**The Ties that Bind**

**Summary**

In any world, any time, or any place: Kara and Alex are always bound together.

One-shot series set in different times or universes.
Kara wants to learn more about Alex's world, but finds out some things she disagrees with.

“Alex, how can I learn more about your world?”

With a heavy sigh, she put down her calculus homework to look at her new sister. Kara had been living with them for a year now, and there were still many things the girl did not know. Alex supposed that she had about fourteen years to catch up on. Her parents had kept the girl at home for now, because Kara would not be able to fit in at school.

Oh, and because sometimes she broke things by accident, or burned books, or bruised someone’s hand or hovered instead of walking. Outwardly, Alex scoffed at the mistakes Kara was making every day. Inside, however, she was amazed at the girl and the strength—not just physical—she displayed.

“Use Google.”

“Who’s that?” Alex turned on her laptop and it whirled alive. A familiar logo, the wavy red, green, blue and yellow warped squares, popped up brightly on the screen. “Is it your AI?”

“Not quite.” Alex let the laptop start up and waited for all the icons to load. She powered up the browser and went to the google homepage. “This is Google. You ask it questions, and it provides possible websites that have the answers. So you won’t have to bother me with them anymore.”

She gave the laptop to her sister who eagerly nodded, ignoring her jab like she always did.

“Girls, dinner!” Kara jumped up right away and like a dog being called sprinted downstairs. Alex found it endearing—so whenever it happened she said the exact opposite.

Dinner was a quick affair in the Danvers Household. It used to take longer, but now it was a scramble for food, everything not picked during the first serving would end up on Kara’s plate.

“Can you eat normally? You will never fit in otherwise.”

“Alex!” Her mother admonished. Of course she always took her little sister’s side. She wasn’t even her own blood, why did she always choose Kara? They were all trying to teach Kara how to fit in. Her parents thought her etiquette, and Alex worked with Kara about her powers. For some reason, the girl never managed to hurt Alex, while others were sometimes on the receiving end of her strength. Even Clark had once winced after an excited handshake.

“Sorry, mom.” Kara did adjust her manners slightly, and the girl tried to smile apologetically. Alex didn’t know why she was so mean to Kara. She knew she was treating the girl unfairly. Even her father had shaken his head slightly at her comment.

During dinner, her parents kept asking Kara how she was doing with her progress of becoming human. Whether she thinks she could go to the mall with them once again, to adjust to so many
people in one place. Never once did they ask about Alex’s school grades, how her day way, or how her surfing practice went. At first, she hadn’t noticed, but their full attention was put on Kara ever since she got here.

Maybe because everything seemed fine with her, that they didn’t notice that she too was craving for attention. God, I sound pathetic.

Kara was quickly done with dinner and, because the Kryptonian was barred from cleaning the plates, was resigned to cleaning the dishes with her father. Jeremiah tried to speak to her but she ignored him. He took would take Kara’s side anyways.

The moment she was done with the dishes, she sprinted up the stairs. To door to their shared, something she resented as well, bedroom was closed but she could hear a voice on the other side of the room.

Who would Kara be talking to?

Tentatively, she pressed her ear to the door to listen. She could hear the frustration in Kara’s speech, something she hardly ever let come to the surface. Alex knew that Kara was just as human as she was, emotionally at least. The girl was masterful at hiding those she didn’t want to surface.

“Rao how does this work? Alex told me to ask it questions.” Of course Kara, who grew up with robots that listened to you, would try to speak into the laptop. “Maybe I’m doing it wrong, I don’t want to bother Alex and ask.”

Alex stumbled when she heard what Kara was asking.

“Google, how do I be a good sister?” A pause. “Maybe it just doesn’t know that. Google, how do I make my sister like me?”

Alex clamped a hand on her mouth to stop herself from making a sound. She felt horrible that Kara was resigned to searching how to mend their relationship. With haste and as silently as possible, she scampered away from her room to spend some time alone outside to think.

When she returned that night, her laptop was put back on her desk and Kara had resorted to reading a book about American history. “Did you manage to find what you were looking for?”

“I couldn’t make it work. I tried asking it in different ways but maybe it only listens to you.”

Alex powered up her laptop and once again went to the search engine’s homepage. “If I want to know the capital of France, I simply write it here.”

“Oh. Psh, I knew that.” Alex left the laptop with Kara, who had forgotten her book and started typing away. Alex didn’t mention that she had overheard the girl earlier this evening and she never heard anything more about the things Kara had been searching. However, she did change her behavior afterwards. No longer did she take out her dissatisfaction on the girl, instead they bonded. They became the best of friends under the guise of Kara learning how to control her powers. Kara helped Alex overcome her fear of heights by taking her flying, and Alex even tried to teach Kara how to surf—but the girl was deadly afraid of water even if she couldn’t possibly drown.

It was until after the summer holiday was over and Kara would join them at school for the first time, that she noticed there was something different.

“I’m not her sister.” She froze when she heard those words spoken by Kara. They wrapped around her heart and crushed it. There was a forcefulness behind them as the alien girl said it to the girls she
was talking with.

“But you live in the same house, have the same name and share a room even.” The girl, Jessica or something Alex didn’t know her because she was a year ahead of them, tried to tell Kara that everything pointed to them being sisters.

“I was adopted after my parents died. That doesn’t make us sisters.” Alex gasped and from across the hallway Kara’s head shot up. Like a deer caught in the headlights, the girl stared at her as Alex turned away from her. She tried to tell herself that it didn’t matter, but the tears burning in her eyes showed her differently as she ran through the doors and across the school yard towards the empty sports fields.

She didn’t get too far. Her path was blocked by a distraught Kara. Alex brushed her tears from her eyes with an angry snarl on her face.

“Alex…”

“You’ve said enough.” Kara took a step closer but Alex took a step backwards. “Why did you even attempt to search for how to be a good sister those months ago?”

Kara flinched. “You knew about that?”

Alex nodded as she was being driving into a corner at the bleachers. Kara was slowly approaching but she didn’t want to be touched by her at this moment. “Yes, I overheard you that night. I thought we were making progress this summer, we spent so much time together, but it didn’t matter to you anyway. I thought we were becoming sisters.”

She squeezed her eyes shut as they produced another set of tears. Alex didn’t want to cry because Kara hurt her feelings.

“Back then, I didn’t know what it meant to be a sister. I don’t want to be your sister anymore since I found out.”

“Why?” She saw the hesitation as Kara opened her mouth a few times, closed it again, and fiddled with the hem of her shirt. The alien looked anywhere but to her. Alex was feeling hurt and angry, so her patience was wearing thin. “Spit it out.”

“You’re not supposed be attracted to your sister.” Of all reasons Kara could have, she didn’t expect this to come out of her mouth.

“Shit.” She felt like a major asshole now, both for jumping to the wrong conclusion and for forcing the alien to admit that. “Kara…”

“I’m sorry. I-I can’t help it.” Alex opened her arms and the blonde snuggled into her—something they had started to do whenever the other was distraught. “It started when we—you, because what I did can’t be called that—went surfing. I searched again, and found it was taboo, something that shouldn’t be done, that it was unhealthy. I tried, tried so hard to smother these feelings. I couldn’t. So I decided that I can’t be your sister.”

She remembered that day, when Kara couldn’t quite look her in the eye as they had gone to the beach to swim, surf and relax. Kara was dressed in a swimsuit, but Alex had a small bikini. Alex had chalked it down as Kara being afraid of the water, because she was being so stand-offish. Now she knew better.

Alex had never seen Kara in that light before, but maybe because she felt that she wasn’t allowed to
because of the exact reasons that Kara mentioned.

“I don’t want you to do anything differently because you know this.” Kara said. “I can be your sister for now, but you can’t be mine.”

She kissed the crown of Kara’s head. Something told her this revelation would change everything about their relationship in the future. Right now she was just happy that Kara was not angry with her or had been pretending to be her friend, like she had been afraid of. She couldn’t have been more wrong.
Kara and Alex live hard lives in a country torn apart by civil war. They find themselves once a year relaying the stories to their parents.

Something darker than usual. This was based on a novel-length idea that I had but am probably never going to write. This chapter basically is a recap/summary of all the plot points in that one story.

The sky was as dark as their moods. Clouds covered the normally starry night sky, even the moon could not penetrate the thick cover. Waves crashed into the rocks below the cliff the two of them were standing on. If Kara didn’t have her super vision, then she wouldn’t be able to see it. She would be able to hear them fine enough though.

She stared into the distance, over the curvature of the earth, to where the dark ominous clouds met the almost black water. Kara sat down, her feet bungling over the edge of the rock. A pebble fell and was consumed by the waves, taken into the depths of the abyss. Maybe it would meet Alex there.

The tossed a look over her shoulder towards the two large not quite natural rocks on the center of the plateau. Alex, clad in black tactical gear, knelt before them. If Kara focused, she’d be able to understand the words that the girl was whispering to the stones, but she didn’t. She let the waves drown her sister’s words.

Today, on the anniversary of that day, was always a tough day for the both of them. However, she knew it weighed more heavily on the redhead than it did for her. Thunder crashed down from the clouds and illuminated them on top of the rock. If anyone would be watching, they’d see two women both in dark clothes, one armed to the teeth with weapons and the other was a weapon. Their helmets lay discarded next to the rocks, it felt disrespectful to leave them on even if they hid their identity better.

No one would sneak up on them—Kara was scanning their surroundings continuously. They were in hostile territory, after all. Her blonde hairs waved in as the wind picked up. She was glad for the dark skies and depressing weather. It fit the theme, and as the first drops started falling, they would be able to mask the tear tracks on Alex’s cheeks.

Slowly getting soaked, Kara stood up and Alex nodded at her. She knelt down next to the rocks. Alex always got the first minutes to herself, to say what she wanted to say privately. Kara would have left her alone if she dared, but she felt a gripping fear to leave the girl alone in enemy controlled lands.

“Mom. Dad.” She nodded to the two rocks. “I miss you. It’s been five years now.”
Kara remembered that night, falling asleep in next to Alex in the room the two of them shared. One bed was empty, and the other was filled to the brim with their two bodies. That was the way they preferred it. They still always slept together in the same bed, but for different reasons. The fear of waking up and being alone was too much for either of them to handle.

“We’re doing better this year.” Alex nodded. “World’s still messed up. We’re trying to make it better. Alex is still doing her job, protecting me. I’d like to think that I protect her as well, and she lets me have this delusions.”

Alex let out a weak chuckle. It was true though, because without Kara, Alex wouldn’t be in any danger at all. The work they did together, was to make this world livable for Kara, not for Alex.

“Kara’s lying, she saved my ass dozens of times in the last year.”

“We made progress this year.” Midvale was still under rebel control, but National City and Metropolis were once again firmly liberated. “I’m getting stronger with Alex’s help. The synthetic stuff hardly affects me anymore and their supply of the real deal is running lower.”

She looked at the bracelet she was wearing. It glowed with the characteristic radiation of kryptonite, but Kara hardly felt its presence. The synthetic kryptonite was not as potent as those found in crashed meteorites, and while it used to completely incapacitate her, it no longer did. Bullets made from the material could still pierce her skin, but she would no longer be useless in battle.

“Alex’s idea about that was genius. Just expose myself to an ever increasing dose of the stuff until I become resistant. That’s why I love her.”

Alex took a double take, they had never told their parents that detail yet, but Kara had to tell someone, anyone, about her relationship. “Oh yea, we’re dating—sort of. It’s difficult with people trying to kill us and between waging a war on many fronts. Especially now that the enemy knows I’m a kryptonian.”

Of course, she knew that they were long dead. Today was a day they could pretend to talk to them. The one day in the year, the day of their death, that they told what had happened the past year. So Kara told them of their dates, how they mostly got interrupted by someone needing rescuing, or how she always ended up eating Alex’s food.

Alex left Kara to her own devices as she rambled on about how wonderful the redhead was, how proud of their daughter they would be if they could see her now. In a time long ago, Kara would believe that Eliza and Jeremiah could hear her from Rao’s light. That naïve girl was long gone, destroyed by the reality they lived in. Rao either wasn’t real, or had no power here. She didn’t know which of the two she preferred.

She saw Alex wince as she stood up. Her left leg still hadn’t fully recovered from the grenade fragments that had torn the flesh a month prior. She had killed again that night, for the first time since the first night five years ago. Kara shook her head, clearing the image of Alex laying in a pool of blood, her leg mangled with the skin ripped off at some parts.

“We’ve done some terrible things, I think.” Kara continued, thinking back of the stuff that had happened this year. “I almost made a mistake by thinking all Luthors were our enemies. Lena found out who we were, that we survived that night. She then found out that I was the alien they’d been hunting as well.”

Kara remembered that night. She’d come to Lena’s office, and Lena had been there with the files she had found on her brother’s computer. The files detailed an assassination gone badly, resulting in a
gas explosion blowing up a house in Midvale. No survivors and most bodies were completely evaporated by the explosion. That had made for an easy cover story though.

Her protective instincts had kicked in right away and she had thrown the Luthor against the wall, asking if she had told anyone else. She had been so close to snapping the woman’s neck, afraid that if anyone found out that Alex Sorrel was the dead Alexandra Danvers, they would come after them with a vengeance. Lena had not told anyone, which made snapping her neck even more appealing because the story would end there. She had called Alex, asking whether she should kill Lena. Alex, who had in fact offered to take out Lena the moment she came to National City, talked her out of it. If Alex could change her mind so completely, then it must mean that Lena was trustworthy. Once the Luthor had gotten over that shock, she proved to be a valuable ally.

“I’m glad Alex managed to talk me down. Otherwise Lena would’ve ended the same way as Maggie.” Kara’s stomach twisted at that memory. Maggie—who had found out by investigative work that Kara was Supergirl, had then confronted Winn about it and James too, showing him the evidence that she collected—had been an unfortunate loose end. Winn and James had known about the secret, but Maggie admitted that she hadn’t been sure. Alex had called her then as she had held Maggie at gunpoint. Kara wanted to tell Alex that she shouldn’t do it, that Maggie could be trusted. But when she had thought about it, if someone had done the same but about Alex, she wouldn’t think twice about protecting Alex’s identity. She remembered Alex in the weeks after she had pulled the trigger. It took half a year to draw the girl out of her shell again. Maggie had been the first good person they had killed to protect their identity, she hadn’t even done anything truly wrong.

“I believe the tide is turning though.” Kara said. “The people are finally rallying to our side against the xenophobes that split the country in two. Cat’s been a real asset.”

Her sister returned from her task as the lookout. Kara quickly bode her farewells. “I promise that Alex will be safe for the coming year and hopefully we can return more often if we push them back from the west coast into the heartland and liberate Midvale.”

Alex, leaning on a crutch, collected their helmets. The redhead whispered her promise to her parents. “Maybe I will get those responsible this year. We will get our vengeance.”

Kara pressed a kiss to Alex’s temple and with her thumbs she brushed the rain—definitely not tears—from her face. “Ready?”

“Yes.”

She wrapped her arms securely around her foster-sister. Thunder roared around them as she lifted the two of them up into the sky. Drenched in the cold water, they held on to each other as they sped from the village that had once been home. The plot where their house used to be was still empty. They flew towards National City. The closer they came, the more signs of destruction they saw. Burned out buildings, destroyed vehicles, or exploded checkpoints were the name of the game in the no-man’s land between the occupied lands controlled by the United States and the States for Humanity.

National City was recovering after its people had thrown out their occupiers. That instance had proved to the two of them that maybe the people of this planet were their best weapons to use against the xenophobes that had launched the country into its second civil war.

Maybe next year, maybe next decade, their battle would finally be over and they could heal.

Until then, they would eliminate every threat to each other without discrimination. “Family first. Stronger together.”
Before anyone comments: I liked Maggie in the show and I didn't kill her because I didn't like her.

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