw pillow and shuddered, her whole body seemingly shaking as she tried to hold herself together.

"Every time I'm happy. This happens every time I'm happy." and then Kara couldn't help it anymore, moving so that her arms encompassed Alex, pulling her close to her own body as one of her hands sunk deep into Alex's hair. She pressed soft kisses into Alex's hair even as the red head remained stiff in her arms and continued. "Ever since I was little, something good would happen and then like clockwork the universe would send a giant 'Fuck you'. I got a bike, and I broke my arm surfing; I win the championships in soccer and mom and dad are away at a conference; I get you and —I get you and I... lose my dad." Her words caught and she tried fruitlessly to pull away from Kara's embrace, giving up when she realized Kara wouldn't let go. "I thought... We... You liked me back, after all this time with me figuring this all out... I thought the universe was finally calling us even and now..." Alex jerked roughly after that and Kara had no choice but to let go or hurt her. "You should just go Kara. You should leave, I don't--"

"No." Kara interrupted, dropping her hand to grab Alex's between them. "I'm not going anywhere. Alex, I know that you think this stuff happens because there's some big karmic conspiracy but that's not true. Sometimes things just happen."

Alex scoffed. "I'm on birth control Kara. And I used protection. How does this 'just happen'?

For a second Kara wanted to go into details of the failures of birth control and condoms, but then she saw Alex's face and thought better of it choosing instead to remain silent.

"What the hell am I supposed to do now? I'm not ready to be a mother, I eat takeout five days a week! I don't even have a real one-bedroom apartment; it's an L studio, where in the world am I supposed to put a kid? You know I wanted to drink as soon as I found out? I'm already trying to
give it alcohol Kara! This poor little shit!” Her words broke off into soft sobs as she squeezed harder around her knees and Kara felt helpless.

"Alex, I know this feels impossible right now. I know you feel beyond overwhelmed and I don't have any answers for you. I'm hardly any better equipped than you are in this situation but Alex… you are not alone.” A whimper escaped from Alex's pursed lips and she tilted her head back in a vain attempt to halt her tears. Kara reached her free hand up to wipe some of them away, stroking gently across Alex's face. "I know you're scared and I know you're going to tell me that I don't have to do this, that it's not my problem. I want to get a head start and tell you that anything that involves you involves me. We're a team and I'm not leaving you alone. I just got you, and I waited a really long time for you, so, no you cannot break up with me. I'm staying and we're going to do this the same way we do everything else: together. I love you.”

Alex swallowed harshly and dropped her head back to the bottle in front of her while Kara continued to wait with baited breath. Finally, Alex allowed her body to droop, leaning further into Kara and scrubbing her hands over her face. Kara carefully raised her hand to rest in the brownish red locks as her fingers pulled through the strands.

"I love you too... I'm so sorry Kara.” Alex's voice was still clogged with tears but she didn't sound angry anymore... just tired.

"You have no reason to be sorry. You didn't do anything wrong." Alex shook her head, chewing on her lips and still refusing to look at her girlfriend.

“You deserve better than this… You deserve better than me.”

“Do you know what I was thinking about these past few hours?” Kara asked, nudging Alex’s shoulder with her own. “I was thinking of this elderly couple I saw at the accident today. The gas main didn’t do too much damage overall but there was a nursing home that took the brunt of it. Something about the way they were set up caused the whole building to go up in flames. No one was hurt, but a lot of people lost everything they had. After I’d finished closing the main and helping the firefighters remove the debris, I noticed that there was one woman who was crying silently just watching the home burn. There was nothing special about her really, just that she was the quietest of the mourners… it made the whole thing even more sad ya know?” She chanced a quick glance at Alex's face to see that, no, Alex did not know and that she was probably losing her with this story. “Anyway, I’d decided to introduce myself, maybe give some words of comfort or something, when some old guy runs over all ecstatic. ‘They had marshmallows!’” Kara imitated, trying and failing to deepen her voice. “The woman looks at him like he’s lost his mind, but he just starts building smores for them and actually starts roasting them on the fire. The firemen didn’t even notice! And then, he’s giving her a smore and telling her how the day wasn’t so bad if it ended with him being able to hold her and have marshmallows. I didn’t understand why that meant so much to me until right before I came here, and what I realized is, that I want that.”

“You want to lose everything in a fire? Or you want to be an old crazy guy who feeds his sweetheart toxic chemicals? Cause I definitely understand that given our current circumstances.” Alex was doing her frowny face and her super annoyed sassy voice. Luckily Kara was above such things.

“No.” She said, poking Alex in the side and watching with vindication as the brunette flinched. “I want to be able to say that no matter what; fires, airplane crashes, apocalypse, pregnancy, no matter what happens, I’ll have you.” She bit her lip, unconsciously fiddling with the glasses on her face as anxiety finally caught up with her. “If you still want me that is, cause I’m all about consent and … uhm yeah…”
Lame. So, lame.

“I’m yours.” She tried again, eyes pinching shut in mortification as she tried not to sound so weird. “For as long as you want me, I’ll be here for anything. Even toxic smores.”

But it didn’t matter how lame it sounded because Alex was finally looking at her, with something akin to hope in her eyes, and Kara felt her chest thud as her heart responded in kind. Alex’s throat worked and her eyes searched Kara’s for what felt like forever before something finally relaxed in her and her arms released their death grip on her legs. Slowly, hesitantly she reached for Kara’s hand, intertwining their fingers when she met with no resistance. Kara smiled at her, squeezing her hand gently.

“Always?” Alex asked in a wobbly voice, tongue coming out to wet her lips as she turned to face Kara in nervous anticipation.

And she looked so scared, so earnest and vulnerable that Kara felt overcome by her own emotions. Her voice thick when she was finally able to speak around the lump that had formed.

“Always then.” She confirmed.

She wasn’t sure who moved first after that, just that she had her arms full with Alex and Alex’s tongue in her mouth.

Something righted itself inside of her and she felt like she was finally taking her first breath since Alex had said she wanted to break up. Speaking of which…

“No more break ups ok?” She requested as she pulled her mouth away from Alex’s, not quite able to stop touching her as she mouthed down her neck. “This is a relationship so you don’t get to make unilateral decisions like that. I’ll decide what I can handle.”

Alex had made a noise of protest when Kara had first moved away but was now humming in appreciation as Kara worked on a hickie at her clavicle.

“Yeah, ok.” She answered breathlessly. “I promise it won’t happen again.” She tugged Kara’s head back up to her lips, kissing her in earnest. “I just thought unplanned pregnancy is kind of a certain break up. I forgot who I was dealing with.” She mumbled between kisses.

“Obviously.”

The Kryptonian was drowning in Alex, her smell, her touch, the breathy little sighs she made when Kara licked into her mouth. She’d needed this; needed this reassurance. Her hands traveled under Alex’s shirt, pulling the woman more firmly into her lap as she explored smooth skin. Occasionally her fingers would come across familiar ridges, ‘occupational hazards’ Alex called them. For Kara it was just further proof that her girlfriend was a badass; that she put her life on the line every day to protect others, and that Kara was so incredibly grateful that she’d made it home thus far. How in the world could Alex, could anyone, expect an unplanned pregnancy to change her mind? This woman was her world, her home.

Kara was just starting to consider the mechanics of getting them over to the bed, considering how safe it would be in Alex’s current condition to fly, when Alex spoke again.

“It’s just—I don’t expect anything from you Kara. You didn’t sign on for this, I’ll under—Ow!!!”

Kara smirked up at her irate girlfriend, fingers holding threateningly to sensitive skin.
“We just talked about this Alex. I told you, I’m here. For anything. Or do you need me to pinch your ears so you can hear better?”

Alex scowled as she swatted Kara’s questing hands away.

“Jerk.” She muttered, even as she accepted Kara’s kisses, hands woven into thick blonde hair that she happily tugged in retaliation.

It only served to extract a throaty moan from Kara’s throat, the alien’s fingers clenching where they rested on Alex’s hip and shoulder blades respectively, body arching up to press more insistently to her girlfriend’s.

“I love you. I love you so much Alex.” Alex’s kisses swallowed the rest of her words, muttered in Kryptonian, and said on a sigh. Kara whimpered when the brunette nipped at her bottom lip, soothing the slight pain with her tongue, and pulled her agent still closer.

The red head’s hands reached behind her, gently tugging at the vice grip of Kara’s hands. “Easy baby, I’m here. I’m right here, I’m not going anywhere.” And then Alex was pressing soft kisses to Kara’s face and lips between her declarations and it was only then that Kara realized she was crying. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said those things. I love you, I’m not going anywhere.”

Kara pressed her face into Alex’s shoulder, taking several deep breaths in an attempt to calm down while Alex whispered sweet declarations of forever in her ear.

Turns out that they did not make it to the bed, but Alex was here and she was so beautiful and Kara had never been more in love with her. The sex that followed hadn’t been particularly good per se, but it had been overwhelming. Blissful. Reaffirming. Alex had arched into her mumbled words of ‘mine’, had come apart for Kara; because of Kara. And then she’d made sure that Kara knew how much she was loved in return. And now she was lying here, head resting on Alex’s belly as she shut out the rest of the world and just listened.

It was weird. Hearing another human’s heartbeat within Alex’s, but it was also so… wonderful? Kara smiled as she traced lines down Alex’s ribs, her lover whining in protest and trying to turn over in her sleep. The smile grew and Kara pressed small kisses to Alex’s abdomen, lovingly watching the muscles contract under her affection. She was no doctor but a heartbeat generally meant that you were pretty far along. At least near done with the first trimester, right? So, in another 6 months? She’d have to make sure Alex called her OB/GYN in the morning and scheduled an appointment.

She sighed happily and she moved up to lay more comfortably next to Alex, the red heads arms sneaking around her and pulling her firmly against her naked skin with one hand, and draping the covers over them with the other.

“Stop thinking so loud.” She mumbled, laying a kiss on Kara’s eye and making the blonde giggle. “Whatever it is, we’ll talk about it in the morning.”

The Kryptonian snuggled closer to her lover, smile firmly in place as she nuzzled into Alex’s neck.

“Ok.”

Rollercoaster ride or no, she’d be fine as long as she was with Alex.

Chapter End Notes
So here's the thing, this kind of turned into way more of a thing than I intended. It was supposed to be light and funny and fluff but than my brain was like, suuufffeerrrr. Also I binged Wynonna Earp season 2. Awesome Show, totally drew some inspiration from 2x06. So, anyway my short three parter became slightly longer with a bigger emphasis on the whole pregnancy trope than I intended. And way less of the abandonment/not being good enough issues. There was also a lot more Thanksgivingness in my initial outline. And Eliza... I tried writing Maggie but ... its just too soon. Can't wait to get the last part out, Christmas time is near. Also, the sooner I get it out the more time I'll have to focus on my multichapter... maybe... probably.

Also this crossover event is pretty boss. Alex is adorable.

Be great guys!

~Chronicles
I will be brave

Chapter Summary

Kara and Alex work their way through an unplanned pregnancy... they’re gonna need some help.

Chapter Notes

Forgot to add this warning:
There will be themes of pro-life/pro-choice/abortion. Just in case that triggers anyone.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex was avoiding Kara.

She’d thought about denying it but given her current diagnosis she figured she had bigger things to worry about.

She’d discovered said diagnosis—pregnancy—about a month ago and had figured that would be the end of her and Kara’s fledgling romance. Fortunately, or unfortunately, Kara had basically laughed in the face of that fear and stuck around.

And stuck around hard.

Alex had barely been alone those first weeks. Which she supposed in retrospect was a good thing considering what a mess she was, but having to go to her OB appointment with Kara had been brutal. The Kryptonian’s presence had of course been soothing and had made Alex feel more than calm, that is until the stupid nurse had started asking personal questions.

“Can you tell me the last time you had sexual intercourse with a male?”

“Did you use protection?”

“Are you on any kinds of birth control?”

“What was the date of your last period?”

A convenient black hole would have been more than welcome.

Kara had taken it all like a champ, though Alex had noticed that her smile was slightly more forced than usual. She’d held Alex’s hand throughout and had listened in as the doctor had explained Alex’s options. Giving her pamphlets galore and telling her that she was available as a resource if any more questions came up.

They’d left the office and Kara had promptly dragged Alex to their favorite bakery where they’d pigged out on cake and sweet treats for the rest of the afternoon. It was hardly a replacement for the booze Alex would normally drown herself in, but Kara’s nervous chatter and steady presence had
made up for that.

Alex had had an idea of what she’d wanted to do since she’d stood in that bathroom stall at the food 
market. She wanted kids. She’d always wanted kids. When she’d finally sussed out that she was a 
lesbian it had been her biggest concern. The mechanics of two women conceiving wasn’t really 
possible; and sperm donation had wigged her out. She’d been all set on adoption or maybe having 
her partner carry… and then this had happened.

To most people it seemed like a grand opportunity; like maybe her prayers had been answered. To 
Alex it had seemed like a death sentence. She’d scheduled her appointment as soon as Kara had 
taken off to perform Supergirl duties and hadn’t informed her maybe-still-girlfriend of her plans.
Going to the clinic without Kara had felt like a betrayal but Alex knew Kara, knew her better than 
anyone. Kara Danvers was the kindest, most accepting person that Alex knew. She had gone to 
marches for Women’s Rights and wholly supported pro-choice. Despite all of that, Alex knew that if 
Kara had been capable of getting pregnant, that there was no way in the world she would ever 
choose to abort her child. Planned or not, Kara would have fought tooth and nail to be able to care 
for the child—even if it had cost her Alex.

Alex wasn’t willing to make the same gamble.

So, she’d made the appointment, had spoken to all of the people she was supposed to, had filled out 
all of her paperwork and had gone to the recommended counseling session. None of it had changed 
her mind.

The stupid fluffy stuffed Winnie the Pooh had.

She’d been casually walking down the street drinking her decaffeinated coffee when she’d seen him 
in the window of a toy shop. Her feet had pulled her across the street and into the store before she 
had truly realized what she was doing, and her hand had landed on the doll’s upturned nose.

Bonk.

Jeremiah had been a huge Winnie the Pooh fan. More for the father-son relationship behind the 
stories but also for the warm-hearted friendships involved. He’d wanted Alex’s imagination to be as 
rich and fulfilling as Christopher Robin’s had been. Had wanted her to squeeze as much fun and 
adventure from her childhood as possible. They’d both put Eliza through the ringer with their antics 
but Alex had always found her childhood to be magical.

Had wanted her child’s childhood to be magical.

She blinked and turned towards the door as she felt her eyes water. Stupid hormones. Pressing her 
hands to her eyes roughly, she heaved a deep breath before lowering them and staring right into the 
incredulous expression of her maybe-still-girlfriend.

They should definitely have that conversation soon. Kara’s current title was a bit of a mouthful.

The blonde pushed open the door of the shop and stomped over—not full stomps, that would cause 
an earthquake—to Alex.

She stupidly grabbed the damn bear, holding it in front of her like a shield.

And to hide the more than was supposed to be there bulge.

Kara ignored all of it. “You’re going toy shopping without me?!”
Alex blinked.

“What are you doing here?”

“I wanted some hot coco!”

“Kara your job is halfway across the city! You did not come here for hot coco!”

“Yes, I did! Phoebe gives me extra marshmallows and lets me choose the Christmas music!”

Alex’s jaw dropped. “You know the barista’s name?”

“Yes! And she’s not the barista she’s the owner! I’m not socially stunted like you!”

“I am not socially stunted, I am an introvert!” Alex said, bristling in indignation.

“You literally have like 1 friend.”

“Do not!”

Kara glared at her.

“Maggie is my friend!”

“That’s who I was talking about!”

“Well than what about Vasquez, Lucy and J’onn!”

“First, J’onn is your pseudo-dad he does not count. Second, you hate Lucy and third, what’s Vasquez’s first name?”

“That is not true! I love Lucy! I just think she needs to keep her stupid beady eyes to her stupid self! And,” Alex started with a frown, searching her brain futilely, before finally saying petulantly.

“Vasquez.”

“Susan! And you think everyone is looking at me! You’re ridiculous!”

“What’s your point?!”

“I don’t have a point! I’m answering your thinly veiled jealous questions! Now you answer mine! Were. You. Shopping. Without. Me.”

“No?”

Apparently, that was the wrong answer as Kara’s face flushed red with irritation—something that Alex found extremely hot, damn hormones—and leaned in closer to Alex’s personal space.

“Alex! I am literally standing in a toy store looking at you hold a stuffed bear to your chest! What else could be going on here?” The blonde pulled harshly on her ponytail, a clear sign she was beyond angry. “I mean first you start avoiding me, both at home and at the DEO, and now you’re what? Planning this kid’s life without me?”

Alex balked. “First of all,” She started her own irritation leaking into her voice, “lower your stupid voice. For your information, we have separate apartments, I can choose to stay at my own if I want. You don’t get to say where I stay and where I don’t. You don’t own me. And if I want to plan my child’s life without you than I can. I’m not. But I’d be well within my rights to do so!”
“I know I don’t own you!” Kara whisper yelled, hands now free and moving around wildly as if to compensate for her lack of volume. “I’m not trying to own you, I’m trying to be there for you! I’m trying to love you Alex! This is what people in love do. They support each other. I told you I’m all in, what else do you want?”

“Nothing!” She hissed. “Don’t you get it? I don’t want you to do anything! This is all new and bright and shiny now but when this kid actually gets here—”

“Do not finish that sentence Alexandra!” Kara’s face was now a nice lobster red and she jabbed her finger dangerously close to Alex’s nose. “You know damn well I wouldn’t bail after the birth.”

“And what about your Su—your previous responsibilities? Huh? You’re gonna balance those, your heroics and a kid?”

“Yes! I would totally do that!”

“Well I don’t want that for my child. Dad stayed at home with me the first 5 years of my life, you just got promoted Kara. You need to think.”

“Um think about what exactly?” The blonde asked, right eye starting to twitch dangerously. “Being a stay at home mom? Cause hello? Done! I get paid in food and really hot sex for hanging out with a baby all day? Where’s the stupid signup sheet?” Her whisper yell ended in an almost growl serving only to turn Alex on more. What the hell was wrong with her?

“You want to be a stay at home mom?”

“Yes! I’m a journalist Alex, I can freelance; Cat can and would give me a column if I asked. If I really wanted I could just telecommute and work odd stories. Journalism is extremely flexible as a profession, you’re the one with a stick up your ass.”

“And your friends? The whole ‘Catco makes you feel human’ spiel?” She argued, choosing to ignore the blonde’s last statement lest she kill her.

Kara didn’t take the bait, hands now placed in front of her like a politician as she continued to destroy Alex’s argument.

“Winn’s at the DEO now anyway, and I can make mom friends to make up for the Catco ones. I’d still need to keep up with my other duties but Kal does it, so I can too! You’re the one who should be concerned with the amount of sex I would charge you with. Cat and Snapper kept me busy so I burned through energy fairly easily. That’s gonna fall on you, if I don’t burn enough calories I die.”

“No, you don’t! Stop being a drama queen!”

“Well than you stop being crazy!”

Alex’s eyes bulged and she roared as she swung the Winnie the Pooh doll at Kara, hitting her solidly in the arm and causing one of the stupid eyes to pop off.

“Don’t call me crazy!” The words were a yell and Kara stared at her as if she’d grown another head.

“Yeah totally not acting crazy at all you psycho!”

“Excuse me--”

Alex felt tears of frustration come to her eyes as she rounded on the employee who had interrupted
“What?!”

The small girl startled, but stood her ground. “You um, you need to pay for that. And also, can you two please take this somewhere else?”

Alex growled at the girl, but resolutely marched over to the checkout counter, wounded animal in hand and Kara almost jogging to keep up with her.

“You can’t make these decisions on your own anymore Alex. We’re in a relationship, that means that I have a voice too. I would never tell you what to do but--”

“I’m getting rid of it.”

Both Kara and the cashier froze, a hush descending upon the store, shocked faces staring at Alex who was glaring at her blonde counterpart.

“I’m sorry?” Kara asked, recovering slower than the cashier who told Alex her total and indicated that she should pay.

“My abortion appointment is this Friday. There won’t be a baby anymore Kara. I’m not even sure that there should be an us anymore.”

“You don’t mean that.”

“Don’t I?” Alex challenged, turning to Kara purchase in hand. Frustration made her feel stiff and she couldn’t even control the word vomit that was currently coming out of her mouth. It was like she was possessed, watching another Alex deliver fatalities to the she loved. “You’re still such a child sometimes Kara. I want to trust you, I want to trust that you’ll be there but I’m terrified that one day I’ll really need you and you won’t show. It might not even be your fault, and I can deal, but a baby? What kind of monster brings a kid into that situation?”

Kara’s face was red now for entirely different reasons and Alex watched as she bravely fought to keep a straight face.

“You’re serious right now? You’re ending this?”

“I don’t know how much clearer you need me to be.”

Kara visibly swallowed, nodding her head and blinking rapidly. “I just want to say that for the record I didn’t want this. I’m in love with you and I want us to be together; baby or no. You’re the one who’s giving up on us.”

And then she was walking away, oxford heels clicking on the wooden floors as she left Alex by the registers.

“Dude that was way harsh.”

Normally Alex would have yelled at the cashier to mind their own damn business, but she had just caused a scene. And she had just broken Kara’s heart.

She deserved it.

//
Friday came faster than Alex thought. She’d left the DEO early, no one really questioning her since they were always on her to take more time off. They’d long past adopted the mentality to not question the times Alex did want off as she often decided against it when they did. They now treated her like an easily spookable horse.

Which was just as well, it had made getting here easier.

Now she lay on a table, hospital gown in place, thin paper sheet draped over her legs, and heart broken.

She couldn’t even say for certain why she was even here anymore. After her fight with Kara she’d been a wreck. She’d tried calling the blonde on numerous occasions but had never been able to get the courage to press the call button. She hadn’t even been able to send her a text message. Because everything Kara had said had been true.

They could do this. It would be easy to do this. All Alex had to say was that she wanted this, and Kara would do everything in her power to make it possible. Alex would have to give up very little to make it happen.

And once she’d realized that, she’d started thinking about seeing Kara with a baby. Imagined her holding a child with brown hair and bright blue eyes; whispering tales of Krypton into existence as the child looked on in wide eyed wonder. Imagined coming home to the two of them sleeping, Kara’s arm wrapped around their sleeping child. Going on family vacations with baby in tow. With their baby. Because it would be theirs. No matter who the father was—and Alex genuinely did not know, she’d have informed him otherwise—she knew Kara would treat the child as if it were her own flesh and blood.

So, what was her excuse?

Her stomach flipped when the doctor came in. This was it. Point of no return.

She half-listened as he explained the procedure to her, waiting for something even though she was unsure what that something was. He instructed her to place her feet in the stirrups and she did, her knees folding as the doctor lowered the table so that she was completely horizontal.

And then there was another knock on the door and a nurse poked her head in asking if she wanted a ‘Kara’ to come in.

Words lodging in her throat, Alex gave a shaky nod and the nurse stepped into the room with Kara in tow, dressed in a blue hospital gown and hair cap. Something shifted into place as blue eyes locked on her own, and Alex fought valiantly against the sudden swell of emotion that came over her.

“Hi.” The blonde breathed, coming to stand next to Alex and taking her hand.

“How did you find me?”

Kara kissed her palm, folding their hands together. “I know your heart Alex; I’d always find you.”

“I’m so sorry.” She was unable to keep the tears out of her voice, but focused her gaze on Kara as the medical team moved about the room.

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Kara said, pressing her lips to Alex’s mouth and squeezing her hand. “I love you Alex, whatever happens, I will always love you.”
The doctor said something and then something cold was touching her and Alex sobbed. “I don’t want to be here. Kara, I don’t wanna do this.”

The blonde blinked, and then she was moving toward the end of the table and the doctor was yelping. Alex heard something metal hit the floor and the nurse screamed.

Alex quickly moved to her arm, detaching herself from the various machines on her right and sat up. Kara was already moving towards her, arms moving to lift her off the table, but the medical team was all looking at her in something like amazement. The lead nurse making the sign of the cross and muttering under her breath.

Kara lifted her and made soft shushing noises because despite everything Alex was still crying. They went to the bathroom where Kara helped Alex dress, hands gentle and firm as they worked over Alex’s body.

An overwhelming feeling of love came over Alex and she pressed her face into Kara’s shoulder as the blonde finished pulling on her jacket. Alex expected Kara to take her home after that, but to her surprise they landed at the DEO. Kara still in her street clothes.

“What are you doing?”

Kara ignored her, and now that the tears had stopped flowing she noticed that the alien’s face was tight with worry. And then her mind was working again, those people had been looking at her in fear. Not Kara.

Dr. Montgomery startled when Kara burst into her office—Alex still in her arms—explaining to her in rapid fire words what had happened. Her words causing Alex’s eyes to widen in shock because apparently, she’d melted the speculum and burned the abortion doctor’s hand in the process.

“The father may be an alien. Human-alien pregnancies don’t always go well.” Kara was saying, Alex finally having forced her to put her on her feet. “We need to check her and make sure everything is ok.”

And then Alex found herself in another examination room, another hospital gown and even more sophisticated machinery around her. Kara was once again by her side, holding her hand. The blonde was sat in a rolling stool, head bent over Alex’s hand, lips pressing soft kisses to her knuckles. She’d been in this position for at least twenty minutes now and although Alex found the attention soothing she was starting to get worried.

“Hey,” She started, turning more fully towards her Kryptonian. “Thank you. For coming. I know that can’t have been easy.”

“It was super easy.” Kara mumbled, not lifting her head. “It was the staying away that was hard.”

Alex swallowed, wiggling her fingers until Kara finally looked up at her. “You don’t have to do that you know? Stay away. I was such an idiot. You were right about everything… well not about me only having two friends, but the rest of it? So right.”

Kara gave her a soft smile, leaning in and pressing their foreheads together. “I’m always right. You should know that by now… and I believe it was one friend.”

Alex rolled her eyes, nuzzling her nose against Kara’s cheek and just breathing her Kryptonian in. “Alright then Smarty pants… why don’t you tell me what we’re going to do now?”

“We?”
Despite her best efforts, her body still tensed, the vulnerability she was feeling clear as day on her face. “Yeah, I mean if that option is still available?”

A kiss was her answer. A real kiss, one that she knew without a doubt Kara meant.

“Always.” The blonde said when she pulled away, her smile blinding now. “And after Dr. Montgomery gives the all clear, you and I are going to go home and start talking about finding a bigger place. I think at least a three bedroom with an office if we can pull it off. I mean you have all those patents so I think we can afford it but we’ll need to go over everything. And then we’ll talk about how we want to raise our child together, how we’ll discipline them, what kind of schedule we’ll make, things like that. Then I’ll want dinner, Hibachi please. And I’ll give you a massage while we wait for the food, maybe draw you a hot bath. With bubbles.”

Alex chuckled, smiling indulgently up at the grinning woman. “Very detailed plan.”

“Oh yeah.” Kara agreed, bringing her free hand up to trace patterns on Alex’s face. “And then after dinner I’ll tell you how much you mean to me, and how I very much intend to marry you.” Alex stilled her face going blank even as Kara continued. “I’ll tell you how I want to spend the rest of my life with you, how I want to die when I’m old and gray in your arms. And how I’ll wait until you’re ready; whether that be in a day or a month or a decade. I’ll wait.” She gave a cheeky smile. “I’ve got time.”

And damnit Alex was crying again.

“Did you just… are you proposing right now?”

“I bought the ring the day after Halloween. I’m still working on the bracelets though.” Kara was still smiling but Alex saw the slight nervousness in the edges, the small bit of insecurity in her eyes.

She reached out, pulling Kara close with her right hand and sealing their lips together again. She took her time, exploring every inch of Kara’s mouth, kissing her love into her alien’s body. She nipped at that plump bottom lip as she pulled away, drawing a whimper from Kara’s mouth.

“I would love to marry you Kara. After this kid is born and I’m not fat anymore.”

Kara’s dumbfounded expression that she’d worn after Alex kissed her went away in seconds, and her hand dropped to Alex’s slightly more than barely there bulge.

“You’re not fat, you’re beautiful. I love watching you grow.”

Alex blushed and opened her mouth to respond when Dr. Montgomery came back in, bemused wonder on her face as she took them both in.

“Were you able to determine the species?” Kara asked, all business once again, face tense with worry.

The doctor hummed thoughtfully. “I did. It’s Kryptonian.” Stunned silence filled the room at that announcement and the doctor nodded as if in agreement. “Yes, that was my reaction. I looked at your own research Dr. Danvers and pulled a method for DNA testing for Kryptonians, the blood we pulled from you earlier had enough fetal cells for us to try a paternity test. They matched to you, Kara.”

More silence.

“Yes well… I’ll leave this here for you.” Dr. Montgomery said, placing a stack of papers on Alex’s
“If you have any more questions after reading through the results, I’ll be in my office.”

Alex chanced a glance at Kara, who was still looking at the place where Dr. Montgomery had just exited, face slack.

She pulled the papers closer to her with great trepidation, trying to understand everything she had just been told, slowly leafing through the tests that had been run. Everything went through exactly as it should have, with solid markers on every test. According to science, she was pregnant with a Kryptonian fetus and Kara was an exact match for parentage.

The how was unknown, Dr. Montgomery had had access to some of Alex’s and her parents’ research, not all of it. She’d need to run her own tests to be able to determine how this had happened. For all intents and purposes, Kara was female. Females couldn’t have babies with each other. Science said so.

Kara apparently hadn’t known it was possible either if her imitation of a statue was anything to go on, which meant that Alex would need to go to the fortress and research the archives there. Maybe talk to Alura’s AI.

The thought was daunting.

Alura may not be the real Alura but she was still Kara’s mother. She was going to ask her fiancée’s mother if it was possible that her daughter knocked her up. Talk about awkward conversations.

Sighing she decided to get dressed. Kara was immobile, eyes unfocused and mouth still open. Alex moved off the bed, dropping her hospital gown and standing naked to no affect. She chuckled, pulling on her street clothes and taking her time with her bra.

Still nothing.

Slowly she rounded the bed, shirt in hand, and pulled the top on over her head. Nothing.

Another chuckle escaped her, and she suddenly felt giddy.

She and Kara were having a baby.

Together.

With each other.

A baby.

She pressed her palms to Kara’s shoulders, turning her slightly so that she could climb into her lap, arms crossing behind Kara’s neck.

The blonde blinked at her slowly, eye’s barely focusing when Alex leaned in and covered Kara’s mouth with her own. She kissed her hungrily, hands pulling at the hair on the back of the blonde’s neck. Kara’s answering whimper egged her own, lips moving steadily, drinking in the sounds her lover was making. She loved Kara’s lips, they were always so soft. Not soft as in satiny, although they are that, but more so that they’re like little pillows. Alex can just sink into them, nip at them, suck them…

Finally alive again, Kara’s hands found her back, pulling her more solidly onto her lap and returning the kiss with an answering fervor. Fingers digging into Alex’s hips and shoulders, tracing the ridges of her spine. It was Alex’s turn to moan, lack of oxygen forcing her to pull away and gasp. Kara
pressed soft kisses on her face, almost reverently. As if Alex was the greatest gift she’d ever received. It brought tears to the agent’s eyes. Damn hormones!

“Am I dreaming?” Kara was still kissing her, the question breathed against her right eyelid and voice shaky in its uncertainty.

“No baby. You’re not dreaming. I looked everything over, it’s real. I don’t know how but all the tests are legit. Addison ran them through like five times. There’s not a lot of margin for error there.”

Alex purred, running her fingers through a soft curtain of blonde, Kara’s lips pressed to her shoulder now, and waited. She felt a shudder run through the blonde, and then felt her shoulders start to tremble. She frowned, pressing soft kisses wherever she could reach, hand continuing to stroke through her hair and over her back. Hot tears soaked through her shirt, and Alex tightened her grip, whispering sweet nothings to try to ease whatever pain Kara was feeling.

The crying didn’t last long, Kara’s head popping up and wet blue eyes staring at her in wonderment.

“You’re pregnant?” She asked.

“Yes.”

“And it’s mine? I did this?”

Alex smiled ruefully. “Well I think I may have had a small part in there, but yes. It’s yours baby. It’s ours.” Her stomach flipped again, saying the words somehow solidifying that this was real. “Oh god.” She said, panic setting in and forcing her to her feet despite Kara’s worried face. “Oh god! Kara, I almost… Oh god. Oh god. Oh god.” She repeated, pacing the room and pulling at her hair.

“You didn’t! Alex, hey, you didn’t.” Kara’s was on her feet as well and reached out to stop the pacing in front of her. She forced Alex to turn, body twisting towards her, and cupped her face.

“You chose to give this a chance, before you even knew that it was ours, that’s even more beautiful sweetheart. That means that you loved this kid even without knowing who the father was. That’s amazing. You’re amazing.” Kara’s voice was insistent as her thumbs stroked under Alex’s eyes.

“But, what if I—”

“You didn’t.”

Alex nodded. The conversation wasn’t over. She knew the past few weeks’ events would keep her up for many nights to come, it was something she’d have to work on. She was pulled from those thoughts by Kara’s hands dropping to her stomach, the Kryptonian dropping to her knees in front of Alex and pressing a kiss to her belly before turning her head so her ear was pressed to Alex’s skin.

“I can hear it Alex. I can… oh Rao. It’s so beautiful.” Kara’s eyes were still wet when she glanced back up at Alex before turning back to her belly, voice going deeper and breathing getting heavy. “Baby… I am your father.” Kara giggled uncontrollably after that and Alex rolled her eyes… hard.

And then promptly started crying again.

“Dammit! I can not wait to not be pregnant anymore!”

Kara grinned up at her cheekily. “Don’t worry,” she started, voice already full of laughter, “they’ll come out when they’re out of womb.”

She got whacked in the back of the head for that one.
Several months passed with more of Kara’s ridiculous movie quotes and pregnancy puns. If she weren’t the best damn partner to exist, Alex would have considered killing her.

She almost had when she had discovered the ever mortifying ‘peezing’. She’d sneezed and peed on her self while in bed with the Kryptonian and she’d actually watched Kara’s nostrils flutter. She’d banned the Kryptonian to the couch for a full two days. She hadn’t been able to last the third, deciding that her comfort was more important than her embarrassment.

Kara hadn’t argued with her at all, choosing instead to make her horrible puns and cater to Alex’s every wish. It was a good thing she was an alien, the amount of massages she’d had to give would have hospitalized a human.

It wasn’t that everything was perfect. The hormones mixed with Alex’s trademark anger issues had caused more than a few blow ups; almost always Alex’s fault. The fallout would usually result in Kara sleeping over at Winn’s and Alex sobbing into her pillow. Kara took to calling in Maggie during those nights.

The smart mouth detective would listen to Alex whine and mope for about ten minutes before telling her to get her shit together. Because, “seriously Alex, I know your pregnant but you really need to work on your filter. Your kid’s gonna come out of the womb super emo if you don’t.”

It was endearing.

When she’d finally work up the nerve to call her fiancée back home, the makeup sex was indeed as hot as Kara had predicted. Maybe more so.

“You’re so beautiful Alex,” Kara panted, fingers moving steadily inside her lover. “So wet for me. So fucking beautiful.”

Even when Alex felt like a whale, Kara’s obvious desire for her had not waned, which had made the cankles almost bearable.

Almost.

As this was an alien-human hybrid they’d pretty much had to wing it. Lois’ pregnancy had lasted all of 8 months, but Kal had been on earth way longer than Kara, which technically made his cousin more ‘alien’.

Alex had lasted twenty-nine weeks.

When she’d gone into labor, Kara had been off fighting someone called ‘the prankster’. Of course, they hadn’t exactly planned on this happening so early, but Alex had already informed all of the important people in their lives. And while Eliza hadn’t taken it well, the rest of their small family had been extremely supportive.

A quick call to J’onn and she was off to the DEO, pre-packed bag in hand. He’d held her hand throughout the whole thing, using his powers to keep her calm and soothe her worries.

Winn was in and out of the room with ice chips, although he took to tossing them at her towards the end to keep a safe distance, as all of her anger started to be directed at him. She wasn’t certain why he small man had incited her wrath, just that his hair was so stupid and she couldn’t stand to look at it! Him missing her mouth had only served to anger her even more and Vasquez—Susan—was
brought in to assist due to her superior accuracy. Winn had collapsed into a chair on the side of the room as if he were the one in labor saying “please God, make it end.”

Lucy had been called into the room once Alex had started to push. She’d needed someone she could be angry at without feeling bad about it later. Lucy motherfucking Lane was still not to be trusted, no matter what Kara said, she’d seen the woman make eyes at the blonde all throughout her pregnancy.

Even James had offered to record the birth for her, promising to keep her private bits off camera.

Maggie arrived just before her final push, and had helped brace her as she fought to get the planet lodged in her uterus out. It was a decision she’d later regret when Alex crushed her fingers in her hands.

The Latina had yelped, shaking out the appendage when the child had finally let out its first cries. Screaming obscenities. “Fuck your damn couch Danvers! You’re such a jackass!”

Alex had yelled at her then, the first words her kid had heard had been less than great.

The whole thing felt like a circus show.

All told, Alex felt like a 36-hour labor was overkill. When informed that it had only been 45 minutes she’d been even less impressed. She was totally doing an epidural next time. And she was going to make Kara some damn birth control!

Kara hadn’t made it to the birth. She’d run in about an hour later covered in dirt and a nasty looking bruise that was already healing on the left side of her face.

Alex had felt some minute anger at that, but the little girl cradled in her arms made any emotion other than joy extremely hard to hold on to.

“Get over here and see what you made.” She said, holding out a hand for Kara to take.

The blonde glanced at Winn, passed out in the same chair he’d collapsed in earlier, before moving over to Alex. She sat next to her and stared in awe at their child, unwilling to touch because of her current state but unable to move to clean herself up. Alex knew exactly how she felt.

“I’m sorry I missed it.” Kara whispered, eyes still on the bundle in Alex’s arms.

Alex sunk back into her pillows, focusing her attention on the other woman and wondering how in the world she got so lucky. “That’s ok, James got it on camera for you. We can watch it together later. You came back, that’s the important thing. That’s what I really care about.”

Kara smiled, voice dreamy as she spoke into the stillness of the room. “She’s so beautiful Alex. She looks just like you. You’ve got a little girl who looks just like you.”

“She’s got your eyes. They’re so blue Kara. I hope they stick, I always wanted a kid with your eyes.”

Kara gave her a watery chuckle, eyes finally dragging away from the bundle in Alex’s arms. “I love you so much. Thank you, Alex. You have no idea—thank you.”

Alex found she couldn’t speak after that.

Another moment passed before Kara finally left to superspeed through a shower. She was back in
mere minutes, dressed in clothes from Alex’s locker: a grey DEO t-shirt and black sweatpants, feet bare.

Alex was already scooching over on the bed to welcome her lover, accepting the gentle kiss Kara gave her, and snuggling into her shoulder when she sat next to her.

Kara gently scooped the baby into her own arms, bringing her closer to her face, inhaling her scent and giggling softly. Alex rolled her eyes, Kara could be such a puppy sometimes. A really beautiful, kind, amazing, gorgeous, smart, wonderful, lovely puppy.

The blonde beamed, finger stroking softly over her girl’s cheek. “My precious.” She rasped, smile still in full effect making her look like a crazy person.

Well…

At least Alex hadn’t said any vows yet, she’d have to add some stuff in if she was going to spend her life with this nut job.

Chapter End Notes

And here it is, the last chapter. The end. Finite.

It's been an awesome ride, originally I had three sentences that I said would make for a great 3 parter, but than chapters 2 and 3 turned less humorous and more serious. I tried fluffing up this one without taking away from the serious themes that occurred but who knows if I succeeded. I only had my own experiences to draw from so I hope I did it justice. Also, I suck at describing babies, they all look the same. Just mashed up aliens that have cute yawns. I also suck at naming them, so you guys can choose whatever you like there.

Finally, I wasn't thinking anything when I wrote this, so no fun/serious anecdote just a sincere wish that you all have a happy and prosperous holiday. Even if you don't celebrate anything I wish you the best in all of your endeavors... unless your a murderer or something than you know, I hope that you like get some mental help and choose to save the dolphins instead.

Also, apologies for any mistakes. My family was super needy this week. *insert eye roll here*

Anyway, Best!
End Notes

Originally this was a 3 part series and was supposed to be up way earlier, unfortunately I had to deal with a bit of a situation. An adult white woman slapped a child relative. Apparently it was a case of mistaken identity but she didn't even apologize and the cops released her before we got there. Kinda put a damper on the whole Halloween thing for me. But than I realized people suck sometimes, we can't let that drive us. So this was me, rising above, like Bailey did in Grey's Anatomy. Only she was way cooler about it than I was. Might write out the other bits I had planned, as it is this was a 1st draft, but I wanted to get it out before Halloween was over. Sorry if it seems a bit rushed and if the idea's been used.

And in case the title was ambiguous, I was listening to Next Contestant by Nickelback.... don't judge me.

Also, anyone interested in being a Beta or know where I might find such mystical creatures?

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