When the sun sets (we're both the same)

by SilentRain91

Summary

Lena and Gayle are single mothers, neighbors and looking for a nanny because they’re overwhelmed juggling everything. Meanwhile Kara and Imra share an apartment, struggling to cover their rent, which may or may not be related to Kara’s crazy appetite.

Their lives entwine and slowly, they grow closer, but are they ready to let love in?

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Lena sat on her porch swing with a half empty glass of red wine in her hand. She used to enjoy having a glass of wine, but lately it tasted bittersweet at best. Her garden stretched out in front of her, surrounded by a white picket fence. She swirled the liquid around and took a swig, staining the glass further with her lipstick.

It was five in the morning. She wished she could say this was a one-time occurrence, but it wasn’t. God, it was the second time this week she couldn’t sleep and frankly, she was exhausted. She needed a break, which she couldn’t afford. Aside from running a company, she had a family to run, a family who counted on her. She didn’t get to take a break.

Her whole life used to be about her trying to live up to the perfect picture her parents sketched for her. She wanted to make them proud, wanted to be the good daughter, their little prodigy. Her grades were excellent, she met a man named Jack, got married and had children. Everything was going swimmingly, on the surface.

Unfortunately, underneath all that, there were too many ripples in the water and it built until it turned into waves. She tried to surf those waves, but they were too strong and crashed over her at once, pulling her under, merciless. Those waves dragged her down so much, she felt she was drowning.

Deep down she knew her marriage was going to fail even before she got married. She knew when he proposed, but she bit the bullet and sucked it up. Now, at age twenty-four, she was a single mother of two, struggling to juggle it all.

“You too, hm?”

Lena turned her head to the left. “It appears so,” she answered with a deep sigh.

Lena looked at her neighbor, who happened to be someone she knew during high school, but they weren’t exactly friends back then. She was a book nerd while Gayle was a typical Regina George. The years changed Gayle though and nowadays Gayle also went by Psi, although not publicly.

“Do you want a glass so we can be miserable together?” Lena asked, getting up from her porch swing.

Gayle rubbed her temples and climbed over the low fence. “Sign me up,” she answered, failing to stifle a yawn.

Lena noticed the dark circles underneath Gayle’s eyes. “When is the last time you slept?”

“When did you?” Gayle replied, taking a seat on the porch swing. “Do you have anything stronger than that red wine of yours?”

“At five in the morning?” Lena asked, raising her eyebrows, fixing Gayle with a look.

“The twins were crying throughout the night. They fell asleep about ten minutes ago. I doubt they’ll wake up anytime soon. Thank god Graym sleeps like an angel. I need a stronger drink, don’t judge.”

Lena lifted her hands up and nodded once in understanding. As different as they were back in high school, all of that changed. They were single mothers, working a full-time job while trying to raise
their children. She wandered into her kitchen and returned with a second glass and a bottle of vodka.

“It’s either this, wine or champagne,” Lena said, handing Gayle the glass.

“I can’t keep doing this,” Gayle said, hand shaking while she peered into her glass. “I love my girls, but I’m so, so tired. Sometimes I think about giving them up for adoption, but the moment I put them in the car, I choke up and I can’t.”

Lena put her hand on Gayle’s knee. “It’s understandable you’re exhausted, you’re raising two little girls and a little boy all by yourself,” she said, putting her arm around Gayle when she started crying.

“I feel like I’m an awful mother.”

“You’re not an awful mother, those children are lucky to have you,” Lena replied, letting Gayle rest her head on her shoulder. She knew Gayle suffered from postnatal depression and that she was still working on overcoming that. “How about I take your children this weekend and you take a break?”

Gayle shook her head. She wiped her tears away with her sleeve. “I can’t ask that of you, you have enough on your plate as it is,” she answered, knowing full well Lena struggled, too. “God, I keep going on about my kids while I found you sitting on your porch at the crack of dawn.”

“You can always talk to me. That’s what friends are for,” Lena reminded Gayle whilst also reminding herself they were friends. She had friends, two to be exact.

“You’re too nice for your own good, Lee,” Gayle whispered, managing a small smile. “I was a bitch in high school.”

“A little, yes,” Lena agreed, chuckling. “But that’s all in the past now.”

Gayle nodded, it was. In high school she used to dislike Lena because she was four years younger and sharing classes with a child, who scored higher grades than her, made her feel dumb. She didn’t outright bully Lena, but she did shoot her glares every chance she had and when Lena ate lunch alone, she walked by her, laughing.

Back then, Gayle had no idea of Lena’s struggle at home. As a foster child, she was angry at the world, felt left out and she was under the impression Lena had a good home with a loving family, something she envied her for. Now she was twenty-eight and she knew better, knew the grass wasn’t always greener on the other side.

“I’m not proud of who I was back then,” Gayle said, sighing.

“Like I said, bygones,” Lena replied, not holding it over Gayle. She made mistakes in her life, too. Nobody was perfect and Gayle apologized more than enough when they became neighbors five years ago.
Kara licked her lips, inhaling deeply to let the scent of fresh coffee, toast, eggs and bacon please her nostrils even more. She smiled and snaked her arms around Imra’s waist from behind. “Did I tell you you’re the best?” she said, pecking her cheek. “Because you are the best.”

Imra’s lips stretched into a smile. “Hmm, I believe you did yesterday and the day before that and the day before that and…,” she replied, chuckling along with Kara. She turned around, back pressed against the counter. “The only reason I always make breakfast is because you hog up the bathroom for an hour.”

Kara gasped. “I do not hog up the bathroom,” she denied, although she kind of did. “It’s not my fault we have to share a bathroom,” she huffed, not that she minded living with Imra in an apartment that wasn’t exactly designed for two.

“If you didn’t eat our paychecks, we would be able to afford a bigger apartment,” Imra pointed out, chancing another smile.

“You knooooow I have a fast metabolism,” Kara replied, groaning, aware she ate a lot. “I can’t help it.”

Imra knew Kara couldn’t help the fact that she was a Kryptonian. She was an alien herself, though her appetite was no match for Kara’s. Thank the gods it wasn’t, or else there was no way they would ever be able to afford paying their rent.

Kara pulled Imra into a hug. “Thank you for breakfast.”

Imra felt the air being squeezed out of her. “Okay, you puppy, you can let go now so I can breathe,” she said, patting Kara’s back. She was strong, but not as strong as Kara and she knew Kara liked tight hugs.

Kara let go, albeit a bit reluctantly. She met Imra back in college when they were eighteen and now, eight years later, they were still best friends. Their friendship was unbreakable, they were super-close and they bonded over the things they had in common. They both knew the struggles of fitting into society and keeping their powers a secret.

Imra used her powers to set the rest of the table. She held a finger against her lips and winked at Kara, who giggled. When she came to earth, she was sixteen and she was lost. At first she lived on the streets, but by the time she was eighteen, she got into college by a stroke of luck and met Kara, who understood her. It was Kara’s aunt who plucked her off the streets.

She remembered the emotional reunion between Kara and Astra, how much they cried because they thought they would never see each other again. She had no family of her own left, but she was accepted into Kara’s family. The home she once had was gone and earth was her home now. It was such a relief to her how after college, Kara suggested sharing an apartment. Neither one of them liked being alone.

Kara turned on the television, listening to the news talk about Superman. She sighed quietly and propped her elbow up on the table, resting her chin in the palm of her hand. Her cousin was always out there, saving people. When she was younger, she wanted to do the same, but her adopted family was strongly opposed.

Kara poked her fork absentmindedly around her eggs. “Do you ever think about what a waste it is for us to be cooped up in here when we could be out there, helping people?”
“I do, sometimes,” Imra admitted, moving her lips from one corner of her mouth to the other. “But-”

“We would be exposing ourselves, I know,” Kara filled in with an audible sigh. “I don’t think being a barista is working out for me. It’s a temporary job, I know, but I broke three cups in one week because some customers are so mean. The other day a guy yelled at me because I got his order wrong.”

Imra’s eyebrows knitted together. Between the two of them, they had fifteen jobs over the past year. She reached for the newspaper, having a look at the ads. “We have the same shift today, so you won’t have to deal with jerks all by yourself. Plus, I restocked our freezer, we have ice cream again,” she said, smiling up at Kara whose face was filled with glee.

“This is why I love you,” Kara said, blowing Imra a kiss. “You always know how to cheer me up.”

Kara shoveled forkfuls of eggs into her mouth. She saw Imra going through a stack of mail. “What?” she asked when Imra’s eyebrows creased together.

Imra sighed and tossed one of the opened envelopes to Kara. “We need to pay our electricity bill. We’re two months behind. I’ll look for another job, being a barista doesn’t pay enough,” she said, putting her hands in her hair. “Perhaps I should call Alex or Astra to ask if they can lend us some money.”

“No!” Kara blurted out, eyes wide. “We’ll manage. I don’t want them to think we can’t handle this.”

Lena folded her hands atop her desk and looked up at Samantha, who had been pacing around for a while, as if something was on the tip of her tongue. She hired Samantha about a year ago and it helped she knew her since college. At age fourteen, she was a freshman in college and she was a pariah, but then she met Samantha, who was kind to her and stood up for her. It felt like having a big sister.

“Ruby’s first grade teacher said her sister is looking for a job and since you’re looking for a nanny, I thought…..”

“Oh, Miss Danvers,” Lena replied with a knowing smile. “I take it you trying to convince me to hire her sister has nothing to do with the fact you want to get in her good grades because you have a thing for her?”

Samantha guffawed. “I do not have a-” She smiled when Lena raised an eyebrow at her. “Alex is an attractive woman. I’m only human, leave me be.”

“Alex, hm?” Lena teased, chuckling as Samantha swatted at her arm. “I didn’t know you and Miss Danvers were on a first name basis now,” she said, pleasantly surprised. She listened to Samantha gush about Miss Danvers since Ruby started first grade a couple weeks ago.
“I may have invited her for dinner,” Samantha confessed. “But,” she added abruptly, “only because Rubes asked and she only said yes to be polite.”

“You’re screwed, I’m calling it,” Lena said, laughing while Samantha’s mouth was agape.

Samantha fished a piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to Lena. “That’s her sister’s phone number.”

“I bet you wish Miss Danvers would have given you her number instead of her sister’s.”

“One of these days, I’m going to quit,” Samantha replied, laughing lightly. “According to Alex, her sister adores children as much as she does, so your children would be in good hands.”

“I’ll give this sister a call if you stop pestering me and go back to work,” Lena said, poking her tongue a little past her lips while Samantha huffed.

“I can work and talk, I happen to be good at multitasking.”

“What a coincidence, so am I,” Lena replied with a serious tone. “I can type with one hand and strangle you with the other.”

“Oh hush, you love me,” Samantha said with a smile as she resumed her work. “By the way, are we still on for drinks on Friday? I miss hanging out with my bi-babes.”

Lena resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She knew Samantha made a habit out of referring to Gayle, her and herself as bi-babes because they were all bisexual. “Let’s see if this nanny works out,” she said, eyeing the phone number that was scribbled onto the piece of paper. “It wouldn’t feel right to leave all of the children with your babysitter. LJ is teething, so he’s quite the handful.”

Lena glanced at a framed photograph that sat on her desk. She smiled faintly, tracing her fingertip around the frame. It was a picture Gayle took for her not even a week ago. Lily-May, her three year old daughter, was sitting on her lap with Lachlan Jack, her six months old son. She had her arms around her children, making sure Lily-May supported her brother’s head.

“I’ll be right back,” Samantha said, excusing herself from the office, muttering something about the paperwork not being accurate.

Lena picked up her phone and dialed the number she was given. She curled the cable around her finger as she listened to the ringing. It only took two rings for Miss Danvers’ sister to pick up.

“Hi,” a soft, melodic voice greeted her. “This is Kara, but since you called me you probably already knew that, unless you called the wrong number, then you didn’t. I shouldn’t assume. Hi – wait, I already said that.”

Lena’s eyebrows rose. The woman on the other side of the line – Kara – sounded like either this was all some kind of unfunny prank or she was just a dork.

“Are you there, whoever you are? I think you are because I can hear you – I can hear you didn’t hang up yet.”

Lena cleared her throat, right, focus. “Hello, this is Miss Luthor speaking,” she said, plastering on a polite smile, out of habit. “My colleague gave me your number and mentioned you are looking for a job, is that correct?”

“Miss Lu-Luthor, oh R-god, you’re THE Miss Luthor?”
“The one and only,” Lena confirmed, not at all surprised this woman had heard of her, considering her name was on the side of her building. She held her phone away from her ear when Kara started rambling loudly and excited.

“Sorry,” Kara laughed after what must have been at least ten minutes of rambling. “You’re calling me about a job?”

Lena honestly wasn’t so sure anymore if she was, but there was no harm in meeting Kara in person to interview her and she would run a background check. There was nothing more important to her than her children and she wasn’t going to leave them with some random stranger without making sure they would be in good hands.

“Let’s start with meeting up first and discuss a few things, shall we?”

“Absolutely, Miss Luthor,” Kara replied, sounding oddly chipper for someone who was talking to a Luthor, unlike most people who spoke with venom. “I do have one quick question. What does the job entail exactly?”

Lena stopped toying with the cable of her phone. She didn’t expect Kara to go from bubbly and rambling to serious, but it was positive to hear she had a serious side, given the last thing she needed was to hire a child to watch her children. Immaturity was unacceptable; hence she wasn’t set up with Samantha’s idea to let her teenage babysitter babysit all the children Friday night.

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Gayle thought taking her twins to the park would help them to release some of their energy on the playground. Instead those little devils, who also happened to be her little angels, ran off, giggling. If she wasn’t wearing heels, it would have been easier to keep up with her toddlers. It was her fault, really, for having been on the phone while she was supposed to keep an eye on Anna and Elsa. If she had paid closer attention to them, she would have noticed them running away from the playground sooner.

“Girls!” Gayle called out, almost twisting her ankle as she chased after them. Her eyes widened when she saw they were making a beeline towards the pond.

“Duckies!” Elsa cooed, stretching her arms out, clenching and unclenching her fingers.

Anna copied her sister. “Wak, wak,” she giggled.

“Anna! Elsa!” Gayle shouted. Her eyes filled with fear because her two year olds couldn’t swim. She kicked off her shoes and ran faster. “Girls, stop!”

Gayle saw how a woman ran up to her twins and how her twins barreled into her.

“Whoa, slow down,” the woman said, flashing a smile while she crouched down. “Anna and Elsa, right?” she asked, smiling more as the twins nodded. “I think your mother is very worried. You almost fell in the pond.”
Gayle caught up with them, putting her hands on her knees to catch her breath.

“Hi, I’m Imra,” the woman said, smiling up at Gayle. “Your daughters have cute names. I see you named them after the girls in Frozen. I saw that movie a handful of times, it’s quite magical.”

“I did not name my children after characters in some animated movie,” Gayle replied, crossing her arms over her chest. “Why does everyone keep saying that?” she muttered quietly to herself. She was tired of people jumping to that conclusion when that movie had nothing to do with her children’s names.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

Gayle slowly breathed out. She was more than a little stressed and she didn’t mean to snap at this woman who had been nothing but kind. “I’m Gayle and I was just about to grab a cup of coffee,” she said, making a vague gesture at the buildings near the park. “I’d like to buy you a cup, as a thank you for keeping my daughters from stumbling into the pond.”

“That’s quite alright,” Imra replied with a polite smile. “I was nearby and it’s no big deal, really.”

“Please, I insist,” Gayle said, looking down at her daughters who were eying the stranger curiously. “It’s the least I can do.”
Chapter 2

Kara paced around in her bedroom. She had a meeting with none other than Lena Luthor in an hour, which was a big deal and she was nervous, and to top it all off, she had nothing to wear. None of her clothes seemed right, most were too casual. She had no doubt Miss Luthor had a reputation to uphold and she didn’t want to show up in a pair of washed off jeans and a bleak sweater.

The door opened and Alex walked in. “Clothing crisis?”

“Alex, thank Rao,” Kara said, breathing out, nodding. “I really want to make a good first impression, because you always said first impressions are important and how people judge a lot based upon the first few seconds, and I don’t know what to wear.”

“Okay, let’s see what we have here,” Alex replied, skimming through the hangers. “It’s a good thing my first graders only had half a day of school today.”

Kara definitely agreed it was a good thing. She adjusted her glasses, seeing how Alex selected an outfit for her. She knew she should make her own decisions more, but she had a habit of calling her sister for help when she didn’t know what to wear.

“Since you’re applying for a job as a nanny, let’s keep it simple,” Alex said, humming as she handed Kara a pair of jeans and a soft, blue sweater.

Kara used her speed to put the clothes on, smiling when she was ready a split second later. “What do you think?”

Alex clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. She lifted her hand up, picking up a sock Kara dropped atop her head in her haste. “You look good, basic,” she said, slowly nodding while she eyed Kara.

Kara spun around in front of her mirror. Her sister was right, these clothes were okay. “How did your date go?” she asked, recalling her sister went out with someone recently.

Kara smiled while Alex blushed, knowing her sister was still new to it all because she only came out two months ago. She had known for a couple of years, but she never said anything and in her defense, Kryptonians didn’t care about sexuality. She was pansexual herself, gender was completely irrelevant and it always puzzled her how much it mattered to humans.

Imra understood that and agreed gender was irrelevant, which by earthly standards made both of them pansexual, not that either one of them deemed labels necessary. Although she did understand why some people valued them so much, understood wanting to fit in, wanting to find a place where one felt like they belonged.

“It was quite awful,” Alex answered with a chuckle. Her cheeks reddened as she peered at the floor.

“Um… for someone who had an awful date, you sure blush and smile a lot,” Kara pointed out. She nudged her sister lightly with her elbow, giving her a ‘tell me’ look.

“It’s nothing, it’s just… silly,” Alex said, running her hand through her hair, shrugging a shoulder. “One of the first graders in my class asked me to have dinner at her place… with her mother,” she revealed, twiddling her thumbs. “Her single, insanely attractive mother,” she clarified.
“Oh yes, the one you told me about,” Kara remembered. “Didn’t you say that on the first day of school, you tripped right in front of her and she helped you up?”

Alex groaned loudly. “It was embarrassing,” she mumbled under her breath. “I’m not sure if she has been flirting with me or if I’ve been reading the signals wrong. She said to me and I quote ‘falling for me so soon, Miss Danvers?’ and yesterday when she picked up her daughter she complimented what I was wearing.”

“I don’t even know if Sam is into women,” Alex concluded with a sigh. “And I don’t know how to find out.”

“Perhaps you should ask her.”

“I can’t just ask her, Kara,” Alex replied, jaw dropping.

“Oh, I know how you can find out,” Kara said with a smile, more than happy to help her sister out. “When you’re at her place, after dinner, ask her if she has a taste for the cherry.”

Alex choked on nothing in particular.

“What?” Kara asked, furrowing her brows. “Luce told me it’s a solid way to find out if a woman is into women.”

“Of course Luce did,” Alex muttered. “I’m going to kill Little Lane one of these days.”

Kara shrugged. “Luce said it worked when she was laying it on my aunt Astra, whatever that is supposed to mean,” she said, not always understanding the strange things Lucy said. “I have to go so I’m not late. Wish me luck?”

Alex smiled, hugged Kara and wished her luck.

Imra sat down in the booth, relieved this coffee shop wasn’t the one where she worked, although she doubted she would be a barista much longer. If she wanted to afford the rent, bills and groceries, she had to find another job, just as Kara was trying to find one, too. They spent more money on groceries than anything else, but she didn’t blame Kara. She enjoyed sharing an apartment with her best friend.

“I wanna color,” Elsa said, tugging at the drawing that was in the middle of the table.

“I wanna,” Anna whined while she tried to take the drawing away from her sister. “Gimme.”

Imra felt bad for Gayle, whose eyes were shimmering with unshed tears. The poor woman looked as if she was about to break down when the twins began to scream at each other. “Hey, sweethearts,” she tried to interrupt the girls with a smile. “How about I go ask the nice people who work here if we can have some more drawings for you two, hm?”

“I’ll be right back,” Imra said to Gayle as she got up. She knew not to meddle in how someone
parented their children, so she hoped she wasn’t overstepping. All she wanted to do was help and this situation could easily be fixed.

“Hi,” Imra said, addressing one of the baristas. “I was wondering if I can have more drawings for the children to color,” she explained, nodding her head towards the booth. “Thank you,” she said when the barista promptly handed her a couple of drawings.

“Here you go, sweeties,” Imra said to the twins, offering them the drawings. She chuckled when they couldn’t seem to take them out of her hands fast enough.

Anna and Elsa were no longer screaming or whining. Instead they were smiling while they grabbed handfuls of crayons to color all of the drawings they were given.

Imra caught Gayle’s eyes. The woman was staring at her, but her face was unreadable. She wondered what Gayle was thinking when she tilted her head a little to the side, seemingly observing her.

Gayle cleared her throat and shifted, crossing one of her legs over the other. “Thank you,” she said to Imra. “You put in some good thinking to defuse the situation. Do you have any experience with children?”

“No much, but I do adore children,” Imra answered, smiling as she glanced at the twins. They were two little copies of Gayle and the way they poked their tongue out of their mouth, so focused on coloring, made her smile even more.

“I’m looking for a nanny,” Gayle said, causing Imra to look at her again. “If you’re interested, the position is yours and you can start first thing tomorrow morning. I must add I also have a son, Graym. He’s six and he’s currently at school.”

“A nanny,” Imra repeated as the information sunk in. She didn’t expect Gayle to offer her a job out of the blue. It was funny how things worked out, almost as if Gayle read her mind and knew she was looking for a new job.

“We can discuss the details and you can decide whether the position appeals to you or not,” Gayle said, revealing paperwork from her purse. “Oh,” she continued when Imra frowned, “I’m always prepared. Mind you, this is not a regular job as a nanny.”

To be completely honest, Imra wasn’t sure what a regular job as a nanny entailed. She knew the concept from movies, but she also knew movies weren’t accurate about everything. “How so?” she inquired.

“I work full-time because I have a hotel to run. You will be needed from Monday to Friday and your hours can be quite long, though I assure you your paycheck will more than make up for that. Occasionally, I may need you during weekends. You can eat and drink – not alcohol – while you work. There is no need to bring your own food. I keep plenty stocked at my house. Every detail has been stipulated in this contract. Of course you would start off with a one week trial and if you want to quit at any point, you need to say so at least two days in advance.”

Imra opened and closed her mouth several times. It was a lot of information at once. “Can I take this paperwork with me and sleep on it?” she asked, needing someone else to read through it for her to ensure this was a fair contract. She happened to know a lawyer who would be capable of helping her out.

“Yes, of course,” Gayle replied, sliding the paperwork towards Imra. “My phone number is on it.
When you made a decision, you can give me a call.”

“Gayle Marsh,” Imra whispered, reading her name on the contract. “Does Mister Marsh work long hours, too?” she asked, regretting her question the second she asked.

Gayle’s shoulders rose as she took a deep breath. She averted her eyes and gazed out of the window, letting her shoulders drop as she breathed out. “There is no man in my life,” she answered, reaching for her cup of coffee. “The man who used to be in my life was occupied putting as much distance between us as quickly as he could. I am not who he expected me to be. Frankly, I’m glad he’s gone. I appreciate it when garbage takes itself out.”

Imra’s eyes shifted briefly towards the twins, who were still coloring and who were utterly unaware about what they were talking about. The girls were too young to understand, but that didn’t take away the fact she regretted she brought it up. She had yet to wrap her head around the fact that around here, some parents abandoned their children.

Lena gathered her paperwork, opened the drawer of her desk and put it there for the time being when she heard Samantha talking to someone in the hall. Her watch confirmed it was time for her appointment with Kara Danvers. She made a mental note Miss Danvers was punctual, which was an important required trait for a nanny, given she was basically allergic to tardiness.

There were two quick knocks on her door.

Lena straightened her back and folded her hands on her desk. The contract she put together was on her desk, an original for Kara Danvers, if all went well, and a duplicate for herself. “You may enter,” she called out. Regardless of Samantha’s interest towards Kara Danvers’ sister, she had no intention of giving her a special treatment. She would remain unbiased and neutral.

“Hello,” Lena said when a woman entered. The woman had long blonde locks and at first sight she guessed she was within her age range. Glasses were perched atop her nose and she was fumbling with them, casting a shy smile in her direction. “Kara Danvers, I presume?” she asked, adapting a smile in the hopes of easing some of the woman’s nerves.

Lena wasn’t a stranger to people being nervous. She conducted job interviews before and met handfuls of people, some whom stuttered or couldn’t even get a word out due to nerves, although the latter was extreme and only happened twice. Her last name left an effect on people and sadly, it was often a negative one. People wrote her off as intimidating.

“Hi, yes,” Kara replied, wringing her hands together. She caught herself too late when she saw Miss Luthor’s eyes flicking down to her hands for a split second, which halted her from wringing her hands together, a split second too late. “Miss Luthor, right?”

Lena raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow. “I would hope so, considering you are currently standing in my office, in my building,” she answered, tilting her head a little to the side, curious when a smile appeared on Kara’s face.
“Phew,” Kara said with a chuckle, wiping the back of her hand across her forehead. “I brought my resume,” she said, retrieving a piece of paper from her purse. She almost said ‘tada’, but she swallowed that word down before she could.

Lena was pleasantly surprised by how decently put together Kara Danvers’ resume was. After she saw her pulling it out of her purse, she thought it might have been sloppy. The amount of jobs on her resume however was a hot mess. She wondered if Kara was capable of holding a job or if she was a quitter.

“You may take a seat,” Lena said, gesturing at the chair in front of her desk.

Kara pulled the chair back and sat down, putting her hands on her lap while Miss Luthor read her resume. Lucy helped her put it together so she wouldn’t embarrass herself. Krypton was different, on Krypton she would have ended up in the science guild because it was seen as the best fit for her. She hadn’t even known Alex gave her number to Samantha, who gave it to Miss Luthor, until after she got off the phone with Miss Luthor.

“I see you had several jobs in the past,” Lena said, keeping her voice neutral, giving nothing away. “Can you elaborate as to why that is?”

“Certainly, Miss Luthor,” Kara answered with a smile. “After I graduated, I kept asking myself what my place in the world is and what I would see myself doing. Some people spend their time traveling the world, tasting food from different cultures. I, on the other hand, had a taste from different jobs. You see, when people are about to get married, for example, they taste cake to see which cake fits them most. I’m like that, with jobs.”

Lena had never heard such an explanation before. Generally, people who worked multiple jobs in a short span of time struggled to hold on to one, often getting fired over things such as tardiness, being sloppy or being rude.

“Would you say you’re indecisive?” Lena asked, picking her explanation apart.

Kara’s smile slipped a little bit. Lucy warned her Miss Luthor might ask something like that. “I can be, sometimes,” she admitted with a nod. “But once I put my mind to something, I stick to it. I’m determined. When I was younger, I took care of my cousin when he was an infant. You could say I learned how to take care of children early on.”

Lena wasn’t at all surprised hearing Kara Danvers trying to sweet talk. It was a common tactic among people applying for a job, deflecting from the original question. Before she even phoned this woman, upon Samantha’s insistence, she turned down around a dozen nannies, three of whom had a previous experience as a nanny, which Kara lacked.

“I will sketch a situation and you will tell me what you would do in said situation,” Lena said. “My three year old falls and scrapes her knee. She starts crying, what will you do?”

“I would pick her up and put her down on the counter. Then I’d clean her wound, let her choose which band-aid she likes and once it’s all done, I’d kiss her knee so it would heal faster. I know the healing faster part isn’t true, but children believe in that. I would wipe her tears away and give her a hug.”

Lena hadn’t heard an answer like that one before. Nannies did state they would clean the wound, but the kiss and the hug weren’t mentioned by other nannies. What Kara just told her was precisely what she did when her daughter scraped her knee. She even had a bunch of animal band-aids.
Kara wondered what Miss Luthor was thinking. It was really difficult to read the raven-haired woman, whose face gave little to nothing away. Even Miss Luthor’s heartbeat remained neutral.

“Are these your children?” Kara asked, breaking Lena’s train of thought when she pointed at the framed photograph on Lena’s desk.

“Yes,” Lena answered, allowing Kara to have a look at the photograph. “Lily-May and Lachlan Jack, though I call my son LJ.”

“They look like little angels, not that I’m surprised because they obviously got their angelic looks from you.”

Lena was taken aback by Kara’s comment, by the sincere tone in her voice and how her eyes were focused on the photograph as if she didn’t just compliment her children and her. As a Luthor, she was called many things, but never angelic.

Kara lifted her gaze when she heard Miss Luthor’s heartbeat increase ever so slightly. “You have a beautiful smile,” she blurted out, eyes widening because she didn’t mean to say that aloud.

Lena didn’t even know she was smiling until Kara pointed it out. “I’m willing to give you a chance,” she decided on a whim, gesturing at the paperwork. Now she was deflecting, but it was for both their sakes, really, seeing how Kara’s cheeks reddened.

“Thank you, Miss Luthor,” Kara replied, feeling her nerves disappear, happy it went well. “You won’t regret this,” she assured her, accepting the paperwork. “Would you mind if I take this with me so I can read through it?”

Lena knew what Kara really meant by asking that question. “You can sleep on it,” she answered, seeing Kara bite her lip.

Kara nodded and stood up. “Thank you for your time,” she said, holding out her hand, realizing she forgot to shake her hand earlier.

Lena slipped her hand into Kara’s, noticing how her skin was warm and she was pleased to find her hand wasn’t clammy with sweat because she hated shaking clammy hands.

Kara had a feeling she shook Miss Luthor’s hand for a second or two too long as she looked into those emerald green eyes. Something about her eyes was captivating, alluring.

“Are you going to let go?” Lena asked, breaking Kara out of her reverie. She chuckled when Kara quickly withdraw her hand.

“I’m sorry,” Kara replied, placing her left hand on her right upper arm, slowly rubbing her hand up and down. “I was distracted,” she explained vaguely, feeling her embarrassment grow.

Lena smiled. “By my angelic looks?”

“Oh… Oh R-god,” Kara said, chuckling, dropping her hand. “I said that out loud earlier, didn’t I?”
“Oh Rao,” Kara groaned as the air was being squeezed out of her lungs. “Aunt Astra, I know you missed us, but you’re suffocating us.”

Imra let out a groan of agreement. Astra’s hug was bone-crushing, although she knew Astra would never actually hug her tight enough to break her. She knew three weeks or so passed since they last visited and it was endearing how much Astra cared about them. Deep down she was more than aware how much Astra had struggled when she moved out years ago.

Kara smiled while her aunt caressed her back. She was happy she had Astra in her life, truly she was. Back on Krypton, when she was seven years old, she was forced to say goodbye to her aunt after her aunt was sent to the Phantom zone, a region in space where time didn’t pass. All Astra wanted was to save Kryptonians by warning them Krypton would perish if they didn’t change their ways.

That day, Kara thought she was never going to see her aunt again. When she was an eighteen year old freshman in college, she met Imra and got back in touch with Astra, who landed on earth two years prior. Sometimes people asked if her aunt and she were sisters. They both had youthful genes and with everything that happened, Astra was only thirty-seven while she was twenty-six.

Lucy walked in with Sirius on her hip. “Look who finally woke up from his nap,” she said, kissing her one and a half year old son on the cheek.

Astra let Kara and Imra go, and spun around with a smile on her face.

“You’re welcome,” Lucy said to Kara and Imra, who were shaking Astra’s tight hug off. “Ah-ah,” she said to Astra, shaking her head when Astra reached out for Sirius.

Astra caressed Sirius’ cheek with the back of her index finger. Her eyes softened further when Sirius wrapped his hand around her finger. She placed her other hand on Lucy’s pregnant belly.

“If you kiss me you can hold him, Star,” Lucy said, pursing her lips together for a kiss.

Kara melted a little, always happy seeing how happy her aunt was with Lucy. They started dating four years ago, when Lucy was twenty-three and it was clear they didn’t care about the ten year age gap between them, which didn’t really matter to her either. At first she did have to get used to the fact Lucy was Alex’s best friend and the fact they were the same age, and used to go to college together.

Astra smiled and gave her wife a chaste kiss. “My little one,” she whispered to Sirius, taking him over from Lucy.

“Luce, could you look at a contract for me?” Imra asked, clipping her purse open. “You’re the only lawyer I know and I know you won’t charge me,” she said while she fished the paperwork out of her purse.

Lucy huffed out a laugh. “Sure, anything for my niece,” she replied with a wink as she held out a hand for the paperwork.

Imra smiled. It was all a bit complicated, the family dynamics she was in. At times, Astra saw her as a daughter because she took her in when she was sixteen, new on earth and lost, which Astra was too, but Astra was eleven years older and more level-headed. Most of the time Astra saw her...
as a niece, considering Kara referred to her as her sister.

“Can you have a look at my contract, too?” Kara asked Lucy sweetly, reaching for her paperwork. “I figured since you’re reading through Imra’s….”

“Yeah, sure thing,” Lucy answered, nodding while she skimmed through the paperwork Imra gave her. “It’s nice of you two to visit and make me work,” she said, smiling up at Kara and Imra, who looked everywhere except at her.

“Thank you,” Kara said while she handed her paperwork to Lucy. She had a feeling her contract was decent, but it didn’t hurt to have Lucy double check that for her.

Lucy grabbed a pen and sat down at the table. “Hmm,” she hummed, dropping her pen. “Star, could you…?” she asked, waving Kara and Imra off before they could pick up her pen.

“Oh Rao,” Kara whispered, bringing her hand up to cover her face.

Imra smiled and shook her head when Astra bent down, to which Lucy ogled Astra. Little Lane was unbelievable.

Lucy winked at Imra and quickly shifted her eyes back to the contracts when Astra got up. “Thanks, Star,” she said, flashing her wife a smile when she put her pen on the table.

Astra put her finger under Lucy’s chin, tilting her head up. “I can give you a better view tonight,” she said, pecking her lips.

“These two will forever traumatize me,” Kara joked silently to Imra.

Lucy cleared her throat, shifting her focus back to the contracts. “I’d say you’re both getting a pretty solid deal out of this,” she said, her eyebrows going up. “I hardly make this much and I’m a lawyer, geez, I need a raise,” she continued, handing Kara and Imra their paperwork back. “Nannies for Lena Luthor and Gayle Marsh, hm? No wonder you’re getting such a sweet deal. Those two ladies are big shots here in National City and they’re deffo in the top five richest people in the city.”

“Luthor sounds familiar,” Astra said. “I believe you had a case three years ago against the Luthor family.”

“Mhmm, yeah, I’m the reason Lena Luthor’s brother and mother are behind bars,” Lucy replied, leaning back on her chair. “It was my first big case. Well, after… you know… putting my father in jail,” she finished with a sigh.

Astra put her hand on Lucy’s shoulder, squeezing gently.

Lucy covered Astra’s hand with hers. She tipped her head back, smiling when her wife leaned down to kiss her.

Kara knew Lucy built a case against her own father around the time she met Astra. Lucy did it because her father caught wind of Astra being an alien and he wanted to hurt her by conducting illegal experiments.
Lena combed her daughter’s hair. Lily-May inherited her raven locks, but she had her father’s eyes. Her daughter was old enough for pre-school, but she only turned three a month ago and she couldn’t get it over her heart to send her to school already. Every time she looked at her daughter, she remembered the first time she laid her eyes on her, as if it was yesterday.

Giving birth to Lily-May hadn’t been easy. She went into labor two months early and her daughter wasn’t breathing at first. Lily-May was so little, so fragile. She blamed herself because she was experiencing a lot of stress back then, considering her brother and her mother were sentenced to a life-time in prison. It was a slap in the face, hearing what they did and knowing she was putting a child into the world while her family’s reputation was damaged beyond repair.

Doctors reassured her that her daughter was healthy, but she worried nonetheless. Lily-May was little for a three year old, so little she wasn’t taller than Gayle’s two year olds, which was another fact she blamed herself for.

“Mammy, I want a ribbon in my hair,” Lily-May said, pouting.

Lena smiled, seeing the pout on her daughter’s face in the mirror. “Okay, sweetheart, you can have a ribbon in your hair,” she said, kissing the top of Lily-May’s head. “Do you want the red one or the blue one?”

Lily-May wiggled her legs back and forth. “Red,” she answered, tipping her head back, smiling at Lena, who had placed a hand on her shoulder so she wouldn’t fall off the chair.

Lena finished up combing her daughter’s hair and putting a ribbon into her hair. She sighed when she heard her son crying. She put her hands under her daughter’s shoulders, lifting her into her arms, placing her on her hip.

Lily-May yawned like a baby dinosaur, resting her head on Lena’s shoulder.

Lena walked a bit faster when her son’s cries turned into wails. “Mammy’s coming, LJ,” she said, nearing his room. “I’m going to put you down for a little bit, okay, baby?” she whispered to her daughter, who nodded.

Lena reached into her son’s crib, shushing him as she held him close to her chest. “Mammy’s got you,” she said, swaying a little, caressing his back.

The doorbell rang, which was simultaneously good timing and bad timing.

“I’ll open the door,” Lily-May said, running towards the stairs.

Lena’s heart leapt. “Lily, wait,” she said, slowly breathing out when her daughter stopped running. “Mammy doesn’t want you to trip down the stairs,” she said when her daughter frowned at her.

Perhaps Lena coddled her daughter too much, but when Lily-May was younger, she saw more doctors than she had seen in her entire life. In all fairness, she did run to the doctor the second she heard her daughter do as much as cough. She wanted to be safe rather than sorry.

She held LJ with one arm, cradling him to her chest. “Hold mammy’s hand,” she said to her daughter, reaching out with her free hand.
Much to Lena’s surprise, the doorbell didn’t ring again. Usually, people grew impatient and rang her doorbell multiple times. She hoped Kara hadn’t left, assuming it was Kara at her door, as was agreed considering she had to go to work.

Kara was smiling when Lena opened the door. “Hi,” she said while she crouched down. “I’m Kara. You must be Lily-May.”

Lily-May looked up at Lena. When Lena nodded, she looked at Kara. “Yes,” she answered, ducking her head behind Lena’s legs.

“She’s a little bit shy,” Lena explained to Kara.

Kara stood up and looked at LJ, who was fussing a little bit. “May I?” she asked, holding her hands out.

Lena glanced down at her son. Handing him over wasn’t easy, but she knew she had to because she had to leave soon. She held her breath, until she was sure Kara was holding him properly.

“Hey, little cutiepie,” Kara cooed, smiling at LJ. “Um, there was one thing about the contract I wanted to address,” she said to Lena, chewing on her lower lip for a second.

Lena didn’t expect Kara to bring up the contract, not when she was supposed to start today. “Is there a problem?” she asked, trying to stay calm and not think about the worst case scenario, which would be Kara telling her she changed her mind.

Kara regretted her choice of words, hearing Lena’s pulse quickened. “I um, I read in the contract I can eat while I’m babysitting your children, but I was wondering if I should bring my own food instead. I kind of have a fast metabolism and I don’t want to empty your fridge,” she explained with a chuckle.

Lena couldn’t believe Kara was worried about that. For all she cared, Kara could go on a binge, so long as she was a good nanny to her children. “You can eat anything you want, I have someone who restocks plenty,” she assured Kara, given money was not a problem for her. “Food is included in your contract. I won’t deduct anything you eat from your paycheck. The only thing you can’t touch is alcohol, which has been stipulated in your contract, of course.”

“That won’t be an issue, I don’t drink,” Kara replied with a smile.

Lena kissed her children on the cheek and with that, she left to go to work.

Kara was relieved she held Sirius multiple times, which took away her nerves when it came down to holding LJ. She knew she had her strength under control enough not to break him. She gently put the baby boy down in his rocker chair.

Lily-May stared at Kara. She opened a plastic box which was filled with toys, surprising Kara when instead of dolls she pulled a chess board out of the box. She plopped down on the carpet in the living room, quietly putting all of the chess pieces onto the board.

Kara wouldn’t have believed it if she didn’t see it with her own eyes; a three year old about to play chess. She wasn’t sure if Lily-May actually knew how to play, but what she did knew was that she personally didn’t knew how to play.

Kara settled down on the carpet. “Can you teach me how to play?” she asked, smiling at Lily-May who looked at her as if she saw a ghost.
Lily-May got up and ran away. She stopped near a piano that was standing in the corner of the room. She swung her left leg onto the bench and slowly climbed onto the bench. “Stranger,” she whispered, pushing one of the keys.

Kara stared at the floor, a bit saddened by the outcome, but she realized it was going to take some time for Lily-May to warm up to her. She winced when her ears were attacked by LJ’s loud wailing. Her first day wasn’t going to be easy.

It took Imra multiple tries to get the twins into their stroller. She was on a strict schedule, needing to pick up Graym from school. If she thought this was going to be smooth sailing, she was wrong. Anna and Elsa kicked their legs when she tried to lift them into the stroller.

“It’s only for a little while, girls,” Imra said after attempt number four. “If you’re good, you get a sticker.”

“No,” Anna replied, stomping her foot on the floor.

Imra brought stickers with her in the hopes she could use them as a reward system, but so far she wasn’t having much luck with her stickers. “You can color when we get back,” she said, which seemed to work to get their attention. “Okay, in the stroller you go,” she said, lifting them up one by one.

“I wanna see duckies,” Elsa said, adapting a pout that melted Imra.

“We will see ducks after I ask your mother first,” Imra promised the girls. “Which sounds do ducks make?” she asked while she pushed the stroller out the door.

“Wak, wak,” Anna answered, clapping her hands together.

“It’s quack, quack,” Elsa corrected her sister, giggling.

“Very good, sweethearts,” Imra replied, making sure to praise both of them. “And do you know which sound a dog makes?”

Imra smiled while the girls tried to reenact every animal sound she asked of them, which went on all the way to school. She noticed they were quite bright for their age, although Anna was struggling a bit more with pronouncing words than Elsa did.

“Hey, Alex,” Imra said once she arrived at school. “I’m sorry I’m late,” she said, sighing quietly. “The twins kept kicking off their shoes and it took ages for me to get them into their stroller.”

“It’s no problem,” Alex replied with half a shrug. “You’re only five minutes late and I was talking to a parent anyway.”

In that moment Imra realized she may have interrupted a conversation, unintentionally.

“Hello, I’m Sam, Ruby’s mother,” the woman who was standing a few steps away from Alex
introduced herself to Imra. “Rough first day? The twins can be a handful, but with the right approach they’re angels.”

“It takes some getting used to, but I’ll find my way,” Imra answered with a friendly smile. “It’s nice to meet you,” she said, shaking Sam’s outstretched hand. She heard about this woman before, from Alex and Kara.

“Likewise,” Sam replied, smiling back. She dropped her hand and looked at Alex. “We should have dinner again sometime.”

Imra saw Alex’s cheeks darkening. She gave Alex a knowing smile, aware of her hopeless crush on that particular woman and from the looks of it, she had a feeling it was mutual. It was easy to see what Alex saw in Sam, who really knew how to work a suit and looked confident.

“Graym, sweetie, we’re leaving,” Imra called out, pushing the stroller with one hand, holding her other out for Graym.

Graym’s red curly hair flopped around as he ran towards Imra with a smile. He looked nothing like Gayle, aside from his eyes. His smile brightened when he grasped Imra’s hand. “You must be the nanny mommy told me about.”

“That’s right,” Imra confirmed, smiling back at him. “I’m Imra.”

“Do you want to be my friend?”

“I’d love to be your friend,” Imra answered, surprised Graym was so accepting of her right off the bat.

“Bye, Ruby!” Graym called over his shoulder. “I’ll see you tomorrow! Bye, Miss Danvers!”

“How was school, did you have fun?”

“Uhuh,” Graym answered, bopping his head up and down. “Miss Danvers let me paint my mommy, Anna, Elsa and me. I can’t wait to show mommy so she can hang it up on our fridge. She says I’m very talented.”
Chapter 4

Lena cracked her eyes open, squinting at the night lamp on her bedside table. The book she had been reading earlier was next to her, splayed open. She stretched her arms, feeling the exhaustion in her body, though she couldn’t complain. The last time she promptly fell asleep was before her son was born, which only accentuated how tired she was.

As she sat up, she glanced at her clock. It was a little after two. She closed her book and put it on her bedside table, but just as she was about to switch off the night lamp and go back to sleep, the baby monitor crackled and her son’s little cries reached her ears.

She pushed her covers aside and stood. The tiles felt cold underneath her feet. She snatched her silk robe from the back of the chair near her dresser and put it on. She slipped her feet into her fuzzy slippers; the cold of the tiles ebbed away from her skin while she tried to rub the sleep out of her eyes.

Her son cried louder, more demanding. His pediatrician said that sometimes she had to let him cry, but she couldn’t get it over her heart. She wanted to give her children all of the love and warmth she wished she would have received as a child. Not that she was a good mother by any means, not when four years ago, she didn’t even want children.

It had nothing to do with her age, she simply hadn’t felt cut out to be a mother. Her family thought differently, and so, she had children. The moment she held her daughter, she knew nothing in the world was more precious than her baby girl, the apple of her eye. Lachlan Jack wasn’t planned and if it had solely been her decision, she wouldn’t have had a second child.

Sometimes, she felt like a horrible mother, thinking how she didn’t even want her son. Of course when he was born, she more than wanted him, but before he was born, even during her pregnancy, she didn’t. Her second pregnancy gave her the worst bouts of morning sickness. She hardly managed to keep any food in and her back and her feet were killing her.

She stepped into the hallway. If she was a good mother she would run, hurry to get to her son. As she took another step and another, she chanced a glance at the stairs, pondering for a moment if she should make herself a cup of coffee and let her son cry himself back to sleep.

Pushing that thought away, she walked further, pausing at the door of Lachlan’s bedroom. She curled her fingers around the doorknob, twisting, opening the door. In a few quick strides, she reached her son’s crib and scooped him up into her arms.

“Mammy’s got you now, I’m so sorry,” Lena whispered, holding her son close to her chest. She went to caress his chubby little cheek and when he wrapped his hand around her finger, it anchored her.

“Over in Killarney, many years ago,” Lena sang while she rocked her son gently. “Me mother sang a song to me in tones so sweet and low. Just a simple little ditty, in her good ould Irish way, and I’d give the world if she could sing that song to me this day.”

LJ’s eyes fluttered closed while Lena continued singing.

Tears slid down Lena’s cheeks, unbidden.

“Oft in dreams I wander to that cot again,” Lena sang, stroking her son’s cheek. “I feel her softly huggin’ me as when she held me then. And I hear her voice a -hummin’ to me as in days of yore,
when she used to rock me fast asleep outside the cabin door.”

Gayle stared at her ceiling. Her room was warm, but her bed felt cold, as it always did. She shook her head and stepped out onto her balcony, which gave her a view of her garden. While she was pregnant with her twins, her boyfriend left. He said he had a change of heart and that he didn’t want any children after all. His sudden absence hurt her son the most, who had begun to bond with that asshole.

The worst part was how he had the audacity to call Graym a little brat, in front of Graym no less! He wasn’t her son’s father, so he had no responsibility towards Graym. She didn’t know for certain whom her son’s father was, because she got pregnant during her senior year at college, after she went from one wild party to another.

In a nutshell, she really wasn’t proud of who she was in high school and in college. It was a shock when she found out she was pregnant, but she kept the baby. When she was younger, her parents abandoned her in the woods in the middle of the night. They originally had something far more drastic in mind, but their plans didn’t work out.

She wished she didn’t know why they did it, wished she didn’t know what she had done wrong, but she did know, though she hadn’t done it on purpose. It wasn’t something she asked for. She was ten years old and her powers had just surfaced. Her parents saw her as a monster, something they had to get rid of.

It was that same reason that drove her boyfriend to leave. He ended things the moment he found out, claiming it was a combination of that and not wanting to be a father. The only people who knew of her powers without resulting in abandoning her were Lena and Samantha. They accepted her demons just as she accepted theirs.

Instead of having a drink, she crawled back into her bed until she finally managed to find sleep. Her sleep was short-lived, however, when she heard her son screaming. She leapt out of her bed and sprinted towards his bedroom.

Graym was sitting up in his bed, his knees pulled up under his chin, shivering as he rocked back and forth.

Gayle sat down next to her son. “What’s wrong, beanie?” she asked, stroking his back.

Graym shuffled closer and put his arms around Gayle. “There was a monster, mommy,” he whispered, shaking like a leaf.

“It was just a bad dream, beanie,” Gayle replied, threading her fingers through her son’s hair. “It wasn’t real. You’re safe.”

Further down the hall, Gayle heard Elsa and Anna crying. Graym’s screams must have woken them up.
Graym held on to Gayle so tightly, as if he was afraid she would suddenly disappear.

Gayle ended up back in her bed, with her children. It was the easiest way to calm them down and make them feel safe. Her son was curled up on her right side and her daughters on her left.

“I love you, mommy,” Graym whispered.

Gayle wrapped her arm tighter around her son. “I love you more,” she replied quietly, to avoid waking up the twins again, who finally fell asleep. “No monsters are ever going to hurt you. I’m always going to protect you and scare the monsters away.”

Graym’s lips split into a smile. “Always and forever, mommy?” he asked, tangling his hand in her shirt.

“Always and forever, beanie,” Gayle answered softly, smiling as her son’s eyes began to droop. If anyone so much as harmed a single hair on her children’s head, she would rip them a new one.

Kara hit Imra square in the face with a pillow, gasping because she was so certain Imra would have caught the pillow, which she obviously didn’t.

“You’re on now,” Imra said, raising her hands, which resulted in all the pillows they had to float up.

“Hey, that’s not fair!” Kara objected, ducking her head when the pillows all flew her way. “I can’t use my heat vision because then we’d have no pillows left.”

“You should have thought about that before you attacked me.”

Kara grabbed Imra and tackled her down onto her bed, laughing when Imra pulled her down with her. She squealed when Imra tickled her. Being invulnerable unfortunately didn’t include invulnerability to tickles.

Imra fell down when Kara pinned her down, blowing to get a loose strand of her hair away from her face.

Kara smiled and brushed Imra’s hair out of her face. “Do you surrender?” she asked, having Imra in a hold she couldn’t get out of.

“Never,” Imra answered, shrieking when Kara tickled her sides. “Stop, unless you don’t value breakfast tomorrow.”

Kara gasped and let go. “It’s pancake day tomorrow, you have to make chocolate chip pancakes,” she said, pulling Imra up to sit. “Please? I’ll love you forever.”

Imra groaned when Kara hugged her so tight she felt it in her bones. “You’re saying you weren’t going to love me forever?” she asked the moment Kara let go, raising an eyebrow at her.
“I suddenly can’t hear,” Kara answered, laughing, grabbing Imra’s hands when Imra pushed her. She entwined their fingers. “Of course I’ll love you forever, but pancakes would make me love you even more.”

“Bribery,” Imra whispered, eyes sparkbling. “How did your first day go?”

“Not that great, LJ was crying as if he was being murdered,” Kara answered, making a face. At some point she was legitimately worried a neighbor might call the police because it was that loud, for her ears at least. “And Lily-May shies away from me. She won’t even let me come near her. I’m stranger danger to her.”

“Ouch,” Imra replied, knowing how sensitive Kara was to sounds. She recalled how when Sirius was born, Kara had to step out of the hospital room more than once to give her ears a break. “I’m sure Lily-May will come around though.”

Kara nodded, Lena told her something similar. “How was your first day?” she asked, curious to hear all about it. She could imagine three children was quite the handful.

“A bit mixed, the twins had a temper tantrum and they’re not fond of their stroller. Graym on the other hand is such a little angel. He even helped me clean up Anna and Elsa’s toys after I picked him up from school.”

“Awe, it’s so sweet he’s being a little helper,” Kara replied, smiling, glad to hear Imra’s day wasn’t too rough. “I think Friday is going to be a long day,” she said, exhaling as she thought about how they were asked to babysit the children longer because Lena and Gayle were going out.

“We’ll get through it,” Imra said, crawling underneath the covers.

Kara hummed and crawled underneath the covers as well. “Thanks for sleeping with me, I can really use some cuddles tonight,” she whispered, propping up her pillow a bit.

“Anytime,” Imra replied, nuzzling closer. “You know I’m a cuddler myself.”

Kara yawned and put her arm around Imra.

Imra knew they were a tad closer than friends usually were supposed to be, how some of their closeness wasn’t exactly reserved for non-couples, but she also knew all of this was innocent. Kara saw her as a sister and that feeling was mutual, she never once thought about or considered being more.

Music was pumping as Lena, Gayle and Samantha entered the club together. There was a bar near the wall on the left, a dance floor on the right and tables dotted in the middle.

“Just for the record, this won’t become a weekly thing for me,” Lena informed her friends. “I can’t miss my children every Friday night.”

“I wouldn’t mind going clubbing every once in a while,” Gayle said. “Weekly might be overkill,
but I could settle for monthly.”

“Monthly sounds good to me,” Samantha chimed in.

“And the three of us don’t spend that much time together,” Gayle pointed out.

“That’s true,” Lena amended. “I can try monthly.”

“The first round for my bi-babes is on me,” Samantha said, grinning from ear to ear as she wove through the tables to get to the bar.

Lena sat down at a table with Gayle, relieved the music at this place wasn’t obnoxiously loud. Her thoughts wandered, wondering what her children were doing, assuming her son was about to go to sleep soon. It made her heart ache a little, knowing that tonight she wouldn’t be the one who would put him in his crib. Her daughter was probably keeping to herself, playing chess or piano.

Lily-May was a quiet child most of the time, even as a baby she wasn’t much of a crier. Lachlan Jack was the opposite; often wailing and making sure he was being heard. She figured her son would eventually grow out of it and be calmer. If not, well then it was what it was. Despite the fact she was here to have fun, she never stopped being a mother. Her children always crossed her mind, wherever she was.

“Three Daiquiris for us single ladies,” Samantha said as she put three glasses down on their table.

“Somehow I doubt you’ll be single much longer,” Lena said, smiling while she reached for her glass.

Gayle grinned and plucked the lime from her glass, sucking on it. She agreed with Lena how Samantha wouldn’t be single much longer. “You seem quite close with my son’s teacher,” she said to Samantha.

“Who also happens to be my nanny’s sister,” Lena added.

“Are you worried Alex will kick Graym out of her class and cause Kara to quit?” Samantha asked with a light chuckle as she took a seat. “Rubes happens to be in her class too and I have no intention of ruining our connection. Alex is definitely a lesbian because my gaydar screams around her.”

“Oh god,” Lena whispered, chuckling at Samantha’s choice of words.

“But she gets really nervous around me,” Samantha continued. “I think it’s endearing, though it’s not easy to make a move because I don’t want to spook her.”

“She sounds like the type who either still has a foot in the closet or just came out,” Gayle said, offering her two cents. “I’ve only seen her about a handful of times when I drop off Graym and she’s nowhere near shy when she greets me, so it’s safe to say she’s into you.”

While they talked, discussing work as well as their private lives, drinks were being brought to them from people who bought them for them. It wasn’t new for either one of them having people buying them drinks.

“Hey, honey,” a man said to Gayle with a slick smile. “I have a bottle of champagne back at my place.”

“Oh boy,” Samantha whispered, sharing a look with Lena because Gayle hated being called honey.
“Lovely,” Gayle responded dryly to the man. “And I have three children back at mine,” she said, taking a sip from her drink as she watched the man wheel around and leave. “That’s what I thought,” she whispered, glad it was settled so quickly.


“I see something you didn’t see coming,” Samantha said to Lena, nodding her head to their right. “Or rather, someone,” she clarified.

Lena turned her head to have a look at what Samantha was talking about, or well, who. She clenched her jaw when her eyes landed on someone familiar. Sharp cheekbones, red dress, snake tattoos; there was no mistaken it was none other than Veronica Sinclair also known as her ex, sort of, not really.

Back in college, when she was sixteen and had started her junior year she had a thing with Veronica, who was a twenty-one year old senior. They met at the library and to be honest, Veronica didn’t know at first just how young she was. Of course Veronica wasn’t blind and could tell she wasn’t twenty, unlike the rest of her peers in her junior year.

Before she met Veronica, she hadn’t gone further than a kiss with anyone. The fling they had wasn’t healthy and they weren’t on the same page. Things took an ugly turn and they hadn’t exchanged a word since, although Veronica sent her an invitation for one of her galas every once in a while, which she ignored.

“That’s her, isn’t it?” Gayle asked, tightening her grip on her glass. “The snake who took advantage of you,” she said, feeling anger boil in her veins.

“It’s complicated, but she didn’t take advantage of me,” Lena said, tracing her fingertip over the rim of her glass. She had consented to everything intimate that had happened between Veronica and her.

“Bullshit,” Gayle replied, remembering how Lena told her all about that serpent.

“Gayle has a point,” Samantha said, her eyes soft as she placed her hand on top of Lena’s. “You were a sixteen year old girl and she took advantage of you.”

“She didn’t know I was sixteen,” Lena replied, faintly wondering why she was even defending Veronica when she didn’t deserve it. “Not at first, at least,” she amended. “She was a rule breaker and I was capable of making my own decisions.”

Gayle wanted to chew Veronica up and spit her out. It didn’t matter how mature Lena believed she was because she was only sixteen dammit and adults weren’t supposed to sleep with sixteen year olds, no matter how mature they seemed. She heard all about how much Veronica hurt Lena, how she made Lena feel as if she was nothing.

Lena had to calm her friends when they saw red the moment Veronica bought her a drink. “I can handle it, I got this,” she assured them while she got up from their table. She didn’t even make it one step when she saw Veronica curl in on herself, which immediately drew attention from a couple of bystanders who rushed to Veronica’s side.

With a sigh, Lena spun around. “Gayle?” she asked with a ‘seriously?’ tone.

“Nice move, Psi,” Samantha said quietly to Gayle, high fiving her.

“Oops,” Gayle said, having another sip from her glass, looking up at Lena who shook her head. “It
must be my allergies acting up,” she said, highly allergic to people who hurt people she cared about.
Chapter 5

Kara opened the door with a bright smile. “Hey, come on in,” she said to Imra, Graym and the twins.

“Hi,” Graym said, smiling up at Kara. “Do you want to be my friend?”

“Oh, definitely,” Kara answered, sharing a smile with Imra.

Kara figured it was okay that she invited Imra to come over to Lena’s house with Graym, Anna and Elsa. It was right next door anyway and there was no harm in them spending their Friday night together. It was only for a couple of hours anyway, until Imra would return to Gayle’s house to put the children to sleep. There was no telling how long they had to babysit tonight, but Lena did give her a heads up it was unlikely she would be back before midnight.

Being a nanny was giving her crazy hours, but in general she found she couldn’t complain. She was generously paid for her work and allowed to eat during the job, which saved her a lot on groceries and gave her the chance to start thinking about putting money aside. In the long run, she could get a bigger apartment with Imra.

Lily-May stared at Imra. When Imra smiled at her, she ducked behind Graym’s legs.

“It’s okay, Lily,” Graym said, stepping aside, putting his hand on Lily-May’s shoulder. “Imra is my nanny and she’s my friend. She’s really sweet.”

“She’s a stranger,” Lily-May replied, crossing her arms over her chest.

“I can’t even stop smiling at her,” Imra whispered to Kara. “She’s adorable, it’s like looking at a mini-Lena,” she said, although she noticed Lily-May’s eyes were nothing like Lena’s.

“I know right?” Kara agreed, resisting the urge to squeal when she saw the twins grasping Lily-May’s hands, finding it beyond adorable they were all around the same height. “She’s so tiny I want to eat her up.”

“Anna and Elsa are beyond adorable, too,” Kara added. “It’s like Gayle has two mini-copies of herself walking around.”

“Exactly,” Imra agreed, chuckling. It was the cutest thing ever.

“No,” Lily-May fussed when Anna and Elsa tugged at her arms.

“Play,” Elsa said, pouting.

“Lily doesn’t want to,” Graym interrupted. “She’s not a doll.”

“Graym is right,” Imra said. “Girls, don’t pull at Lily-May’s arms.”

“Play!” Anna screamed, tugging hard enough to cause Lily-May to stumble.

Elsa started screaming, too, and then LJ was wailing.

“Oh Rao,” Kara whispered under her breath, suddenly finding her idea not so bright anymore.

Imra tried to calm down the twins while Kara went to soothe LJ. Anna and Elsa were a handful
sometimes, but she knew they simply wanted to play. “How about we all build a block tower together, hm?” she suggested, walking over to a plastic box that looked like it was filled with toys.

Lily-May whispered in Graym’s ear.

“How about we all build a block tower together, hm?” she suggested, walking over to a plastic box that looked like it was filled with toys.

“Lily doesn’t like to play with blocks,” Graym said.

Kara rocked LJ, who was still wailing. “Can you hold him for a moment?” she asked Imra, handing him over to her when she saw Lily-May run off.

“Why is LJ sad?” Elsa asked, tugging at Imra’s pants.

“I think he got a bit upset when you and your sister screamed,” Imra answered, tone gentle. “It startled him.”

“What’s startled mean?” Anna asked, scrunching up her nose.

“Startled,” Imra corrected. “It means he got a little bit spooked, like when someone jumps in front of you and says boo,” she explained, hoping that was simple and clear enough for the twins to grasp.

“I’m sorry,” Elsa said, pouting as she cast her eyes down.

“I sowwy too,” Anna said. “Sowwy, LJ.”

Kara found Lily-May sitting on the first step of the stairs. “Hey, sweetheart, I’m going to sit next to you for a bit, okay?” she asked, sitting down next to the little girl, who didn’t say a word. “I bought something the other day. Do you want to know what I bought?”

Lily-May said nothing. She simply stared at Kara, wide-eyed.

“I bought a chess board,” Kara revealed. “The problem is I don’t know how to play chess. If only I knew someone who knows how to play chess so they could teach me.”

“My mammy knows how to play,” Lily-May said, her voice quiet, like a little mouse.

“Oh, can she?” Kara asked, smiling when Lily-May nodded. “I bet she’s good at chess.”

“The best in the world,” Lily-May replied, spreading her arms as wide as she could. “She taught me how to play.”

Kara was amazed by how well-developed Lily-May’s speech pattern was for such a little girl, although keeping in mind who her mother was, it was not so surprising. “Say, I have an idea,” she said, scooting a bit closer, relieved Lily-May didn’t run away from her this time. “How about you teach me how to play chess? Maybe you can even let me win at least once,” she said, feeling lighter when the little girl chuckled.

“To defeat the best you have to be the best,” Lily-May said as she got up from the stairs. “Graym, Anna and Elsa’s mommy told me that.”

“Okay, pipsqueak, if you say so,” Kara replied with a smile. She didn’t actually care about winning or about chess in general, but she really wanted to establish a connection with Lily-May and if chess could do that, she was willing to learn. “After we play, we can all watch a movie together. Would you like that?”

Lily-May nodded and ran back into the living room.
Imra was having success calming LJ down. During the brief time she spent as a nanny so far, she realized how much she would love to have children someday, even if at times they were a handful. To her it always seemed like a given how someday she would get married and start a family. Back on Titan, she was matched up with a guy whom she would have married once she turned eighteen, but that didn’t happen. Instead she lost her home when she was sixteen.

The guy she was matched up with was Garth Ranzz, her childhood best friend whose alias was Lightning Lad, while she went by Saturn Girl. They were both pleased about the outcome of the matchup, but some things weren’t meant to be. Fate intervened and she learned to accept earth was her home. Sometimes she missed him and his sister, Lightning Lass, who was also a dear friend.

Kara put a hand on the small of Imra’s back. “Imra?” she asked quietly, eyebrows knitting together when her best friend responded with a faint hum. She saw Imra’s eyes were wet with tears while she was looking down at LJ.

“Sorry, my mind wandered,” Imra whispered, snapping out of it. “It’s the past.”

Kara gave Imra an understanding nod. “Talk about it later?” she asked, letting it go when Imra nodded. Right now wasn’t the time and place, not when they had children to babysit.

Lily-May gasped when the twins tossed pillows at her.

Kara heard Graym whisper to the other children how they should attack Imra and her with pillows instead, but because Imra was holding LJ, they only attacked her. “Oh, I’m so going to get all of you,” she said, chuckling as she chased after the children.

Lily-May crouched behind the couch, watching as the twins ran circles around the table. When Kara passed by, she threw a pillow at her.

Kara feigned a dramatic gasp. “Attacking me when I’m not looking?” she asked, resting a hand on her chest. “I will get you, pipsqueak.”

Lily-May squealed when Kara lifted her into her arms.

“Reinforcements are on the way,” Graym said, wrapping his arms around one of Kara’s legs.

Anna and Elsa did the same.

“Oh no… I have been outnumbered,” Kara said, slowly putting Lily-May down and lowering herself onto the floor. “Imra, help…,” she said, reaching up a hand.

“I’m afraid you’re on your own for now,” Imra replied, watching LJ’s eyes close. “I think this little man needs to go to sleep.”

“Okay, while you do that, the rest of us will choose a movie and get some candy.”

“Candy?” Graym asked. “I want ice cream. Two scoops.”

“One scoop,” Imra corrected, warning Kara with her eyes not to give the children more than one scoop. She wasn’t sure about what Lena allowed for her daughter, but what she did know was that Gayle didn’t appreciate too much sugar for her children.

“We won’t tell mommy if you won’t,” Graym tried, clasping his hands behind his back. “Pretty please?”
“No, you know the rules, sweetie,” Imra answered, keeping her foot down. “One scoop of ice cream and one movie, then we’re going home for bedtime.”

Kara wanted to comment about Imra going all parent on the children and compliment her on the good job she was doing, but she held those words for herself. It didn’t seem wise to say such things in front of the children, considering neither one of them were their parents.

By the time Imra put LJ to bed, Kara had settled on the couch with the rest of the children and they chose to watch The Little Mermaid. She sat down on the couch, smiling when Graym snuggled closer.

Kara’s chin was resting on top of Lily-May’s head. She had one arm wrapped around the little girl, relieved tonight was going well, even if it started a bit rough at first.

“I want to be a mermaid,” Elsa whispered to Imra.

Anna didn’t sit still during the movie.

Imra didn’t comment when the twins started playing with her hair instead of watching the movie. She couldn’t expect two year olds to sit still throughout the entire movie. Anna and Elsa were using a small comb, which she was fairly certain was meant for dolls.

“So pretty,” Elsa said, smiling while she tried to put a scrunchie in Imra’s hair.

When the end credits were rolling on screen, the twins and Lily-May were asleep.

Kara felt something tug at her heart, seeing how Lily-May was in her arms, sleeping peacefully. She hoped that after tonight, the little girl would no longer shy away from her.

It was a little after two when Lena turned her key in the lock of her door. She was ashamed to come home this late, which all had to do with how she lost track of time. That and she let her friends rope her into getting more drinks. She even danced to a few songs. Right now, she was exhausted. All she wanted was to take a quick shower, change into comfortable pajamas and call it a night.

Walking into her living room, Lena found Kara sitting on her couch with a tub of ice cream in her lap, watching a movie.

“Miss Luthor,” Kara said, blinking her eyes, holding the spoon mid-air. Her eyes went from Lena to the tub of ice cream and then back to Lena. “I had a sugar craving,” she explained with a light chuckle.

That much Lena could tell. God where did Kara put it all? Kara informed her about her fast metabolism, but she thought she was exaggerating and she had taken those words with a grain of salt. It had only been a couple of days and Jesus, Kara really pigged out. Not that she judged her on how much she chose to eat; it was just a mystery to her how Kara was so in shape.

“I can replace the ice cream,” Kara offered. “I’ll buy a new tub.”
Personally, Lena followed a strict diet, or else she would gain five pounds if not more in no time. “It’s alright,” she told Kara, shaking it off. “As I said, food is included in your contract.”

Kara had a feeling Lena should pay her less because it was unfair to Lena how much she ate. She honestly wouldn’t mind if Lena would take what she ate out of her paycheck. “LJ and pipsqueak – err, I mean, Lily-May, are asleep,” she informed Lena.

Lena pursed her lips together while Kara got up from her couch. “You nicknamed my daughter pipsqueak?” she asked with raised eyebrows, index finger pressed down on the pad of her thumb.

“Um… maybe? It’s just… she’s so little and cute, kind of like a little mouse,” Kara explained, faltering when she saw Lena’s nostrils flare. Oh Rao, she messed up. “It slipped out. I didn’t mean anything offensive by it.”

Lena took a deep breath and counted to four in her head, slowly breathing out. There was no rule in the contract indicating Kara couldn’t nickname the children, but she didn’t appreciate her nicknaming them at random without consulting her.

“Considering it’s late and you’re home now, I should go,” Kara said, excusing herself. She walked up to the door, but she didn’t get further than that.

Lena caught Kara’s wrist. She saw Kara spin around, facing her. For a moment she forgot what she was about to say when those blue eyes looked down at her hand and then up into her eyes. Her fingers tingled where she was touching Kara’s wrist. She quickly let go of Kara’s wrist, feeling as if she crossed a line by reaching for her rather than using her voice.

“It is late,” Lena said, agreeing with what Kara said. “Are you walking home alone? It’s awfully dark outside,” she began, uncertain how to bring up she could sleep over without making it sound as if she was inviting her into her bed. She had a guestroom, two even.

A feeling of awe struck Kara, realizing Lena was worried about her safety, which was sweet. “I’m not walking home alone,” she answered with a reassuring smile. “Imra and I live together, so we kind of… walk home together.”

“Oh,” Lena whispered. She didn’t know Kara and Imra were a thing. “Well in that case, send me a text once you’re home? I just want to know for sure you get home safe and sound. I’d like to keep my children’s nanny in one piece,” she explained, stopping there before she would end up rambling, which wasn’t in her nature.

There was a dazzling smile on Kara’s face. She was touched by the fact Lena cared so much. “I’m not walking home alone,” she answered with a reassuring smile. “Imra and I live together, so we kind of… walk home together.”

“Did you nickname me, too?” Lena asked, adding a smile when Kara froze, which seemed to pull a smile from Kara as well, not that this meant she was suddenly okay with how Kara nicknamed her daughter. “If you nicknamed me rat, you’re fired.”

Kara laughed. “Why would rat be an insult? Haven’t you watched Ratatouille? It could be a compliment you know, you’d be a tiny chef, well not tiny-tiny, but that’s kind of the idea in the movie, and um, you’d be a chef in Paris, a very good chef who makes delicious food. But no, if I had to nickname you after an animal, that wouldn’t be it. Anyway, I’m rambling and I shouldn’t keep Imra waiting.”

Lena cleared her throat, of course, she didn’t want to keep Kara from her girlfriend any longer than
necessary and she shouldn’t stall Kara like this, not that she was trying to stall her. “Don’t forget to text me when you’re home in one piece,” she reminded Kara before closing the door after her.

Gayle took off her shoes and padded into her kitchen, putting her purse down on the counter. Her feet were aching after she had kept them trapped in high heels all night. She considered filling up a bath and soaking in it for a while to let her muscles relax rather than going to bed right away. Despite her exhaustion, she much doubted she would be able to sleep anytime soon.

Wandering further throughout her house, wondering where the hell Imra was, she finally found the woman in the small library she had, apparently caught up in a book. She found it strange how Imra was sitting on the floor while there were several chairs and even a couch in her library room.

Imra looked up from the book. She quickly closed it and scrambled up to her feet. “Hey, did you have a fun night out?” she asked with a genuine smile.

“All I had to do was mention my children and off they went,” Gayle answered, sighing as she thought back to Veronica, whom she crippled with fear. Lena hadn’t been too pleased with the fact people took Veronica outside without having a clue what was wrong with her, but she didn’t regret what she did.

“You’re a little biased. You’re a nanny, so of course you adore children.”

“You’re their mother, you’re biased, too,” Imra pointed out.

Gayle was momentarily stunned. She hadn’t expected that comeback and well, Imra wasn’t wrong, but that didn’t mean she had to go and defy her. Instead of being annoyed, she found it interesting Imra voiced her opinion.

“I should go, it’s quite late,” Imra said, slipping past Gayle.

Gayle followed Imra into the living room. “You should stay,” she said before Imra could walk up to the front door. “It’s late, I have a guestroom which is ready and where you can sleep,” she offered, nodding her head towards the stairs.

“That’s kind, but it’s not necessary.”

“I’m not comfortable letting you walk home alone at this time of night,” Gayle confessed. “The last
thing I need is to hear you’ve been found in a ditch somewhere,” she said, not wanting to have that kind of thing on her conscience. It wasn’t responsible letting anyone walk home in the middle of the night, let alone a woman.

Imra highly doubted a scenario like that would happen. “I know self-defense,” she replied, laughing to ease the tension, but Gayle looked nowhere near relaxed. She wasn’t kidding though, she really did know self-defense and she also happened to be stronger than humans were. “I’m not walking home alone. I’m walking home with Kara. We live together.”

“Oh,” Gayle whispered. That was news to her. She didn’t know Imra and Kara were an item, not that it mattered what her nanny did in her free time or who she was with, though she hoped if those two ever separated, Imra wouldn’t quit her job, considering Lena’s house and therefore Lena’s nanny, was right next to her house.

“You’ll see me again on Monday,” Imra said, opening the door.

“Very well,” Gayle said with an inaudible sigh. “Oh, and Imra,” she called out before Imra head out the door. She held out the book Imra was reading when she came home. “You can take this with you, in case you get bored this weekend.”

Imra smiled. “Thank you, Miss Marsh,” she replied, fingers brushing as she took the book from her.

Gayle was distracted by Imra’s smile and the glint in her eyes. “Call me Gay,” she said, mentally groaning when it dawned on her what she said. “Gayle,” she corrected, clearing her throat. “I should get some water.”

“Staying hydrated is important,” Imra said, nodding. Her eyes were filled with amusement. “Have a lovely night, Gayle.”

Gayle wanted to sink into the floor when she heard Imra chuckle as she walked away. She saw Imra walk up to Kara, saw Kara snake an arm around Imra’s waist. Those two were definitely chummy. She shut her door and tiptoed towards her bathroom, deciding on a shower instead of a bath.
Chapter 6

The shop was filled with the scent of freshly brewed coffee and cookies.

“I’ve missed the three of us spending time together,” Kara said, smiling at Alex and Imra, happy it was weekend so they all had some time off.

“Likewise,” Alex agreed. “I’m buying by the way.”

“You know we can pay this time, right?” Imra commented, stilling her hand so Kara would stop swinging their arms back and forth like the excited puppy she was. “I remember you paid last time, Alex.”

“Imra is right,” Kara chimed in, nodding.

“Okay, fine, we can take turns,” Alex relented.

Imra noticed Alex was glowing, which she had no doubt had to do with the fact Alex was going to have dinner with Samantha tonight. She was silently rooting for them, considering she saw the way they smile at each other and lately Alex appeared a lot happier and upbeat than she used to be.

“You two make a lovely couple,” a man said, glancing between Kara and Imra.

Kara laughed. “No, mister, she’s my sister,” she corrected him.

Imra laughed, too. “It’s a common misunderstanding,” she offered the confused looking man.

“I’m not surprised people think you’re dating,” Alex said once the man walked away. “Hell, even I think you two are dating.”

“That’s silly, we’re best friends, we share a sisterly bond,” Kara replied, frowning at Imra who frowned, too.

“You kiss each other on the cheek all the time,” Alex pointed out. “You’re holding hands,” she said, gesturing at their interlocked hands. “You’re literally holding each other’s hand as we speak.”

“We’re just friends,” Kara insisted, voicing nothing but the truth. “I can hold yours, too,” she offered with a shrug and a smile.

“That’s not what I- god,” Alex whispered, pinching the bridge of her nose. “I can’t even with you two. Aliens, I swear,” she muttered under her breath.

“Hey!” Kara objected, making a face. “That’s not nice.”

“Agreed,” Imra chimed in. “It’s a little insensitive,” she said, despite the fact she understood where Alex was coming from. Kara and she did often appear as a couple, but they weren’t and it was irrelevant what other people thought.

“Okay, I shouldn’t have said it like that,” Alex admitted. “What I meant is that it’s understandable why people get the wrong impression. For the longest time, I thought you two were secretly dating and that you just didn’t know how to break the news. Sometimes I still think that one day you’ll tell me you’re actually dating.”

Kara shook her head, finding it silly her sister thought she was dating Imra. They lived together and
they were close, but they were not dating, they never had and they never would. In her eyes, Imra was family, just like Alex. By blood she had no sisters, on paper she had one and in her heart she had two.

They ordered coffee and a bunch of cookies, taking their order to an empty table.

“Are you looking forward to tonight?” Imra asked Alex, hoping to shift the topic to her and move away from the awkwardness.

Imra knew Kara must have gotten uncomfortable because Kara let go of her hand after Alex’s last comment. She felt bad for her best friend, who she knew to be touchy-feely and she knew Kara struggled sometimes with what was platonic and what was just a bit more than platonic. Kara told her multiple times how when she was younger and new to earth, she used to sleep cuddling with Alex, but she also knew Alex thought Kara would outgrow that sort of thing.

A small smile appeared on Kara’s face when she felt Imra’s hand on her knee under the table. She covered Imra’s hand with her own, squeezing gently to convey her gratitude for the token of comfort. Her best friend had a gift for sensing when she was feeling a little bit down. She knew Imra was an empath.

Gayle had hands too short as she neared her hotel. She knew it was weekend, which meant she was usually at home or elsewhere, spending time with her children. This time, however, she needed to arrange something real quick. It was a last minute type of thing, so she couldn’t ask Imra to babysit her children.

The contract didn’t cover last minute arrangements and even if it had, she didn’t want to bother Imra with it, not after the long hours she worked on Friday. She felt slightly guilty for how long she made Imra babysit on Friday, given Imra arrived at her place around eight in the morning and didn’t leave until it was nearing three at night.

Gayle was pushing the stroller with one hand while she carried Anna on her hip with the other, because Anna refused to stay in her stroller. Graym was holding the stroller, considering she had no hand left to hold his and she wanted her son to stay close. She never planned to have three children.

If someone had asked her college senior self if she wanted children someday, the answer would have been no. When she got pregnant for the first time, she was stubborn to keep the baby, replaying in her mind how her parents abandoned her and she didn’t want to be like them. Her son existed because she was drunk and had unprotected sex, but she didn’t see him as a mistake.

She discovered her pregnancy early enough to choose an abortion if she wanted one, but she didn’t go down that path. Graym was a blessing, a gift. Her twins weren’t planned either and it wasn’t like she knew in advance she would give birth to twins. Three was without a doubt her limit though.

“Hey, you,” Gayle called out to one of her employees, the first one she saw. “Leslie,” she said,
reading the waitress’ name tag.

“Miss Marsh,” Leslie replied, a little stiff and smile a little forced, but Gayle didn’t care.

Gayle eyed Leslie for a moment, vaguely recalling having hired her at some point. She wondered if Leslie was aware it wasn’t Halloween yet. The woman had a gothic kind of look with her hair that was so blonde it was closer to white and her skin severely lacked sun. There was something ghostly about Leslie, which wasn’t the ideal kind of look for a child-friendly hotel.

“I need you to keep an eye on my children for fifteen minutes,” Gayle told Leslie while she put Anna down. She didn’t appreciate the way her employee pulled up her nose. “Do not let them out of your sight.”

“Hi, my name is Graym,” Graym said, smiling up at Leslie. “Are you sick?”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Leslie muttered, forcing a smile when Gayle glared at her. “No, kid, I’m not sick. Maybe I’m a vampire.”

Graym tugged at Leslie’s hand until she crouched down.

“Graym,” Gayle said, a little appalled when she saw her son attempting to pry Leslie’s mouth open. “Mind your manners,” she reminded her son. “Behave, all three of you,” she warned her children before walking away to quickly get it over with so she could go home with her children.

“You’re not a vampire,” Graym said, making a face.

“I don’t need to be one to bite,” Leslie scoffed. “Kidding,” she added when Gayle shot her one last glare.

The sun was shining quite brightly despite it being autumn. So far the leaves hadn’t begun to change color yet, but autumn only began roughly a week ago, so it wasn’t all that surprising. It was a lovely day to be at the park and that was precisely where Lena was with her children.

She figured some fresh air and sunshine would do them good and she sure needed it, needed to get out of the house for a while. There was a distant sound of cars. Every once in a while, someone honked. Children were playing at the park on the playground, some ran around with a kite and some were throwing a ball for their dogs to fetch.

“Look, mammy,” Lily-May said as she pointed up.

Lena was feeding her son fruit porridge she made at home before she left to go to the park. “Yes, baby,” she replied, smiling while she had a quick look at the kite her daughter was pointing at. She ought to buy her daughter a kite sometime and teach her how to use it.

“Don’t walk too far,” Lena told her daughter while she fed her son another spoon of his fruit porridge. “Someone is being a messy eater,” she said, chuckling when some of the porridge ended up on his chin.
“I have tissues somewhere,” Lena said to herself, rummaging through the bag she kept underneath her son’s stroller. “Oh, I know, LJ,” she whispered while he tried to turn his head away. “Mammy almost got it.”

“Uuuuh,” LJ fussed, moving his head more.

With some effort, Lena wiped the last remains of his fruit porridge off his chin. When she turned her head to look at her daughter, she noticed she was no longer near her. “Lily?” she called out as she got up from the bench she had been sitting on.

Lena gasped when she spotted her daughter, who was climbing a tree. There were a few lower branches, but her heart was immediately in her throat, alarmed by her tiny baby girl doing that. She grabbed a hold of her son’s stroller and rushed over to the tree.

“Lily!” Lena yelled, beyond worried her daughter was going to fall and break something.

Out of nowhere, Kara showed up.

“I got this, Miss Luthor,” Kara said as she began to climb the tree. She climbed a few branches and reached out for Lily-May. “Hold on to me, okay, pipsqueak?”

“Do what Kara tells you,” Lena said to her daughter. She held a hand to her chest, holding her breath until her daughter’s feet were on the ground. “Oh thank god,” she breathed out, wrapping her arms around Lily-May. “You really, really scared me, baby.”

Lily-May bit her lip. “I’m sorry, mammy,” she whispered, lip quivering. “I wanted to play.”

“I know, but climbing trees is dangerous,” Lena replied. “Kara,” she said, shaking her head a little bit. “I’m so relieved you’re here, I don’t know how or-”

“Oh, I was nearby,” Kara explained, wringing her hands together. The truth was she was at the coffee shop when she heard Lena’s distress, which made her run, at a speed that could still be considered human, to get here. Thankfully, the coffee shop was just across the park. “I um…was just walking through the park for fresh air and the nature and I heard you shout and then I saw pip-I mean, Lily-May, climbing a tree, so I just…yeah.”

Kara’s eyes went round when Lena hugged her.

“You, Kara Danvers, are my hero,” Lena whispered, relieved her daughter was safe and sound.

Kara hugged Lena back, more than happy that she was able to help.

Lena chuckled at their prolonged hug, which felt as if Kara didn’t want to let go anytime soon. Okay, someone was into hugging. Personally, she wasn’t much of a hugger, despite the fact she tended to be quite touch-starved and could do with more hugs in her life.

Kara stepped back and cleared her throat when she saw Imra and Alex standing a bit further. She would have to explain to them why she suddenly rushed out of the coffee shop without an explanation, in the middle of a conversation no less.

“I should uh…,” Kara said, gesturing to where Alex and Imra were standing.

Lena cast a look at them. Right yes, Kara’s sister and her girlfriend. “Of course and thank you, you’re lifesaver,” she said, truly appreciating how fast Kara acted. If Kara hadn’t shown up, she would have climbed in the tree herself, no doubt.
“I’ll see you on Monday, Miss Luthor,” Kara said, almost tripping over her own feet while she walked backwards.

“Lena will do,” Lena replied with a smile. “Pip, LJ and I will see you Monday, until then, Kara.”

“Aha, so you don’t mind I nicknamed your daughter,” Kara pointed out. Her face lit up when she heard Lena groan faintly. Pip sounded even better than pipsqueak. “No take backsies,” she said, turning around.

“Take backsies?” Lena whispered while Kara walked away. “Dork.”

It took Gayle seventeen minutes to return to her children, but she immediately realized she was gone for seventeen minutes too long. Just as she returned, she saw her son being dragged out of the pool. Her heart dropped, knowing Graym couldn’t swim yet because she hadn’t gotten around teaching him yet, despite the fact she had a pool at her house in her backyard.

“Graym!” Gayle screamed, rushing over to her son’s side. She knelt down, relieved when he coughed up water. “You’re okay, beanie, you’re okay,” she said, cradling her son in her arms, caressing his back while he cried.

“Mommy,” Graym whimpered, clutching his arms around her neck.

“He’s a strong little guy.”

Gayle looked at the young man, who was clad as the pirate guide she hired for the children who visited the hotel. “Thank you…”

“Winn,” the pirate filled in. “Arr, the landrot isn’t a waterrat.”

“My son can’t swim,” Gayle said, lifting Graym into her arms. Anna and Elsa wrapped their arms around her legs.

“He stumbled into the pool,” Leslie said. “It all kind of happened fast.”

“How could you let that happen!?” Gayle asked, so angry she was tempted to lash out with her powers, too. Most of all, she was upset with herself for letting someone incompetent watch her children.

“Watch who you yell at,” Leslie snapped through gritted teeth. “You may be my boss, but I’m still a human being and I deserve respect. My job doesn’t include babysitting your little bra-”

“Whoa,” Pirate Winn said, stepping in between Leslie and Gayle. “She’s sorry,” he said to Gayle.

“My son could have drowned,” Gayle said, feeling the water that soaked her son’s clothes seep into hers. “Go get a towel and some clothes,” she instructed the pirate when she felt Graym shiver.

A few bystanders were staring, watching the whole scene unfold.
“How could you be so careless?” Gayle asked, although she was really asking that question to herself.

“Look…,” Leslie said, sighing. “I’m not good with kids and I couldn’t keep an eye on all three of them at once. It’s not like I didn’t try. One moment I was trying to keep up with the twins and the next, the little guy fell into the pool. I can’t swim.”

Gayle got even more upset, knowing Leslie saw her son stumble into the pool and didn’t go after him. “Which adult can’t swim!!?” she asked, finding that quite baffling. It was utterly ridiculous, dumber than the fact she hadn’t taught her six year old to swim yet, which she really should.

“Water and I… it just…,” Leslie replied, scratching the back of her head. “I have a traumatic experience, not that it’s any of your business.”

“I am your boss and my son nearly drowned on your watch, so it is very much my business,” Gayle bit out. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t fire you on the spot.”

“One reason? Piece of cake,” Leslie said, narrowing her eyes as she stepped closer. She leaned forward. “I know you’re a metahuman, Psi,” she whispered in Gayle’s ear.

Gayle’s nostrils flared. She had no idea how Leslie knew that about her and she wondered if she had proof. Blackmail was something she could miss. “You don’t want to make an enemy out of me,” she quietly warned Leslie.

“I don’t, but I can’t lose this job. Your son is fine. The pirate got him out of the pool,” Leslie said with a shrug, as if it was all no big deal. “Those kids are your weakness. It ain’t wise for someone like you to have kids.”

“Thread very carefully or I will make your life a living hell,” Gayle promised. “You’re done for the day, get out of my sight.”
Astra covered her eyes with her hands and slowly moved her hands away. “Peekaboo,” she said, smiling while Sirius giggled.

“Adorable,” Imra said to Lucy, who put a cup of coffee down on the table in front of her.

“Star has been doing that for a couple of days now,” Lucy said, taking a seat. She grabbed a cookie from the plate she put on the table earlier. “It’s really cute at first, but it gets tiresome after a while.”

“Our son disagrees with you,” Astra said, tickling Sirius’ sides. “Who is the most precious boy in the universe?”

Sirius pointed at himself.

Astra’s face lit up. “Our son is a genius,” she told her wife.

“Uhuh, sure, babe,” Lucy replied, chuckling. “Whatever you say, love you,” she said, blowing her wife a kiss.

Imra was so happy for Lucy and Astra, which she couldn’t stress enough. It warmed her heart, seeing how Astra pretended to catch Lucy’s kiss. Gods, they were so sweet it was almost sickening, but if anyone truly deserved a happily ever after, it was Astra.

“How’s being a nanny going?” Lucy asked Imra. “What’s it been, three weeks?”

Imra nodded. “Three children is a handful, but I feel like this job has my name written all over it. For the first time, I have a job I don’t hate,” she answered, smiling while she thought about Graym, Anna and Elsa.

“I know that look,” Lucy said, biting into her cookie. “You’re attached to those children.”

“It’s impossible not to. Children are the future and someday, I want a family of my own.”

“You shall have one,” Astra assured Imra. “A worthy mate will cross your path.”

“Hey,” Lucy whispered, reaching for one of Imra’s hands. “You okay? You’ve got a lot on your mind, hm?”

“I’ve been thinking a lot about Titan lately, if it hadn’t…,” Imra trailed off and took a moment to even out her breathing. “I could have had a family by now, a partner and children.”

“I know you don’t have a partner or kids yet, but if it’s any consolation, you do have a family,” Lucy replied, squeezing Imra’s hand. “You’re always going to be our little niece.”

“Little? Luce, you only have one year on me.”

“You’re always going to be our niece, Alex and Kara are your sisters, Sirius is your cute little cousin and more cousins are on the way,” Lucy said, putting her other hand on her stomach.
Imra tilted her head to the side. “Plural?” she asked, smiling more when Lucy bit her lip in response. “Luce…”

“I can hear their heartbeats,” Astra revealed, moving to stand behind Lucy.

“Anyways, I’m going to grab some more Halloween decorations,” Lucy said while she got up. “We only have a little over a week left to prepare.”

“You can’t say you’re pregnant with more than one child and then walk away from me.”

“Why are you bringing me a teddy bear? Is this for Lily-May or LJ? If it is, they have more than plenty stuffed animals.”

“It’s not a regular teddy bear,” Gayle answered, walking around Lena’s desk. “I have a few of these back at my place, they’re nanny cams,” she said, using Lena’s computer to show it to her. “I just need to enter my password and… we’re live.”

Lena eyed her computer screen and then Gayle. “You’re spying on your nanny?”

“Observing,” Gayle replied, shrugging when Lena raised an eyebrow at her. “It’s the same thing, but my point is that this way, you can see what your nanny is doing while you’re working. Don’t tell me you’ve never thought about what your nanny is up to.”

Of course Lena had thought about it, multiple times even. “I’m not sure if this is ethical,” she said, blinking her eyes when Gayle turned up the volume, which resulted in being able to hear what Imra said to Anna and Elsa. “I’ll give it a try,” she decided, her curiosity of what Kara did while she was at work too strong not to use a nanny cam. Plus it would be nice to see and hear her children every once in a while during work.

Lena got up so they could go to the restaurant where she reserved a table for their lunch. “What spurred you on to install nanny cams?” she asked while they headed out of her office.

“This may sound like a crazy explanation, so bear with me,” Gayle started, positive that she wasn’t crazy. “You know I’m organized and everything has its place,” she said, to which Lena agreed with a nod. “Last week when I came home, my nanny had used a mixing bowl for cookie dough. I asked her how she managed to reach it because I always keep it on the highest shelf, which requires climbing on top of the counter, due to my ceiling being higher than normal, so a chair simply won’t do.”

“Right,” Lena replied, knowing Gayle was a perfectionist when it came to organizing. “You installed nanny cams because she climbed on top of your counter and you don’t appreciate that sort of thing?”

“No, I installed nanny cams because my nanny claimed the mixing bowl was on the bottom shelf, making it easy to reach and I know that’s a lie, but I have no idea why she lied and that is why I installed those nanny cams.”
“Isn’t that a tad extreme?” Lena asked, carefully picking her words, avoiding calling Gayle paranoid, knowing how much she hated being called that. “Perhaps she did climb on top of the counter and was worried of how you might react?”

Gayle sighed audibly and pinched the bridge of her nose. “I am not being paranoid, Lee,” she answered, not needing Lena to sugarcoat it. “The point is she lied to my face and I want to know why. First my mixing bowl, next thing I know it’ll be my children’s piggy bank,” she said, exasperated, throwing her hands up.

“Okay, now I sound paranoid,” Gayle admitted before Lena could say it. “But we’re talking about someone I hardly know being around my children. My trust isn’t given, it needs to be earned and if there was a ladder of trust, then my nanny managed to dig a hole underneath it and crawl in it, that’s how low my trust for her is right now.”

“Take a few deep breaths,” Lena said, putting her hand on Gayle’s shoulder, squeezing softly. “You’re dealing with a lot of stress and I know your nanny isn’t the root of it.”

Gayle deflated, taking several deep breaths. “I might take Sam up on her offer to take boxing classes together,” she said, knowing she really needed to do something to reduce her stress. “You know what? Perhaps I should start dating again. I haven’t had anyone in my life since I was pregnant with my twins. It’s been almost three years. I don’t want to turn into a spinster.”

“Yes, if you feel like dating, you should definitely give it a try,” Lena replied, supporting her friend with whichever decision she ended up making. “How are things at your hotel by the way? Do you reckon Leslie is going to be an issue?”

Lena loathed how someone found out Gayle happened to be a metahuman. She didn’t like the idea of someone possibly blackmailing her friend. It irked her that it was unknown how Gayle’s employee found out while Gayle swore she hadn’t used her powers at work, not even once. She helped Gayle to dig up whatever they could about Leslie, but there wasn’t much to find other than the fact Leslie grew up in foster homes.

“I was thinking about paying Leslie to leave the country,” Gayle shared. She felt frustrated she had no idea how Leslie knew her secret. There was no connection between the foster homes they had been in, they never met before.

When Gayle was eighteen, she went through life as Psi during a rough summer, but when she was being Psi, she wore a mask because she wasn’t an idiot. She didn’t want to risk exposing herself. During the time she was actively being Psi, she faced off against a few people whom crossed her path, some of whom were metahumans themselves.

“At the right price, everyone can be bought,” Gayle said, recalling Leslie mentioned she needed her job, which meant she needed money. “I’m willing to give her a quarter of a million dollars, although I would rather strangle her or push her into the pool.”

Lena didn’t blame Gayle for being angry. If it had been one of her children, she would lash out, too.

“How do you feel about this Sunday?” Gayle asked, changing the topic to one she knew was kind of depressing for Lena. “I can tell Imra it’s an emergency and ask her to babysit my children so I can go with you.”

“No, that would arouse suspicion,” Lena replied, waving off Gayle’s offer. It wasn’t necessary, really, because she already had someone to go with her. “I told my nanny I have a business
Imra whisked the bottle of beer out of Alex’s hands and sat it down on the coffee table, taking a seat next to her. She was here because Alex texted her, asking if she could come over for a bit and from the looks of it, Alex needed to talk.

Alex chewed on her lip, slowly breathing out when Imra put a hand on her knee.

Imra rubbed slow, soothing circles on Alex’s knee while she waited.

“It’s about Sam,” Alex said, reaching for the bottle, sighing when Imra’s fingers curled around her wrist, stopping her from grabbing her beer.

“A lot of people get nervous when they like someone,” Imra said, letting go of Alex’s wrist while Alex leaned back on her couch.

“Yeah, I guess that’s true,” Alex whispered, fidgeting with her fingers. “It’s just… this is all still new to me and I know I came out, but I’ve never actually… you know… with a woman.”

Imra nodded slowly in understanding. “You like Sam and you want to date her,” she said, which was a very obvious observation.

“I do, a lot,” Alex admitted. “And I have the feeling that maybe we are dating? I mean, we had dinner a couple of times and last time Ruby wasn’t even there because she was with a friend. She asked me to have dinner with her again and she mentioned it’ll just be the two of us again. I just worry I messed things up.”

“What happened?”

“Okay, don’t laugh,” Alex said with a nervous chuckle.

“I’d never joke about your feelings, Alex,” Imra assured her, squeezing her hand.

Alex clamped both of her hands around Imra’s. “The last time I saw her, after I agreed to have dinner with her again soon, I was heading out and… god, this is embarrassing,” she muttered. “She kissed me on the cheek, but then I kind of freaked out and bolted out the door. She’s going to think I’m a coward or that I’m not into her.”

“Feelings can be scary. You are not a coward, you’re one of the bravest people I know,” Imra replied, genuinely meaning her words. “Sam is not going to dismiss you just like that. Gods, Alex, have you seen the way she looks at you?”

“I want to kiss her,” Alex confessed. “But…before I came out… There’s something you should know. I kissed a woman, once, because I thought fuck it, I like her, I’m going for it. We were at a bar together, having drinks, laughing and I felt a spark. It didn’t work out.”

“Unrequited feelings are quite the bummer, but this is Sam we are talking about. A woman who
eats you up with her eyes, invites you for dinner time and time again, and hints her daughter won’t be home. You got your feelings hurt in the past and you want to stray from that happening again, but not every attraction ends poorly. There is someone out there for you. It could be Sam or it could be another woman. I’m not only saying this because I’m a sucker for romantic clichés,” Imra said while Alex chuckled. “I’m saying this because you are amazing, Alex,” she whispered, tucking a lock of Alex’s hair behind her ear.

“Imra,” Alex said, voice coming out a little choked.

Imra saw Alex’s cheeks were almost crimson. “Yes, Alex?”

“Personal space, I need it,” Alex answered, huffing out a laugh when Imra backed away. “You and Kara are both incredibly sweet, but if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you were coming on to me. I’m gay and you’re pretty, and I’m trying to be your sister because Kara sees you as her sister, so please.”

“Sorry about that,” Imra said with an awkward chuckle. “My point is you’re brave. You can face your fear. All you have to do is give love a chance, let it in.”

Kara gave Lena a smile when Lena briefly thanked her for babysitting on a Sunday. It was no problem for her, she didn’t mind spending extra time with Lily-May and LJ, and she understood Lena had an urgent business meeting to attend.

Lena kept her umbrella closed while she got into her car. It wasn’t raining, but the weather forecast predicted it could rain later during the day. She buckled up and drove to Samantha’s house to pick her up.

Samantha was standing outside with an unopened umbrella in her hand. “Are you okay?” she asked while she got in the car.

“Mhmm,” Lena hummed.

Their car ride was silent, aside from the radio, which Samantha had turned on. Lena didn’t mind, so long as she didn’t have to talk much. Today, she didn’t feel like talking, unless it was absolutely necessary. She parked her car and walked up to the graveyard, passing rows filled with graves.

Jack wanted a son. He insisted on having a second child solely for that reason. Lena wanted to be a good wife, wanted to salvage their marriage, so she had agreed to birth another child to try and give him the son he dreamed of having. She had wanted to say no, wanted to say one child was enough and how after her family drama, she didn’t want to put a second child into the world.

When they had gotten married, per her mother’s insistence, Jack took her last name rather than she took his. It always felt like a business deal rather than a relationship. She also had a feeling Jack was having an affair, but she never confronted him. It almost felt like a relief they rarely slept in the same bed and intimacy seemed reserved for when he was trying to get her pregnant.
Lena slowed down until she stopped walking altogether. Jack never got to meet his son. Four months into her pregnancy, he passed away. She felt like she should have cried, but she couldn’t bring up the energy to cry. Today a year had gone by since he died. Their marriage, however, had died before it even began.

Samantha’s hand came up and she placed it on Lena’s shoulder. “It’s not your fault.”

Lena felt a droplet of water run down her face and then another. It was her fault. The gnawing guilt that came with that realization washed over her, tearing a sob from her throat. It wasn’t raining, she was crying. Those droplets of water were her tears.

“We both know that’s a lie,” Lena said, knowing full well that without her, Jack would have still been alive. Without her, Lily-May and Lachlan Jack would have had a father. “He’s dead because of me and I didn’t even shed a tear.”

“You know it was either him or you, and you weren’t an option.”

Lena wasn’t crying because Jack was gone, she was crying because she robbed her children from their father. They were still little, but someday, they would ask her the inevitable question and she had no idea what to tell them. How could she ever tell her children her brother sent an assassin to kill her? How could she tell them the assassin hesitated because she was visibly pregnant? How could she tell them their father was shot because he thought he had to save their unborn child?

“Jack didn’t do it for me, he did it for LJ,” Lena said, knowing that to be true and it didn’t matter Jack didn’t do it for her, because he shouldn’t have done it at all. “He wanted children and I didn’t. He would have been a better parent than I will ever be.”

“Okay, no, if you’re going to talk like this, I’m going to stop you right there,” Samantha interrupted. She grabbed Lena’s upper arms and faced her. “You’re Lena Luthor. You’re a bisexual badass, just like Gayle and me. Neither one of us wanted children, but that doesn’t make any of us less of a parent. You’re a good mother, Lena, a damn good mother even. You love your children and I know you would go through fire for them. Jack was a grown man who made his decision.”

Samantha pulled Lena into a hug. “It’s not your fault, you hear me?” she said, stroking her back. “It’s not your fault.”

“It’s not my fault,” Lena whispered, deflating while she hugged Samantha back.

“Atta girl,” Samantha said, hugging Lena tighter. “Want to sit down for a bit? You don’t have to talk if you don’t want to.”

Lena nodded and followed Samantha to a nearby bench. How her family could have sunk so low was beyond her. She found it difficult to comprehend how her mother and her brother harmed innocent people, how they could hate that deep. Gayle knew her family went to prison because they conducted experiments on aliens and on metahumans, Gayle knew her family tortured those people and she accepted her demons nonetheless. She was relieved they never got their hands on Psi.

She had always felt more than a little alienated from her family and after what they did, that feeling grew and she estranged from them completely. Unfortunately, most people looked at her in the same way they would look at Lillian or Lex, even though she was nothing like them. She believed in equality and there was no way she would ever step into their footsteps. Her company was a force for good, not for evil.
After an hour or two, Lena came home and toed off her shoes. She saw Kara sitting at the table with Lily-May, playing chess. Seeing her daughter so concentrated on which move to make next warmed her heart. She didn’t know Kara knew how to play chess, which was a nice bonus really, considering her daughter played alone so frequently, she often worried about her.

Kara was distracted from playing when she heard how irregular Lena’s heartbeat was. “Take your time, pip,” she said softly to Lily-May as she got up. “Lena, can I speak with you in private for a minute?”

Lena nodded and gestured at the kitchen, although today wasn’t the best day to talk.

“Is everything alright?” Kara asked, once Lily-May was no longer within earshot, keeping her voice down.

“Of course,” Lena answered, plastering a smile onto her face. “Why wouldn’t it be?”

“Well, um… it’s just that… you seem upset,” Kara explained, noticing how Lena’s smile didn’t reach her eyes.

“My meeting with the board didn’t go the way I hoped it would,” Lena said with a faint sigh. She hadn’t expected Kara to prickle through her poker face so much that she could tell she was upset. Not even her friends were always capable of telling because she was that good at hiding her emotions. “You should head home and enjoy the rest of your Sunday, I make you work far too much,” she said with a chuckle.

“Pip was teaching me how to play chess, so it’s kind of the other way around, I’m making her work.”

“Child labor? Oh my, the cruelty,” Lena replied, managing a real smile. “Kara,” she whispered, taking a deep breath. “It’s sweet of you to learn chess for my daughter.”

“Am I that obvious?”

“Pretty much,” Lena answered, chuckling as Kara guffawed. “But in all seriousness, thank you,” she said, although the chess ordeal wasn’t why she was thanking Kara. Some of the heaviness that had been pressing on her chest was gone.

Kara was relieved Lena’s heartbeat was more neutral now and she couldn’t resist hugging her upon seeing her smile reach her eyes. She could have sworn Lena’s breath hitched as she hugged her tightly and then her irregular heartbeat returned.

“Mammy?” Lily-May asked, standing in the door opening of the kitchen. “Why are you crying?”

“Oh,” Lena whispered, breaking away from the hug. “These are tears of joy, baby,” she answered, wiping her tears away.

Chapter End Notes

They were, in fact, not tears of joy.
Chapter 8

Imra was whistling a tune to some kind of pop song Kara had been putting on a lot lately while she entered Gayle’s house. She fell silent when she saw the twins were coloring, on the walls, with crayons.

“Girls, crayons are not meant for walls,” Imra said, rushing over to their side. “You can color on paper, but not on the walls.”

Anna pouted and then Elsa did the same.

“No coloring on the walls,” Imra repeated, booping their cute little noses with her index fingers.

“We play,” Elsa said, pouting even more.

“Pouting won’t work. No coloring on the walls, that’s final,” Imra said, keeping her voice calm and slightly stern to get her point across.

The twins ran off to go play, abandoning their crayons.

Imra looked at the wall, hoping she could scrub it off. It was unusual Gayle wasn’t greeting her the way she always did. Normally, Gayle quickly said hello and then left to go to work. It seemed unlike Gayle to let Anna and Elsa color on the walls. She had a frown on her face because Anna had a bandage around her left arm.

Imra found Gayle in the kitchen, chugging a bottle of wine. Gayle was wearing black sweatpants, a faded grey shirt and her hair could use a comb. “Hey,” she said softly, approaching her, grabbing the bottle.

“Graym is at school, Sam picked him up to drop him off a while ago,” Gayle said, half-slumped over her table. “I’m taking today off, but I need you to stay to watch the twins.”

In her line of sight, Imra saw Anna and Elsa were sitting on the carpet in the living room, playing with dolls and blocks. She sat down on the chair next to Gayle. “Hey,” she whispered, covering one of Gayle’s hands with her own.

Gayle blinked her eyes. She was embarrassed to be seen like this, knowing what a mess she was. God, she hadn’t even brushed her teeth yet, she was disgusting. She felt a shudder run through her body when Imra used her thumb to caress the back of her hand. Most of the time, if people came too close in her personal space; she bit off their nose for it.

“What’s wrong?” Imra asked, continuing to caress the back of Gayle’s hand. She saw how red Gayle’s eyes were, how she must have been crying earlier and she hoped she could offer her some comfort, if only a little.

“You are supposed to babysit my children, not me,” Gayle pointed out, not having the energy to add a bite. Her voice came out flat, tired.

“I’m not sitting next to you as a nanny or to coddle you, I’m choosing to sit next to you as a person who cares about your wellbeing.”

Gayle went to grab her bottle of wine, but Imra held it out of her reach. She sighed and gave up, too worn out to start a fight. She was up all night, unable to sleep. It was hard to believe Imra gave a
damn and she considered the possibility Imra pretended to care just because she was her boss.

“Whatever it is that’s plaguing your mind, you don’t have to go through this alone,” Imra said, giving Gayle’s hand a soft squeeze.

Gayle pulled her hand away and placed both of her hands on her lap, slumping back against her chair. “A while back, Graym almost drowned because of me. I took my children with me to my hotel when I needed to arrange something and I asked one of my employees to keep an eye on them. My children can’t swim and my son stumbled into the pool. It was horrible, seeing him getting pulled out of the pool, coughing up water,” she said, trembling and tearing up.

“The other day, Anna crawled on top of the counter to get to the cookie jar, while I was having a work-related Skype call rather than watching my children like I should have,” Gayle continued. “She fell and I had to take her to the hospital. Because of my carelessness, Anna needed four stitches.”

Imra listened while Gayle kept sharing things she felt she had done wrong. Every once in a while, she glanced at the twins to ensure they weren’t up to any shenanigans.

“You’re being way too hard on yourself,” Imra said, getting up. “How about you take a bath and I’ll fix you something to eat?”

“I’m not usually like this,” Gayle replied while she forced herself to stand up. She was like this quite often, but not during the day, generally she waited until nighttime to fall apart. “I feel like I failed as a mother,” she whispered, hating how much she shared already. She wasn’t open about her feelings, she didn’t like being vulnerable.

Imra opened her arms, nodding once when Gayle took a step forward, only to take one back again. “You haven’t failed,” she said, watching Gayle step into her arms.

With some hesitation, Gayle sunk into Imra’s embrace. She found it confusing why Imra was being so kind to her. “I should go freshen up, I’m gross,” she said, scrubbing up her nose as she broke away from the hug a lot sooner than she wanted to, but she didn’t want to be clingy.

“Even with messy hair, you’re a beautiful woman,” Imra said sincerely. “And I’m kind of digging your comfy sweatpants look,” she added, giving Gayle an once-over.

Gayle wasn’t sure how to respond to that. “You might want to take a mental picture. You won’t see me wearing this again,” she said, gesturing at her outfit, which she might burn later.

“Consider it taken,” Imra replied with a smile. She rummaged around for something she could use to get the twins’ artwork off the wall. “You look great, no matter what you wear.”

Gayle turned around to head upstairs. She couldn’t deal with continuing that conversation with a woman who was the nanny of her children, a woman who was seeing someone. It wasn’t that she wasn’t flirty at times, but at least she was single. The same couldn’t be said from Imra, unless she misread the situation and Imra was merely saying those things to make her feel better.
Lena was sipping from her coffee when Samantha rushed into her office. She slowly put her cup of coffee down, seeing how her friend shut the door and leaned against it, chest heaving.

“Sam?” Lena asked, pushing her chair back. She walked around her desk just as Samantha peeled herself away from the door. “Did something happen?” she asked, watching Samantha run a hand through her hair.

“Definitely,” Samantha answered as a large smile appeared on her face. “Alex kissed me last night.”

“No way,” Lena replied, jaw dropping. “She made the first move?”

“I’m as surprised as you are,” Samantha said, chuckling while she nodded. “I had dinner with her a couple of times and I was going slowly because I didn’t want to scare her away. Then, last night, after dinner, I was walking her out. She pushed me against the door and kissed me, it was hot.”

“Oh my,” Lena whispered, impressed because she would have put her money on Samantha making the first move. She knew Samantha was a top, which was a fact she learned after having shared a room with her back at college, when she walked in on her with someone more than once. Whether it was a girl or a guy, Samantha was always taking the lead.

Samantha bit back another smile. “She pulled back and asked me if it was okay. Take a guess how I answered,” she said with a naughty smile.

“It’s you, so who knows how far you went,” Lena said, laughing as Samantha swatted her arm.

“I pinned her against the wall and kissed her,” Samantha revealed. “Trust me, I was tempted to go a bit further than that, pent up sexual frustration and all that, but we agreed to take it slow.”

“Then again,” Samantha added with a laugh, “we spent the better half of the night sexting.”

“You’re a devil,” Lena replied, shaking her head. It was more information than she bargained for, but she was happy things were working out for her friend. “And you’re late, so get to work.”

“I’ll get right on top of that,” Samantha said, reaching for the door. “I’d rather get on top of Alex though.”

“Unbelievable,” Lena whispered, hearing Samantha laugh even after she shut the door behind her.

Lena walked back to her desk, deciding to have a look at the nanny cams. It took her a while to install them, but she caved in after all, her curiosity too big not to and it was nice seeing and hearing her children through those cams.

Lena’s eyebrows creased together when she noticed something strange the moment she had a look at the nanny cams. “What the…,” she whispered, rubbing her eyes to look again because surely her eyes were playing tricks on her.
Kara floated while she sang to LJ in Kryptonese. It was an old lullaby she remembered, one her aunt often sang to her when she was little and had heard Astra sing it to Sirius a couple of times. She was a little rusty with the lyrics, but she doubted LJ would mind.

Using her powers was something she generally only did in the privacy of her apartment, but LJ was just a baby, he wasn’t going to tell anyone. The combination of singing and floating with him in her arms seemed to calm him down.

LJ’s wails slowly subsided until he fell silent. “Uuuh,” he cooed, putting his chubby little hand on Kara’s cheek.

“You’re the cutest little thing, yes you are,” Kara cooed, smiling at him. “Such an adorable smile you have,” she said, lowering until her feet touched the floor. “Let’s see what your sister is up to. I think she chose to watch The Little Mermaid again, she really likes that movie, hm?”

LJ grabbed one of Kara’s hands and put her thumb in his mouth.

It tickled Kara a little having LJ suck on her thumb. She found his pacifier and tried to persuade him into giving her thumb back in exchange for his pacifier, but the moment her thumb left his mouth, he started wailing all over again.

“You have your mother’s eyes,” Kara said while she gave LJ her thumb. She carefully walked down the stairs, finding Lily-May on the couch in the living room. “Did you pick a movie, pip?”

Lily-May nodded. “The Little Mermaid,” she answered, which made Kara smile because she expected as much.

Kara put LJ down and turned his mobile on. He seemed to love that thing and she loved the fact it kept him quiet. She wandered into the kitchen, washing her hands. Since she was alone in the kitchen, she quickly used her heat vision to make popcorn. She could hear Alex’s voice in the back of her head, telling her not to use her powers, not to expose herself, but she was being careful. LJ couldn’t tell on her and he wouldn’t remember anyway once he would be older, and around Lily-May she didn’t use her powers. She saw no harm in using her powers because sometimes it was helpful she had them. Imra once told her she used her powers, too, to reach a mixing bowl that was too high for her to reach properly, but apparently Gayle made a bit of a scene, questioning how she reached it and Imra had decided to be more cautious.

Gayle had slipped sunglasses onto her nose, ignoring the fact it was autumn and the weather didn’t quite warrant sunglasses. She didn’t want anyone to see her eyes, in case they were still a little red. It was embarrassing enough Imra saw her like that. She heard the school bell ring just as she arrived.

Graym was running with a smile on his face, but when he saw his mother, he came to a stop and
peered around, his smile disappearing like snow in the sun.

“There you are, beanie,” Gayle said, crouching down, waiting for her son to fling his arms around her neck.

Graym slowly approached his mother, worrying his lip between his teeth. “Mommy, where is Imra?” he asked, looking around as if he expected Imra to show herself any second now.

“I’m picking you up today,” Gayle answered, ruffling her son’s hair. She frowned when her son couldn’t spare even a small smile. “What’s wrong, beanie?”

Graym’s lip quivered. “Did she leave us like daddy did?” he asked, and the way his voice wavered as he spoke shattered Gayle’s heart.

Gayle pulled her son into a hug when he started crying. She had no idea Graym still remembered her lowlife of an ex who abandoned them, who for the record wasn’t actually her son’s father. The panic in Graym’s eyes and in his voice brought her back to when she was pregnant. Back then, she saw and heard that same panic when her son realized the man she was seeing left them.

It was such an awful scene for Graym to see while he was only three years old back then. She hated how her ex called him a brat, among other things he shouldn’t have said. At first her son didn’t process the fact he left permanently and every night, he looked out of the window as if that asshole would suddenly show up.

“No, of course not, Imra is waiting for us at home with Anna and Elsa,” Gayle said, caressing his back. “She hasn’t left,” she said, and in this very moment she realized she had a problem. Her son was attached to Imra, which meant she had to make damn sure that woman didn’t quit.

“Hey, kiddo,” Samantha said to Graym.

“He’ll be fine,” Gayle assured Samantha. “It’s just a misunderstanding,” she said, turning her head when she saw the teacher walking up to them. “Miss Danvers,” she said with a polite nod.

“Miss Marsh,” Alex replied, sharing a smile with Samantha. “Dinner at my place Saturday?”

Samantha nodded.

Gayle exchanged a few quick words with her friend and her son’s teacher before heading home with Graym. She carried him, even though he wasn’t a baby, whispering calming words to him as she walked. It was only a couple of blocks and the combination of the workout and the fresh air was doing her good.

Once home, Graym wriggled to be put down and rushed inside.

Imra was in the kitchen, just finishing up with dinner. “Hey,” she said, smiling at Graym. “How was school?” she asked, almost losing her balance when Graym barreled into her.

Graym wrapped his arms tightly around Imra’s legs.

Gayle saw confusion written all over Imra’s face. “Don’t ask,” she said with a tired sigh, really not wanting to open that can of worms.

Imra crouched down and lifted Graym into her arms. It was obvious he was upset, but she had no idea why. His arms wrapped so tightly around her neck, it was almost suffocating. She knew Graym liked hugs, but he had never been this clingy before.
“I got you, sweetie,” Imra whispered, caressing Graym’s back. “It’s going to be okay.”

“Dinner smells lovely,” Gayle said, opening the cupboard to set the table. “Stay for dinner?” she asked, shooting Lena a text if she could keep Kara a bit longer tonight.

“Please stay,” Graym whispered, nuzzling his head in the crook of Imra’s neck.

As if Imra could reject such an offer. She couldn’t say no to a beautiful woman and a cute child. “I’d love to stay for dinner,” she said, smiling while Graym’s grip eased up a little. “I can sit next you, would you like that?” she asked Graym, slowly putting him down, feeling a fist squeeze around her heart when he put his arms around one of her legs.

Imra sensed Graym was trying to assure she wasn’t going anywhere. His clinginess hinted strongly at abandonment issues. Considering during her first meeting with Gayle, it was mentioned there was no Mister Marsh, she easily put two and two together.

“Can you keep a secret?” Imra whispered to Graym, smiling when he nodded. “I am not going anywhere, unless you or your mommy wants me to leave, but even if one day I have to leave, I’ll always come visit you because you’re my best friend.”
Lena came home and walked over to her son, who was crawling around. She scooped him up, pressing a kiss to his cheek, melting when he cooed. “Mammy’s happy to see you, too,” she said, placing him on her hip.

“Hey, welcome home,” Kara said from where she was standing in the kitchen. “You should have said ‘honey, I’m home’, it’s pretty much tradition.”

“Is it really?” Lena asked, entering the kitchen.

“Uhuh,” Kara confirmed. “Imra and I say it all the time when one of us comes home,” she said, which happened during days where they didn’t work the same hours.

Lena understood why they did it, but she wasn’t going to do that. It was more of a couple thing anyway, a very sappy couple thing. Her eyes widened a little, seeing her daughter sitting atop the counter.

Kara heard Lena’s pulse quicken and saw her looking at Lily-May. “Pip is my tiny chef,” she said, a hand on the girl’s leg so she wouldn’t fall, but even if she would, her quick reflexes would catch Lily-May long before she would touch the floor.

“I’m surprised she’s not on your head then,” Lena quipped.

“So you have seen Ratatouille,” Kara noted, smiling. “And here I was thinking that perhaps you didn’t have taste, turns out you have taste after all.”

“Is that right?” Lena replied, sauntering over to the counter. “Do you always insult the people you work for?”

Kara could tell Lena was just teasing by the glint in her eyes and the lilt in her voice. “We all need hobbies, don’t we?”

Lena chuckled and shook her head. “You are incorrigible,” she said, snaking her free arm around her daughter. “Hey, baby,” she whispered, kissing Lily-May’s cheek.

“I missed you, mammy,” Lily-May said.

“I missed you, too.”

“I had popcorn with Kara and we watched The Little Mermaid.”

“Oh wow, that sounds like so much fun,” Lena replied, smiling at her daughter. Of course she already knew about the popcorn and the movie. She had seen and heard all of that and a lot more through the nanny cams. “Say, Kara, how would you feel about staying for dinner?”

“It’s me and it’s food, so is that really a question?” Kara asked, laughing. “Staying for dinner sounds perfect, I was just making lasagna, you’ll love it.”

Lena’s first thought was cheese, heaps of it. The taste might turn out okay, but her scale wasn’t going to love it in the slightest. Then again, she only had a salad for lunch, so some lasagna wasn’t going to make much of a difference. Originally, she had no intentions of asking Kara to stay for dinner, but then Gayle texted her and it would be a bit rude having Kara cook and send her out the
door without offering her a bite.

Lena observed Kara, who was wearing her glasses. She very much doubted she needed glasses because she had a feeling her eyes were fine, as far as fine went when earlier today, she saw her shooting beams out of her eyes that created popcorn. Then there had also been the flying and the strange language she sang in. Her nanny wasn’t human, which explained her crazy appetite. She once made a list of everything Kara ate, out of curiosity to calculate her calorie intake, and it was off the charts.

According to Lena’s calculations, Kara ate five to six times the amount of calories an adult needed. She bought far more groceries in the past three weeks than she usually bought in three months. The extra expenses were admittedly more than she anticipated, but nonetheless she saw no need to alter the contract. Without the nanny cams, she could have falsely thought Kara had some sort of medical condition that caused her to eat so much.

It turned out Lily-May liked the food a lot, which was evident from the way she got parts of it onto her shirt.

“Oh god,” Lena whispered, chuckling at the sight. “Now I have two messy eaters,” she said, but then she saw Kara had spilled some on her clothes, too. “Three,” she corrected with a half-hearted eye-roll.

Kara glanced down at her shirt, following Lena’s line of sight. “Oh,” she said, surprised she spilled food, but then again, that wasn’t the first time.

Lena saw some of the tomato sauce drip down Kara’s chin when she took another bite. “Come here,” she said, grasping one of the wet tissues she often used to clean her children’s face. Not that it would make much difference considering Kara already spilled some on her clothes.

Kara leaned closer towards Lena.

Lena dabbed at Kara’s chin, realizing with a start how close they were. Her face was only a couple of inches away from Kara’s and those baby blues were piercing through her eyes. She felt her heart drum against her ribcage at their close proximity and then something in Kara’s eyes shifted that gave her the feeling Kara had exceptional hearing.

Putting the puzzle pieces together, Lena knew there was no doubt Kara had to be related to Superman. Everything she was taught about aliens was enough to recognize a Kryptonian when she saw one using their powers. She had no idea how to feel about the new knowledge she gained today, but a super babysitting a Luthor’s children? Surprises came in all forms.

“There, all gone,” Lena said, leaning away. “If you take off your shirt after dinner, I can throw it in the washer.”

Kara choked on her food.

“In the bathroom,” Lena rushed to clarify. “And you can borrow one of my shirts, unless you’re not comfortable with that,” she explained, not wanting to overstep. She didn’t want to cause any drama between Kara and Imra by sending Kara home wearing one of her shirts and she knew how quickly misunderstandings took place.

“I appreciate that and I’d like to borrow one of your shirts, any shirt is fine, really and you don’t have to wash mine. All I need is a plastic bag and I’ll take my shirt with me to wash it back at my place.”
“Whichever you’re most comfortable with,” Lena replied, nodding, wondering if Kara wanted to take her stained shirt home as evidence for Imra or something. She was probably overthinking it way too much. Just because what she had with Jack wasn’t built on trust didn’t mean everyone had a flawed relationship. “There are plenty bags underneath the sink.”

Graym kept scrunching up his nose, fork poking around the peas on his plate.

“Eat your vegetables, beanie,” Gayle said while she cut her daughters’ chicken into little pieces.

“I don’t like peas,” Graym replied, pushing his plate away from him with a pout.

Gayle wordlessly pushed his plate back and gave her son a look. Graym knew better, knew he had to eat his vegetables or else he wasn’t allowed to leave the table. It wasn’t a large portion; not as large as she wanted it to be, so she expected him to eat all of it.

“Nooo,” Graym whined. He put his fork down, but he didn’t attempt to push his plate aside again.

“I could cook something else,” Imra offered, looking at Gayle for permission, but from the way Gayle looked at her as if she just insulted her, she could tell Gayle was having none of it. It wasn’t like she would have given Graym something unhealthy to eat. All she was thinking about was offering him a different kind of vegetables, one he did like. She did the same for Kara when she prepared something she didn’t like all that much.

Gayle didn’t appreciate Imra undermining her, not in the slightest. Sure, her nanny must have meant well, but behavior like that was unacceptable in front of her children. “Graym, eat your peas or you’re going to bed without dessert and that’s final,” she said, ignoring her son’s pout, no matter how tempting it was to give in. “Don’t make me count to three.”

In hindsight, Imra realized she should have stayed out of this altogether. She quietly ate while Graym looked at her, as if he was waiting for her to speak up for him. The tension made her somewhat uncomfortable. She wasn’t used seeing Gayle so strict, but she knew a parent had to put their foot down from time to time.

“Nobody likes everything,” Graym said, huffing. “Mommy, did you like everything when you were growing up?”

Gayle had a rough childhood and that was putting it lightly. Growing up, her parents neglected her a lot before they abandoned her and that pattern remained while she was tossed from one foster family to another. She oftentimes had to steal food if she wanted to eat because they didn’t always feed her. They either forgot she even existed or they simply didn’t care. One way or another, the families she ended up in hated her.

When she was younger, she never dared complain about something not being her taste. All she cared about was making sure she didn’t starve. One time, when she was eighteen, she was caught stealing food and she hadn’t eaten for days. She was close to tears and her last foster family had kicked her out the moment she turned eighteen.
Then out of nowhere, a strange woman who spoke as if she wasn’t from around the neighborhood, let alone the country, bought her a whole bunch of food. She didn’t catch the woman’s name and they didn’t talk much, because she was skittish and she didn’t trust anyone, but she still remembered her face. It was nearly impossible for her to forget a face and the strange woman had a white streak in her hair.

That happened ten years ago, but the memory felt like it happened yesterday. The amount of food she was given lasted her a month. As if that wasn’t unusually kind enough yet, the woman was holding out her hand, as if she expected her to go with her, which she didn’t. All she did was thanking her and run off.

“I always eat my food,” Gayle told her son. “There are people in the world who are starving, children who aren’t as fortunate as you are to have a warm meal and a full stomach. Now, eat your peas, beanie.”

Graym picked up his fork and quietly ate his peas.

Gayle’s fork was mid-air when she saw Imra was staring at her with slightly parted lips. She wished she had the ability to read minds, which alas she didn’t. Her powers didn’t go there, but her powers did enable her to sense when someone was near, sense their presence.

Imra felt a strong surge of respect for Gayle because of what she said to Graym, which was an important lesson. She closed her mouth and smiled, shifting her focus back to her plate.

Anna filled her mouth with peas and smiled at her sister, who giggled.

“Anna,” Gayle said with a slightly stern tone in her voice. “Don’t play with your food and eat with your mouth closed.”

Elsa stuck her tongue out at her sister, who promptly crossed her arms over her chest.

Lena tried not to think about how good Kara looked in the black top she had given her to borrow. She definitely tried not to let her eyes wander to Kara’s exposed cleavage. It was her fault for having given Kara that top in the first place, although in her defense a lot of her tops had a low cut. She dragged her eyes away from the distraction, seeking out a distraction to distract her from Kara being such a distraction.

Women were quite appealing with their soft skin, their lovely curved hips, the swells of their breasts, kissable lips, tenderness and so much more. Fuck, it had been a long time for Lena, too long. The problem was she didn’t date people and she absolutely had a strict policy against bringing people into her home. Going to other people’s place wasn’t much of an option either. She was always home at night, always around.

Lily-May crawled onto the bench in front of the piano.

That gave Lena an idea. She settled down next to her daughter, playing a tune, smiling when her
daughter played along. Her baby girl was her little miracle and she was so bright. She knew once
she would let Lily-May go to school, there was no way she would fall behind, not when she was so
advanced for her age.

“Do you know how to play piano, Kara?” Lena asked, looking over her shoulder to where Kara
was standing. By seeking out a distraction, she unintentionally had shut Kara out.

“I don’t,” Kara answered, listening while Lily-May kept playing. She didn’t know how to play any
instruments, but listening to them was nice.

“Come sit with us,” Lena said, patting the empty space next to her. The bench was only built for
two, but her daughter was really tiny, so they could all fit. “I can teach you something simple, if
you’d like?”

Kara sucked her lips into her mouth and nodded. She sat down next to Lena, thigh pressed against
her thigh while she watched Lena’s fingers flow over the keys. Lena made it look so easy and with
some practice, she was sure she could learn how to play a little. Overall, she was a fairly quick
learner, but there were always things she was less good at.

Lena’s fingertips danced over the keys. She was aware of Kara’s eyes on her while she played a
song.

“That’s what you call simple?” Kara asked, eyebrows going up while Lena chuckled. The tune
Lena played was quick and well, she didn’t know humans were capable of moving their fingers
that fast. “I’m surprised your fingers didn’t slip, you were using all of them really fast.”

Lena’s fingers didn’t slip, but her mind did, right into the gutter. “I was just teasing you,” she said,
easing Kara’s mind whilst doing nothing to ease hers. “Okay, so, we start off with this one,” she
said, pressing down a key, letting it go so Kara could copy her movement.

After a few keys, Kara was no longer copying Lena. Instead, Lena was moving her hand for her.
Goosebumps appeared on her arms, feeling a warm sensation flow through her veins as Lena’s
hand hovered over hers, as Lena’s fingers pressed hers down.

Lily-May apparently didn’t appreciate the lack of attention she was getting from her mother. She
pressed random keys, creating off-tune sounds.

Lena let go of Kara’s hand and put her daughter on her lap, tickling her while she littered her
cheeks with kisses.

Lily-May’s face lit up at the attention she was getting from her mother. “Mammy, can we watch
The Little Mermaid?” she asked, batting her eyelashes.

“Again, hm?” Lena commented, smiling. “Of course, baby.”

“Can I have ice cream?”

Lena had a feeling her daughter might spill some onto her shirt while she just changed her shirt half
an hour ago, but she agreed. She put Lily-May down so she could go sit on the couch while she
arranged the ice cream.

Lily-May grasped Kara’s hand and smiled at her. “I want to sit on your lap,” she said, swinging her
arm back and forth.

Lena paused halfway to the kitchen. She hadn’t expected her daughter would assume Kara was
staying even longer than she did so far. “Are you okay with staying to watch a movie?” she asked Kara, aware she already kept Kara longer and she could imagine Kara could think of better ways to spend her evening.

“A movie and ice cream? Count me in,” Kara answered, walking towards the couch with Lily-May. “Are you going to sing the songs with me this time, pip?” she asked, sitting down, lifting Lily-May onto her lap.

“No,” Lily-May answered with a serious tone, giggling when Kara tickled her. “Yes, I’ll sing, but no more tickles.”

“How about hugs and kisses?”

Lena’s heart fluttered, delighted hearing her daughter having fun and Kara was a major dork who was a gem around her children. It was cute seeing Kara kiss Lily-May’s cheeks and hug her. It felt surreal how shy her daughter used to be around Kara and how she had opened up. Lily-May looked happy and as a mother, all she asked for was for her children to be happy and healthy.

“I’ll text Imra I’ll be a bit later today,” Kara said, fishing her phone from her pocket. “It’s no problem at all though,” she promised Lena and Lily-May with a smile to avoid making it sound as if it was a burden to stay when it really wasn’t in the slightest.

Lena felt something twist inside of her, a feeling of guilt for making Kara stay, who was too polite to admit she rather wanted to go home to her girlfriend. She hoped Kara didn’t think she put Lily-May up to this, because she hadn’t and she wouldn’t use her child like that. This was going to be a long movie.
Chapter 10

Anna and Elsa wriggled while Imra was trying to put their skeleton costumes on.

Imra was at Gayle’s place, helping her dress up the children for Halloween because Graym wanted her to be there to go trick or treating. She couldn’t say no to his sweet little face and she hadn’t hesitated to say yes when Gayle asked her if she was okay with joining in. Halloween was something that didn’t exist on Titan.

Her first Halloween was such a strange, foreign experience, observing how people dressed up in all kinds of fashions to spook others or just for fun. She recalled the first Halloween she ever celebrated, which happened when she was eighteen, when Kara insisted they had to go trick or treating. She would never forget how much Kara smiled that day, how she went from door to door with a childlike joy.

Alex said they were too old to go trick or treating, but Imra didn’t mind tagging along with Kara. She liked it when people were unapologetically themselves and there were plenty of adults who took great pleasure in participating in the Halloween spirits, including trick or treating. It was a waste how so many people acted as if becoming an adult meant trick or treating was childish. It was such harmless fun and when people loved doing something, others didn’t need to trample on it.

“Look, Imra,” Graym said, holding his cape open. “I’m Dracula!” he shouted, grinning from ear to ear, revealing his fake fangs.

“You look very scary,” Imra said, although in the back of her head she kept thinking cute. She tried not to chuckle at how much Graym reminded her of Dennis from Hotel Transylvania. It was one of the movies she often watched with Kara around Halloween, partially because Kara hid under a blanket whenever they watched an actual scary movie.

“He reminds me of that child in that one animated movie,” Gayle whispered in Imra’s ear. “But it wasn’t my idea to dress him up like that, it was entirely his choice and don’t give me that smile as if I named my twins after the girls in Frozen, because I didn’t.”

Imra wasn’t smiling because of that, but it was kind of adorable how Gayle got a little bit worked up when she didn’t have to. “You mentioned you have a costume for me?” she recalled, or else she would have brought one of her own.

“Oh, but keep in mind my son chose our costumes,” Gayle warned Imra.

“That sounds suspiciously a lot like our costumes are couple costumes,” Imra teased, a little surprised when Gayle averted her eyes. Okay, so it was couple costumes for them then. “If it’s a vampire kind of costume, I might bite,” she said, adding a playful wink.

“Should I attempt to get my son to change his mind then?” Gayle joked, cheeks a little flushed, which probably had to do with how warm it was at her place.

“That’s one way to reveal one of your kinks,” Imra whispered in Gayle’s ear, laughing when Gayle gave her a light push, which she definitely deserved after that comment.

Gayle couldn’t believe Imra being such a tease and implying she had more than one kink. She did have more than one kink, but that was beside the point. She left Imra to keep an eye on her children while she went to fetch their costumes. It was a little bit her fault, considering she did ask her children if they had any suggestions about what she could wear for Halloween, which led to her
son declaring he had a really good idea.

Imra didn’t know what to make of the costumes when Gayle returned with a suit, a white dress and a lot of makeup.

“Graym suggested we can be the bride and the groom from the movie Corpse Bride,” Gayle explained, half regretting she ever let her son watch that movie. “Or well, bride and bride in our case. Anna and Elsa are our corpse children. Graym wanted to be Dracula.”

“I’ve seen that movie,” Imra replied, nodding her head in recognition. “Which costume do you prefer?”

“The dress, but either is fine.”

“Okay, I’m more of a suit kind of gal anyway,” Imra said, taking the suit from Gayle.

Gayle quickly turned around when Imra started to undress. God, a little warning would have been nice before seeing Imra lifting her shirt over her head. The way Imra chuckled was going to be the death of her someday. Clearly, Imra had no issues with her body, which she didn’t either, but there were boundaries.

Imra didn’t miss the way Gayle’s eyes lingered once they had both gotten changed. It was a pity Gayle changed in the bathroom, but she understood not everyone was okay with getting changed in front of someone. She laughed at a distant memory of the first time she got changed in front of Alex, how Alex’s beverage came out through her nose.

“Inside joke,” Imra said to Gayle, who frowned at her. “How about you do my makeup and I’ll do yours?”

Gayle said yes, but hardly ten seconds into letting Imra apply her makeup for her, she felt like she should have said no. Imra was gazing at her lips while she applied lipstick so painfully slow it was torture. She was too gay for this shit.

“Close your eyes,” Imra said, about to apply some eye-shadow.

Gayle closed her eyes, thinking how she should have done that earlier. She felt a hand cup her jaw and it was ridiculous how soft Imra’s palm felt. When Imra told her she could open her eyes, she fluttered them open, breath catching at how close Imra was. Her eyes dipped down to Imra’s lips and okay, she was really too gay for this shit.

“I should do yours now, I’ll start with your lipstick,” Gayle said, mentally patting herself on the back for recovering so fast.

“Oh, I’m not done with you yet,” Imra replied, chuckling at the redness of Gayle’s cheeks, which she had to whiten for the corpse look. Perhaps Gayle should go as a tomato instead, but she kept that comment to herself.
Kara was so excited about Halloween her energy was practically bouncing off the walls. She loved all kinds of holidays humans participated in. It was fun seeing people getting all dressed up, some scary and some not scary at all. During her first year on earth, Alex took her trick or treating and she was amazed how ringing people's doorbell led to receiving free candy, heaps of it.

Imagine her disappointment when she tried the same thing a couple of days later, only to find out receiving candy was a Halloween thing only. Nonetheless, she very much enjoyed the whole Halloween tradition. She did the same thing every year, always going trick or treating, followed by watching a movie or two.

The last couple of years she didn’t always manage to rope Alex into participating, but Imra always did. Traditions meant a lot to her. On Krypton Halloween and Christmas didn’t exist, but they had other traditions. Tonight was bound to be somewhat different; though she was happy Lena invited her to go trick or treating with the children and with her.

“Can you give Lily a hand with her costume?” Lena asked Kara while she was trying to get her son into his costume.

Kara chuckled when she saw Lily-May was putting her cape on backwards and she hadn’t even put the rest of her costume on yet. “Of course,” she answered, crouching down in front of Lily-May. “You’re going to be such a cute little vampire.”

“Mammy too,” Lily-May said with a smile.

“You too, by the way,” Lena informed Kara.

“Vampire, hmm, okay.” Kara said, nodding. “Last year I went trick or treating dressed like the cookie monster while Imra was dressed as a cookie,” she shared with Lena, laughing.

Lena cast a smile at Kara, whose eyes were twinkling. It was sweet Kara and Imra had so much fun together. She couldn’t imagine going trick or treating without her children present. When she was younger, Halloween wasn’t celebrated. Her family didn’t care about holidays and thought it was lame. Her mother always said people didn’t need to wait for Halloween to see monsters walking around, claiming monsters were among them, which was kind of rich, coming from a woman who turned out to be one.

At first, Lena wanted Kara to choose her own costume, but then Gayle told her how Graym chose something for her and for Imra, and Gayle was worried to give the wrong impression to Kara. That was the reason why she suggested she could arrange a costume for Kara that was similar to her own, so it wouldn’t look as if Gayle and Imra were dressing up like a couple on purpose while Kara and she would wear different costumes that were nothing alike.

“Aweeeeee,” Kara cooed, melting at the sight of LJ clad as a pumpkin.

Lena smiled and lifted her son into her arms. “Take a few pictures of us?”

Kara nodded excessively. She snapped a few quick pictures. “Say cheese,” she said, gesturing at Lily-May to go stand next to Lena.

“So you always think with your stomach?”

“Oh yes, I do, as a matter of fact,” Kara answered, smiling at the sparkle in Lena’s eyes. Lena was beautiful, but she was even more beautiful when she smiled, oh Rao, it should be illegal for someone to be that attractive.
Lena raised a humored eyebrow when she saw Kara’s eyes rake up and down her body multiple times. “I take it you like my costume?” she commented, refraining from asking the usual ‘like what you see’, though she was tempted.

For all Lena knew, it was possible Imra was a Kryptonian, just like Kara, and she didn’t need to give Imra any reason to have an egg to peel with her. Either way, she didn’t want to start any drama because Kara was a good nanny to her children and she knew Gayle valued her nanny, too. At times she bordered on flirting, but she didn’t mean anything by it other than playful, harmless banter.

“Very much so,” Kara confirmed, her mouth going a little dry. “You’re a sexy vampire,” she blurted out, eyes going wide behind her glasses. “You look great with your costume and the fake fangs and just yeah… the total picture and some vampires are very good-looking,” she tried to explain, groaning quietly because she was only making it worse.

Lena bit her lip, failing to hide her smile. So Kara thought she was sexy, that was an interesting development. She had been called sexy before by other people, most of them sleazebags who thought a few compliments was all it took to get her undressed. Kara didn’t say it as if she had an ulterior motive, Kara said it like she meant it and like it was a thought that got away from her.

Gayle shook her head while Kara and Imra held hands. Sure yes, marvelous idea for all of them to go trick or treating together as a group. They were keeping it decent for the children, but regardless she didn’t need to see how happy go lucky they were.

Graym had claimed Imra’s other hand, smiling while he tried to drag her from one house to another, which meant Kara had to follow as well, and Kara was also holding Lily-May’s tiny hand.

“Slow down, beanie,” Gayle called out. She was walking slower because she wasn’t interested in running, especially not while she was holding her daughters’ hands. If she rushed, Anna and Elsa would trip and she didn’t want them to scrape their knees.

“I should’ve brought a bucket for candy,” Kara said with an audible sigh.

“You should have,” Imra agreed, lifting her own bucket, which had a few pieces of candy in it.

Kara gasped. “You’re going to share your candy with me later, right?” she asked, giving Imra her best pout. “Please?”

“Let me guess, if I share my candy with you, you’ll love me forever?” Imra replied, chuckling when Kara hummed. “I will share my candy with you in exchange for extra cuddles tonight.”

Gayle felt like vomiting. Kara and Imra didn’t need to rub it in how in love they were, for fucks sakes, she got the message loud and clear. Romance was stupid and pointless, and it was created by desperate souls who were in love with the idea of love.

“You can have half of my candy,” Lily-May offered Kara. “Mammy says too much candy will give
me cavities and I don’t like the dentist.”

“Awe, that’s really sweet of you, pip,” Kara replied, smiling down at Lily-May. “The dentist has lollipops though.”

“Are you trying to encourage my daughter to ruin her teeth?” Lena asked, fixing Kara with a serious look, though underneath it all she found it amusing.

“Wha-whaaat? Pfft, no,” Kara answered, averting her eyes.

“My dentist says lollipops are cavities on sticks,” Lily-May said. “It’s all sugar.”

“Kara is all sugar, too,” Imra commented, which earned her an elbow in the ribs from Kara.

“You’re made out of sugar, spice and everything nice.”

“We should move on,” Gayle said, voice a little gruff. “It is Halloween after all.”

Several houses later, they ran into Samantha, Alex and Ruby.

“Alex,” Kara said, a little baffled seeing her sister indulging in trick or treating this year. She smiled, seeing Alex holding Ruby’s hand and Samantha’s hand, which was sweet.

Alex frowned for a second, eyes dipping down to Kara and Imra’s entwined fingers.

“Fancy running into you,” Lena said to Samantha, a smile playing at her lips.

“I have no doubt you’ll get plenty of treats this year,” Gayle said to Samantha with a naughty, knowing smirk.

Alex’s cheeks colored red, more so when Samantha kissed her on the cheek.

“Miss Danvers is mommy’s girlfriend,” Ruby said, giggling. “They kiss each other on the lips,” she shared, which made the other children giggle as well.

Alex’s cheeks reddened significantly, the redness spread down to her neck. She dropped Samantha’s hand like a coal she burned herself on and averted her eyes.

“Alex is indeed my girlfriend,” Samantha confirmed, looping her arm around Alex’s waist, pulling her body closer to hers.

“How do you feel about your mommy dating Miss Danvers, Ruby?” Lena asked, sensing that question was on the tip of Alex’s tongue.

“Good,” Ruby answered, smiling while she rocked on the back of her heels. “I like Miss Danvers,” she said, wrapping her arms around Alex’s legs.

Alex lowered a hand to comb Ruby’s hair. “I like you too, sweetie,” she said, smiling down at her.

“Aunt Astra,” Kara said, smiling brightly when she spotted her aunt with Lucy and Sirius. “Oh, this is Astra, Lucy and Sirius,” she said, introducing them to Lena and Gayle.

“Trick or treating, too, I see,” Imra said to Astra and Lucy with a smile. “Sirius makes a cute little Batman.”

“Told you so,” Lucy said to Astra, chuckling as her wife huffed. “Star and I look hot as Catwoman, wouldn’t you say?”
“I’d definitely say,” Imra agreed, nodding. “You match well together.”

Gayle recognized Astra as the woman who bought her food ten years ago. Astra still had that white streak in her hair and she looked as if she hardly aged.

“You remember me, don’t you?” Gayle asked Astra in a whisper, stepping aside with her for a moment. “How can I repay you?” she asked, ready to write Astra a check, or give her something else she wanted, so long as it was within reason.

Astra put her hand on top of Gayle’s, keeping her from writing a check. “Pay it forward,” she whispered, retrieving her hand when Gayle stared at her. “If you see someone in need, help them.”

“Of course,” Gayle replied, nodding. It made sense and it was definitely something she wanted to do, considering she had the means to help. “What you did for me back then, you gave me more than food, you gave me hope in humanity.”

Imra shared a confused look with Kara when she saw Gayle hugging Astra, wondering what that was all about. She could tell they knew each other, but the rest was lost on her.
Chapter 11

Lily-May yawned and curled her hands into Kara’s cape.

Kara was glad her vampire costume came with a cape because it worked well as a blanket to wrap Lily-May in. “I think she’s falling asleep,” she said to Lena.

“LJ is dozing off, too,” Lena replied, rocking her son in her arms. “Kara, would you mind…?” she asked, nodding her head at the stairs.

“Help you put the children to bed?” Kara guessed, smiling when Lena nodded. “Of course, after you, milady,” she said, waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

Lena refrained from replying to that. Kara was such a dork. Her evening was going differently than she thought it would. In a little bit, once Gayle finished putting her children to bed, Gayle was going to come over with Imra so they could all watch a movie together. It was Kara’s idea and it wasn’t like she had much else to do tonight.

Kara wandered into Lily-May’s bedroom and put her down. “I know, pip,” she said softly when the little girl whined. “It’ll only take a second for me to get you some pajamas. How about you go brush your teeth?”

Lily-May was dragging her stool closer to the sink in the bathroom when Kara entered.

Kara smiled and lifted Lily-May on top of it so she could reach the sink just enough to brush her teeth. “Here’s your toothbrush,” she said, handing her the toothbrush with cartoons on them. She put some toothpaste on it for her.

Further down the hall, Kara heard Lena singing a lullaby to LJ. It was a lullaby she wasn’t familiar with and it sounded beautiful. She smiled at the way Lena’s Irish accent slipped out as she sang. Lena once mentioned in a passing conversation how she was born in Ireland, how she lived there with her mother, before she was adopted by her father.

“Here’s your cup,” Kara said, handing Lily-May her cup of water to rinse her mouth. “The tooth fairy is going to be very happy when you’re a bit older, when she collects your teeth.”

“I don’t want the tooth fairy to steal my teeth,” Lily-May said, pouting.

“Oh no, sweetie, she’s not going to steal them. You’ll get new teeth, bigger ones.”

“What’s wrong with the teeth I have?”

“Nice job, Kara,” Lena said with a teasing tone, catching the tail end of their conversation as she showed up at the door. She turned her attention to her daughter, helping her out of her costume to help her into her pajama. “What Kara meant to say is that one day, you will have bigger teeth because one day you will be as tall as me and right now, you still have your baby teeth. The tooth fairy leaves money under your pillow when you lose a tooth, so you can buy toys for being such a good girl who always brushes her teeth.”

Lily-May yawned and closed her eyes when Lena lifted her up, once she had her pajama on. “Bedtime story,” she mumbled around a yawn.

“Of course, sweetheart,” Lena replied, carrying her daughter to her bedroom.
Lily-May opened her eyes when Lena tucked her in. “From Kara,” she whispered, looking at where Kara was standing close to the door.

Kara was surprised by the request. Telling a bedtime story was something she didn’t want to take away from Lena and Lena might not have said anything about it, but the change in her heartbeat did. “I’m going to need Lena to tell the story with me,” she said, sitting down at the edge of Lily-May’s bed. “Once upon a time, in a kingdom far away, a princess walked around in her garden.”

Lena sat down when Kara eyed her expectantly. “The princess’ garden was filled with apple trees and flowers in all the colors of the rainbow. Everyone in the kingdom wished to have a garden as beautiful and magical as the princess’ garden,” she added, smiling while her daughter closed her eyes.

“Every apple had the magic to grant a wish,” Kara said, gazing into Lena’s eyes. Something about this moment pulled at her heartstrings as Lena sat on one side of Lily-May while she sat on the other. “All people had to do was take a bite and think about their wish.”

“The princess shared her apples with everyone in the kingdom, allowing their dreams to come true, creating happiness and…”

“No jammies,” Anna said, giggling while she ran half-naked through the hall.

Gayle scooped her daughter into her arms, smiling while Anna squealed in delight. “You’re not going to wear your favorite pajama?” she asked, feigning a gasp.

“Butflies?” Anna asked, gasping for real.

Gayle struggled to keep a straight face. “Yes, sweetie, the one with the butterflies on them,” she confirmed, entering her daughters’ bedroom.

Imra chuckled and shook her head when Gayle glanced at her. “I can’t, she’s too cute,” she said, half-apologetically. “I’ll check if Graym is done brushing his teeth.”

Gayle nodded and put Anna down. She sighed when she saw Elsa had tossed several pajamas onto the floor. All it took for her twins to make a mess was taking her eyes off of them for a second or two.

“Ahem,” Gayle said, tapping her foot on the floor. “What did I tell you about throwing clothes onto the floor?”

Elsa pulled up her shoulders and dropped them.

Gayle had a feeling her daughters secretly ate more candy than she had allowed them to eat. Last Halloween they weren’t old enough yet to walk up to people’s door to gather candy and right now she kind of missed that time. They were growing up so fast, it was unfair. She didn’t want their youth to fly by, they were her babies.
“Okay, choose a pajama,” Gayle said, holding a few out to her daughters. She wasn’t surprised when Anna chose the one with the butterflies on them. “This one?” she asked Elsa, who pointed at a pajama with unicorns on them.

Elsa nodded and snatched the pajama from her mother’s hands. “Noo,” she whined when Gayle tried to help her. “Elsa big girl.”

“If you say so, sweetpea,” Gayle replied, smiling while she let Elsa try.

Elsa ended up putting her pajama top on backwards, but at least she tried.

Gayle felt her heart swell with pride at her two year old doing such a good job. “That was really good, Elsa,” she appraised, fixing her top.

“Two thumbs?” Elsa asked, jumping up and down when Gayle held up two thumbs.

Gayle chuckled upon seeing Anna trying to slip her pants over her arms rather than her legs. “Come here, my little duckling,” she said, a little worried about the fact Anna’s development was going slower than Elsa’s, but her twins were still young and it didn’t necessarily mean Anna was behind for her age.

“Your pants are supposed to go over your legs,” Gayle said, booping Anna’s nose. “You were doing a good job though. Mommy’s so proud of her little angel, both of her little angels.”

“Thumbs?” Anna asked, beaming when Gayle gave her two thumbs up.

“Mommy, I brushed my teeth and I’m ready for bed,” Graym said, pushing the door further open.

“Show me,” Gayle replied, having a closer look when her son flashed his pearly white teeth. “High five,” she said, holding her hand up, knowing her son could reach it since she was on her knees.

Graym smiled and smacked his hand against his mother’s as hard as he could.

“Oh wow,” Gayle whispered, shaking her hand. “I didn’t know I raised a boxer.”

Graym looked up at Imra. “Will you tuck me in?” he asked, smiling when Imra said yes. “Don’t forget my good night kiss, mommy,” he called over his shoulder while he walked to his bedroom with Imra.

Gayle tucked her twins in and sang them a lullaby, relieved seeing them drift off to sleep. She pressed a kiss to their temple and tiptoed out of their bedroom, leaving their little nightlight on. When she walked into her son’s bedroom, she heard Imra was telling him a bedtime story. She may have hired Imra kind of on the spot when she met her for the first time, but it had been a good decision.

The nanny cams hadn’t shown her anything strange, which meant she was simply being a tad paranoid. All she ever saw was how good Imra was with her children, whether she got to see and hear it in person or through those nanny cams. She had nothing to complain about, other than minor details, such as that one time where Imra suggested cooking Graym something else when he didn’t like his food.
The bowl of popcorn on Lena’s coffee table reminded her of the time she saw Kara using heat vision to make popcorn. She was sitting on one end of her couch with Kara next to her; a bit distracted by the way Kara’s head was resting on Imra’s shoulder.

Gayle wondered if she should have said no to this movie night rather than yes. She was sitting on the edge of the couch, next to Imra, who was sitting in the middle with Kara. Her eyes followed the movement of Imra’s arm, watched how Imra draped her arm around Kara’s shoulders so Kara could snuggle up against her better.

Lena tried to ignore the crunching sound of popcorn while she skimmed through the options of what they could watch. She didn’t care what they would watch, whether it was comedy, animation or horror. All she cared about was the fact she had some company, which could be nice.

“Perhaps we can watch Corpse Bride,” Imra suggested.

“Oooh yes,” Kara said, nodding. “By the way, I love how you and Gayle were dressed up as those characters in that movie.”

“Me too,” Imra agreed, smiling. “Applying the makeup was a lot of fun,” she said, winking at Gayle.

Gayle was glad she wasn’t drinking yet or else she would have choked on her drink right about now due to the memories of Imra applying her makeup. There was something sensual about the way Imra applied it, although she knew that was just her illusion and her being a useless gay. She shouldn’t read into things so much.

“I could settle for Corpse Bride,” Lena said, hovering over it. “Gayle?”

“It’s whatever,” Gayle answered with a shrug. ‘I’m going to see if you have anything decent to drink;’ she said, pushing herself up from the couch.

“While you’re at it, I could do with a glass of wine,” Lena said.

Kara frowned, wondering why Lena wasn’t sitting closer and sure, she was dressed as a vampire earlier, but she didn’t bite. She moved her hand under the blanket Lena had covered them all with, brushing her pinkie against Lena’s.

Lena almost jumped up at the sudden touch. Heat coursed through her when Kara’s hand found hers. She held her breath, unsure what Kara was doing. Kara was entwining their fingers, that much was clear, but she had no idea why and even more so she wondered why she was doing that while Imra was sitting right there.

The worst part was the fact Lena welcomed the contact. Kara’s hand was warm, always warm, which must have been due to her alien biology, quite fascinating really. She couldn’t focus much on the movie while her skin touched Kara’s.

A quarter into the movie, Imra lifted her other arm, waiting for Gayle to scoot closer so she could drape her arm around her shoulders. Gayle was sitting just a bit too far from her and it would be awkward if she would attempt to grab her to pull her closer.

Gayle saw Imra stretching her arm, which was confusing. Was Imra having a muscle cramp or
something? She took a sip from the beer she found in Lena’s refrigerator earlier and shifted her eyes towards the screen, watching the movie she had zero interest in.

Halfway into the movie, Imra and Gayle both reached for the popcorn. Imra chuckled as their fingers brushed.

“Beautiful ladies first,” Imra whispered, retracting her hand.

Gayle barely managed to keep her jaw from dropping because hello?? Kara was sitting right next to Imra, so surely she must have heard what Imra said. Fuck it, two can play that game. “After you then,” she said with a cheeky smile, scooting a bit closer while she was at it, but not close enough for their legs to touch.

Imra’s eyes lingered on Gayle for three seconds before she grabbed a handful of popcorn, cheeks flushed. She wasn’t a stranger to people complimenting her looks, but this was Gayle, a woman who was a walking fashion icon and looked as if the catwalk was her home.

Kara heard Lena’s heart was being funny when she ran her thumb over the back of her hand. She loosened her grip somewhat, not wanting to make Lena uncomfortable. When Lena gave her hand a squeeze, she exhaled inaudibly and returned to her administrations.

Imra held some popcorn out to Gayle for her to take.

Gayle fought the urge to scoff because she didn’t need anyone to feed something to her. She leaned forward and took the popcorn from Imra with her mouth, running her tongue lightly over Imra’s fingers. The action came with repercussions not even a minute later, when Imra put her hand on her leg, close to her knee. It felt like Imra was flirting with her and the touch burned right through her, making her want more.

Imra’s smile diminished when she felt Gayle placing a hand on top of hers. She let go the moment Gayle pushed her hand off her leg, realizing she must have gone too far. All she wanted was for Gayle to feel comfortable enough to come closer, to snuggle.

“I need another drink,” Gayle said, sighing, ignoring the worried frown on Lena’s face. “Anyone else want anything to drink while I’m at it? A glass of water perhaps to clench a thirst, or a whole bottle?” she suggested as she wandered off to the kitchen.

“Club soda would be great,” Kara answered with a polite smile. “Do you need a hand?”

Gayle turned around so fast she could have gotten a whiplash. “A hand?” she asked, eyeing Kara, wondering if she was being mocked.

“With the drinks,” Kara clarified, “to carry them.”

Lena knew the crazy look Gayle had in her eyes meant she was upset about something. Before the movie, her friend seemed fine. She was worried about Gayle and worried about the fact she looked at Kara as if she wanted to hurt her, which was confusing because Kara was a cinnamon roll. On second thought, said cinnamon roll was holding her hand while her girlfriend was sitting right next to her.

Imra lifted her arm away from Kara’s shoulders. “I’ll help with the drinks,” she offered, getting up before Gayle could reject her offer. “Hey,” she whispered the second they entered the kitchen, wanting to reach out, but she didn’t want to set Gayle off. “I think I crossed a line and I want to apologize.”
“Damn right you did,” Gayle replied, which was putting it lightly. It was wrong for Imra to behave in such a flirty manner when she was seeing someone. She was not going to be someone’s toy, someone’s second choice. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore,” she said, finding another beer.

“While you’re here, you can carry Kara’s club soda.”

Kara had no idea what on earth she ever did to Gayle that warranted hearing Gayle say her name with so much venom. She wrote it off to Gayle being in a grumpy mood and let it go. Sometimes when people appeared angry towards someone, their anger was caused by something or someone else and she knew she didn’t do anything to Gayle so she didn’t take it personally.

Imra understood Gayle wasn’t too happy with her because she made a mistake, but she didn’t understand why Gayle seemed displeased with Kara as well. Humans were such complex beings at times and some of them had emotions that were all over the place, making it near impossible for her to read them all.

Near the end of the movie, Lena’s nerve endings were on fire because Kara was moving her hand up and down. It must have been an innocent, comforting gesture, but she was nowhere near comfortable, not in the way she wanted to be at least.

By the time the movie was over, Lena practically rushed Gayle, Kara and Imra out of the door, under the guise she wanted to go to sleep and could barely hold her eyes open anymore. She went up the stairs, taking two steps at a time, making her way to her bathroom.

In a haze of pent up sexual frustration and needing to sate the ache between her legs, Lena undressed and tossed her clothes onto the floor. The water of her shower wasn’t running yet when she slipped a hand between her legs, gasping as she circled her thumb around her throbbing clit. Fuck, it had been way too long since she had sex. Her cheeks warmed while she thought about Kara, about Kara’s hand caressing up and down her arm, about Kara’s hand going south. The latter didn’t actually happen, but her imagination sure took her there.

Lena came with Kara’s name rolling off the tip of her tongue in a silent plea.
Chapter 12

Gayle sat at the bar of her hotel. Not to drink because it wasn’t even lunchtime yet and she was trying to dial back on how much alcohol she consumed. She could handle a couple of glasses and her tolerance was quite high, but she didn’t want to be the kind of mother who drank every day.

Pirate Winn started a tour with guests, holding a map into his hands.

Gayle recalled she hired someone to design a treasure map, which was a nice bonus for children. Even some adults indulged themselves in a tour with Pirate Winn, despite the fact it was meant for children.

Waitresses went back and forth, serving the few customers who were around.

Gayle narrowed her eyes when she saw Leslie. She had offered her a quarter of a million to leave the country and that woman had the audacity to reject her offer, claiming there was no way she was going to leave the country. It was outrageous, everyone caved in at a certain price, so why didn’t Leslie?

A costumer bumped into Leslie and as if Gayle’s unspoken prayers were being heard, Leslie stumbled into the pool, which served her right. The costumer kept walking without looking back, if not walking a tad faster.

Gayle smiled at the scene unfolding, but her smile fell when she saw Leslie splashing around in the water and then she went under. Looking around, it appeared nobody else noticed what was going on. “That idiot seriously can’t swim,” she grumbled silently under her breath.

With a loud sigh, Gayle got up and walked over to the pool. “I should let you drown, asshole,” she hissed, diving into the pool.

Gayle wound her arms around Leslie and swam up. Her dive into the pool must have alarmed some of her employees because when she surfaced with Leslie, three employees were holding out their hands to help them out of the pool.

Leslie coughed up water, curled in on herself and screamed.

Okay, Gayle had nothing to do with that, she didn’t use her powers on Leslie, even though she was tempted more than once. For fuck’s sakes, now Leslie’s breathing was quick and shallow. She swung one of Leslie’s arms over her shoulders, snapping a few quick orders at her other employees while she wandered to one of the vacant rooms of her hotel.

Gayle calmed Leslie down, which was easier said than done. They both took a shower – not at the same time – and put on fresh clothes. It was a good thing she always kept spare clothes at her hotel, though having Leslie borrow her clothes was weird.

One of the employees brought two cups of coffee, just as Gayle requested. The door shut with a click as the employee left.

Leslie was staring at Gayle, who was sitting across from her. “Why’d you help me?” she asked, which was a good question. “Why’d you get me out of the pool?”

“Every time I saw you, I wanted to push you into that damn pool myself,” Gayle answered bluntly, which only seemed to make Leslie smile. “You’re an asshole. I got you out of the pool because I
can’t have a dead body at my hotel.”

“I get that you don’t like me and I don’t blame you. I’ve made a bad impression on you.”

Gayle scoffed at the severe understatement. Her son could have died because of Leslie’s ineptness to keep an eye on him. Then that asshole proceeded to state she knew she was Psi, as if blackmail was going to help with anything.

“How do you know what I am anyway?” Gayle asked with a bite in her voice.


Gayle stared at Leslie in disbelief, until Leslie showed her powers. She had a distant memory about crossing paths with Livewire when she was eighteen, but back then she barely caught a glimpse of her.

“Pools don’t agree with me because when I was younger, I almost drowned and when I get in water, I panic and when I panic, I risk unleashing my powers, which is painful in water,” Leslie explained, not that Gayle asked for it.

Gayle blew lightly over her cup of coffee and took a few sips while she thought. They were both metahumans, which meant Leslie wouldn’t look at her like she was a monster. It had been ten years since she had any sort of interaction with another metahuman.

“You’re not a fan of electrocuting yourself, I see,” Gayle said, not that anyone would be.

“Shocker, right?” Leslie replied, laughing. “Y’know, when you jumped into the pool, it’s a good thing my powers didn’t slip. I can’t believe you did that by the way. I’d have put money on you letting me drown.”

“Next time you have an ongoing bet, I want in,” Gayle said, taking another sip from her coffee.

“Let me guess, you want in for a quarter of a million.”

Gayle huffed at the smirk on Leslie’s face. “Do you want to get drinks together sometime?” she asked on a whim.

“Oh, um crap,” Leslie mumbled, setting her cup of coffee down. “I’m flattered and stuff, but I’m seeing someone.”

“I didn’t mean it like a date,” Gayle replied, looking at Leslie incredulously while her voice came out high-pitched. “Pfft, why would I date someone who doesn’t like children?” she scoffed, thinking that was a valid excuse to talk herself out of this awkward situation.

Gayle was merely asking Leslie to get drinks together, not to date each other and start a relationship, Jesus. She wasn’t thinking about anything even remotely romantic, only physical because in the end she was only human and she had certain needs.

Gayle rolled her eyes at the way Leslie was grinning at her like that asshole just knew. “Stop grinning at me like that,” she snapped, which only made Leslie grin more. “Now that I know who you are, you can’t blackmail me anymore.”

“You think I was trying to blackmail you? You ought to chillax. I was trying not to lose my job. I’m not a snitch, fuck that.”
It was the middle of the week, which generally meant Lena was at work, buried with e-mails, paperwork, phone calls and meetings. Today she wasn’t at work because she took the day off, which she hadn’t told Kara. Otherwise it wouldn’t have been a surprise. She wanted to have an extra day to do something fun with her children and also take the opportunity to thank Kara for all of her hard work, and for how she didn’t complain even once about the long hours she often worked.

Kara’s jaw went slack when Lena held the door of a limousine open for her. She had no idea where they were going, but it didn’t matter because she got to spend the day with Lena, Lily-May and LJ, which in itself was a treat.

“After you,” Lena said, letting Kara get in first with her children. She smiled at the driver, who was putting the backpack she packed into the trunk.

“Wow,” Kara whispered once she got in, impressed by how spacious the limousine was. There was a bucket which had ice in it and a few bottles, one of the bottles was club soda. She saw glasses and oh Rao, there was a stash of candy and snacks.

Despite the generous space to sit, Lily-May crawled onto Kara’s lap.

Lena secured her son’s baby seat, making sure he was buckled up properly.

“Where are we going, mammy?” Lily-May asked, snuggling closer against Kara when Kara snaked an arm around her.

“It’s a surprise, baby,” Lena answered, getting in, shutting the door. “You’ll see soon enough. How about we play I spy with my little eye?”

Lily-May smiled and looked around. “I spy with my little eye, something warm.”

“Kara,” Lena guessed without thinking twice before speaking.

Kara raised an eyebrow at Lena while Lily-May giggled. “Um, the sun?” she guessed, wondering if Lena said her name because she wanted to talk to her or something.

“Yes,” Lily-May confirmed, still giggling a little. “It’s your turn,” she said to Kara.

Lena wanted to crawl under a rock and stay there. She hadn’t meant to blurt out Kara’s name. It just happened and it was kind of Kara’s fault for being a walking ray of sunshine, and for her skin always being warm.

While Kara and Lily-May kept guessing what the other saw, Lena played a game of silence. They whined when the ride was over, while Lena was glad to get out of the limousine because to her it felt like the longest ride ever.

“Farm!” Lily-May squealed, beaming as she grasped her mother’s hand.
“I’ve got LJ,” Kara said, lifting him out of his baby seat. She put him on her hip and smiled when she saw a sign that read family farm. She didn’t need to lower her glasses and use her x-ray vision to know this place was filled with animals.

Lena knew the weather was a bit of a stretch to come here, but it wasn’t raining and if it would, there was a covered area with a small restaurant and a playground attached to it. “Lily loves animals,” she informed Kara, fishing the backpack out of the trunk. “Do you have a favorite animal?”

“Oh R-god, I don’t think I can pick just one,” Kara answered, smiling while they walked towards the entrance. “When I was younger, I had a cat and a dog,” she said, leaving their names out. “When I came to… to Midvale, I liked birds.”

Lena nodded slowly, taking in the information. She knew Kara was trying not to slip up and mention she was from Krypton. Up until this day, she hadn’t said a word about her knowledge of Kara’s powers, to anyone.

“I like all animals, except snakes,” Kara said, pulling up her nose. She definitely wasn’t a fan of those.

Lena’s thoughts briefly went to all the time she spent with Veronica in college. She remembered how Veronica told her one night ‘you’re special, this will feel good, trust me’ and yes, perhaps her friends were right in stating she was somewhat naïve back then. It didn’t feel as good as Veronica had promised it would, but she thought she was special to her, so she didn’t say anything.

The next day, Lena saw Veronica laughing while she stumbled into a room with some random girl. They were stealing kisses from one another. Veronica had looked her right in the eye and had grinned. It broke her and in hindsight, she knew deep down Veronica was using her, but she wanted to believe so badly she could be special to someone, could be loved.

“I don’t like snakes either,” Lena said after a prolonged pause. “So, Midvale, that’s where you lived before you moved to National City?” she asked, steering clear from mentioning the words grew up.

“Yes, I was adopted by the Danvers family and lived in Midvale for a while until I went to college and after that I stuck around in National City, mostly because my sister lives in National City, too. Midvale was an okay place to live, but National City grew on me and I have a lot of good food places near my apartment.”

Lena chuckled. “There you go thinking with your stomach again, why am I not surprised?” she commented, leaning closer towards Kara, touching her upper arm.

Kara leaned into the touch and smiled upon seeing Lena’s contagious smile. “That restaurant looks good,” she said, licking her lips.

“I was just about to suggest getting a bite to eat,” Lena replied, which she wasn’t, but now she was. Two hours passed since they ate, meaning Kara must have been starving by now. She knew Kara ate once every two hours, give or take.

“That sounds like a perfect idea,” Kara said, lighting up at the prospect of food. “I might have to marry you someday,” she commented with a teasing tone, poking her tongue past her lips.

“When I feel like going bankrupt, I’ll give you a call.”

Kara guffawed at the jab Lena gave her. “You’re lucky I’m holding LJ or else you were so going to
“get it,” she said, shaking her head.

Lena bit her lip. Her eyes surveyed Kara’s, seeing how Kara’s eyes flickered down to look at her lips. She slowly released her lip and opened the door of the restaurant for Kara.

After they found a table near the window to sit, Kara chewed on her lip while she read through the menu. “I think I’ll have a salad and a glass of water,” she said, not wanting Lena to spend a bunch of money on her again.

“If you don’t order a proper meal I’m calling off our hypothetical wedding,” Lena said, keeping her tone light while her eyes were full of concern. She hadn’t meant to make Kara feel self-conscious about how much she ate. Perhaps she needed to dial back on teasing when it came to that topic.

“I think I’ll order a stack of pancakes with extra syrup,” Lena said, humming.

“There’s no way you can eat all of that,” Kara said, shaking her head because she had seen Lena eat several times and there was no way Lena would actually eat an entire stack of pancakes with extra syrup. “This I have to see.”

Lena raised an eyebrow and put the menu card down. “Is that a challenge, Miss Danvers?”

“Why yes, Miss Luthor, it appears so.”

Lena wasn’t one to back away from a challenge. It was one of her best and worst qualities wrapped in one. “If I eat every single bite of that stack of pancakes, you will babysit my children in the weekend around Christmas and if I don’t, you get a week off for Christmas, how does that sound?”

Kara stuck her hand out above the table and shook Lena’s, sealing the deal.

“You can do it, mammy,” Lily-May said, tipping her head back against Lena’s chest, smiling up at her. She had to sit on Lena’s lap because she was too little to reach the table properly if she didn’t and she didn’t like sitting in a high chair. “Mammy is going to win,” she told Kara. “My mammy is number one.”

Kara tried very hard to hide her amusement when Lily-May was stealing bites from Lena’s pancakes while she was eating her own stack of pancakes. She thought it was beyond adorable how Lily-May wanted to help her mother win and she was low-key rooting for Lena to win, too. There was no way she would be able to miss them for a week.

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Imra shrieked when the twins splashed water at her. It was cute seeing and hearing how much fun they were having in the water. She took the children to the hotel after she picked up Graym from school with a clear goal in mind; teach Graym how to swim.

The pool in Gayle’s backyard wasn’t suitable due to the weather being too cold, but the pool at the hotel was indoors and therefore a lot warmer.
Imra had put the twins in swimming rings and put floaties around their arms to keep them afloat at all costs. She gave Graym floaties as well, since learning how to swim had to start somewhere and she didn’t want him to panic.

Gayle nearly had a damn heart attack when she walked past the pool. She was about to head home, where her children were supposed to be. “What is the meaning of this?” she asked, glaring daggers at Imra.

Gayle’s mouth went dry when Imra lifted herself out of the pool. Imra was wearing a black bikini. Her stomach was toned, she was fit, muscled and she had a gorgeous tanned skin. Water dripped down Imra’s body. The sight of her almost made her forget she was angry.

Imra lost her footing when Gayle grasped her arm and tugged. She stumbled against Gayle, trying to get a grip to steady herself, flinging her arms around Gayle’s neck in the process.

Gayle shivered as Imra’s nose bumped against hers. “What do you think you’re doing?” she asked, finding her anger and holding on to it. “Why are my children in the pool?”

Imra moved her arms away and took a step back to give Gayle some space. “I came here to teach Graym how to swim,” she answered, turning her head to smile at the children, who were now splashing water at each other.

“That is not your place,” Gayle said lowly, keeping her voice down for her children’s sake. “You should have asked permission first. It’s not your decision to make. You can’t go behind my back and try to teach my son how to swim.”

Gayle was upset because she often felt like she was missing out while her children grew up so fast and now Imra was trying to steal teaching her son how to swim away from her. She wanted to teach Graym how to swim, just as she was the one who taught him how to ride a bicycle. There was a dull ache in her chest at the memory of taking off the training wheels from her son’s bicycle, of letting go and watching him ride his bicycle without any help.

Moments like this were reserved for her. Imra had no right whatsoever to take that from her. She was there when Graym took his first steps, when he went to school for the first time, when he lost his first tooth, when he sprained his ankle and cried all the way to the hospital, when nightmares disturbed his sleep and she held him safely in her arms, and so much more.

Imra cast her eyes down, realizing she crossed a line. “You’re right, it’s not my place and it was a mistake not to ask permission,” she admitted, regardless of the good intentions she had. “It won’t happen again. I’ll get the children out of the pool.”

Gayle caught her son staring at them. Her eyes flickered towards her twins, who were giggling like they were having the time of their lives. She sighed; aware Imra was trying to do this out of the kindness of her heart. It was infuriating how difficult it was to stay mad at Imra when she had such a gentle, pure soul. To lighten the mood, she tried to push Imra into the pool, but she hadn’t anticipated Imra grasping her wrist and pulling her in the pool with her.
Chapter 13

At some point, Gayle had gotten out of the pool to change into a swimming suit. There was no way she was going to swim in her clothes. It was somewhat frustrating her clothes got soaked twice today, though both times were rewarding in their own way. She found an ally in Leslie/Livewire and now she was about to have fun with her children.

Imra whistled while Gayle dangled her legs into the pool. She swam over to her and crossed her arms, putting them on Gayle’s legs. “The water is nice and warm, are you coming in?” she asked, smiling.

Gayle dipped her head down, tracing the outlines of Imra’s lips with her eyes. She held out her hands, allowing Imra to pull her into the water. It merely brought her body closer to Imra’s and fuck it was killing her. She contemplated phoning the police to inform them she was being attacked by how attractive Imra was.

“I keep getting you wet,” Imra said, chuckling, splashing some water at Gayle.

Gayle swam away from Imra to pay attention to her children. Since she was in the pool, she figured she could spare an hour to try and teach her son how to swim.

“Okay, beanie, you can do this,” Gayle said after she showed her son a couple of times how it was done. “I want you to try and swim to Imra, okay?”

Imra held her arms open. It was a manageable distance. “You can do it, sweetie!” she shouted, smiling while Graym tried his best to swim towards her.

“Gwayem,” Anna cooed, clapping her hands together. She kicked her legs under the water, giggling as water splashed all over her mother and her sister.

Elsa shrieked. “Anna!” she said with a pout.

Gayle’s heart swelled with pride while her son swam towards Imra. He was actually doing it, her little guy was swimming. It made her cry tears of joy.

Imra caught Graym in her arms and lifted him up. “Behold, the champion,” she said, smiling while Graym looked as if he was on top of the world.

“Mommy, mommy!” Graym called out, voice filled with sheer joy. “Did you see? I was swimming all by myself! Without floaties!”

“I’m so proud of you, beanie!” Gayle replied, holding her arms open the moment Imra lowered her son into the water so he could swim back to her.

“Graym, Graym, Graym,” Elsa chanted, accompanied by Anna chanting, “Gwayem, Gwayem, Gwayem.”

Gayle smiled when her son’s arms wrapped around her neck, but then she saw Imra and her twins splashing water at each other, which made her smile for an entirely different reason. Hearing her daughters shriek and giggle was music to her ears. She never thought her children would enjoy spending time in a pool so much. If anything, after the whole Graym nearly drowning incident, she thought there was no way she could get them into water for the next year or two. As it turned out, she was mistaken.
Lily-May cooed while she was petting a baby goat. She had a carrot clutched in her right hand, smiling as the goat was eating it little by little. The goat was tiny enough for her to pet him without having to stand on her tippy toes.

LJ had fallen asleep a couple of minutes ago. Lena had put him down in his stroller, after Kara fetched it from the limousine. It was easier than letting her son sleep in their arms because he got heavy after a while, although she doubted Kara would have that issue.

“I’ll never get over how cute she is,” Kara said to Lena, smiling from where they stood several steps away. “She’s so tiny. I still can’t believe Anna and Elsa are almost bigger than her, which they probably will be soon.”

“Lily was born prematurely,” Lena whispered, feeling a twinge of guilt. “After my mother and my brother went to prison, my health got a dent. It hit me harder than it should have and as a result, my daughter was born too soon. I thought I lost her and waiting for her to breathe, for that first cry as air filled her lungs, it was the most scared I’ve ever felt.”

Kara slowly opened and closed her mouth. “It must have been rough for you when they were sentenced to prison,” she said, grasping Lena’s hand. “What happened is not your fault, you know that, right? What they did isn’t your fault and it’s not your fault your daughter was born too soon. Look at how happy and healthy she is.”

Lena had no idea why she just shared that with Kara. “My children are the light in my life,” she whispered, lips curling up into a smile.

“You can’t eat my fingers,” Lily-May said, giggling when the baby goat finished eating his carrot. “Mammy, I want a baby goat,” she said, putting her arms around the goat. “Can we take him home?”

“Unfortunately we can’t do that, baby,” Lena answered, and she should have seen this coming. Her daughter had been asking for a pet pretty much since the day she learned to talk and before Lily-May could talk, she would point at animals. “He belongs here, at the farm, with the other animals.”

Kara heard Lily-May whispering how she was going to ask Santa Claus to bring her a pet. She wanted to tell Lena, but then she realized she wasn’t supposed to hear that. The holidays were going to be different this year. Lena did eat the stack of pancakes, with a little help from Lily-May, but she didn’t count it as cheating, which meant she was going to work the weekend around Christmas as well.

Lena chuckled the second her daughter walked away from the baby goat, attention caught by a pony. More than once, Lily-May asked if she could have a pony. There was also a time where her daughter stated she wanted a unicorn and she was not a happy camper when Santa got her a bunch of stuffed animals instead of real animals.

Kara couldn’t take her eyes off of Lena, finding it sweet how swept up Lena was in Lily-May’s child-like joy.
Lena felt Kara’s eyes on her and it had been a hot minute. “What?” she asked, turning to face Kara fully. “Do I have something on my face?”

“I’m just thinking about how much I want to hug you because it’s nice to see you smile.”


“Maybe you’re just extra special,” Kara replied, shyly biting her lip, glad Lena couldn’t see her face right now.

Lena broke the hug, relieved she made sure to mention it was just a quick hug. She hadn’t meant to end their hug as soon as she did, but being called special made her think of how much she was betrayed in the past. Not that it was any of Kara’s fault, god no, but some words were tainted.

Kara brushed a kiss to Lena’s cheek, catching the corner of her mouth. It was a bold move and she knew it. Her heart sped up while she took a step back, trying to gauge Lena’s reaction. Lily-May was paying them no mind because she was cooing over the pony.

Lena didn’t know why Kara kissed her on the cheek, but what she did know was that it had to be a mistake how close Kara’s lips had ventured to her own. If she had turned her head, they would have kissed. She knew Kara was with Imra, so what just happened didn’t mean anything. It was a friendly kiss on the cheek, nothing more.

Lena didn’t see the way Kara’s eyes fell when she turned away without saying a word, taking pictures of her daughter with her phone.

Gayle crouched down, just in time for her daughters to barrel into her for a hug. “My babies,” she whispered, wrapping her arms around them.

Graym zipped his backpack open and revealed a drawing. “I made a drawing at school,” he announced.

“This is mommy,” Graym said, pointing at the far right of his drawing where he used a yellow pencil to draw blonde curly locks on the stick figure he drew. “This is Anna and Elsa,” he said, pointing at the two really little stick figures. “This is me,” he said, moving his finger to the stick figure that had the biggest smile. “And this is Imra,” he finished, pointing at the stick figure that was holding his hand.

Imra was so moved to be included in Graym’s drawing that she felt tears well up in her eyes. “Oh my, sweetie,” she said, smiling so much her cheeks hurt. “This is the prettiest drawing I’ve ever seen.”

Alarms were going off in Gayle’s mind. She already knew her son was attached to Imra, but this was a whole new level and she worried what would happen when one day, Imra wasn’t going to be her children’s nanny anymore. She pushed her worries aside and smiled because that day wasn’t
today, and while the future was important, it hadn’t arrived yet.

“I’m going to hang it up on the refrigerator until we find a frame you like,” Gayle said to her son.

Graym beamed, handing over his drawing to his mother. “Can I choose where we’re going to hang the frame?”

Gayle found it adorable how enthusiastic her son was when they didn’t have a frame yet. “Of course you can choose, beanie.”

Gayle excused herself for a while so she could get changed for her ladies night out.

“Why are you dressed like a princess, mommy?”

Gayle was wearing a simple red dress. Okay, not simple, but she was going out and she liked looking presentable. “I’m dressed this way because I am going out with Lena and Sam.”

“Don’t kiss guys, they’re frogs,” Graym said, scrunching up his nose.

“I wouldn’t dare kiss any frogs, unless… they turn into a prince,” Gayle replied, scooping her son into her arms. She peppered his cheeks with kisses. “Ah, there’s my prince.”

Graym giggled.

Gayle put her son down and planted a kiss on the top of his head. “Be good and don’t eat too much sugar, so that means no more stealing cookies from the cookie jar,” she warned with a gentle tone, tickling Graym’s sides. “You too, girls,” she said, sweeping her daughters into a hug, though they only managed to sneakily eat cookies when Graym climbed on top of the counter to get them some.

“I’ll keep a close eye on them,” Imra promised.

“Miss Danvers gave me homework,” Graym said, pulling a piece of paper that was all crinkled out of his backpack. “It’s math and I like math, but this homework is really hard.”

Imra had a look at the paper. Apparently Graym’s so called really hard math homework meant doing additions and subtractions with numbers up to twenty. A week ago he had similar homework, but then the numbers only went as high as ten. It was kind of cute and humans were fascinating creatures. Back on Titan, when she was Graym’s age, what humans called advanced math was second nature for her.

Humans weren’t less intelligent per se, they were intelligent in a different way, their own way. Imra without a doubt looked up to Gayle who at twenty-eight ran a hotel and was a single mother of three children. That in itself made her view Gayle as extraordinary and she had nothing but respect for how she handled it all.

“I’ll help,” Imra offered, receiving a nod of approval from Gayle. “We’re going to need more marbles this time though,” she said, which she had to make sure she kept out of Anna and Elsa’s reach, our else they would try to put the marbles into their mouth.
“I bet Imra went over to Lena’s place again to be near Kara,” Gayle all but grumbled. She grasped her glass and emptied it in one go. “They better not make out or anything in front of the children.”

“Make out?” Samantha asked, tracing her fingertip over the rim of her glass. “Do you have a thing for your nanny?”

“As if,” Gayle scoffed. “That would be ridiculous. I don’t care how good Imra looks or how pretty her accent is.”

“I hope they keep things decent so I don’t need to buy a new couch,” Lena said quietly. The thought of Kara making out with Imra on her couch made her skin crawl. Perhaps she had to have a conversation with Kara to urge her to keep her affections towards Imra under control.

“Why would I be into my nanny who’s dating her nanny?” Gayle said, nodding her head at Lena. Samantha’s eyes filled with glee. “You two realize Kara and Imra are not together like that, right?” she asked, laughing lightly. “They’re not dating.”

“I doubt that,” Lena disagreed.

Gayle agreed with Lena. It was beyond obvious Kara and Imra were an item.

Samantha tipped her head back and burst out laughing. “Oh my god, this is too good,” she said, in tears as she clutched her stomach. “They’re sisters.”

Gayle was not humored in the slightest. “No, they’re not,” she replied, shaking her head.

“Trust me, they’re sisters,” Samantha said, nodding her head. “Alex told me. They live together, because they’re sisters and they’re close.”

“A little too close for siblings if you ask me,” Lena said, taking a sip from her drink. Not that she was an expert on bonds between siblings by any means, but surely Kara and Imra were way closer than siblings were supposed to be.

“Et tu, Lena?” Samantha asked, her eyes sparkling so much, it was a miracle they didn’t explode into fireworks.

“Me too, what?” Lena replied, knowing what her friend was hinting at, but Samantha had it all wrong. She wasn’t into Kara, that would be…unlikely, silly, ridiculous, wrong and true. *Wait what?*

“We’re not into our nannies, shut up,” Gayle grumbled at Samantha. “Why don’t you leave and go smooch our children’s teacher?”

“Meow, someone is extra feisty tonight. You must really like Imra.”

Gayle decided to avoid voicing any further comments on that topic. Of course she liked Imra, only an idiot wouldn’t like her. Imra was kind, sweet, fun to be around, amazing with her children, a good cook, pretty and more, but all of that was irrelevant. Sure okay, Imra wasn’t dating Kara and that was good to know. Not that she used to be jealous or anything.

Lena focused on her drink while she processed the fact how she had it all wrong. Weeks she used to think, believe even, Kara and Imra were in a relationship. She replayed every interaction she saw
between them. On Halloween they were so close, but at the same time Kara held her hand, which made her wonder if Kara saw her like a sister.

Lena emptied her glass. She was a Luthor and Kara was a Kryptonian. Then there was also the fact Kara was her nanny. She wasn’t exactly the type to start anything with an employee. After Jack, she hadn’t been with anyone, hadn’t let herself, mostly because she was too busy juggling work and her children. It wasn’t that she didn’t want to go on dates, but she reached a point in her life where no strings attached wasn’t an option. She didn’t care about flings and one night stands. She cared about a meaningful connection, genuineness.

“I invited someone to grab drinks with us,” Gayle said, just as she saw Leslie enter the club. “It’s Leslie.”

Lena raised an eyebrow. “You invited the woman you hate?” she asked, a little surprised Gayle did that when she vividly recalled Gayle mentioning she either wanted to strangle that woman or push her into the pool.

“Used to hate,” Gayle corrected. “She’s not that bad once you know her a little and what happened in the past is water under the bridge now.”

Samantha followed Gayle’s line of sight. “Metahuman, I take it,” she commented, which Gayle couldn’t deny because Leslie’s eyes were black and she looked even whiter than before. “Who’s the woman in that leather jacket?”

“Don’t ask me,” Gayle answered with a shrug. She didn’t know Leslie was going to bring someone. All she did was suggest they could grab drinks with her friends. “Hey,” she said to Leslie.

Leslie put her arm around her company. “Sup, ladies,” she said with a nod. “This is my girlfriend, Maggie.”
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: suicide is mentioned in this chapter, proceed with caution.

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It was silent and to keep it that way, Lena tiptoed into her house. She saw the lamp near her couch was the only light that was on and Kara was sleeping on the couch.

Kara had one hand tucked under her cheek and her arm was wrapped around one of the teddy bears, which was actually one of the nanny cams.

Lena raised an eyebrow. It was the first time she saw Kara sleeping. She would have almost wondered if she even needed sleep, though she was fairly certain even Kryptonians needed it. Kara yawned, but her eyes remained closed. She smiled because it looked a lot as if Kara was floating two inches or so above the couch. It was adorable.

Lena grabbed a blanket and draped it over Kara, tucking her in as best as she could. She hoped Kara wouldn’t get a kink in her neck from sleeping on the couch, but she looked far too peaceful to wake her. Out of sheer habit, she kissed Kara’s temple and bid her good night.

She tiptoed up the stairs, making a face at every creak that could be heard. It wasn’t all that loud, but she knew it had to sound louder to Kara than it did to her. She hoped Kara wasn’t a light sleeper, although glancing over her shoulder confirmed Kara hadn’t so much as stirred. The guestroom was a more suitable place for Kara to sleep, but she really didn’t want to disturb her.

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Gayle felt like she could fall down on top of her bed and pass out any second. Her head was pounding, her chest constricting with every beat of her heart. She drank too much alcohol, went over her limit rather than holding back. Inviting Leslie for drinks took an interesting turn, because apparently her employee could hold her liquor really well and the same went for the woman she brought with her, whom turned out to be some kind of detective.

She drank several shots and much to her shame, she didn’t even know what some of them were. Then there was also the fact some random strangers at the club bought her drinks. At some point Lena tried to slow her down, but she wasn’t having any of it. Drinking helped her forget for a while, although she wasn’t sure what she was trying to forget exactly, which meant it must have worked.

“Gayle?”
Gayle’s ears perked up as Imra’s pretty accent reached her. She dragged her eyes up, seeing Imra standing just a few steps away from her.

Imra’s eyebrows creased together as she watched Gayle taking a step, only to stumble a little. A whiff of alcohol hit her nostrils. Gods, it was as if Gayle fell into a bath filled with alcohol and crawled out.

“Are you okay?” Imra asked, reaching out for Gayle’s arms, aiming to steady her. “I can get you a glass of water and walk you to your room,” she offered, ready to catch Gayle if she were to fall when Gayle took another step.

Gayle grasped Imra’s upper arms. The muscles in her neck felt tense, she tilted her head, closing her eyes, trying to relax her muscles. Her eyes snapped open when she felt Imra pulling away. To her horror, she saw Imra slumping down against the wall with her eyes wide.

Imra’s nails clawed at her shirt and then she dug her nails in her arms, rocking back and forth, the back of her head knocking against the wall with every rock.

Gayle’s jaw dropped. Fuck! She must have used her powers on Imra, which meant Imra was seeing her fears. The sight of Imra mouthing words without actually speaking while tears streamed down her cheeks cut a hole in her chest. She never meant to do that to Imra.

It sobered Gayle up quite abruptly. She knelt down in front of Imra and took her hands in hers. “Imra,” she whispered, wincing as the back of Imra’s head knocked into the wall again. “Hey, don’t do that,” she said, sliding a hand between Imra’s head and the wall. She didn’t want Imra to end up with a concussion.

“It’s not real, you don’t have to be afraid,” Gayle said, unsure how to get Imra out of this state. She had used her powers on several people, mostly when she was younger, but not once had she looked back to pull them out of it. Everyone she had done it to deserved it, aside from Imra.

The first time she accidentally used her powers was with her parents, but they were such a shitty excuse for parents they deserved it and it was questionable how much of an accident it really was. Back then, when Gayle was ten and discovered she had powers, she used them because she was scared. Her parents were angry, they were shouting and it made her shrink to the point where her powers defended her. That was how she discovered she had those powers.

“Imra,” Gayle whispered, cupping Imra’s jaw. She wondered what Imra was mouthing.

Seconds turned into minutes, minutes into an hour. Meanwhile Imra was still slumped down against the wall, paralyzed by fear.

Gayle wasn’t an expert on the aftermath of her powers, but she did know people weren’t supposed to be stuck in it that long, although the more fears and the heavier the weight of them, the longer it could take to pull someone out of that state.

Nearly forty minutes later, Imra got up. Her eyes darted around, lip trembling as she looked at Gayle.

“I’m sorry,” Gayle said, the words coming out choked as she tried not to burst into tears. “I drank too much and-” She stopped talking, casting her eyes down in defeat when Imra ran out the door.

But then Gayle remembered it was the middle of the night. It was dark out and Imra was alone. She rushed towards the door, but as she looked to her left and right, surveying the street, Imra was
nowhere to be seen.

Kara shot up when she heard LJ wailing. She rubbed her eyes, frowning at the blanket that was half-covering her body. It must have slid down a little when she sat up. She realized she must have fallen asleep on the couch at some point while she was trying to wait up for Lena. Was Lena home? She had to be, who else gave her the blanket?

Her ears confirmed three heartbeats aside from her own. She pushed the blanket aside and stood up, feeling tired still, but first she had to check on LJ before she could go back to her apartment. It was still night-time, close to three, according to the large clock on the wall in the living room.

She yawned as she made her way up the stairs, hovering over the stairs instead of putting her feet down on each step properly, as if being quiet was going to make a difference when LJ’s wails got louder with each passing second. That little guy had a healthy set of lungs.

Lena was in the hall and bumped into Kara on her way to her son’s bedroom.

“Kara.”

“Lena.”

“My son must have woken you,” Lena whispered, purely out of habit. Whispering seemed futile, though she had a feeling Kara’s ears would appreciate it.

“Mwo,” Kara answered just as she yawned, groaning at her yawn betraying how sleepy she was.

With the hint of a smile on her face, Lena stepped into her son’s bedroom. “Hey, baby,” she said, lifting LJ into her arms. His wails turned into sniffles as he rested his head on her shoulder. “You woke up, hm?” she asked, rubbing his back.

“Lily-May is still asleep,” Kara said, freezing when it dawned on her she wasn’t wearing her glasses. She recalled she took them off when she decided to close her eyes for a bit, before she had fallen asleep on the couch. “I think,” she added, “because um…we didn’t see or hear her leave her room.”

Lena didn’t mention the slipup. She didn’t blame Kara for wanting to keep her powers a secret. If she was in her shoes, having such powers while being in a Luthor’s presence, she would keep her powers hidden as well, although something told her this went beyond her being a Luthor. There was no news of someone similar to Superman flying around National City, which meant Kara was blending in.

Kara relaxed while Lena sang LJ that lullaby she always seemed to sing to him. “Did your parents sing that lullaby to you when you were little?” she asked once Lena finished singing.

Lena carefully put her son down in his crib, hoping he wasn’t going to wake up again. “My biological mother used to sing it to me,” she answered, feeling her heart ache at the memory.
“Every night, before I went to sleep, she would sing it to me, until I was four. Losing her was painful and I worried I would forget about her. I worried I would forget what she looked like, what the smell of her perfume she always had on was, the sound of her voice, everything.”

Lena took a deep breath and slowly breathed out while they left her son’s bedroom. “I did forget some things, but I remember her singing that lullaby to me.”

Kara swallowed, hard. When she lost her parents, a part of her worried she was going to forget the memories she had of them, but as a Kryptonian, every memory was like a video she could play back. “It’s a beautiful lullaby,” she whispered, voice coming out a little weak.

“It’s very late,” Lena said, catching Kara glancing at the stairs. “You can sleep in the guestroom. It’s right next to my room.”

Kara worried her bottom lip between her teeth, hesitating to accept the offer. It really was late and she didn’t want Lena to needlessly worry about her safety. “That would be nice,” she answered with a small smile.

Imra cried as Astra’s strong arms wrapped around her. She knew it was early, far too early to disturb, but she also knew Astra was awake either way and Astra was the closest thing she had to a parent.

“It w-was hor-horrible,” Imra hiccupped, shivering while she kept reliving it over and over again in her head. Deep down she knew it was an accident, knew Gayle didn’t intentionally hurt her, but that didn’t really make it any less awful.

“Come sit with me, sweet girl,” Astra whispered, closing the door, keeping an arm around Imra.

Imra had no doubt Lucy and Sirius were still sleeping, and she didn’t want to wake them. She pointed a shaky finger at the back door that led to the garden. Once they were outside in the garden, she pointed up at the roof.

Astra looked around before scooping Imra up. She flew up to the roof and put Imra down. “What has saddened you so, gentle one?” she asked, caressing Imra’s cheek with the back of her index finger, which was a typical signature gesture of her.

Imra had to take several deep breaths. She pulled her knees up under her chin. It came as a surprise Gayle had powers and she had no doubt if she told Astra what happened, Astra would rush over to Gayle’s place and it would not be pretty.

“My fears all hit me at once,” Imra whispered, taking a shaky breath. She clenched and unclenched her fingers, letting her nails dig into her palms. “It felt real and I couldn’t wake up, couldn’t shake it off. I saw people I used to know back on Titan. There was so much suffering, so much pain… They said I abandoned them, that I left them to die. I should have been on Titan. I should have died with them.”
I saw people here on earth die, too,” Imra said as a sob wrenched itself free from the back of her throat. “You died, Kara died, Alex…,” she trailed off, shaking her head. “Everyone I knew and everyone I know, they were all dying and then I was alone. I entered the apartment I share with Kara and it was empty, she wasn’t there.”

Imra’s heart was racing. It didn’t help how after she gained some of her senses back, Kara truly wasn’t at their apartment, although logically she knew it had to mean Kara was still at Lena’s, but that didn’t take away the fear that clawed at her chest. She had to see Astra because she didn’t want to be alone and she didn’t know who else to run to. Astra helped her ten years ago, when she was new on earth, when she was lost and alone, and scared.

“The children I babysit,” Imra whispered, crying more at how real it felt, how real she thought it was. “They were dead, I... my powers, I did something and they were dead because of me. Everyone died and it was my fault. I wanted to die, too, but it wasn’t working.”

Unshed tears shimmered in Astra’s eyes. “I know you have suffered great losses, gentle one,” she said, squeezing Imra’s hand as tears rolled down her cheeks. “Your life does not end because theirs has. If I were to perish, I would want you to live and I know that is what everyone else would want, too.”

Imra rarely saw Astra cry. She had seen Astra cry when she reunited with Kara, when she married Lucy, when her son was born and she also saw her cry the day they met. Their meeting was nothing short of unusual. Astra did more than give her a home, a family. The day they met, she was about to take her own life because it was unfair why she got to live while her people were dead. It was a secret they kept between them, one not even Kara knew of. That day she thought she had nothing left to live for.

Everyone had demons and fears, and because of Gayle’s slipup with her powers, Imra was forced to relive hers, all at once. “It was nothing but a horrible nightmare, a realistic nightmare,” she said, hating that she was lying a bit to Astra, but she wanted to protect Gayle, wanted to prevent Astra going after her.

“I was on that bridge again, the one where you found me,” Imra whispered, squeezing Astra’s hand as tight as she could. “In my nightmare,” she clarified. “This time when I jumped, I was falling and the water was getting closer, but you weren’t there to catch me like you did ten years ago.”

Astra hugged her arms around Imra and held her while Imra cried some more. “There will always be someone to catch you,” she whispered, stroking Imra’s hair. “I am here for as long as I can be. Our family is never going to let you fall. You are in our hearts as much as we are in yours and nobody can ever take that away from you.”

“I miss spending time with Sirius.”

“You are welcome to stay anytime you wish.”

Imra managed a small smile. Astra knew her too well. “I’ll stay, until tomorrow,” she decided, which she would text to Kara later. “Did you and Luce come up with any names for your unborn children yet?”
Kara snuck under the covers in the guestroom at her aunt’s house. She didn’t want to be alone at her apartment and when Imra texted her she was staying here until tomorrow, she texted she was coming over. Something felt different. She was used to Imra smiling a lot, but this time there was so much pain in Imra’s eyes and her lips quivered every now and then.

Imra opted to turn onto her side, facing away from Kara. She couldn’t cope with her best friend’s concerned gaze. When Kara shifted closer, she shifted closer towards her as well, meeting in the middle of the bed.

Kara draped an arm around Imra, pulling her into her as her little spoon.

Imra exhaled, feeling an ounce of relief at the comforting contact. She wasn’t quick to be the little spoon, but tonight she needed it, needed to be held. The fact that Kara was right next to her, alive and accepted her as family, helped.

Kara heard Imra’s heart racing, which in turn made hers ache. She ran her fingers through Imra’s hair while she sang a song Imra taught her, a song from Titan.

Imra was scared to close her eyes. The second her eyes slipped shut, she saw herself jumping off that bridge over and over again. While she fell, she heard everyone she ever loved and cared about scream in agony. It wasn’t water she fell into, it was blood, the blood of the people she lost and the people she hadn’t lost yet but feared losing. It wasn’t real and she knew that, but the fear she felt couldn’t have been more real.

Halfway through the night, Imra’s scream woke the entire house. She apologized to Lucy and Astra, feeling awful she woke them, but even more so she felt bad for waking up Sirius. Her heart bled when her little cousin entered the guestroom.

Sirius held out the blanket he had been sleeping with since birth and offered it to Imra. Once Imra took it from him, he climbed into bed and curled up against Imra. “No sad,” he whispered, putting his hand on Imra’s cheek, wiping at her tears. “I keep Im safe.”

Kara heard her aunt cry quietly in her room while Lucy was consoling her and it confused her to no end. She had plenty of nightmares when she was younger, but not once did her aunt cry because it wasn’t something to cry about, though the way Imra screamed threatened to evoke tears from her, too. Something wasn’t adding up, she had a gut feeling something was being kept from her.
“Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,” Kara sang, shaking her body as she opened one of the boxes that had *Christmas decorations* written on the side of the box. “Oh what fun it is to ride…”

Lena couldn’t help but smile at how much Kara was in the holiday spirits. She always had a habit of taking a day off to take the time to decorate the Christmas tree. It was a real Christmas tree rather than a plastic one, which despite the mess it created, felt more authentic. She had chosen one with her daughter. The tree was a bit crooked, which made it all the more perfect.

Lily-May had to have that tree because she said the tree looked sad and needed a good home.

Lena carefully unwrapped the star. Celebrating Christmas became a tradition after her daughter was born. “Here you go, baby,” she said, handing the star to Lily-May.

Lily-May smiled and stretched her arms.

Lena lifted her daughter up with little to no effort so she could reach the top of their Christmas tree.

Kara was untangling the lights when she felt LJ bumping his walker against her legs. “Awe,” she whispered, melting at the pout on his face while he reached his arms up.

LJ cried when Kara didn’t immediately pick him up.

“Oh okay, you can have my attention,” Kara said, putting the lights aside in favor of scooping LJ up into her arms. “Maybe you can help me with the decorations,” she said, putting him on her hip while she rummaged through the boxes to find plastic balls he wouldn’t be able to break.

“Buh,” LJ cooed, barely fitting the plastic ball Kara gave him into his hands. He dropped the ball and smiled at Kara. “Da-da,” he said, burying his face in Kara’s neck.

Kara’s jaw dropped in sync with Lena’s jaw.

Lena slowly closed her mouth while she rationalized what just happened. Surely her son was merely making sounds and wasn’t referring to his nanny as daddy.

Kara had no idea what to say and if she should even say anything at all. “Do you want your mammy to hold you?” she asked, pointing at Lena.

LJ craned his head, smiling as he looked at his mother. “Ma-ma,” he said, clenching and unclenching his fingers.

Tears sprung in Lena’s eyes. “That’s right, baby, I’m your mammy,” she confirmed, taking her son over from Kara. It meant so much to her hearing LJ call her ma-ma, which was something she had been waiting to hear. Her daughter called her ma-ma when she was barely six months old.

Lena thought of how ironic it was Lily-May was never much of a crier or a talker, though her daughter had quite a rich vocabulary while Lachlan Jack cried a lot and didn’t say much. It was possible her son would talk more as he got older. For now she was overjoyed LJ knew she was his mother.

LJ clutched one hand in his mother’s sweater and stretched the other out towards Kara. “Da-da,” he
“Da-da!”

“No, LJ,” Lily-May said, shaking her head. “Kara is not our daddy, she’s our nanny. We don’t have a daddy.”

Just like that, Kara saw Lena’s whole demeanor change from happy to distraught.

Lena cleared her throat and put her son down in his walker. “Lily, sweetie, mammy wants to talk with you for a minute, okay?” she said, holding a hand out to her daughter.

Lily-May nodded and took her mother’s hand.

Lena sat down on the second step of the stairs. She used to hope she had more time to have this conversation with her daughter, but hearing Lily-May tell LJ they didn’t have a father gave her a reality check.

“When you were born, you had a daddy,” Lena began with some hesitancy.

“I know,” Lily-May said, looking up at her mother. She was two when her father passed away and Lena wasn’t sure her daughter would remember him.

“Okay,” Lena whispered. “What do you think happened to your daddy?” she asked, nowhere near ready to share details, but she did have to explain how Jack was gone.

“The angels were lonely.”

“The angels took your daddy?” Lena asked, trying to keep it together as her daughter nodded.

“Who told you that, baby?”

Lily-May’s answer chilled Lena’s blood. “The angel at daddy’s funeral told me.”

Lena knew she was quite distracted during Jack’s funeral, but whenever she lost sight of her daughter, Gayle and Samantha eased her mind by pointing at where Lily-May was. “What did the angel look like? Did the angel have wings? Can you describe the angel to me?” she asked, her mind going back to that day, wondering if there was anything out of the ordinary she may have overlooked.

Lily-May smiled and pointed at her mother.

“I was the angel?” Lena asked, frowning when her daughter shook her head. “The angel looked like me?”

“I thought it was you, mammy. But her voice was different.”

Lena was officially creeped out at the knowledge someone who looked like her approached her daughter, a little over a year ago. Her heart hammered in her chest at the fear her baby girl could have ended up going home with a stranger.

“She gave me candy,” Lily-May said, which increased Lena’s fear by tenfold. “I told her I’m not supposed to take candy from strangers.”

“That’s right, never take candy from strangers,” Lena replied, relieved her daughter didn’t take the candy. It sounded like a classic trick of someone trying to abduct a child, although the fact that person was disguised to look like her was a very creepy touch and god; they were at a funeral, who even does that?
“She said she’s not a stranger,” Lily-May said as she hopped off the stairs. “She’s my auntie.”

Lena was confused because she didn’t have a sister. The closest thing her daughter had to an auntie was Gayle and Samantha. She knew children said the weirdest most illogical things at times, but this didn’t sound random.

Kara overheard the whole thing. She didn’t mean to, but even without using her super hearing, she heard Lena and Lily-May talk. “Are you okay?” she asked Lena, putting her hand on her shoulder, searching her eyes.

Lena wanted to say yes and pretend she was fine, but all she did was shake her head and accept Kara’s hug.

“Everyone makes mistakes,” Imra replied, not holding it above Gayle’s head. It was an awful experience to be confronted with her fears so strongly, but another part of her knew she bottled things up too much and the confrontation though harsh, was necessary.

“No Christmas tree,” Imra noted, cutting through the silence.

Gayle wished Imra would lash out at her, get it out of her system, to get it over with. What she did was a drunken mistake and the fact she hurt Imra with her powers was a memory she wished she could erase. But she couldn’t, the damage was done and now she had to live with it. With Christmas closing in, she wanted to go on a much needed vacation with her children.

“I’m not putting a Christmas tree in my house this year,” Gayle said, eyes following Imra as Imra walked around, as if Imra was trying to find a spot for a tree. “We’re going on a vacation for a week, give or take.”

“Oh,” Imra whispered, turning around to face Gayle. “You haven’t forgiven yourself yet, have you?” she asked with a quiet sigh.

Gayle averted her eyes, she couldn’t forgive herself for what she did to Imra, accident or not. “I’m surprised you came back after what I did,” she confessed, wringing her hands together. She dropped her hands and ran one through her hair, Imra’s gaze on her suddenly heavy.

“Do you want to come with us on that vacation?” Gayle asked, expecting Imra to say no, although...
she hoped Imra would say yes. “I was just about to make a reservation, so I can easily squeeze you in. Graym would love it, I haven’t told him yet though.”

Imra wanted to comfort Gayle, felt Gayle needed it, but ever since what happened, whenever she came even close to Gayle’s personal space, Gayle danced around her to avoid being near her. She didn’t want the guilt of it all to gnaw at Gayle.

“Do you want me there?”

Gayle hated that question, hated having to admit that yes, she did want Imra there. Why couldn’t it be enough to mention Graym would love it? “I wouldn’t be opposed to having you around,” she answered, fluffing the cushions on her couch, anything to avoid looking Imra in the eyes.

“Okay,” Imra replied, letting it slide how Gayle refused giving her a yes or no answer. “I’ll go with you on one condition,” she said, holding up a finger once she had Gayle’s attention. “I don’t want you to pay me during the vacation. I’ll help with the children, but if you even think about paying me, I’m leaving.”

Kara sat on the edge of her bed, pouting away while her eyes flitted between Imra, the clothes that were floating around and the open suitcase. She was surprised when Imra informed her she was going on a vacation for a week with Gayle, Graym, Anna and Elsa. They never spent more than one day or one night apart in the eight years they had known each other.

She was aware it was only temporary and Imra promised to text her, but she was going to miss her. Instead of sulking, she was supposed to help Imra pack, or at least that was what she said she would do, although from the looks of it Imra didn’t need any help.

Imra used her powers to gather some of the warmest clothes she had. She also selected pajamas and a few other things, slowly filling up her suitcase. In the ten years she had been on earth, she only went on a vacation once. During the first summer break when she went to college, she went on a road trip with Kara and Alex.

Kara got up and pulled Imra into a hug. “I’m going to miss you so much,” she said, hugging Imra as tightly as she could handle being hugged.

“I’m going to miss you too, Kara,” Imra replied, patting Kara’s back. “I’ll be back before you know it, it’s only one week.”

Kara was going to be working full-time, considering Lena won that bet. It was a relief, knowing that during the days, she wouldn’t be alone. Nights were a different tale. It was going to be weird, sleeping without Imra.

“You should take a picture of me with you, to put on the bedside table,” Kara said as she let go.

Imra chuckled at that. “I believe I have plenty of pictures of you on my phone,” she replied with a smile. “If I put a framed picture of you near the bed I’ll be sleeping in, they might think we’re
dating.”

“Hmm, I suppose it is a little past friendly,” Kara admitted, chuckling too. “We’re sisters though, why would Gayle think we’re dating?”

“You never know,” Imra answered with a shrug. “But if you think about it, Alex used to think we were dating and she knows us better than most people do, so it wouldn’t be much of a stretch to give the wrong impression.”

“Fine, you’re not getting my picture of me eating ice cream then,” Kara huffed, but her smile betrayed she was just playing.

“Oh please, I have that one saved on my phone,” Imra said, chuckling. “Love you,” she whispered, kissing Kara’s cheek.

Kara smiled more. “Love you, too,” she replied, pulling Imra into another hug.

Lena worked late, so late she knew her children were asleep. After she rounded up a phone call at work, she watched the nanny cams where she saw Kara putting LJ in his crib and saw her tucking Lily-May in. She hadn’t meant to be home hardly five minutes shy of midnight, but the holidays always made her workload extra crazy for some reason. She put her shoes aside and shut the door.

To her surprise, Kara wasn’t watching a movie like she had been right before Lena called it a night and left her office at L-Corp. She saw Kara was on her couch, passed out. The Kryptonian must have been exhausted if she fell asleep in the fifteen minutes it took her to get home.

Kara heard Lena walk closer towards the couch. She felt a bout of guilt for feigning being asleep, but she dreaded going home to an empty apartment and she didn’t dare to admit that. It wasn’t the same at her apartment without Imra. Lying was never something she was good at. She turned a little on the couch, almost stumbling onto the floor in the process. It wasn’t right of her to stay here without asking, without Lena’s permission.

Lena paused at the couch. Kara was stirring and she didn’t like the idea of her sleeping on the couch. Making a decision, she shook Kara’s shoulder. “Kara,” she whispered, “Kara, wake up.”

Kara couldn’t push her guilt down any longer. She opened her eyes, preparing for Lena telling her she had to go home.

“Hello, sleepyhead,” Lena whispered, smiling. “You can sleep in the guestroom. I don’t want you to get a kink in your neck.”

Kara felt a wave of relief wash over her upon hearing Lena say that.

“You can borrow something to sleep in from me,” Lena whispered after she gave Kara a once over, deciding she couldn’t let her sleep whilst wearing jeans.

Kara smiled and followed Lena up the stairs. She was going to sleep better here than she would
have alone at her apartment. It was only for tonight, she told herself, because Imra left today. Tomorrow night she would deal with sleeping alone at their apartment.

Lena gave Kara one of her silk nightdresses. She kept every room warm enough and she had a feeling Kara could even sleep in the snow without getting cold. Earlier today, when she had a look at the nanny cams, she saw Kara wandering outside in the snow, barefooted.

“After you,” Kara insisted, waiting outside the bathroom.

Lena freshened up in the bathroom. A part of her wondered if Kara kept her glasses on, or if she was using the x-ray vision she no doubt had to check her out. She shook that thought because Kara was too polite to stoop down to doing something like that. It was naughty how she half-wished Kara would look, but wanting to be desired was something many people wanted.

Kara gave Lena half a smile when she was done in the bathroom. While she got changed, her ears picked up on the fact Lena was still in the hall, presumably waiting for her to come out of the bathroom. The silky red nightdress felt smooth and slippery. It was the same design as the black nightdress Lena had on.

Lena walked Kara to the guestroom once Kara exited the bathroom, though she knew Kara already knew where the guestroom was. She checked the thermostat in the guestroom. “Are you warm enough?” she asked, a pointless question, but she wanted Kara to be comfortable.


Lena hesitantly stepped closer on the tips of her toes. “Yes, Kara?”

Kara took off her glasses, putting them on the bedside table. She fiddled with her hands, biting her lip while she looked at Lena, trying to form the words she wanted to say.

Lena sat down on the edge of the bed next to Kara. “Is something wrong?” she asked, putting a hand on top of Kara’s.

Kara didn’t know how to ask Lena to sleep with her without sounding pathetic. “Do you think that maybe… could you… if you don’t mind…I was wondering…I would rather not sleep alone because um… because err, I sleep better when I’m not alone and maybe perhaps possibly you can stay here? I know it’s probably just silly,” she explained, trying to laugh it off. “It’s just that it would mean a lot to me and just for tonight, but it’s okay if you say no, I’ll understand and now I’m just rambling and okay, I’ll just… I’ll stop talking.”

From the small crack in Kara’s voice as she spoke, Lena knew it wasn’t silly in the slightest. “I can stay,” she whispered, watching how a smile tugged at Kara’s lips.

“You’re the best,” Kara beamed, keeping her voice down. She kissed Lena’s cheek and ducked underneath the covers.

Lena’s cheek tingled where Kara’s lips had been. She was glad it was dark because she had a feeling she was blushing. It was impossible not to blush when a woman she was into kissed her on the cheek, a woman she had been fantasizing about. She slid under the covers, stiffening when Kara cuddled with her.

“Is… is this not okay?” Kara asked, loosening her grip on Lena, but she didn’t scoot away just yet. “I’m a cuddler, but if you don’t like that, I’ll cuddle a pillow.”
“No, it’s… it’s alright,” Lena answered, so close to Kara her heart was in her throat. “I was surprised, that’s all.”

“Good night, Lena,” Kara practically sang.

The happiness in Kara’s voice made Lena smile. “Good night, Kara,” she whispered, closing her eyes. “Sweet dreams.”
Gayle checked in to the main hotel to receive the key to the cabin she rented for her vacation with her children and with Imra. The first problem arose quickly when it became clear the personnel made a mistake.

Imra was standing to the side, near a small play area for children, when she noticed Gayle had her hands in her hair. “Stay put,” she told the children.

“I’ll keep an eye on my sisters,” Graym replied, smiling at Imra.

Imra smiled back and with a few quick strides, showed up next to Gayle. “Is everything alright?” she asked, frowning while Gayle sighed.

“No,” Gayle answered, glaring at the personnel. “I specifically asked for one bedroom with three beds for my children and either two other bedrooms, or one other bedroom with two singular beds,” she snapped, grinding her teeth because she was very specific about that when she booked this vacation. “I didn’t ask for one bedroom with three beds and one bedroom with a master bed.”

“We are fully booked, Miss Marsh,” someone from personnel said. “We can offer you free breakfast?”

“I don’t want free breakfast,” Gayle replied, sighing yet again. What she wanted was for them to fix their mistake. She turned a quarter to look at Imra. “I’m sorry the people here can’t do their job properly,” she apologized, feeling awkward this was happening. “We’ll share a room with Graym so we can each have our own bed and the twins can take the master bedroom.”

It wasn’t an ideal solution, but Gayle saw no other solution. They were here, so it was too late to leave and go elsewhere. It was infuriating they booked her in as if she was in a relationship with Imra, not that it was such a negative thing for people to think that, but they should have paid more attention to what she asked for.

“That won’t be necessary,” Imra said, smiling at how adorable it was Gayle was getting worked up for nothing again. “I don’t mind sharing. Are you worried I’ll bite? I thought you were into that.”

Gayle groaned at being teased when she was supposed to be in a bad mood. Okay, not supposed to be, but she was, although Imra was curing her bad mood. She couldn’t believe Imra remembered that from Halloween. She never voiced aloud she was into biting, it was merely implied.

“I’ll stay on my side of the bed,” Imra said, holding out her pinkie.

Gayle swatted Imra’s hand away rather than locking her pinkie with hers. “Fine, we’ll share,” she huffed, casting one last glare at the personnel because this was their fault. “If you steal the blankets, I’ll push you out of the bed.”

“Is that what you consider foreplay?” Imra asked, aiming to lighten the mood further.

“You suck,” Gayle muttered, hating how much she had to bite back a smile. “Don’t be surprised if I push you out of the bed tonight.”
The cabin was warm, thanks to the fireplace someone must have started up for them, which was in stark contrast with the cold outside where the snow reached up to their knees. It smelled like pine wood and lavender.

Their cabin had a couch built for four people, a fireplace with chopped wood and an axe next to it, an open kitchen, one bedroom for the children with a bunk bed and a singular bed, one master bedroom with an en-suite bathroom and one smaller bathroom for the children.

Gayle put Anna and Elsa down. She had to carry them all the way to the cabin to keep them from sinking into the snow. They hadn’t made it easy on her, wriggling the whole time, eager to be put down to play with the snow.

Imra dropped their luggage she had been carrying. With her strength, it wasn’t heavy and it was sweet how Gayle kept asking every twenty seconds or so if she wanted to switch to carry the twins instead.

Graym had his arms wrapped around Imra’s neck. He had smiled the whole time Imra gave him a piggy back ride.

Imra crouched down to make it easier for Graym to put his feet on the wooden floor. “Are you going to let go?” she asked with a chuckle when she felt Graym was still holding on to her.

Graym lowered himself and walked around Imra. “Never,” he answered, putting his arms around Imra’s neck. “Do you like my mommy?” he whispered in Imra’s ear. “I hope you marry my mommy so you never leave us,” he whispered before Imra could form a response. He let go, grabbed his suitcase and ran off to go to his room.

When the morning came around, Lena woke up. She was pleasantly surprised her son must have slept through the night, which was about time. She blinked her eyes a few times, adjusting to the sunlight that shone through the window. Once her vision was focused, she noticed Kara was right next to her.

Kara smiled. She was glad to see Lena was awake. Personally, she woke up an hour ago, but she didn’t dare to get up because she didn’t want to disturb Lena’s peaceful sleep. She caressed her hand up and down Lena’s arm in a feather light touch.

Lena wondered what breathing even was when Kara was looking at her like that while Kara combed her fingers through her hair. The gesture was so tender, so gentle, so intimate she didn’t know what to do with it.

Kara’s fingertips went from Lena’s hair to her arm, exploring the curve of her hip. All the while she didn’t take her eyes off of Lena, listening to her heartbeat and the way she breathed, curious if her touch was welcomed. Something about Lena pulled her in, drew her closer, made her want to be closer.

Lena lay still. Her eyes left Kara’s, going lower, noticing the nightdress had ridden up enough to
expose her thighs almost completely. If Kara shifted and the nightdress went up another inch or three, she was going to see more than just her legs. She mentally scolded herself for letting her mind go there. The worst part was that she couldn’t pleasure herself under the shower while Kara was in her house, because there was a high risk Kara would hear her.

Then again, if Lena refrained from whispering Kara’s name as she came, perhaps having Kara hear her wasn’t all that bad. It would be interesting to see if she could read a reaction on Kara’s face after stepping out of the bathroom, to see if Kara heard her, if she listened in, what she thought. Granted, it was brazen, but she was Lena Luthor.

Kara felt entranced and she didn’t want to break whichever spell they were under, but neither one of them had said a word yet and she didn’t want the silence to become uncomfortable or heavy. “Good morning, sleeping beauty,” she whispered, smiling when Lena chuckled in response.

Lena contained an eye-roll. Of course this dork called her sleeping beauty. “Good morning, dork,” she replied, feeling the need to remind Kara what a dork she was.

The obvious affectionate undertone in Lena’s voice made Kara smile more. She caressed her hand down Lena’s arm, reaching for her hand, lacing their fingers together one by one before giving her hand a soft squeeze.

Lena squeezed back and if it was possible for Kara to smile more than she already did, she was witnessing it right now. This kind of intimacy was refreshing. It was innocent yet it took her mind to not so innocent places.

“How do you look so perfect in the morning?” Kara asked in a whisper. “You’re so gorgeous and you don’t even have to try.”

“You flatter me,” Lena replied, eyes dipping down to Kara’s lips before flitting back up. She held her breath when Kara scooted closer, leaving their faces mere inches apart. “You look otherworldly.”

That threw Kara a little. “I’m an earthy earthling.”

Lena couldn’t stop the laughter that bubbled up. Earthy earthling? That was the best Kara could do? God, what a dork. “I meant you’re really beautiful,” she clarified, to ease Kara’s nerves.

“Oh,” Kara whispered, biting her lip at the misunderstanding.

Yes, oh sounded about right. Lena wanted to shoot herself in the foot because Kara was just being sweet. There was no way Kara was into her when she was so close with Imra, whom was her sister. For all she knew, Kara saw her like a sister. That thought made her cringe mentally.

“What’s wrong?” Kara asked, frowning.

Correction, it also made Lena cringe visibly. “I was thinking about a man I hate,” she lied smoothly, her voice coming out convincing. There were plenty of men she couldn’t stand, especially those she had meetings with who thought she was less than them for being a woman.

“I’ll help you take your mind off of him,” Kara whispered, stroking the back of Lena’s hand with her thumb.

Lena had no doubt Kara was capable of taking her mind off of things. “Enlighten me,” she whispered, subconsciously shifting closer towards Kara until they were but a breath apart.
Kara wasn’t the best at reading people. She was a decent judge of character, but reading emotions was hard at times and it made her wish she had Imra’s gift of sensing what people felt. Her eyes captured every inch of Lena’s face while she wondered if she was reading this right or if she had it completely wrong. There was no room for errors, not with what was at stake.

In the past, Kara may have kissed three or four people who weren’t actually trying to kiss her, all because she misread the situation and mistook platonic love for romantic love. The opposite had happened as well, where people tried very hard to hint they liked her romantically and she thought they only liked her as a friend. She didn’t know what would happen if she kissed Lena. Would Lena kiss her back?

The spell between them crumbled when LJ started crying.

Lena jolted and got out of bed. She had to leave the guestroom before her daughter got up. By indulging into this moment, she forgot to keep in mind Lily-May couldn’t catch her leaving the room where Kara slept. She didn’t want to confuse her daughter.

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Gayle was busy putting pillows in the middle of the bed when Imra wandered out of the bathroom.

Imra laughed at the sight. “Are you worried I’m contagious?” she asked, more humored than annoyed, really. She figured Gayle wanted space, but she hadn’t anticipated the whole putting pillows in the middle of the bed. It wasn’t like she was going to jump Gayle’s bones in the middle of the night.

Gayle propped another pillow in the middle of the master bed, glad they had lots of pillows. If only the personnel had put less pillows and more beds in this room. In hindsight, she should have booked a cabin with one more room so Imra and she would have each had their private bedroom. She turned her face in Imra’s direction.

“Fuck,” Gayle thought, eyes widening because she said that aloud. “I hope I brought my toothbrush,” she added quickly while she tried and failed not to stare at Imra.

Imra walked over to the corner of the room where she put her suitcase. When she bent down, her back towards Gayle, she was fairly certain she heard Gayle gasp. “I have a spare toothbrush in here somewhere, it’s still in the package, so you won’t catch an illness from me,” she said, chuckling.

“Hilarious,” Gayle grumbled, raking her eyes all over Imra’s body.

Fucking hell, what Imra was wearing wasn’t even a pajama. Gayle’s mouth was so dry she might as well start coughing up sand, while another part of her body was bordering on becoming the Niagara Falls. Imra was wearing panties and a see-through babydoll, which was how she could see the panties Imra had on.

The part that covered her breasts wasn’t see-through, but it wasn’t far off from being see-through. The babydoll was open in the middle, exposing Imra’s stomach with each step she took, as the fabric swept to the sides of her body. There wasn’t a dress code or anything, but come on, lingerie,
“You do realize it is winter, right?” Gayle couldn’t help but ask. The sight made her shiver, not because she was cold, but because she was feeling a little hot.

“I’m aware,” Imra answered, holding out a toothbrush that was still new in its package. “There are plenty of thick blankets and I’m kind of warm-blooded, so I often feel-”

“Hot, yes, I get it,” Gayle cut in, taking the toothbrush she didn’t need because she had her own. “Thanks.”

“I was going to say warm,” Imra corrected, eyes sparkling. It was way too easy to rile Gayle up, she didn’t even have to try and rile her up. The fact she bought this babydoll for this vacation and the fact she phoned the hotel to make a minor change in their bedroom arrangements were details she would keep to herself.

Imra had grown used to sharing a bed and she hadn’t felt like making an exception during this vacation when she could share with Gayle. She didn’t think Gayle would go off at the personnel; those poor people were just doing their jobs and held the change she made into account.

“If what I’m wearing bothers you…,” Imra said, trailing off while she reached around her back. “I have other things I can wear.”

“Keep it on, it’s your body,” Gayle replied, almost sprinting into the bathroom. She couldn’t cope with the possibility of Imra getting naked in front of her. If Imra wanted to murder her gay ass so badly, there was one particular place where she would like her to start.

Gayle shut the bathroom door. Her underwear was uncomfortably wet and she was thinking how pleasurable it would be to have Imra between her legs, even more so how much she wanted to be between Imra’s legs. She couldn’t kill Imra because she liked her way too much, but she would gladly murder Imra’s pussy.

Imra was on one side of the bed with a book in her hands by the time Gayle stepped out of the bathroom. She lowered the book and smiled. “You look cute in that robe.”

Cute was not the look Gayle was going for. She untied her white silk robe which had flower prints on it, revealing the shorts and the top she was wearing. It was cold not to wear flannel, but she was too stubborn to make a change. If Imra dressed skimpy to sleep then she was going to dress in a similar way.

Imra’s eyes roamed down Gayle’s legs which just went on. She chuckled when Gayle practically dove under the covers, not in the least surprised she was cold. “Sharing body heat can help warm you up,” she said as she closed the book and put it aside.

Gayle would rather be cold all night than cuddle with someone, regardless of how close to irresistible Imra was. She was not a cuddler, cuddling was for softies.

“Do you want a kiss good night?” Imra asked, laughing warm and full when Gayle looked at her as if she had grown a second head. “When we were tucking Graym in, he told you not to forget to kiss me good night.”

Gayle hated and loved what a tease Imra was. Her son hadn’t meant anything by it. The whole kiss good night was a habit she had with her children. She wasn’t going to kiss Imra on the forehead. That would be absurd.
“My son didn’t tell you to kiss me good night though,” Gayle pointed out. “If it helps you sleep, go for it, but after that, you better be silent so I can get some sleep.”

Imra bit her lip and watched Gayle’s expression shift from disgruntled to something akin to worried. She knew Gayle still felt bad for the accident that took place weeks ago, no matter how much she assured her she forgave her. Up until this day, it was a secret she had kept between them. The memory of it all wasn’t one she liked to revisit, but despite the fear she went through, she wasn’t afraid of Gayle.

Gayle couldn’t deal with Imra staring at her the way she did. She wanted to know what Imra was thinking, if Imra thought she was a monster, although Imra never looked at her as if she saw her as a monster. Her heart stuttered in her chest when Imra leaned over the pillows.

Imra’s hair fell around Gayle’s face like a curtain. She sensed a hint of fear, but she had a feeling Gayle’s fear was related to what she put her through, fear of what she would think of Gayle. “I’m glad I agreed to join you on this vacation, believe it or not, but I needed a break.”

“I’m surprised you’re not taking a break away from me then,” Gayle replied, immediately wishing she could take her words back and swallow them down. She didn’t like showing her insecurities; she was supposed to be confident. “When I slipped up… What did you see?”

Imra tried not to grimace. “Let’s keep some of the pillow talk for another night,” she answered, leaning down to kiss Gayle’s cheek. “Good night,” she whispered, returning to her side of the bed.

Gayle kept saying and asking a lot of the wrong things. It was stupid of her to bring it up again when it was obviously something that caused Imra pain. For a moment, she contemplated tossing the pillows that were separating them onto the floor to wrap her arms around Imra and tell her how sorry she was, not that an apology could fix anything.

“Good night, Imra.”

Chapter End Notes

In case anyone is wondering, this is what Imra is wearing;
try to contain your gay
Kara tucked Lily-May in and told her a bedtime story, but instead of dozing off to sleep, Lily-May was staring at her. “Aren’t you sleepy, pip?” she asked, running a hand through the little girl’s hair, recalling she was yawning a lot when they were watching a movie earlier.

“Very sleepy,” Lily-May answered, pouting while she took one of Kara’s hands. “I don’t want you to go.”

“Do you want another story?”

Lily-May shook her head.

“You will see me again in the morning, when you wake up,” Kara promised, smiling faintly because it was Christmas tomorrow, but she wouldn’t miss it for anything in the world. She had presents for the children and a present for Lena, which she looked forward to give them. All of the presents were underneath the Christmas tree.

Lily-May pouted even more and tugged at Kara’s hand. “Stay,” she said, scooting over to make place for Kara.

“Oh,” Kara whispered, lifting the blankets. “You want cuddles,” she said, deciding she could do that until Lily-May would fall asleep.

Lily-May smiled once Kara got into her bed. She shifted closer and closed her eyes when Kara wrapped her arms around her.

Kara combed her fingers through Lily-May’s hair, humming a lullaby while she listened to the little girl’s even breaths. She was happy how in the span of three months, Lily-May went from calling her a stranger she didn’t want to be near to falling asleep curled up against her.

Lena came home later that night and quietly tiptoed into her daughter’s bedroom. The nanny cams showed her what happened. It made her smile, seeing Lily-May had a hand clutched in Kara’s shirt. They were both out like a light. She took a few pictures and with a smile still on her face, tiptoed out of her daughter’s bedroom.

When the morning came around, Lena was up and atom at the first cracks of sunlight that shone through her window. She hadn’t slept much, but it was worth it because she wanted to ensure she was the first to wake up. As quietly as she could, she slipped into the bathroom, took a shower and got dressed.

LJ had his hands wrapped around the pillars of his crib and he had pulled himself up. “Ma-ma,” he cooed the second Lena entered his bedroom.

Lena’s heart was like a puddle on the floor, seeing her sweet baby boy smile at her. “Good morning, my little guy,” she said, lifting her son into her arms. “It’s Christmas, do you know what that means?” she asked, putting him on her hip. “It means you’re getting presents,” she said, booping his cute little nose.

LJ giggled in response.

Kara ran into Lena in the hall just as she stepped out of Lily-May’s bedroom, holding Lily-May’s hand. “Good morning, I… I can explain,” she stammered, scratching the back of her neck. “I fell
asleep, I didn’t mean to, it just happened and um…I just wanted to give Pip some cuddles.”

Lena smiled and shook her head. “It’s okay, Kara,” she said, touching Kara’s arm lightly. “I don’t mind you stayed over, you’re welcome to anytime.”

Kara was a little perplexed hearing that. Welcome to anytime? Well in that case she would gladly sleep over until Imra would come back from her vacation.

“Good morning,” Lena said, realizing she hadn’t said that yet.

“Good morning, mammy,” Lily-May replied, smiling up at her mother.

“Can you help Lily get dressed?” Lena asked Kara, heading towards the stairs with her son.

“Of course,” Kara answered with a smile. “Maybe we can dress you up like an elf,” she said to Lily-May while she walked back towards her bedroom.

“I heard that,” Lena called out. “And you’re not going to dress up my daughter as an elf, regardless of how adorable that would be.”

Lily-May giggled. “Busted,” she said to Kara, running into her bedroom.

“Hey, whose side are you on?” Kara asked, laughing as she chased after Lily-May.

Lily-May stopped running and turned around. “Mine,” she answered, raising one eyebrow, which was so much like how Lena raised hers, only way cuter.

Kara’s jaw went slack. She had no comeback for that. Oh Rao, she wanted to eat Lily-May up for being the cutest little girl in the universe.

Lily-May stepped closer to Kara and wrapped her arms around her legs. “I hope Santa Claus understood my letter this year.”

Kara chuckled at how Lena got Lily-May stuffed animals last year when Lily-May wanted real ones. She was there when Lily-May wrote her letter to Santa, literally wrote it, though she did need to help her a little with bigger words. Lily-May sure knew how to write ‘please’, which she wrote many times, pleading Santa Claus for a pet.

Lena was waiting at the bottom of the stairs, smiling when Kara carefully descended the stairs with Lily-May. She had put her son down so he could crawl around.

LJ was cooing while he played with all of the new toys Lena had given him for Christmas.

“Lily, come look,” Lena said, feigning a gasp. “Santa Claus brought your present.”

Lily-May shot Kara a hopeful smile.

Kara couldn’t contain a smile of her own. Her super senses already informed her what Lena had in store for Lily-May.

Lily-May followed her mother into the living room. Her eyes went round and she started squealing.

“Merry Christmas, baby,” Lena said, pressing a kiss to the top of her daughter’s head.

“Puppy!” Lily-May all but screamed. She rushed forward and knelt down in front of the Golden Retriever. “My puppy,” she said, giggling as the puppy licked her cheek. “I love you.”
Lena was tearing up, seeing how happy she made her daughter. She watched as Lily-May tried to hug her puppy while the puppy wagged his tail. They were both so excited to see each other. She was glad she bit the bullet and got her daughter a puppy this year.

“Mammy, Santa Claus got my letter!”

“I see, baby. I bet Santa liked your letter a lot and he knows you’ve been a good girl,” Lena said, knowing in her heart her daughter more than deserved this kind of happiness. She knew there was nothing Lily-May wanted more than a pet. Her eyes landed on Kara, who looked like she was barely managing not to jump up and down. “Kara?” she asked, chuckling. “Do you want to pet the puppy?”

Kara didn’t need to be asked twice. She nodded and crouched down in front of the puppy, smiling while the puppy seemed to love all of the attention he was getting.

“What are you going to name your puppy?” Lena asked her daughter.

“My best friend,” Lily-May whispered to her puppy. “Buddy!” she exclaimed with a bright smile.

Kara got up and walked over to Lena, her eyes still on Lily-May and the puppy. “I should have gotten you a best mom in the world mug,” she whispered to Lena, and she wasn’t kidding.

Lena smiled, feeling more than a little emotional. She loved that she made her children happy.

“I got you a present,” Kara said, grabbing one of the gifts she put under the Christmas tree. “I have similar ones for Pip and LJ, but this one is for you.”

“You shouldn’t have,” Lena replied, accepting the present with a smile.

“It’s not much and I’m not the best at knitting, but I tried,” Kara said, giving Lena a half apologetic smile once Lena opened up her present. “I went with green because I think it will bring out your eyes, not that I know much about fashion.”

Lena’s eyes grew wet as she looked at the gift Kara gave her.

“Lena, are you… are you crying?”

“No,” Lena answered, sniffing. She wiped her tears away with the back of her hand. “Nobody has ever made something for me before,” she whispered, moved by the fact Kara knitted her gloves and a scarf.

Kara pulled Lena into a hug. A short while later she felt small arms hug around her leg.


“Lily,” Lena reprimanded with a chuckle. “Your brother is not a dog,” she said, containing another chuckle when she saw her son crawling over towards them.

“I know he’s not a dog, mammy,” Lily-May replied. “LJ doesn’t fetch.”
Gayle felt a body pressed against her back when she woke up. She wondered if sleeping without the pillows down the middle was a mistake. The first night some of the pillows wound up on the floor, though most remained in the middle of the bed. This night she opted not to use the pillows, but Imra was supposed to stay on her side of the bed.

If anyone said Gayle leaned into the touch, she would say she was just stretching. It felt strange being spooned, but not in a bad way, which she would also deny. She bit her lip, noticing she must have shifted while she slept because she was no longer on her side of the bed. At times she did move around a little in her sleep and in her defense, she usually had a bed built for two all to her own.

Basically, Gayle was the main reason she was pressed up against Imra, but that didn’t quite explain why Imra had an arm around her. On second thought, thinking of how close Imra was with Kara, it wasn’t a surprise Imra was the type of person to cuddle and spoon in bed. She rolled onto her other side, but that only worsened the situation because Imra’s arm was still around her and now they were face to face.

Imra stirred, feeling Gayle shift. Her eyes fluttered open, smiling when she saw Gayle was so close their noses were almost touching. “Good morning, Gay – I mean, Gayle,” she said with a chipper tone in her voice, followed by a chuckle.

Gayle hated and loved this moment at the same time. “Good morning, tease,” she replied, which was suitable to say because Imra had been a tease more times than not. At least Imra was wearing flannel pajamas this time rather than lingerie, not that it made her desire Imra any less.

Imra lifted her hand to cup Gayle’s jaw, stroking her cheek with her thumb. “How was your sleep?” she asked, personally having slept quite well. Halfway through the night, she woke up when Gayle rolled onto her side of the bed, but once she put her arm around Gayle and cuddled with her, she had fallen asleep again.

Gayle wondered if Imra had to touch her with such soft caresses. If Imra kept it up, she might never look at a man again, considering Imra was making her gayer every day. Of course she was always going to be bisexual, but it wasn’t exactly a fifty-fifty kind of deal and for every man she had been attracted to, there were three women she had been attracted to. Women knew how to pleasure women better than men knew how to pleasure women, she didn’t make the rules.

Before Gayle could answer Imra’s question, the door opened.

Imra didn’t say anything when Gayle immediately put some distance between them. She turned her attention towards the door instead, smiling when she saw Graym, Anna and Elsa.

“It’s Christmas,” Graym said, hopping onto the bed.

“Pwesens,” Anna said, smiling from ear to ear. “Pwesens fworm Santa.”

“I goed in snow,” Elsa said, giggling as she opened her fist, holding snow.

“You went into the snow?” Gayle asked, trying not to wince at her daughter’s lack of gloves. “That must have been fun, but next time you should wait for us, little duckling.”

A sense of awe filled Imra, hearing Gayle refer to them as ‘us’ so casually in a passing conversation. She doubted Gayle even realized she said it. “Good morning, sweethearts,” she said, smiling while the children all got in bed with Gayle and her.
Gayle shrieked when Elsa made the snow go down the front of her pajama top. “Elsa!” she shouted, shivering as the cold snow touched her skin.

“Santa will put you on the naughty list,” Graym said to Elsa.

“No,” Elsa replied with a pout.

“Mommy, are you mad at Imra?” Graym asked, casting his eyes down.

“Of course not, beanie,” Gayle answered, confused. She put her finger under her son’s chin, lifting his head up. “What makes you think that?”

“Because you’re not cuddling with her and you always cuddle with me when I’m in your bed.”

Imra wanted to say they did cuddle, but she kept her lips sealed, not wanting to say something Gayle didn’t want her to tell Graym. This conversation was between Gayle and her son. It seemed better not to meddle, though she did arch an eyebrow at Gayle in question.

“We did cuddle,” Gayle said, to ease her son’s mind. “But we stopped cuddling because we were about to get up,” she explained, which wasn’t entirely true, but it was better than having to explain how she didn’t want Graym, Anna and Elsa to get the wrong idea.

That seemed to make Graym smile again. He looked over at Imra, who winked at him.

Imra knew Graym was trying to get Gayle and her together as a couple, and she thought it was absolutely adorable. Gayle appeared blissfully oblivious, which was a nice bonus. She didn’t get the chance to think about it further when the twins smothered her with hugs.

“I’m hungry,” Elsa said, clasping her arms around Imra’s neck.

“Let me guess, you want me to make choc chip pancakes?” Imra asked, chuckling at how much Elsa and Anna nodded in response. “It depends on what your mother says.”

“Oh sure, this is completely fair,” Gayle said, groaning when all eyes were on her. “You better save me two pancakes or else you’re sleeping on the couch tonight.”

“You’d miss me too much,” Imra replied while she got up. She left the bedroom with the children in tow.

Gayle took her time in the bathroom and got dressed. The cabin was filled with the smell of pancakes.

Graym was setting the table ready and the twins were munching on some chocolate.

“Who wants presents?” Gayle asked, covering her ears for the enthusiastic squealing that followed. Once she was sure her children stopped squealing, she lowered her hands. “They’re on the couch,” she said, having put them there last night before she went to bed.

Anna gasped. “Butflies,” she said, grasping the present with the butterfly print wrapping.

“Hearing her say that will never not be cute,” Imra whispered to Gayle.

Elsa’s face lit up when she opened her present. “Unicorn,” she cooed, hugging her arms around the large stuffed animal.

Anna squealed after opening her present. “Butfly,” she said, waving her butterfly wand around.
Graym grinned because of the toy car he got for Christmas.

“I have something for you,” Gayle whispered to Imra, beckoning her to follow her while her children were distracted by their toys. She walked into their bedroom and rummaged through her suitcase to locate the gift.

Imra smiled because she had a gift for Gayle as well. By the time Gayle stood up and turned around, she was holding it out to her. “On the count of three?” she suggested.

Gayle rolled her eyes and exchanged the gifts; nonetheless she let Imra count to three before opening the gift.

Imra gasped quietly when she saw it was a jewelry box underneath the wrapping. Was Gayle proposing to her? She knew here on earth people had the habit of giving a ring to those they wished to court. Opening the box, she saw it wasn’t a ring, okay so Gayle wasn’t proposing. It was a bracelet with charms.

Gayle eyed the gift Imra had given her. It was a sapphire blue rose, not a real one, but made out of some sort of glass, in a box. She knew each rose – much as every other flower – had its own meaning. It couldn’t have been a random choice. If she wasn’t mistaken a blue rose represented the unattainable and the mysterious, they resembled longing.

“I can put the bracelet on for you,” Gayle offered, watching Imra admiring the charms one by one.

Imra smiled and nodded. “Why stars?” she asked, wondering if Gayle chose those charms on purpose or it was just the first thing her eyes had landed on.

Gayle’s fingers stilled. She dragged her eyes up. “You’re always looking up at the stars in the sky the moment they’re visible,” she answered, putting the bracelet around Imra’s right wrist.

“You noticed me doing that?”

As if Gayle would ever not notice Imra. “Once or twice,” she answered, though it was more like all the time. She realized too late she already contradicted herself with her previous answer, but Imra was gracious enough not to mention it.

Lily-May struggled through the snow a little, purely due to the fact it reached up to her waist.

Lena was shoveling some of the snow away so she could make snow angels with her daughter. Every five seconds or so, she glanced at her son, who was sitting on the porch, giggling every time Buddy tried to get some attention from him. She had a feeling their puppy understood LJ was just a baby because Buddy was visibly gentler in his interactions with her son.

For example, Buddy would jump up when he tried to get some love from Lena, from Lily-May or from Kara, but he never jumped up against LJ.

“Kara!” Lily-May shouted all of the sudden. She ran towards the fence with a big smile on her
“Hey, pip!” Kara replied, using her free hand to wave. “Hey, Lena, LJ and Buddy!”

“Hello, Kara,” Lena said, looking down at what Kara was carrying in her other hand.

Kara opened the fence. “Who is ready for a ride on the sleigh?” she asked, putting the sleigh down on the street. There were no cars driving around, so it was perfectly safe. “I’ll pull.”

“Can we, mammy?” Lily-May asked. “Please?”

Lena put the shovel down and scooped her son up from the porch. “Only if Kara promises not to run too fast,” she said as she made eye-contact with Kara.

“I’ll be extra careful, scouts honor,” Kara said, making a cross over her chest.

“You were a scout’s girl?”

“No, I just um… how about a pinkie promise?”

“Dork,” Lena whispered. She got on the sleigh and put her son down between her legs, keeping one arm looped around him.

“You have to make snow angels with us later,” Lily-May said to Kara.

During the sleigh ride, Lena’s mind wandered. She remembered how her daughter told her there was an angel at Jack’s funeral, an angel that looked like her. It left her questioning who approached Lily-May.
Chapter 18

One moment the slopes were pristine, the sky was clear and it was silent, aside from the children giggling as they played in the snow. The next moment, the slopes were moving with a violent force and the once blue sky had turned into an angry grey.

Gayle froze as she saw the avalanche developing rapidly. In her line of sight, she knew it was only a matter of seconds before the snow would bury them. They were too close and she knew they couldn’t outrun it. Her powers were useless because using her psionic blasts would only make the avalanche worse and more deadly than it already was.

Gayle’s breath caught while she instinctively reached for her children, aiming to shelter them with her body. Their giggles turned into screams. Time felt as if it was passing in slow motion while in reality it was all going fast.

“Mommy, I’m scared,” Graym whimpered, hiding his face close to his mother’s jacket.

The inevitable weight of the snow Gayle knew she was going to feel all over her soon didn’t happen. Her skin didn’t get kissed by the cold snow. There was no weight, instead the heaps of snow moved around them, avoided touching them.

Imra’s eyes locked with Gayle. She knew she exposed herself by creating a force field in the shape of a circle around them and by using her telekinesis to keep the snow from touching them even more than the force field did. She had two fingers pressed against her temple and the only thought on her mind, all that mattered was keeping them safe.

Gayle’s jaw went slack. Imra had powers. *Imra had powers?* All this time she must have been right Imra took that mixing bowl from the top shelf. She hadn’t been too paranoid to install those nanny cams and yet Imra never showed even a fraction of her powers until now, until it actually mattered. That time she slipped up with her powers, Imra could have attacked her and yet she didn’t.

When the snow stopped rolling down the slopes, Imra dropped the force field. “Go to the cabin, now,” she all but ordered.

Gayle was taken aback, being bossed around by Imra like that. The dominance Imra was showing turned her on. Relinquishing control was one of her fantasies which she kept to herself, considering it required trust and she had never dared to admit it to anyone ever, always ensuring she was in control.

“I’m going to see if anyone needs help,” Imra said, moving through the snow to check if anyone got buried underneath it.

Gayle couldn’t do much more than nod, still processing the new information. She lifted her daughters up and made her way through the snow with her son following her closely, walking back to their cabin. She should have paid more attention to the weather forecast. God, without Imra they would have been buried under a thick layer of snow. The thought of that made her shiver.

Imra dug six people out of the snow and helped them get to the hotel so they could receive the medical attention they needed before she made her way back to the cabin. She exposed herself to Gayle, but it was okay because it was better than the alternative. As far as she could tell, the children hadn’t noticed considering they were hiding their faces.

Gayle went about the rest of the day, not saying much. When it got late, she put Graym, Anna and
Elsa to bed, settling down on the couch shortly after.

Imra was sitting next to Gayle. “Ask,” she said, knowing Gayle wanted to.

Gayle plucked at the string of her hoodie, toying with it. “Are you a metahuman?” she asked, which was the first thing that came to her mind.

“No,” Imra answered, understanding why that was Gayle’s first guess. “I’m an alien,” she said, chuckling when Gayle’s eyebrows shot up. “You’re confused because I look human.”

“Yes,” Gayle admitted. “Although I suppose not all aliens look… alien,” she said, for lack of a better word.

“I was born on Saturn’s moon Titan. When I was sixteen, I lost my home and I ended up on earth. At first, I didn’t take the loss well at all and I lost all hope. I’m the last of my people and it felt like a burden I couldn’t bear. I found a new family here on earth.”

Gayle had a gnawing feeling Imra relived what she lost when she lost control of her powers. “You saved my children and me today, thank you,” she said, unable to express just how thankful she was. “You’re a good person, Imra. Your secret is safe with me.”

Imra didn’t doubt for a second Gayle wasn’t going to tell anyone about her powers or about the fact she was an alien. She answered more questions, explaining which powers she had while in turn she learned more about Gayle’s powers.

Gayle opened up a little about her past and listened when Imra opened up about hers. Her heart was uncontrollable while Imra shared how suicidal she was ten years ago. She didn’t believe in multiple gods the way Imra did, but she felt like thanking all of them for the fact Imra was still around. Imra was such a positive presence to be around that it was genuinely surprising and shocking Imra had such a dark past.

“Aside from you, only Astra knows,” Imra finished with a sigh. “How do you feel about watching a movie?”

“I’ll make us some hot chocolate with tiny marshmallows in them.”

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Kara didn’t need any time off, but when Lena suggested she should take the afternoon off and return to join Lena for dinner, she agreed. Lena expressed she should have the chance to spend some time with her family, which made sense. That was how she found herself visiting her aunt, Lucy and her little cousin.

She knew she was going to see her sister soon, considering Lena invited Samantha, Ruby and Alex to join them during New Year’s Eve. This year was different from other years, but not in a bad way. She missed Imra, sure, but Imra texted her she was having a good time with Gayle, Graym, Anna and Elsa.
“My feet and my back are slowly killing me,” Lucy said, resting her hands on her waist, arching her back. She was six months pregnant and it showed. Her belly was bigger than it was when she was pregnant with Sirius. “The doctor thinks I’m due to go into labor around Sirius’ birthday, so basically by the time Sirius turns two, he’ll have his siblings.”

“Oh, maybe they’ll be born on his birthday,” Kara said with a smile.

“Well, that would make throwing birthday parties easier, but I’d prefer it if they can wait until after his birthday.”

Sirius held a banana next to his ear. “Hello?” he asked, making a face before holding the banana out to Kara.

Kara took the banana and held it up against her ear. “Hello? Oh, hey, sir banana,” she said, smiling while Sirius giggled. “You want to speak to your little friend? Okay, hold up, I’ll give the phone back to Sirius.”

Astra emptied a plastic bag that was filled with balloons that weren’t blown up yet onto the table.

“Star’s been preparing for Sirius’ birthday,” Lucy told Kara. “She knows we still have several weeks left, but you know how she is.”

“Oh yes, last year she prepared six months in advance,” Kara remembered.

“One can never be too prepared for anything, my dear niece,” Astra said. “I shall celebrate every birthday Sirius has. His birthday is an honor and a blessing, knowing Rao granted me a child. I thank Rao every day for my family, for this miracle.”

“I hope you’ve asked Rao to make my labor as painless as possible,” Lucy said to her wife with a cheeky smile on her face. “For the record, with Kara as my witness, this is the last time I’m going through a pregnancy. If you want more children after this, be my guest,” she said, dropping her eyes to Astra’s stomach.

“Oh Rao, if you two want more children than you’ll already get, you’ll need a bigger house,” Kara commented, chuckling.

“Shh, don’t encourage her,” Lucy whispered to Kara, laughing when her wife threw a balloon her way. “This reminds me of when Star and I first talked about children. I asked her how many children she wanted if she could pick any number.”

“Uh oh,” Kara whispered, assuming when her aunt was told any number, she took it literally.

“I told her my limit was two or three children, maybe four,” Lucy said. “And Star looked me dead in the eye and in all seriousness told me twelve sounded lovely.”

“Oh, I expected worse, that’s not so bad, actually.”

“Twelve, Kara,” Lucy replied, eyes wide. “Could you imagine babysitting twelve children?”

“You asked, I answered,” Astra said to her wife, pressing a kiss to her cheek. “There is this lovely big house on-”

Lucy silenced her wife with a kiss.

Kara smiled and crouched down in front of her cousin. “You’re going to be a big brother soon,” she
said to Sirius, who was peeling the banana to eat it. “And I’m going to have more cousins.”

Lena generously filled Kara’s plate, as she always did, aside from that time where she made kale and Kara had looked at her as if she was trying to poison her. “Sweet potatoes,” she said, gesturing at the refills she put on the table. “They’re sweet, just like you.”

“I bet they taste delicious just-” Kara fell silent, realizing with a start what she was about to say. She blushed because she hadn’t meant to make that kind of comment and she had no idea what Lena tasted like, though she hoped to have a chance to find out someday.

Lena heard more than enough to know what Kara was hinting at. It was oh so tempting to give her a witty response, but she had to keep in mind her son and her daughter were sitting at the table with them.

“You’d be surprised what you might discover,” Lena whispered silently, playing it off as something she was whispering to herself while in truth she was fully aware Kara heard her.

Kara choked on one of the sweet potatoes. She reached for her glass of water, trying to get a grip and not think about what Lena was hinting at. It was difficult to pinpoint whether Lena liked her romantically or not. That one time she kissed the corner of Lena’s mouth when they went to that family farm, it was very clear Lena rejected her.

Kara wished she could consult Imra to check if she could decipher whether Lena was into her or not. She couldn’t ask Alex because her sister didn’t even know if Samantha was into her while Samantha was practically drooling over Alex. Her aunt wouldn’t be of any help either and Lucy was just… well…too naughty and too direct.

“Where do you put your food?” Lily-May asked Kara, wiggling her legs back and forth. She pricked a potato onto her fork and stared at Kara’s plate.

“In my mouth,” Kara answered, a little surprised Lily-May started questioning her about that now. She was even more surprised Lena wasn’t the one questioning her about how much she ate. At times she brought some of her own food to Lena’s place to eat in secret so it didn’t look as if she was emptying Lena’s refrigerator and cupboards all by herself. It was harder to do that now, since she was pretty much around day and night.

“What if you get a tummy ache?”

“Lena can kiss it better for me,” Kara answered without thinking. That was two for two tonight, oh Rao, what was wrong with her?

Lily-May giggled. “My mammy has the best kisses,” she announced, smiling at her mother. “Mammy?”

Lena looked up from her plate. “Yes, baby?”
“Do you want to kiss Kara?”

It was Lena’s turn to choke; only she choked on air instead of on food. She did not see that question coming from her three year old. Lily-May was a clever little girl, but she had no idea where her daughter even got that from.

“That means yes,” Lily-May told Kara.

“Lily,” Lena said, staring incredulously at her daughter. She sighed and looked at Kara. “I’m sorry. This must be quite awkward for you.”

Kara wanted to say it wasn’t too awkward, but Lena seemed uncomfortable, so she didn’t say anything. It was probably her fault for mentioning Lena could kiss her stomach if she got a stomach ache. She must have planted the idea in Lily-May’s head.

Gayle finished up washing the leftover dishes and dried them. She insisted doing them, considering Imra cooked and she wanted to divide the workload. It wasn’t until she put the last plate away in the cabinets that she noticed Imra was no longer sitting on the couch, reading a book. Instead Imra was standing in the kitchen.

Graym, Anna and Elsa were out like a light two hours ago and had been tucked in.

Imra’s right hand came up, cupping Gayle’s jaw. Her eyes flit from Gayle’s eyes to her lips and back up, deliberately slow so Gayle didn’t miss it. When Gayle did the same, she put her left hand on her hip and took half a step closer, pressing their bodies together.

“I’ve seen the way you’ve been looking at me,” Imra whispered, brushing Gayle’s nose with her own, sensing so far what she was doing was welcomed. “I know how your eyes linger, especially when you think I don’t see you looking.”

Gayle couldn’t even begin to deny any of that. Her eyes did linger on Imra a lot and her attempts to stare less had failed. She lifted her right hand and curled a lock of Imra’s hair around her finger. Of course Imra was observant enough to catch her staring, but it also made her wonder how often Imra must have caught glimpses of her.

Imra’s breath ghosted over Gayle’s lips. “Tell me I should stop,” she whispered, caressing Gayle’s cheek.

Gayle didn’t say a word. Her heart was hammering in her chest. She wanted this and she felt like someone needed to pinch her to ensure this wasn’t a dream.

Imra’s right hand slid from Gayle’s jaw to the back of her neck. She used her strength to pull Gayle’s body even more against hers and angled her head. She waited a beat for Gayle to tell her to stop, but it appeared she rendered her speechless. Taking it as a green light to continue, she took Gayle’s lower lip between hers, kissing her slowly and gauging her reaction.
Imra knew she could get fired if she read the signs wrong, but she felt a connection, felt something between them, had for weeks. Gayle was worth the risk. She let enough time pass to test the waters, to flirt with Gayle and see if and how she responded.

Gayle melted completely into the kiss. She put her hands on Imra’s neck, moaning when Imra’s tongue sought entrance and when her lips parted, Imra swallowed her needy moan with her mouth. This had to be real because it felt too amazing to be anything but.

Imra dominated their kiss as she put her hands on Gayle’s ass, lowering her hands to grab her thighs and lift her up.

Gayle wrapped her legs around Imra’s waist, moaning more when she felt Imra push her back against the wall while she bit her lip. The bite was soothed by Imra’s tongue a second later. She was relieved Imra made the first move because she couldn’t tell for sure if Imra was just a tease or if Imra was into her.

Imra slowly lowered Gayle, though she did keep her locked between the wall and her body. She kissed Gayle’s neck and scraped her teeth over her skin, biting her once, gently, testing, exploring, listening and watching how Gayle reacted.

Gayle couldn’t stop the moan that escaped her. It was unfair Imra heard her moan a couple of times when she hadn’t heard her moan once. She bit her lip, stifling another moan as Imra bit her neck again.

Imra pulled back a few inches, smiling at the expression on Gayle’s face. She ran her thumb across Gayle’s lips. “Don’t bite your lip, let me bite it for you,” she said, delighted at the way Gayle’s lips trembled in anticipation. “I know biting is one of your kinks….”

Gayle huffed. “Not that I ever confirmed it before, but yes,” she admitted. “I do have a thing for biting and for being bitten.”

“Mhmm,” Imra hummed, moving her hands up Gayle’s arms. “Which other kinks do you have?”

Gayle smiled because she wasn’t going to make it that easy for Imra to just hand it to her on a silver platter. “That’s for me to know and for you to find out,” she answered, biting her lip in challenge as her eyes flit down to Imra’s lips.

“Don’t mind if I do,” Imra replied, connecting their lips again.

“Your lips are incredibly soft, Matilda,” Gayle whispered, running her fingers through Imra’s hair while Imra raised an eyebrow at her. “You must’ve seen the movie.”

“I thought you didn’t name people after movies,” Imra replied, smiling, finding it endearing Gayle was already using a nickname for her. “Should I start calling you Gay then?”

Imra chuckled at the memory. To her, the night where Gayle said she could call her Gay, only to correct herself and said she meant Gayle, was the first sign Gayle could be into her. Then after that she got mixed signs for a while, which were quite confusing and at some point she even pondered the possibility Gayle disliked her, but then things improved again and they both got their flirt on.

Gayle groaned, remembering how she embarrassed herself when she accidentally told Imra she could call her Gay. “Are you ever going to let me live that down?”

“No way, this is going to be a story I’ll be telling our grandchildren one day,” Imra answered, chuckling, but when Gayle froze, she fell silent.
Gayle felt a little dizzy because she had no idea where any of this was even going. She never thought much further than how she wanted to make out with Imra, so she definitely wasn’t thinking about being a family and having grandchildren and whatnot. Imra was just a woman she hired as a nanny for her children whom she happened to be attracted to. What Imra said sounded a lot like a promise rather than a hypothetical situation.

“Hey, look at me,” Imra whispered, gently grasping Gayle’s chin. “I’m just poking fun, but you just saw your life flashing before your eyes, didn’t you?”
Chapter 19

Lena opened the door. “Hello, please come on in,” she said to Samantha, Alex and Ruby with a smile on her face.

“You look hot in that dress,” Samantha said to Lena, hand resting on Alex’s hips. “Right, babe?” she asked, glancing at Alex for confirmation.

Lena noticed Alex dragged her eyes up from where they had lingered a beat on her cleavage, but she took it as a compliment.

Alex wet her lips. “Right,” she agreed, nodding. “I brought some homemade punch,” she said, revealing a bottle.

“Thank you,” Lena replied, taking the bottle from Alex.

“We also brought cookies,” Ruby said, smiling up as she held out a plastic container. “We baked them together this morning.”

“They must be very good then,” Lena said, smiling down at Ruby.

Ruby gasped when she saw the puppy and like that, her legs were moving to get closer to him.

“His name is Buddy,” Lily-May said to Ruby, petting her puppy. “Santa Claus gave him to me.”

Samantha looked at Lena with wide eyes.

“Sorry,” Lena mouthed to her best friend. She had no doubt Ruby was going to be asking for a puppy from Santa next Christmas.

“I could get behind getting a puppy,” Alex said to Samantha, shrieking when Samantha poked her in the ribs. “I was trying to be supportive, you know?”

“Hey,” Kara said, walking up to them with LJ on her hip. “Alex, it’s so good to see you. I’d hug you, but um… well, I could give you a sideways hug.”

“It’s good to see you too, Kara,” Alex replied, smiling while she opened her arms. “I hope Lena hasn’t been exhausting you too much,” she said, giving her sister a sideways hug.

LJ took the opportunity to grab a hold of Alex.

“I wouldn’t dare exhaust her,” Lena said, though she did have Kara work more than usual recently. “I’d give her a break, but I can’t seem to get her to leave,” she added with a chuckle.

“Hmm, true,” Kara admitted, smiling. “I think LJ is tired of me for the time being,” she said, laughing lightly as LJ shifted until he could reach Alex even better.

“I love kids,” Alex said, pausing as she glanced at Lena. “Do you mind?”

“Not at all,” Lena answered, smile still in place. “The more attention he gets, the happier he is,” she said, and although she hardly knew Alex, she was her best friend’s girlfriend and Kara’s sister.

Kara wandered into the kitchen with Lena to pour some drinks for everyone. She also had a lot of interest in helping prepare snacks. There was so much food, the sight of it all made her hungrier.
She tried not to make too many crunching sounds as she stuffed her mouth with chips.

Lena chuckled at how much Kara lacked stealth. How did she manage to wind up celebrating New Year’s Eve with such a dork? She saw a crinkle settle between Kara’s eyebrows. “Kara?” she asked, knowing that meant she was most likely worried about something.

“I think Imra’s battery died,” Kara said, pocketing her phone.

“It’s understandable you miss your sister when you’re not accustomed to being apart for so long.”

“Yeah,” Kara breathed out, managing a faint smile. “I hope she’s having a good time.”

Lena put her hand on Kara’s shoulder, squeezing softly. She wondered if the closeness Kara shared with her sisters, in particular Imra from what she had seen, was typical for Kryptonians. Perhaps Kryptonians were overall more affectionate and family-orientated than humans. She couldn’t compare it properly, considering she didn’t grow up in a loving family.

Kara smiled at the comforting gesture. She walked back into the living room, carrying bowls filled with snacks. The first thing she saw after she put the snacks onto the table was Alex and Samantha swapping tongues, which was more than she wanted to see her sister doing, but all she did was smile because she was so happy for Alex. Her sister finally had a happy and healthy relationship with someone she loved and who loved her back and it showed.

Lena shook her head, a small smile on her face. It was a good thing the children were distracted by Buddy too much to pay attention to the adults.

“Oh,” Kara whispered, tipping her head back, looking up above Lena and her. “Mistletoe,” she concluded.

Lena looked up, wondering if Samantha hung up more mistletoe while she was in the kitchen because she only hung up some near the door. This was definitely her best friend’s work alright, which she was sure of the second Samantha winked at her. That devil knew she took a liking to Kara and of course she teased her about it.

Kara fidgeted with her glasses. “You know, mistletoe means that err… um, when people are under it…,” she tried to explain. She fell short when she figured Lena knew that already. “Not that we have to kiss or anything,” she added, growing more nervous with every passing second.

Lena wasn’t quite certain if Kara actually wanted to kiss her or if she was just hinting at it because of the mistletoe tradition. She opted for a peck on the cheek, deciding there were too many eyes on them, especially little eyes, considering her daughter was looking at them now.

Kara was awestruck and when Lena turned away to get a drink, she touched her fingertips to her cheek, feeling heat radiate throughout her body. Granted, Lena didn’t kiss her on the lips, but the most she had hoped for was a hug, so a kiss on the cheek exceeded her expectations.
Imra pushed Gayle down on the bed, her knees on either side of Gayle’s body while she bent down, hands on Gayle’s shoulders.

Gayle surged up, claiming Imra’s lips with her own. She hissed when Imra bit her lip hard enough to make it bleed a little, but she found it turned her on.

“Shh, we have to be silent,” Imra whispered, kissing Gayle’s lips briefly. She ran her thumb over Gayle’s bottom lip, inspecting the damage she inflicted. “Are you okay?”

Gayle nodded, shuddering when Imra kissed a path to her earlobe, her lips barely touching her skin, like a feather.

Imra slowly coaxed Gayle to sit up. She nibbled gently at her earlobe, scratching her nails down Gayle’s back, lightly at first. “How does that feel?” she asked, grasping Gayle’s chin, gazing into her eyes.

“Good,” Gayle answered, wanting Imra to scratch her harder, but she didn’t know how to voice her request without sounding weak and needy. She gasped when Imra’s nails scratched down her back again, only harder this time. “If you’re capable of reading minds, you need to tell me,” she said with a chuckle, though the possibility of it did make her nervous. Her thoughts were very private.

Imra sensed how nervous Gayle was, felt it oozing out of the light tremble in her voice as she spoke and felt it in the air between them. Being able to sense what people were feeling most of the time was quite an advantage to have.

“If I was able to read minds, I’d have kissed you sooner,” Imra whispered, feeling Gayle relax. She tucked a lock of Gayle’s hair behind her ear and smiled at her.

Gayle obliged when Imra pushed her down, struggling to keep quiet while Imra wedged her knee between her legs, pressing down. Fuck, she was going to need a shower after this. She stiffened when Imra touched a scar on her stomach, which she usually kept hidden, but she was only wearing underwear right now. That scar had been there ever since she gave birth to her twins. She wished the lights weren’t on.

Imra slid lower and kissed Gayle’s scar. “I should pin you against the wall, that’s where art belongs,” she said, kissing her way up Gayle’s chest.

“They also say not to touch art, are you a rule breaker, Matilda?”

“I can think of certain things I’d like to break,” Imra answered, ogling the bed, delighted in the way Gayle laughed at that.

As the night went on, they shared more kisses. Imra left several bite marks onto Gayle’s skin, but she made sure not to mark her neck or any other places where others would see it.

Gayle fought hard not to weep because of how tender Imra was while also giving her that bit of roughness she needed, the bit of spice that made this whole experience even better. In the past people had always been too soft or too rough, but maybe with some luck, she could find what she needed in Imra, though that in itself terrified her. Attachments rarely went well.

Imra slowed down with kissing and biting. She rolled over onto her back, looping her arm around Gayle until Gayle’s head was resting on her chest. She could tell Gayle was in her head too much.

Gayle allowed herself this moment, finding comfort in the way Imra’s fingers threaded lightly through her hair.
“Rubes is fast asleep,” Alex said, bending down to peck Samantha’s lips.

“Mhmm, that’s good, babe,” Samantha replied, grasping Alex’s wrist, tugging her down onto her lap. “The movie ended a minute ago.”

“Sorry I took so long, after I told her a bedtime story, she wanted another and I couldn’t refuse.”

“I can’t say I’m surprised,” Samantha said, smiling. She looped both of her arms around Alex’s waist, resting her head on her shoulder. “Thanks for letting my daughter sleep over,” she said to Lena.

“Anytime,” Lena replied, smiling. She had plenty of space anyway and she knew in advance Ruby would fall asleep before the countdown to the New Year even began.

Kara peeled herself away from the couch, eyes twinkling when she heard Lena groan quietly. “I’ll get some refills,” she said, wandering towards the kitchen.

Lena missed the warmth of Kara’s body, which was much better than having a blanket. She got up from the couch as well, ignoring the way Samantha winked at her. She picked up the almost empty tray with snacks from her coffee table and followed Kara into the kitchen.

Goosebumps erupted on Kara’s arm when Lena’s arm brushed against hers. “Is nobody going to eat those?” she asked, eyeing the five snacks on the tray Lena was holding.

“I don’t think so,” Lena answered, because Samantha and Alex seemed busy eating each other’s face. It was a little much to witness, but she knew they were in their happy honeymoon phase with butterflies fluttering in their stomach and the children were asleep upstairs, so she let them be. “You can eat them if you want to.”

Kara licked her lips and took the tray from Lena. She definitely wanted to because it would be a pity to let perfectly good snacks go to waste.

A smile tugged at Lena’s lips when Kara got some sauce onto her chin. “You’re such a messy eater,” she said, gathering the sauce with her finger. She brought her finger up to her mouth and sucked it clean, realizing what she just did when Kara gawked at her.

Kara worked her jaw, slowly closing her mouth. “Thanks,” she whispered, biting her lip as she blushed.

“The countdown to midnight is about to start in a minute!” Samantha called out, just below shouting.

Kara ate the rest of the snacks in record time and forgot all about the refills, which was Lena’s fault for distracting her with her presence.

Lena failed not to laugh when Kara counted down with her fingers. It was cute seeing Kara holding up her hands, lowering one finger at a time as the countdown began while there was a glint in her
eyes. The countdown reached five when she fisted Kara’s sweater and pulled her under the mistletoe.

Kara’s breath hitched. She forgot all about the countdown, vaguely registering Samantha and Alex were counting down. Her eyes flitted from Lena’s piercing green eyes to her supple lips. Oh Rao, she wanted to kiss Lena, but she had no idea if Lena was interested in her.

“Happy New Year!” Samantha and Alex shouted, falling silent a split second later as their lips crashed together.

Lena looked up at the mistletoe and slowly made eye-contact with Kara. “Happy New Year, Kara,” she whispered, smiling at her.

Kara’s heart thundered in her chest and Lena’s heart wasn’t much different, from the sounds of it. “Happy New Year, Lena,” she replied, leaning in, kissing her cheek to play it safe. This time rather than getting no reaction, she saw Lena’s cheeks darken.

Lena kissed the corner of Kara’s mouth, faltering when she heard Alex say, “oh my god.”

Kara turned to look at her sister, whose eyes were shifting between Lena and her. She hadn’t told Alex yet she like-liked Lena, in a way that definitely wasn’t just friendship. She liked Lena in an ‘I want to kiss her and get naked with her’ way. Okay, that much she didn’t need to tell her sister, but she did want to tell her eventually she was developing feelings for Lena.

Samantha simply smiled and tugged at Alex’s arm, capturing her lips in another kiss.

Lena couldn’t believe she almost kissed Kara. She might have worked up the courage to do so if they had been alone, but it was difficult knowing if Kara liked her as a friend or as more than a friend, all due to how close Kara was with her family that made her wonder if she was just that to Kara; family.

“Imp and I kissed,” Gayle said, exasperated as she entered Lena’s office where Lena and Samantha were looking over paperwork.

“You kissed your nanny?” Samantha asked with one eyebrow raised.

“Oh spare me, Sam, you’re dating your daughter’s teacher,” Gayle replied, sighing while she shut the door behind her. “Technically, Imra kissed me, but I didn’t stop her and I kissed her back. I got caught up in the moment because… well because…she’s still around. She knows I’m a metahuman and she hasn’t made a run for it. She treats me like a human being, not like some monster.”

Lena was a bit shocked by this turn of events, though she knew how sensitive her friend was about being a metahuman and she also knew Psi hadn’t meant to expose herself to Imra. “Do you regret kissing her?” she asked, ignoring her paperwork for the time being.

“I’m not sure,” Gayle answered, plopping down on Lena’s couch. She ran a hand through her hair
while Samantha sat down on her right and Lena on her left. “We did more than kissing though. In the three months she’s been in my life, I can’t seem to get her out of my head.”

“So she ended up in your bed,” Samantha commented naughtily.

“I hate and love you at the same time, Sam.”

Lena was a little perplexed by the news. “You’re saying you slept with your nanny?”

“We didn’t get that far yet,” Gayle answered, sighing when she saw the amused look on Samantha’s face. “I have no idea where any of this is going,” she said, throwing her hands up. “We shared a bed during our vacation because the personnel made a mistake.”

“A mistake, sure,” Samantha said, her tone as skeptical as it could be.

“I’m serious. I had nothing to do with it. Do you think I enjoyed sharing a bed with a woman I’m attracted to while said woman was wearing lingerie? That was not a question for the record and yes, I did enjoy it, but it was torture.”

“If she was wearing lingerie then you bet your ass she was flirting with you,” Samantha pointed out.

“No shit, Sherlock,” Gayle replied, rolling her eyes. “I couldn’t tell when she kissed me.”

“Oh, okay, so…,” Lena started as her mind worked through the information. “A beautiful woman kissed you and now you’re having a gay panic? Sounds about right,” she said, sharing a devious smile with Samantha.

“I hate both of you, bitches,” Gayle muttered. “The more I think about all of it, the more I feel like I’m getting a headache. It was just a kiss and some other stuff, just a fling,” she said, trying to play it off as no big deal while she kept thinking about the comment Imra made about grandchildren.

Lena felt bad for teasing Gayle so much when she noticed genuine distress written all over her face. “I’ll be on my porch tonight,” she said, putting her hand on Gayle’s knee. They had to catch up, considering Gayle just returned from her vacation. “I have a decent bottle of red wine.”

“I’ll be there, but a glass of water or some tea will do,” Gayle replied with a sigh. “I’m trying to only drink a few glasses when I go out,” she explained, feeling a shiver roll down her spine, remembering how she hurt Imra with her powers that one time where she came home drunk. It could have happened to her children and either way, she didn’t want it to happen again.
Chapter 20

Kara was sitting on the couch with LJ on her lap, looking at his cute little face. “Ka-ra,” she said slowly.

“Da-da,” LJ cooed, clapping his hands together as if he was giving himself a round of applause.

“No, no,” Kara replied, shaking her head. “It’s Ka-ra.”

The doorbell rang.

“I’ll get it, daddy,” Lily-May called out, running towards the door on her little legs.

Kara’s jaw dropped due to what Lily-May said. Not only did the little girl call her daddy, she was going for the door. “No, pip!” she rushed out as she got up from the couch, putting LJ down onto the floor. “You can’t open the door for anyone. Your mother told you that, remember?”

“Oh,” Lily-May whispered, stopping. “I’m sorry,” she said, staring down at her feet.

“I’m not mad at you, sweetheart,” Kara said, running her hand through Lily-May’s hair. “I just got really worried because you can’t open the door, not even if it’s someone you know,” she explained, knowing how much Lena insisted on how dangerous it could be.

Kara didn’t quite understand at first, because on Krypton it didn’t matter who opened the door. Earth was different and apparently here on earth, if a child opened a door, there was a risk they could get kidnapped. She didn’t understand how anyone could ever deliberately ring someone’s doorbell and wait for a child to open it to abduct said child. It sounded a little out there, but it seemed to be a thing that wasn’t impossible. Krypton had crime as well, though the military guild was always nearby and quick to take action when something happened.

“Hey,” Kara said, opening the door, smiling at Imra and the children. “You can come in.”

Imra smiled back. It was becoming a tradition to spend Friday nights together at Lena’s house about once a month, when Lena and Gayle were out clubbing.

“I hope we’re not going to watch The Little Mermaid again,” Graym said.

“I wanna see Frozen,” Elsa said, clasping her arms around one of Imra’s legs.

Anna squealed when Buddy came running towards them. “Doggo!” she shouted, giggling when Buddy licked her cheek.

Lily-May looked up at Imra and stretched her arms out, smiling when Imra lifted her up.

“Someone is popular among the children tonight,” Kara noted, smiling at how they all seemed to cling to Imra.

“Imra has good hugs,” Lily-May said, wrapping her arms around Imra’s neck.

“Oh, are you saying my hugs aren’t good?” Kara asked, tickling Lily-May. “You don’t want my hugs anymore, hm, pip?”

“No more tickling, daddy,” Lily-May giggled, pushing Kara’s hands away.
“That’s new,” Imra said, eyebrows going up.

Kara sucked her lips into her mouth and nodded. Her theory was Lily-May was calling her daddy because LJ kept calling her da-da. Personally she didn’t mind that much, but she was worried it was going to bother Lena a lot. She knew Lena lost her husband, which meant LJ and Lily-May lost their father, and she didn’t want to make it seem as if she was trying to take his place.

“Who wants to choose a movie so we can all have ice cream?” Kara asked, chuckling as the children were suddenly a lot less interested in Imra and a lot more interested in sprinting to the couch.

“I don’t know why they call me daddy,” Kara whispered to Imra as they walked into the kitchen. “I thought that word is something humans say to a male parent.”

“You’re not entirely wrong,” Imra replied, laughing lightly at Kara’s confused expression. “Do you want me to indulge you in what else it means?”

Kara nodded, eyes widening when Imra whispered in her ear what else it meant. Okay, she was sure the children meant nothing sexual by it, but she had no idea some people were that kinky to call someone daddy in bed, which according to Imra was kinky.

“I need to Google something on my phone,” Kara mumbled, fishing her phone from her pocket. “How to….,” she whispered while she typed, “erase information from my memory.”

“Your innocence is adorable, Kara,” Imra said, genuinely amused. She opened the freezer and took out two tubs of ice cream; vanilla and chocolate.

“I thought you were innocent, too,” Kara replied, gasping to learn about this side of Imra. “Not that I’m that innocent. I’ve been corrupted by Luce before.”

“Do you remember our senior year in college, when I was dating that one girl and I was wearing a lot of leather during that time?”

“If this is something sexual, I don’t think I want to hear this,” Kara whispered, covering her ears.

Imra was pleased to see Kara was catching on quickly. More than one ex had called her a devil in the sheets. “On a serious note, there is something I want to talk about.”

Kara’s expression shifted upon seeing Imra’s did as well. “Okay,” she whispered, nodding while she got some bowls for the ice cream. “Now or later?”

“Once the children are asleep,” Imra decided, preferring not to delve into it just yet. “We can talk later tonight on Lena’s porch?”

“Yeah, sure,” Kara agreed, scooping ice cream into the bowls.

They all ended up watching Frozen after the twins weren’t fazed in the slightest by Lily-May’s pout, who really wanted to watch The Little Mermaid again. The children wriggled themselves in between Kara and Imra, eating their ice cream while they watched the movie.

Kara had more scoops. She shared her ice cream with LJ, chuckling when he whined whenever she didn’t give him a spoon of ice cream fast enough for his liking. She managed not to get any of the ice cream on his clothes or on hers.

When the movie finished, Imra took Graym, Anna and Elsa back to Gayle’s house to put their
pajamas on and tuck them in.

Kara was sitting on the steps of the porch outside Lena’s house by the time Imra joined her. Her puffs of breath were visible in the nightly air. It was chilly out, but it didn’t bother her.

“I kissed Gayle during our vacation,” Imra confessed.

“Did she kiss you back?” Kara asked, smiling when Imra nodded. “So you two…?”

“No,” Imra answered, chewing her bottom lip. She wrung her hands together and sighed. They hadn’t established a relationship of any kind yet, hadn’t talked about it. “We kissed, a lot and we were having a good time, I think. At one point she asked if I was ever going to let her live it down how she once said I could call her Gay.”

Kara chuckled quietly. She remembered Imra had told her about that.

“I teased her how I would tell our grandchildren about it one day, but by doing so, I spooked her. Humans are… complicated, different in certain ways,” Imra explained. “I can see myself court Gayle someday because I see her as a worthy mate and I think I can be good enough for her.”

“You are good enough for her,” Kara said sincerely.

Kara knew humans were different when it came to marriage, knew how humans had the tendency to date for months, if not years before bringing it up, and even then some humans said no. The latter had always confused her because she couldn’t grasp why some humans would date someone for years at a time and not marry them, didn’t understand why they bothered being together that long if it wasn’t serious.

“What I said to Gayle, it simply got away from me,” Imra said, having said it without thinking it over, without considering it could freak Gayle out. “I have no intention of proposing anytime soon, I know time is essential. I’m worried she will turn me down because I said too much and yet I feel as though I said too little.”

“Perhaps she needs some time to sort her thoughts,” Kara replied, grasping Imra’s hand, giving her a soft smile. “People can be fickle and it can take a while for someone to know what they’re feeling and what they want. Let’s focus on the facts, okay? She kissed you back, so that’s good.”

“You’re right, facts,” Imra whispered, nodding. “And we kissed on another day as well. How are things going with Lena, any progress?”

“On New Year’s Eve it looked like she was going to kiss me, but she didn’t. It was close though and I have no idea if she likes me as a person or as someone she would date. I thought about taking the first step, but I always get really nervous and then I overthink everything.”

“Sawyer,” Alex said, right before Maggie said, “Danvers.”

“You two know each other?” Samantha asked while her hand went to Alex’s left hand, which was
gripping a glass so tightly her knuckles were white.

“Yeah, we do,” Alex answered, slowly breathing out. “We met before, but it’s been… I don’t know… seven months? Eight?”

“Something like that,” Maggie confirmed.

“Alright, baby boomers,” Leslie said, clapping her hands together. “First round’s on me.”

“In a few years you might be a baby boomer yourself,” Gayle commented. If she thought being called a bi-babe often by Samantha was mildly frustrating at times, being called a baby boomer was worse.

“We don’t want kids,” Leslie and Maggie said in sync, as if they had said it a hundred times before. “It’s not our thing,” Leslie added.

Alex frowned deeply while she looked at Maggie. “You don’t like kids?” she asked, raising both of her eyebrows. “That explains a lot,” she said, taking a sip from her drink.

Lena had no idea what was going on. It was clear Alex and Maggie had some history, and she wondered if they ever dated, but she shook her head. It wasn’t her business anyway.

“I kissed her once,” Alex said to Samantha, who was looking directly at her. “We were talking about our jobs and stuff, and I was talking a lot about how much I love children. Anyway, we never saw each other after that night.”

“In my defense, I thought you were straight,” Maggie informed Alex.

“Are you kidding me?” Gayle interrupted with a scoff. “I can see from a mile away Alex is gay as fuck. I knew the second I met her.”

Alex’s cheeks burned. “I wasn’t always… obvious about it.”

“I don’t want children, ever, and you were just so unbelievably passionate about wanting a family,” Maggie told Alex. “I knew it would never work out. After some weeks, I met Leslie, we hit it off and well, here we are.”

Alex leaned into Samantha’s side and smiled at her. “I’m happy with the family I have,” she whispered, pecking Samantha’s lips.

Rather than pretending to gag, Gayle shared a smile with Lena because she was just so damn happy Samantha found the happiness she deserved, but that didn’t take away how she would kick Alex’s ass if she ever dared break Samantha’s heart.

“Say, Maggie, you’re a detective, right?” Lena asked, to which Maggie gave her a hum and a nod. “I was wondering if I can hire you because I have a job for you, a temporary one-time thing,” she explained, to clarify she wasn’t looking to hire Maggie long-term.

“It sounds like you’re looking for a private investigator,” Maggie noted.

“Yes, but if you could just hear me out and give it a try, I would appreciate it. I think you’re a good detective.”

“Are you sure about that?” Gayle scoffed to Lena. “She couldn’t even tell how gay Alex is.”

“I wasn’t out when I kissed Maggie,” Alex cut in. “If we can move on now, thanks.”
“It’s cute when you get all flustered,” Samantha said to Alex, kissing her cheek.

Lena stepped aside with Maggie for a while, wanting to discuss the matter privately rather than share it with the group, although there was no doubt she would fill in Gayle and Samantha sooner or later. There was little she didn’t share with her best friends.

Maggie nodded every now and then while Lena explained what her daughter saw at her husband’s funeral. “Okay, Luthor, I’ll do some digging and I’ll see if I can come up with anything.”

Lena wasn’t sure if she had a sibling she didn’t know of or if it was a clone or some kind of robot, but she needed to know. She couldn’t accept not knowing who approached her daughter over a year ago at Jack’s funeral. It seemed harmless and Lily-May was fine, but she had to ensure there was no threat. Regardless of the outcome, she had several unanswered questions.

Gayle found Imra in the library, which seemed to be Imra’s go to place after the children were asleep. “There won’t be any books left to read soon if you keep reading as often as you do,” she said, sitting down on the futon next to Imra, glad Imra wasn’t sitting on the floor this time.

“I can always read them again, I don’t mind,” Imra replied, closing the book. “You have quite a few romance novels stored in your library.”

“Do I?” Gayle asked, peering around. Of course she did because those books were a guilty pleasure to her and perhaps romance interested her a little bit more than she usually led on. “I don’t pay much attention to which books I buy and the purpose of this library is mostly decorative.”

“Oh of course it is. How could I forget people enjoy having a library filled with books in their homes because they wanted to decorate?” Imra replied, chuckling at Gayle’s failed attempt to hide how she enjoyed romance novels. “The romance novels are my favorite, too.”

Imra was surprised when Gayle cupped her cheeks. Her eyes fluttered shut as Gayle’s lips met hers in a soft, fragile kiss. She indulged herself into their kiss for a while, breaking their kiss when she figured she should head back to her apartment. It was getting quite late and she wanted Gayle to get a good night’s sleep.

Gayle caught Imra’s wrist, keeping Imra from walking away. She got up as well, her free hand slowly going up to touch Imra’s cheek, barely touching her skin. “Stay the night?” she asked, finding she missed sharing a bed with Imra ever since their vacation ended. Her bed felt cold and lonely without Imra near.

“In the guestroom?”

Gayle groaned while Imra smiled. “You just want to hear me say it, don’t you?” she asked, sighing quietly. “I want to cuddle with you because without you…,” she said, shaking her head, unable to voice more, to be that vulnerable. She did add, “Please.”

“I can’t say no when you’re begging,” Imra whispered, snaking her arms around Gayle, kissing her
Kara was nestled comfortably on the couch with Lena next to her. When Lena came home, she was halfway into watching a movie and now they were watching the other half of the movie together. She had offered to start the movie over from the beginning, but Lena told her it was fine because she saw it before.

Lena wasn’t watching the movie in the slightest. Her eyes followed the way Kara’s hand caressed up and down her thigh, going from her knee close to her hipbone. Kara wasn’t wearing her glasses, but she didn’t comment on it. She ran a hand through Kara’s hair, smiling when Kara turned her head and smiled at her. Even in the dim light that came from the television, she could make out the blush on Kara’s cheeks.

Kara stopped breathing while she leaned in, so uncertain if she was reading the signals right or wrong. She pressed her lips to Lena’s cheek, pulling away with a shy smile. Her lips parted, slowly releasing the breath she held when Lena bit her lip. That lip bite was her weakness.

Lena swung a leg over Kara’s, positioning herself on Kara’s lap. She smoothed her hair over one shoulder. The alcohol she drank tonight had gone to her head, not enough to make her drunk, but enough to give her some liquid courage. She locked eyes with Kara, observing her curiously, seeing Kara’s eyes alter between gazing into her eyes and staring at her lips.

At this point Kara was ninety percent sure her attraction towards Lena was mutual. The movie blurred into background noise as she listened to Lena’s heartbeat, which was steady, unlike her own heartbeat which was going faster than it should. Friends could sit on each other’s lap, but not in a facing each other kind of way and in a leaning in kind of way. Oh Rao, Lena was leaning in!

Lena nuzzled her nose against Kara’s cheek and kissed her jaw, one hand resting close to Kara’s throat, feeling her pulse point, while her other hand rested on Kara’s shoulder. So far Kara wasn’t touching her, though she aimed to change that. She tipped back a little, enough for Kara to put her hands on her waist to steady her.

Kara saw Lena’s face inching closer to hers again. Oh Rao, was this really happening? “Lena,” she whispered, voice more desperate than she thought it would be. She stared at Lena’s lips and pulled her a bit closer.

Lena couldn’t stand it any longer, assuming Kara wasn’t going to make the move she wanted her to make. “Kara,” she whispered, brushing her lips over Kara’s. “Is it okay if I kiss you?”

“Please,” Kara whimpered, almost weeping as Lena’s lips touched hers.

Lena cradled Kara’s face in her hands, tracing her tongue over Kara’s lips, deepening their kiss when Kara opened up under her. She poured all she had into their kiss, all of the feelings she had for Kara, which got stronger every day.
Kara kissed Lena until Lena had to pull away to breathe. She kissed Lena again once Lena caught her breath, flitting their lips together again and again, kissing her as if she never wanted to do anything else other than kiss Lena.
Chapter 21

Gayle frowned when she woke up to an empty bed. She was quite certain she spent the night with Imra, kissing and cuddling for most of the night, and she hadn’t been drunk, so it wasn’t her imagination. It felt too real to have been a dream. She breathed out in relief when Imra entered her bedroom, carrying a tray.

“Good morning, Gayle,” Imra said, putting the tray down. She opened the curtains to let some sunlight in.

“Close those curtains, you demon,” Gayle grumbled, covering her eyes, the sudden brightness of the day too much for her eyes when she just woke up.

Imra only closed the curtains half. “Still not a morning person, I see,” she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Kiss?”

“I haven’t brushed my teeth yet.”

“I don’t care,” Imra replied, leaning closer. “Kiss me or I’ll walk out of the room with your breakfast,” she said with a light teasing tone.

Gayle eyed the tray. “You made me a fresh smoothie?” she asked, licking her lips as Imra hummed. She did enjoy smoothies and the oatmeal, and the fruit on the tray completed it, making it one of her favorite things to consume for breakfast.

Imra smiled against Gayle’s plaint lips.

Gayle was smiling as well when she pulled back. “You didn’t have to bring me breakfast to bed, or even make breakfast for that matter,” she said, though she was pleasantly surprised by the gesture.

Imra wanted Gayle to know she would take care of her, that she could be good for her. “Nothing wrong with spoiling you a little,” she said, pecking Gayle’s cheek. “I’ll be downstairs, preparing breakfast for the children.”

Gayle ate her breakfast and went to see if her children were awake. She wrestled her twins into their clothes after multiple tries. Every time she finished putting Elsa’s clothes on, Anna had taken off hers and vice versa. Those two little rugrats were the reason why she didn’t need to visit a gym to get exercise.

“Let it go,” Elsa sang. “Let it goo.”

“Leggo,” Anna sang, dancing around in the living room with her sister.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Gayle muttered under her breath. It dawned on her they must have watched Frozen. “Who do I have to kill for that?” she quietly asked Imra.

Imra laughed. “The girls wanted to see Frozen, the children chose it almost unanimously,” she answered, smiling. “Lily was insisting on watching The Little Mermaid again, but it was three against one.”

“They’ll grow up thinking I named them after the girls in Frozen,” Gayle said with a sigh. “I had no idea when they were born. I never bothered with animated movies until I had children.”
“I think their names are adorable.”

“You opinion doesn’t count,” Gayle replied, nudging Imra’s hip with hers.

“Oh, doesn’t count, hm?” Imra asked, jaw dropping slightly, holding a hand to her chest. “I know you’re ticklish,” she said, backing Gayle up against the counter. “You may want to rethink your words.”

Gayle cleared her throat and averted her eyes, smiling at her son who was looking at them. “Do you want orange juice or apple juice, beanie?” she asked, walking past Imra.

Imra had to resist the temptation of wrapping her arms around Gayle from behind. She knew she had to behave when the children were around.

“Orange juice,” Graym answered. He walked up to Imra and put his arms around her legs. “How was your sleep? Did you cuddle with my mommy?”

Imra chuckled, she really loved this kid and how nothing seemed to get past him. Gayle’s cheeks were turning two shades pinker. “I had a wonderful sleep and your mother is a very good cuddler,” she answered, ruffling a hand through Graym’s hair.

Gayle threw her hands up at how Imra didn’t even attempt to deny they slept in the same bed. If her son had asked her, she would have at least pretended Imra slept in the guestroom rather than in her bedroom. Not that it was that bad, considering they also shared a bed during their vacation.

Graym tugged at Imra’s hand until she crouched down. “I think my mommy likes you,” he whispered in Imra’s ear. “She’s just really stubborn, but I think she wants to give you lots of kisses, on the lips.”

“You’re a smart little guy, you must be right,” Imra whispered, smiling as she hugged Graym. She winked at Gayle, catching her staring.

Gayle was both scared and relieved how much her son liked Imra. She had to let the past go, but there was always this fear inside of her that everyone she cared about would end up abandoning her. Every relationship ended poorly and commitment was scary. She was tired of committing to people while all they did was leave. It puzzled her how Imra didn’t run for the hills the night she learned her powers did horrible things to people. Putting someone through their fears was awful.


Elsa giggled. “Silly, Anna,” she said, hugging her sister. “I love you,” she said, kissing Anna’s cheek.

“Awe,” Gayle said, placing a hand on her chest, endeared by seeing her twins hugging.

Graym looked at his mother and then back at Imra. “Daddy hurt mommy when he left,” he whispered to Imra, his voice cracking a little as he spoke. “Mommy cried a lot and she was very sad. Don’t make my mommy cry or else I won’t like you anymore and I’ll tell my teacher, and I know my teacher is your sister, so you would be in big trouble.”

“I would never ever hurt your mother on purpose,” Imra promised silently. It was cute and sad at the same time how Graym was trying to protect Gayle. “Your mother is special to me, as are your sisters and you.”
Lena stepped outside to get some fresh air, but more in particular to check out what all the noise was about. She heard knocking coming from the house next to hers. It wasn’t Gayle; it was coming from her other neighbors.

A realtor was placing a for sale sign in the garden from the neighbor’s house.

Lena never knew her neighbors whom lived there well and she didn’t even realize they moved out, which proved how she hardly knew them. She saw them a handful of times, tops, in the five years she had been living in this neighborhood. They always appeared withdrawn, keeping to themselves.

Gayle showed up close to the fence. “Huh, for sale,” she said, squinting her eyes at the sign.

“You heard the noise too, I take it,” Lena commented. “Seeing that sign has me thinking, we are neighbors, which is lovely…,” she said, trailing off.

Gayle caught on to Lena’s train of thoughts and nodded. “It would be nice if Sam buys that house so we can all live right next to each other,” she said, although she assumed it wasn’t cheap, just as Lena’s and her house hadn’t been cheap. She didn’t live at her hotel because it was much nicer to live here with one of her best friends as her neighbor.

“I’ll text her,” Lena replied, finding her phone in her pocket. It only took a couple of seconds to receive a response from Samantha. “She says no.”

“Hold up, I’ll text her, too.”

Lena received more texts from Samantha, whom stated she liked the house she currently lived in, how she couldn’t afford the house next to hers and how she didn’t want to accept money from Gayle or her. She knew Samantha worked hard to earn her own money and that she was too stubborn to allow her to lend her some, though she couldn’t force her friend to buy the house next to hers.

“I’m going to take Buddy and my children for a walk,” Lena said, going back inside.

Lily-May insisted she would get to walk Buddy like a big girl.

Lena put her son into his stroller, giving him a toy to play with so he wouldn’t cry for being in his stroller. She must have held LJ more than she should have, because he always wanted to be held rather than be put down in his stroller. He was ten months old and sometimes it seemed as if he was going to walk, but he was far too wobbly.

As much as she loved her son, Lena wasn’t up for holding him every time they went for a walk with Buddy. LJ wasn’t heavy per se, but after a while her arms always got tired. It was kind of funny how she, someone who was touch-starved as a child, ended up being the mother of such a clingy little guy.

“Don’t let Buddy run too far ahead of us,” Lena told her daughter. “He needs to learn to listen and walk next to you.”
“I am going to be a good girl again this year,” Lily-May said, smiling while she held her mother’s hand.

“Santa Claus is going to be very happy to see you’re such a good girl,” Lena replied, smiling as well. “What are you going to ask from Santa when it’s Christmas again?”

Lily-May stumbled a little when Buddy pulled at his leash.

Lena let go of her daughter’s hand to put her hand on her shoulder, keeping her from tripping. “Buddy, slow down, boy,” she called out. Lily-May was too little and too fragile to walk Buddy properly. Buddy’s energy was too much and he was too eager to walk, or well, run.

“I am going to ask Santa Claus for a friend.”

Lena felt guilty, knowing her daughter could have been going to pre-school. Next year she would let her go to school because the truth was Lily-May wasn’t a baby anymore and she couldn’t keep her at home forever like some porcelain doll. She hoped her daughter would make some friends at school next year. It was a pity Gayle’s twins were a year younger than Lily-May. She had a feeling her daughter might have been smart enough to go to the first grade next year, but she was just so little.

Lena remembered what it was like for her when she skipped four grades, how her peers were always bigger than her and older than her. In elementary, children pushed her around a lot. From the moment the Luthor family adopted her when she was four years old, they put her in the third grade with a bunch of eight and nine year olds. Children always called her a baby. High school was without a doubt the worst she had ever been to.

High school was a zoo. Some teenagers outright bullied her whereas others just laughed or ignored her existence. She had no friends and nobody liked her. Whenever there was a group project, the students who ended up in a group with her made her do all of the work. College was better because in college she had Samantha.

“A friend for Christmas sounds lovely, baby,” Lena said, smiling faintly. “There are a lot of children at school.”

“Not like that, mammy,” Lily-May replied, giggling. “I want Santa to bring me a sister.”

Lena hoped that in the eleven months she had left before it would be Christmas again, she could convince her daughter to ask Santa for something else. Even if she wanted another child, there was no way she could make that happen that quickly, unless she opted for adoption, but two children was more than enough for her.

“You have a brother, sweetie, isn’t that enough?”

“Elsa has Anna, I want a sister too,” Lily-May answered, pouting. “LJ drools too much and he doesn’t wear dresses.”
Kara held a box of doughnuts in one hand while she opened the door of Alex’s place with the other. It was a good thing she had a key. She had been up early this morning and she had to get her own breakfast because Imra didn’t come home last night, which meant no pancakes were waiting for her to be devoured.

“Hey, Alex,” Kara said, smiling at her sister, who was making coffee.

“Kara, hey,” Alex replied, crossing and uncrossing her arms, placing her hands loosely on her hips. “Why are you here?”

Kara frowned because that was no way to be greeted. “I brought doughnuts,” she answered, putting the box of sugared goods onto the table. “I don’t know about you, but I’m starving,” she said, licking her lips.

“I bet Alex is starving, too.”

The tip of Alex’s ears tinged red as Samantha sauntered into the kitchen, wearing nothing but underwear and a tank top that decidedly did not belong to Samantha.

Kara was relieved she put the box of doughnuts down already or she surely would have dropped it. “Sam, hey, um…,” she said, awkwardly averting her eyes. “Oh Rao,” she whispered under her breath. “Sorry, I didn’t know you had company,” she said apologetically to her sister.

Samantha put her arms around Alex and kissed her cheek. “You okay, babe? You look a little red.”

Alex gave Samantha a push. “You’re not helping,” she replied, rolling her eyes before pulling Samantha in for a kiss.

Kara opened the box and selected a cruller, munching on it while Alex and Samantha made wet kissing noises. Oh Rao, her sister was half-naked, too. She made a mental note how next time she decided to visit Alex, she would check first if she was alone or not and if she was dressed in an appropriate way.

Three quarters into her third doughnut, Alex and Samantha stopped kissing.

“What’s on your mind?” Alex asked Kara, pouring the coffee into cups.

“Lena kissed me last night and her lips are so soft and she was so sweet and I think this means she does like me, not that I asked, but she kissed me, so she has to like me, right?”

“Wait, wait, rewind,” Alex said, holding up her hands. “Lena kissed you?”

“Finally,” Samantha said. “I thought you two were going to kiss on New Year’s, but you both chickened out.”

“Okay, I’m missing something here,” Alex said, frowning.

“Lena is into Kara and Kara is into Lena, you’re welcome,” Samantha explained to Alex, chuckling.

“Into me,” Kara said, face lighting up. “Lena is into me as in… you know, um, we could date or…?”

“Into you as in she wants to jump your bones and have your babies.”

“Sam!” Alex exclaimed, gasping. “I really don’t need to know what Lena wants to do to my little
sister.”

Samantha walked over to Kara. “Can I have your phone for a minute?”

“Um, sure,” Kara answered, handing her phone over to Samantha. “But… why?”

“I’m putting my number in your phone, so if you have any questions, you can text me.”

“Oh, that’s actually… helpful,” Kara replied, smiling. She slid the box closer to Samantha.

“Doughnut?”

“Well, I don’t mind getting my fingers sticky,” Samantha said, taking a doughnut from the box.

“Oh my god,” Alex groaned. “You take pleasure in embarrassing me, don’t you?”

Kara really wished her Google search of how to erase information from her memories would turn up some useful results.

Gayle spotted Leslie sitting at the bar at her hotel, drinking. She walked over to her to give her a piece of her mind. “Drinking on the job is prohibited, you know,” she said, taking a seat next to her.

“Good thing my shift doesn’t start for another… six minutes,” Leslie replied, glancing at her watch. “What’s gotten your panties in a bunch today?”

“I complicated my… relationship or whatever, with the nanny of my children.”

“Yes, her,” Gayle confirmed, sighing while Leslie smirked. “We’ve been teaching my son how to swim and my daughters like being in the pool.”

“Can’t relate,” Leslie mumbled, taking a swig from her beer. “Is it complicated because she works for you or complicated because you don’t know what to do with the way you feel about her?”

Gayle made a signal at the bartender, deciding she needed a drink for this. It didn’t correlate with her new rule to keep drinking for when she went out, but one drink wasn’t the end of the world.

“Both, huh?” Leslie commented, nodding slowly. “The thing is people tend to make their life a lot more complicated than it needs to be. You like her? Tell her. You’re unsure about something? Tell her.”

“Being vulnerable is easier said than done,” Gayle replied, sighing as she grabbed the drink the bartender gave her.

“Communication is hard, I get that, but telling someone how you feel ain’t weakness. Confidence is sexy as fuck, when someone walks up to me and straight up tells me how they feel, it doesn’t
cross my mind for even a second to think of them as weak or vulnerable. Like that time when you deadass asked me out—"

“I didn’t ask you out,” Gayle interrupted. “It wasn’t like that.”

“Well, I was saying, when you asked me to grab drinks, you just went and asked.”

“Since when did you start giving advice?” Gayle asked, blinking while Leslie just shrugged. “I’m not an easy person to be with and she deserves better. I’ve hurt her. Do you have any idea what it’s like when your powers get away from you and you hurt the person you… you care about?”

“I do have an idea, yeah,” Leslie answered, finishing the rest of her drink. “I almost electrocuted Maggie when we were taking a bath together once and she’s got a couple burn marks on her skin from when I slipped up. So, what’s your next excuse?”

“You’re infuriating. I should have let you drown when I had the chance.”

Leslie chuckled dryly. “If you’re so hell-bent on not hurting her, why are you toying with her heart? You ever think of that?” she asked as she got up. “That’s my two cents. I need to start my shift so my boss doesn’t fire me,” she said, winking.

Gayle hated Leslie for being right. She wasn’t toying with Imra’s heart on purpose, though stringing her along wasn’t a nice thing to do. Imra wasn’t some fling to her, but it was scary to voice feelings. She was afraid to fall hard for her, afraid of not being caught and getting her heart crushed again.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The detective stood in front of Lena’s desk, holding a large brown envelope, fingers smoothing over the edges. It was unlabeled and not as thick Lena had hoped it would be which meant that whatever was in it probably wasn’t much and may not provide her with the answers she was seeking.

Lena clicked her pen and put it aside. When Samantha mentioned Maggie was here to see her, she wasted no time letting her enter. “You found something,” she said, a hopeful glint in her eyes, having waited for this moment for weeks.

“Yeah, I did,” Maggie confirmed, opening the envelope then. “You have a sister, twin sister to be precise.”

Lena couldn’t stop the gasp that escaped her. She was twenty-four, going on twenty-five and all this time she never knew she had a sister. It was true then, her daughter did have an aunt. “What’s her name?” she asked, unsure where to start while her mind swam with questions.

At least the news she had a sister was better than the news of a clone or a shapeshifter or anything of the sorts. Not that a sibling out ruled a possible threat, considering Lex Luthor never made any qualms about them being family when he tried to have her assassinated. For now, she chose to remain hopeful; rationalizing in her head her daughter was not harmed during Jack’s funeral.

Maggie emptied the envelope on Lena’s desk. “Morgana Westenra,” she answered, pointing at a copy of a birth certificate. “She lives in Ireland. Your biological mother couldn’t afford raising two babies. She gave Morgana up and brought her to an orphanage. After a while, your mother found a family willing to adopt her.”

“Westenra,” Lena whispered, frowning, confused as to why the Luthor family didn’t adopt Morgana when they adopted her, though if it had been Lillian’s call, they wouldn’t have adopted her either. Perhaps Lillian made a compromise with her father how they could adopt one of them rather than both. It was something she wouldn’t put past them, they had done worse things.

“Your sister was never registered under your mother’s surname or your father’s,” Maggie continued, as if she knew what Lena needed to know. “Her birth certificate has her listed as Morgana Westenra. When the Westenra family adopted her, your mother sent them as much money as she could. It wasn’t enough to cover every expense necessary to raise a child, but she tried. When Morgana turned four, the payments ceased.”

Lena nodded slowly. Her mother died when she was four. She couldn’t imagine what it must have been like for her mother to realize she couldn’t keep both of her babies. The emptiness she had felt inside of her for as long as she could remember suddenly got a whole new meaning.

“Morgana continued to live with the Westenra family.”

“I want to meet her,” Lena said, needing to see her sister with her own eyes.

“I can check if she wants to have contact with you or not.”

Lena’s heart dropped at the possibility of her sister not wanting to meet her. “That would be
lovely,” she replied with a pained smile. “It’s like looking at pictures of myself,” she said, tracing her fingertips over the three pictures Maggie provided for her.

In the first picture, Morgana must have been six years old, tops. She was standing in a garden, holding a handful of sunflowers, smiling down at red rain boots while the sun shone. Morgana looked happy and there was a smudge of mud on her cheek. In the second picture, Morgana looked around twelve years old. She was standing barefooted in a room, wearing a long white dress, which could have been a nightgown. Morgana was gazing out of the window as if she was fully engrossed in something that must have caught her eye.

In the third picture, Morgana was a bit older, but still visibly a teenager. She was sitting at a small table with another girl. The table was set with teacups, a teapot and cookies. Morgana and the girl sitting across from her were both wearing flower crowns. The biggest smile was on Morgana’s face and there was a sparkle in her eyes.

Lena hoped her sister would consent to meeting her. “Can I keep these?” she asked, looking up at Maggie, her eyes a little wet.

“This envelope is all yours now,” Maggie answered, giving Lena a look that could only be described as pity.

“Thank you,” Lena replied, straightening up in her chair. “Your help is appreciated. How much do I owe you?” she asked, reaching for her checkbook.

Maggie smiled and confused Lena when she walked towards the door. “If you want to thank me, buy me a drink sometime, but I won’t accept your money.”

“I don’t need pity and I wish to pay you, if not for your hours, at least for your expenses.”

“I’m not doing this out of pity,” Maggie replied, chuckling when Lena raised an eyebrow at her. “Okay, I’ll try not to pity you, but that’s still not why I’m doing this. I’m doing this because you and your bi-babes as you call yourselves—”

“Only Sam calls us that,” Lena corrected.

“- treat Leslie like a human being rather than a freak.”

“Well, metahumans aren’t freaks,” Lena said simply, so of course she wasn’t going to treat Leslie as if she was a freak.

“I couldn’t agree more, Luthor,” Maggie replied, opening the door. “You’re a good egg,” she said, and on that final note, she left.

With her duffle bag slung over her shoulder, Gayle followed Samantha and Alex into the locker room of the private women’s gym. The first time was free, so she could see for herself if she wanted to buy a membership for a month, six months or a year. She needed to blow off some steam
and when Samantha suggested going to the gym together, she hadn’t hesitated to agree.

Gayle hadn’t expected Alex to join them, although she didn’t mind. Her best friend was happy with Alex and she was curious to get to know Alex better. After all, that woman also happened to be her son’s teacher and in a few more years, Anna and Elsa would be in her class.

Samantha put her bag down on the bench in the middle of the locker room. She grasped the hem of her shirt, lifting it over her head, revealing her sports bra.

“Damn,” Alex said, just a tad too loud to be subtle.

Samantha smirked at Alex. “Like what you see?”

Gayle regretted wearing a dress, but in her defense, she left her hotel a little late, which meant she had to be quick to grab her duffle bag and had no time to get changed first. “Can someone get my zipper for me?” she asked, pointing at her back. She gathered her hair to keep it from getting caught in the zipper.

“I’m a little busy,” Samantha answered, taking off her jeans to change into shorts.

“Um, I’ll give you a hand,” Alex said to Gayle.

Gayle felt how Alex unzipped her dress, a bit shakily.

“You okay over there, babe?” Samantha asked Alex, a smile in her voice.

Gayle was not the least bit surprised by her best friend teasing Alex. Once her dress was fully unzipped, she let it pool around her ankles. She smiled at Alex, whose cheeks were suddenly quite red, amused when Alex hurriedly minded her own business. Baby gays were easy to get all flustered and it was cute, but she wasn’t so much a devil about it as Samantha was.

Alex fixed Samantha with a look, one corner of her mouth going up as if she was accepting a challenge.

Samantha choked on air when Alex got changed.

Gayle hadn’t meant to stare, but damn, Alex had abs and it was hard not to look when Alex flexed. She laughed, hearing Samantha choke. “Karma’s a bitch,” she said, patting Samantha on the shoulder. “I think I might like you, Alex.”

“Don’t like me too much,” Alex replied, putting an arm around Samantha, smiling. “I’m quite stuck to this sexy lady here.”

“I wouldn’t worry about it if I were you, I’m more interested in your sister,” Gayle said, laughing, until she realized what she just admitted.

“Oh my god, how do I not know these things?”

“Imra,” Samantha informed Alex.

“How do you know everything?”

Gayle rushed to put her sweatpants and tank top on. “I’ll be in the gym,” she said, walking out of the locker room. It wasn’t a secret per se she was into Imra, but it wasn’t something she broadcasted either. She hoped Alex wouldn’t mention it to Imra.
Roughly two hours later, Gayle came home, all sweaty from the gym. The workout felt good and was exactly what she had needed after several stressful days at work.

“Hey,” Imra said, smiling at Gayle.

Gayle peered around. “Where are Graym, Anna and Elsa?”

“Graym is doing his homework upstairs, though it’s possible he’s playing with his toy car. The twins are playing dress up in their room, which relax; I’ll put their clothes back neatly in their closet once they’re done.”

Gayle took a step towards Imra and another until she was right in front of her. “We’re alone downstairs?” she asked, keeping her voice down.

Imra grasped Gayle’s shirt. “It appears so,” she answered, tugging hard enough to make Gayle lose her balance, catching her in her arms.

“I’m sweaty,” Gayle whispered, though she knew Imra didn’t care. She wished they could take a shower together, but they couldn’t do that and they hadn’t gone that far yet.

“I missed you while you were gone,” Imra whispered, pecking Gayle’s lips. “I’ve been thinking about kissing you all day.”

Gayle didn’t feel brave enough to admit she missed Imra too and that she thought about kissing her a lot as well. She couldn’t voice it, but perhaps she could show it. She wove her hands through Imra’s hair, nails scraping lightly at her scalp as she smashed their lips together, kissing Imra hungrily.

Gayle’s powers detected someone’s presence. It was helpful at times how nobody could sneak up on her without her knowing, but as she broke the kiss, she knew it was too late. “Beanie,” she said, pulse racing while she looked at her son, who was standing at the bottom of the stairs.

Imra followed Gayle’s line of sight. She was worried, not for Graym’s reaction because she knew he wanted them together as much as she did, but worried for how Gayle would react, if she would panic again and pull away from her.

Gayle tried to come up with an excuse as to why her lips were on Imra’s, but her mind was drawing blanks.

Graym’s lips formed the biggest smile as he ran towards his mother and Imra. “This is the best day of my life!” he exclaimed, wrapping his arms around their legs. “Mommy, can Imra live with us now? Are you going to get married?”

Imra’s jaw dropped when Gayle fainted.

Graym beamed at Imra. “You have to wake my mommy with a true love’s kiss,” he said, looking down at his mother expectantly.
Kara sat on the couch with Lily-May on one knee and LJ on the other, a children’s book in her hands. Her fingertip traced over the words on the page as she read to them, so Lily-May could follow what she was reading. It was an early bedtime story, soon enough the children would fall asleep.

Lily-May was wearing a pajama with teddy bears on them, which she had put on all by herself, something she was very proud of and she had smiled when Kara praised her for it. She quietly mouthed every word Kara read, like she was trying to memorize the words.

LJ was wearing an adorable little Superman onesie. Kara was surprised when she found it in his closet, assuming it was a new onesie Lena must have bought recently.

Kara didn’t even know Lena was a fan, although it was quite common for people to buy such things for their children. It gave her a strange feeling, seeing her family crest. Many people believed it was an S for Superman, but it wasn’t an S, it only looked like an S.

“The princess played in the garden with her loyal dog, sir bark-a-lot,” Kara read, smiling as Lily-May giggled.

“That’s a silly name for a dog,” Lily-May said.

“Princess Lily-”


Kara feigned a gasp. “It’s not?”

Lily-May shook her head and moved her fingertip over the princess’ name. “A...n- Ana- Anas... ta...Anastasia, princess Anastasia,” she read, looking up at Kara, waiting for her approval.

“That was very good, pip,” Kara said, smiling, looking forward to tell Lena. “Can you try to read the whole sentence?”

And like that, Lily-May was suddenly the one reading a bedtime story instead of Kara.

Lena came home when her daughter nearly finished the book. She didn’t mention the fact she heard Lily-May read through the nanny cams and that she stopped working earlier than planned to listen to her daughter read in person.


LJ had already fallen asleep, slumped against Kara.

Kara helped Lena to put the children to bed, smiling at the way Lily-May was out like a light the second her head hit her pillow. She chuckled quietly as Buddy ran through the open crack of Lily-May’s bedroom door, such a spoiled puppy and of course Lena was too soft not to let him.

“Kara,” Lena whispered, bringing her hand up to Kara’s shoulder. “We need to talk.”

Kara faltered and her heartbeat spiked. She knew those words were generally said when someone had bad news. “O-okay,” she replied, adjusting her glasses, wringing her hands together.

Lena regretted her choice of words, sensing she made Kara nervous. “In my room,” she added.
Kara didn’t say a word as she followed Lena into her bedroom. She sat down on the bed when Lena patted the empty space next to her, sitting up against the headboard. Maybe this was the moment where Lena was going to let her down gently and mention that their kisses were a one-time thing.

Lena grasped Kara’s hand, lacing their fingers one by one, palms pressed together. “I like you, Kara,” she confessed, in case that wasn’t obvious yet.

“Really?” Kara asked, smiling when Lena squeezed her hand in response. “I like you too, Lena. Like a lot, so much,” she said, relieved Lena liked her, which was a positive start, though she was worried a ‘but’ would follow.

“I want you to know I am not seeking a temporary fling, friends with benefits or anything of the sorts. During the time I got to know you, I couldn’t help but realize how much I’m drawn to you. I care about a meaningful connection and I like to believe we have that kind of connection. It’s still growing and I’m wondering if you’d be willing to give us a chance, because I am. I want to give us a chance to be together, to explore a relationship. It’s not easy to say all of this, but I’ve been thinking about it and I want to be honest with you about my feelings, Kara.”

Most of the time, Kara was quick to break into a ramble, but what Lena just said rendered her speechless. Her eyes were wet with tears of joy. It took her a few tries to get her voice to work. “Of course I want to give us a chance, Lena,” she said, because oh Rao, she really wanted to be with her. “It means a lot to me that you’re saying all of this and I feel like someone needs to pinch me to ensure this is real because this feels like a beautiful dream, but if it’s a dream, then I don’t want to wake up from it, so maybe pinching isn’t such a good idea after all.”

Lena chuckled at how adorable Kara was. “I do need you to know that I want to take things slow,” she said, to be clear, watching Kara nod. “Would you like to stay the night and cuddle?”

“Yes, please,” Kara answered, smiling while her heart did a summersault. “Does this mean you’re my girlfriend now?”

Lena cupped Kara’s cheeks. “Yes,” she whispered, connecting their lips. “And, Kara, this is real,” she said, kissing her jaw.

Kara pushed Lena down, kissing her while she ran her hands up and down her sides, careful not to go too far, not to rush anything. Lena was her girlfriend now and with some luck, she hoped that one day she could call Lena her wife.

Chapter End Notes

I know ‘Morgana Westenra’ is basically mixing two characters (Morgana from the show Merlin and ‘Lucy’ Westenra from the show Dracula), but there’s already a Lucy in this story and Morgana matches better with Lena, so there you have it. Also, damn those who guessed the twin thing and that it would be Morgana. :)
Gayle had never celebrated Valentine’s Day, not once. Every time Valentines came around she was either single or seeing someone who didn’t care less about romance, not that she ever showed to care about it either. She never wasted an opportunity to express her distaste for the sappy puppy-love holiday and yet in secret she frequently devoured romantic novels, yearning for that show-stopping breathtaking life-altering moment like a hopeless romantic fool, as if there was such a thing as true love.

Her mind wandered to her Christmas vacation, where Imra without hesitation exposed herself to save the lives of her children and her. It was arguably an act of love, selfless and real, and it was more than anyone else had ever done for her. The people she had been with in the past couldn’t be bothered getting her flowers or chocolate or some other clichéd gift to convey a token of affection, of appreciation, of love.

She kept the softest parts of herself hidden as if it were a secret she had to guard with her life. When she was younger she didn’t hide how soft she was, how much she wanted to be held. Perhaps it was a residue from the lack of affection she had growing up, her way of trying to fill those gaps. It was Valentine’s Day, that one day on her calendar she oftentimes dreaded. She worked all day, so long she missed the opportunity to tuck in her children and tell them a bedtime story.

Imra was in Graym’s bedroom, singing him a lullaby while he was drifting off to sleep. Anna and Elsa had already fall asleep an hour ago, exhausted after they spent the day running around the house, playing with their toys.

Gayle was standing in the hall when Imra exited her son’s bedroom. This morning she had been quick to leave her house, after a brief hello and a single glance towards Imra.

Imra tried to get a read on what Gayle was feeling. Her brain short-circuited when Gayle initiated a kiss. A small part of her thought about pushing Gayle away because they barely spoke since Graym caught them kissing, but another part of her wanted to pull Gayle so much closer and never let go. The latter won; she lifted Gayle up and reciprocated the kiss, teasing her tongue at the seam of her lips.

They kissed long and hard with wanton, hands grasping at each other, desperate to get closer. Their tongues battled for dominance for what felt like minutes, until Imra took the upper hand, biting down on Gayle’s lip. Gayle moaned and lowered her legs, sliding them down Imra’s body until her feet touched the hard wooden floor.

Gayle broke their kiss and took Imra’s hand, lifting it to her mouth, brushing a kiss against her knuckles, looking into Imra’s eyes, reading her reaction. The smile on Imra’s face settled her nerves. “I have a surprise for you,” she whispered, leading Imra to the bathroom.

Imra felt the vulnerability ooze out of Gayle as they entered the bathroom.

The bathtub in the bathroom was large. Gayle always enjoyed how it could fit two people. She had placed candle lights around the bath and then some, here and there. The candles casted a warm glow. The tub was filled with water, rose petals floating on top of the water. There were also rose petals on the floor. The mirror had caught steam from how hot the water was. On the edge of the bathtub; there was a bucket with a bottle of bubbly champagne and two champagne glasses.
Imra smiled at Gayle. “You did all of this, for me?”

“Why do you sound so surprised?” Gayle asked, although she could answer that question herself. She had been pushing Imra away while she hadn’t meant to and she hoped that this could be one way of showing Imra she meant something to her. “Happy Valentine’s day,” she said, voicing the words with some effort.

Imra stepped into Gayle’s personal space. She put her arms around Gayle’s neck, resting her forehead against hers. “Happy Valentine’s Day, love,” she whispered, lips parting a little as Gayle gasped. She hadn’t called her love before, but she had been meaning to.

Gayle took a deep breath. “I could get addicted to the sound of that,” she revealed with a nervous smile.

“Good, because you’ll be hearing it a lot,” Imra replied, glad Gayle didn’t freak out.

There were many things about Imra Gayle could see herself getting addicted to. Being near Imra was intoxicating. She glanced at the bath and then at Imra. “Are you okay with getting naked?” she asked with uncertainty. “If this is too much, I can get use some bathing-”

Gayle didn’t get to finish her suggestion, Imra was already getting undressed. Okay, clearly Imra had no issue with getting naked. In hindsight, she should have seen this coming. She began to undress as well, gulping in air with every piece of clothing Imra discarded onto the floor.

When they were both undressed, they were standing a few steps away from each other. It was the first time they saw each other naked. They had seen each other in lingerie before, but never completely bare. Physically, nothing was left hidden.

Gayle knew Imra had already seen the scar on her stomach before, but she moved a hand to cover it anyway, breathless under Imra’s scrutinizing gaze. Her eyes raked down Imra’s body, god, she looked like a Greek goddess. Imra’s breasts looked soft and like two perfect handfuls. The little hairs between her legs were trimmed and dark.

Imra reached out, sliding her hand down Gayle’s side, towards her hip. She took Gayle’s hand, moving it away from her stomach. “You don’t have to hide any part of yourself from me,” she whispered, dropping down onto her knees.

Gayle closed her eyes and bit her lip, feeling Imra press a kiss to her stomach.

“Look at me, love,” Imra said, taking both of Gayle’s hands in hers, running her thumbs over the back of her hands. She smiled when Gayle obeyed. Her eyes flickered down for a second, drinking in how Gayle was completely shaven between her legs. She looked back up and stood, still holding Gayle’s hands.

Gayle exhaled shakily when Imra kissed her. There was so much she wanted to say, but she didn’t know how. “Imra, I want…,” she said, trailing off, finding it difficult to voice she wanted them to be something official.

Imra dipped one foot into the water, hissing briefly at the warmth of the water, setting her foot down. “I know,” she whispered, smiling. She set her other foot down in the tub as well, helping Gayle to step in, making sure Gayle didn’t slip.

Imra sat down in the tub, her back pressed against the marble. She gently coaxed Gayle to sit between her legs, pressing her front against Gayle’s back, wrapping her arms around her, resting her head on Gayle’s shoulder.
“I’m not good at this,” Gayle said quietly. She could try, for Imra, but it was a work in progress.

Imra kissed Gayle’s shoulder. “I’ll be your girlfriend, if you’ll have me and if you’ll be mine,” she said, voicing what Gayle couldn’t.

“You’re asking me on Valentine’s? This is such a sappy romantic cliché,” Gayle mumbled half-heartedly. “Clearly, you’ve read too many books from my library.”

Imra swept the damp strands of Gayle’s hair aside, kissing her neck, feeling Gayle shiver against her. “Is that a no?” she asked, chuckling while Gayle groaned. She used her powers to get the bottle of shampoo into her hands, squeezing some onto the palm of her hand.

“Don’t think you’ll get away from me that easily, Matilda,” Gayle said, humming as Imra’s hands kneaded through her hair, massaging her scalp. Nobody had washed her hair for her before. It was such a refreshing experience. “I do want us to be… that.”

“Girlfriends?” Imra asked, smiling when Gayle giggled for a second. Her heart skipped a beat at the sound, happy to hear Gayle sounded so giddy, which was cute. She wanted to hear that giggle more often; it was one of her favorite sounds now. “You’re precious,” she said, carefully tipping Gayle’s head back, massaging her temples.

“I was supposed to spoil you.”

“Trust me when I say I feel spoiled.”

It was the first time Gayle had gotten naked with someone without having sex with them. She loved that she was able to explore this kind of intimacy with Imra, this part of her that she kept hidden in the past. Imra was so gentle with her, so caring as she rinsed her hair.

Lena hired Samantha’s babysitter for this evening and this evening only. It was an exception, she kept telling herself, to allow herself the chance to take Kara somewhere. She couldn’t ask her friends to babysit Lily-May and LJ, considering she didn’t want to intrude on their Valentine’s Day. Samantha’s babysitter was only available because Ruby was sleeping over at a friend’s and during work her best friend hadn’t been quiet about how much Alex was into Valentine’s.

As Lena sat in the limousine with Kara next to her, she hoped Kara enjoyed Valentine’s. Given how soft and loveable Kara was, she had a positive feeling Kara liked this day. She wanted to do something romantic. There was a funny feeling in her stomach, it felt like butterflies. Their relationship was still very young and this was their first Valentine’s Day together. She liked to look at it as the first of many more to come.

Kara held Lena’s hand, curious to find out where Lena was taking her. She wished her parents would have been able to meet Lena, they would have adored her. It didn’t matter in the slightest how Lena was a Luthor. All of Krypton heard the tales of Seg-El and Lyta-Zod, of the romance between them. Their families grew out to be enemies throughout time, but that didn’t diminish the love story they shared and if they could be together, then she could be with a Luthor.
Even without that example, nothing was going to stop Kara from wanting to be with Lena and nothing could stop her from falling in love, little by little. She had told her aunt recently, whom had smiled and wished her the best. The only obstacle, if it could be called that, was the fact Lena used to be married. Back on Krypton, people only married one person and if that person perished, they did not marry someone else, no matter how much time passed. Earth was different of course and she wouldn’t be the first Kryptonian to break that tradition, although in her case it was different than in her aunt’s situation. Astra was married on Krypton, but her aunt did not speak of it and her aunt was happy with Lucy, finally building the family she knew Astra had always wanted.

Lena held open the door for Kara when they arrived. “Careful not to go too close to the edge,” she said, despite the fact she knew falling was no problem for Kara when she could fly.

Kara gasped, taking in the view that stretched ahead of them. They were near a cliff and a picnic table was set up. The lights of the city were visible, illuminating the night along with the stars in the sky.

“I hope you don’t mind sandwiches,” Lena said, opening the picnic basket that awaited them on the picnic table. She had opted for a simple meal rather than taking Kara to some kind of public, fancy restaurant. Not that she didn’t want to be seen in public together, she just wanted privacy.

“I’ll eat anything, unless it’s kale,” Kara replied, smiling because sandwiches sounded great.

Lena retrieved a bottle of club soda from the basket for Kara and a bottle of red wine for herself, along with two glasses. “Happy Valentine’s Day, darling,” she said, leaning into Kara’s side, giving her a chaste kiss.

Kara’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing the term of endearment. “Happy Valentine’s Day, my sunshine,” she whispered, stealing a quick kiss.

Lena chuckled. “Sunshine, really?” she asked, arching an eyebrow. “That sounds more like you.”

“Too late, I call dibs.”

“Is that right?” Lena asked, snaking her arms around Kara, kissing her cheek.

“Yup, that’s…,” Kara answered, whimpering when Lena kissed her. She lifted Lena and put her down on the picnic table, just so she wouldn’t accidentally swoon and get too close to the edge. Her lips kissed Lena’s neck the moment Lena needed to breathe.

Soon enough, the food was forgotten. Lena leaned in, kissing Kara’s soft, warm lips. When they pulled apart, they were both taking shaky, shallow breaths. She cradled Kara’s cheeks in her hands, drawing her into a fiery and passionate kiss, unable to contain how much she wanted to feel Kara’s lips on hers and savor the taste.

Kara’s hands worked their way around Lena’s body, sliding between her shoulder blades, down the plane of her back. Her fingertips ventured lightly over Lena’s perfectly curved hips, moaning into their kiss as she felt Lena’s legs wrap around her waist, keeping her trapped between them. She pulled her face back a couple of inches, opening her eyes, staring deeply into Lena’s.

Lena noticed how Kara’s pupils were dilated and even in the little bit of light the night provided them, she saw her cheeks had reddened, knowing her own cheeks weren’t any different. There was so much wonder and affection in Kara’s eyes. It felt like she was being disarmed by those blue eyes that tore down her walls. She couldn’t remember the last time someone had looked at her with such sincerity, so lovingly.
No words were spoken, but their eyes said all that needed to be said.

Kara kissed Lena’s nose, then her cheeks and her chin, smiling while Lena chuckled at her antics. She kissed Lena’s throat, listening to every little whimper and faint moan Lena couldn’t seem to hold back. Being Lena’s girlfriend felt like flying, but it was a different kind of flying as when she used her powers to fly. With every kiss, she had to keep her body under control to keep herself from floating mid-kiss.

Lena put her hands on Kara’s upper arms, halting her. “We should eat, before I eat you instead,” she said, laughing it off, although she was serious. If Kara kept kissing her the way she did, their first time would be on this very table and as tempting as that thought was, it was too soon.

“Mhmm yes, I’m starving,” Kara said, sitting down, ready to dig in. She wasted no time when Lena handed her a sandwich, quickly devouring it and reaching for a second sandwich.

Lena took her time to chew, rather than putting the food away in a record time, as Kara was doing. She didn’t mind Kara’s quirks, they were just so typical Kara and simply made her more, gave her that extra touch.

Kara felt a piece go down the wrong pipe when she saw Lena licking her fingers clean. Her eyes began to water as she tried to cough it up. Oh Rao, this really wasn’t her most glorious moment and it was kind of Lena’s fault for distracting her.

Lena got up to perform the Heimlich maneuver, which as a mother she knew all too well. She wondered if it was effective at all when it came down to a Kryptonian, but after a few tries, the piece of sandwich Kara was choking on flew over the table.

“Are you okay, Kara?” Lena asked, offering her a glass of water.

“Yes, I’m fine, I just um… got distracted,” Kara answered, averting her eyes, feeling a bit embarrassed. She took a few sips from the water. “You were licking your fingers and I couldn’t handle it,” she confessed, biting her lip, hoping her face didn’t resemble a tomato right now.

Lena didn’t mean to laugh, but she couldn’t help it. “You choked on your food because I was licking my fingers clean?”


“You are too adorable,” Lena whispered, cupping Kara’s jaw. “This is why…I like you so much,” she said, surprising herself by nearly saying the three words she barely managed to avoid saying.

Kara smiled and closed the gap between them, her lips ghosting over Lena’s. “I really like you,” she breathed out, pressing her lips against hers. Lena was more than her sunshine; she was her moon and her stars; warmth and light and beauty.

This Valentine’s Day wasn’t even over yet and Lena already found herself looking forward to the next, though next year she could do without Kara choking and could do with being choked by Kara instead, preferably with considerably less clothes on.
Chapter 24

Imra barely set one foot inside Gayle’s house when Graym grasped her hand.

“Come look!” Graym shouted, smiling while he tugged at Imra’s hand. “Mommy gave us a pet.”

Imra blinked her eyes, surprised Gayle must have caved in after all. Graym, Anna and Elsa liked Lily-May’s puppy, and they hadn’t been quiet about how they wanted a pet too. Gayle told her more than once how she wasn’t interested in getting a dog because dogs needed a lot of attention and needed to be walked every day. Gayle said it was too much of a hassle. When she suggested a cat instead, Gayle told her a cat had to be kept indoors for several weeks before it could go outside and Gayle didn’t want a litter box in her house.

The pet Graym was referring to turned out to be a turtle.

Gayle knew a turtle wasn’t the same as a puppy, but her children were happy and that was what mattered.

“Ouw tutle,” Anna cooed, pressing her finger against the glass.


“Tuwwurtle,” Anna replied, pouting when her sister giggled again.

“Elsa, don’t make fun of your sister,” Gayle chastised, sighing quietly. She wasn’t worried yet per se, but her twins were two and a half years old, and she had hoped Anna would have been able to pronounce the ‘r’ by now. If Anna still wouldn’t be able to pronounce it by the time she turned three, she would consider speech therapy for her.

“His name is Donatello,” Graym told Imra.

“I have to go to work,” Gayle said, wrapping her slender fingers around Imra’s wrist.

Imra smiled and moved closer towards Gayle. “Can I have your approval to teach Anna how to pronounce words better?” she asked in a whisper, looking into Gayle’s eyes. If Gayle said no, she wouldn’t do it, by now she knew better than to teach the children something without her permission.

Gayle was moved by how Imra seemed to know it had been on her mind how Anna still couldn’t pronounce words properly. “Yes, go for it,” she answered, leaning in.

“Have a good day at work, love,” Imra said, closing the gap, kissing her.

Gayle tangled her hands in Imra’s hair, kissing her back. She nearly slipped her tongue in Imra’s mouth, but then she remembered they weren’t alone, so she broke their kiss with some reluctance.

Anna and Elsa giggled.

“Mommy and Im, sit in tree, kissy, kissy, kissy, kiss,” Elsa sang, squealing when Imra scooped her up.

Anna made kissing noises, kissing her hand. Squealing when Imra scooped her up as well.

“I am going to eat you up, little munchkins,” Imra said, smiling while she put the twins over her
shoulders.

Gayle shook her head, smiling, turning around to put her son’s lunchbox in his backpack. “It’s time
to go, beanie,” she said, handing Graym his backpack. She would drop him off at school on her
way to work.

Graym put his backpack on and ran over to Imra, throwing his arms around her. “Bye, Imra.”

“Bye, Graym, have fun at school,” Imra replied, smiling when Graym made a face that said school
wasn’t fun. “I’ll see you after school.”

Gayle stole one last kiss from Imra, figuring she might as well since Anna and Elsa were going to
sing songs about it either way. Kissing Imra pretty much whenever she wanted was becoming her
new reality, one she was getting used to. It made her son smile and her daughters giggle, and it was
a relief they took it so well.

“My dearest sister, it is so lovely to meet with you, for I have longed for this day.”

Lena was stunned by the smile on Morgana’s face, by the sincerity of it matching the genuine
happiness in her voice. Physically, her sister was her doppelganger, other than the fact her hair was
dyed blonde and had a few curls in it.

“Hello, Morgana,” Lena said, a little stiff, a little uneasy and uncertain how to go about this. “It’s a
pleasure to meet you.”

Lena extended her hand, aware she made it seem as if it were a business meeting, but she wasn’t
sure what the right protocol was here, how she was supposed to approach her sister of whose
existence she had no clue until recently. The sound of Morgana’s laughter was delicate and
surprising. She dropped her hand, taken aback when her sister hugged her.

It barely registered in Lena’s mind and before she had the chance to catch on properly for her body
to respond and hug Morgana back, her sister let go and took a step back. Her eyes shifted towards
the people Morgana brought with her, who were standing nearby, eying her curiously. She
recognized the woman from one of the pictures where her sister was having a tea party.

“You must meet my dearest wife,” Morgana spoke before Lena could ask, and there was that happy
smile again. “My sweet sister, this is Mina.”

Unlike Morgana, Mina held out her hand to Lena. “Thank for you paying our plane tickets,” she
said while she shook Lena’s hand. “Morgana has dreamt of meeting you.”

Lena felt a twinge of warmth hearing Mina say that. She wasn’t sure what she would have done if
her sister hadn’t wanted to meet her. Paying for their plane tickets was no effort at all, she had
more money than she could possibly spend and she knew they couldn’t afford the trip otherwise,
and she was the one whom invited them in the first place.
“These are our children,” Morgana said, gesturing at two little children. The children both had brown locks and ice blue eyes, almost like crystals. “Maira and Merlin Westenra,” she introduced the little girl and the boy.

Lena noticed they looked about the same height as her daughter, perhaps just a few inches taller. “How old are they?”

“Three,” Mina answered, smiling at her wife.

“Twins,” Lena said, picking up on the striking resemblances between Maira and Merlin.

“Heavens, no,” Morgana said, chuckling. “They are not twins.”

“Oh,” Lena whispered, eyebrows knitting together.

Morgana exchanged a few words with her wife Lena couldn’t hear before turning to Lena with a smile. Mina grasped the children’s hands and walked towards the restroom at the airport.

“My dearest wife and I sold a large part of our farm to afford insemination,” Morgana said to Lena in a hushed tone. “She gave birth to Maira and I gave birth to Merlin. They were born a week apart.”

Lena nodded slowly in understanding. She assumed they used the same donor, which must have been why Maira and Merlin looked so much alike. It didn’t strike her until now that she was an aunt. She had a niece and a nephew. She had a sister and a sister in law. She had a family whom didn’t reject her the way the Luthors had. It also struck her how Morgana did the whole ‘M’ thing with her family whereas she did the ‘L’ thing with hers, unless it was purely coincidental.

“How long have you known Mina?”

“We grew up together, I have known her all my life,” Morgana answered, speaking with a tangible fondness. “Our relationship began when we were fifteen. I have always known she is the one for me. We married when we were eighteen, because they wouldn’t let us when we were seventeen.”

Lena chuckled while Morgana chuckled as well. “You were in National City a little over a year ago,” she said, still wondering about that.

“I was,” Morgana confirmed. “For one day, to be exact. I met your darling little girl. The poor thing was weeping and watching you from afar. I did not say hello to you because I couldn’t bear to say goodbye. All I wanted was to see you once, to catch a glimpse of my long lost sister.”

Lena swallowed thickly. It was understandable why Morgana approached Lily-May if she wanted to console her. She also understood why her sister chose not to approach her as well, but it stung nonetheless. If she thought about it from Morgana’s point of view, she may not have approached either, given a funeral wasn’t exactly the kind of place to walk up to someone and drop the bomb of being twins.

“How did you know of my existence when I didn’t know of yours?” Lena asked. It was the one question that burned at the tip of her tongue the most.

Morgana’s face contorted into confusion, tilting her head as she frowned at Lena, as if she didn’t understand either why Lena didn’t know while she did. “Our birth mother wrote a letter. It was given to me by my family on my eighteenth birthday, as our mother requested it to be. The letter explained why she couldn’t keep me as her own and she mentioned you,” she explained, still frowning. “I thought… I assumed she had written you a similar letter, though her letter did explain
our father did not know of us.”

It must have been true their father didn’t know, but Lena knew he did find out about her when their biological mother died. A small part of her wondered if her father discovered the truth and did nothing about it, but she couldn’t ask him since he passed away years ago. Only their parents knew the full truth and they took it with them to their graves.

Kara threw the Frisbee, smiling as Buddy chased after it to bring it back. She almost forgot how much she missed having a puppy. It had been ages since she had her own dog, back on Krypton. On earth she never had a pet, simply because her adoptive family didn’t allow her to take home strays and at her apartment there was a very strict no pets policy.

“We should come back to the park tomorrow,” Lily-May said, extending her hand, waiting for Buddy to give the Frisbee to her. “Buddy likes it here.”

“That’s a good idea,” Kara agreed, nodding.

Imra’s eyes were focused on the twins, making sure they didn’t wander off and run towards the pond. She knew they liked the ducks, but Gayle would not be happy at all if they stumbled into the pond. With a smile, she thought back to the first time she met Gayle, Anna and Elsa. If she hadn’t been walking through the park and if she hadn’t heard Gayle’s distress when the twins were about to stumble into the pond, she might not have been in their lives right now. It was fate that brought them together. She believed it had to be their destiny to find each other.

“Duckies,” Anna cooed, giggling when Imra caught her before she could run off to the pond.

“You want to see the ducks?” Imra asked, smiling at Anna. “Okay, we can go look at them, but we can’t go near the water,” she said, lifting Elsa up as well. “Do know where we are, Anna?”

Anna’s eyebrows crinkled a little. “Outside,” she answered, looking at Imra.

“Yes, we are outside, but where outside?”

“At the pawk.”

“The park, yes, clever girl,” Imra replied, making sure to praise Anna. Despite the fact Anna didn’t pronounce it right, she knew where they were and that was good. “What’s that over there, Elsa?” she asked, pointing at a tree.

“A tree,” Elsa answered with a big smile.

“Very good,” Imra replied, smiling back. She couldn’t leave Elsa out when she asked questions, even though Elsa was able to pronounce the words, unlike her sister. “Which color does the grass have, Anna?”

“Gween,” Anna answered, pouting when Elsa giggled. “No funny, Elsa.”
“The grass is green, Anna,” Elsa corrected her sister.

“Elsa, be nice to your sister,” Imra warned gently. “Laughing at Anna hurts her feelings, it makes her sad and you don’t want to make your sister sad, do you?”

Elsa shook her head. “I’m sorry, Anna,” she whispered, kissing her sister’s cheek.

“That’s better,” Imra told Elsa with a smile. “Thank you for apologizing to your sister.”

“You’re welcome,” Elsa replied, beaming up at Imra.

Kara heard Imra talking to the twins, which was sweet. She had a feeling Imra would be a good wife to Gayle someday and a good parent to Anna, Elsa and Graym, and she hoped Imra would get the chance to prove that. Meanwhile she played with LJ on the grass, keeping an eye on Lily-May who tried to throw the Frisbee for Buddy.

Lily-May winced when the Frisbee hit Kara in the face. “I’m sorry!” she shouted, running over to Kara. “I don’t know how to throw it. I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

Kara wasn’t hurt by it, though she did feel it.

“I’ll kiss it better,” Lily-May offered, standing on the tips of her toes to kiss Kara’s forehead and her cheeks. “Do you feel better yet?”

“I will after a hug,” Kara answered, smiling as Lily-May hugged her. “I’ll teach you how to throw a Frisbee.”

“Da-da,” LJ whined, tugging at Kara’s pants for attention.

Kara couldn’t and wouldn’t replace the parent Lily-May and LJ lost, but Rao, if one day in the future, Lena was willing to have her as a wife, she would gladly help raise these children as if they were her own flesh and blood.

Gayle ordered her employees to prepare one of the vacant rooms. She just got off the phone with Lena, whom thanked her a lot more than she should have because they were friends and she didn’t mind doing her a favor, although she didn’t quite consider it a favor. Lena even had the audacity to offer paying for the room, as if she would accept money from one of her best friends.

“Pirate, come here,” Gayle called out, seeing the pirate guide, who just started his shift. “We’re about to receive new guests.”

“Arr, fresh meat,” Winn replied, blanching when Gayle glared at him. “Special guests?”

“Something like that,” Gayle answered, grasping a pamphlet from the stack on the bar. “Our new guests aren’t from around here and I expect you to give them a thorough tour.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Winn said, eyes going round when Gayle glared at him again. She didn’t like being
called ma’am, it made her sound much older than she was. “I mean, Miss Marsh,” he corrected.

Gayle watched as Winn scurried away to prepare.

“That guy’s going to have a heart attack or something one of these days,” Leslie said to Gayle while she hopped over the bar. “He’s scared shitless of you and since you can be rather intimidating, I’m not surprised.”

“Is this one of your unsolicited advices again?” Gayle replied, sighing because Leslie should stay behind the bar and serve customers, not that there were many to serve at this time of day. “If I wanted your opinion, I would ask.”

“You need to get laid, like, seriously.”

“You have some nerve talking to me like that,” Gayle huffed.

“Yeah, well, I’m an asshole, what are you gonna do about it?” Leslie replied, grinning, shrugging a shoulder. “You’ve been tense. You may want to take it easy.”

“There you go again, running your mouth while you should be working,” Gayle said, sighing, pinching the bridge of her nose. “I followed some of your previous advice actually,” she revealed, running her hand through her hair.

“Already stressing you might lose her? Damn, you got it bad.”

“Imra is special, there is nobody else like her,” Gayle stated, which she meant quite literally, in more ways than one. Imra really was special to her and Imra was the last of her kind, which made her even more unique. “What you told me about toying with her heart was blunt, but it was what I needed to hear,” she said, glad it made her think things through because otherwise Imra might not have been her girlfriend now. They were together for almost one month and it felt good, it felt right.

Leslie gasped aloud when the guests arrived. “Holy shit, did Luthor clone herself or something?”

“Language,” Gayle replied, cutting Leslie a glare because there were children present for fucks sakes and she didn’t need them to hear such foul language. “That’s Lena’s sister, twin sister. Go back to work,” she said, waving Leslie off before making her way towards the guests.

It was a bit of a sad sight, seeing two adults and two children whom only had three suitcases in total, which wasn’t much for people whom were supposed to be staying for two months. Gayle wondered if what was in those suitcases was simply all they had or if they planned on leaving sooner. For Lena’s sake, she hoped it was the former rather than the latter. Clothes could be bought, time couldn’t. The clothes they had on made them stick out like a sore thumb.

Morgana, Mina, Maira and Merlin, Gayle remembered, from the texts Lena sent her while they were on their way to her hotel. Giving them a room at her hotel was a good way to let them have their own space rather than having them stay over at Lena’s place. She had no doubt they would need to get some rest after traveling so far.

Merlin was wearing trousers that sagged a little around his waist, boots, a shirt and a jacket that was tied together with a string. It was definitely not the kind of clothing people wore in National City. Maira was wearing a dress that looked as if it was made out of a curtain or a table cloth. Morgana and Mina were wearing dresses and it was obvious they had a corset on.

“Hello, welcome to the Marbella,” Gayle said with a polite smile.
“Hello,” Morgana replied, smiling. “You must be Gayle, my dearest sister mentioned you.”

“It’s lovely to meet you,” Mina added. “My wife and I are grateful for your generosity of letting us stay at your humble abode.”

The resemblance between Morgana and Lena was striking, but Gayle heard a thicker accent from Morgana and her hair was blonde rather than black. Another difference was how Morgana didn’t look burdened the way Lena did.
There were balloon animals everywhere as well as regular balloons. A large cake from the bakery was on the table, two candles resting on top of it for Sirius’ second birthday. There was a clown trying to make Sirius giggle with simple tricks. It wasn’t a crowded party, only the closest family members were present.

Sirius tugged at the clown’s sleeve, gasping when a string of little flags fell from the clown’s sleeve.

“I feel really bloated,” Lucy mumbled, groaning while Astra massaged her feet. “I can’t wait to get this pregnancy over with. I’m tired of running to the toilet every ten minutes.”

“I love you,” Astra whispered, gazing up at her wife with adoration in her eyes.

Kara made a face, feeling bad for Lucy, for the pain she had to endure. Childbirth was a long process, a very human process. On Krypton, it was extremely rare for children to be born that way and judging from the suffering humans put themselves through during pregnancy, she could see why her people had an alternative.

“I’m so relieved Sam has a daughter already,” Alex said to Kara and Imra.

“Pregnancy isn’t all bad,” Imra said, because surely there were many beautiful things about it as well. “It’s a wonderful process.”

“Speak for yourself,” Lucy grumbled at Imra. “If you’re ever pregnant, come tell me how wonderful it is.”

Imra knew Lucy was being a tad hormonal, though she also sensed Lucy’s pain. “It must be a miracle, knowing life grows inside of you,” she said, which okay, she had no idea what that was like. “Knowing you put a little person into the world, it’s a unique bond,” she continued, a little dreamily.

Kara saw Alex hanging on to Imra’s words and her pulse was racing a bit.

“I couldn’t agree more,” Alex said to Imra, wiping at her eyes. “It’s such an incredible thing, putting a human being into the world,” she said, growing even more emotional. “Having a son or a daughter means you can teach them how to tie their shoes, how to read, how to ride a bicycle, how…” She fell silent and started crying.

“Awe, Alex,” Kara said, hugging her sister.

Imra hugged Alex as well, locking her into a hug sandwich. “We know you adore children and we’re so happy for you that you met Sam.”

“Cousin Alex?” Sirius asked, looking up at Alex. “You can have some cake.”

“Thank you, sweetiepie,” Alex replied, smiling down at Sirius. “Happy birthday,” she said, crouching down to hug him.

“Time for a group hug,” Kara said, beckoning everyone closer.

“I’m not getting up,” Lucy said, wincing as she held a hand to her stomach. “On second thought, I
have to go to the toilet. God, these babies must think my bladder is a punching bag.”

Kara ogled the cake, Rao she was hungry. This weekend was going to be good though. Today she would have plenty to eat here at her cousin’s birthday party and tomorrow she was going to Lena’s place to celebrate LJ’s first birthday, even though LJ’s birthday was yesterday. Lena told her she wanted to wait to celebrate it during the weekend and considering it was Sirius’ birthday today Lena had decided to wait an extra day.

Kara couldn’t be at two places at the same time. She did tell Lena it wasn’t necessary to wait an extra day, but Lena insisted and said it was okay. It was fun knowing her cousin’s birthday was the day after LJ’s birthday, which meant that from now, she would always have two birthdays in a row to celebrate, so double the amount of cake.

Later that afternoon, Sirius blew out his candles and wished aloud for a baby brother because he felt outnumbered by the women in the house. Lucy chuckled while Astra snapped a picture.

Kara pouted because her aunt and Lucy hadn’t shared the genders of the babies yet and she was curious to meet her new cousins. So far she had two cousins, Sirius and Kal-El, but that was about to change soon. She knew Lucy was due any day now.

Lena welcomed her guests and led them into her garden at the back of her house. Her son was one years old. It felt as if time had flown by. LJ was experimenting with his first steps, which made her heart swell with pride.

“They grow up fast, don’t they?” Gayle said, putting her hand on Lena’s shoulder, squeezing once before dropping her hand. She knew firsthand what it felt like for someone seeing their babies grow up. The day Anna and Elsa turned one, she had cried and she cried even more when they turned two.

“They sure do,” Lena agreed with a deep sigh. “I can’t believe he’s one already. It feels like yesterday when I held him for the first time and watched his eyes flutter open. He’s my baby boy.”

Gayle put the present she brought for LJ onto the table in the garden, next to the other presents. “Hey, Sam,” she said, nodding her head at her friend, who was lying down on a lounge chair, getting a tan, as if Samantha needed more of a tan when she already had such a beautiful tanned skin. “Where’s Alex?”

“I have no idea,” Samantha answered, grasping her drink that was next to her. She pushed the little umbrella that was in her drink aside and took a sip. “I was supposed to meet with her here, but she didn’t show up yet. It could be traffic though.”

“Kara and Imra aren’t here yet either,” Lena noted with a frown. “It seems a little odd neither one of them is here, wouldn’t you agree?”

“It does,” Gayle definitely agreed. “Imra should have been at my place an hour ago. I sent her a text, but I think her phone is off. My text isn’t even being delivered. I lost count of how often I told
her she needs to charge her phone more often.”

Lena was familiar with Imra’s lack of charging her phone, because she heard about it from Kara on more than one occasion. “I’ll text Kara and ask where they are,” she said, finding her phone in her pocket. “Perhaps Alex is driving and they all wound up stuck in traffic together,” she rationalized, although her mind was producing far worse possibilities, such as an accident.

Lily-May stared at Maira and Merlin. It was the first time she met her cousins. “Why do your clothes look so strange?” she asked, tilting her head to the side, continuing to stare at them. “Do you understand English?” she asked slowly, overly articulating every word.

Maira’s lips curled up into a smile. “Yes we do,” she answered, equally slow and articulating every word more than necessary, but her words slipped out with a thick Irish accent.

“Oh,” Lily-May replied, pressing her teeth together, making a face at her mother.

Lena shook her head, wishing for her daughter to be nice, though she understood Lily-May was curious about her cousins.

“I like my clothes,” Merlin said.

“If you say so,” Lily-May replied.

“Lily,” Lena chastised, giving her daughter a stern look. She wasn’t going to tolerate Lily-May being rude. She knew Maira and Merlin looked a little different, as did her sister and Mina, but that didn’t mean there was something wrong with their clothes.

“I’m sorry,” Lily-May said, letting her shoulders slump. “I like your necklace,” she said to Maira.

“I made it with my màthair,” Maira replied, smiling as she pointed at Mina. “Mummy helped, too.”

“You have a mummy?” Lily-May asked, eyebrows knitting together. “You must have a lot of toilet paper then.”

“Oh my god,” Lena whispered, groaning, having a feeling she was going to have to apologize to Morgana and Mina a lot.

Maira nodded and pointed at Morgana. “Me mummy,” she explained.

Lily-May giggled. “You speak funny, I like you,” she said, throwing her arms around Maira. “Do you want to see my dolls? Do you know how to play piano? I could teach you!”

Maira put her hand in Lily-May’s hand as they skipped through the garden together.

“I made a friend, mammy!” Lily-May exclaimed, smiling from ear to ear.

“That’s wonderful, baby,” Lena replied, watching them go, hoping this meant her daughter would no longer ask for a sister from Santa Claus.

Merlin received attention from Anna and Elsa, who tried to put flowers in his hair, reminding Lena not to plant flowers again right before letting children into her garden.

“Merlin is my friend,” Elsa said, tugging at Merlin’s arm.

“No,” Anna said, pouting. “Melin mine.”
Merlin looked stressed while the twins pulled him from one side to another. “Mummy!” he called out, eyes wide. “Cabhair liom.” (Help me)

“Girls!” Gayle interrupted, grasping Anna and Elsa’s hand. “Merlin is not a doll, we do not pull at people’s arms, is that understood?”

“Yes, mommy,” Anna and Elsa answered in sync, adding matching pouts.

“If it happens again, you’ll both get a time-out,” Gayle warned, because she really wanted her daughters to stop doing that. They were supposed to go to pre-school next year and she didn’t want to be that one parent who would receive phone calls from school all the time.

Merlin ran away and hid behind Morgana’s legs.

Morgana lowered her hand, caressing Merlin’s hair.

Lena heard her sister speak to Merlin in Irish, but most of it was lost on her, reminding her she had to polish up on her Irish. When she grew up with the Luthor family, her mother forbade her of speaking so much as a single word in Irish. She knew a few words here and there, no more. Whatever Morgana said to Merlin seemed to make him smile.

Kara covered her ears with her hands, struggling to drown out Lucy’s scream. The hospital was full of noises she wasn’t fond of hearing.

“Hey,” Alex whispered, nudging her sister with her elbow as they sat in the hall. She curled up a magazine she took from the small table next to the chairs, tapping the magazine against the palm of her left hand with her right hand. “Focus on this sound and this sound only.”

Kara nodded and listened in, closing her eyes for a moment, hearing the magazine tap against the palm of her sister’s hand. Alex always knew how to help her when the world was too loud for her. When she was new on earth, school was an absolute nightmare, so loud it brought tears to her eyes.

Imra got up. “My phone is dead,” she said, sighing because she meant to text Gayle she couldn’t make it to the party. “I’m going to get some coffee. Kara, would you like some snacks?”

“As many as you can carry,” Kara answered. She was hungry. So far all she had eaten was waffles for breakfast, a pizza, three servings of potstickers and five doughnuts on the way to the hospital, and it was almost two in the afternoon.

Lucy had gone into labor. When Alex received a phone call from Astra, shouting into her ear Lucy’s water had broken, she made a U-turn with her car to pick up Lucy and Astra, and drove to the hospital.

“I want a baby brother,” Sirius said, wiggling his legs back and forth while he sat on the chair next to Kara. “I wished it.”

“Oh shoot, I forgot to text Sam,” Alex said, patting her pockets. “God, not now…,” she groaned,
tipping her head back against the white hospital wall. “I must’ve left my phone in my car after
Astra screamed in my ear. I swear my ear is still ringing.”

“She was a little stressed, you know how she is,” Kara replied, remembering how her aunt had
been no different when Lucy gave birth to Sirius. “I have my phone on me, you can use it to text
Sam, and I should probably text Lena. Oh… she texted me. Oh Rao, I should have texted her
sooner.”

“Kara,” Alex gasped, whisking Kara’s phone out of her hands. “You can’t just text Lena you’re at
the hospital without any further context. Think about it, what is she going to think if she reads a
text from you, saying you’re at the hospital?”

“Oh Rao, you’re right,” Kara replied, glad her sister noticed fast enough to stop her before she
could press send. “I forgot Lena doesn’t know I never need a hospital because I never get sick or
anything.”

“Still, if you sent me a text you’re at the hospital without further context, I’d think some of the
worst things too and I’ve known you for years.”

Imra returned with a carton of coffee in one hand and a bunch of snacks in the other just as Astra
opened the double doors, a smile plastered onto her face, tear tracks down her cheeks.

“The first one has been born,” Astra announced. “We named her Angel,” she said, and with that she
disappeared through the double doors to return to Lucy’s side.

“Did you hear that, Sirius?” Alex asked. “You have a baby sister.”

Sirius’ face was impassive. He turned to Imra, holding out his hands for a snack.

Kara regulated her breathing, tuning in to the sounds of her sisters’ heartbeats and her cousin’s
heartbeat, suppressing the other sounds. She typed a text that turned into a mini-ramble, showing it
to Imra and Alex, pressing send after they nodded it was okay to send.

“They’re not coming,” Lena announced, glancing between her best friends. “Alex, Imra, Kara…
they’re held up at the hospital because their aunt has gone into labor.”

“Oh yeah, I remember Alex telling me Luce was due soon,” Samantha said.

Gayle was relieved to hear nothing bad had happened. It was an awful feeling, worrying about
someone she cared deeply about. Imra seriously needed to charge her phone more often dammit.
She didn’t mind that Imra couldn’t make it to the party, though she did miss her. Then again, it
hadn’t even been forty-eight hours yet since she last saw her and she was capable of missing her
during the weekends.

“Looks like we’re all here then,” Lena concluded with a sad smile.

Lena understood Kara was at the hospital for the birth of her cousins, but she couldn’t ignore the
twinge of disappointment she felt, having wanted Kara here today for LJ’s first birthday party. Granted, her son’s birthday was two days ago, not today, but she pushed his party one day because it was Sirius’ birthday yesterday.

Gayle and Samantha moved to get closer to Lena, but Morgana got to her first.

“What is the matter, my dearest sister?” Morgana asked, voice gentle and caring, putting her hand on Lena’s upper arm.

“It’s Kara,” Lena answered quietly, sighing. “She can’t come because her cousins are being born today. Family is important, so I don’t blame her for it,” she said, feeling guilty for feeling disappointed. “I’m selfish for wanting her to be here instead, aren’t I?”

“You are not selfish, darling,” Morgana replied, appearing naturally kind, as if she didn’t have a single bad bone in her body. “Blood does not make one family. You understand, yes?”

Lena’s eyes flickered towards Gayle and Samantha, then back to her sister. “Yes, I understand,” she confirmed, smiling. Maybe, just maybe, she was Kara’s family, if only just a little. Their relationship was young, but if someone asked if she could see herself with Kara ten years down the road from now, her answer would be yes, indubitably.

Later that day, after the party was long over and the children had gone to bed, Lena was cleaning up. She put the dirty dishes into her dishwasher and grabbed a plastic bag to go clean up her garden where she knew some plastic cups and gift wrap paper had made it onto the grass.

A series of knocks made Lena put the bag down and walk over to her front door. It was a good thing her doorbell wasn’t being rung, considering she didn’t appreciate that kind of thing while her children were asleep.

“Hey,” Kara said once Lena opened the door. “I’m sorry I missed the party. At first I thought I might have been able to make it, but it took longer than I expected. Luce gave birth to Angel, a beautiful baby girl and about an hour later, Fay was born. They’re so little and cute. It took almost two more hours before Wolf was born. He’s littler than his sisters. Sirius is happy he has a baby brother. He even made a birthday wish for a baby brother, but um… I’m rambling and I just want to say I’m sorry.”

Lena hadn’t expected Kara to show up at all, especially not this late. “Why did you bring a dog house?” she asked, frowning as she looked at it.

“In case I’m in the dog house,” Kara answered, biting her lip. Perhaps she didn’t think this through when she thought about things that could lighten the mood. Being in the dog house was a phrase some humans used, one she had grown familiar with after she had been in the dog house with some people, including Alex, in the past.

Lena rolled her eyes and smiled. “Alright, you dork,” she said, too soft to be mad at Kara. And in all fairness Kara did have a valid excuse as to why she missed LJ’s birthday party. “You’re forgiven. I’ll just photo-shop you into the pictures I took today, so that when one day, LJ looks at the pictures of his first birthday party, he’ll see you in them, too.”

Kara burst out into tears of happiness, so happy Lena wanted to do that, wanted her to be a part of it all. She put the dog house down and swept Lena into her arms, lifting her a little off the ground, twirling around as she kissed her.

“I love you,” Kara managed in between kisses, oh Rao, she did, she really loved Lena. “Maybe it’s
too soon to say it and maybe I shouldn’t have yet, but it’s true, I-”

“I love you too, Kara.”
Imra tiptoed into the kitchen, but before she reached Gayle, she saw her turning around with a smile on her face. “I can never sneak up on you, can I?” she asked with a chuckle.

“Unlikely,” Gayle answered, humming as Imra stepped into her personal space, wrapping her arms around her. “I can sense people’s presence,” she reminded Imra, having told her that before.

“During our vacation I did manage to step into the kitchen without you noticing though,” Imra pointed out. “You looked quite surprised to find I wasn’t on the couch anymore.”

“In my defense, I was distracted with my thoughts and I sensed your presence when you were on the couch, I just didn’t know you moved. That cabin was small.”

Imra surged closer, crashing her lips against Gayle’s, a bit too rough at first, adjusting as their lips flit together, finding a rhythm.

Gayle responded hungrily, running her hands down Imra’s body while she kissed her back. She was burning for Imra, wanted to do naughty things with her, but she knew she couldn’t rush things. If she got carried away, she might overwhelm Imra too much and she didn’t want to push her away.

Imra’s kisses grew bruising as she nipped at Gayle’s bottom lip and sought entrance into her mouth, tasting the chocolate ice cream they shared earlier when they half-watched a movie. Okay, she barely saw a thing because she only had eyes for Gayle.

“Stay,” Gayle gasped in between kisses. It was more of a request than a question, really.

Imra scooped Gayle up, bridal style, chuckling when Gayle let out the tiniest shriek.

“You’ve got to be kidding me, Matilda,” Gayle said, sighing at being carried this way. It was sweet, really sweet even, but she wasn’t going to admit that. “I get it, you’re strong. Show off.”

Imra smiled and kissed Gayle’s nose. “You’re cute when you’re grumpy.”

Gayle’s jaw dropped, appalled, though she quickly recovered. “I am not grumpy,” she huffed. “You have some nerve calling me that.”

“Sounds like you agree you’re cute, at least,” Imra pointed out, laughing lightly when Gayle smacked her chest, so gently it was obvious Gayle wasn’t even trying to be mad. She hoped she would get to carry Gayle like this again someday, with a wedding dress or a tuxedo. One could dream.

Gayle said nothing else while Imra walked up the steps. She hadn’t been carried before, especially not like this. Imra hadn’t said okay or yes or anything of the sorts when she requested her to stay, but she didn’t need to. It seemed clear to her Imra was staying.

Imra lowered Gayle onto the bed in Gayle’s bedroom, unbuttoning her blouse one button at a time, gasping because Gayle wasn’t wearing a bra.

“Surprise,” Gayle whispered, smiling while Imra leaned down to kiss her.

Imra gave Gayle a chaste kiss, pulling back with a smile. “And you dare call me a tease,” she whispered, roaming her eyes down Gayle’s chest.
Gayle grasped Imra’s shirt and yanked her down, crashing their lips together, shuddering as Imra palmed one of her breasts. Her nipples hardened and she was embarrassingly turned on. “Wait,” she whispered, pushing her hands against Imra’s shoulders.

Imra stopped immediately. “Are you okay, love?” she asked, sitting up.

Gayle moved to sit up as well. “Yes, I just…,” she answered, smiling dazed while she ran a hand through her hair. “God, I need a shower,” she chuckled.

“That makes two of us.”

Gayle’s chuckle turned into choking. She shivered at the image of Imra under the shower, the image of water running down her naked body. Imra was a gorgeous woman, very much so. Her imagination was quite active, it already was before they shared their first kiss, but ever since that time she took a bath with Imra, her imagination had been running wild more than ever.

“Join me under the shower?” Gayle asked, hopping off her bed. She pushed her blouse down her arms, letting it fall to the floor to tease Imra with her partial nudity. She smiled when Imra followed her into the bathroom. “When did people from Titan have sex?” she asked, blurring it out before she could stop herself. “Fuck,” she muttered, feeling her cheeks warm up. “You don’t have to answer that.”

“They had sex when they wanted to,” Imra said, not bothered by Gayle’s curiosity. Gayle’s lack of subtlety was cute. “Some saved themselves until marriage, others didn’t,” she explained, raising an eyebrow when Gayle gave her a quizzical look. A smirk formed on her face as she backed Gayle up against the wall.

Gayle gasped the second Imra’s hand slid down to her thigh, so close to where she needed her and yet so far.

“You don’t think I’m a virgin, do you?” Imra asked, humored by the thought of Gayle thinking that for even a second. “I can assure you I have plenty of experience,” she husked in Gayle’s ear, letting her fingertips inch a bit higher, but not quite between Gayle’s legs yet. “Perhaps you’ll find out soon,” she said, dropping her hand, taking a step back.

Gayle needed that shower right now. She definitely wasn’t opposed to find out how experienced Imra was, but for now there was something holding her back.

“Tag,” Lily-May said, giggling. “You’re it.”

Maira smiled and ran towards Buddy. “Tag.”

“You can’t tag Buddy. He doesn’t know how to play.”

Lena couldn’t even begin to comment on how her daughter shouldn’t run around inside the house. It was such a pleasant sight, seeing Lily-May smile so much now that she made a friend. Last
night, the girls watched a movie together, which unsurprisingly was The Little Mermaid. Her
daughter learned Maira hadn’t seen that movie and took it upon herself to watch it with her. After
the movie, Maira stayed over during the night.

Lena asked permission from her sister of course, who didn’t mind their daughters spending some
time together. She could tell the girls were getting along really well. For the most part, that made
her happy, but there was also a twinge of sadness attached to it. She knew at some point, Morgana
would return home with her little family.

Walking over to the window that gave her a view of her garden out front, she casted a lingering
look at the for sale sign of the house next to hers. She had seen around a handful of people visiting
it with the realtor, but so far nobody had bought it. Perhaps people were cautious and not eager to
live next to a Luthor. Samantha was still adamant she wasn’t interested in the house because she
had no intention of moving.

Lena wondered if perhaps her sister would be interested in the house. It was more than big enough
for Morgana, Mina and the children. She decided she could at least talk about it with her sister and
ask if she would consider staying in National City. She would gift them the house next to hers, of
course, having more than enough money to spare. The thought of living next to Morgana, letting
their children grow up together, made her smile.

“Mammy, can Maira and I have a cookie?”

Lena shifted her gaze away from the window, smiling as she turned to look at her daughter. “Yes,
baby,” she answered, reaching for the cookie jar that sat atop her counter. She opened the lid,
taking out two cookies.

“Ma-ma,” LJ cooed, crawling over, eyes large and focused on the cookie jar. He sat down on his
butt. “Ookie,” he said with grabby hands.

“Oh, so that you can say, hm?” Lena replied, chuckling quietly as she retrieved another cookie
from the cookie jar. “Here you go.”

The front door swung open.

“Honey, I’m home,” Kara called out, grinning.

“Dork,” Lena said, smiling while Kara hugged her.

“I just wanted to say that,” Kara said, blushing a bit. She knew this wasn’t her home, but maybe
someday it could be, or so she hoped. It was hard not to think ahead when Kryptonian ways were
different from how humans went about relationships.

“Mammy, you should kiss Kara,” Lily-May said, staring at them expectantly.

“Is that so?” Lena asked, shaking her head with a smile, wondering what had gotten into her
daughter. Her relationship with Kara was still being kept on the down low, although Lily-May
appeared to be rooting for them.

Lily-May nodded.


Kara feigned a gasp. “For me?” she asked, holding a hand to her chest. “Thank you, cutiepie,” she
said, accepting the half-eaten cookie.
Lena thought Kara would throw it away the second LJ crawled away and was no longer looking at Kara, but she was wrong. Kara ate the cookie, smiling whilst doing so. She should have known Kara wouldn’t let a cookie go to waste.

“I’m surprised you’re letting them have a cookie this early during the day,” Kara said to Lena.

Lena’s eyes widened as it dawned on her that she did give the children a cookie so shortly after breakfast. Oh god, she was so distracted it hadn’t crossed her mind.

“Lena?” Kara asked, frowning while she touched Lena’s arm. “Is everything okay?”

“I was thinking about the house next to mine, the one that’s for sale,” Lena answered silently, watching the children wander into the living room. “Sam is not interested in it, despite Gayle and mine’s best pleas. I’m hoping my sister might be. I know Morgana has only been in my life for a short amount of time, but she’s my sister and I feel connected to her.”

Gayle rapped her fingers on her desk. Her stomach twisted as she watched the nanny cams and listened to what was being said. Anna and Elsa were coloring, and Imra was complimenting their drawings. She had been watching the footage for weeks, months, but lately she felt worse about it every day. When she installed those nanny cams, she didn’t think much about it, other than wanting to hear and see what was happening at her house.

She felt like a liar, hiding this from Imra. Lying by omission was still lying and it wasn’t fair to shadow Imra like this. Lately, she hated herself for doing this behind Imra’s back, hated how she spied on her. It seemed laughable now, how it all started out with her wondering how Imra reached the mixing bowl that was on the highest shelf. Trust was fickle and while she was still working on trusting Imra more, Imra had done so much to show her she was trustworthy.

At first it didn’t matter to her how she used nanny cams, justifying it by telling herself she wanted to keep an eye on her children. Of course there was also the paranoid aspect of it all, which turned out to be true because Imra did have powers. Dating Imra changed everything and no matter how much she yearned to be intimate with Imra in ways they hadn’t been intimate together yet, she couldn’t, not when she was keeping this secret from her.

They had been dating for two months and they shared some personal things with one another. Every time Imra told her something, she felt her heart sink, knowing Imra didn’t know about the nanny cams. She wasn’t the only parent to install such webcams, not by a long stretch, but it was wrong. She averted her eyes and shut off her computer.

Gayle found Leslie behind the bar, pouring drinks. “Leslie, a word in my office,” she said curtly.

Leslie frowned and put everything down. Without saying a word, she followed Gayle. She didn’t even make some sort of witty remark.

Gayle shut the door behind them and gestured at the couch. “I want your advice on something,” she said, sighing as Leslie grinned. “I still think you’re an asshole most of the time, but you’re
blunt and honest, so here we are.”

“Alright, I’m listening,” Leslie replied, leaning back on the couch, stretching her arms over the armrest.

Gayle took a deep breath and explained how she installed nanny cams in her house months ago. She left out the detail about the mixing bowl and her paranoia, though. She shared her guilt now that she had been dating Imra for two months. The whole nanny cams thing was an obstacle now because her conscience made it one.

“I’m not surprised you installed that stuff,” Leslie said once Gayle was done explaining. “If you keep it to yourself, it’s gonna drive a wedge between you two because your guilt isn’t gonna magically delete itself. You should come clean about it to her, tell her about the cams.”

“I figured you’d say that,” Gayle replied, sighing inaudibly. “What if she leaves?”

“Didn’t you say you lost control of your powers once before you two even got together? She’s still around, it’s gonna take more for her to leave. Now, I’m not saying it’s gonna be all rainbows and roses when you tell her, hell, maybe she’ll even slam the door in your face and take some time to herself, but you’ve gotta be honest about it sooner or later. It’s consuming you and if you don’t put it out in the open, it’ll consume your relationship along with it.”

Gayle nodded slowly, weighing Leslie’s advice. It was true it was consuming her little by little and it could destroy her relationship. Imra was patient with her, but patience only stretched so far before Imra would think she was rejecting her.

“You really have the hang of this whole giving advice thing,” Gayle commented.

“What can I say?” Leslie replied, shrugging. “I’ve lived, I’ve gone through shit, I’ve learned.”

“You’ve been kind to me, even when I was mean to you.”

“Says the woman who dove into a fucking pool with her clothes on when I was drowning, despite the fact your son almost drowned because of me,” Leslie pointed out. “You’re less bitchy than you think you are. Why do you keep talking yourself down so much? You sell yourself short and for what? You’re running a hotel and you’re a parent, you ought to give yourself more credit.”

“I should go back to work,” Gayle said abruptly, standing up, ignoring the way Leslie snorted. She didn’t need the psychoanalysis. “So should you, by the way,” she added, clearing her throat. “Thank you for… the advice.”

Flames licked at the building. The fire truck was half-dangling over the edge of a bridge after a car had rammed its side due to a drunken driver who lost control over his wheel. It was dark out. The sound of the screams was deafening, coming from the people trapped inside of the building.

Kara soared through the sky. The sounds of agony had awoken her from her sleep. She had made a
brief stop at her aunt’s house, rushing in and out all under one second, borrowing her aunt’s suit. The suit was entirely black, covering her body, its quality better than any pieces of clothing she could have pulled out of her closet. She wasn’t certain if Astra heard her pass by her house.

Her glasses were back at her apartment, resting atop her bedside table. She didn’t need them, not this time. Her hair was in loose curls, because she opted not to tie it together. She knew she wasn’t supposed to expose herself, but the distress forced her to act. There was no way she could have slept peacefully, hearing people scream as they were trapped in a building that was on fire while the fire truck that was supposed to come to their aid threatened to fall down a bridge and sink away into the cold water.

Pushing all the voices of those who warned her to never expose herself away, she dove down the bridge, catching the fire truck in the nick of time. She flew towards the burning building with the fire truck held above her head. It was heavy, but she could manage the weight. Once she reached the building, she put the truck down so the firemen could do their job.

Kara struggled to kick start her powers enough to put out the fire. She evacuated people from the building, using wet towels to shield them from the flames as she flew them out. With help from the firemen, the fire was put out. Satisfied the people were safe, she flew away to return the suit to her aunt’s place and to go back to her apartment.

It was dark out. The people who saw her couldn’t have gotten much more than a quick glimpse of her. She made a summersault in the sky, exhilarated, feeling a rush of adrenalin because she just saved lives. Oh Rao, she used her powers to save people. It felt right, like this was what she was meant to do.

The lights flicked on. Kara froze, hand on the doorknob. Uh oh, busted.

“My dear niece,” Astra whispered. Her face was unreadable as she looked at Kara. “What have you done?”

Kara took a deep, steadying breath. She didn’t want her aunt to berate her, not now, not tonight when she looked forward to going back to bed. “What I should have done years ago,” she answered with a deep sigh. “I know I took a risk, but I don’t regret it.”

Astra approached Kara and put her hands on her shoulders, smiling softly. “I am proud of the woman you’ve become,” she whispered, squeezing. “Alura would have been also. You were always destined for greatness.”
Imra was sitting on the couch, catching glimpses of the door every so often while she waited for Gayle. It surprised her Gayle wasn’t home to join Graym, Anna, Elsa and her for dinner. It was even more surprising Gayle wasn’t home to tuck them in, though it wasn’t the first time. By now it was nearing eleven.

Several minutes later, the door opened. Imra smiled and turned off the television. “Hey,” she said, frowning when Gayle made a gesture with her hands not to get up from the couch.

“Hey,” Gayle replied, sounding quite tired, which mentally she kind of was.

Concern washed over Imra. That didn’t sound like a positive ‘hey’ and just like that, the whole mood shifted. She tried not to show her worries as Gayle sat down next to her. “How was your day?” she asked, uncertain if something happened at work or if this was about something related to their relationship.

Imra felt a pit form in her stomach. She sat, perhaps a bit stiffly, but it was the best she could do. It took her a lot of effort not to bounce her leg up and down. It would break her heart if Gayle would end their relationship. She feared hearing those dreaded words. In her mind she tried to form scenarios of things that could have gone wrong, things she might have done wrong.

“I need to tell you something,” Gayle spoke up. She took one of Imra’s hands and squeezed, barely meeting Imra’s eyes. “Do you remember that time I asked you how you reached the mixing bowl?”

“Yes,” Imra answered, feeling her confusion grow. “I told you it was on the bottom shelf, but the truth was I used my powers to get my hands on it.”

“That day, I acted as if I believed you.”

“But you didn’t,” Imra filled in, aware because she was able to tell. She got more cautious after that day, to the point where she didn’t use her powers outside of the apartment she shared with Kara, aside from during her vacation with Gayle, when she protected Gayle and the children from that avalanche.

“I didn’t,” Gayle confirmed. “After that day, I was quite paranoid that something wasn’t right and I didn’t trust you, so installed nanny cams, so I could see and hear what was happening in my house when I wasn’t home.”

Imra blinked her eyelids a few times. “Nanny cams,” she repeated, not having seen that coming. “You’re saying that this whole time, you spied on me?”

“Yes, and it was a mistake. I shouldn’t have installed those nanny cams without your consent. By struggling with trusting you, I did something that showed you can’t trust me. I went behind your back by installing those nanny cams. This is also the reason why I’ve been so hesitant to take the next step in our relationship, because I felt guilty – still feel guilty. I don’t want to lie to you, which is why I’m trying to be honest.”

Imra didn’t know what to think. She wasn’t happy with the fact Gayle installed nanny cams, but she wasn’t mad or anything about it either. “When I became the nanny of your children, I was a stranger and although I do not condone what you did, I understand why you did it,” she replied, shifting on the couch to face Gayle better. “Now that I know you’re spying on me, I may surprise you with a little performance sometime,” she teased, smiling.
“That’s it?” Gayle asked, searching Imra’s eyes. It seemed surreal Imra was letting her off the hook this easily, with no repercussions as far as she could tell. “You’re not going to yell at me?”

“Well, the children are asleep,” Imra said with a cheeky smile, chuckling when Gayle pushed her. Yelling was unnecessary, they were having a civil conversation and raising her voice would lead absolutely nowhere.

“Tease,” Gayle whispered, feeling her heart skip a beat. “Why are you so lenient with me, after everything I have done?” she asked, but before Imra could say anything, it dawned on her why.

Imra bit her lip and blushed. Love was something that made people blind, made people see past someone’s flaws. She knew Gayle made mistakes, but she also knew Gayle never meant any harm.

Gayle’s hands were shaking when she cupped Imra’s cheeks. “To be fully honest, you terrify me,” she confessed, letting her eyes drift down to Imra’s lips for a second, slowly moving them back up. “I’m scared of my feelings for you, scared of what it means. I love you, Imra.”

Imra surged forward and kissed Gayle, gasping into their kiss. Love was more than words and tonight she wanted to pour her love for Gayle into her mouth with her tongue, wanted to write it on her skin with kisses.

“I have something to confess as well,” Imra said when they were both a little out of breath. “Our bedroom arrangement during our vacation was not a mistake. I phoned them to ensure we would be sharing a bed because I wanted to be closer to you. The lingerie was also on purpose.”

Gayle gasped. “You sneaky devil,” she said, smiling. “Oh my god, I went off at the personnel and this whole time it was your doing.”

“I did feel bad for the personnel. You got more worked up about it than I anticipated you would.”

“This is… I can’t even,” Gayle whispered, because fuck she really had no idea. “You killed me with that lingerie of yours. You’re such a sneaky tease. I love you even more now. God, now I’ve said it twice.”

“You don’t have to be scared to show yourself when you’re with me,” Imra whispered, putting her finger under Gayle’s chin. “I love it when you’re unapologetically yourself. I love you, my love.”

Gayle gulped. “You really love me?”

Imra knew Gayle was terrified, but she had no intentions of breaking her heart or leaving her. “I gave you a blue rose for Christmas, what do you think?” she asked, smiling. “I was admiring you from afar.”

“I wouldn’t call it from afar when you were literally sharing a bed with me,” Gayle replied, laughing, feeling a lot lighter and less burdened than she did before she came home. “Stay the night?”

“Always,” Imra answered, scooping Gayle into her arms.
Lena had a smile on her face. She carved out an hour of her time to have lunch with her sister, her treat. The only downside was the press, whom had caught wind of the fact she had a twin. It was big news in National City; the fact Lena Luthor had a sister.

Morgana didn’t appear particularly bothered by the press. She was all easy smiles and polite nods, though she did refrain from commenting on questions.

“I must confess this lunch isn’t random,” Lena said, taking a seat in a secluded corner, where she reserved a table for them. “There’s something I’ve been meaning to talk to you about.”

“I thought as much. You do not hide things well, my dearest sister.”

Lena smiled faintly. Looking at her sister felt a little like looking into a mirror. “My neighbor’s house has been for sale for a couple of weeks now and I noticed our daughters get along perfectly. We missed so many years of each other’s lives and I wish to purchase the house next to mine, as a gift for you,” she explained, smiling more, hope shimmering in her eyes.

“Our children could grow up together and it would give us a chance to be in each other’s lives better than we could be when we live in different places,” Lena continued on. “What do you say, Morgana?”

Morgana had stopped smiling halfway through Lena’s explanation. “I cannot accept, I must decline,” she answered, stretching her arm out over the table, taking Lena’s hand. “My apologies, I understand this saddens you.”

Lena’s eyebrows creased together. “I don’t understand…,” she replied, shaking her head. “Is it because of the money? Is it too much?” she asked, taking a random guess. “You never received any of our father’s money, buying you a house is the least I can do. The way I see it, half of L-Corp should have been your birthright.”

“Money is not the issue,” Morgana said, casting her eyes down for a second when Lena pulled her hand out of her grip. “Ireland is my home as much as it is my wife and children’s home. We have a farm in Ireland. I cannot part with the life I have there. My darling wife and I wish to return to our home soon.”

“Oh,” Lena whispered, grasping her glass to drink. She had been so sure her sister would be excited to stay, but she was wrong. It made sense, of course, Morgana lived a different life. “This means you’re leaving in a few weeks.”

“You are welcome to visit us during the summer,” Morgana offered. “I cannot relocate my wife and children, but I do care for you, Lena. You are my sister, I love you and I promise I shall write to you upon my return to Ireland.”

Lena swallowed the lump in her throat and forced a smile onto her face. “I love you too, Morgana,” she replied, a bit bittersweet. She knew she wasn’t the only one struggling with this. Her daughter was going to struggle as well once Maira would leave. “Thank you for not casting me out for being a Luthor. Life must be easier for you in Ireland.”

“Not always so,” Morgana replied, chuckling. “Mina and I dealt with people whom presumed I was either a witch or a vampire.”

“You do look oddly pale,” Lena said, chuckling as well. “More so than I do. The sun doesn’t agree much with you either, I take it?”
“It never has,” Morgana confirmed, smiling. “You are my sister, Lena. I shall never cast you aside.”

Lena exhaled shakily, willing herself not to cry. “I really wish you could stay,” she whispered with a pained smile.

“My dearest sister, one day when we are older, when you retire, I will see you in Ireland. We will enjoy the fresh air together and watch our grandchildren run around our farm, and all will be well.”

Imra gave Gayle’s hand a soft squeeze. She could feel her girlfriend was nervous, though there was no need for her to be. “It’s going to be okay,” she said, giving her another squeeze and a smile.

Gayle wasn’t so sure if it was going to be okay. Visiting Astra and Lucy was a big deal, knowing Astra was the closest Imra had to a parent. She was beyond nervous, worried what Astra would think of her as a person. Astra was such a kind woman, which she knew from ten years ago, when Astra was just a stranger whom bought her food.

Today was different and Gayle didn’t want Astra and Lucy to get a bad impression of her. What if they thought she wasn’t good enough for Imra? She wasn’t an easy person to be with. She had her issues, carrying them with her, baggage she couldn’t seem to get rid of. In the past she was never good at meeting parents from people she dated. The few she met didn’t like her, they would look at her as if she was a disease and some outright called her a bitch whom wasn’t worthy of their son or daughter.

“Do they really have three babies?” Graym asked, swinging his arms back and forth while he held his sisters’ hands.

“Yes, they have triplets,” Imra answered. “Wolf, Angel and Fay.”

“Perhaps I should have brought a condolences card instead,” Gayle said quietly to Imra, chuckling, until the door swung open. She gulped when Astra was looking directly at her, wondering if she heard what she said.

Imra bit her lip. She had no doubt Astra heard what Gayle said and she knew Gayle was kidding, but she also knew Astra might not take it as a joke. “Hey, Astra,” she said to be the first to break the silence that had fallen over them.

“Hello,” Astra replied, glancing at all of them, smiling at the children.

Gayle cleared her throat, forcing her voice to work. “Hi, I um… brought you some chocolates,” she said, awkwardly revealing the box of chocolates, assuming everyone liked chocolate. Her heart was racing and the brief silence felt endless.

“Thank you,” Astra said, accepting the box.

Gayle was caught off guard when Astra swept her up in a hug along with Imra. This was new and
she didn’t know how to react. Maybe this was just the way Imra’s family was or for all she knew Imra received so many hugs from Astra when she lived with her that it led to Imra liking hugs so much.

“Astra,” Imra said, patting Astra’s back for her to let go, partially because she sensed Gayle’s discomfort.


“I do,” Graym answered, being the first to fling his arms around Astra’s neck.

“Hey,” Lucy said, showing up at the door. “Come on in, or else my wife will still be hugging y’all an hour from now. Can I get you something, coffee, orange juice, water?”

“I’ll have coffee,” Imra answered, following Lucy into the kitchen. “I’ll make some, I know my way around.”

“In that case, coffee sounds fine,” Gayle said with a small smile.

Once everyone was settled at the table with something to drink and cookies, Lucy sat down with Wolf. “It doesn’t bother you if I feed him, does it?” she asked Gayle.

“No, of course not,” Gayle answered, shaking her head. “It’s perfectly natural.”

“Tiny babies,” Elsa said, staring at Angel and Fay, who were in their crib in the living room.

“Hello,” Sirius said, waving at the twins. “My name is Sirius.”

“Serious?” Elsa asked.

“No, Sirius,” Sirius corrected.

Anna giggled. “Silly-us,” she tried, pouting when she didn’t get his name right.

“Si-ri-us,” Sirius said, staring at Anna. He opened his mouth and rolled his tongue back, touching the roof of his mouth, rolling the r.

Anna mimicked him, rolling her tongue back.

“Now say R,” Sirius encouraged Anna.

“Is your son teaching my daughter how to pronounce the R?” Gayle asked Astra and Lucy, baffled because Sirius was the same age as her daughters.

“Looks like it,” Lucy answered, adjusting Wolf in her arms to let him drink. “Star spent a lot of time teaching him a couple of months ago.”

Imra got up and rested her arms on the crib. Her baby cousins were so little, so cute. She remembered when she met Astra how Astra didn’t think she would ever have children, but despite that, Astra never gave up hope, always believed a better life was possible and now Astra had four beautiful children, and a wife. It gave her hope as well, hope that things could get better and the fact that Gayle was her girlfriend merely strengthened her hope.

Imra had to hold back tears, it all felt heavy now, how she wanted to give everything up ten years ago because she thought she had nothing left. If Astra hadn’t been there that day to give her a push
in the right direction, she wouldn’t have been around this day and wouldn’t have had the chance to experience that it does get better.

Astra lifted one of the baby girls into her arms and held her out to Imra. “This is Fay,” she said, smiling as Imra took the baby girl from her arms, reaching for the other little one once Imra had a good hold on Fay.

“Hey, baby,” Imra said, rocking a little bit, smiling at Fay. “I’m your cousin.”

Gayle was silent while she looked at Imra, at the way she held that baby girl. She saw a certain look in Imra’s eyes, this certain unique sparkle. She saw a similar look in Lena’s eyes when her children were born and she had that kind of look as well after she gave birth to her son and her daughters. Something told her Imra wanted to be a mother. It was a gut feeling she had, like a puzzle falling into place. She knew family meant a lot to Imra.

Tears flowed freely from Lena’s eyes. She had held them back until now, until she could silently fall apart in the quietness of her bedroom and in the safety of Kara’s arms. “I understand why Morgana can’t stay, but I had hoped she would and it pains me she will be leaving soon,” she whispered, holding on to Kara as if she were an anchor.

Kara knew Lena was upset that the sister she was just getting to know lived so far apart from her. There was so much going on and her head was swimming. She thought she didn’t quite expose herself when she aided in saving people from that fire, but it turned out she did and now National City had branded her as Supergirl.

Another sob escaped Lena’s throat and Kara ignored her thoughts. Right now all she wanted was to console Lena, to hold her while she cried.

“I don’t blame her for saying no,” Lena said while Kara’s thumbs wiped at her tears. “If the roles were reversed, I wouldn’t move either. It all looked so beautiful in my head, but the reality is Morgana’s life lies in Ireland while mine is here, in National City.”

“I might take vacations more often now,” Lena joked, but it did nothing to ease her sadness. “I feel pathetic for crying over this.”


Always, that word echoed in Lena’s head. A Luthor and a Super, in a relationship. A Luthor with a twin sister who wanted to be her family. Life hadn’t failed to surprise her time and time again. She wanted to ask ‘promise?’, but she didn’t because she didn’t want Kara to feel as if she was trapped, stuck with her.

“Can you stay tonight?” Lena asked, voice cracking a little.

“Of course, I’ll be here anytime you want me to be,” Kara answered, getting under the covers with
Lena. “You’ll always have me. I love you.”

Lena had a pained smile on her face. She wanted to believe Kara, truly she wanted to, but nobody could promise her tomorrow, all that was promised was today. “I love you too, Kara,” she replied, relaxing in Kara’s embrace.
Chapter 28

Imra made no sound as she untangled herself from Gayle. It was a little past three, but she hadn’t managed to find sleep yet. Her gaze shifted towards the balcony that was attached to Gayle’s bedroom, watching as the moonlight shone through the window. She got up and walked over to the balcony, resting her arms on the railing, peering up at the sky as she toyed with the charm bracelet around her wrist. It was hard to believe ten years had gone by, almost eleven even.

It was chilly outside, but still warm enough to be comfortable in the boxers and the tank top she had on. This outfit was hers. At first she mostly borrowed something from Gayle whenever she slept over, but as time had gone on, some of her clothes ended up at Gayle’s place and she found herself sleeping over four to five nights every week. Gayle even cleared a shelf for her where she could put her clothes.

Kara didn’t complain about how little time she spent at the apartment, though that had a lot to do with the fact Kara spent most of her nights with Lena. It was almost ridiculous they still rented an apartment. Last night she was at their apartment, but then Gayle had called her to ask if she could come back. It was sweet and of course she couldn’t say no.

Gayle woke up, feeling Imra wasn’t near her anymore, not as close as she wanted her to be. She rubbed her eyes, smiling when she saw Imra standing on her balcony, looking up at the sky. She swung her legs over the edge of her bed, got up and made her way over to her girlfriend.

“Hey,” Gayle whispered, wrapping her arms around Imra from behind, pressing a kiss against her shoulder. “Can’t sleep?”

Imra swayed a little in Gayle’s arms, putting her hands on Gayle’s. “On Titan, I had a balcony and every night, I observed the sky. It was never blue or black, unlike the sky here on earth. Our sky consisted of a purple hue and there were no stars in sight,” she whispered, exhaling while she leaned further into Gayle’s embrace. “My people referred to me as Saturn Girl. I was trained to join what we called The Legion and was meant to complete my training by the time I turned eighteen.”

Gayle listened closely. She knew Imra didn’t speak often of Titan because it pained her too much, but whenever she did, she was all ears.

“Hey,” Gayle whispered, wrapping her arms around Imra from behind, pressing a kiss against her shoulder. “Can’t sleep?”

Imra swayed a little in Gayle’s arms, putting her hands on Gayle’s. “On Titan, I had a balcony and every night, I observed the sky. It was never blue or black, unlike the sky here on earth. Our sky consisted of a purple hue and there were no stars in sight,” she whispered, exhaling while she leaned further into Gayle’s embrace. “My people referred to me as Saturn Girl. I was trained to join what we called The Legion and was meant to complete my training by the time I turned eighteen.”

Gayle listened closely. She knew Imra didn’t speak often of Titan because it pained her too much, but whenever she did, she was all ears.

“When I was sixteen, I was flying a pod to train for my flying exam,” Imra continued with a strained smile. “It wasn’t allowed, but Garth arranged it for me. Sometimes I wonder if he knew something I didn’t. As I was flying around, I saw an explosion and then I lost control of my pod. I hit my head, lost consciousness and when I came to, I was here on earth. For the longest time, whenever I closed my eyes, I saw Titan explode all over again.”

Imra turned around so she could hug Gayle, slowly breathing out while Gayle caressed her back. “My life was once set in stone,” she said, inhaling shakily. “Join The Legion, marry Garth and-” She stopped there. Her life wasn’t set in stone like that anymore. She had a new life here on earth, a good life, albeit unpredictable.

“Based upon what you told me, your life was written out for you,” Gayle said, taking a step back to look into Imra’s eyes. “Now, your future consists of empty pages and you get to write your own story. Nobody can tell you which path you’re supposed to take, who you’re supposed to marry, none of that. I know this isn’t the life you expected, but not all is lost. Underneath it all, you’re still you and you’re beautiful.”
Imra smiled. All she could think was how she wanted to write Gayle onto every page that hadn’t been filled yet. She wanted Gayle in her future and if she could help it, she would make sure that happened.

“Come back to bed?” Gayle asked, pulling lightly at Imra’s hands as she walked backwards back to bed. “It’s warm and cozy.”

That was a tempting offer Imra couldn’t resist. She got back in bed with Gayle and spooned her, smiling when Gayle huffed a little. “I know you love being this close, my love,” she whispered, combing her fingers through Gayle’s hair. “You’re cute.”

“Killing me softly,” Gayle sang quietly, chuckling when Imra tickled her side in response.

Lena hadn’t played beer pong since college and even then she rarely played it to begin with. She thought her Friday night would be spent at a random club where she could drink a couple of glasses and maybe dance a little, if she felt like it. Instead, they were all at a bar Maggie had suggested.

“Alright,” Leslie said while she put more plastic cups filled with beer onto the table. “Lesbians against bisexuals, so Mags and Alex are with me.”

Samantha grinned while Alex groaned. She swung her arms around Lena and Gayle’s shoulders. “Us bi-babes are going to own this game,” she said, full of confidence. “I was the beer pong champion back in college.”

“So was I,” Alex stated, one corner of her mouth going up into a smile.

Gayle frowned when Samantha’s smile vanished like snow in the sun, making her wonder what the fuck all of that was about. It didn’t look like her best friend was worried about losing; it looked like she was worried about Alex.

“Okay, so, I’ll quickly explain how we play it,” Maggie said. “We take turns throwing the ping pong ball. Say it’s my turn. If the ball doesn’t land in a cup from the bi-babes team, I have to drink a cup from my own team. If the ball does land in a cup, I get to ask a question – any question – to someone from the bi-babes team. If that person doesn’t want to answer, they gotta drink the cup. They get the next turn to throw the ball. The first team who loses all of their cups loses the game and has to pay the tab.”

Lena could more than afford paying whatever tab they had at the end of the night, but she was competitive. She didn’t like losing and this was a simple game, but she knew her best friends didn’t like losing either. Twenty cups per team seemed like a bit much, but then again, there were three players in each team and the winning team wasn’t going to empty all of them.

“The youngest goes first,” Maggie said, nodding her head at Lena.

“Very well,” Lena said, ignoring the reminder she was the youngest among them. At times, she
forgot she was younger than her friends. She calculated her aim in her head and threw the ball, smiling when it plopped down in one of the cups from the other team. “Alex.”

“Fuck,” Alex replied, putting her hands on her hips.

Lena considered playing nice, but then again, she wanted to win and the rules did say any question. “When did you have sex with Sam for the first time?”

Samantha laughed while Alex emptied the cup rather than answering. Alex’s cheeks were bright red and when it was her turn, she managed to throw the ball into a cup as well.

“Gayle,” Alex said. “Did you have sex with my sister?”

“Not yet, but I’m planning on it,” Gayle answered, winking. She chuckled when Alex averted her eyes. “I think you just played yourself, Alex. You need to do better than that,” she said, grasping the ball. She smirked when the ball landed in a cup. “Leslie,” she drawled, slowly. “When was the first time you told Maggie you love her?”

“I blurted it out the first time we had sex because I got so emotional I was crying, happy now?” Leslie answered, grumbling. “Fucking hell,” she muttered when she missed and had to drink a cup.

They played back and forth for a while, losing a cup here and there.

“Sam,” Maggie said, grinning. “Is Alex a top or a bottom?”

“Bottom, hands down,” Samantha answered with an amused smile. “I’m a power top and that question was obviously a gift.”

“You’re supposed to be on my team,” Alex muttered to Maggie and Leslie.

Lena was sweating when there were only two cups left, but the other team only had one cup left. When Alex smirked at her, she raised an eyebrow. Even if she ended up having to drink the damn cup, her question could take out the other team.

“Lena,” Alex said, as if it wasn’t obvious yet she was going to choose Lena. “What’s the naughtiest fantasy you’ve had about my sister?”

“Does she even realize she’s playing herself with those questions?” Gayle commented to Samantha and Lena, laughing.

“You got this, Lena,” Samantha said, patting Lena’s shoulder. “Tell my girlfriend what you want to do to her little sister.”

Lena smiled devilishly. She looked Alex right in the eyes. “My naughtiest fantasy about Kara-”

“Oh god,” Alex groaned. “She’s actually answering.”

“Yeah, you kinda suck at this, Danvers,” Maggie said.

Lena hoped Alex wasn’t going to share her answer with Kara, though a part of her liked the idea of Kara knowing, but she doubted Alex would ever bring it up to her sister. “I want to bend Kara over my desk in my office at L-Corp and fuck her so hard the whole building will hear her scream my name,” she said, bursting out laughing when Alex emptied the last cup because she apparently needed a drink.

“Oh snap,” Leslie said, laughing. “I ain’t even mad we lost.”
“On a scale of one to ten, how frustrated do you think our girlfriends will be for traumatizing their sister?” Gayle quietly asked Lena. “On second thought, Alex did this to herself and Imra will probably laugh.”

The realtor taped ‘sold’ across the for sale sign. It was only six in the morning, quite early for the realtor to show up.

“Huh,” Lena said from where she was sitting on her porch swing.

Someone had finally bought her neighbor’s house then, but she wondered who. There was a twinge of sadness, still, knowing her sister wasn’t staying. The realtor left as quickly as she had arrived. It was a nice house, the same size as hers and expensive. This neighborhood was ideal for people with children.

Lena hoped that whoever ended up buying her neighbor’s house had children, hopefully close to her children’s age. She knew her daughter could do with friends and she hoped her new neighbors wouldn’t be as closed off as the previous ones had been, not that she was the most social one in the bunch, but it was important for her children’s sake.

Kara walked up the steps of Lena’s porch. “Hey, um, do you have a moment?” she asked, wringing her hands together.

Lena lifted her gaze, looking at Kara with a tender smile. “Of course,” she answered, gesturing at the empty space next to her on the porch swing. “Lily-May and LJ are still asleep, presumably for another hour, give or take.”

Kara nodded. She could hear they didn’t wake up yet. At first she wasn’t sure if Lena would be awake yet or not. It was early, she knew that, but she had been up and atom since five in the morning and had been wandering around outside since.

Kara wasn’t sure where to start, but she made her decision, decided she wanted to tell Lena. They had been dating for a while now and she didn’t want to lie to her. “There’s been new news lately,” she said, groaning, because oh Rao, seriously ‘new news?’ that was the best she could do?

“I’m not who you think I am,” Kara tried, wincing, realizing she should have thought it through what she wanted to say rather than improvise on the spot. “Not that I’m not a nanny, I mean not that I’m saying I’m not, not a nanny. I am a nanny, for the first time that is, but you already knew that and um, err, this isn’t about work,” she said, trying and failing to get out of her mess of words.

It was too early in the day for Lena’s mind to solve Kara’s riddled rambles, though despite the slight fogginess in her head, she had a feeling where Kara was going with this and if she was right about what Kara was trying to tell her, she was surprised.

Kara adjusted her glasses before deciding to take them off altogether. “I don’t need these,” she said, folding them, putting them aside. “I used to and sometimes they’re still helpful, but I don’t necessarily need to wear them. Nothing is wrong with my eyes, I’m just… different.”
Okay, Lena had no doubt now about what Kara was trying to tell her. She was ninety-nine percent sure she knew where this was headed.

“I’m not human,” Kara said, which should have been the first thing she should have said. “Don’t freak out,” she said, wincing yet again because it was usually a bad sign when people said those words. Oh Rao, she really should have thought about this first. So far Lena appeared calm, even her heartbeat was under control, which was a relief.

“I’m an alien,” Kara revealed, biting her lip, gauging Lena’s reaction. She was surprised to find Lena’s face was impassive; there was no shock there, as if she just announced it was going to be a sunny day today. “Kryptonian, to be exact,” she clarified further. “I’m… Supergirl. They’ve been talking about me on the news since that night where I exposed myself because there was a fire and I heard people screaming, and the fire truck was dangling over the edge of a bridge, and I just couldn’t not do anything, so um… yeah.”

“I’m Supergirl,” Kara repeated. “I wanted you to know because I don’t want to lie to you and I don’t want this to be a secret. You’re my girlfriend and it was killing me that you didn’t know about my powers. You’re important to me and I wanted you to know, so um, now you know.”

“Lena?” Kara asked, feeling her nerves flare up. It was really difficult to determine what was going through Lena’s head when her heartbeat wasn’t giving anything away. “Can you… could you… say something, anything?”

Lena was filled with remorse as dread coiled low in her stomach. God, she didn’t deserve Kara. “I knew,” she confessed, looking at Kara who gasped. “I have known for quite some time, shortly after I hired you.”

“Wha-what? But… but how?” Kara asked, utterly confused. This didn’t come even remotely close to all of the possible reactions she could have received from Lena that she had calculated in her head. She had expected shock or surprise or for Lena to be upset or to think she was kidding, basically just about anything that wasn’t the fact Lena already knew. Rao, she wasn’t prepared for this outcome.

Lena knew it was her turn to be honest, to confess a secret. “I have been watching you through nanny cams,” she revealed, feeling quite ashamed of her actions. Gayle had no fault in this, she was an adult and she had decided to install them. “They’re hidden in the teddy bears.”

“That’s why you have so many teddy bears all over the house, aside from in the bathroom,” Kara replied as realization dawned on her. “You saw me using my powers,” she said, swallowing hard, recalling she used her powers more than once, figuring she was alone anyway or during times where she was around LJ, who couldn’t tell anyone.

All Lena could do was nod while she sank further into her pit of shame. She wanted to apologize, but what good would an apology do when she couldn’t take back what she did? “I invaded your privacy and I shouldn’t have,” she said, admitting she was wrong.

Kara’s head was spinning. She felt too much at once; relief because Lena hadn’t avoided her or anything when she knew or didn’t react with disgust, but at the same time she felt kind of betrayed Lena was watching her the whole time without telling her. The worst part about the betrayal was the fact they had been together for a few months. Lena could have told her sooner, but she didn’t, not until she came clean about being Supergirl, which was a recent development.

“Why did you install those nanny cams?” Kara asked, seeing tears were forming in Lena’s eyes. She couldn’t stand her girlfriend being sad.
“I missed my children, it was a way for me to see and hear them while I’m at work, to catch glimpses of them.”

Kara nodded slowly. “Did you tell anyone?” she asked, relieved when Lena shook her head. “You never told me you knew, why?”

“It was your secret to share, if and when you wanted to. I know it doesn’t justify the fact I invaded your privacy and I’m not trying to justify myself. What I did was inexcusable.”

“I’ll need some time to clear my head,” Kara said earnestly. “I still want this, us,” she added, needing Lena to know she wasn’t giving up on what they had just because of a minor setback. “LJ is waking up by the way, I think he’s hungry. I should go, I’ll see you soon.”

Kara got up and kissed Lena’s cheek.

Lena’s heart felt heavy as she watched Kara’s retrieving form. She felt like she got off easy, which again showed Kara was too good for her and that she didn’t deserve her. It was too early to joke about whether she needed to find a new nanny or not, now that Kara could be active as Supergirl. Supergirl or not, Kara Danvers was still her hero.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

There is no Supercorp in this chapter, just a heads up.

The song I listened the most to while writing this chapter - if anyone is interested to know - was "Call Me Master" by "Blood On The Dance Floor".

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Are you sure about this?" Imra asked for the third time that night, but she had to know, had to make sure this was what Gayle wanted.

Gayle smiled, hands shaking with anticipation as she unbuttoned her blouse. “Graym, Anna and Elsa are at Sam’s place, they won’t be back here until tomorrow afternoon,” she said, glad she accepted Samantha’s offer to let her children sleep over at her place. “We’ve been going steady for three months, I’m sure I want this, I want you.”

Imra smiled as well. “I like it when you say we’re going steady,” she replied, drinking in the sight in front of her. She grasped the sides of Gayle’s blouse, tugging, inch by inch, pausing when the fabric began to tear.

Gayle glanced down at her blouse and back up at Imra with a smirk on her face. “Someone is eager,” she said, amused Imra used too much of her strength.

“Perhaps, though I assure you I can be patient,” Imra replied, placing her hands on Gayle’s shoulders, sliding her blouse down her arms a little, enough to expose her shoulders. She put her index finger under Gayle’s chin, tipping her head back, pressing a kiss to her throat.

Gayle closed her eyes, basking in the feeling of Imra’s lips on her skin. She had no doubt Imra could be patient, given the fact she was such a tease, but unfortunately she didn’t share that patience. Being teased felt good, but after a while it made her ache for a release.

Imra took her time, littering kisses all over Gayle’s neck, throat and shoulders, keeping the pressure of her lips light. She had dreamt about this moment many times, about the moment where she finally got to take this step with Gayle.

“Kiss me,” Gayle whimpered, shuddering as Imra kissed a sensitive spot right below her ear. She wove her fingers through Imra’s hair, toying with the fine hairs at the nape of her neck. “Kiss me,” she repeated, firmer this time.

“Patience, my love,” Imra replied, kissing Gayle’s shoulder. She bit down, hard enough to make Gayle gasp, running her tongue over the bite, kissing her way to Gayle’s jaw, slowly making it to her lips.

Gayle moaned into their kiss, parting her lips so they could taste each other’s mouth. She felt her blouse being pushed down her arms. As they kept kissing, she lowered her hands, eager to rid Imra of some of her clothes.

Imra smiled into their kiss and pulled back. “Don’t move,” she said, grasping the hem of her shirt.
“You can look, but you can’t touch.”

Gayle’s eyes followed the antagonizing slow movement of Imra’s hands, watching as more skin was revealed, inch by inch, until Imra’s shirt was gone and tossed onto the floor. “Fuck,” she whispered, mouth going dry at the sight of Imra in a black lacy bra. The fabric was rather flimsy and did nothing to hide Imra’s nipples, showing them through the thin layer of the cups.

“Did you know?” Gayle asked, surprised by Imra’s attire.

“Not for certain, but it crossed my mind tonight might be the night,” Imra answered, smiling as she took a step closer to Gayle again. “If you think this is fuck-worthy, you should see what I’m wearing underneath my jeans.”

“Mhmm, I look forward to,” Gayle replied, fingers aching to touch Imra. She lifted a hand, not touching yet, only hovering. “Can I?” she asked, fingers almost brushing Imra’s bare shoulder.

Imra nodded in response.

“Warm,” Gayle whispered, which was the first thing she noticed when she touched Imra’s skin. She moved her hand down Imra’s arm.

“You’re getting warmer,” Imra said, chuckling when Gayle’s eyes widened.

“You’re naughty, I like it,” Gayle said, cupping Imra’s cheeks, sharing a slow and passionate kiss. “Bedroom,” she whispered in between kisses, hands going for the button of her pants.

Imra helped Gayle to shimmy out of her pants. “Beautiful,” she said, admiring the view of Gayle in lingerie. “So beautiful,” she whispered, fingertips touching the scar on Gayle’s stomach.

Gayle unbuttoned Imra’s jeans, kneeling down to take them off for her.

“You should get down on your knees more,” Imra said, smiling, enjoying the sight of it all quite a lot. She wrapped her fingers around Gayle’s wrist. “Do you trust me, love?”

Gayle gulped. “Yes,” she answered, a little unsteady, but she wanted to trust Imra.

Imra pulled Gayle up to her feet. She tucked a lock of Gayle’s hair behind her ear and kissed her. “It’s okay to be nervous, I am too,” she whispered, offering her girlfriend a reassuring smile.

“You don’t show it,” Gayle blurted out. “You hide it better than I do.”

Imra placed her hands at the back of Gayle’s thighs, lifting her up. “I got you,” she whispered, walking up the stairs while Gayle had her legs wrapped around her waist.

Gayle had a feeling Imra liked carrying her and she didn’t mind being carried. She knew Imra wouldn’t drop her. “Yes,” she whimpered, the moment her back was pushed against the wall when they were upstairs.

Imra lowered Gayle and caressed her cheek, looking softly into her eyes. “I love you,” she whispered, pecking Gayle’s lips.

“I love you, too,” Gayle replied, smiling.

“Are you still sure?”

“Positive,” Gayle answered, moaning as Imra crashed their lips together.
Imra kept kissing Gayle while they entered Gayle’s bedroom.

The back of Gayle’s knees hit the edge of her bed. She didn’t resist when Imra pushed her down, like a hunter about to devour its prey, barely getting the chance to scoot over to the middle of the bed as Imra moved to straddle her.

Imra’s fingertips were electric. They must have been, because wherever Imra’s fingers touched Gayle’s skin, it tingled in a frenzy static, making her ache for more. She burned under Imra’s gaze, under the way Imra touched her in a way nobody else ever had. As Imra’s lips mapped her skin, her body had a temporary paralysis, her mind unable to process the pleasure so quickly.

Imra shifted, sliding up to whisper in Gayle’s ear. “I will make you scream my name and leave you a whimpering mess, begging for a release.”

Just like that, Gayle snapped out of her blissful paralysis, moaning while she canted her hips up. She placed her hand at the nape of Imra’s neck, pulling her down into a kiss that was both soft and rough, a mix of what she wanted and needed.

They moved in an intoxicated dance of limbs, claiming each other’s lips over and over again, drunk on love. Gayle was Imra’s daily dose of sugar and Imra was Gayle’s whiskey on ice. They complimented each other as much as they completed one another.

Imra pulled away, swatting at Gayle’s hands when Gayle tried to touch her thighs. “Don’t touch,” she said with a commanding tone. “Not until I say you can.”

Gayle loved being dominated. With her job as a boss, she needed it, needed Imra with whom she could relinquish control. She loved how dominant Imra was with such sexy confidence it turned her on.

“Is that understood?” Imra asked, grasping Gayle’s chin, tugging. Her eyes burned with desire.


“Better,” Imra praised, kissing Gayle’s lips softly, rewarding her good behavior. “Sit up.”

Gayle did as she was told. She sat up, biting her lip while Imra unclasped her bra, followed by her own. A beat later she was on her back again, Imra’s hand pressed against her chest.

Imra swiped her tongue across Gayle’s nipple, humming in approval when Gayle moaned. She palmed her other breast, kneading it, gently at first, rolling her nipple between her fingertips, pinching.

Gayle moaned at the delicious onslaught, listening to Imra murmuring words that were decidedly not in English. She assumed it was Imra’s native language and the way those words rolled off of her tongue in that accent of hers was doing wicked things to her body. In the future, she definitely wanted to hear more of those, so much more.

Imra sucked on Gayle’s nipple, first the left one and then the right, equally lavishing them with attention from her warm mouth and her tongue. She took Gayle’s hands and placed them on her breasts, letting Gayle know she was allowed to touch her now.

“Fuck,” Gayle moaned, loving the way Imra’s breasts felt in her hands. “You’re perfect.”

Imra didn’t have the heart to tell Gayle not to speak out of turn. She was hardly perfect, but it was sweet Gayle viewed her as such.
“Kiss me,” Gayle said, gasping as Imra pinched her nipples. “Please, kiss me.”

Imra crashed their lips together, catching Gayle’s lower lip. Their kiss was bruising, though she did reel in her strength a bit so Gayle’s lips wouldn’t be sore. There was another set of lips she would gladly make sore for Gayle.

Gayle was wet, Imra could tell by the visible wet patch between her legs. “Do you have any toys?” she asked, hand rubbing over Gayle’s underwear.

“Yes,” Gayle answered, gasping and fisting the sheets as Imra’s finger pressed down on her clit. “Yes, Mistress,” she said, lip trembling, needing more.

Imra got off of Gayle. “Show me,” she said, licking her lips while Gayle climbed off the bed.

The thought of using toys made Gayle’s arousal grow. She loved using toys, but she hadn’t dared to mention it and she had no idea whether Imra was into that or not, though given the fact Imra asked her to show her toys, she had a feeling Imra was into using them. Perhaps not all of her toys, but with some luck, Imra would like her favorite ones.

Gayle’s cheeks burned while she placed her toys on her bed.

Fuzzy handcuffs, a rope, a blindfold, a pink vibrator, a small purple dildo, a thick and large black dildo, a harness with a red strap on dildo, a bullet, a gag, a small whip, a bottle of lube and a princess plug.

Imra couldn’t keep her eyes from widening, feeling surprised Gayle had all of that. She knew Gayle had kinks she hadn’t discovered yet, but she had no idea Gayle had such a multitude of sex toys.

“I’ll put them back in the drawer,” Gayle said, casting her eyes down.

“Wait,” Imra interrupted, halting Gayle’s hands. She smiled tenderly, sensing Gayle mistook her surprise for something bad. “I’d like to use at least one of these, if you’re okay with that.”

Gayle glanced at her toys. She wasn’t comfortable with using some of her toys, especially the rope, because she wasn’t ready yet to be tied up. The blindfold and the handcuffs were off the table as well, for now. Her eyes lingered on the harness and the strap on, her favorite.

“Which one do you want to use?” Gayle asked, closing her eyes while Imra kissed her.

Imra kept their kiss gentle and loving, wanting Gayle to feel comfortable and at ease with her. She had a rough side and would love to edge Gayle, but only if Gayle was alright. There was always going to be a limit somewhere. She had sensed Gayle was particularly nervous when she looked at the rope.

Gayle relaxed in their kiss, feeling some of her nerves ebbing away.

Imra rested their foreheads together when their kiss broke. “The harness,” she said, running her fingers through Gayle’s hair. “Is that okay, love?”

Gayle nodded, nearly moaning in anticipation. It was sweet how Imra checked in with her. It was important and it told her a lot about the kind of person her girlfriend was. In the past she used her powers more than once when someone didn’t quite value the boundaries of consent.

Imra pushed Gayle down on the bed once more. She trailed wet kisses down her chest, all the way
down to her hipbones. “You okay, my love?” she asked, eyes flicking up to look at Gayle.

“Yes,” Gayle answered, resisting the urge to rub her thighs together. She was uncomfortably wet and she needed Imra, right now. “Keep going… please.”

“Mhmm,” Imra hummed, almost satisfied. “Please who?” she asked, teasing her fingers around Gayle’s clit, her underwear still forming a barrier.

“Oh… fuck,” Gayle whimpered. “Please, Mistress.”

“You’re so good for me,” Imra said, kissing Gayle’s thighs. “When you’re good, you’ll be rewarded, remember that.”

Imra grasped Gayle’s underwear with her teeth, dragging it down her legs, drinking in Gayle’s moans at her actions. She dropped her underwear at the foot of the bed and spread Gayle’s legs, watching her closely; making sure Gayle was still doing okay.

“Fuck, yes,” Gayle moaned, shuddering as Imra blew over her sex.

Imra considered telling Gayle to keep quiet, but hearing every sound she made was too good and too tempting to take the pleasure of hearing it all away from herself. In fact, the louder Gayle moaned and whimpered, the more it pleased her.

Gayle spread her legs wider when Imra’s fingers teased her entrance. Fuck, she wanted this so badly, had wanted this for quite some time. It was a miracle she hadn’t jumped Imra during their vacation, when she was wearing that babydoll.

“You’re so wet for me,” Imra said, spreading Gayle’s wetness with her fingers. “I bet you’ll be dripping soon,” she said, pushing one digit inside of her, adding a second when she felt she was wet enough to take more. “You feel so tight around my fingers, gods, Gayle,” she moaned, thrusting her fingers in and out at a slow pace, working her up.

Gayle screwed her eyes shut, moaning as Imra’s fingers worked magic, but as quickly as it began, it ended, causing her to groan.

Imra chuckled at Gayle’s cute groan. “Patience, love,” she reminded her. She took off her own underwear and put the harness on, clicking the strap-on into place, applying some lube. “How are you feeling?”

“Good,” Gayle answered, smiling while Imra crawled on top of her. “I want another kiss.”

Imra smiled back and lowered her head, capturing Gayle’s lips. “Are you ready?” she asked, stroking her thumb over Gayle’s bottom lip.

“God, yes, just fuck me already,” Gayle answered, whimpering when Imra’s expression darkened. She gasped when Imra slapped her between her legs, causing her clit to throb in pleasure.

“You say yes, no, stop, please, faster, slower, harder or softer, is that understood?”

“Yes.”

Imra’s eyes darkened further, a smirk forming when Gayle smirked up at her.

“You didn’t add Mistress in that list,” Gayle teased, knowing it could cost her.

“Touché,” Imra admitted, lining the base of the dildo with Gayle’s entrance. “But since you’re
being so naughty, I’ll treat you like a naughty girl.”

Gayle’s jaw went slack. She knew Imra wasn’t innocent, but fuck she had no idea Imra was that dominant. By now she was almost sure she was dripping. Imra was ticking off some of her fantasies.

Imra slowly slid the dildo inside of Gayle’s wet, dripping sex, inch by inch.

Gayle moaned as the dildo stretched her. It was a lot to take in, but fuck she took great pleasure in bottoming out for Imra. She was a desperate bottom, needing to be fucked raw by her dominant girlfriend.

Imra stilled when the dildo was all the way inside of Gayle, giving her the chance to adjust to its fullness. “You okay, my love?” she asked, smiling at the way Gayle was biting her lip. “Don’t bite your lip. I want to hear you moan for me.”

Gayle released her lip, along with a needy moan.

Imra gave Gayle a questioning look, moving once Gayle nodded. She started out slow, rocking her hips against Gayle’s with each thrust.

Gayle arched her back and when Imra thrust inside of her again, she rocked her hips, meeting her thrust. She whined when Imra stopped. “Please,” she begged. “Please, Mistress, I’m so close,” she whimpered, aware it was quick, but she was so damn wound up, she needed to come.

A devilish smile appeared on Imra’s face. “You can’t come until I allow you to,” she said, thrusting the dildo back inside of Gayle, as deep as she could go. “No matter how much it builds, you’re going to be good for me and you won’t come until I give you permission.”

“Fuck, oh fuck,” Gayle whispered, squeezing her fists into the pillows. “Harder, please, Mistress.”

Imra’s pupils were dilated. A part of her wanted to let go completely and fuck Gayle until she fell apart, but she couldn’t use her full strength. She wanted to wreck Gayle, not break her. She paused for a moment, grasping Gayle’s chin.

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“Promise you’ll say something when it hurts,” Imra whispered, giving Gayle a chaste kiss.

“I promise?”

“I promise,” Gayle answered, exhaling shakily against Imra’s lips.

Satisfied Gayle would warn her if she went too far, Imra thrust harder into her, reveling at the sound of their skin slapping together. She held up her weight with one hand and had the other on the headboard, though if she kept this pace up, the headboard wasn’t going to survive.

Gayle writhed underneath Imra as Imra pound into her. “Oh my god,” she moaned, veins on fire while she felt her climax build. Imra was fucking her hard and she had a feeling Imra could go even harder, much harder than she could handle. Her breathing was ragged as Imra kept going.

“Fuck, wait!” Gayle all but screamed, shifting underneath Imra, hands moving up to Imra’s shoulders. “Please, I…,” she moaned, panting, trying to catch her breath when Imra stilled.

“You’re close, aren’t you, love?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gayle answered and fuck, Imra’s gaze burned right through her. “Please.”
“Not yet,” Imra replied, slowly moving inside of Gayle again, after she made sure Gayle was still okay. “You’re dripping all over the sheets,” she said, loving the fact that she was making Gayle this wet.

Gayle should have said slower, but instead she said, “Faster.” She wasn’t sure how much longer she could hold back her orgasm. “I need to come, please. Please, Mistress. Harder.”

Imra kissed Gayle, moving harder and faster.

“Softer!” Gayle screamed, gasping. Her heart was in her throat.

Imra slowed down a little, caressing Gayle’s cheek, catching a tear. “My love…,” she whispered, leaning down to kiss her cheek.

“These aren’t bad tears, I promise,” Gayle said, breathlessly. “I just… I really need to come, please.”

“Okay,” Imra relented. “You can come. I got you, my love.”

Gayle’s heart stuttered in her chest. Even during moments like this, Imra still showed a soft side. It was exactly what she always wanted to find in someone, rare and precisely what she needed. “Imra!” she screamed, moaning obscenely loud as her orgasm crashed over her.

Imra carefully slid the dildo out of Gayle and knelt between her legs, tasting her while she helped her ride out her orgasm. “You were so good, my love,” she praised, kissing her way up Gayle’s body. “You’re very tasty.”

Gayle was a little low on energy, but she wasn’t fully exhausted yet. “My turn to taste you,” she said, eyes widening when she saw Imra intended to ride her face. “Fuck, you’re such a top.”

“Let’s find out what you can do with that pretty mouth of yours.”

Chapter End Notes

Before any Supercorpses hunt me down - Supercorp will also have a smut chapter soon, so I don't want anyone to complain about one couple getting more than the other. I'm dividing the couples as equally as I can, both Supercorp and Psiturn matter.
“I had to leave Lena’s house because you and Gayle were *that* loud,” Kara said, exasperated. “Rao, Imra, I can never erase the sound of Gayle moaning – nay, screaming, your name.”

Imra tipped her head back and laughed. “Gods, Kara, I’m sorry.”

“No, you’re not,” Kara huffed. “A little ‘hey, I’m about to fuck Gayle’s brains out so you may not want to be in the house next to hers’ warning would have been nice. You could’ve at least texted me.”

“I’m half sorry, that’s the best I can do,” Imra replied, chuckling. Judging from Kara slipping in a curse word, she must have broken her. “Are you going to look me in the eyes?” she asked, humored by how Kara kept avoiding her eyes.

“Nope,” Kara answered, walking past Imra. “Rao, I can’t believe Alex traumatized me and then you traumatized me, you’re both meanies.”

“You’re like a puppy that isn’t getting a treat,” Imra commented, smiling. “It’s adorable when you pretend to be angry, when you’re really not. What did Alex do though?”

“It was kind of Sam’s fault,” Kara mumbled, cringing a little at the memory. “A couple of days ago I walked in on Sam eating Alex out on the table, the table, Imra, the very table where we were supposed to have dinner together. I’m never eating there again.”

“Oh, I’ve seen Sam do that before, on the counter as well, by the way,” Imra announced casually. “I’m not as easily flustered as you are. I think Alex was far more embarrassed than I was. Sam sure looked smug. I bet she’s quite the tease. I’d get along with her.”

“Rao, I don’t need to see or hear such explicit sexual things from my sisters,” Kara muttered. Some things were fine, but there was a limit and catching Alex in the act with Samantha and hearing Gayle scream Imra’s name as she had an orgasm was definitely way past her limit.

“I’m about to make a batch of pancakes,” Imra said, stalking over to their kitchen. “Do you want some?”

“Make it two batches and I might forgive you,” Kara answered, hearing her stomach rumble. “With whipped cream,” she added.

Imra smiled and gathered the ingredients. “Will you forgive me if I throw a hug into the mix?”

Kara pouted, because really, pancakes *and* a hug? “Fine, I’ll forgive you,” she caved in, pulling Imra into a hug.
not to think about the fact her sister was going back to Ireland in a week. It was going to be a bit rough to watch Morgana, Mina, Merlin and Maira leave so soon, but she knew they already stayed for quite some time and at least she would see them again in the summer vacation.

Lily-May’s face lit up. “Maira,” she said, running towards her cousin. Maira smiled. She broke free from hugging Lena and ran towards Lily-May. “I missed you.”

“I missed you more,” Lily-May replied.

“Aww, they’re so cute,” Kara said, smiling as the girls hugged each other. Lily-May’s hair was black instead of brown and her eyes were brown instead of blue like Maira’s, but that was pretty much where the differences between the girls stopped, physically.

“Hello, dear,” Morgana said to Kara with a warm smile. She opened her arms, embracing Kara. “I take it you are well?”

“Yes, thank you,” Kara answered, taking a step back. “How are you?”

“A little homesick, though aside from that I am well.”

Kara noticed a flicker of pain and guilt in Lena’s eyes. She knew her girlfriend was saddened by the fact Morgana was leaving in a week and she also knew Lena felt bad for the fact Morgana was homesick.

“Màthair,” Merlin said, tugging at Mina’s dress. He bit his lip while Mina crouched down. “Where is the boy?”

“LJ is right there, my aingeal (angel),” Mina answered, pointing her finger at LJ, who was on the rug in the living room, playing with Buddy.

“No,” Merlin replied, fidgeting with his sleeve. “The other boy, Graym.”

“Graym doesn’t live here, sweetie,” Lena said gently to her nephew. “He lives next door, with his mother and his sisters.”

“Merlin, come play,” Lily-May said, smiling while she held her left hand out to him, her right hand already locked with Maira’s hand. “I will teach you how to play piano.”

Merlin worried his bottom lip between his teeth. “Mummy?” he asked, peering up at Morgana.

“Go on,” Morgana encouraged her son with a smile.

Kara walked into the kitchen to help Lena set coffee and cake onto the table. She helped Lena bake the cake, because it was much more fun than buying cake from a bakery, more rewarding anyway. It was quality time she got to spent with Lena, Lily-May and LJ.

Lena opened a box with tea bags she recently bought, knowing her sister preferred tea over coffee. She knew Morgana would drink either, but she wanted her to have a choice. In the two months her sister stuck around in National City, she built a better sibling bond than she ever did with Lex. It pained her she didn’t get to grow up with Morgana, though despite that she was okay with her life in National City. Her past was mostly dark, but her future was going to be bright.

“Your dresses are exquisite,” Kara said to Morgana and Mina as they all took a seat in the kitchen while the children played. “Did you get them tailored somewhere in Ireland?”
“My dearest Mina has made most of our dresses,” Morgana answered with a fond smile. “She has gifted hands.”

Mina shared a teasing smile with Morgana and chuckled.

“You look like royalty,” Kara said sincerely. She wasn’t trying to get in their good grades or anything, it just caught her eye every time how beautiful their dresses were. On Krypton, people wore something similar whenever there was a gala that required everyone to gather, such as two houses being united.

“I would be more than happy to make you a dress someday, Kara,” Mina offered. She leaned closer and beckoned Kara with her finger. “A wedding dress, perchance?” she asked in a whisper.

Kara smiled brightly. “I hope so,” she answered, just as quietly. “I’d love that.”

Lena wondered what Mina had said that made Kara smile so much it looked as if she was about to combust into glitters and rainbows.

Mina winked at Morgana, who smiled. She placed her hand on top of her wife’s on the table.

Lena was awestruck by the genuine love and adoration Morgana and Mina held for one another. It was beautiful, knowing they had known each other their whole life and had been together for nine years while being married for six.

Kara caught Lena staring at Morgana and Mina with a special glint in her eyes, the kind of glint she also saw in her eyes whenever they watched romantic movies with happy endings. It was unfortunate Morgana, Mina, Merlin and Maira couldn’t stay permanently, because she liked them and she liked how kind they were towards Lena. On the plus side, the summer vacation was right around the corner so they would all be reunited soon.

Merlin walked up to Morgana and whispered something in his native language, to which Morgana responded in the same manner.

Lena frowned when her sister looked a little distraught. “Is everything alright?” she asked Morgana the moment Merlin walked away to go play with Lily-May and Maira again.

“Merlin asked if Lily-May could come to Ireland with us and said Maira wanted him to ask. I explained we cannot take your daughter with us, considering she is not ours to take home.”

“Lily is struggling with the fact you’re all leaving soon,” Lena said with a bittersweet smile. “I tried to explain it is temporary and that we will stay in touch, of course.”

“Our children struggle with it as well,” Mina said. “Maira in particular, she is quite fond of her cousin.”

“There are still a few days to go, let’s make the most of it,” Lena said, trying to be positive.

Kara placed her hand on Lena’s back, caressing her hand up and down to offer her some comfort. She was proud of Lena for trying to remain positive.

LJ got into the kitchen and placed his hands on Morgana’s thigh, pushing himself up to stand. “Mo,” he cooed, smiling up at her.

“Hello, little darling.” Morgana said, smiling at LJ. She lifted him up and set him down on her lap.
“Ookie,” LJ said, making grabby hands towards the plate with cookies. He smiled when Mina handed him a cookie. “Mi,” he cooed, drooling a little as he gave Mina a toothy smile.

“I have the cutest son,” Lena whispered to Kara, finding it adorable how her son referred to Morgana as Mo and to Mina as Mi.

Kara nodded in agreement. LJ was definitely cute, though her little cousins were cute as well.

“He’s using his cuteness to get cookies,” Lena said, chuckling. “If he learns all he has to do is smile and be cute like that, we’re doomed.”

“You’re children are brilliant as are you, my dearest sister,” Morgana said with a smile. “You were doomed since the day you gave birth to him.”

“You’re ever the flatterer, Morgana.”

“I say it as I see it, flattery has nothing to do with it,” Morgana assured Lena. “Your daughter plays piano beautifully. I may reconsider taking her home with me.”

Lena chuckled. “I will search all of you before you leave,” she replied, poking her tongue a little past her teeth. “I’ll send you a piano, how about that for a compromise?”

“Don’t be daft,” Morgana chuckled, waving Lena off. “What good would a piano be without someone who knows how to play it?”

Kara ate cookies, sharing smiles with Mina while Lena and Morgana got swept up in a conversation as if they had known each other for years. Something about the bond between twins was unique, special.

Imra closed her eyes while Anna and Elsa applied makeup onto her face. They wanted to play dress up and they thought it was fun they got to do her hair and everything.

“You look like a clown,” Gayle said to Imra, laughing as she stepped into her daughters’ bedroom. “And I’m not talking about the funny kind.”

“Love you too,” Imra replied, laughing a little as well.

“We’re making Imra pretty, mommy,” Elsa said, smiling while she took off the cap from bright red lipstick.

“You can’t turn Imra into something she already is,” Gayle said, blushing lightly.

“Awe, now that was sweet,” Imra said, melting a little on the inside.

“Don’t get used to it,” Gayle replied, faltering when Imra opened one eye to look at her, looking at her as if she was telling her she would be in trouble later. Knowing Imra, she knew she could more than deliver. “I love you,” she said, kissing the top of Imra’s hair.
“Kiss her, mommy,” Elsa said, holding up a thumb.

Gayle eyed Imra’s lips, which were already smeared with lipstick, pink and purple from the looks of it. “Oh no, I just took a shower an hour ago.”

Imra grasped Gayle’s hand and pulled her down. “You can shower again, with me,” she suggested, kissing her briefly, keeping it decent around the children. “My love,” she said with a devilish glint in her eyes.

Gayle knew that look meant nothing good. God, what did Imra have planned this time?

“Girls, did you hear that?” Imra asked, gasping, cupping a hand behind her ear.

“What?” Anna and Elsa asked, cupping a hand behind their ear as well.

“Your mommy said she wants some makeup, too.”

“You are a devil, Matilda,” Gayle whispered in Imra’s ear. “Just you wait when we are in the shower.”

“I look forward to it,” Imra replied, winking. “Your mommy says she wants some glitter,” she told the twins.

“Sparkles,” Elsa said, squealing.

“I do,” Anna said, grabbing the glitter before Elsa could get her hands on it.

Elsa pouted, but then Anna pouted as well.

“Girls, hey,” Imra said gently. “Anna, you can put some glitter onto your mommy’s face and Elsa, you can put some on mine, okay?”

That made the twins smile.

“Ever the problem solver, Matilda,” Gayle commented. “Good luck fixing the trouble you got yourself into though,” she added. “Glitter on my face, the audacity,” she muttered.

“The man of the house is here,” Graym said, stepping into the bedroom with a camera. “Say cheese!”

“Fifty years from now we’ll probably laugh about this,” Gayle whispered to Imra. “What?” she asked when Imra’s face lit up.

Imra smiled. It meant so much to her to hear Gayle saying that, without freaking out or fainting. “I love you,” she whispered, closing the gap between them.

Graym took a picture at that exact moment. “Our mommies are princesses,” he said to Anna and Elsa.

Gayle whipped her head towards her children so fast it hurt her neck. Mommies, her son was referring to Imra as his mother.

Imra held her breath, half-expecting Gayle to panic again.

“Imra is my queen,” Gayle corrected. “Our princesses are right here,” she said, reaching out for Anna and Elsa. “And you are our prince, beanie.”
“Ours,” Imra whispered, eyes shimmering with unshed tears. “Do you really mean that?” she asked, tearing up when Gayle nodded.

“Nooo,” Graym said, flinging his arms around Imra’s neck. “Don’t cry. We all love you.”

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Lena, Kara, Gayle and Imra were sitting on Lena’s porch together. It was nearing midnight and the children were soundly asleep. They talked about their day when a car pulling up close to the curb caught their attention.

“I think our new neighbors just arrived,” Gayle said, noticing they were in front of the house next to Lena’s that was recently sold.

“This is a strange hour for someone to move in somewhere,” Lena said, eyeing the car. It was too dark to see properly and it was possible the glasses were tinted so she couldn’t look through them either way.

“Maybe your new neighbors are vampires,” Kara said. “That would be so cool. I’ve never met a vampire before.”

“That’s because vampires don’t exist, you doofus,” Gayle said, huffing.

“Don’t call my girlfriend a doofus,” Lena said to Gayle, elbowing her gently. “For all we know, vampires do exist. I’ve heard of crazier things existing, not that I’m saying they are vampires.”

“I don’t see why it has to be daytime for someone to move,” Imra said. “Nighttime is much quieter and overall more peaceful, plus there are less prying eyes at night.”

“Hmm, you have a point,” Kara agreed, nodding.

One of the doors from the car opened.

“Oh fuck,” Gayle whispered when someone stepped out of the car. “I think I know who that is.”

“I think I do, too,” Lena whispered, wondering why they were whispering. There wasn’t exactly much stealth in sitting on her porch, staring, more so because of the light above their heads. “This is something I didn’t expect, not that I had any particular expectations as to who bought the house next to mine.”

Kara watched as more people stepped out of the car. “Is it just me or does this feel kind of eerie?” she asked quietly.

“It’s not just you,” Imra answered, having an eerie kind of feeling as well. “They’re headed this way,” she whispered.

Lena raised an eyebrow as they opened the small, low gate that was attached to her picket fence. Maybe they noticed they were all staring, because it wasn’t like they were even trying to hide it. She stood up from her porch and walked a few steps, meeting them halfway.
“Hello,” Lena said with a polite smile and with caution. “You must be my new neighbors. I’m surprised. I didn’t know you’d take an interest in this neighborhood,” she said, unsure whether she should welcome them or kindly urge them to leave.

“It takes a wicked soul to live next to a Luthor and we’re about as wicked as they come, dollface. You may all want to take a picture, it lasts longer.”
“Where are the children?” Kara asked, surprised they weren’t around. She didn’t hear their heartbeats and as she lowered her glasses to scan the house, she couldn’t find them.

“They’re at Sam’s place. She wanted to spend some time with them along with Alex.”

Kara smiled at that. “My sister does adore children a lot,” she replied, putting her hands on Lena’s hips, leaning in for a kiss.

Lena flung her arms around Kara’s neck, closing the gap between them. She pressed her lips softly against her, getting some of her lipstick onto Kara’s lips.

“So you want to watch a movie together?” Kara asked, wondering if that was why Lena texted her to come over.

“Not really,” Lena answered, guiding Kara towards the couch. She pushed Kara down to sit and moved to straddle her lap. “I want to spend time with you, no distractions.”

“No distractions, okay,” Kara whispered, having a feeling the children’s absence wasn’t random. She hadn’t expected this while she was on her way to Lena’s place.

“I won’t do anything you’re not ready for,” Lena promised, stroking Kara’s cheeks with her thumbs. Just because she invited Kara over didn’t mean they necessarily had to have sex. She wanted to, but only if Kara wanted to as well. If not, she was okay with watching a movie instead and cuddle. “We’ll go at your pace.”

Kara chuckled, biting her lip when Lena frowned at her. “Sorry, I just…I was taking everything slow because I was trying to go at your pace,” she explained, blushing. “I am a bit nervous to go further though,” she confessed, working her jaw. “Because um...because of my strength and it’s not just my strength. Sometimes my heat vision gets away from me when um, err…”

“When you have an orgasm?” Lena asked, smiling when Kara nodded shyly. “Good to know. Not how I imagine getting a haircut though,” she teased, laughing as Kara pushed her playfully down on the couch.

The air shifted when Kara moved on top of Lena. She glanced at Lena’s lips and then up at her eyes. She was about to lean down and kiss her when Buddy jumped onto the couch.

“Buddy,” Lena said, sighing.

“Awe, he wants some attention,” Kara said sweetly, petting Buddy.

“So do I,” Lena whispered, smiling when Kara eyed her. Ah, of course, super hearing. “Buddy has been spoiled a lot, for now I just want to spoil you, Kara.”
“Not if I spoil you first,” Kara replied, scooping Lena up in her arms.

“We’ll see about that.”

“We will,” Kara agreed, flying up the stairs. “My attention is all yours,” she whispered, smiling as she put Lena down in the hall.

Lena took Kara’s hand and led her into her bedroom. She shut the door with a click, leaning against it.

Kara flattened her palm against the door and with the other she fumbled with the buttons of Lena’s flannel. “I like this shirt,” she whispered, popping the first button open. “But it’ll look better on the floor,” she added, relieved when Lena gasped in response, which was a good sign.

Lena grasped Kara’s chin and kissed her with all she had, teasing her lips apart with her tongue, aiming to drive Kara mad.

Kara’s grip on Lena’s shirt tightened. “Oh Rao,” she whimpered, shuddering when Lena kissed her neck. She lost it the moment Lena took her earlobe between her teeth, tearing the buttons off, letting them fall to the floor.

“Mhmm, that’s more like it,” Lena said, approving very much of Kara tearing off her clothes. “You missed a button though,” she pointed out, arching her back away from the door.

Kara’s eyes roamed down Lena’s body, biting back a moan at the sight of Lena’s black bra. She wondered which button Lena was talking about, because she tore all off the buttons from her flannel. “Oh,” she whispered, gulping as her eyes landed on the button of Lena’s pants.

Kara put her hands on Lena’s hips. “Do you like these pants?”

“No, I just decided I hate these pants,” Lena answered, moaning when Kara did precisely what she wanted her to by ripping off her pants.

Kara let the shreds of fabric fall to the floor. “Fuck,” she moaned, breath catching, seeing Lena in nothing but lingerie.

Lena’s jaw went slack for a second or two. “Did you just curse?” she asked, smiling wickedly as Kara’s cheeks turned crimson. “I love hearing you curse, it’s hot,” she said, kissing Kara’s neck.

“You’ll hear me curse more in bed,” Kara shared, a little flustered still, mostly because this was their first time. As time went on, her shyness would lessen gradually.

“Fuck, Kara,” Lena whispered, feeling quite turned on. “You’re overdressed,” she said, resting her hands on top of Kara’s shoulders. “Can I?”

Kara sucked her lips into her mouth and nodded.

Lena ran her thumb across Kara’s lips. “Are you okay?” she asked, gazing deeply into Kara’s eyes.

“Just nervous, but I’m okay,” Kara answered, chancing a smile. “It’s mostly my powers I’m worried about. Is it okay if I keep my glasses on? I don’t want my heat vision to slip away from me and my glasses can prevent that.”

“Of course you can keep them on,” Lena assured her with a smile. “How you feel is important to me, I want you to be comfortable.”
Kara watched Lena closely while Lena stripped her clothes away from her. She hoped Lena wasn’t going to laugh about her choice of underwear, because in her defense she didn’t think they would have sex, so she didn’t think much about what to wear.

Lena raised an eyebrow when she saw Kara’s underwear. “Little hearts, that’s cute,” she said, smiling. “Can I take your underwear off too?”

“Yes,” Kara answered, gulping in air.

Lena dug her fingertips in the waistband of Kara’s underwear, slowly sliding it down her legs. “You’re beautiful, Kara,” she whispered, kissing her legs. She reached up and unhooked Kara’s bra, pushing the straps down her arms.

Kara felt as if she was on fire while Lena’s eyes raked all over her body. “See what you like?” she asked, the question coming out differently than she had it in her head.

Lena smiled at the way Kara formed her question. “Very much so,” she answered, licking her lips, dipping her eyes lower. She didn’t mean to stare so much, but fuck it was hard not to. “I suppose it’s only fair if I get fully naked, too.”

“Yes, that’s… that’s fair,” Kara agreed, watching Lena reach behind her back to unclasp her bra. “Slower,” she said, blushing when she realized she said that aloud.

Lena had a sparkle in her eyes. If Kara wanted her to get naked slower, then she would give her slower. She pushed one strap down her shoulder and ran a hand through her hair, winking at Kara. Then she touched her other strap, toying with it before pushing it down as well. She grabbed her boobs and pressed them together while the straps of her bra slid lower down her arms.

Kara gasped. “Oh Rao,” she whispered, feeling as if Lena read her mind. “I want to touch you, Lena. I really want to touch you, you’re perfect and I want to kiss every inch of your body and make love to you.”

Lena discarded her bra onto the floor, followed by her underwear. She sauntered over to her bed, luring Kara into her bed with the flick of her finger, making a ‘come here’ gesture.

Kara obeyed immediately. In a split second she was next to Lena on the bed. She moaned when Lena kissed her, allowing Lena to push her down. The feeling of Lena’s skin on hers felt like two magnets coming together, drawn to each other.

Lena buried her fingers in Kara’s blonde locks, toying with her hair while their lips met in a frantic kiss. Her center slid against Kara’s, causing her to moan into their kiss. It really had been too long since she had been intimate.

Kara swallowed Lena’s moan, releasing her own as Lena’s boobs pressed against hers. She was glad she decided to keep her glasses on or else she might have slipped up with her heat vision already. Her hands moved down Lena’s back, cupping a feel as she grabbed her butt.

Lena smiled into the kiss. “Naughty,” she whispered, lips ghosting over Kara’s. “Do more of that, I like it,” she said, finding it important to tell Kara such things. They were discovering one another and she wanted Kara to know what she liked and didn’t like, as much as she wanted to know what Kara liked and didn’t like.

Kara squeezed softly, carefully, reveling in the moan that stumbled past Lena’s lips. “Do you like that, baby?” she asked, squeezing a bit harder.
Lena felt her center pressing against Kara’s more. “Yes, daddy,” she answered, gasping. “Fuck, Kara… I…,” she whispered, eyes wide. “Fuck,” she said, having gotten so caught up in the moment the word had escaped her. It was also kind of Kara’s fault for calling her baby.

“That’s a new one for me,” Kara said, cheeks darkening significantly. “If I’m your… daddy… shouldn’t I be on top?”

“Not if you can’t even say daddy without blushing,” Lena answered, chuckling, eyes twinkling in delight. “We can switch,” she offered, kissing Kara briefly. “Is that okay?”

“Yes, that sounds perfect,” Kara agreed, smiling. She never quite understood the whole top and bottom thing, and she never considered herself one or the other, she was both.

Lena swirled her tongue around Kara’s nipple, sucking on it as it hardened under her touch. She lowered her other hand down Kara’s body, coaxing her legs apart so she could slip her knee between them.

“Oh, Lena,” Kara moaned with a sigh, spreading her legs.

“Good girl,” Lena said, earning a throaty laugh from Kara. She pinched Kara’s nipple and gave an experimental twist, watching Kara’s eyes screw together as her laugh turned into a gasp.

“I like that, baby,” Kara said, slowly opening her eyes. “I like touch, I like pressure,” she revealed, tips of her ears tinged red.

“You’re saying you like it rough?” Lena asked, biting her lip when Kara nodded. “Noted,” she whispered, returning her attention to Kara’s breasts.

Heat licked up Kara’s body as Lena’s teeth scraped over her skin. She smiled at Lena’s little grunts – undeniably due to finding she couldn’t be marked. She wrapped one leg around Lena’s and hitched it up, switching their positions, bowing her head down to kiss her.

Lena opened up under Kara, whimpering as Kara’s tongue slipped into her mouth. Her knee was a little wet from the wetness between Kara’s legs.

Kara laved kisses down Lena’s body. She really wanted to make Lena feel good. “My gorgeous girlfriend,” she said, tickling her fingertips down Lena’s chest. She lifted her fingers higher, brushing the underside of Lena’s boobs. “Soft,” she whispered, kissing Lena’s left boob and then the right.

Kara slid lower and circled the tip of her index finger around the hood of Lena’s clit. “You’re so wet, baby,” she said, mouthwatering at the sight of Lena’s glistening sex. “Did I make you this wet?”

“Yes, daddy,” Lena answered, curling her fingers into the sheets. She hoped Kara wouldn’t tease her too much, but at the same time she loved being teased. It was just that it had been so long, she wouldn’t last long.

Kara knelt between Lena’s legs, spreading them further apart. She used a little of her freeze breath to blow over Lena’s clit, just enough to apply a very thin layer that melted away a second later.

“Fuck,” Lena gasped, squirming on the bed.

Kara gathered some of Lena’s wetness and put her finger in her mouth. “Mhmm,” she hummed, smiling down at Lena. “If you taste this good when you’re wet, I’m curious to find out what you
taste like when you come undone.”

“Kara,” Lena moaned, canting up her hips.

Kara ducked her head between Lena’s legs and took the sensitive bundle of nerves between her lips, sucking. Hearing Lena moan was heavenly. She held her down with one hand so she couldn’t writhe too much.

“Yes, just like that,” Lena said, biting her lip. “Keep going, you’re making me feel so good.”

Kara lifted her head. “Shush, baby,” she said, placing her finger against Lena’s lips.

“If you want me to be silent, make me,” Lena challenged, curious how Kara would respond.

Kara moved her finger away and kissed Lena. She felt Lena take her right hand and let her, but when Lena placed her hand on her throat, she scrambled away. “Lena, I could’ve…” she said, eyes wide in shock. If she had squeezed, then Lena would have choked.

Lena’s cheeks burned hotly. She thought she could quietly convey she was into that, but perhaps it was too much for her sweet dorky girlfriend.

“Wait,” Kara said, picking up on Lena’s rapid pulse and lustful gaze. “You want me to choke you?”

Kara had done some research, she wasn’t a total rookie about everything and well, ever since she had Samantha’s phone number she certainly learned a number of things. Even before Lena answered, she saw the answer in her eyes. Oh Rao, Lena was into being choked.

“Forget about it, it’s just a silly little fantasy of mine,” Lena said, trying to laugh it off.

“No, no wait, it’s not silly,” Kara replied, not wanting Lena to brush it off as if it were nothing. “We can try that sometime, but just not… not this time, because um, I need to learn how to adjust my strength to you when we’re, err, making love. This is not a rejection of your fantasy, I promise. I just need to be so very careful with you.”

Lena understood it was all a little fast. She couldn’t imagine how difficult it must have felt for Kara having to reel in her strength so much. “Whenever you’re ready and if that day never comes, that’s okay too,” she said, surging up to kiss Kara.

Kara melted into their kiss, lowering Lena onto the mattress while they kept kissing. She didn’t break their kiss until Lena needed to breathe, kissing her way down Lena’s body, resuming her ministrations on her clit, licking and sucking.

“Fuck, yes,” Lena moaned, rolling her hips.

Kara pushed two fingers inside of Lena, building a steady rhythm as she pumped her fingers and curled them just so, feeling Lena’s walls clench around her fingers. “You want to come for me, don’t you, baby?” she asked, mesmerized by the pleasure written all over Lena’s face.

“Yes, daddy.”

“I didn’t quite hear that.”

Lena gasped as Kara curled her fingers again. She knew Kara could have heard her even if she had whispered. “I want to come,” she said, raising her voice a little.
“I’m not convinced,” Kara replied, flicking her tongue over Lena’s clit.

“Fuck,” Lena whimpered, rocking her hips to meet Kara’s thrusts, desperate for a release. “Daddy, please,” she begged, heat coiling low in her belly. “Kara…”

Kara sucked in a deep breath, hearing Lena say her name in such a sultry voice was doing wicked things to her. “Okay, baby,” she said, picking up her pace. “Come for me. I got you.”

Lena came with a strangled cry, choking out Kara’s name as she sat up, wrapping her arms around Kara, just about collapsing in her arms.

“I got you,” Kara whispered, holding her, kissing her sweaty forehead. She gently helped Lena ride out the last waves of her orgasm. “Sensitive?” she asked, chuckling when Lena halted her movements by grasping her wrist.

Lena smiled, dazed from the mind-blowing orgasm she just had. She pushed Kara onto her back, noticing an apprehensive look in her eyes. “Kara?” she asked, frowning.

“You seem exhausted, maybe you should get some rest,” Kara said, brushing Lena’s hair behind her ears. “I don’t want you to strain yourself too much.”

Lena chuckled. She was relieved nothing bad was going on. “You ought to give my stamina more credit, darling,” she husked, voice a little raspy. She placed her hands on Kara’s shoulders and smirked at her. “I’ll show you.”

“Oh Rao, yes please,” Kara moaned, rubbing her thighs together.

“You’re such a good girl,” Lena praised, flicking her eyes down, pleased to see Kara was so wet it was trickling down her thighs. She was going to show Kara exactly what she was capable of doing with her mouth and her fingers.

Kara’s eyes fluttered shut at the first swipe of Lena’s tongue. “Oh… Lena,” she moaned quietly.

Lena hummed, purely to send the vibrations of her hum coursing through Kara’s body. She replaced her tongue with her fingers and kissed Kara’s thigh, biting down, pleased when Kara moaned in response. It was unfortunate the red mark faded as soon as her mouth released Kara’s skin, but the most important part was making Kara tip over the edge.

“Fuck, Lena,” Kara moaned. “That’s really…,” she whispered, a little out of breath, trailing off as she smiled.

Lena kept slipping her fingers in and out of Kara while her mouth gave attention to Kara’s clit. It was a combination she personally enjoyed and she figured Kara might enjoy it as well. From the sounds of Kara’s moans gradually getting louder, she did.

“Lena!” Kara screamed, ripping the headboard off as she came.

Lena heard Kara breaking her bed, but she was busy tasting her and the fact that Kara broke her bed as she came boosted her ego. She slowed down, pressing kisses between Kara’s legs before slowly kissing her way up her body.

Kara tried to casually fling the headboard aside as if nothing happened, but she underestimated her strength and ended up flinging it through the window instead. “Oh Rao,” she said, jaw dropping as the window shattered.
“First my bed, then my window,” Lena said, smiling. “And yet there isn’t a single bruise on my body,” she tsked.

“I um… oops?” Kara replied, relieved Lena wasn’t annoyed by her lapse of strength. “I have to save something for next time, don’t I?”

Lena chuckled. “You’re really something,” she whispered, allowing Kara to wrap her arms around her, kissing her.

Later Gayle asked Lena how the hell a headboard wound up in her pool.

Chapter End Notes

The new neighbors will be revealed soon.
Imra opened the refrigerator and used her powers to move the eggs, smiling as Gayle plucked them out of the air. She moved the salt and pepper next, until it was all placed on the counter.

“Remind me to buy more fruit,” Gayle said, noticing her bowl of fruit was half-empty.

“I can pick up some at the store later today,” Imra offered. “Bananas for Graym, grapes for the girls and strawberries for you,” she said, smiling, knowing their favorites by heart.

Gayle grasped her robe, tugging Imra closer. “Berries and apples, too, for my smoothies,” she whispered, nudging Imra’s nose. “You look good in my robe.”

“I like it better on the floor though,” Gayle added in an afterthought.

Imra leaned forward and kissed Gayle. They already had some fun under the shower together when they woke up and as much as she wanted to go for another round, she knew now wasn’t an ideal time.

Gayle stepped back when she sensed another presence near them. “Good morning, beanie,” she said, smiling at her son.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” Imra said, flashing Graym a smile as well.

Graym smiled from ear to ear. “Good morning, mommies,” he chirped.

It wasn’t the first time Imra heard Graym say that, but it still made her heart skip a beat. This little family was becoming her new reality and she loved it. Nearly eleven years ago everything seemed dark and now the family she always dreamt of having was on her path.

Gayle wrapped her arms around Imra, holding her close to her chest, kissing her forehead. “I love you,” she whispered, not needing Imra’s gift to sense emotions and feelings to know Imra was overcome by emotions. “I love you so much.”

“I love you, too,” Imra whispered, slowly breathing out. “I’ll go wake up the twins while you work on breakfast.”

“Scrambled eggs with extra pepper,” Gayle said, nodding.

Imra pressed a kiss to Gayle’s cheek. “Don’t forget my fresh orange juice.”

Gayle sighed, though she wasn’t bothered in the slightest. “You have more strength to squeeze oranges, you know?”

“Oh, I do know, but you know… equality and all that,” Imra replied, chuckling as she made her way towards the stairs.

Gayle shook her head and smiled.

“Mommy, I had a dream while I was sleeping,” Graym said, wrapping his arms around his mother’s legs. “In my dream you and Imra were married.”
Imra caught what Graym said right before she went up the stairs. It made her smile even more. Graym had been trying to drop subtle – not so subtle – hints that they should get married. Gods, one day she really wanted to, but she knew humans were wired differently. Back on Titan, when two people were matched up, they got courted on the condition neither one of the people involved was under eighteen.

If Titan had survived two more years than it did, Imra would have courted Garth Ranzz. She didn’t regret it didn’t happen, but she used to wish it did happen, before she met Gayle. Perhaps human ways were slightly better, considering they dated people and they chose freely if they thought they matched or not. On Titan, compatibility was calculated.

Imra quietly entered Anna and Elsa’s bedroom. She smiled at the way they were cuddling while they slept. Those two were inseparable. Anna and Elsa shared a bed because they didn’t like being in separate beds. Gayle told her she was certain they would change their minds about that once they were a few years older, but she wasn’t convinced.

“Good morning, girls,” Imra said as she walked up to their bed. “It’s time to rise and shine.”

Elsa’s mop of blonde hair poked out from underneath the covers. “No,” she mumbled, yawning, crawling back under the covers.

“We’re about to eat breakfast soon,” Imra said, though the promise of food didn’t work well on the twins, unless it was sweets, such as ice cream, which gave her an idea. “If you get up, we can get a scoop of ice cream later.”

“Ice cream,” Anna said, gasping. She clambered out of bed and ran towards her closet.

“Ice cream!” Elsa screamed, jumping up on the bed.

“There will be no ice cream for breakfast!” Gayle called out from downstairs.

“Oops,” Imra whispered, knowing she was going to be in trouble for bribing the twins with ice cream. She did say ‘later’, but Anna and Elsa must have thought she meant right now.

“Imra!” Gayle called out. “Get your… come down here!”

“Someone’s in trouble,” Elsa said, giggling.

“Pick some clothes, I’ll be right back,” Imra told the girls before walking down the stairs.

“Yes, my love?” Imra asked Gayle, grasping her chin.

Gayle opened her mouth, closing it again at how Imra’s eyes were darkened. “Stop bribing Anna and Elsa with ice cream,” she said, surging forward. She bit Imra’s lip and slowly released it. “And stop looking at me like that,” she whispered.

“Like what?” Imra asked, feigning innocence.

“Don’t play coy with me, Matilda.”

Imra hummed. She was pleased to see Gayle couldn’t handle the way she looked at her, having an effect on her girlfriend felt good. It wasn’t her fault she loved teasing her, okay, it was her fault for being a tease, but teasing Gayle was fun.

“I’ll go check up on the girls,” Imra whispered, pecking Gayle’s lips.
“Mommy.”

“Yes, beanie?” Gayle asked while she grabbed some oranges to squeeze fresh orange juice.

“When you get married, people bring presents.”

Lily-May cried while she hugged Maria – who was also crying – at the airport.

Lena had to look away. It was too much, seeing her daughter so distraught because they were leaving. She knew it was going to be hard, but the plus side was that this was only temporary. Soon enough, the summer vacation would come around and they would see each other again.

“My dearest sister,” Morgana said, gathering Lena into her arms. “I will write to you upon my arrival at home,” she promised, hugging tighter.

Lena hugged back just as tightly. “I’ll write to you as well,” she whispered, finding she didn’t quite want to let go, but she knew her sister had a flight to catch soon.

Instead of a handshake like the first time they met, Mina engulfed Lena in a hug. “I shall miss you, it has been a pleasure getting to know you,” she said, smiling.

“Likewise,” Lena replied sincerely. It felt good to have family and to have a connection she never had with the Luthors.

Kara gave Morgana and Mina a sideways hug, because she was holding LJ. She knew this wasn’t a goodbye, but it felt too much like a goodbye. It reminded her a little of the last time she saw her parents, before she got into that pod.

“Mammy, don’t let them leave,” Lily-May said in tears while she held on to Maira for dear life. “Please, mammy.”

“No, màthair,” Maira cried as Mina tried to peel her arms away from Lily-May.

“Oh god, please don’t do this,” Lena whispered, pinching the bridge of her nose. She took a deep, steadying breath, struggling not to burst into tears as well. “Lily, sweetie, we’ll be visiting Maira soon in Ireland, I promise. It’s only for a few weeks.”

Lily-May kicked her legs when Lena lifted her up. “Maira!” she shouted, reaching her arms out.

Maira was doing the same, kicking and screaming in her mother’s arms.

Kara was still holding LJ, who looked really confused by the whole scene. She winced at how loud Lily-May and Maira were screaming, which drew the attention of a lot of bystanders at the airport, though the sound didn’t bother her nearly half as much as the distress the girls were in at being separated.

“Lily, please stop screaming,” Lena said, close to tears. “This isn’t goodbye, we will see them
again,” she said, rubbing her daughter’s back. “It’s only for a little while. It’s going to be okay.”

Lily-May’s tears turned into sniffles as she buried her head in the crook of her mother’s neck.

Morgana’s eyes filled with sorrow.

Kara had never seen Morgana appear as devastated as she did now. She felt bad for all of them, well, aside from LJ who didn’t understand what was happening.

“Don’t weep, deirfiúr (sister),” Merlin said to Maira. “We are going home.”

“Safe travels,” Lena called out, waving as they walked away while her daughter cried on her shoulder.

Lena understood Morgana, Mina, Merlin and Maira couldn’t stay. She shouldn’t have brought it up in the first place. Their life wasn’t here in National City, they had lived in Ireland their whole lives, had built a life there. She hadn’t expected to like her sister so much that she wanted her nearby, always. It was so easy to get along with Morgana, so natural how they interacted with one another. She liked that this side of her family was affectionate.

It was only for a couple of weeks. Lena had to keep reminding herself of that. Time flew, so in no time the summer vacation would roll around and then she would find herself in Ireland for a while with her children and her girlfriend. They were different and yet alike. Her sister had a farm where she was happy while she was the CEO of L-Corp. She could tell Morgana wasn’t too fond of the loudness of the city.

“How about we go get some waffles or pancakes?” Lena suggested, aiming to cheer up her daughter.

Kara wanted to be excited about the foresight of pancakes or waffles, but she found her appetite lacking, knowing both Lena and Lily-May were sad.

“No,” Lily-May sniffled, wiping at her eyes. “I don’t want food, I want my cousin.”

“I know, sweetheart, I know,” Lena whispered. She knew she wasn’t the bad guy in this – there were no bad guys when it came down to this, but she felt awful for putting her daughter through this.

Kara was a puddle on the floor while she held Wolf. Her cousins were so tiny and cute and she didn’t spend enough time with them, not as much as she would like. She tried to visit her aunt once every week or every two weeks, for at least an hour.

“I made a new suit for you, my dear niece,” Astra spoke up as she entered the living room.

“Oh, you actually made me one?” Kara asked, surprised.

Kara had been using the black suit she borrowed from her aunt before, on the few occasions she
went out in the city to be Supergirl, but recently she mentioned it lacked color for her taste. It was just a passing comment, not a complaint or a request for a new suit, though a new suit would be nice.

Whenever she needed to be Supergirl real quick when she was babysitting Lily-May and LJ, she dropped them off with Imra for a little bit, or sometimes Imra came over to Lena’s house with the twins to keep an eye on them. Lena knew, of course, and she was okay with it. She didn’t fly out to be Supergirl every day. Most of the things were handled by the police.

Astra revealed the suit. The design was similar to Astra’s black suit. The suit was blue and it had Kara’s family crest on it in red, lined with gold. There was a red cape attached to the suit. There was a golden belt around the waist of the suit.

“Aunt Astra…,” Kara said, smiling as she eyed the suit. “It looks great. I love it, thank you. You didn’t have to do this, but I’m glad you did because the black suit was good, but it was just so… black and this one is vibrant and I love it – I already said that, but I do. Thank you, again.”

“What’s that blue thingy pinned to the shoulder of my suit?” Kara asked when her eye caught a blue gem of sorts.

Astra smiled and put the suit next to Kara on the couch. “Protection,” she answered, caressing Kara’s cheek with the back of her index finger. “I designed it so kryptonite cannot harm you.”

“Kryptonite,” Kara whispered, nodding slowly. She had heard of how much harm kryptonite could cause, because both Kal-El and Astra had crossed paths with it, though her aunt didn’t speak much of it due to it being a sore topic. “Thank you for the suit and for the protection and just… for being you,” she said, smiling, happy she had her aunt in her life.

Gayle was unimpressed when the new neighbors rang her doorbell on a Sunday in the early afternoon. Ever since they moved in, her neighbors and the neighbors that lived next to them had moved out. “Yes?” she asked, stepping out, shutting the door behind her.

Gayle felt uneasy about the fact Poison Ivy and Harley moved to this neighborhood. They belonged in Gotham, where they were famous for all the trouble they caused. Many years ago, she crossed paths with Ivy and it did not go down well. Ivy was using plants to squeeze the air out of her lungs, to which she had used her psionic blast, which made Ivy go through the window of a nearby building.

She wondered what the hell they were doing in National City and why the hell they moved here. It was a mistake she ever passed through Gotham when she was younger, under the illusion she would have fit in better over there, which she didn’t. The short time she was in Gotham resulted in fights, mostly with metahumans. This neighborhood was child-friendly and quiet, and they were ruining it.

“Hiya, doll,” Harley said, grinning. “We baked a cake for ya.”
Gayle looked down at the cake Harley was referring to. “Are you welcoming yourselves to the neighborhood?” she asked, scoffing quietly. It was more of a tradition for people who already lived in the neighborhood to bring cake or something to new neighbors, not the other way around.

“Thanks,” Gayle said awkwardly, accepting the cake. She didn’t plan on eating a single bite though and she was going to make sure nobody else touched it either, because for all she knew it was poisonous.

“You don’t like us,” Ivy noted, smiling. “Do we frighten you?” she asked, taking a step closer.

Gayle took a step closer as well. “Hardly,” she bit out, nose touching Ivy’s nose. “People don’t scare me, I scare them,” she warned lowly, tempted to use her powers, but she wouldn’t, not until it was necessary.

“Yer a snippy one,” Harley said, laughing. “We’re gonna have a party, ya coming? Ya can bring yer kids.”

Gayle wasn’t in the mood to go to whatever party they were planning on having. It irked her they already noticed she had children. If they even breathed in her children’s direction they would be facing a very angry parent. Ivy and Harley were older than her by a few years. They were in their early thirties, with Ivy being the older one.

“Speaking of children,” Ivy said while she took two steps back. “Meet our children,” she said, stepping aside, gesturing at a boy and a girl.

The girl was a little copy of Harley. She was wearing a shirt with the words ‘daddy’s lil monster’ written on it. Her blonde hair was divided in two pigtails with the tips of one pigtail colored pink and the tips of the other pigtail colored blue. She was a little cutie, though the baseball bat she held and the evil grin on her face were decidedly less cute. She was little and if Gayle had to take a guess she would say the little girl was five years old.

“This is Mallory,” Ivy said, putting her hands on the shoulders of the little girl. “Our six years old.”

“Hi,” Mallory said to Gayle while her grin twisted into something wicked. “It’s nice to meet’cha.”

“Likewise,” Gayle replied, although she didn’t mean it.

“And this is Lucifer,” Ivy continued, smiling at the boy. “He’s nine.”

Gayle eyed the boy. God, they named him after the devil. Lucifer reminded her of Damien from the movie The Omen. His black hair was slick from too much gel, smoothed down. She used to think all children kind of looked cute, but with Lucifer the word cute didn’t cross her mind in the slightest.

“Hello,” Lucifer said, grasping one of Gayle’s hands. He pressed a kiss to the back of her hand. “It is a pleasure to meet you, sweet cheeks.”

Gayle pulled her hand out of his grip. God, what a creepy kid. If that was supposed to be a sweet gesture, it didn’t come across as one. She heard the door open behind her and spun around. “No,” she said to her children with a mildly stern tone in her voice. “Go back inside.”

Anna and Elsa slipped outside regardless of what their mother said.

“Oooh,” Anna cooed, stretching her hands up to touch Mallory’s pigtails.
“Pretty,” Elsa cooed. “What’s that?” she asked, scrunching up her nose, pointing at the baseball bat.

“We’re having a party at my place,” Mallory said to the twins. “D’ya wanna come out and play?” she asked, her eyes glinting. “We can smash things with my bat.”

“They can’t,” Gayle cut in, lifting her daughters up. “We’re going somewhere, perhaps another time,” she said, though it was more like never.

“Yer weird,” Harley said, turning around. “Maybe Luthor is gonna come to our party.”

“I’ll go ring her doorbell,” Lucifer said, running ahead. “She has kids too, I’ve seen them.”

Gayle went back inside and shut the door, paying the new neighbors no further mind. “Don’t eat from that cake!” she shouted in a rush of panic when she saw her twins were about to have a bite.

Anna and Elsa dropped the cake, gaping at their mother before bursting out into tears.

“Oh, no, my little angels,” Gayle said, sighing, crouching down. She always tried to stay calm when interacting with her children, no matter how stressed out she was, but this time she failed, badly. “I didn’t mean to yell at you, mommy’s sorry.”

Anna and Elsa ran to the living room, wrapping their little arms around Imra’s legs.

Graym gaped as the scene unfolded, speechless.

“Mommy ma-mad,” Anna hiccupped through her tears.

“She y-yell,” Elsa added, resting her head against Imra’s leg.

Imra knelt down and hugged the twins, rubbing their backs. “Your mommy didn’t mean to raise her voice, sweethearts,” she said, feeling bad for Gayle who looked utterly heartbroken by the fact Anna and Elsa were crying. “She’s not mad at either one of you, I promise. Sometimes people don’t realize how loud their voice is until it’s too late. Your mommy loves you both very much and I know she didn’t mean to yell.”

Chapter End Notes

This is how I picture Mallory.
Farms dotted the hills as they rode in a carriage. From the distance it didn’t look like more than grey, brown and white boxes amongst the green grass. Lily-May stared in awe, observing the view. LJ was asleep on Lena’s chest, exhausted from the long journey they made.

Kara felt a little nervous being in Ireland. She wasn’t overly active as Supergirl, but she did ask her aunt to keep her updated and in case of an emergency, she could quickly fly back and forth. It was the first time she went to Ireland.

Lena caressed her son’s back. She felt strange, being back in Ireland after twenty-one years. Killarney had much more nature than National City did. During their flight, she had listened to Lily-May babbling excitedly about how happy she was she would see Maira again. She knew her daughter had been counting the days as much as she had, waiting for the summer vacation to come around.

Taking a break from L-Corp was a big step for Lena to take, but family mattered and she deserved a vacation. Ideally, she hoped to see her sister once or twice every year for a certain length of time, preferably a bit more. They had remained in touch through letters because Morgana didn’t have a phone or a computer.

“This carriage ride feels like we’re royalty,” Kara said, chuckling lightly. She was quite impressed by it all and she used to think carriage rides only existed in fairytales and in movies.

“Mammy, look over there,” Lily-May said, barely containing a squeal while she pointed to their right.

Lena smiled when she saw her daughter was pointing at vague figures waving, which must have been her sister with her little family.

“Oh, the ride is over already?” Kara asked, failing to mask her pout.

“I for one am glad it is,” Lena said, adjusting her son in her arms. “It’s been a long trip.”

“Speaking of long trips, I’m starving.”

“You’re always starving,” Lily-May commented, giggling.

Lena smiled. “There’s a wrapped sandwich in my purse,” she told Kara. “I saved it for you.”

“I love you,” Kara replied, finding the sandwich in Lena’s purse.

Lily-May scooted over towards Kara. “Is that a peanut butter and jelly sandwich?” she asked, licking her lips.

Kara looked at the sandwich, which was indeed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and then up at Lily-May. “Do you want half, pip?”

Lena’s smile grew as her girlfriend and her daughter shared the sandwich. It was always sweet seeing Kara share food, which wasn’t an easy feat for her bottomless pit of a girlfriend. This was
what love was all about.

The carriage came to a stop.

Lily-May was the first to jump out. She ran over the grass, not stopping until she reached Maira, who was running as well. “I missed you so much!” she shouted, falling onto the grass while they hugged.

Maira giggled as they lay on the grass. “I missed you too, Lily. Did you get my letter my mummy wrote?”

Lily-May nodded. She got up and held Maira’s hand, smiling more than she had in the weeks they were apart.

Morgana and Mina’s house was white with a thatched roof. The door was made entirely out of wood, including the door handle that had to be lifted and then pushed to open the door. It was painted red, same as the windows. It was smaller than Lena’s five bedrooms house, though the land around it stretched out quite a bit. There was a barn several steps away from the house and a vineyard in the distance.

“We grow our own food,” Morgana announced with visible pride in her voice and her posture. “Our chickens lay eggs for us. We have cows and goats for milk and cheese. There is a greenhouse further out back where most of our vegetables and fruits are.”

“I can’t wait to try your food, it must taste well,” Lena replied, smiling. “How do you acquire fish and meat?” she asked, having seen them eating that when they were in National City, so they didn’t seem against it.

“We trade on the market,” Mina answered. “In exchange for fish and meat, we give others some of our jam, milk or cheese, occasionally yogurt as well.”

“So you never really have to buy food?” Kara asked, smiling at how sufficient they were. It reminded her of Krypton, where trading was quite common.

“You don’t eat your own animals then,” Lena noted.

“Oh no, not at all,” Morgana confirmed. “Every animal on our farm is a part of our family.”

“We name them,” Merlin said, smiling. “A little lamb was born two days ago. Mummy and māthair let me name her.”

“Oh wow, I must meet her sometime then,” Lena said, smiling at her nephew. “By the way,” she said, lowering her voice as she put a hand on her sister’s shoulder. “I brought belated birthday gifts for all of you, since I missed all of your birthdays, I hope you don’t mind.”

Morgana smiled at Lena. “I won’t mind if you don’t mind the presents I have been keeping hidden in my closet,” she replied, sharing a chuckle with her sister.

“You must be exhausted from your long journey,” Mina said while she led them to the bedrooms. “The children can sleep here, in Maira and Merlin’s bedroom.”

Lena peered into the room, seeing two single beds and a crib that must have belonged to her niece and nephew when they were younger. LJ was still sleeping, so she carefully lowered him in the crib.
“You can sleep in my bed,” Maira told Lily-May.

“I prepared the guestroom for you both,” Morgana said to Lena and Kara. “In a few years from now, we intend to give our children each their own bedroom. For now, it makes do as a guestroom.”

Lena and Kara followed Morgana to said guestroom. The double bed in the guestroom looked suspiciously new. There was a large orange knitted blanket on the bed. The curtains were thick and heavy, not letting light in while closed. The closet was small and only had four shelves.

“You didn’t have to get a new bed,” Lena said, shaking her head, knowing that must’ve cost Morgana and Mina, and she knew they couldn’t afford much more than the basics.

“An old friend carved it for us,” Morgana said, patting Lena’s back. “Do not worry so, my dearest sister. You are our guests.”

Imra let Gayle lead her outside because apparently her girlfriend wanted to show her something. Her eyes widened when she saw what exactly that something was. There was an RV parked outside. It was quite large, basically like a bus, like a home on wheels.

“You bought an RV?”

“Of course not,” Gayle answered, huffing. “I rented it.”

“Interesting, I didn’t think you’d be the kind of person who would drive around in an RV.”

“It’s for the children, it’s better for them to sleep in an RV rather than being cooped up in a car. Do you know how uncomfortable it is to sleep in a car? They’re young. They need a lot of rest.”

“I was teasing you, my love,” Imra said softly, pepperling Gayle’s cheeks with kisses. “You really need this vacation, hm?” she asked, kneading Gayle’s shoulders. “You’re so… worked up,” she whispered, sliding her hands down Gayle’s back.

“You have terrible timing, Matilda,” Gayle replied, regretfully breaking away from the touch. “Don’t think for even a second that this RV will stop me from stopping at hotels on the road and once we get to a hotel, you’ll see.”

Imra revealed her teeth as she smiled. It sounded kinky and she was definitely game for that. “I’ll get our luggage and I’ll send Alex a text.”

“No need, I already sent a text to Sam.”

Imra kept her phone in her pocket. She looked forward to this vacation with her girlfriend and with the children. It was nice Alex, Samantha and Ruby were joining them on this vacation. Once again, it was a vacation without Kara, but she knew they would both survive it. By now they had gotten used to being apart more and being with their respective girlfriends most of the time.
Graym excitedly pulled his trolley while struggling with his other suitcase.

“Do you need some help there, little guy?” Imra asked, smiling when Graym shook his head. “Okay,” she said, carrying the twins’ four suitcases.

Gayle may have packed a bit too much, but she preferred packing too much over packing too little. “Anna, Elsa, we’re leaving,” she called out, sighing as her three year olds stalled.

“Turtle is coming with us,” Elsa said, carrying nothing but their turtle.

“His name is Donatello,” Graym said, huffing as he kept struggling with his luggage.

“Dona come with us,” Anna cooed.

“Alright fine, you can take your turtle with you,” Gayle relented. If it had been up to her, she would have dropped him off with Astra and Lucy, who were keeping Buddy at their place while Lena was on a vacation.

Imra helped to put the luggage into the RV, doing most of the lifting.

The RV had a small kitchenette with a pantry above it on one side and a couch and a table with half a booth around it on the other side. In the back of the RV there was a toilet and triple bunk beds. All the way in the back there was a double bed.

Gayle knew it wasn’t all that much for four adults and four children, but the beds were mostly intended for the children. There was always going to be one person driving and they would make stops here and there.

Imra looked forward to the road trip, which it kind of was.

“I hope you know what you’re doing,” Gayle said as she handed the keys to Imra.

“You are showing such confidence in me, my love,” Imra replied, chuckling. “I can drive.”

“If you mean driving me crazy, sure,” Gayle muttered, smiling when Imra nudged her. “Don’t hit anything, unless it’s garden gnomes.”

“Why do you dislike garden gnomes? They’re lovely decoration, you know,” Imra said while she got behind the wheel. “There goes my idea for your next gift,” she teased, turning the key in the ignition.

“I want the top bed,” Elsa said.

“No, I want,” Anna whined.

“I want.”

“Me.”

“No, me.”

“Girls,” Gayle interrupted their bickering. “You both get the bottom,” she said, not wanting her daughters to climb into a higher bed. The middle bed and the top bed of the triple bunk beds were meant for Graym and Ruby.

“Bottoms, hm?” Imra commented, winking at Gayle who blushed. “The apple doesn’t fall far from
the tree.”

“Don’t be surprised if by the end of this vacation, I go home without you.”

“Noooo,” Graym complained, pouting. “You can’t leave her, she’s family and family sticks together.”

Imra knew Gayle was just teasing, but what Graym said was sweet. “Okay, here we go,” she said, stepping on the gas.

Alex, Samantha and Ruby were waiting outside of Samantha’s house, smiling when the RV pulled up.

“I thought you were kidding about the RV,” Samantha said to Gayle. “I didn’t think you were the type for it.”

“That’s what I said,” Imra agreed. “Hey, Alex,” she said, smiling at her sister. Sometimes it was still odd to remind herself they were sisters, all thanks to Kara. “Need a hand with your luggage?”

“Hey, Imra,” Alex replied, shaking her head. “I got it. I’ve been working out more.”

“You sure have,” Samantha said, raking her eyes down Alex’s body.

Gayle cleared her throat, hoping her best friend would contain her thirst a bit around the children.

“Hey, Ruby,” Imra said, smiling at the seven year old.

“Hi,” Ruby replied, smiling. “Are we going to swim somewhere?”

“Eventually,” Gayle answered, unfolding a map she bought. “God, I should’ve gone with a GPS instead.”

“I can read the map,” Imra said, holding out her hand. “I’m driving anyway.”

“Wait, wait,” Alex said, eyes wide. “You’re driving?” she asked, making a face. “The last time I let you drive you nearly drove us off of a cliff.”

“Oh my god,” Gayle said, gasping, surprised Imra hadn’t hit anything on their way to Samantha’s house. “Seriously, a cliff?” If she had known that, she wouldn’t have been so quick to hand the keys to Imra. She was only twenty-nine, she still had a lot to live for.

“Hey now, that’s not exactly fair,” Imra protested, smiling. “I was nineteen and that was college. Eight years has passed since and I’m a decent driver.”

“I hope you have a good insurance,” Alex said to Gayle, laughing. “Hey!” she complained when a pillow hit her.

“You deserved that,” Imra said unapologetically. “Are you in or out?”

“I bet that’s what she said,” Samantha commented, nodding her head towards Gayle.

“Adults are weird,” Ruby said to Graym, who nodded.

“We will take turns driving,” Gayle announced, revealing a schedule she put together. “If there isn’t too much hindrance, we should arrive at a hotel by nightfall.”
Lena walked through the vineyard, next to her sister. Her children were sleeping, resting from the long journey they made to come here. Kara was gone for a walk, though she knew in truth her girlfriend left to get more food. She knew Kara wasn’t going to get enough to eat here, although she had no doubt Morgana and Mina would encourage Kara to eat as much as she wanted.

Kara’s appetite was too crazy and she had agreed with her it was better if she snuck away sometimes to go eat. It was no secret Kara had a healthy appetite, but Morgana and Mina didn’t know the full extent of it, not even close. She was happy her girlfriend was here with her, but she did feel bad for how often she would have to sneak away to eat.

Morgana stopped when they reached an apple tree. She plucked one and smiled. “Apple?” she asked Lena. “They taste wonderful.”

Lena looked at the apple, which was quite red, like a crimson red. Upon her sister’s encouraging nod, she accepted it and took a bite. Her mouth filled with a sweet taste. “It’s good,” she said, smiling.

“What was our father like?”

Lena was caught off guard by that question, although it was to be expected her sister was curious about him.

“It feels foreign to call him father,” Morgana confessed with a chuckle. “Lionel,” she said, voice bittersweet. “He was but a stranger.”

“He was a good man, he was kind to me,” Lena answered, sighing quietly at all the memories. “He wasn’t the warmest, he wasn’t much of a hugger, but material-wise, he spoiled me. I felt like an outsider in the Luthor family, even more so when he passed away. My mother – Lillian – hated me and she still can’t stand me. Lex tried to have me assassinated, that’s how Jack...that’s why my children have no father anymore.”

“I must share a truth with you,” Morgana said, eyes filling with sorrow as she placed her hand on Lena’s back. “When our mother passed, my family wished to adopt you. They knew of your existence through our mother and they caught wind of her passing. When they went to the orphanage, they were told your father had adopted you.”

Lena felt tears pricking at her eyes. “The Westenra family wanted to adopt me?” she asked, feeling the first tear escape her when her sister confirmed with a nod. “We would have...,” she said, trailing off. She could have grown up alongside Morgana rather than ending up with the Luthors. “Do you think our father knew? You mentioned our mother’s letter stated he didn’t know of our existence, but when our mother passed, he clearly knew of mine.”

“Perhaps he only knew of your existence. We cannot lose ourselves in what ifs, my dearest sister,” Morgana said gently. “The past is history.”

Lena nodded and wiped her tears away. “When I was little, he would let me sit in his office while
he worked,” she said with a pained smile. “I read a lot of books and I liked being close to him. He
did warn me to be silent so he could work without being disturbed. Every Friday, he stopped
working earlier to take me to ihop for pancakes. It was our secret, our special daughter/father
time.”

Lena told her sister more about her youth, about the struggles she went through and how rough
school was. She told her about Veronica, who used her, even if most of the time she chose to deny
it and claim that wasn’t what happened while she knew that was exactly what happened. She told
Morgana how she met Jack, how they got married and how she didn’t want children until she had
them.

Lena told her about the first contact she had with Kara, how her cute dork of a girlfriend shook her
hand too long because she was distracted by her appearance. It was a memory that never failed to
make her smile. She also told her sister how for several weeks, she thought Kara was dating Imra,
whom turned out to be her sister.

Morgana laughed delightfully. “Kara is quite taken with you and you with her, I can tell,” she said,
smiling while they kept walking. “Is she the one for you?”

A blush blossomed onto Lena’s cheeks. “Yes, I believe she is,” she answered silently, feeling her
heart beating faster. “If there’s any person in the world I want to grow old with, it’s Kara.”

“Hearing you speak with such happiness pleases me greatly, my dearest sister.”

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact, I remember someone commented something many chapters ago about this
story going up to 42 chapters and I basically said I wasn’t going to write that many.
Well, it turns out this story is going to count more than 42 chapters, hah. I don’t know
the total count yet, but probably close to 50.

And yes, there will be some smut in the chapters that are yet to come. ;)
Imra carried the sleeping twins while Gayle was carrying Graym. They had arrived at the hotel, but instead of arriving around eight, as they had planned, it was close to eleven. There was more traffic than they anticipated and Gayle turned out to be the slowest driver ever, huffing while she said driving an RV was easier said than done.

“Wait,” Samantha said, walking a bit faster, passing Alex. “Let me hold the door open for you, babe.”

“Such a gentlewoman,” Alex said, smiling while she lifted Ruby a bit higher into her arms. “Thanks, Sam.”

Imra grinned when she saw Samantha checking Alex out as Alex walked ahead of her. Ah, classic move. “Thanks,” she said to Samantha, stepping inside.

“Look at you being polite for once,” Gayle said to Samantha, smiling devilishly as Samantha scoffed.

“Next time instead of holding the door open, I’ll shut it in your face,” Samantha replied quietly.

Gayle reached into her pocket for her wallet, struggling to hold her son while they checked in for the night. She handed over her credit card, paying for two suites. “What?” she asked when three pairs of eyes raised an eyebrow at her. “I like luxury, nothing wrong with that. After spending the day in that RV, I need a decent room.”

“You don’t have to spend so much money for us,” Alex said, sharing a mildly uncomfortable look with Samantha.

“Oh hush, you’re all family and this is pocket change for me,” Gayle replied as she grasped their keys. “Let me spoil you a bit, enjoy it while it lasts.”

Imra knew Alex wasn’t accustomed to spending so much money during a vacation and neither was she. This was quite the difference compared to the vacation she took with Gayle for Christmas. She didn’t necessarily need a bunch of luxury. She would have been perfectly content sleeping in the RV or in the woods somewhere, though having some privacy with her girlfriend did sound nice.

Alex and Samantha took one of the keys and walked away with Ruby to go find their room for the night.

“Beanie is getting heavy,” Gayle said, feeling her arms growing tired as she carried her seven year old.

Imra would take over, but she had her hands full with Anna and Elsa, who were practically weightless to her. “Next time I’ll carry him and you can carry the twins, or one of the twins,” she suggested.

“That’s probably a good idea,” Gayle agreed, relieved there was an elevator they could take. She pushed the button.

The doors opened with a swoosh and a ding, but when Gayle stepped into the elevator, Imra just stared.
Gayle frowned. “Are you going to get in, Matilda?” she asked, holding the doors open so they wouldn’t close before Imra got in. Her teasing tone fell away when she saw Imra taking a step back instead of a step forward.

“You can take the elevator, I’ll take the stairs,” Imra said, forcing a smile onto her face.

“Hey,” Gayle said softly, stepping out of the elevator. “What’s wrong? Talk to me.”

“I’m claustrophobic,” Imra confessed, which she generally kept hidden. It was a small – not so small – residue from when she was in that pod, when she landed on earth. She remembered struggling to breathe because she was panicking. “An elevator is like a small box and I can’t…”

“It’s okay,” Gayle whispered, wishing she had her hands free so she could reach out to comfort her girlfriend. “We don’t have to take the elevator. At my hotel, I take the stairs a lot, it’s a good exercise. I shouldn’t slack just because we’re on a vacation.”

“You don’t have to take the stairs with me, you know?” Imra commented, smiling. “You can take the elevator and I’ll see you upstairs.”

There was no way Gayle was going to leave Imra’s side, not until she made sure she was absolutely okay. It was only three floors, six sets of stairs. God, her legs were going to be killing her as much as her arms were from carrying Graym, but Imra was worth it.

Imra looked at Gayle with nothing but fondness in her eyes. The twinge of panic she felt earlier dissipated as they walked up the stairs together.

Gayle had a feeling Imra was walking two steps behind her in case she would miss a step and fall, so Imra could catch her. “Are you walking behind me to check out my ass?”

“Of course,” Imra answered, chuckling, but that wasn’t her main reason. It was a nice bonus though.

“Kara, is that you, dear?”

Kara fell down in the barn and yelped, not because she got hurt, but because she got spooked. Oh Rao, she was clad as Supergirl. She just got back from National City, wanting to make sure everything was going okay over there, figuring she couldn’t suddenly disappear. It might be seen as suspicious if Supergirl were to be gone at the same time Lena Luthor was on a vacation. Not that she minded it in the slightest if people knew a Super was spending time with a Luthor, that wasn’t the issue. She had to keep her identity a secret.

“Morgana, um, hey,” Kara said, thinking about the quickest exit, but it was too late. She was too careless and now Morgana saw her glad as Supergirl. “I err, I’m into roleplaying,” she blurted out, quite proud of herself for coming up with a plausible excuse on the spot and to say people called her a bad liar.
“Or, um, cosplay rather,” Kara corrected, feeling awkward she mentioned roleplaying, because that was basically like telling Morgana how she had sex with her sister.

“I saw you flying,” Morgana pointed out, voice full of mirth. “You are a roleplaying magician, then?”

Kara groaned, able to tell Morgana was teasing her. She accepted Morgana’s outstretched hand to get back up on her feet, not that she needed any help getting up. Her eyes widened when Morgana untied her robe.

“Wh-what… are y-you doing?” Kara stammered, shocked and surprised as Morgana took off her robe and put it around her instead. This was strange, she was in a relationship with Lena and Morgana was married. Was Morgana coming on to her?

Morgana wound her arms around Kara’s waist, grasping the robe, tying it. She was attractive, there was no doubt about that, Morgana was Lena’s twin sister after all, but this was just… no.

“Mummy,” Merlin said, rubbing his eyes while he walked into the barn.

Kara glanced down, seeing the robe kept her suit hidden because it was so long it touched the ground.

“Go back to bed, my aingeal,” Morgana said softly to her son, kissing the top of his head.

Kara heard them exchange some words in Irish, something about how Morgana would go to his room soon to tuck him in again. She shifted from one foot onto the other as Merlin walked away, nervously running her fingers through her hair.

“May I have a word with you?” Morgana asked, gesturing outside the barn as she began walking.

Kara nodded and followed Morgana, unsure what to say. She couldn’t deny the fact she was Supergirl. Morgana saw her suit and saw her flying, which meant Morgana knew she was an alien and she wasn’t sure whether she should be worried or not.

“Kara,” Morgana said, resting a hand on Kara’s arm, frowning when Kara flinched away from her touch. “Have I upset you?”

Kara shook her head. Oh Rao, she was being ridiculous. Morgana must have given her robe to her so she could hide her suit. “I’m just a little startled, I didn’t know you were outside,” she said, wringing her hands together. Next time she should be more careful.

“I enjoy the quietness of the night, it helps me clear my head,” Morgana whispered, walking over to a large oak tree. She climbed onto one of the branches, smiling as she gestured at the empty space next to her. “Despite popular belief here in Ireland, I am not a vampire,” she said, chuckling. “I won’t bite.”

Kara flew up to the branch, considering Morgana saw her fly already anyway and it was easier than climbing. “So um… you wanted to talk?” she asked, nervous because she had no idea what Morgana was thinking and it didn’t help her shock was bigger than Morgana’s.

“Yes,” Morgana confirmed, resting her hands on the branch. “I noticed you eating outside after dinner. Do you require more food?”

“Err… um, I just get extra hungry sometimes,” Kara answered, struggling to come up with a decent
excuse. “I don’t need more food, it’s okay,” she said, although she knew that was a lie, but her appetite was too expensive for Morgana.

“I can imagine a Super must have a super appetite,” Morgana said, smiling.

“I have to ask…,” Kara said, eyeing Morgana curiously. “How are you so calm about this?”

“You are asking a woman who has been accused of being either a vampire or a witch,” Morgana said, chuckling. “I am not easily shocked. There is more in the world than aliens, dear.”

“Metahumans,” Kara filled in knowingly.

“That is one example.”

One example? No, that was the only other one, Kara thought. Humans, metahumans and aliens.

“I should go back inside,” Morgana said, climbing down the tree. “There is cheese and half a loaf of bread in the kitchen, if you want it.”

Water streamed down Imra’s naked body as she stood under the shower. She left the door half-open, wide enough for Gayle to catch a glimpse if she happened to walk by. Her clothes were on the floor, her bra just outside the door, like a trail for Gayle to follow.

Soon enough, Gayle was bending down, picking up the clothes Imra littered around on the floor. She dropped them again when her eyes landed on Imra, wet under the shower.

Imra reached for the soap and rubbed some onto her hands. “Are you going to keep staring or are you going to join me?” she asked, her voice low and sultry as she moved her hands over her breasts, soaping them in.

Gayle left Imra’s clothes on the floor and discarded her own on top of them. She shut the door and walked over to the shower, smiling while she accepted Imra’s outstretched hand.

“Watch your step, my love,” Imra said, grasping Gayle’s other hand as well. “It’s very slippery.”

Gayle gulped at Imra’s choice of words, which sounded deliberate. “Tease,” she said, shuddering while the water touched her skin. “You’re so wet.”

“Mhmm,” Imra hummed, drawing Gayle’s body closer to hers, capturing her lips in a searing kiss. Her tongue conquered and took as she parted Gayle’s lips.

Gayle reciprocated, circling her tongue around Imra’s, moaning quietly into her mouth. She moved her hands to cup Imra’s breasts, teasing her nipples.

Imra lost it when Gayle moaned again, all breathy and needy. The sound was fucking sexy, making her buck her hips. She curled her fingers into Gayle’s hair, other hand sliding down to the curve of her ass.
Gayle gasped into Imra’s mouth when Imra squeezed. “Fuck,” she whispered, lips ghosting over hers.

Imra nipped at Gayle’s lower lip, slowly releasing her lip as she broke their kiss. “Go ahead, my love,” she said, pupils dilated, hands burrowing in Gayle’s hair. “Show me how good you are.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gayle replied, lowering herself onto her knees, sliding her hands down Imra’s body.

Imra switched off the water so the water couldn’t obstruct Gayle’s breathing.

Gayle kissed Imra’s thighs, tilting her head back when Imra pulled at her hair.

Imra caressed Gayle’s cheek, smiling down at her beautiful face, easing her grip on her hair. She hummed, pleased when Gayle returned to kissing her thighs.

Gayle dragged her tongue up Imra’s slit, teasing her swollen clit. Fuck, seeing how aroused Imra was turned her on. She placed her hands on Imra’s hips, pulling her center closer to her mouth, flicking her tongue around her sensitive bundle of nerves, running it through her folds.

“Mhmm, yes, my love,” Imra moaned, nails scraping lightly at Gayle’s scalp. “You’re so good with your tongue.”

Gayle felt Imra’s legs shake as she licked into her, nose nudging against her clit.

Imra knew she wouldn’t last long, she had wanted Gayle all day. It hadn’t helped how Gayle had spilled water onto her blouse earlier today, showing her nipples poking through the wet fabric. “Fuck,” she moaned, keening as she canted her hips.

Gayle got Imra’s arousal all over her chin, cheeks and nose as Imra came with a muffled moan.

Imra’s eyes were shut. She slowly opened her eyes, moving the back of her hand away from her mouth, revealing a bite mark on her skin.

“Wow,” Gayle whispered, eyes wide at sight. “You should’ve bitten my hand instead.”

Imra chuckled. “I’d have broken your hand if I had done that, my love,” she replied, smiling while Gayle kissed her hand. The next morning the mark would be gone. “Come here,” she said, pulling her up to her feet. She turned the water back on and pressed Gayle’s back against the marble tiles.

Gayle gasped at the cold touch. A moment later, Imra spun her around and she felt her cheek press against the tiles.

Imra brushed the wet strands of Gayle’s hair aside and kissed the shell of her ear. “My love,” she husked, scratching her nails down Gayle’s back, watching as red lines formed. “How does this feel?”

“Don’t stop,” Gayle said, almost whining when Imra stepped back. “I need more.”

“Do you now,” Imra replied, eyes sparkling naughtily. She moved a hand down Gayle’s front, cupping her between her legs. “You’re forgetting something.”

Gayle struggled not to shift. She needed more friction, but she couldn’t risk Imra pulling away. “Please, Mistress,” she whimpered, desperate to be touched.

“That’s better,” Imra praised, kissing Gayle’s shoulder. She spun Gayle around again and placed
one of Gayle’s legs around her waist, hitching it up higher. “I got you,” she assured her, kissing her throat.

Imra held Gayle’s leg up with one hand and slid her fingers through Gayle’s folds. “You’re so wet,” she rasped, slipping one digit inside of her, reveling at the gasp her movement elicited.

Gayle shut her eyes, but opened them just as quickly when she yelped as Imra bit her shoulder.

Imra chuckled darkly. “You’re cute,” she whispered, sensing Gayle was confused. “I want you to look at me,” she said, kissing her softly then. “Is that understood?” she asked, lips still close to Gayle’s.

Gayle moaned while she felt a second finger being slipped inside of her. “Yes, Mistress,” she answered, fighting to keep her eyes open as Imra’s fingers worked in and out of her at a speed that wasn’t quite human.

Imra slowed down a little when she saw Gayle’s eyes roll into the back of her head. “Are you okay, love?” she asked, kissing her cheeks on her nose.

“Yeah,” Gayle breathed out, smiling at the soft and caring tone she heard in Imra’s voice. She knew Imra would never purposefully be too rough, would never hurt her. She trusted her girlfriend. “I’m just…you know…You’re killing me down there and I’d say softly, but that’s not entirely the case, now is it?”

Satisfied Gayle was okay, Imra continued, albeit less fast. She pumped her fingers at a steady pace, curling them to hit the spot that always drove Gayle crazy. “You feel good around my fingers, so tight,” she said, kissing the column of Gayle’s neck. “You can come when you’re ready, my love,” she told her, deciding it had been a long day and she looked forward to cuddle.

“Oh thank god,” Gayle whispered under her breath, because she was so damn close. “Go faster. Please, Mistress,” she said, so, so close.

Imra obliged and sped up, pushing her fingers as deep as she could, hitting that spot harder. She caught Gayle when Gayle moaned and collapsed in her arms. “I got you, love,” she said, kissing her forehead, stroking her hair. “You can rest now, I got you.”

Imra got out of the shower with Gayle and wrapped her exhausted lover into a towel. She dried her off, slipped a nightdress over Gayle’s head and carried her to the bed. “I love you,” she whispered, kissing her on the cheek while she tucked her in.
Chapter 35

Lily-May held Maira’s hand while they fed the chickens together. The girls had stayed close to one another since they were reunited. If Maira went outside, Lily-May followed and vice versa.

Merlin had a basket looped around his arm, smiling while he collected the eggs.

Lena had seen her niece and nephew smiling a lot more in the short period she had been here in Ireland than she had seen them smile in National City. With each passing day, she understood better why her sister, her sister in law, her niece and her nephew were so attached to living here. It was so calm here, so serene.

LJ followed after the other children. His steps weren’t bad for a sixteen month old. He was getting quite steady, though he fell every once in a while.

“Do the chickens have names, too?” Lily-May asked, smiling as her cousins pointed at the chickens, sharing their names.

“Dada!” LJ screamed. Panic was written all over his little face while he tried to run.

Kara was alarmed by LJ’s panic and quick heartbeat, but when she saw he was running away from a curious chicken, she had to fight hard not to burst into laughter.

“Poor little thing,” Morgana said.

LJ screamed louder when the chicken ran after him. “Dada!”

Lena wanted to lift her son into her arms, but she didn’t because he seemed to want Kara to save him from the harmless chicken.

“If he stopped running the chicken would as well,” Mina said, frowning at the scene.

Kara scooped LJ up and cradled him close to her chest. “You’re okay, little guy,” she said, kissing the top of his head. “The chickens won’t hurt you.”

LJ sniffled and fistfed Kara’s shirt, holding on tightly. “Mean sjikens,” he said, lip quivering.

“My little chicken,” Lena said softly to her son, reaching out to caress his back.

“Awe, that’s cute,” Kara said, smiling. “You said it, not me,” she said, chuckling when Lena raised an eyebrow at her.

Merlin put his basket down and picked up one of the chickens. “Don’t be afraid, LJ,” he said, petting the chicken’s head. “Curry won’t hurt you.”

LJ looked at the chicken in Merlin’s arms and then buried his face in Kara’s shirt.

“How about we go see Mary instead?” Mina suggested with a friendly smile.

“Mary, yes!” Lily-May answered excitedly.

Lena smiled. She knew her daughter liked the little lamb they had and admittedly, the little lamb was quite adorable.
“Can I feed her bottle today?” Lily-May asked, peering up at Morgana and Mina. “Please, aunts?”

Morgana smiled and tucked a lock of Lily-May’s hair behind her ear. “You can, little darling.”

Lily-May grasped Merlin’s hand. Swinging her arms back and forth, she ran away with her cousins to get to Mary.

“To Lily it’s as if we’re visiting the family farm, only better,” Lena said, looking at Morgana and Mina. “LJ on the other hand needs more time to warm up to it all.”

Mina put a hand on Lena’s arm, letting Kara and Morgana walk ahead several steps while they trailed behind. “Your little one is quite fond of your girlfriend,” she whispered, smiling.

Lena figured her sister hadn’t told Mina that Kara was Supergirl. It was quite shocking when Kara told her Morgana found out, though on the other hand it wasn’t all that surprising considering Kara wasn’t being careful enough. It was a little bit amusing how Mina whispered to her sometimes, under the impression Kara couldn’t hear while she knew Kara heard everything, although she also knew Kara didn’t always listen in, wanting to respect their privacy.

“He is,” Lena confirmed quietly. “Lily is fond of Kara as well and so am I. She’s…,” she said, trailing off with a smile when she saw Kara looking over her shoulder. “I love her more than words can say.”

Ruby and Graym shrieked as they ran into the water at the beach they were at.

“Don’t go too far!” Gayle warned loudly. Her son being able to swim was one thing, but that didn’t mean he had to go too deep into the water. Before she had let him run off, she had applied sunscreen to protect his skin from the burning warmth of the sun.

Anna and Elsa plopped down to build sandcastles with the buckets and the plastic shovels they had been given.

Samantha stretched her arms above her head. Her shirt rode up a little as she did so, exposing a strip of skin, revealing the black bottom piece of her bikini, to which Alex gasped. “This is my kind of weather,” she said, grasping the hem of her shirt, lifting it over her head. “Babe, can you rub some sunscreen onto my back?”

Alex – who was already holding the bottle of sunscreen – squeezed it, causing some of the sunscreen to squirt onto her bare leg. “Oh fu-fork, that’s cold.”

Gayle knew Alex caught herself before outright cursing, but she still shot her a glare, before smiling at Alex’s gay panic.

Alex’s cheeks burned bright red. “It sure is hot here,” she said, laughing awkwardly, cheeks burning more under Samantha’s gaze.
“You okay, babe?” Samantha asked, sitting down next to Alex.

“Yea – yes,” Alex answered, clearing her throat. “I’m totally gay – fine! I meant fine.”

Imra smirked and glanced at Gayle.

“Not this again,” Gayle mumbled. “Let me live it down already, Matilda,” she said, knowing precisely what her girlfriend was thinking. “God, I hope our children don’t have children of their own so there won’t be any grandchildren to share that story with,” she muttered, laying out a large towel onto the sand.

Imra’s breath caught and her heart swelled, same as usual whenever Gayle referred to Graym, Anna and Elsa as their children. It really made her feel like she belonged, like she was a part of it all. It also gave her hope that they had a bright future together, a future where they could be married.

Gayle grasped the edges of her loose shirt and lifted it over her head, tossing it aside. “Could you apply some for me?” she asked Imra sweetly, holding a bottle of sunscreen.

“As if I’d ever say no to the opportunity to straddle you,” Imra answered cheekily, whisking the bottle out of Gayle’s hand. “Lay down for me.”

Gayle shook her head with a smile at Imra being a tease again. She lied down on the towel, feeling Imra straddling her ass. “Hey!” she shrieked, feeling cold liquid squirt onto her back. “You’re supposed to heat it up in your hands first, you devil. I swear…,” she grumbled silently, trailing off.

Imra put her hands on Gayle’s back, gently spreading the sunscreen. “It will be easier to apply if I can untie your bikini top for a moment,” she said, ogling the knot where Gayle’s bikini top was tied together. “Is that okay, love?”

Gayle figured she was on a towel anyway. “Yes, but you have to tie it again when you’re done.”

“This is the life,” Samantha said, winking at Gayle. “Sun, the beach, a hot girlfriend, what more can I want?”

“Ice cream would be perfect on this hot day,” Alex said, wiping her forehead with the back of her hand. “I might go into the water soon.”

“I can think of better things to lick and better ways to get wet.”

“Behave,” Alex warned Samantha, though she was smiling. “There are children around, you know?”

“Yes, Sam, behave,” Gayle agreed with Alex. “Keep your thirst under control for one day.”

Samantha huffed out a laugh. “You’re just bitter because you heard us last night,” she said, playfully sticking out her tongue.

“The walls were very thin,” Gayle pointed out, groaning because she was so not going to spend another night at a cheap motel. ‘Let’s sleep somewhere cheap’, they said. ‘It’ll be fine’, they said. More like listen to her best friend and Alex fucking like rabbits for half of the night, Jesus. She thought Imra would be traumatized by it, but no, little miss Saturn Girl found it laughable.

“Hey, girls, your sandcastles look really nice,” Alex said, obviously diverting from their topic.
Anna ran up to Alex with a smile on her little face. “Ales,” she said, opening her hand, holding up a shell.

“Oooh, that’s a pretty shell you have there,” Alex said, smiling at Anna. “Are you going to use it for your sandcastle?”

Anna shook her head. “Fo-fow… for you,” she said, beaming while she spun around. “Mommy, mommy!” she yelled, abandoning the shell to run to her mother.

“Yes, my little duckling?” Gayle asked, covering her front up with the towel while she shifted to sit up.

Anna rolled a series of R’s off of her tongue and grinned.

“That’s wonderful, Anna,” Gayle said, so happy she actually cried. “Two thumbs,” she said without holding up her thumbs.

Imra chuckled when Anna tapped her foot on the sand, waiting for those two thumbs. “I’ll hold your towel for you, my love,” she offered, grasping the towel.

Once Gayle was certain Imra was holding the towel so she was properly covered, she gave her daughter two thumbs up.

Elsa ran over to Anna and hugged her. “Congra… congra something,” she said, kissing her sister’s cheek. “Two thumbs!” she cheered, giving Anna two thumbs up.

“Con-gra-tu-la-tions,” Imra said slowly, chopping up the word, chuckling when the twins looked at her as if she was a ghost. “It’s a long word, it’s okay if you can’t say it yet.”

“Conrasations,” Anna blurted out.

“Close enough,” Imra replied, smiling.

“Awe, the twins are so cute,” Alex cooed. “Sam, babe,” she said, kissing Samantha’s neck.

“Hm?” Samantha asked, turning to look at Alex. “That’s your ‘I want babies’ voice.”

Alex gasped. “I don’t have an ‘I want babies’ voice.”

“You kind of do though,” Imra said, shrugging when Alex huffed.

“So,” Samantha said to Alex. “You were saying?”

“Just, you know, I was thinking,” Alex answered, averting her eyes before settling them back on Samantha. “I’m not saying you’d have to be the one who gets pregnant.”

“Right, and remind me again how that’s not an ‘I want babies’ voice?” Samantha asked, chuckling.

“Maybe Gayle won’t notice if we take one of the twins.”

“Steal one of my kids and there won’t be a single country in the world where you’ll be safe,” Gayle warned, fixing Alex with a serious look. She knew Alex was just joking, of course, but she was protective of her children. “Perhaps you’ll have better luck stealing one of your cousins. Three babies at once is a lot.”

“I can’t believe you actually said you wanted to give Luce a condolences card because she gave
birth to triplets,” Imra recalled, humored, “which Astra totally overheard you say, for the record.”

“Oh god, I can never face that woman again.”

“Please, Astra adores you. She knows you mean a lot to me.”

“Wolf, Angel and Fay are adorable,” Alex said, smiling. “But I don’t want Astra to fling me into… into a pool.”

Imra looked away and squeezed Gayle’s shoulders softly. If her girlfriend wasn’t sure Astra was an alien before, then she definitely was now. Alex may have thought she caught her slipup on time, but Gayle was perceptive, most of the time, considering she wasn’t really noticing how much she was flirting with her before they got together.

Lena giggled as she ran through the field full of flowers with Kara, in the middle of the night no less. She was amused by how juvenile this all was, but they were both wide awake. The nightly air was kind of lukewarm, not ideal to wear a shirt, but not cold enough to need a sweater either, though she had no doubt Kara would keep her warm, very warm.

“Shh,” Kara whispered, erupting in giggles of well.

“Who are you shushing at? There’s nobody else here,” Lena pointed out, smiling. They had been running for five minutes, after Kara carried her during the first ten minutes after they left her sister’s house. They had snuck out together, like a couple of thieves, although the only thing she ever wanted to steal was Kara’s heart, as much as Kara had stolen hers.

“Fair point,” Kara admitted, smiling right back as she slowed down.

Lena slowly breathed out, relieved they were slowing down because her boobs were jiggling too much, not that Kara seemed to mind it, which she knew by the way Kara’s eyes kept lingering on her boobs every ten seconds or so.

Once they got through the field of flowers, they stumbled upon grass that stretched out for miles.

“I’ve never actually done this outside,” Kara confessed. She put the blanket she brought along down onto the grass.

Lena got on the blanket with Kara. “And you think I have?” she asked, laughing. “God, Kara,” she whispered, smoothing her hair back. She had sex in a number of places, but never outside.

“Our first time under the stars,” Kara whispered, gazing into Lena’s eyes.

“Who knew you’d still surprise me after six months?” Lena asked, chuckling when Kara pushed her. The push wasn’t hard at all, but she let herself fall back onto her back, though not before grasping Kara’s shirt and pulling her down with her. “Best idea ever,” she murmured against Kara’s lips.
Kara hummed in response. She adjusted her weight on top of Lena, resting one hand on the blanket so she wouldn’t weigh down too much on top of her.

Lena surged up, meeting Kara’s lips halfway. Their kiss grew heated while her hands disappeared under Kara’s shirt, trailing up hot skin. She grasped the offending fabric of Kara’s shirt, inching it up until it was right below her armpits.

Kara broke their kiss long enough to strip off her shirt, resuming their kiss before her shirt even touched the grass. She slid a knee between Lena’s legs, pressing down lightly.

Lena loved how their bodies fit together, how every kiss made her crave more. She parted her lips, tracing her tongue over Kara’s lips, releasing a breathy moan as her tongue tasted Kara’s mouth. There was a remnant of the chocolate pudding they had for dessert. Her nails scratched up and down Kara’s back.

Kara shifted her hand, slipping it under Lena’s shirt. She sucked on Lena’s tongue while her hand touched the cup of Lena’s bra. Releasing Lena’s tongue, she groaned.

Lena chuckled. “I know the feeling,” she said, plucking at the straps of Kara’s bra. She hooked a leg around Kara and switched their positions, smiling when Kara was under her. “My goddess,” she whispered, kissing Kara’s neck, nipping at her collarbone. She put her hands on the cups of Kara’s bra, squeezing, rough, knowing Kara liked pressure when touched.

“Lena!” Kara mewled, blushing instantly at how loud she was being. “Oh Rao, good thing we’re outside,” she said, glad she suggested it.

“Mhmm yes, I know you can’t keep quiet,” Lena replied, pushing the straps of Kara’s bra down her arms. “This needs to come off, sit up,” she said, moving to straddle Kara’s waist.

Kara sat up, eyes flitting down to Lena’s lips while she let Lena unhook her bra. “Yours too,” she said, eyes flicking back up to look at Lena.

Lena nodded, letting Kara take it off for her. “Fuck,” she whispered, heat coiling low in her belly under Kara’s gaze.

Kara licked her lips. “Can I touch you?” she asked, eyes dropping down to Lena’s chest.

“Yes, Kara, touch me, fuck just touch me,” Lena answered, taking Kara’s hands, placing them on her boobs.

“You’re so eager tonight, baby.”

Lena moaned at the pet name. She bit her lip when Kara’s thumbs rolled over her nipples.

Kara lowered Lena onto the blanket, replacing her thumbs by her mouth, pleased to find Lena’s nipples were hard. She settled down next to Lena on the blanket, skating one hand down Lena’s stomach, pausing at the button of her pants, but once Lena nodded her consent, she unbuttoned her pants and shifted to take them off.

Lena lifted her ass up from the blanket to make it easier for Kara to take off her pants.

Kara inhaled deeply, taking in the heady scent of Lena’s arousal, which soaked through Lena’s underwear. “Fuck, Lena,” she said, having cursed more since she had been with Lena than she had cursed in her whole life before she met Lena.
Lena helped Kara out of her pants, taking her underwear off along with it, quickly ridding her own as well. Her lips just about crashed against Kara’s as they fell onto the blanket together.

“Easy, baby,” Kara said, smiling at how eager Lena was, although she knew the feeling.

Lena groaned while Kara slowly kissed her, starting at her ankles. It was torture in the best way, but she needed a release and she really wanted to get Kara off too. “Kara…,” she whispered, rubbing her thighs together, sighing when Kara spread her legs.

Kara kissed Lena’s thighs and gazed up at her. She brushed her fingertips over Lena’s hip, up to her chest.

Lena slid a hand down her body to give herself some friction, groaning when Kara caught it. “Kara, please,” she whimpered, blinking up at Kara, who just smiled.

Kara tilted her head curiously when Lena’s eyes darkened and as a devilish smile stretched those gorgeous lips.

“Please, daddy,” Lena begged, biting down on her lip.

With that, Kara was a goner. She buried two fingers inside of Lena’s dripping, wet center, moaning at how worked up she was. “Fuck, baby, you’re so wet for me,” she said, building a steady rhythm, thumb circling around Lena’s clit.

Lena’s lips parted in a faint gasp, eyes rolling back as Kara brought her close to the edge. She felt Kara’s hand sliding up her chest, going higher. Oh fuck, was Kara going to…?

Kara rested her fingers tentatively on Lena’s throat. She thought about squeezing, about choking Lena like Lena wanted her to, but she was still learning to control her powers when they were intimate and she had never choked anyone before.

The warmth of Kara’s fingers sent sparks of heat down Lena’s body. She took Kara’s hand and kissed the pad of her fingers, one by one.

“I’m sorry,” Kara said, casting her eyes down. She knew it was a fantasy Lena had, one she couldn’t fulfill yet.

“It’s okay,” Lena whispered, understanding. “If you’re not ready, you’re not ready. You don’t have to apologize for that, Kara.”
Chapter 36

Imra soaked in the surroundings of the camping they were at. She was pleasantly surprised they didn’t stop at a hotel this time. It was warm out, great weather to be wearing a shirt and shorts. She caught glimpses of Gayle, who was wearing dark sunglasses.

Alex opened a cold beer. She took a sip and sighed. “Barbecue and a beer, this day is good,” she said, taking another sip.

“I’m going to grab a beer as well,” Samantha said. “Gayle? Imra? You want a beer?”

“Sure,” Imra answered, smiling.

“No,” Gayle answered, plucking her sunglasses away from her nose, placing them atop her head. “There’s a gin tonic in the fridge somewhere, I’ll have that.”

Alex put her beer down on the picnic table next to the RV. She heated the barbecue, adding some more coals.

“I want to help,” Graym said, glancing at the food on the picnic table.

“Hmm, let’s see what you can do,” Alex replied, smiling at Graym. “How about you mix the potatoes with some mayonnaise? They should be cooled down enough by now.”

“Oh, Miss Danvers, err, Alex,” Graym said, scrunching up his nose. “I’m going to miss you when school starts again,” he said, pouting.

“I’ll still be around, sweetie,” Alex assured him.

“But you won’t be my teacher anymore.”

“She won’t be my teacher anymore either,” Ruby said, pouting as well.

“You’re going to like your second grade teacher,” Alex told Graym and Ruby. “Miss Woods is very kind, but for now, you can enjoy the rest of your summer vacation first instead of thinking about school.”

Gayle was going to miss Alex as her son’s teacher as well. She struggled with the fact Graym was growing up. Seven years old, before she knew it, her son would be an adult and move out. Ugh, she dreaded that day. Luckily, she still had some time before all of that would happen. It felt surreal how Anna and Elsa would be going to pre-school in a couple of weeks.

Unlike Lena, Gayle had no interest of holding her children back a year, though she knew Lily-May was smart enough to miss pre-school. Her daughters needed pre-school, especially Anna. She was so relieved Anna learned how to pronounce the ‘r’ and it was important to let her go to school so she could learn even more things, and so both of her daughters could make friends.

“Hey,” Imra said quietly to Gayle. “Dollar for your thoughts?”

“Penny.”

“Hm?”

“It’s penny for your thoughts, not dollar,” Gayle explained, scooting over so Imra could sit next to
her. “I was thinking about the children, how they’ll all be going to school when this summer vacation ends.”

Imra took Gayle’s hand in hers. “Just because they’re all going to school soon doesn’t mean they’re leaving,” she whispered, squeezing her hand softly. “You still have time to watch them grow up.”

Gayle exhaled quietly. “You know me so well, Matilda,” she said, leaning closer, kissing Imra’s cheek. “I feel guilty for all the times it crossed my mind giving up Anna and Elsa,” she whispered, swallowing thickly. “I can’t imagine letting them go, they’re my babies, my little angels.”

Imra engulfed Gayle in her arms and stroked her hair. “Nobody blames you for how much you struggled, it wasn’t your fault,” she whispered. “You’re a good mother.”

Deep down Gayle knew she couldn’t help the fact she had a postnatal depression, but sometimes she felt bad for how she almost gave up, how she almost put her daughters up for adoption. Of course she never managed to take that step, but the fact it even crossed her mind more than once was awful.

Samantha put the beer and the gin tonic on the table. “Need a hand with the barbecue, babe?” she asked, turning to Alex.

“No, I got this,” Alex answered, putting meat onto the barbecue. “You can check up on Anna and Elsa, I think they’re trying to dig up worms.”

“Of course, leave the dirty work to me,” Samantha replied, chuckling. “I’ll go see what the rugrats are doing.”

A little while later, after the twins washed up their hands, they were sitting around the picnic table. The smell of freshly barbecued meat hung in the air. Imra cut the meat into tiny pieces for Anna and Elsa, smiling while Graym insisted he could cut his own meat like a man.

“Good night, sweetheart,” Lena whispered to her daughter. She kissed her forehead and tucked her in.

Lily-May yawned. “Maira, too,” she whispered.

Lena smiled and kissed her niece’s forehead. “Good night, Maira.”

“Good night, auntie Lena.”

Lena tiptoed out of the bedroom, casting one last glance at her son and her daughter before closing the door. She eyed the babysitter Morgana and Mina had introduced a little while ago. To her, the babysitter was a total stranger, but her sister seemed to know her well.

“You need not worry, my dearest sister,” Morgana whispered, smiling at Lena. “Ailis watches over our children frequently.”
Lena smiled at the nineteen year old. “Okay,” she said, trusting her sister.

“We do not expect the children to wake up,” Mina said. “Running around all day exhausted them plenty.”

Kara laced her fingers together with Lena’s. She knew her girlfriend was careful about who she allowed to watch over Lily-May and LJ. If it helped, she could use her super hearing every once in a while during their night out, to ensure the children were okay.

Later that night, Morgana, Mina, Lena and Kara arrived at a pub.

The pub was painted green on the outside and the street was dimly lit. It was mostly silent, save from the noise of people clinking glasses together. The smell of alcohol as they entered was detectable, but not overpowering. A patron behind the bar shot them a quick glance before resuming to pour drinks.

The color scheme of the bar was brown mixed with some orange. It looked homey. Music was playing in the background, drowned out a little by the conversations people were having. Some people shot Lena and Kara a curious look.

Lena felt a little like an outsider, wearing black pants and a blouse, which was different from the dresses her sister and Mina had on, but then Morgana smiled at her and took her hand, and she didn’t feel so much like an outsider anymore.

Kara heard hushed conversations of people questioning where they were from. She was wearing jeans and a shirt, a basic outfit really. Morgana and Mina had assured her she looked just fine.

“Morgana,” the bartender said, walking around the bar to greet her properly.

Morgana smiled and hugged the bartender. “Morgause, you look well, darling,” she said, kissing her cheek.

“I thought you went missing,” the bartender replied, smiling. “You look wonderful, dear. Is this your sister?”

“Yes,” Morgana confirmed, putting her hand on Lena’s back. “Lena, this is Morgause, a childhood friend of mine.”

“Hello,” Lena said with a polite smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“Morgana told me so much about you. Your beauty is as striking as hers.”

“She also happens to be spoken for,” Morgana informed Morgause with a chuckle.

Morgause’s smile stretched further. “The similarities don’t cease, do they?”

Kara wondered if spoken for meant something different to them than it did for her. When a Kryptonian was spoken for, it meant they were promised to wed someone, so if Lena was spoken for her, then it meant they were going to get married. Around here being spoken for probably extended to girlfriends.

Lena introduced Kara and once everyone got properly introduced to one another, Morgause offered them a round of drinks on the house.

Kara emptied a glass of what they called absinthe, shocked to find it was a surprisingly strong
drink. She didn’t think it would be all that strong considering it wasn’t alien alcohol, but oh Rao. It wasn’t enough to render her tipsy, though that did go to her head for a second there.

“Easy on the drinks, dear,” Morgana told Kara, chuckling.

“Absinthe isn’t for the faint of heart,” Mina added. “You drink it as if it were water.”

“Oh um… I just, I’m kind of thirsty,” Kara replied, hating that she was lying, but Mina didn’t know her secret. “I’ll go easier on the next glass.”

“There is something about you I cannot put my finger on,” Mina said to Kara, studying her for a moment. “Where do you originate from?”

“Err, earth,” Kara answered, a little nervous while Mina chuckled. “I used to live in Midvale,” she rushed to say, realizing her mistake.

Lena quietly took a sip from her glass, noticing how her sister was trying not to laugh. She was dating a dork and Morgana knew it, that little amused glint in her sister’s eyes said it all. It was a relief Morgana reacted so well to Kara being an alien. Sadly, she doubted the other side of her family would agree, though it didn’t matter what her mother and brother would think of Kara, they were never going to see the light of day again. She was here with her sister who wanted to be her family while Lillian and Lex were far away in prison.

“Here,” Morgause said, putting a glass down in front of Kara. “You can have another on the house, my treat for a lovely lady,” she said, winking. “Do you work out? You look…,” she said, pausing as her eyes raked down Kara’s body, “fit.”

“Morgause,” Morgana warned in a low tone.

Lena was a little perplexed hearing someone openly flirt with Kara. She knew there were people who flirted with her girlfriend, though generally not in front of her. It made her feel a twinge of jealousy and she hated that feeling, hated worrying. In the past she was never really someone’s first choice and the possibility of Kara leaving her for someone else, someone better than her, made her feel unwell.

“I do have certain workouts,” Kara said, plastering a friendly smile onto her face, though she felt a little bit uncomfortable by the sudden tension in the air. She threw an arm around Lena’s shoulders and pulled her into her.

“Ignore her,” Mina said to Kara and Lena while Morgause walked away. “She flirts a lot and whenever she sees an opening, she takes it.”

“She’s a good person,” Morgana said, sighing. “But she was being inappropriate. And Kara, I must say it is interesting of you to share you work out with my sister.”

“Oh…oh um… god,” Kara said, feeling her cheeks heat up while Morgana and Mina chuckled.

Lena downed half of her drink. “Smooth, Kara,” she whispered, although she wasn’t too embarrassed about it. She put her hand on Kara’s thigh, grateful Kara had put her arm around her shoulders, which made her feel safe.

Kara covered Lena’s hand with her own, holding it whenever she wasn’t drinking. She knew Lena wasn’t okay with what Morgause said to her, because she had heard how Lena’s heartbeat changed. “I love you,” she whispered in Lena’s ear, kissing her cheek.
The next round when Morgause brought their drinks to their table, Kara cheerfully announced she was spoken for to marry Lena, to which Lena spat out her drink and Morgause refrained from more flirting.

“You will make an excellent sister in law,” Morgana said to Kara, winking.

Lena didn’t mind Kara’s quick thinking to fabricate that lie. It just took her by surprise and god did she want it to be true. Someday she really wanted to marry Kara. After Jack, she didn’t think she would ever marry someone again, but Kara was… she was everything.

Mina cupped Morgana’s jaw. They gravitated towards one another and started kissing, slow and languid, adding some tongue.

Lena’s lips were slightly parted while she blinked her eyes a few times. Well, if they were going to sit there kissing, she might as well kiss Kara, so that was exactly what she did.

Kara made a muffled sound as Lena pulled her into a kiss. It only took a split second for her brain to catch up and kiss Lena back.

Not spending the night at a hotel meant they were spending the night in the RV Gayle rented. Anna and Elsa were asleep in the lowest bed of the triple bunk bed, Ruby was sleeping in the middle bed and Graym had claimed the top bed, which meant the four adults were stuck sharing the double bed. It was bit cramped, but they would make it fit.

After some debating, they came to an agreement Alex and Imra would sleep in the middle of the bed. With some luck, nobody would end up on the floor somewhere in the middle of the night. The bed truly wasn’t designed for four people, although if they didn’t move around too much, it was fine.

Imra was wearing a babydoll, but not a see-through kind. The weather was hot and it was warm inside of the RV, so she wanted to wear something light. The babydoll was blue and covered her ass just barely.

“Damn, girl,” Samantha said to Imra.

Imra smirked and raked her eyes down Samantha’s body. “Likewise,” she said, voicing her appreciation for the boxer briefs and the tank top she had on.

The brief interaction between Samantha and Imra earned them a swat on the arm from Alex and Gayle.

“Don’t flirt with my sister,” Alex huffed at Samantha.

Imra chuckled when Gayle wound her arms around her waist. “Jealous, my love?” she asked, turning around to face her.

“Yes,” Gayle admitted, not ashamed to admit she was indeed jealous. Not in a bad way though,
only a little because Imra was her girlfriend. It didn’t help how she knew her best friend was a tease, just like Imra. “Mine,” she said, pecking Imra’s lips.

“Mhmm, I like it when you get possessive like this,” Imra whispered, kissing Gayle back. Her fingers found purchase in Gayle’s hair as she deepened their kiss.

“Get it,” Samantha said, grinning.

“I wish I was getting it,” Alex mumbled, sighing shakily when Samantha pulled her closer.
“Finally,” she said, closing her eyes as their lips met.

Gayle opted for wearing a loose shirt and underwear, same as Alex.

Imra crawled onto the middle of the bed and settled down, scooting over a bit to make room for Alex to sleep in the middle of the bed as well. She was amused by how red Alex’s cheeks were, which might have been due to how much Samantha had kissed her, but she sensed Alex was nervous.

Alex paused for a moment when Imra stretched her arms out before sliding under the covers next to Imra, their arms brushing lightly.

“This looks as if we’re about to have a foursome,” Samantha said, laughing lightly. Her tone was light and teasing. “I’ve had a threesome once, but never a foursome.”

Alex gaped in response.

Imra felt the shock radiating off of Alex.

“Don’t be gross,” Gayle said to Samantha, huffing as she got into bed. “Imra and Alex are sisters.”

“Are you saying you’d have agreed to a foursome otherwise?” Imra asked, smiling like a devil.

“That’s exactly what I wanted to ask,” Samantha said, grinning while she got into bed.

“No, that’s not what I’m saying,” Gayle grumbled, wrapping her arms around Imra. “I don’t share.”

“Mhmm, good,” Imra hummed, nuzzling closer to Gayle. “Because I don’t share either,” she stated. “If Sam were to touch you, sexually, I’d break her fingers.”

“Wow okay,” Samantha said, laughing. “You have more spice in you than I thought.”

“Can we all stop talking about sex now?” Alex asked, groaning silently. “This is such an awkward vacation.”

“It’s cute you’re flustered again,” Samantha whispered to Alex.

Alex shrieked when Imra’s leg brushed against hers. It made her so jumpy she wound up on the floor.

“Not even the middle of the bed is safe for you, hm?” Imra asked Alex, eyes sparkling. “I don’t bite.”

“I beg to differ,” Gayle mumbled, blushing when Imra winked at her.

Samantha held out a hand to Alex. “Come back to bed, babe,” she said, scooting over.
Gayle raised an eyebrow when Samantha was suddenly in the middle of the bed, next to her girlfriend, but she kept her lips sealed. She knew her best friend was happy with Alex and all jokes aside, she knew she had nothing to worry about.

“Let’s never tell anyone we shared a bed,” Alex said.

“Oh,” Imra whispered. “Should I delete the picture I took then? Kara’s going to love seeing how we were all cuddled up together and how you were having too much of a gay panic about it,” she said, chuckling.

Samantha elbowed Imra lightly. “Don’t be mean to my wifey.”

“Wifey?” Alex asked, snorting. “Oh god.”

“That’s what she said.”

“Imra,” Gayle said, gasping. “You tease,” she murmured, blushing a lot because they weren’t alone and if Imra kept it up, Alex and Samantha would discover what a bottom she was. “You said it a lot too, so shut up.”

“Can we please stop talking about sex?” Alex commented, groaning loudly.

“Yes, we should stop talking about sex,” Samantha chimed in, “and we should start having sex.”

“Sam!” Gayle and Alex said at once.

“Shhhh,” Imra said. “The children are sleeping, be quiet.”
Supergirl was surprisingly exhausted when she finished a particularly difficult fight with a parasite. She found herself a little out of breath, but she managed to defeat him or it, or whatever the parasite was.

“Okay, there really is more than humans, metahumans and aliens,” Kara murmured quietly as she shot up into the sky. Morgana was right all along and what just happened was an answer to her confusion to what else existed, though it also made her wonder what else was out there that she didn’t know of yet.

Kara stopped by at her aunt’s house, which she tended to do whenever she flew to National City to remain remotely active as Supergirl. Her vacation was drawing towards its end, so soon enough she would be back in National City, full-time.

“Hey, Buddy,” Kara said, smiling as the happy dog jumped up against her. “You missed me, huh?” she asked, petting his head while he wagged his tail. “I bet you also miss Lena, Lily and LJ, but they’ll be back from their vacation soon and they miss you, too.”

“Hey, Kara,” Lucy said from the kitchen. “You hungry?”

“Starving,” Kara answered, dashing into the kitchen.

“I saved you some food,” Lucy said while she opened the refrigerator. “A triple portion, enjoy,” she said, placing three plastic containers onto the table.

“Oh Rao, Luce, I love you,” Kara chirped, kissing Lucy’s cheek.

Lucy chuckled and looked at her wife, who just walked in with Angel and Fay. “You carry them around too much, Star,” she said with a sigh, though there was a smile on her face. “The pediatrician said we can’t coddle them too much.”

“That woman has no idea what she speaks of,” Astra huffed. “My little ones,” she whispered, smiling down at her daughters. “Wolf is still asleep.”

“Yeah, I don’t see you carrying three babies,” Lucy replied, shaking her head. “She tried,” she told Kara, “more than once.”

Kara chuckled. “Of course she did,” she said, not at all surprised.

“How are things in Ireland? Mina find out about you yet?”

“No, she didn’t and I hope she won’t. I got lucky Morgana responded so well, but that doesn’t mean Mina would respond well too if she would find out I’m Supergirl. Not that I’m saying she would react badly because she’s really friendly and the food she makes is really good.”
The drive in movie was playing ‘I can’t think straight’. It wasn’t exactly a movie for children, but the children were asleep in the RV. The adults had agreed that they would stop for a movie before checking in at a hotel.

Imra had given Alex a hand to carry the couch from inside the RV outside, though she did most of the lifting.

Gayle stepped out of the RV with a large blanket, Samantha followed after her with some pillows.

The movie was already five minutes in by the time they comfortably sat down on the couch with the blanket draped over them.

Gayle’s arm wasn’t touching Imra’s yet, but she felt the warmth that radiated between them, radiated off of her girlfriend’s skin. She leaned closer, releasing a relaxed sigh when their arms brushed, always finding herself wanting to be closer to Imra.

A smile tugged at Imra’s lips. She settled even closer next to Gayle, resting her hand on her knee rather than throwing her arm over her shoulders.

Gayle parted her lips, breathing shakily while the touch made heat travel up, higher up her leg. She was wearing shorts, so she was very much aware of the warmth of Imra’s hand on her knee. She turned her head, catching glimpses of Imra rather than watching the movie.

Imra turned her head as well, smiling as she gazed into Gayle’s eyes, but just as quickly as she looked at her, she snapped her eyes back to the big screen. ‘I’ve seen this movie a couple of times,” she announced casually.

“Same,” Alex chimed in, snuggling up against Samantha. “It’s one of my favorite gay movies.”

“Babe, all gay movies are your favorite,” Samantha, chuckling as Alex huffed.

“All gay movies are not my favorite, maybe just three quarters of them and it’s not my fault there are only so little gay movies in the first place.”

“I hear you,” Gayle said, nodding because there definitely should be more.

Imra caressed her fingers lightly from Gayle’s knee to her thigh, skimming the hem of her shorts, fingers dipping lightly under it, barely, before fluttering them back down to Gayle’s knee.

Gayle was totally fine, she wasn’t thinking about sex at all. She definitely wasn’t thinking about panting underneath Imra as those fingers curled inside of her. Nope. Yes. Fuck, she shouldn’t get so turned on from such a small touch and she would say innocent, but she knew Imra better than that and she knew that tease knew exactly what she was doing.

Imra bit back a chuckle when she felt Gayle’s leg shifting, leading to Gayle’s legs being a tad further apart. Going with the flow of it all, her fingers skated up Gayle’s thigh, over her shorts.

“Fuck,” Gayle muttered, a bit louder than she meant to. “I like this part,” she added quickly.

Samantha cocked an eyebrow while a scene where they talked about someone’s fiancé was playing. She smirked at Gayle and Imra, saying nothing as she dragged her eyes back to the movie.

Imra kissed Gayle’s jaw. “What’s the matter, love?” she asked in a whisper, feigning innocence.

Gayle breathed faster when Imra’s fingers brushed over her clad center. Oh, such a tease. She
threw an arm around Imra’s shoulders, toying with the fine hairs at the back of her neck, smiling. “Oh, nothing,” she answered, surprised at how steady she managed to keep her voice.

Imra smiled back, observing Gayle curiously when she felt Gayle’s hand move up and down her arm. It was giving her goosebumps, affecting her more than she anticipated and Gayle wasn’t even trying to tease her.

Gayle wanted to do something bold and brave. She knew Imra had a thing for being in control, but she wondered how Imra would feel about her taking the upper hand, if she would let her. With her arm still around Imra, she slipped her free hand between Imra’s legs, rubbing her over the shorts she was wearing. She searched Imra’s eyes, trying to get a read on her reaction.

Imra withdrew her hand and grasped Gayle’s hand in an attempt to guide her hand, surprised when Gayle swatted her hand away. She raised an eyebrow, smiling when Gayle responded by raising hers. With a nod, she stopped trying to grab Gayle’s hand.

Gayle’s heart fluttered at the small victory of getting Imra to give up control, if only just this once. Her fingertips traced random patterns on Imra’s skin. The movie drowned out while she tuned in to everything that was Imra, from the way Imra’s lips parted in a silent ‘o’ to the way she blinked her eyelashes.

Imra fought an internal battle not to cease control, to let Gayle have it for once. Not once, not with anyone she had been with, had she ever given up control. She was a top after all, but it was much more than that, it was about trust, about giving herself fully to someone. Gayle had been so good for her, surrendering to her, trusting her. She was curious what Gayle would do now that she was setting the mood.

Gayle fumbled with the button of Imra’s shorts and tugged her zipper down. She almost pulled her hand back when Imra grasped her chin, worried she went too far, but then Imra kissed her, so softly and so reassuring. She pried Imra’s lips apart with her tongue, tongue slipping into her mouth while her fingers slipped under the waistband of Imra’s underwear.

Imra wanted to bite Gayle’s lip and dominate their kiss because she was wet and feeling Gayle’s fingers move through her drenched folds was driving her crazy, but instead she simply kept kissing her, giving more of her control away. Gods, Gayle didn’t disappoint, devouring her mouth with such hunger she wished to have Gayle’s tongue buried between her legs.

Gayle broke their kiss, realizing with a start they weren’t alone. She quickly glanced at Alex and Samantha, breathing out when she saw they were wrapped up in kissing each other. “You’re so wet, Matilda,” she whispered in Imra’s ear, biting her earlobe.

Imra parted her legs more when she felt Gayle pushing her palm against her thigh. She was so soaked she was probably going to soak right through her shorts. Letting Gayle take control, feeling her tease her, felt freeing, but at some point she was definitely going to get back at Gayle for this.

Kara’s hands covered Lena’s boobs as they kissed, lips lapping over lips, rolling around on the bed,
taking turns being on top. Their night had begun innocent enough with a little kiss here and there, though soon enough they were both naked and their kisses had grown more languid and bruising.

Lena sucked on Kara’s lower lip, nails digging into Kara’s skin, grunting quietly as she scraped her nails down skin she couldn’t mark. She scratched harder, watching the red lines fade quicker than she had made them.

“Lena,” Kara moaned, muffled when Lena’s hand covered her mouth.

Lena removed her hand from Kara’s mouth. “We have to be silent, otherwise we will be heard,” she whispered, pecking Kara’s lips. “As much as I love hearing you moan out loud for me and hear you scream my name, I don’t need my sister or the children to hear us,” she explained with a faint chuckle.

“That’s understandable, I wouldn’t want them to hear us either,” Kara replied, sliding a hand between Lena’s legs. “If you have a hard time keeping quiet, you can bite down on my hand or my shoulder or my lip, whichever you prefer,” she offered with a smile.

“Oh I’m not too worried about whether I can be silent or not,” Lena said, smiling wickedly. “You on the other hand…” She ran her hands down Kara’s back and grabbed her ass, squeezing, hard.

Kara gasped in response. “Oh Rao, Lena,” she whispered, biting her lip. “So um… you’re sure you can be silent?”

“Mhmm,” Lena hummed with confidence.

Kara kissed the column of Lena’s neck and pushed her down onto the mattress. She nipped at her collarbone, going lower to swirl her tongue around her nipple, biting gently, sucking. She looked up at Lena through half-lidded eyes and dipped her fingertip in her Lena’s belly button, smiling when Lena squirmed a little.

“Even if I do that thing with my tongue?” Kara asked, dancing her fingertips down to Lena’s hipbone.

Lena gulped because oh god, she knew Kara could move her tongue insanely fast and make it vibrate to add more pleasure. Fuck, she was so screwed and Kara hadn’t even fucked her yet.

Kara’s fingers skated down to Lena’s thigh, going up to her inner thigh, close to Lena’s center, but not quite touching her there yet. “Or that thing with my fingers where I move them really fast,” she continued, voice sultry and low.

“Fuck, Kara,” Lena moaned, trying her best not to moan too loud. “May…” She gulped when Kara’s finger touched her there. “Maybe we should… outside,” she managed in between whimpers.

“Maybe,” Kara replied, glad to see she had Lena right where she wanted her. She let her gaze dip between Lena’s legs, seeing how glistening wet she was, how beautiful she was. “I want to taste you so badly,” she whispered, running her fingers through Lena’s slick wetness, gathering up some.

Lena’s jaw dropped when Kara sucked her fingers into her mouth. She moved to sit up and tangled her hands in Kara’s hair, tugging roughly, but she knew Kara could handle it, while her lips found their way to Kara’s neck, kissing and sucking.

Kara placed her hands on Lena’s hips and lifted her up a little, setting her down on her lap. “Wrap
your legs around my waist and hold on,” she whispered, placing one hand against Lena’s back.

Lena wrapped her legs around Kara’s waist and her arms around her neck. The next moment, Kara was flying through the window – which Kara opened first, thankfully – until they were outside, past the vineyard.

Kara carefully put Lena down and giggled at the fact they were completely naked. “If this isn’t kinky, I don’t know what is.”

“Bending you over-” Lena cut herself off and kissed Kara to distract them both.

When they separated, Lena was a little out of breath and Kara was smiling.

“There are a few kinkier things I can think of,” Lena said with a casual tone, although there was one particular thing that kept going through her mind.

Kara’s hand went up to Lena’s throat, gently caressing there. “I can imagine,” she whispered, sighing quietly, knowing Lena wanted to be choked.

Lena had almost forgotten about wanting to be choked, which she still wanted to, but the fantasy of wanting to bend Kara over her desk at L-Corp and fuck her senseless definitely had that one beat.

Kara dropped her hand and lay down on the grass. “Sit on my face, Lena,” she said, reaching a hand up for Lena’s hand. “I want to make you feel good.”

“Fuck,” Lena whispered, getting onto her knees. She hoped Kara flew far enough, because there was a strong possibility she was going to be screaming Kara’s name soon. “How about 69?” she suggested, wanting to get a taste, wanting them to come together.

Kara nodded and licked her lips.

Lena shifted on top of Kara, adjusting her body, her wet sex touching those delicious lips. She bent the upper half of her body down, using her hands to spread Kara’s legs open. Just as she was about to run her tongue through Kara’s folds, her hips jolted up as Kara’s tongue sped up. The chuckle from Kara that followed while Kara placed her hands on her ass, holding her down, sent vibrations coursing through her body.

“Oh fuck… Kara!” Lena gasped out. If Kara kept doing that she was going to have her first orgasm really soon. “Fuck,” she whispered, leaning down again.

Kara slowed down a little, moaning against Lena’s clit when she felt Lena’s tongue dip inside of her. Oh Rao, she would never get tired of being intimate with Lena and she never considered herself the horny type, but damn, Lena could turn her on with the raise of her eyebrow or with the way she bit her lip.
over and over again, but after five orgasms she had to stop because Gayle was too exhausted to keep going. She was proud her girlfriend made it through five orgasms. It was sweet payback for the way Gayle had fingered her at the drive in movie, which was sexy.

“Hey,” Samantha’s voice rang out, pulling Imra out of her thoughts. She chuckled when Imra jumped up. “Down here.”

Imra looked over at the pool, spotting Samantha in it. “You’re swimming at four in the… early morning?” she asked, figuring the night was pretty much over.

Samantha flattened her palms and pushed herself up. Water dripped down her bikini clad body as she got out of the pool. “Mhmm, the water feels good. I couldn’t sleep, so I figured doing some laps might help,” she answered, smoothing her wet hair back. “Can you pass me my towel?”

Imra spotted a spongy white towel on one of the lounge chairs. “What’s on your mind?” she asked, tossing Samantha the towel.

Samantha wrapped the towel around her body and walked over to the chairs, sitting down on one. “Alex,” she answered with a sigh, half a smile forming on her face. Her eyes flicked up when Imra sat down next to her.

Imra paused for a moment. Her eyes took in how there were only three inches or so between them. “Personal space?” she asked, remembering Alex had been uncomfortable with her closeness before as well.

“No, you’re good,” Samantha answered, shivering a little. “The water was warmer,” she said with a chuckle.

Imra frowned. “Are you cold?” she asked, almost putting her arms around Samantha, but she thought better of it and kept her hands to herself.

“A little, but that’s only because I just got out of the water, I’ll warm up in no time.”

“So, Alex, hm?”

“Just between you and me?” Samantha asked, biting her lip when Imra nodded. “I’ve been thinking about proposing to Alex. What I have with her is good. She’s amazing and it clicks between us. She’s great with Ruby and Rubes adores her. It’s been on my mind for a couple of weeks, if I’m being honest here.”

Imra was a little perplexed by the revelation, but gods, she couldn’t help but smile, imagining how happy Alex was going to be once Samantha proposed. She knew her sister was over the moon, utterly in love with this woman.

“I feel conflicted about it though,” Samantha confessed, chewing on her bottom lip.

Imra did reach out, then. She grasped Samantha’s hand and squeezed softly. “Are you worried she might say no?” she asked, running her thumb over the back of Samantha’s hand when she nodded.

“My head is filled with questions, like, what if it’s too soon, but then there’s this part of me that tells me I have something good and something real, and I can’t let that slip away. I want to do right by Alex. You’re her sister, what do you think?”

“Other than the fact she might have a gay panic when you propose?” Imra teased with a chuckle, pleased it made Samantha smile. “I think you’re already doing right by her because you make her
feel good. You accept her and I can tell she feels much more confident about herself since you’ve been in her life.”

“It hasn’t even been a year yet, but we’re getting there,” Samantha said, sighing quietly. “I didn’t peg myself for the marrying type, until I found something beautiful with Alex. I want to make her happy for the rest of my life. My concern is it might be too soon.”

“Maybe some might say it’s soon, but you can’t put a time stamp on love. When you know you’ve found the one, you do everything you can just to make her smile, to make her feel loved and make her feel special.”

Samantha’s lips had twisted into a smirk. “Are we still talking about Alex and me or are we talking about you and Gayle?” she asked, laughing when Imra averted her eyes. “I ship it.”
Chapter 38

Lena’s breath caught in the back of her throat as Kara’s fingers moved faster than her brain could register. “Fuck, oh fuck,” she moaned, feeling her orgasm built after she already came twice in a row. She was so sensitive down there, but her thirst was ever present, making her ache for more than her body could take.

“Kara!” Lena moaned. “Keep going, don’t you dare stop, fuck, don’t stop,” she said, voice coming out downright filthy. “Don’t stop, daddy.”

Kara’s lips parted in a silent gasp at being called daddy again in that sexy low voice Lena seemed to reserve for when they were intimate. “Moan louder for me,” she demanded, pumping her fingers steadily in and out.

Lena moaned louder, so loud she was going to lose her voice if she kept it up much longer.

“Good girl,” Kara praised, thumb brushing Lena’s clit.

“Fuck, it’s so…fuck,” Lena moaned, feeling it built more than her other orgasms had. “Kara, I think I… Oh god,” she whimpered, nails digging into the grassy ground underneath her, feeling her body pulse.

“I got you, it’s okay,” Kara assured her, kissing her thighs. She held Lena down with her other hand, palm pressing against her pelvis. “Come for me, Lena.”

With another gasp and a moan that shook through her entire body, Lena squirted.


Lena collapsed and closed her eyes. She was so sleepy. She just needed to rest her eyes for a little bit.

“Lena.”

“Mhmm, five minutes,” Lena mumbled, yawning, a little dazed from the intense experience.

Kara scooped Lena into her arms and flew her back to the room they shared. Once there, she gently put Lena down on the bed. She wet a washcloth in the bathroom and came back into the room with it, along with a towel, cleaning Lena up a little.

In a flash, Kara disappeared into the kitchen and made some tea. It was scorching hot, but it didn’t bother her as she carried the cup to the room and sat it down on the bedside table. “I love you,” she whispered, kissing Lena’s forehead.

Kara grabbed a nightgown. She balled up the fabric a little and put it next to Lena. Sliding a hand underneath Lena, she made her sit up, smiling at how Lena was so worn out she continued sleeping. With her other hand, she fumbled with the nightgown and pulled it over Lena’s head.

“You’re like a gorgeous doll, the kind that’s alive,” Kara whispered, smiling to herself. “I can see why your new neighbors call you dollface,” she said while she kept talking to herself.

With the nightgown on, Kara slowly lowered Lena. She adjusted the nightgown, sliding it down to cover Lena more. “I got you, I’ll always have you,” she whispered, pressing another kiss to Lena’s
Kara kept the tea hot with her heat vision. She was massaging Lena’s feet when Lena came to.
“Hey, sleeping beauty,” she whispered, smiling.

“Mhmm,” Lena hummed, blinking her eyes a few times. Her body felt like she ran a marathon.
“How long was I out?”

“Two hours, give or take,” Kara answered, hands sliding up a little to massage Lena’s calves. “Are you sore, baby?”

“Nm, a little,” Lena answered, stifling a yawn. “You’re so sweet,” she whispered, feeling her heart swoop due to the fact Kara was taking care of her. By the fact she was wearing a nightgown, she assumed Kara must have dressed her.

“I made you some tea, if you want some,” Kara said, nodding her head towards the bedside table. Lena shifted to sit up.

Kara crawled behind Lena and put her hands on her shoulders, kneading gently.

“Mhmm, so good,” Lena whispered, tipping her head to the side, closing her eyes as Kara’s fingers expertly massaged her neck and her shoulders. “What have I done to deserve you?”

“I ask myself that question every day,” Kara said, feeling the same way. “If you lay down on your stomach in a little while, I can massage your back as well, if you want.”

“You spoil me too much.”

“I could spoil you less, if that helps,” Kara offered, chuckling when Lena said, “no.”

Lena never wanted Kara to stop being who she was. There was no better person out there for her than Kara, she was quite sure of that. No matter how often Kara claimed she was the lucky one, she knew it was the other way around. She was in good hands. It was endearing how much attention Kara paid to aftercare whenever she was exhausted after they had sex.

“Cannonball!” Graym shouted. He jumped, pulled his knees up to his chest, arms wrapped around his legs as he landed into the pool.

Gayle spluttered as water splashed all over her and into her drink. “Great,” she muttered quietly, holding her drink away from her. “Remind me to never drink in a pool again.”

Imra chuckled. She swam over towards the floatie Gayle was on. “I’ll help you, love,” she said, flashing a smile.

Gayle narrowed her eyes, a little suspicious, but she breathed out when Imra pushed her floatie closer to the edge of the pool. She set her glass down and after that, it went wrong. In hindsight,
she should have known Imra wouldn’t behave.

Imra flipped the floatie, watching Gayle stumble into the water.

“Yay,” Elsa said, clapping her hands together. She kicked her legs under the water, wriggling in the swim band she was in. “I want to swim,” she pouted, pushing her hands at the blown up plastic that was in her way.

Gayle surfaced. “You devil,” she grumbled at Imra, splashing water at her. “Come here, you,” she said, approaching Imra, putting her arms around her neck.

Imra smiled and closed the gap between them, flitting her lips over Gayle’s while her hands moved down Gayle’s sides, towards her hips. She moved her hands back up, rubbing her thumbs over Gayle’s nipples, figuring they were hidden in the water anyway.

Gayle gasped into Imra’s mouth. “Naughty,” she whispered, lips ghosting over hers.

Imra broke away with a teasing smile. “Would you mind?” she asked, gesturing at Elsa.

“Don’t let her head go under water too long,” Gayle warned, allowing Imra to lift Elsa out of her swim band.

“Hey,” Anna said, pouting when Imra lifted Elsa up. “Anna, too,” she said, crossing her arms over her chest.

Gayle swam over to Anna and hoisted her up. “Slowly,” she said, lowering her daughter into the water, holding on to her.

“No more cannonballs,” Samantha warned Ruby and Graym who were about to jump into the pool again. “Watch out for the little ones.”

“Auntie Alex, can we play chicken fight?” Graym asked. He dangled his legs into the water and slowly slid in, swimming over to Alex. “I want to sit on your shoulders. We can defeat Auntie Sam and Ruby together.”

“No way, my mommy and I are going to win,” Ruby said, swimming over to her mother.

“I take it we’re playing chicken then,” Alex concluded with a smile. “Gayle, are you okay with this?”

“She’s fine with it, don’t worry,” Samantha said, but Alex waited for Gayle’s permission nonetheless.

Gayle nodded at Alex and focused on trying to teach Anna how to float in the water. Floating was always the easiest part, a good way to start. She didn’t expect her daughters to be able to swim anytime soon though, but it would be nice if they could eventually.
LJ nibbled from the cookie Morgana had given him, smiling while Morgana carried him around. “No sjikens, Mo,” he said, shaking his head wildly.

“We won’t go near the chickens, little chicken,” Morgana assured LJ, hoisting him higher onto her hip. “I will miss you.”

“No leave?”

“No, I am not leaving. You are, with your mother.”

LJ pouted. “No,” he replied, grasping Morgana’s dress with one hand while he held his cookie with the other. “No leave.”

Lena refolded her clothes, a sad look on her face as she put them into her suitcase. She hated that this was the last day of her vacation here with her sister in Ireland, but at least she had a good time while it lasted and she knew this wasn’t the last time she would see Morgana, Mina, Maira and Merlin.

Kara helped Lena to pack everything. She had dreaded this day, mostly due to how Lily-May was going to react because Lily-May had basically been attached to Maira’s hip throughout their vacation. It felt as if they were punishing the girls, which wasn’t the case of course.

“I’ll send plane tickets soon,” Lena promised her sister. “Then you can all visit around Christmas.”

“We would love that,” Mina said, smiling.

“Four months,” Morgana said, nodding. “Our time apart shall pass and we will see each other again.”

Lily-May sniffled while she hugged her cousins. “I wish we all lived closer,” she said, lip quivering.

“Mummy,” Maira said, pouting. “Can Lily stay?”

“No, my aingeal, she can’t,” Morgana answered. “You will see her again in four months.”

“How many days is four months?”

“Too many,” Lily-May said, pouting as well. “I have no friends at home.”

Lena stilled. She felt responsible for the fact her daughter had no friends other than her cousins. Of course Lily-May could befriend Graym, Anna and Elsa, and even Ruby, but she knew her daughter was fond of her cousins, especially Maira. Soon, Lily-May was going to school for the first time and she really hoped she would make some friends there. She knew all too well what it felt like to grow up without friends. She hoped her daughter wouldn’t be an outcast at school.

Lena worried about that quite often. It was hard enough for her when she was younger, but back then her mother and her brother hadn’t messed up so much yet, which made her worry it could be much worse for her daughter, but she hoped she was wrong. She hated what Lillian and Lex had done. It was fine if people spat at her for being a Luthor, but she couldn’t bear the thought of that happening to her precious children.

“Auntie Mina, can I take the red dress with me?” Lily-May asked with a hopeful smile on her face, referring to a dress Mina had made for her.
“Yes, little darling,” Mina answered, smiling sweetly. “It’s all yours.”

Kara closed her suitcase and zipped it shut. Ireland was beautiful, though she was more familiar with National City. She understood why neither Lena nor Morgana was interested in moving, because she wasn’t interested in moving either. It was time to go back to National City so she could see her sisters again. It was unfortunate she couldn’t join Imra and Alex on that road trip, but she didn’t regret she went to Ireland with Lena.

Lena hugged her sister for the longest time. It felt good to have a sibling, to have a twin. Morgana was everything she wished the Luthors would have been; warm and affectionate.

“Hold your head up high, my dearest sister,” Morgana whispered, hugging Lena a bit tighter. “Did you know I was born first?”

“No,” Lena answered, knowing she had to let go soon while she wanted to hold on tighter. “That doesn’t make you my big sister though, you’re my twin.”

Morgana chuckled. “It is not a bad thing I am six minutes older.”

“Six minutes, should I be impressed now?” Lena asked, shrieking when her sister poked her ribs. “That’s foul play.”

“You know what they say, darling,” Morgana replied with a devilish smile. “Deal with it.”

Lily-May and Maira were in tears when they had to say goodbye.

Even LJ was crying this time.

“Mooo,” LJ called out, sniffing while Lena walked away with him.

Kara’s heart felt heavy as she peeled Lily-May’s fingers away from Maira. “You will see her again, pip, I promise,” she said gently, lifting Lily-May into her arms. “It’s going to be okay,” she whispered, caressing her back. “You’ll see Buddy again when you get home.”

Lena waved at her sister, frowning when she saw Morgana crouch down in front of Maira, who seemed to be having a coughing fit. “Is she alright?” she asked, pausing, about to walk back.

“Yes, she got a bit upset,” Mina answered, crouching down in front of Maira as well. “Aingeal?”

Maira rubbed at her eyes. “I don’t want Lily to leave,” she cried, putting her arms around Mina’s neck, crying onto her shoulder.

“Mammy, can Maira come home with us?” Lily-May asked. “Please? I’ll never ask for a gift again. Please, mammy.”

“I’m sorry, Lily, but we can’t take Maira with us,” Lena answered, wishing it were that easy. She would be more than happy to have her niece over, but she knew she couldn’t just whisk Maira away from Morgana and Mina. “You’ll see her again on Christmas.”

“Promise?”

“Cross my heart.”
Gayle reached for Imra’s hand, gazing longingly at her. They had just returned from their vacation today. She had put Graym, Anna and Elsa to bed because they had fallen asleep somewhere during the last hour of their drive home.

Imra sensed there was a question on the tip of Gayle’s tongue. She assumed Gayle wanted to ask her to stay the night, which she would love to. After the long vacation they had together, it was going to be hard to return to her apartment.

“Imra,” Gayle said, watching Imra tilt her head with a frown on her face. She smiled faintly, aware she didn’t call her by her name often, outside of the moments where they were intimate. “We’ve been dating for six months.”

“We have,” Imra replied, smiling as Gayle ran her thumb over her knuckles. She sensed some nervousness from Gayle. “It’s been a good time.”

“It has been,” Gayle agreed wholeheartedly. “The thing is, we’ve only been together for six months, but the connection between us started sooner. I’m not talking about the first time we kissed back in that cabin. I’m talking about before that. You’ve been over at my place almost all the time.”

“I kind of have to, I’m still the nanny of your children,” Imra pointed out, chuckling.

“I don’t want you to be the nanny of my children anymore,” Gayle blurted out, to which Imra stopped chuckling. Wow okay, maybe she should have just ripped Imra’s heart out and stepped on it, that might have been less painful than the crushed look she saw on her face right now. She hadn’t even asked what she wanted to ask yet and she was already screwing it up.

Imra cleared her throat. “Oh,” she whispered. “I…understand,” she said slowly, or at least she would try to understand.

“No, wait, you don’t,” Gayle hastened to say. She dropped Imra’s hand and took her face in her hands. “I really suck at this, Matilda. And to say I actually prepared this moment in my head,” she said, growing more nervous by the second. “I don’t want you to be the nanny of my children anymore because they’ll be going to school next week and I want you to move in with me.”

Imra’s lips parted in a silent ‘oh’. She had not seen this coming, not even close.

“My children – our children,” Gayle continued. “They’re really attached to you and so am I. You’re here so often, it’s kind of ridiculous for you not to move in. Not that I’m pressuring you to move in with me. It’s okay if you’re not ready or if you don’t want to. I love you so much, I want you close every night, if just to be near you, to know you’re by my side. Anyway, my point is, will you move in with me?”
Chapter 39

Kara found she was surprisingly exhausted after the long flight she had been on. Then again, shortly after they had landed, she did slip away for a little bit so she could go be Supergirl. She stopped a bank robbery and put out two fires.

Lena smiled when Kara yawned all cutesy, but underneath her smile there was a layer of concern. She knew Kara hadn’t gotten much sleep on their way back, which she hadn’t either. Lily-May was pretty much inconsolable for three quarters of their trip, crying over how much she missed Maira, and LJ was quite fussy.

“Kara,” Lena said gently, walking Kara over to the couch with her. Lily-May was sleeping in her room with Buddy at the foot of her bed and LJ had passed out as well. It made her house quiet, relaxed.

Kara rubbed her fingers underneath her glasses, but she couldn’t rub the tiredness away. “I should go to my apartment,” she mumbled, yawning. “Recharge… batteries.”

“You and I both know that’s not going to happen,” Lena said, patting her lap.

Kara hummed sleepily. She pulled her legs up onto the couch and placed her head onto Lena’s lap. “‘S good,” she mumbled when Lena stroked her hair.

Lena continued to thread her fingers lightly through Kara’s hair. It was adorable Kara was too tired to be her ramble-y self. She had seldom caught her girlfriend this worn out. “My darling,” she whispered, seeing Kara’s eyes were drooping. “We should go upstairs instead. Sleeping in my bed will be much more comfortable than sleeping on the couch.”

Kara groaned quietly. She needed sleep as soon as possible, so much so that she would be perfectly content with sleeping on the couch, on Lena’s lap. On second thought, Lena must have undoubtedly been tired as well and she didn’t want to deprive her of much needed sleep.

“I know,” Lena said gently while Kara whined as she sat up. She caressed Kara’s back, smiling tenderly at her. “At times like this, I wish I could carry you,” she sighed, but alas she didn’t have that kind of strength, especially not the kind of strength to carry an adult up her stairs.

“You can lean on me though,” Lena offered in an afterthought, because that she could handle, depending on how much Kara would slump.

Kara’s eyes flew open, fighting off her exhaustion. She scooped Lena into her arms and flew up the stairs, almost stumbling through the door in her haste. “Is faster,” she mumbled, yawning while she put Lena down.

“Well, thank you for not breaking the door,” Lena replied with a silent chuckle. She opened the door and grasped Kara’s hand, leading her into her bedroom.

Kara tripped over her feet a little, falling down with a soft thud when she reached the bed. Only, she fell down next to the bed rather than on it.

Lena’s jaw dropped. “Oh my,” she whispered, crouching down next to Kara. “Are you alright?” she asked, looking her over. “Did you hurt yourself?”

A smile tugged at Kara’s lips when Lena kissed her face all over as she sat up, as if that small fall...
could have actually hurt her. She felt it, yes, but it didn’t hurt. “’M okay,” she yawned, falling down again, but thankfully on the bed this time.

Lena figured now that Kara had pretty much passed out, she finally had the chance to take care of her, if only just a little. She grabbed Kara’s legs and with some effort, managed to get her under the covers.

“Mhmm,” Kara hummed, feeling Lena cuddle up against her. “Mine,” she whispered, nuzzling her head onto Lena’s chest. “Soft.”

Lena had to bite back an amused laugh. Of course Kara was using her boobs as pillows, not that she minded in the slightest, they really were quite soft. Once they would both get some sleep, she intended on asking Kara if she was okay with moving in. Now didn’t seem like the right moment to bring it up, not when Kara was obviously too tired to talk.

On her way home, Lena had received texts from Gayle, who was freaking out about how she asked Imra to move in with her and how Imra actually said yes. The surprised reaction from her best friend that Imra accepted was a little bit funny, though mostly it was sad how Gayle seemed convinced Imra would have said no.

Reading those texts had made Lena think. She had been dating Kara for nearly seven months. There was never any concrete time in her head as to when she would ask Kara to move in, but she had known for a while she wanted her to eventually. She knew she wanted a future with Kara; there was no doubt about that. After all the time they spent together during their vacation, plus weighing in the fact how Kara was at her place more times than not during the nights even before their vacation had begun, it felt like the right time to ask her to move in with her.

Lena knew Kara didn’t like to be alone and with Imra moving out of that apartment, she was positive Kara would leap at the chance to move in with her. Even if that hadn’t been the case, she still felt confident enough about their relationship to assume Kara would say yes.

“"This is amazing news!” Alex shouted, smiling brightly. “I’m so happy for you two,” she said, hugging Kara and Imra. “You know, I was wondering when you two were finally going to move out of this apartment. It’s been gathering dust.”

“We had a good time in here while it lasted,” Imra said, smiling. “I’ll miss living with Kara, but I’m happy to finally move out.”

“I’ll miss living with you, too,” Kara said, smiling at Imra. “I’ll miss how you always made me breakfast.”

Alex rolled her eyes when Kara and Imra hugged each other tightly, but she was still smiling. “You two do realize you’re literally going to live right next to each other, right? You’re going to be neighbors,” she pointed out.

“True, but we used to share a bed a lot,” Kara countered.
“We’re all going to be officially living with our girlfriends now,” Imra said, grinning.

“This is so gay,” Alex said, smiling impossibly brighter.

Kara wasn’t going to be a nanny anymore. Instead she was going to be a stay at home parent, kind of. LJ wasn’t old enough to go to school yet because he needed another two years. She had agreed with Lena she would watch him and when duty called for her to be Supergirl, she would drop off LJ at Luce’s house for a bit. Luce was staying at home to take care of Sirius, Wolf, Fay and Angel anyway.

“It’s unfortunate Sam doesn’t want to move,” Imra commented, thinking about how great it would be if Alex would live in the same street. “More neighbors have been moving out, there’s definitely a house for sale again, if not two.”

“Can’t say I’m surprised, people aren’t exactly jumping to live close to Poison Ivy and Harley is no saint either.”

“You can’t judge a book by its cover,” Kara said, though she did catch up on everything that was being said about Ivy and Harley. “Maybe they’re not so bad and everyone deserves a second chance.”

“I’m with Kara on this,” Imra agreed, nodding.

“You always side with Kara,” Alex pointed out, shaking her head. “Still surprised you two never dated.”

After a long ramble from Kara, explaining how she and Imra were just best friends and sisters, Alex left so they could start packing and start moving out.

“Imra, I…I need your help with um…something,” Kara said as she wrung her hands.

Imra lifted the box from the bed with her mind and sat down, patting the empty space next to her. She could feel Kara was nervous, bordering on anxious.

Kara took a deep breath in through her nose, slowly exhaling through her mouth while she moved to sit next to Imra. “You know about… sexual things more than I do,” she began hesitantly. “You’re more experienced than I am and I could use your help. I don’t know who else to ask because I can’t ask Lena because of err, reasons, and I don’t want to ask Alex. You know how uncomfortable she gets about all of that. So um, I’m asking you. You’re my best friend and I trust you and I think you might be able to help me. I’m kind of nervous and I know I’m rambling, but I can’t help it. I know you don’t mind when I ramble, but I think I should just stop or else I’m still going to be talking the next hour, so um…”

Imra waited until Kara finished talking, after Kara had gone into another ramble after her initial ramble, not that she minded. “How can I help you, Kara?” she asked sweetly, sincere while she looked at her.

“You’re good with rougher stuff,” Kara said, which she could safely assume, if Gayle’s moans had been any indication at all. She heard more than enough to know more than she ever bargained for. “I want to learn how to choke someone, um, you know, sexually,” she explained, making vague gestures with her hands.

So far Imra wasn’t laughing, which eased Kara’s nerves enough to continue. “I was wondering if maybe, if you don’t mind, I can practice that with you,” she finished, worrying her bottom lip between her teeth.
“Oh,” Imra whispered, surprised by the request. When Kara mentioned rougher things, she thought Kara would ask about toys and other fun tools to use during sex. “Okay,” she added quickly, before Kara would think her saying oh was a negative thing.

Kara’s eyes widened. “Really? You’ll help me?” she asked, failing to mask her surprise when Imra nodded.

“Whoa,” Imra said, chuckling the second Kara tried to put her hand on her throat. “Not so fast, Kara. Easy,” she said, taking Kara’s hand. “First, let me give you some pointers.”

“O-okay,” Kara agreed, feeling her nerves flare up a little again. She might have even been sweating and she really didn’t sweat that easily, as a Kryptonian, it was nearly impossible to break out a sweat.

Imra didn’t want to make any assumptions about what Kara had and hadn’t done with Lena, so she decided to keep this neutral. It was cute how eager Kara was to learn, but she sensed Kara was quite nervous, so she didn’t tease her about it. She never expected Kara to come to her to talk about something like this, though she was glad her best friend felt safe enough to talk about it with her.

“If you’re going to try something rougher, check in with Lena how she feels about it.”

“Of course yes,” Kara agreed wholeheartedly. “Always,” she said, valuing consent very much.

Imra figured Kara would say that. Kara was easily the most innocent person she knew. “Before you try something rougher with Lena, make sure it’s something you want as well. If you’re not comfortable doing something, it’s okay to let Lena know,” she said, though she assumed Kara knew that as well. “One way to try something rougher is by using colors. Green, orange and red, like the traffic lights.”

Kara listened with rapt attention while Imra explained. She knew the whole choking thing was something Lena wanted and she wanted to surprise her. She wasn’t against trying; she just worried about her strength, about squeezing too hard.

“Everyone has a different limit,” Imra explained, having a feeling she could take more choking than Lena might be able to take. She grasped Kara’s hand and put it around her throat, sliding her hand to Kara’s wrist, wrapping her fingers loosely around it. “If I squeeze, it means loosen up.”

Kara nodded, not squeezing yet.

“You learned how to hug someone without crushing them, you can learn this as well, all you need is to believe in yourself,” Imra said, giving Kara a nod. She felt Kara’s fingers squeeze lightly, far too light. “Regulate your breathing. See it as when you squeeze someone’s upper arm. Mimic that.”

Kara was surprised by how calm and neutral Imra was being. “Maybe you should become a teacher to teach people about… sex things,” she said with a nervous chuckle. “You’ll be looking for a new job anyway and you’re good at this.”

Imra squeezed Kara’s wrist so she could talk properly, smiling. “I doubt that would sail well with my girlfriend,” she said, chuckling at the idea. “And I’d prefer it if strangers keep their hands to themselves.”

“Oh Rao, you’re right,” Kara replied, wincing slightly. “You broke fingers and hands from people in college when they touched you while they shouldn’t have. This one time you broke a guy’s entire arm when he groped me. Rao, Astra was so proud of you.”
“Ah yes, she was,” Imra remembered with a smile. “She got angry though, she wanted to break everyone who touched us inappropriately in half.”

“She’s always been protective and so are you. Anyway um, you squeezed my wrist, was I squeezing too hard?”

“No, I just wanted to respond to what you were saying,” Imra reassured Kara, squeezing her knee. “You were doing great. A little too gentle for my taste, though.”

“I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that.”

Imra smiled, finding it cute Kara was getting flustered again. “When you choke Lena, she likely won’t be able to voice any colors to tell you whether you should squeeze harder or not, but you can use a different tactic, like how I said I’d squeeze your wrist if you squeezed too hard. Talk it through with her and find something that works for both of you. Lastly, don’t forget humans can’t hold their breath as long as we can and as a general rule, don’t squeeze too long.”

“Okay, thanks, Imra,” Kara replied, managing a small smile. “You’re not going to tell anyone about this, are you? Like ever, not even in ten years or fifty years?”

“Absolutely not,” Imra promised, holding out her pinkie. There was no way she would ever admit to anyone she let Kara practice choking her. “This stays between us.”

Kara breathed out in relief and locked her pinkie with Imra’s. Soon, she would be ready and surprise Lena by fulfilling her fantasy.

Lena and Gayle were sitting on the porch swing, talking. Their children were busy playing inside of Lena’s house when they saw a truck pulling up at a neighbor’s house that had been sold fairly quickly, given the circumstances of certain unwanted neighbors.

“New neighbors again,” Gayle concluded with a sigh. “I swear, Harley and Ivy are going to make everyone in our street move out, and there’s no way I’m moving.”

“I’m not moving either,” Lena agreed, resolute. She had every intention of growing old in her house and then maybe, one day, when she retired, she might just move to Ireland to take her sister up on that offer of watching their grandchildren run around on the farm together.

Gayle narrowed her eyes, watching closely as someone got out of the truck. “Oh… wait, I think I know who that is,” she said, squinting her eyes, trying to get a better look.

“Oh as in oh shit or oh as in oh okay?”

Gayle playfully swatted at Lena’s arm, shaking her head at the cheeky grin on Lena’s face. “Oh as in I think that’s my son’s second grade teacher,” she clarified. “I’m not sure because I only met the woman once or twice and school doesn’t start for another four days, but I think that’s Miss Woods.”
“Hm,” Lena said, setting her glass down. “I’m going to go say hello and welcome her to the neighborhood.”

Gayle set her glass down as well. Considering Miss Woods was a second grade teacher, she was child-friendly, which made her a perfect fit for this neighborhood. She contemplated warning the woman about Ivy and Harley, but at the same time she didn’t want her to move out before she even moved in, which could lead to someone worse moving in instead. On the other hand, it wouldn’t stay hidden anyway if she didn’t share it personally.

“Hello, welcome to the neighborhood,” Lena said to the woman who may or may not have been Miss Woods. “I’m Lena and this is my best friend and neighbor, Gayle.”

“Miss Woods,” Gayle said with a nod. “We’ve met.”

“Lexa,” a woman said as she got out of the truck. “Have you seen my pho- oh, hey,” the blonde said, blue eyes transfixed on Lena and Gayle, a politely smile on her face.

Miss Woods – Lexa – put a hand on the blonde’s back. “This is my partner, Clarke Griffin,” she said, introducing her to Lena and Gayle. “She is a doctor. Clarke, this is-”


“It’s a pleasure to meet your acquaintance,” Lena replied, adapting a friendly smile as she shook Clarke’s hand, sensing no trace of malice.

“Likewise, if I can be straightforward – which I usually am – it’s an honor to meet you in person. I’ve read about your investment in the children’s hospital and how you are working on making sure everyone has drinkable water, especially in countries where water doesn’t simply come out of the tap as it does here.”

Lena was perplexed. People generally didn’t perceive it as an honor to meet her and most thought coming close to her was contagious somehow, yet this woman was shaking her hand longer than necessary, seemingly so wrapped up in what she said to notice. It reminded her of the first time she shook Kara’s hand, how she had held on for a beat too long. The memory instantly made her smile.

“And I lost you,” Clarke said, chuckling.

“Sorry about that,” Lena replied, smiling apologetically as Clarke dropped her hand. “I was thinking about my girlfriend. She makes my mind wander quite a bit.”

“And your hands,” Gayle added, shrugging because it was the truth.

“Speak for yourself,” Lena said, nudging her best friend’s side. “As if you can keep your hands off of your girlfriend,” she said, pleased to see Gayle’s cheeks reddening. “What comes around goes around.”

“So,” Gayle said, eying the new neighbors. “Which team do you play for?”

“Oh my god,” Clarke said, laughing while Lena looked close to mortified at Gayle’s utter lack of subtlety. “I’m bisexual and my wife is a lesbian, out and proud.”

“Sounds like we got another player for each team if we ever go clubbing together.”

“You know,” Lena said, realizing something. “It struck me we always go clubbing with couples.
Maggie is with Leslie and Sam is with Alex, yet we go clubbing without our girlfriends.”

Gayle nodded because that was true, but that was generally because clubbing happened when their girlfriends babysat their children and it all started as a friends kind of thing, but then Samantha began to take Alex with her and Leslie took Maggie with her.

“I guess there goes our bi-babes team versus lesbians,” Gayle said with a silent sigh. “How many children do you reckon Astra can babysit?”
Chapter 40

Lena combed Lily-May’s hair while she looked into the mirror. Her daughter was so young, so little. After putting some thorough thought into it, she had decided to let her daughter skip preschool and kindergarten altogether. She also spoke with the school, of course. It was a weighted decision based upon the fact Lily-May was wise beyond her years.

Her daughter took so much after her, but also after her father. In the past, there used to be a time where she believed Jack would find a cure for cancer. He was a brilliant man and she respected his work greatly. Despite his infidelity, which she pretended not to know of, he wasn’t a bad man and he would have been a great father.

Lena gathered Lily-May’s hair, tying it into a ponytail. Her sweet little angel was four years old and going to school for the first time ever. She hoped it wasn’t too much, letting her go to the first grade with six and seven year olds. Personally, when she was younger, she skipped four grades and while she was able to handle it, she also thought it was a bit much for a child. She didn’t want her daughter to be a copy of her, didn’t expect her to skip four grades or any grades, really.

First grade seemed like a good fit. Lily-May was capable of reading, so long as the books weren’t too advanced and she could write a little already. Alex was going to be her daughter’s teacher and she trusted Alex would keep an eye on her daughter. In second grade Lily-May would have shared a class with Graym and Ruby, but she agreed with the school second grade would be too overwhelming.

“Don’t cry, mammy,” Lily-May spoke up.

Lena hadn’t realized she started crying. “I’m a bit emotional because it’s such a big day today, sweetheart,” she said gently, smiling.

“It’s my first day of school,” Lily-May said, smiling brightly. “I will make lots of friends and then I can write Maira a letter to tell her about my new friends.”

Lena desperately hoped her daughter would make some friends. Lily-May was adorable, sweet and kind, she didn’t see what would be not to like, although as her mother she was biased. There was a part of her that was scared her daughter would end up being an outcast. During breaks, she trusted Graym and Ruby would spend some time with Lily-May so she wouldn’t sit alone on a bench.

“Good morning, pip,” Kara said, flipping a pancake when Lily-May entered the kitchen with Lena.

Lily-May smiled and hugged her arms around Kara’s legs. “Good morning.”

“Are you looking forward to your first day of school?” Kara asked, smiling when Lily-May nodded excessively. Last night when she tucked Lily-May in, she had listened to her babble about school
and about all the things she would be learning. She had never seen a child so excited to go to school before.

“Your sister is going to be my teacher.”

“That’s right and she’s very sweet.”

Lena padded over to her son who was sitting in his high chair, munching on a pancake. “Good morning, my little man,” she said, kissing the top of his head. “You’re spoiling the children again,” she told Kara, walking up to her.

“Mhmm, a little,” Kara hummed, feeling Lena wrap her arms around her. “It’s a big day for Lily, so it’s a good day to have pancakes for breakfast.”

“You always think it’s a good day to have pancakes for breakfast,” Lena pointed out matter-of-factly, to which Lily-May giggled.

Kara put the pan back onto the fire and turned around. “My beautiful lady,” she whispered, brushing Lena’s nose with her own.

Lily-May squealed when her mother kissed Kara.

Rao, Kara really loved that little sweetiepie. She also loved LJ and Lena, of course, so much. “Another,” she whispered, feigning a pout.

Lena rolled her eyes, but she couldn’t stop smiling. “Fine, you can have another kiss,” she relented, bringing her lips closer to hers again.

Gayle held Anna and Elsa’s hand while she walked them to school. It was their first day of school and it made her tear up. Her girls were her babies and she couldn’t believe they were three years old, ready to go to pre-school. She thought it would be easier than it was the first time her son went to school, but it really wasn’t. The one relief she had was the fact she knew Anna and Elsa would have each other.

Before she left her house, she had hugged Graym, who was being taken to school by Imra. It had been her son’s idea and he seemed excited about it. She had agreed with Imra she would pick up the children today after school. They were trying to work out a schedule as to who dropped them off and who picked them up. Imra was looking for a new job and once she found one, they could fit their schedules and work something out.

She had the bonus she had the freedom of choosing her own hours, perks of being her own boss. For a while she considered giving Imra a job at her hotel, but they both ended up deciding against that. They needed to keep their work life and their private life somewhat separated. She was fine with it if Imra didn’t find anything soon. She could more than afford everything by herself.

“No school,” Anna said, pouting. “Mommy, I tired.”
“It’s only for a few hours, my little duckling,” Gayle promised, though for a child that was a long time. Pre-school was fine though, her twins were going to see it as a place where they could play. “The teacher will let you color a lot.”

Elsa’s face lit up. “Color?” she asked, smiling.

“Yes,” Gayle confirmed, quite certain that was a thing in pre-school. It surely was pretty much all she remembered from when she was in pre-school. “You can both color something and then I’ll hang it up on the refrigerator.”

“Mommy,” Anna whined, tugging at her mother’s hand.

Gayle crouched down and looped her arm around Anna. “Someone didn’t sleep enough,” she whispered, lifting Anna up, which led to having to do the same for Elsa.

Gayle knew her daughters had a habit of sleeping in. It was fine before, but now that they were starting school, they couldn’t sleep in during the week anymore. She had put them to bed an hour early to ensure they got enough sleep, but they were like little bears, taking a winter nap, only it wasn’t winter yet.

“We’re here,” Gayle announced once they reached the school. She spotted a Latina who was greeting parents and soothing crying children. She hoped her twins weren’t going to cry, because then she would end up crying too.

Gayle carefully set her daughters down, sighing as they wrapped their arms around her legs. “Hi,” she said to the teacher.

“Hey,” the teacher replied with a friendly smile. “I’m Miss Reyes, but the children can call me Raven.”

“Bird,” Elsa murmured.

“Yes, a raven is also a bird,” Miss Reyes said. “I can’t fly though, unfortunately. See,” she said, flapping her arms. “Nothing.”

That made Anna and Elsa giggle.

“This is Anna and Elsa,” Gayle said, gesturing at her daughters.

Gayle had wriggled Anna into a red shirt and Elsa into a blue one. She wasn’t the kind of parent who dressed her twins identically, well, not always at least. Okay, she was totally guilty of that multiple times in the past, but only because it was so cute and she couldn’t help it. For school it seemed better to ensure people could tell the difference between Anna and Elsa.

“Anna and Elsa,” Miss Reyes said with a twinkle in her eyes. “Those are some magical names.”

“They’re not named after the girls from Frozen,” Gayle huffed before the teacher could say it. “Every time,” she muttered under her breath, sighing.

“Okay, girls, mommy has to go,” Gayle said. “Big hug?”

“No leave,” Anna whined, flinging her arms around her mother’s neck.

Miss Reyes crouched down and watched the twins with a soft smile. “Who wants to see the class rabbit?”
Anna and Elsa turned around at that.

“Rabbit?” Elsa asked, eyes wide.

Gayle felt a fist squeeze around her heart, watching her daughters walk away with their teacher, holding her hands. “Don’t cry,” she whispered, wiping at her eyes. “Just turn around and go to work, don’t cry.”

Imra was crouched down, at eye-level with Graym, smiling at him while they were at the gate of his school. “Your mommy will pick you up after school,” she reminded him one last time. “And I will be waiting for you,” she said, poking his belly, “at home, with dinner.”

“Spaghetti,” Graym said, batting his eyelashes.

“Spaghetti, hm?” Imra replied, smiling. “I’ll see what I can do,” she said, winking.

“Graym!” Ruby called out. She let go of her mother’s hand and ran up to him.

“Hi, Ruby,” Graym said, smiling. “Hi, auntie Sam.”

“Hey, kiddo,” Samantha replied, smiling back at Graym. “Are you ready for your first day in second grade?”

“Yup,” Graym answered, popping the ‘p’. “I was born ready.”

“Come here, you cutie,” Imra said, hugging Graym.

Graym wriggled out of Imra’s arms when Imra kissed his cheek. “Not in front of school,” he said, wiping at his cheek. “That’s embarrassing.”

Imra chuckled. “Oh, we reached that stage already?” she asked, surprised because she didn’t think at age seven, Graym would reject her affection in public.

Samantha chuckled as well. “You’ll get used to it,” she said to Imra, patting her shoulder. “Ah, and there is Lena with her Lilliputian.”

“Don’t call my daughter a Lilliputian,” Lena said, shaking her head at her best friend’s antics.

Lily-May scrunched up her nose and her brows knitted together. “Mammy, what’s a Lilli… Lilliput…”

“Lilliputian means someone who is very small, very tiny.”

Lily-May crossed her arms and pursed her lips, glaring at Samantha. “Meanie,” she said, pouting.

“What did you do this time?” Alex asked Samantha, walking up to them.

“This time?” Samantha guffawed. “Way to support me, babe.”
“Hi, Lily-May,” Alex said, bending down to extend her hand to her.

“You can call me Lily,” Lily said, shaking Alex’s hand.

“How about you run along with Graym and Ruby so I can have a word with your mother?”

Lily-May nodded and ran off with Graym and Ruby.

Lena frowned slightly. “Is there a problem?” she asked Alex, confused.

“No, not at all,” Alex answered, watching Lily-May run off. “I just wanted to see how you’re doing. I know this is your daughter’s first day and it must be difficult for you.”

“It is difficult,” Lena admitted. “She’s only four and the other children are at least a head taller than her,” she said, hoping nobody would push her daughter around.

“I’ll give her a seat at the front of the class so I can keep an extra good eye on her.”

Kara sifted through the air, basking in the warmth of the sun. She dropped LJ off at Lucy’s place with the promise it was only for an hour, or two hours tops. Lucy told her she didn’t mind babysitting LJ, but she did feel a bit guilty because Lucy already had her hands full with her four children. She pushed her guilt down and focused on her target.

Lena swiveled her chair around when she heard her glass door sliding open. “Supergirl,” she said with smile. “To what do I owe this pleasure?” she asked, surprised her girlfriend was dropping by. She hadn’t expected her to, but she was most certainly welcome.

Kara put her hands on the arms of Lena’s chair. She brought her face closer to Lena’s, eyes darkening as she looked into those familiar greens. “A little birdie told me you want to bend me over your desk and fuck me,” she husked in Lena’s ear, pleased to hear her gulp in response.

Lena’s brain short-circuited as she wondered who told Kara about that. She didn’t mind someone must have passed it on to Kara though. It simply came as a surprise, especially considering it was something she said months ago.

“I figured we could have some fun,” Kara revealed. She fisted Lena’s blouse and pulled.

Lena cooperated and rose up.

Kara pushed the chair aside. She took a step closer to Lena and another, and another, until she had Lena backed up against the wall. “What do you say, baby?” she asked, voice low and sultry. “Do you want to have some fun?”

Lena could see Kara searching her eyes, waiting for her to give her consent. “Yes, daddy,” she answered, shuddering as Kara grinded her hips into hers. “Fuck,” she moaned, gasping when she felt something hard press against her center. Fuck, Kara was wearing a strap on.
Kara brought her right hand up, wrapping her fingers lightly around Lena’s throat. “Squeeze my wrist once if I need to loosen my grip and twice if you want me to drop my hand,” she instructed, putting Lena’s hand on her wrist. “Is that understood?”

“Yes, daddy,” Lena answered, rubbing her thighs together because Kara coming in here, taking control like that, was making her wet.

Kara stole a kiss, biting Lena’s bottom lip in the process. She squeezed, gently at first, a little harder while her other hand moved down Lena’s body.

Lena had a feeling Kara was going to smell her arousal soon. It was hot how Kara was choking her mildly, knowing that she had the power to inflict much more. She squeezed Kara’s wrist twice when she needed to breathe, gulping in air when Kara dropped her hand.

“Strip,” Kara commanded, simple and clear.

“Fuck, Kara,” Lena moaned.

Kara watched on with hungry eyes as Lena unbuttoned her blouse, revealing stiff nipples, straining against the fabric of her bra.

Lena discarded her blouse onto the floor, fingers trembling as she reached around her back to unclasp her bra.

“Look at you,” Kara drawled, fingertips brushing over Lena’s skin. “You can’t wait for me to bend you over your desk and fuck you raw, can you? You want to come, screaming my name.”

“Yes, daddy,” Lena whimpered, zipping her pants open, pushing them down her legs along with her underwear.

“Hm,” Kara said, circling Lena once she was fully nude. “Sit on your desk.”

Lena’s boobs jiggled while she got onto her desk. She didn’t miss how Kara’s eyes lingered on her chest and maybe she jiggled her boobs more than necessary.

“Spread your legs,” Kara instructed. “That’s it, baby,” she praised, satisfied Lena was doing precisely as she was told. “Now touch yourself.”

Lena whimpered as her fingers touched her swollen lips, circling her engorged clit. She ran her fingers through her folds while Kara watched her. “Fuck,” she moaned when Kara licked her lips, wishing Kara would lick her lips instead, between her legs.

Lena imagined it was Kara touching her as she slipped two fingers inside of herself, moving them slowly, closing her eyes, leaning back on her desk as she lost herself in the feeling. She brushed her thumb over her clit, whimpering.

“Get off,” Kara said, smiling darkly when Lena’s eyes flew open. “Off the desk,” she clarified.

Lena groaned, fuck, she was so wet. Kara was in front of her in an instant.

“Are you going to make me repeat myself?” Kara asked, voice stern, eyes half-lidded. She moved her hands down Lena’s back, nails digging into her sensitive flesh.

Lena hissed. It felt good. “No, daddy,” she answered, shifting to get off her desk.

“I thought so,” Kara said, ridding herself of her suit. She cupped Lena between her legs, gathered
some of her wetness and spread it out over the dildo of her strap on. With her other hand, she grasped a handful of Lena’s hair. “Do you want me to fuck you, baby?”

Lena moaned. She was so wet it had begun to drip down her inner thighs. “Yes, daddy. Please, fuck me,” she answered, glancing at the dildo.

Kara surged forward, littering Lena’s neck with kisses. “You can’t tell me slower or faster, I set the pace,” she informed her, grazing her teeth over her skin. “What you can do is say stop or use colors. Is that understood, baby?”

Lena was familiar with the colors. “Yes, daddy,” she answered, whimpering as Kara bit her neck. “Good girl,” Kara praised, pecking Lena’s lips. “Bend over.”

Lena bended over, nipples pressing against her desk. She felt Kara spreading her legs apart, gasping when Kara’s fingers entered her.

“You’re so wet, baby,” Kara said, voice gravelly. She was pleased Lena was worked up enough to take more than just her fingers. She pushed the dildo against Lena, not entering her yet. “You want this buried in your cunt, don’t you?”

“Kara!” Lena gasped, surprised and extremely turned on. She hadn’t expected such language to fall from Kara’s lips, fuck. Kara’s voice was downright filthy, making her wetter. “Yes, daddy, I do. I want you to stretch me, to fill me up,” she confessed, cheeks flushing red.

Kara slapped Lena’s ass, hard enough to make it sting a bit and make her ass a little red. “Red is a good color on you,” she whispered, kissing Lena’s shoulder. She lined the base of the dildo up with Lena’s entrance. “Are you ready, baby?”

Lena nodded, moaning and whimpering, gasping as the tip of the dildo was pushed inside of her. Kara paused for a moment. “Color?”

“Green,” Lena answered, moaning as the dildo pushed deeper inside of her. “Green,” she repeated, feeling it stretch her, deliciously so.

Kara stilled again when the dildo was buried fully in Lena’s dripping wet cunt. She brought her arms around Lena, cupping her breasts, teasing her nipples. “Color?”

Lena whimpered. She wanted Kara to keep going, wanted more, so much more. “Green.”

Kara moved her hands down to Lena’s hips, grabbing them, careful not to make her touch bruising. She gave a first experimental thrust, gauging Lena’s reaction. When Lena moaned aloud, she repeated her movement again and again, slowly but surely pounding into her. She was so turned on her own wetness was leaking around the dildo.

“Oh yes, daddy,” Lena moaned, swallowing down the desire to tell Kara to fuck her harder and faster, remembering Kara told her she was in control. “Mhmm, Kara, oh yes… yes!”

Kara muffled Lena’s sounds with her hand, silencing her. As much as she loved hearing Lena moan aloud or even scream for her, she didn’t need anyone in this building to discover she was Supergirl or for anyone to think Lena was cheating on her with her.
So yeah, I'll just pretend I didn't write that last scene, haha. Excuse me while I go hide under a rock.
“Hey, beautiful,” Leslie said, nodding her head at Imra. She swung a towel over her shoulder and grabbed two bottles, mixing a drink. “You here for the boss?”

“I am,” Imra confirmed. “I’m bringing her lunch.”

“I’ll say,” Leslie replied, grinning as her eyes raked down Imra’s body for a second.

Imra chuckled darkly. Well she did have a hidden agenda. “Ever the blunt one,” she noted, having heard quite a bit about Leslie from Gayle.

“That’s me,” Leslie agreed with a shrug. “You want anything to drink?”

“I do,” Imra answered, walking away, the sound of Leslie’s laughter fading further with each step she took. She pushed the strap of her bag higher up her shoulder while she made her way towards her girlfriend’s office.

With a quick knock, Imra entered. “Hey, my love,” she said, smiling sweetly at Gayle, who was seated on the couch, paging through paperwork.

Gayle looked up from the papers in her hands. “Am I late to pick up the children? What time is it?” she asked, putting the paperwork aside. She had been so sure she had at least another two hours or so.

“You’re not late, my love,” Imra reassured her, walking over to the couch, shutting the door behind her. “I brought you lunch,” she said, revealing a plastic container from her bag. “I take it you haven’t eaten lunch yet?”

“I would have ordered some room service eventually,” Gayle said weakly.

“Mhmm, sure you would have,” Imra replied, sitting down next to Gayle. Her eyes flickered from Gayle’s eyes to her lips.

Gayle forgot about her papers completely. She took the plastic container from Imra, set it on the table and threw a leg over Imra’s legs, straddling her as she cupped her cheeks, drawing her into a kiss.

Imra only took a split second to respond, her hands finding purchase in Gayle’s hair while she kissed her back, running her tongue over her lips, humming when she felt Gayle’s lips part for her. She kept their kisses soft and gentle, not trying to dominate as their tongues circled around.

Gayle lowered her hands from Imra’s cheeks, down her shirt, toying with the hem. She leaned back a couple inches, enough for both of them to catch their breath. “I love you,” she whispered, slipping her hands under Imra’s shirt, resting them on her sides.

Imra smiled. “I love you, too,” she whispered, closing the gap between them.

Gayle melted at the soft press of Imra’s lips, at the tenderness of it all. She half expected Imra to grow hungry for power and take control, but that didn’t happen.

Imra caressed her hands down Gayle’s back, rubbing slow circles on her skin.

Gayle broke their kiss and kissed Imra’s neck. “Can I take off your shirt?”
Imra nodded and lifted her arms up to make it easier for Gayle.

“Your skin is so soft and warm,” Gayle whispered, grasping the hem of Imra’s shirt. She lifted it slowly over her head, tossing it onto the side of the couch. “I know you brought me lunch, but I can think of better things to eat,” she husked, placing her finger under Imra’s chin, tilting her head up.

“Can you now?” Imra asked with a teasing smile.

Gayle dipped her head down, capturing Imra’s lips, forgetting about the rest of the world as she focused solely on Imra, losing herself in the feel of her, in the comfort she found in their kiss. Her hips grinded lightly against Imra’s, gasping into their kiss when she felt a hand rub her over her pants.

“It’ll feel better without your pants on, love,” Imra whispered, lips parted in awe as Gayle got up to undress. It was purely a suggestion rather than a command, wanting Gayle to be comfortable and wanting to make her feel good. She chuckled when Gayle tugged at the loops of her jeans. “I can take off my pants, if you want,” she offered.

“Yes,” Gayle replied, eyes hungrily watching Imra while she stripped her pants. “Beautiful,” she whispered, admiring the blue lingerie Imra had on.

“Oh…,” Imra said silently, licking her lips when Gayle took off her bra and her underwear.

Gayle moved to straddle Imra again. A tremor coursed through her body when Imra touched her, making her clit throb with need. She grasped one of Imra’s hands and guided it down between her legs. “I like this side of you as much as I like your rough side,” she shared, claiming Imra’s kissable lips.

Imra’s fingers moved through the slippery wetness between Gayle’s legs. She would be soaking through her underwear soon, knowing Gayle was this wet for her. Not everyone got to see her softer side during intimacy, but Gayle was her one true love and she was allowed to experience this side of her.

Gayle rode Imra’s fingers, clinging to her shoulders, arching her back. “Your fingers feel so good inside of me, Matilda,” she said, rocking her hips for more friction. “Can you add a third?”

“Oh… fuck,” she whimpered, slumping against Imra.

Imra slowly retrieved her fingers. Her eyes darkened when Gayle grasped her hand, watching on with a lust-filled gaze as Gayle sucked her fingers clean for her. “Gods, that’s hot,” she moaned, feeling a spark of arousal shooting all the way down to her core.

Gayle released Imra’s fingers with a wet pop. “Can I take off your underwear? I want to taste you next,” she said, smiling at the way Imra bit her lip.

Gayle had bit her own lip hard enough to draw blood. Before she could do anything other than nod her consent, Gayle captured her lips. She felt that skilled tongue trace over the blood on her lip. Gods, this woman was a bombshell.

Gayle shifted off of Imra’s lap, fingertips dipping under the waistband of Imra’s underwear. She pushed it down Imra’s legs once Imra lifted her butt.
“I’ll be dripping on your couch,” Imra warned. It seemed impossible not to, not with how wet she was and Gayle hadn’t even touched her there yet.

Gayle spread Imra’s legs and kneeled down between them, on the floor. “Doesn’t matter,” she said, brushing it off with a shrug. She kissed Imra’s thighs, hands resting on her knees.

Imra reached out to caress Gayle’s cheek, looking at her with nothing but pure love.

Gayle leaned into the touch for a moment. She took Imra’s hand, kissing the pads of her fingertips and the palm of her hand. Whatever had spurred Imra to come here to visit her during work, she hoped it would happen more.

There was a knock on the door, which had both Gayle and Imra sigh.

“Not now!” Gayle called out. “I’m eating!”

Imra chuckled and well, Gayle wasn’t exactly wrong, she had to hand her that.

Gayle waited for a beat, glad to hear there were no further knocks or any further interruption. “Now, where were we?” she said, winking at her girlfriend.

“I believe you were about to e- oh, fuck,” Imra said, closing her eyes at the first swipe of Gayle’s tongue.

Kara scooped extra potatoes onto her plate and sat back down. She smiled at LJ, who was mashing his potatoes with his fork while pushing his carrots to the side of his plate.

Lena cut her sausage and looked at Lily-May, who had been smiling since she picked her up from school. On their way home, she had listened to her daughter babbling about everything she had learned from Miss Danvers and how she wrote her name on the board. Lily-May did mention a few children giggled because she needed a stepping stool to reach the board well enough. Her daughter couldn’t help she was little, plus she was two to three years younger than the other children in first grade.

“So, Lily,” Kara said, pricking her fork into a carrot on her plate. “How was your first day of school?” she asked, curious to hear all about it.

“It was super fun,” Lily-May answered, smiling from ear to ear, but then her smile faltered a little.

Lena frowned at the sudden change. “What’s the matter, sweetheart?” she asked, watching her daughter worry her lip between her teeth. “It’s okay, you can tell us.”

Kara frowned as well. She put her fork down, concentrating on Lily-May rather than on her food.

“Everyone is taller than me,” Lily-May said with a deep sigh. “A boy from my class pulled my hair.”
“That wasn’t very nice of him,” Kara replied.

“It wasn’t,” Lena agreed. She was immediately alert that this could signal the beginning of her daughter being bullied.

“It’s okay,” Lily-May said, and then she smiled again. “Lori took care of it.”

“What do you mean, sweetheart?” Lena asked, not quite following.

“When the mean boy pulled my hair, Lori punched him in the face and told him to leave me alone,” Lily-May answered, wiggling her legs back and forth as she pricked a potato onto her fork.

Lena gasped faintly. She didn’t condone what the boy did by any means, but she didn’t condone violence either. “Who is Lori?”

“My new friend,” Lily-May answered, smiling happily. “She lives in the house next to ours, mammy.”

“Wait, wait,” Lena replied, tilting her head. “Lori as in Mallory?” she asked, sighing when her daughter confirmed with a nod. This was not going to float with her, the whole violence thing. “Excuse me,” she said, scooting her chair back. She stood up and put her cutlery down.

“Where are you going, mammy?”

“I’m going to get some fresh air outside,” Lena answered with a tight smile. “I’ll be right back, finish your meal.”

Kara wouldn’t want to be in Harley and Ivy’s shoes right now. She understood why Lena looked so displeased. Violence wasn’t the answer to things, it wasn’t a solution and while it was sweet Mallory stood up for Lily-May, the way she did it wasn’t okay. It reminded her of that guy’s arm Imra broke for her back in college, which wasn’t the right course of action either.

Lena rolled up her sleeves as she stalked over to the neighbor’s house. She rolled them back down when she realized it might have looked as if she was going there to fight them. Without further ado, she rang their doorbell and waited.

Ivy opened the door. “Hello, dollface,” she said, leaning against the doorpost. “What can I do for you?”

“First off, you can start by not calling me dollface.”

“No can do,” Ivy replied, smiling wickedly. “And second?”

Lena sighed quietly, crossing her arms, fingers rapping against the fabric of her blouse. “It’s been brought to my attention your daughter punched a boy, after said boy pulled my daughter’s hair. While I appreciate your daughter defending my daughter, violence is not okay. I do not want my daughter to think it’s okay to punch someone,” she explained, quite frustrated by the situation, but surely it could be resolved.

Lena intended to have a thorough conversation about this with her daughter later tonight, to explain violence was not okay. She didn’t want Lily-May to copy Mallory’s actions, because she definitely didn’t want her daughter to start punching children or to become a bully, not that Mallory was a bully by any means, just a little misguided.

“Why are you telling me this instead of your daughter then?” Ivy asked pointedly. “If Mallory
wants to punch someone, she can and from what I’m hearing, that boy deserved it.”


“Mal punched a boy to defend her daughter.”

“Hey, Mal!” Harley shouted, whirling around. “Ya can have extra ice cream tonight.”

Lena threw up her hands in disbelief. Seriously, she came here to make a point and instead of nipping this behavior in the butt, they chose to reward Mallory for it, making it seem as if violence was a good thing. It was frustrating and she knew she couldn’t do much more, because she couldn’t exactly tell them how to raise their children.

Ivy stood there, grinning at Lena. “Was that all, dollface?” she asked, brushing a stray lock of Lena’s hair behind her ear.

“Don’t touch me,” Lena snapped, to which Ivy’s eyes widened for a second. “Fucking unbelievable,” she muttered while she walked away.

Well this was all just peachy. Her daughter’s first friend at school was a girl who thought problems could be solved with fists. Lena didn’t like it one bit. This was definitely not what she had hoped to hear from Lily-May when she was asked about her first day. She hadn’t even stopped to think Mallory would end up going to school with her daughter.

Gayle was sipping from her daiquiri. It was a Friday night. She was out with her two best friends, like old times, when it was just the three of them, bi-babes, clubbing together. From her periphery, she spotted a familiar face, none other than Miss Reyes.

Miss Reyes looked quite different in the red dress she had on. Gayle had grown used to seeing her in a pair of jeans and a shirt, often with a funny print on it. Raven’s hair was in loose curls rather than tied together in a high ponytail.

“You know her?” Samantha asked, stirring Gayle from her thoughts. “You’re staring. It’s hard not to notice.”

Lena had noticed Gayle staring as well, but she had chosen not to comment on it. She knew the look her best friend had in her eyes wasn’t the kind of look that said Gayle was interested in that woman, romantically or anything of the sorts. Samantha was right that it looked as if Gayle knew the Latina.

“She’s Anna and Elsa’s pre-school teacher,” Gayle explained, taking another sip from her drink.

“Perhaps we can ask her if she would like to have a drink with us,” Lena suggested.

Gayle considered that for a moment, but a frown settled onto her face when she saw Miss Reyes walked up to another familiar face. “No way,” she said, surprised as she watched Miss Reyes kiss Veronica.
“There goes that idea out of the window,” Samantha scoffed.

Lena silently sipped from her drink and made no comment. There was definitely no way they would let Veronica join their table. Her best friends wouldn’t want that and she didn’t either. The further Veronica stayed away from her, the better. It still stung how Veronica used her back in college, how she made her feel like a plaything without any real value.

Whenever Lena went out with her friends, she frequently appeared to see Veronica, far more than she ever wanted to. Seeing Veronica was a frustrating reminder of what that woman put her through back in college, a reminder of how naïve she had been. She was glad the experience hadn’t completely ruined her ability to trust someone, though it did leave a dent.

Gayle shook her head and tore her gaze away from Raven and Veronica. She honestly had no idea what Miss Reyes even saw in a serpent like Veronica. It was safe enough to assume they were together, considering the kiss she saw undoubtedly wasn’t a peck or a chaste kiss. It was entirely Raven’s business who she was into, of course, but surely she could do much better than being with a snake.

“So, uh,” Lena said, clearing her throat. “What’s new?”

Samantha smiled in response, which had both Lena and Gayle eye her curiously. “There is something I hadn’t told you two yet,” she revealed.

“Sam proposed!”

Kara gasped while Imra let out a tiny squeal, because Imra already knew, kind of.

“I know,” Alex said, smiling from ear to ear. “I reacted the same way you did when Sam popped the question, though I did gasp and squeal a lot louder,” she shared with a chuckle, holding out her hand, showing her engagement ring to them.

“Oh Rao, Alex,” Kara said, smiling. “This is wonderful news! You’re going to marry Sam!”

Alex’s cheeks were flushed and she couldn’t stop smiling. “I was so surprised when she proposed and it took me at least five minutes to stop screaming in joy so I could finally say yes,” she said, laughing lightly. “She told me she was going to tell Lena and Gayle tonight, which is why I’m telling you two.”

“I’m so happy for you, Alex,” Kara said, hugging her sister.

“Ditto,” Imra chimed in, hugging Alex as well.

“Sam told me a gem like me deserves a gem,” Alex said, blushing a darker shade of red. “I love her so much. She’s going to be my wife, I’m going to have a wife and I’m going to be her wife! I’m going to be Ruby’s mom! Someone pinch me please, I must be dreaming.”
Gayle kept an eye on her children like a hawk, in particular Anna and Elsa. It was Halloween and they were outside, trick or treating. The part that had made her extra wary tonight was the fact her daughters had stumbled upon Mallory and Lucifer, who were trick or treating with Harley.

“My friend,” Elsa said, tugging at Mallory’s right hand.

“No,” Anna said with a fierce pout, tugging at Mallory’s left hand. “My friend.”

Mallory grinned while the twins pulled her back and forth, seemingly not bothered or stressed by it in the slightest. It looked as if she enjoyed all of the attention.

Lily-May sighed and shook her head. “They’re always like that,” she told Mallory. “I’m sorry, Lori.”

“It’s okay, Lily,” Mallory replied, smiling. “I like them, they’re adorbs.”

“Why are you dressed as Dracula?” Lucifer asked Graym, narrowing his eyes at him.

“I like dressing as Dracula,” Graym answered, frowning at Lucifer, who was also dressed as Dracula.

“You look stupid,” Lucifer said with a scoff. “Dracula is supposed to look scary,” he said, taking a step towards Graym, revealing his fake fangs.

Graym shrunk back and hid his face behind his hands, as if he expected a punch any moment.

Gayle’s nostrils flared. She didn’t generally hurt children, but seeing Lucifer being so mean to her son was tempting her to use her powers. If it wasn’t for Imra’s soothing touch as Imra caressed her hand, she might have slipped up.

Imra pondered her options, but as an adult she knew she had to be careful about what she said to children. She couldn’t exactly fight Graym’s battles the way she used to try and fight Kara’s battles back in college. Harley was supposed to be the one to correct Lucifer.

“Hey, you meanie,” Elsa said, standing on her tippy toes to tap Lucifer on his back, unable to reach his shoulders. “Leave my brother alone,” she huffed, giving Lucifer a push.

Lucifer laughed. He smiled in a feral way. “What are you going to do about it, tiny dwarf?”

At this point Gayle wanted to murder Lucifer for being such a little dickhead. She had never hated a child so much before. Lucifer was creepy and mean, and he should have stayed in Gotham with the rest of his family along with him.

Anna showed up next to Elsa. “Leave my sister,” she said, giving Lucifer a push, the same way Elsa had done.

Lucifer didn’t so much as stumble.

Mallory stepped in front of the twins. “No,” she said sharply to her brother.

Lucifer cut his sister a glare before turning around, facing Graym.
“No!” Mallory shouted, pushing her brother down onto the concrete. “Leave my friends and my friends’ brother alone.”

“Interesting,” Gayle whispered, minding Mallory a little less now, though she was still wary.

“Fine,” Lucifer grumbled, getting back up on his feet. He glared at boys who walked by, laughing he got beat by a girl. “You laugh now, fools,” he hissed at the boys. “I’ll laugh last when I break your teeth.”

“Lucifer, don’t pick on yer sister’s friends,” Harley said.

“I said fine,” Lucifer scowled. “Stupid brats.”

“Don’t mind him. Kid’s got a bit of a temper,” Harley said casually to the other adults, grinning. “He’s my lil puddin.”

“A bit of a temper?” Gayle scoffed. “You mean anger issues.”

“Yer funny,” Harley said, laughing as she clapped Gayle’s back. “I’m gonna get some lollipops.”

Lena’s eyes widened significantly. “You’re leaving your children unsupervised?” she asked Harley, shocked because she hadn’t expected that.

Harley shrugged and skipped off, leaving Mallory and Lucifer to their trick or treating.

Lily-May held her hand out to Mallory, swinging their arms back and forth when Mallory took her hand. “That house looks big,” she said, pointing at a house further to the right. “They’ll have lots of candy. I hope they’ll have chocolate because chocolate is my favorite.”

“I have some chocolate in my basket,” Mallory said, holding up her arm, with her plastic basket dangling from it. “I’ll trade it for lollipops and bubblegum.”

“Deal,” Lily-May agreed, fishing into her own basket to hand Mallory lollipops and bubblegum.

Kara kept an eye on Lucifer, uncomfortable with the knowledge he was wandering around alone. Mean behavior or not, that boy was only nine years old and shouldn’t wander around by himself.

Lena noticed Kara keeping an eye on Lucifer. She knew her girlfriend was the kind of person who protected everyone, even those who did bad things. She was still not too happy about the fact her daughter befriended Mallory, but Lily-May was happy she had a friend. Two months had gone by and so far Mallory remained her daughter’s only friend.

Lena had a feeling it partially had to do with how the other first graders shied away from Mallory. She had seen it happening multiple times when dropping off and picking up Lily-May. Even Kara had mentioned it to her, having noticed it as well. It was concerning, though on the plus side her daughter hadn’t mentioned any bully incidents after how she got her hair pulled on her first day.

Graym rushed over to his mother, promptly grasping her hand. “I don’t like Lucifer.”

“I know, beanie,” Gayle replied, ruffling her hand through her son’s hair.

“You look awesome as Dracula, sweetheart,” Imra assured Graym with a smile. “Sometimes children are mean when they’re jealous,” she said, trying to cheer him up, although she was painfully aware it sounded as if she was trying to make excuses for Lucifer’s problematic behavior.

Graym let go of his mother’s hand and held his arms up, batting his eyelashes at Imra.
Imra bent down and lifted Graym up, placing him on her hip. “I got you,” she said softly, sensing he was feeling afraid.

“You will protect me, right, mammy?” Graym asked, looking into Imra’s eyes.

“Yes, your mommy and I will protect you,” Imra answered, although she was sadly aware there was only so much they could protect him from. “You're safe now,” she said, caressing Graym’s back, feeling his fear lessening.

Gayle shared a painful smile with Imra. Graym had recently taken to referring to Imra as his mammy, which was fine by her. A part of her did worry she could lose it all, but she tried to keep a positive outlook, keeping in mind Imra was nothing like her exes. Her girlfriend was one of a kind.

Kara touched down in an alley. She had to abruptly leave when she was in the middle of trick or treating when she overheard there was some trouble near the park. Surveying the area, the trouble maker turned out to be Poison Ivy.

“Oh Rao, you’ve got to be kidding me,” Kara muttered, understanding now why Ivy wasn’t trick or treating with her children. “A plus for parenting,” she scoffed quietly.

Kara was disappointed Harley left Mallory and Lucifer to their own devices while Ivy was causing trouble near the park. Instead of doing all of that, they both should have been near their children. She had so hoped people were wrong about them and that they were actually good people, but then they just pulled stunts that told her otherwise.

Ivy had people trapped in plants, smiling while people screamed. Some tried to run, but her plants caught up to them, wrapping around their ankles.

“Poison Ivy,” Supergirl said, touching down about a foot away from Ivy. “Stop terrorizing these people and let them go.”

“If it isn’t Supergirl,” Ivy said, laughing wickedly. “I was so hoping you would show up and you don’t disappoint. Let’s play a game called catch.”

Kara frowned, until she saw Ivy using her plants to fling someone away. She flew to catch the unfortunate human who had become a target of Ivy’s ridiculous game. By the time she caught him, Ivy threw another and another, making her fly back and forth to catch people.

“That is enough!” Supergirl shouted with a stern tone. “Stop this, people are not toys.”

“It’s Halloween and it’s harmless fun.”

“This is not harmless, you’re scaring these people,” Supergirl pointed out.

“Okay,” Ivy said, suddenly letting the people go. It almost seemed too good to be true and it turned out it was, because next thing Kara knew, the plants wrapped around her instead. “Do you know why they call me Poison Ivy?” she asked, drawing Kara closer towards herself.
“If you kiss me, I will kill your plants,” Supergirl warned sharply.

“I didn’t take you for a homophobe.”

Kara gasped. Oh Rao. Her words completely backfired. She knew Ivy cared a lot about flowers and plants, so she thought a warning like that would work.

“Wh-what?” Supergirl stammered, shocked. There were still people nearby, watching, listening. “I’m not a homophobe.”

Ivy came closer. “I know,” she whispered, tip of her index finger touching the small scar above Kara’s eye. “Say hello to that pretty dollface of yours.”

Kara wriggled in the grip of the plants. It dawned on her Ivy knew who she was and that she was referring to Lena. “What do you want?” she asked through gritted teeth. For a moment she thought Ivy was going to kiss her, but so far she hadn’t yet.

“Hm, a sleepover.”

“What?” Kara scoffed. “I’m not having a sleepover with you.”

Ivy laughed. “Not us, Mal and Lily,” she clarified.

“Even if I would say yes, that’s not my decision to make,” Kara replied quietly. She couldn’t agree or disagree, not without Lena. “Is this why you’re causing trouble? You could have just asked.”

“Oh ask, yes,” Ivy said, plants tightening around Kara. “I remember asking the lot of you to come to a party we were organizing. We even baked cake. Harley spent the afternoon making snacks and nobody visited us. The children were very upset.”

Kara felt ashamed. She remembered they all refused to go to that party, which admittedly was wrong, but that didn’t mean Ivy had to do all of this. The plants vanished. She caught a glimpse of hurt flashing through Ivy’s eyes right before Ivy walked away.

Gayle cuddled into Imra’s side, resting her head on her shoulder. She smiled when Imra moved her arm around her shoulders.

Imra caressed Gayle’s shoulder and her upper arm, comfortable sitting on the couch with her like this. “What’s on your mind, love?” she asked, turning her face to the side to press a kiss to Gayle’s temple.

The soft press of Imra’s lips made Gayle smile. “I’ve been thinking about Christmas,” she answered, reaching out for Imra’s free hand, entwining their fingers on Imra’s lap.

Imra hummed in response, encouraging her girlfriend to explain further.

“It’s still seven weeks away, but I was thinking about where we would go,” Gayle revealed. She
exhaled quietly while Imra’s thumb stroked the back of her hand, always soothing and comforting. “I liked the cabin we went to last year and there are some good memories there, aside from that avalanche.”

“Hmm yeah, that part definitely wasn’t fun,” Imra agreed, glad her powers were of help. It thankfully hadn’t ruined their vacation.

“I was thinking about booking our vacation to go there again.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Gayle shifted a bit on the couch so she could look at Imra better. “Yes?” she asked, smiling when Imra nodded. She leaned towards her, kissing her softly, freeing her hand in favor of cupping Imra’s cheeks and moving to straddle her lap.

Imra placed her hands on Gayle’s hips and kissed her back. “We had our first kiss there,” she whispered in between kisses.

“We did,” Gayle remembered, blushing. “Are you going to wear that babydoll again? You know. The see-through one?”

“Mhmm, I could,” Imra replied, a twinkle of mischief in her eyes. Of course she didn’t mind wearing it. She knew how much it turned Gayle on. “Are you going to put pillows down the middle of the bed again when we arrive?”

Gayle shook her head, smiling. “Tease,” she whispered, capturing Imra’s lips once more. “Carry me to bed?”

“What happened to you telling me you know I’m strong and that I’m a show off?”

“I got hooked. It’s one of the many things about you I got addicted to.”

“Oh?” Imra asked, smiling while she lifted Gayle up and stood. “Do tell.”

Lena was out for drinks, but unlike usual, she wasn’t out with her friends and it wasn’t really a night out. She was wrapping up a business deal with a client, whom had suggested doing so over drinks. It would have sounded like a date, if it wasn’t for the fact said client was a happily married man in his fifties with four children and a grandchild he enjoyed talking about.

Halfway through wrapping up the business deal, Lena had to excuse herself for a moment to go to the bathroom. It was a little too hot at the club and she needed to freshen up so she wouldn’t be a sweaty mess. With her purse in hand, she pushed the door of the bathroom open and walked in. She set her purse down next to the sink and turned on the water.

Splashing some water into her face, Lena was startled by the door swinging open. It mostly startled her because the door swung against the wall. She turned off the water and looked at the person who deemed it necessary to make such a loud entrance.
“You,” Lena said, looking at Veronica, who was looking right at her. She hadn’t even known her ex, if Veronica could be called that, was at this club.

“Hello, Lena,” Veronica said coolly, closing the door. “Long time no see.”

Lena could have done with not seeing Veronica for the next ten years, if not fifty. She arched an eyebrow when Veronica approached her.

“I’ve been meaning to talk to you,” Veronica said, taking another step closer to Lena. At this point she was almost entering Lena’s personal space. “Now that you’re here alone, I figured now might be a good time.”

“I’m not here alone,” Lena corrected, grasping her purse. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have work to return to,” she said, walking past Veronica.

Lena didn’t get far because Veronica caught her wrist.

“Do not touch me,” Lena bristled, nostrils flaring up. “You have no right to touch me,” she said, watching Veronica drop her hand. “If you ever touch me again, I will file a restraining order against you, is that understood?”

“You are far too tense,” Veronica replied, walking past Lena, leaning against the door. “I’m not who I was in college anymore. I’ve changed.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night,” Lena said coldly. “You’re blocking the door. I need you to move so I can leave.”

“Give me one minute.”

“How about I give you ten seconds before I call the police?”

“Stubborn as ever,” Veronica said, shaking her head. “I’m trying to have a decent conversation with you.”

“By blocking the door like a child throwing a tantrum?” Lena commented, unimpressed and not convinced. Even her children didn’t behave that childish. “You want a minute, fine, but after this you better leave me alone.”

“Okay, as you wish,” Veronica agreed, holding up her hands. “I want to apologize for what I did back in college.”

“Apoloogize?” Lena scoffed. “You think apologizing will fix it?”

“I know I can’t undo what I did. I want you to know I regret it and that I’m not that person anymore. I’ve been trying to be a better person. One part of being a better person is apologizing to those I’ve hurt. You were an easy target for me back in college because you were young, beautiful and naïve. I think a part of you knew I was no good for you, but you kept letting me in because you yearned for affection, so much so you accepted all the affection you could get, even the toxic kind.”

Lena narrowed her eyes. Veronica’s apology sounded like an insult. Fine yes, there certainly was some truth in her words, but that didn’t help the situation one bit. She changed. She had healthy affection in her life. Her sister, her friends, her girlfriend, they were good for her.

“The reason why I kept coming back to you and why I also went to others was because I too craved
affection,” Veronica confessed. “It was a hole inside me I couldn’t fill and I ached for a fix, so I made out with any girl I could. I hurt you and for that I’m sorry. It had nothing to do with who you are, with you being a Luthor. It was all me, my own personal issues. I didn’t do relationships.”

Lena took a deep, steadying breath. She felt divided. On one hand she wanted to forgive Veronica and forget it ever happened, but on the other hand she hated her for what she did back in college. She never expected Veronica to feel any remorse and that was what threw her the most.

“The minute is up,” Lena stated calmly.
Chapter 43

Imra swayed Angel gently in her arms, watching her eyes droop. Babysitting four little children all under three years old wasn’t an easy task, but she managed. Sirius was a sweet little boy who oftentimes played quietly. The triplets cried every once in a while, but whenever they crawled around they were calmer. The downside was when they got hungry, they seemed to get hungry all at once and she couldn’t feed them all at once.

Babysitting her cousins was her new job. It happened unexpectedly. Before she took this job, she had visited around Halloween and Lucy commented on how good she was with the triplets. Lucy really wanted to go back to her job as a lawyer and get out of the house during the day, so Lucy had suggested she could babysit Sirius and the triplets.

Lucy said it was either that or she would have to bring them to a daycare with a bunch of strangers. Both Astra and Lucy preferred it if she babysat the children so they could stay at home and be with someone they all knew. She accepted because she adored children and loved spending more time with her cousins.

Imra worked out a schedule with Gayle. She picked up the children after school, after either Lucy or Astra came home while Gayle dropped them off. Her hours were less crazy than her hours as Gayle’s nanny used to be, not that she ever minded working long hours.

“You’re very sleepy, hm?” Imra whispered, smiling down at her cousin. “You had your bottle and you crawled around a lot. You exhausted yourself, baby girl.”

A wailing sound came from the bedroom, cutting through the baby monitor.

“Oh, that sounds like your brother,” Imra said, rocking Angel in her arms while she made her way to the triplets’ bedroom. “He has some healthy lungs, hm?”

“Cousin Imra,” Sirius called out, running after Imra on his little legs.

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“Can I have an apple, please?”

“Yes, you can,” Imra answered, smiling at her cousin’s politeness, which he had from Astra. “Give me five minutes and then I’ll slice an apple for you.”

“I can slice it,” Sirius suggested. “I’m a big boy.”

“Are you now?” Imra asked, smiling more. “You know your mothers don’t want you to touch a knife,” she reminded him. “Five minutes, I’ll be right back.”

Imra lowered Angel into the crib and scooped Wolf into her arms. “Hey, there, little siren,” she said with a faint chuckle. “Can’t sleep, hm? That happens to me too sometimes,” she whispered, holding him close to her chest, caressing his back.

“Uuuh,” Wolf whined, hand grabbing Imra’s right breast.

“Sorry, sweetie. There’s no milk for you in these,” Imra said, chuckling. “You’re hungry again, hm? For such a tiny human you eat a lot,” she whispered, entering the kitchen. “I’ll heat up some of Luce’s milk.”
“Cousin Imra,” Sirius said, tugging at Imra’s pants. “Can I have my apple now?”

Imra grabbed a bottle of milk from the refrigerator. While the bottle was warming up, she held Wolf with one arm, using her other to slice Sirius’ apple, with some help of her telekinesis. Babysitting four young children wasn’t a piece of cake, but she managed.

“This is my chess board,” Lily-May said while she showed her chess board, taking it out of the plastic box with toys. She smiled and put it away again. “I’m a good chess player, my mammy taught me. She’s a much better player than I am, but that’s because she’s much older.”

“Much older?” Lena asked, guffawing a little because she wasn’t that old. She was twenty-five and yes, she was twenty-one years older than her daughter, but come on. “I feel like a dinosaur,” she mumbled quietly to Kara.

“Rawr,” Kara replied, chuckling while Lena gave her a confused look. “That means I love you in dinosaur.”

Lena rolled her eyes. “Dork,” she whispered, smiling. “Rawr to you too.”

Lily-May giggled at how silly her mother and Kara were being. “That’s my piano over there,” she said with pride. “I can teach you how to play, it’s really easy.”

“It’s not that easy,” Kara disagreed.

“That’s because you’re clumsy, darling,” Lena teased, shrieking when Kara tickled her sides.

“Clumsy? Yeah, maybe I am,” Kara said, gazing dreamily into Lena’s eyes. “After all, I keep falling for you, over and over again.”

“That was really corny,” Lena replied, melting on the inside because Kara was just too sweet. “Come here,” she whispered, pursing her lips for a kiss.

“They do that all of the time,” Lily-May informed Mallory.

“My mother kisses Ivy all the time too,” Mallory replied, moving her fingertips over the keys of the piano. “She used to kiss my daddy, but he’s in prison.”

“My father died,” Lily-May said with a soft sigh. “Is your father nice?”

“Sometimes,” Mallory answered, shrugging her shoulders. “Ivy is cooler, she has powers.”

Lily-May climbed onto the bench of her piano and smiled when Mallory sat down next to her. “I wish Maira was here for our sleepover, too. She’s my favorite cousin. I wish she was my sister,” she said, pressing some of the keys, creating a tune. “Mammy promised she’s coming over for Christmas and then you can meet her. She’s my best friend in the world.”

“Oh… that’s nice.”
Lily-May stopped playing and looked at Mallory, who had her head down. “You’re my best friend, too, Lori,” she said, smiling.

Mallory looked up and smiled at Lily-May. “You’re my best friend,” she said, hugging her.

Lena was happy to see her daughter smiling so much. She wasn’t okay with Lily-May sleeping over at Harley and Ivy’s house, so she compromised with them she would let Mallory sleep over at hers instead. The idea of her daughter being in her neighbor’s house was too much. She didn’t want her sweet baby girl near Lucifer and she didn’t find Harley and Ivy suitable enough to watch over children.

Mallory flinched when Buddy ran up to them.

“Don’t be scared, Buddy is very sweet,” Lily-May said, petting her dog. “See, he’s just excited,” she said, smiling while Buddy waggled his tail.

“We had dogs in Gotham,” Mallory said, still flinching away from Buddy. “They attacked me and they bit me,” she said, lip quivering while she showed Lily-May a couple of scars that were littered onto her arms.

“That was very mean of them,” Lily-May replied, looking sadly at Mallory.

“Lucifer saved me,” Mallory said, standing up on the bench to keep Buddy from reaching her.

“No, Buddy,” Lily-May said when her dog tried to jump up on the bench. “Stay down, boy.”

Kara shared a concerned look with Lena.

Lena shivered while she wondered what Mallory and Lucifer must have gone through. Their father was the joker, which was bad enough already and the fact Mallory had been attacked by dogs wasn’t the only disturbing thing she heard.

“What did Lucifer do?” Lily-May asked, tilting her head at Mallory.

“He hit them with a baseball bat until they stopped moving,” Mallory answered, which had everyone gasp. “There was blood every-“

“Okay,” Lena interrupted. “Who wants to watch a movie?”

“Buddy won’t hurt you, I promise,” Lily-May told Mallory.

LJ walked up to Buddy and wrapped his arms around his neck. “Bud,” he cooed, giggling when Buddy tried to lick his face.

“See,” Lily-May said to Mallory. “Buddy is very friendly.”

Mallory shook her head and avoided Buddy at all costs.

“Are you okay, sweetie?” Kara asked Mallory softly. She felt for the little girl as she watched her shake her head. When she opened her arms and crouched down, Mallory stared at her for a moment before wrapping her arms around her neck. “Which ice cream do you like?”

“Strawberry ice cream,” Mallory answered, clinging on to Kara tightly.

“Lily, how about you take Buddy upstairs?” Lena suggested.
Once Buddy was upstairs and everyone had their scoops of ice cream, they settled onto the couch to watch a movie together. LJ sat on his mother’s lap, bits of ice cream on his chin, smiling while he tried to scoop another spoonful into his mouth.

Kara caught a glimpse of Lily-May who was sitting next to Mallory, whispering about the movie. She had a feeling those two might have a lifelong friendship ahead of them.

Gayle untangled herself from Imra’s warm, naked body and slithered out of bed. She tiptoed towards the bathroom to brush her teeth and comb her hair before making it back to bed. Imra was gorgeous, with her hair fanned out around the pillow. She pulled the covers down to Imra’s hips, sneaking a peek of her naked upper half.

Last night they had amazing mind-blowing sex, after which they had promptly fallen asleep naked together. The curtains were closed, but the small crack in the middle allowed a small ray of light to filter into the room.

Gayle wet her dry lips at the sight of Imra’s breasts. Her nipples were soft, unlike last night when they were hard. She leaned down and kissed Imra’s cheek. A smile formed on Imra’s lips, telling her Imra wasn’t as asleep as she thought she was. She kissed her cheek again, catching the corner of her mouth this time.

Imra’s eyes fluttered open. “Good morning, my love,” she whispered, stretching her arms and her legs, enjoying the way she was tangled in the sheets, or well half-tangled, since Gayle slid them down to her hips. Her movement caused the sheets to slip a little lower, down to her thighs.

Gayle’s eyes were automatically drawn lower, biting her lip as she looked at the little curls between Imra’s legs. “Good morning, Matilda,” she replied, snapping her eyes back up.

“Kiss?” Imra asked, pushing herself up a little by her elbows.

Gayle responded, connecting her lips with Imra’s.


“As if you don’t do that almost every morning,” Gayle said knowingly. “It was about time I woke up first.”

“Mhmm, should I pretend you’re right?” Imra asked, smiling while Gayle moved to straddle her.

“You are such a damn tease,” Gayle whispered, grinding her hips against Imra’s. “My tease,” she continued, leaning down to kiss Imra’s shoulders and her jaw.

“I can tell you’re turned on and it’s turning me on,” Imra whispered, sighing quietly as Gayle’s hips rocked into hers.

Gayle stilled when she heard the curtains sliding open, breathing out when they closed again.
Imra had seen Gayle naked plenty of times, whether it was dark or light, though she knew Gayle wasn’t too fond of being seen naked first thing in the morning, so she gave up on trying using her powers to let more light into their bedroom.

“I’m surprised I’m actually on top for a change,” Gayle whispered, poking her tongue out while Imra chuckled.

“Maybe you’re dreaming.”

“Mhmm, don’t wake me up then.”

“We could stay in bed for a while,” Imra suggested, drawing patterns onto Gayle’s skin with her fingertips. “Kiss some more…”

Gayle definitely wouldn’t be opposed to that. “Keep talking.”

“Oh, I intend to,” Imra replied, flipping Gayle over, pinning her underneath her body. “How about I speak French between your legs?”

Gayle moaned, feeling one of Imra’s hands sliding down her body. “Yes, please,” she answered, whimpering as Imra’s hand disappeared between her legs.

“Who needs breakfast when I have a full course meal right here,” Imra whispered, admiring every inch of Gayle’s body. Her girlfriend had to be the most attractive human on earth, she certainly was in her eyes and she was so lucky she got to share a bed with her.

“Don’t let your food get cold,” Gayle teased, closing her eyes while Imra kissed her.

Imra started off with a slow French kiss before kissing her way down Gayle’s body to speak some French between her legs. Her girlfriend was a vision of perfection, writhing, grasping fistfuls of sheets as she ate her out, taking her sweet time to bring Gayle to the brink of an orgasm.

“Ah… yes, mhmm,” Gayle moaned, spreading her legs to give Imra more access. “Oh yes, keep going,” she whimpered. “More.”

Imra sucked on Gayle’s clit and pushed two fingers into her slick wetness, her tongue and fingers working in tandem while she drank in Gayle’s whimpers and moans. It was like listening to the classical song ‘O Fortuna’, only the buildup was in moans, getting increasingly louder.

Gayle released a particular loud moan, muffled when Imra’s fingers slipped into her mouth.

Imra gazed up with a smile. “It’s okay, love, you can bite my fingers since you struggle to keep quiet,” she said, putting her mouth on Gayle’s clit again to finish what she started.

It was impossible for Gayle to be silent when Imra was a master at pleasuring her. She tried not to bite Imra’s fingers too much or too hard at first, but then Imra’s fingers curled inside of her just so, drawing a throaty moan out of her, causing her to bite down on Imra’s fingers.

“Fwuwk,” Gayle moaned, arching her back, heat coiling low as she was so close to a release she desperately needed.

Imra felt Gayle biting down hard on her fingers at the same time she clenched around her other fingers. She slowly retrieved her fingers, licking Gayle clean, moaning at the taste of her, sweet and just a little tangy.
Lena opened her mailbox, pleased to find there was another letter from her sister. She hadn’t expected a letter for another couple days or so. Morgana had a habit of sending her one letter every week and she had already received a letter earlier this week, but it was always nice reading her letters and responding to them.

Sometimes she thought how much easier it would be if her sister actually had a phone so they could send texts and call, or how easy it would be if she had a computer so they could Skype, but letters felt more authentic and could be saved. She kept every single letter Morgana wrote her, putting them all in a box, which she kept in a safe.

Lena went back inside, toeing off her shoes. The scent of freshly brewed coffee welcomed her as she made her way towards the kitchen. “Morgana wrote me another letter,” she told Kara, smiling.

“That’s great,” Kara replied, smiling back at Lena. “Do you want eggs and toast or eggs and bacon?” she asked, opening the refrigerator to get a start on their breakfast so Lena could read the letter from her sister.

Lena put her mail down on the table and took a seat. “I’ll have what you’re having.”

“Both it is,” Kara hummed, hearing Lena chuckle.

Lena opened the envelope her sister sent her. As she began to read, she found she no longer was capable of smiling.

Kara put everything down when she heard Lena’s pulse racing. “Lena?” she asked, eyebrows creasing together. “What’s wrong?”

Lena’s fingers were shaking. “It’s Maira,” she answered, her voice barely a whisper, cracking a little as she spoke. “According to this letter, Maira is severely ill and they urgently need help or she’ll…”

Lena choked on the last word, shaking her head as tears fell.

Kara was at Lena’s side in an instant.

Lena slowly breathed in and out. She couldn’t think the worst, despite the gnawing feeling something bad was headed their way. If she were to write a letter back and wait for a response, too much valuable time would be lost.

“Can you fly over there to see how Maira is doing?” Lena asked, knowing Kara was fast to go back and forth quickly, much faster than if she were to take a plane. “I know Mina doesn’t know about your powers yet, but this could be critical.”

“Of course, yes,” Kara agreed, face serious while she nodded. “I can ask my aunt to come with me. She might know which medication could help, if any is needed.”

Lena nodded. The words in the letter were blurry to read with tear-filled eyes. “Please hurry and be
careful,” she whispered, hoping whatever was wrong with Maira wasn’t as severe as the letter claimed it was.

Lena shivered as she recalled the coughing fit her niece had when their vacation in Ireland ended and how now, two and a half months later, she received a letter from her sister, pleading for help because Maira was severely ill. She wondered if that coughing fit was an early sign Maira was growing unwell. This was part of the reason why she always took it very serious whenever her children coughed, how she rushed them to the doctor, just in case it was something far worse than a simple cough.

Kara gave Lena a chaste kiss, spun into her suit and left.

“Good morning, mammy,” Lily-May said, showing up in the kitchen, rubbing her eyes. “Another letter!” she shouted, smiling when she saw her mother was holding a handwritten letter. “Did Maira write to me?”

“Mammy,” Lily-May said, pouting. “Why are you crying?”

“Oh, I’m just so happy your auntie wrote another letter,” Lena answered, quickly folding the letter so her daughter couldn’t see what was in it. “Did you sleep well, baby girl?”
Gayle watched Mallory with curiosity while she played with Anna and Elsa. She had agreed to let Mallory come over, because the twins insisted they wanted her to visit. Anna and Elsa made a point of how it wasn’t fair Mallory played at Lily-May’s house sometimes and not at theirs. She had warmed up a little to Mallory, but she was still wary of the Joker’s daughter.

“Why does a six year old like to hang out with children half her age?” Gayle wondered silently, whispering to Imra.

“Anna and Elsa are cute. Plus, they have their mother’s charm of drawing people in,” Imra whispered, winking.

“Charmer,” Gayle said, nudging Imra’s side, sharing a smile with her. “You do have a point, about them being cute.”

“Do my hair,” Elsa said to Mallory.

“Sparkles,” Anna cooed, revealing glitter.

“Did you get the kind that’s easier to wash off this time?” Imra asked Gayle, raising an eyebrow at her.

“Of course I did,” Gayle confirmed, huffing. “After we got that glitter on our face that was difficult to wash off, I watch more which glitter I buy them. Thanks for that, by the way.”

Imra chuckled. She knew it was her fault the twins put glitter onto their face once. “You’re welcome,” she said, taking a step back when Gayle swatted her arm.

Gayle sighed at how Imra was being a tease yet again, but she really loved that about her. She also loved how Imra challenged her just enough not to push her too far. God, that devilish smile and chuckle was maddening. She really wanted to kiss Imra right now, but they had to reel in their affections a little when they weren’t alone.

Mallory opened a small suitcase she brought with her.

“Oooh,” Elsa cooed, sitting down on her knees in front of the suitcase. “Dress up!”

“I want,” Anna said, fishing clothes from the suitcase.

“We can be princesses,” Elsa said, smiling while she selected a little pink dress.

“I need a comb and hair ties to do your hair,” Mallory said, making a face because that wasn’t in her suitcase. “I can do your hair too,” she said to Graym. “And your makeup.”

“No,” Graym replied, wildly shaking his head. “I’m not a girl. Boys don’t wear makeup.”

“Boys can wear makeup,” Mallory said, crossing her arms over her chest. “And boys can be princesses.”

“Nu-uh, that’s not true,” Graym disagreed. “Mommy, Mallory is making things up.”
“I am not making things up,” Mallory said, stomping her foot on the floor.

“Easy, children,” Imra said, holding her hands up. “How about we all take a deep breath?”

“But, mammy, Mallory is saying things that aren’t true and we’re not supposed to tell lies,” Graym replied. “Miss Woods said the truth is better than a lie.”

“Mallory is not lying, sweetheart,” Imra corrected Graym calmly. “Some boys wear makeup and like to dress up as a princess, and that’s okay. Some girls don’t wear any makeup and like to dress up as a prince, and that’s okay too.”

“Really?” Graym asked, plucking at his shirt. “Mommy?”

“She’s right, beanie,” Gayle confirmed. She couldn’t have explained it better than Imra did, not without making it sound too complicated for a seven year old to grasp.

“Oh,” Graym said, chewing on his bottom lip. “I’m sorry I said you were lying,” he said to Mallory. “I don’t want makeup though. I’m a prince.”

“Okay,” Mallory said, accepting a comb Imra handed her. “Then I won’t make you look like a vampire.”

“But… but it’s not Halloween.”

“So? Who cares what day it is,” Mallory replied, combing Elsa’s hair. “Do you want a ponytail or pigtails?”

Elsa turned around and pointed at Mallory’s pigtails.

Anna played with Mallory’s pigtails, giggling while Mallory was busy doing Elsa’s hair.

“Hm,” Gayle said, stepping into her kitchen to get some juice boxes and cookies for the children. “She seems like a normal kid, kind of,” she whispered to Imra, who had followed her into the kitchen. “There have been some minor things I find disturbing, like how she took her bat here with her, but overall she’s fine.”

“She’s a little misguided,” Imra admitted. “But at the end of the day, she’s a six year old little girl who plays dress up and likes dolls.”

Gayle took a quick glance to ensure they were alone and weren’t being watched. She put her hands on Imra’s hips, drawing her closer for a kiss. Whenever she was near her girlfriend, she could hardly go an hour without kissing her at least once. After nine months of being together, her feelings for Imra had only grown.

Kara returned home to Lena with her head bowed down, eyes filled with sorrow. She barely managed to meet Lena’s questioning gaze, knowing Lena had questions that needed answering, answers she struggled to voice.
Lena felt her heart sink. The look in Kara’s eyes was anything but promising. She wanted to know what was going on, what happened. Kara was gone the whole day, which was quite strange because she thought it would have taken her only a few hours at most.

“Kara?” Lena asked, heart thumping against her ribcage.

Kara slowly lifted her head, but she didn’t quite look at Lena yet. She glanced at the stairs, scanning, seeing the children were asleep, which was a relief. On her way here, she had tried to prepare for what needed to be said.

Kara’s tongue felt thick and heavy in her mouth, the words tasted bitter. “The doctors in Ireland did everything they could, but—”

“No,” Lena cut in. She shook her head while tears stung her eyes. “No,” she said again, firmer as tears rolled down her cheeks. “Don’t tell me it was too late,” she whispered, because that would be absolutely unacceptable.

“I’m sorry,” Kara said, barely above a whisper. “Maira got very ill very quickly. Morgana said she passed away on the evening after she sent the letter.”

Lena couldn’t keep herself upright anymore. She fell into Kara’s arms and sobbed. It wasn’t fair, her niece was only four years old and she had promised her daughter they would see each other again soon. It wasn’t right for a four year old to die. Maira had her whole life ahead of her. Maira was supposed to grow up and maybe even have children of her own and she was supposed to run through the flower field on Morgana’s farm with Lily-May. This felt like a nightmare, a painful one she couldn’t wake up from.

Lena couldn’t even imagine the weight of the pain her sister and Mina must have felt upon losing their daughter, their baby girl. It made her cry harder, struggling not to scream. She held on to Kara for dear life, crying onto her shoulder.

Kara had a lump in her throat she couldn’t seem to swallow. She was close to tears, but she had to be strong for Lena. The pain she felt was immense and the pain she had felt from Morgana and Mina was tenfold. Mina was screaming when she arrived in Ireland, crying out for the little girl she had given birth to, the little girl she lost.

Morgana had black circles around her eyes and hadn’t slept in days. Kara truly felt for them and so did her aunt, who tried to console them, but they were utterly inconsolable. Morgana and Mina used to be two of the happiest people she ever met. There was hardly a trace left of that happiness, they looked broken.

Kara wished the bad news ended there, but it didn’t. “Me-Merlin…he’s sick, too,” she revealed, feeling her heart shatter when Lena wept more. “He’s in a critical condition. Astra took him to get him the best care possible. She thinks he can make it, he’s a little fighter. Maira fought too, she really did, Morgana said so, but Maira grew too exhausted to keep fighting.”

Kara walked Lena to the couch and gently made her sit down, sitting down next to her. “Morgana gave me this,” she said, revealing the necklace Maira used to wear. “She said Maira wanted Lily to have this.”

“Lily,” Lena whimpered, shaking as another sob wrenched itself free from the back of her throat. “How am I supposed to tell my daughter her cousin died…? I promised her they would meet again on Christmas,” she whispered, closing her eyes, shaking her head while more tears streamed down her cheeks.
Kara knew how much Lily-May had looked forward to be reunited with Maira. She knew Lily-May had been counting down the days and the weeks while the holidays slowly closed in. It was one of the things Lily-May talked about the most.

Lena didn’t sleep that night. The next morning, she sat down with her daughter, trying her best not to break into tears again as she explained to Lily-May how the angels took Maira with them because they really wanted a sweet little friend.

Lily-May’s scream cut right through Lena’s heart and Kara’s along with it.

Lily-May cried and ran out of the door.

“Lily!” Lena panicked, running after her daughter before she would run out into the street and possibly into traffic, if a car happened to drive by.

Kara was out of the door in an instant as well.

Lily-May ran up to Harley and Ivy’s house. She rang the doorbell, her little fists pounded against the door until someone opened it.

“Hiya,” Harley said, frowning at the tears that ran down Lily-May’s cheeks. “Mal, yer lil friend is here.”

Mallory walked around her mother’s legs. “Lily?” she asked, thumbs reaching out to brush at Lily-May’s tears.


Lena watched from a small distance, gripping Kara’s arm tightly while she saw her daughter crying in Mallory’s arms. It hurt so much she lost her niece and it hurt even more how much pain it inflicted upon those she loved, upon her daughter, her sister and her sister in law.

“The an-angels st-stole her,” Lily-May cried.

“I will punch them,” Mallory said, stroking Lily-May’s hair. “Ivy will make some pretty flowers for Maira.”

“A flower crown,” Lily-May whispered, winding her little arms tighter around Mallory’s waist, cheek pressed against Mallory’s chest while Mallory’s chin rested atop her head. “Maira liked flower crowns.”

“Little dollface,” Ivy said to Lily-May, crouching down next to her. She grew flowers and wove a flower crown, holding it out to Lily-May for her to take.

Lucifer walked out of the door as well. “I’m sorry about your loss,” he said, putting a hand on Lily-May’s shoulder. “I didn’t know Maira, but I know she meant a lot to you.”

Ivy walked up to Lena and Kara. “If there is anything I can do for you, anything at all,” she offered Lena, squeezing her shoulder softly. “Let me know.”

“Actually yes,” Lena said, though she wasn’t one to accept favors and such that quickly. “Can Mallory stay over at my place for a while? I believe my daughter can use her best friend right now.”
Gayle came to Lena’s office to have lunch with her and Samantha as they often did, but Lena was distraught about Maira’s passing, so she forgot all about lunch to console her best friend instead. She was never the greatest at comforting someone, but she wanted to be there for Lena, no matter what. The news was awful and she was shocked when she heard about it.

Gayle honestly couldn’t fathom how Maira got so ill it cost the little girl her life. When she met Maira and Merlin, they looked very healthy, although to be fair that was half a year ago and a lot could change in half a year.

Lena sat on the couch in her office, in between her two best friends. She appreciated they were both here. Earlier today, she had to cancel two meetings and a phone call, because she could hardly speak for more than five minutes without crying. Her niece was only four years old, it wasn’t fair. She felt for her sister, her sweet sister who lost her baby girl. It was a mother’s nightmare to lose a child.

“We will be joining you when you go to Ireland for the funeral,” Samantha said, squeezing Lena’s hand. “Alex has to keep working because she has first graders to teach, but I’ll be there.”

Lena nodded slowly. Tears escaped from the corners of her eyes.

“I’ll be there, too,” Gayle promised. She took Lena’s other hand and squeezed gently.

“I can’t believe Maira is really gone,” Lena whispered, unable to hide her tears, but she knew she didn’t need to hide them around her best friends. “The last time I saw her, she had this cough and I asked if she was okay. It could have been an early sign her health took a dent. Maybe I should have said something more, suggested taking her to a doctor or I should have stayed longer until I was sure she was absolutely okay.”

Gayle scooted closer towards Lena and put her arm around her. “Sometimes bad things happen and I know it’s not fair, but it’s not your fault, Lee,” she said, placing Lena’s head on her shoulder.

Samantha shifted closer as well. “Maira’s pain is over now,” she said, stroking Lena’s hair. “I know it’s not much of a comfort, but hearing how much she fought, she can rest now.”

Lena nodded faintly while more tears fell. It was true her niece’s suffering was over, but at the same time the suffering for many others had just begun. Morgana, Mina, Merlin, Lily-May… they were all deeply struck by the loss, as was she. Less than a year ago, she learned she had a niece and half a year ago or so, she met her for the first time. Now she no longer had a niece.

There were two knocks on the door.

Lena wiped her tears away, grasping a tissue from her table, dabbing at her eyes.

“Some people have the worst timing,” Gayle muttered, shaking her head.

Lena cleared her throat. “Come in,” she called out, and despite having cleared her throat, her voice still came out broken.
Samantha frowned when the visitor walked in. “Maggie?”

“Detective,” Lena said, balling the tissue in her fist. “What brings you to my office today?”

Maggie shut the door behind her and ran a hand through her hair. “There’s no easy way to say this, so I’ll just be straightforward,” she said, putting her hands lightly on her hips.

“Okay,” Lena replied, whisking another tissue from the box on her table.

“There’s been an investigation regarding the death of Maira Westenra,” Maggie revealed, to which Lena bit back a sob. “Her death was labeled as suspicious.”

Lena’s eyebrows creased together. “Suspicious?” she asked, grasping her best friends’ hands. “What are you saying?”

Gayle made no sound while Lena squeezed her hand so tightly it actually hurt. She had an idea where Maggie was going with all of that, how she was here to say Maira didn’t just die because of some random illness.

“An autopsy revealed Maira didn’t die due to an illness,” Maggie shared. “Poison was found in her blood, a significant amount of it. The symptoms were similar to flu. They were mild at first, but quickly grew more aggressive. I’ll save you from any further… particular details.”

Lena was shook to her core someone poisoned two four year olds. Who would harm two innocent children? Who would do such an awful, terrible thing? This new knowledge made the situation so much worse. A natural death was one thing to process, but the fact someone did this to Maira and Merlin, who was still fighting for his life, was much tougher to digest.

“They must have consumed it through something they were given at the market,” Maggie continued. “Morgana mentioned someone at the market gave her two chess pieces. She’s been asked if it means anything to her, but it doesn’t. We apprehended a suspect who is currently being interrogated as to what his motive was.”


Lena closed her eyes. More tears streamed down her cheeks. The day before Jack was assassinated someone gave her a chess piece. “It’s Lex,” she said, opening her eyes, having a strong gut feeling about this. “He must have sent someone to poison the children because it’s been all over the media they’re my family and he must know how much I love… loved…”

Lena trailed off, unable to say more. No further words could be voiced. She could barely breathe. Lex must have done this because she found a family who loved her, a family she loved back. Lex always knew to hit her where it hurt.

Lena got up and stepped out onto her balcony, followed closely by Gayle, Samantha and even Maggie, as if she would jump, which she wouldn’t. “Monster!” she screamed, gripping the railing of her balcony. “Why, Lex, why!? She was only four, you monster! I hate you!”

Kara landed on Lena’s balcony as Supergirl. She pulled Lena into her arms and held her, aware if she might have looked strange to the others, but she heard Lena’s distress and Lena mattered more than hiding her identity.

Lena held on tightly, crying onto Kara’s shoulders, slumped in her arms.

It slowly clicked in Gayle’s head Kara was probably Supergirl. She shared a nod with Samantha
and went back inside Lena’s office, giving Lena and Kara some privacy. “I’ll see you out, detective,” she said to Maggie with a polite smile.

Maggie slowly averted her eyes from Lena hugging Supergirl. “Right,” she said, nodding.

“Lex did this,” Lena whispered, shaking while she held on to Kara as tight as she could. “I hate him, I hate him so much."

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry. This was bound to happen. It's a part of what I lined out for this story.
Chapter 45

The monitor beeped steadily. Multiple wires were connected to Merlin and he had an oxygen mask, keeping him alive.

Kara was relieved she hadn’t brought Lena with her, because she didn’t want her to see her nephew like this. She had to fly to Ireland soon to visit Morgana and Mina, to keep them updated about their son. When they had allowed her aunt and her to take Merlin with them, she promised they would hear back from her soon.

“I created an antidote based upon what I found in his blood,” Astra said, tapping an infusion. “The boy should wake up in a couple of hours, after which I will take him to the hospital for further care.”

“If we had known it was poison and had more time, Maira could have been saved, couldn’t she?”

Kara knew it was already too late by the time Lena even received Morgana’s letter. The poison that had been used was aggressive and deadly, but it was also one that worked slowly. She winced at the fact Maira had been ill for a week before it turned severe very fast. According to Morgana and Mina, Merlin had showed symptoms about two days later and his health became critical on the night Maira passed.

Astra’s answer didn’t come, but the way her jaw clenched while she averted her gaze was answer enough to know that yes, Maira could have been saved if they had known about the poison sooner.

“These who hurt innocent, defenseless children are cowards,” Astra bit out. “Only a heartless monster takes the life of a child.”

Kara didn’t blame her aunt for being upset about what happened. Everyone was upset about it, rightfully so. She didn’t know how, but somehow the news had leaked and it was all over the media, how Lena Luthor’s niece was poisoned by an assassin who was working for Lex Luthor.

Lex Luthor had caught wind of Lena’s twin sister, through the news and in another sadistic attempt to ruin Lena’s life he came up with a twisted plan to murder Lena’s niece and nephew. It was his own sick way of hitting Lena where it hurts, by going after those she loved.

“If this were Krypton, Lex Luthor would face execution,” Astra said through gritted teeth. “Humans are far too lenient.”

“Aunt Astra…,” Kara said with a silent sigh. “I know Lex is a monster. What he did was cruel and I’m not trying to make excuses for him, but I don’t agree that executing someone would be good, no matter their crimes.”

“Humans might as well call their prisons hotels. Prisoners are well-fed, are allowed to have visitors and can still operate criminally whilst in prison,” Astra said, making no qualms of voicing her opinion. “Lex Luthor laughs at the law and frankly, most of it is quite laughable. On Krypton, he would not have such free reign.”

“Promise me you won’t do anything drastic,” Kara replied, worried of what her aunt might do to handle the situation. “Think about your children, your family,” she said, not wanting Astra to put her own neck on the line for a sad excuse of a man.

“Family is all I ever think about, my dear niece,” Astra said, putting her hand on Kara’s shoulder.
“Maira was your girlfriend’s niece. She was family. This cannot happen again.”

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Gayle opened her suitcase and started packing to go to Ireland for the funeral. Alex had agreed to take Graym for the few days they would be gone, because Graym needed to go to school. Alex could easily take him to school with her and take him home to her and Samantha’s place afterwards. Astra had agreed to babysit Anna and Elsa. She didn’t want to take her children with her. Funerals were icky and she didn’t want her children near those when it wasn’t necessary for them to be.

Imra sat down on their bed. “How can someone inflict so much damage while being in prison?” she wondered silently, finding that hard to grasp. “Titan was different. While we also locked up murderers rather than opting for execution, our version of a prison was different. Criminals were judged for their crimes and were given a number from one to nine. The higher their number, the less privileges and stronger cell they wound up in.”

“Criminals with the number nine were abandoned in our desert with food that would last them a week,” Imra continued, remembering it well. “Criminals with number one were the only ones who were allowed visitation rights. They were often released back into civilization after five to ten years, after following a rehabilitation program.”

Gayle sat down next to Imra. “What made someone a criminal with the number one?”

“Thieves, those who took what did not belong to them or which they had not paid for.”

Gayle frowned. It sounded a little harsh of a punishment for a theft, depending on what was stolen. “What about poor people who stole food so they wouldn’t starve?”

“There was no poverty on Titan. Our society ensured none of our people starved. We kept our people well fed. Thieves stole weapons and personal belongings.”

Gayle couldn’t imagine a world where there was no poverty. It was something earth needed, for nobody to be poor, for everyone to have food so nobody would starve, but sadly earth wasn’t like that. She always hammered on ensuring her children didn’t waste food.

It was the first time Imra would be attending a funeral on earth in the eleven years she had been here. She had a feeling she was going to sense a lot of sadness and grief from the people attending the funeral. It would be emotionally taxing, but it was important to be there, out of respect.
Lena sauntered into the hospital with Kara to visit her nephew. She was relieved Astra had worked out an antidote for the poison, but his health was still significantly damaged. She wanted to check up on Merlin before traveling to Ireland.

Kara noticed someone was in Merlin’s room. She breathed out when she saw it was just the doctor, not a threat. There was some concern someone might have entered the hospital to finish what someone else had started, though police was near the building and Astra promised she would frequently check in on the boy.

“Hello, Doctor Griffin,” Lena said, nodding politely at Clarke.

“Miss Luthor and Miss Danvers,” Clarke replied with a tight smile.

“How updates?”

“One of Merlin’s kidneys is failing. His other kidney appears to be healthy and he can live with one kidney. Considering you are listed as his guardian, I wanted to discuss a surgery with you, for which I need your consent.”

Lena swallowed thickly. It was difficult deciding these things without Morgana and Mina. After the funeral in Ireland, they would come to National City, but for now she had to make some of the tough decisions.

“I see,” Lena said slowly. “What are the risks?”

Kara entered Merlin’s room to give Lena and Doctor Griffin some privacy to discuss the surgery. “Hey, Merlin,” she said, taking one of his hands. She knew he was unconscious and therefore couldn’t respond, but they always said talking was important.

“I brought a book to read to you,” Kara said, rummaging through her purse with her free hand, locating the book. “Your màthair said you like Hansel and Gretel.”

Lena’s eyes were filled with tears when she entered the room. “It’s his brain,” she whispered under her breath, knowing Kara could hear her. “His brain is not getting enough oxygen. They need to do the surgery today.”

Kara let go of Merlin’s hand for a moment. “He’s a fighter,” she whispered to Lena. “He’s going to make it. I’ll ask my aunt to come to the hospital while he’s in surgery.”

Lena nodded, sucking her lips into her mouth. “He looks so fragile,” she whispered, sucking in a deep breath at how pale her nephew appeared. “He’s a little boy, a harmless little boy.”

“I was about to read Hansel and Gretel to him,” Kara whispered, opening the book. “Unless you would prefer to read it to him?”

Lena shook her head. “I can’t read it without crying.”

Lena turned around when she heard someone walking in.

“Hey,” Kara said faintly, looking at her aunt.

Astra stepped forward and snaked her arms around Lena’s waist. “I know, child,” she whispered, stroking Lena’s hair.

Lena was hardly a child, but she knew Astra often behaved as if she was a mother to all of them
and she found Astra’s maternal instincts comforting. “He’s going into surgery today,” she whispered, sinking further into the embrace. “Can you stay with him? He’ll be scared if he happens to wake up, all alone at this hospital.”

“I shall stay with the boy.”

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Lily-May cried while she stood next to her mother and Kara.

“Maria was a precious child. It feels as if I felt her grow inside of me only yesterday,” Mina said, tearing up. “Four years ago, I put Maira onto the world and put her down on the ground, watched her grow, take her first steps and walk around. Today, I’m burying my child, forced to watch her casket descend into the ground, a casket with a length that barely surpasses my hips. Maira was the embodiment of kindness. Her smile filled my heart with joy. She lived a short, happy life.”

Everyone was silent, aside from people sniffing and blowing their nose into a tissue.

Mina cast her eyes down, crying while she let someone else say a few words for her daughter.

Morgana grabbed one of the white roses. “Maira was a little light, pure like this rose,” she said, her voice carrying out a little as she spoke. “It is not nature’s cruelty that is forcing me to bury my child. It is the cruelty of humankind or rather, the lack thereof, the lack of humanity. Hatred has taken my daughter from me. It’s that same hatred that made my son unable to be here today, for he has yet to recover and is at the hospital as we speak.”

Lena engulfed Mina into a hug, letting her cry onto her shoulder. It was unfair Merlin couldn’t even be at his own sister’s funeral because he was in no condition to leave the hospital.

“I always believed that one day, when I’m old and barely able to walk, Maira would watch my casket descend into the ground,” Morgana continued, voice broken. “Instead, I stand here, speaking while I shall never hear my daughter’s voice again. I can never catch another glimpse of her smile or put flowers in her hair because people spend too much time hating each other and not enough time loving one another.”

Lena’s heart was heavy when her sister nodded at her for her to say a few words. Lex was the reason Maira was being buried. His hatred towards her had made him execute such a vile plan. It wasn’t her fault, but she couldn’t stop thinking about how none of this would have happened if she hadn’t been so adamant about wanting to meet her sister.

If Lena had never met Morgana, met her niece, Maira would still have been alive today. Lex seemed to take great pleasure in ruining her family over and over again. Her daughter had already lost her father and now she lost her cousin. Lex was a monster, a disgusting man she didn’t recognize at all anymore.

“Maira was my niece and during the short time I got to know her, I knew she was one of the happiest children in the world,” Lena said, feeling the thorns of the white rose she held prick into her skin as she squeezed her fingers around it. “She was a lovely little girl with an even lovelier
smile. She rests in peace now, knowing she was surrounded by a family who loved her every step of the way. I will miss her and I will never forget her. She lives on in our hearts.”

Morgana opened her arms to hug her sister.

The silence thickened when Lily-May stepped forward to speak.

“Maira was my best friend and my cousin,” Lily-May said, wiping her tears away with the back of her sleeve. “I was going to see her again on Christmas like my mammy promised, but Maira didn’t make it. I know it’s not my mammy’s fault. I wanted to tell everyone not to cry, but it’s okay to cry, we’re allowed to show our sadness and pain.”

Imra didn’t know Mina that well, but she hugged her regardless when she saw her break down in tears. She felt so much pain from the people around her, such deep sadness, but she felt the most grief from Mina, the woman who once gave birth to Maira.

“I lost a part of myself,” Mina whispered.

Imra caressed Mina’s back, wishing she could take some of her pain away. It was unfortunate her gift to sense people’s feelings didn’t give her the ability to alter them.

“I don’t feel like smiling,” Lily-May said, lip quivering as a small smile formed on her face. “But Maira would want us to smile, for her. Maira was like a sister to me. She’s with my daddy and the angels now.”

Kara lifted Lily-May up, humming quietly while she tried to soothe her.

“Lex Luthor escaped prison last night, around nine. This morning, a jogger found his body sticking out from a dumpster. It is believed he had help escaping prison and his companion may have turned against him. There are, however, no signs of a struggle. The police have no trail and are urging anyone who may have information to come forward. It is presumed Lex Luthor was murdered between eleven pm and one am.”

Imra turned off the television with an audible sigh. She knew of the news already, considering she hardly left the police station an hour ago. Detective Sawyer had done thorough interrogations for anyone who was close to Lena Luthor.

“I hate that they think Lena did it,” Gayle said, feeling quite irritated. “She would never.”

Irma nodded her agreement. Maggie’s interrogation didn’t turn up much. Lena had an alibi because she was at home with her children, with Kara. She and Gayle confirmed that alibi because they were there as well, sitting on Lena’s porch, sharing a drink for half of the night.

Imra knew it hadn’t been Astra either, considering she briefly stopped by her place. She knew Astra wanted Lex Luthor dead, but she said it wasn’t her. Of course she believed Astra and Astra’s
alibi was confirmed by Lucy, who mentioned they were up late because their triplets didn’t sleep through the night yet.

“I can’t believe they harassed Morgana and Mina about that nonsense as well,” Gayle scoffed. Her irritation turned into aggravation. “They are mourning their dead child, for fuck’s sakes, give them a break.”

Imra agreed that it was awful even Morgana and Mina were interrogated. She understood the police saw them as suspects because they had a motive, but it wasn’t fair to them. They were good, kind people who were broken by the loss of their daughter. Losing a child didn’t make them criminals.

Morgana and Mina had each other as an alibi. The police had the audacity to undermine their alibi, claiming they could have worked together to kill Lex Luthor.

Gayle had never seen Lena go off so much as she did when Morgana and Mina got called the number one suspects. She had tried to calm Lena down while Imra went to get Lucy to act as their lawyer.

Lucy stated very firmly Morgana and Mina couldn’t be held for more than forty-eight hours, unless the police had evidence strong enough to hold them, but they had none, other than the fact the police wasn’t sure about their alibi.

It was despicable. Gayle had given Morgana and Mina a room at her hotel so they could be near their son who was still in the hospital, not so police who couldn’t do their jobs properly would accuse them of their alibi not being good enough.

“Lex Luthor had a lot of enemies,” Imra said, being one of them despite the fact she didn’t know him personally. “The list of suspects must be endless. If I knew who did it, I’d send them chocolates and flowers, probably a thank you card as well.”

“Lex Luthor consumed various herbs prior to his death. The herbs are presumed to have hallucinating effects. The damage inflicted to his organs hints at the murderer being someone powerful, someone not human.”
Two weeks went by since the tragedy, but Mallory was still spending the nights at Lena’s house, having sleepovers with Lily-May who clung to her friend like she was an anchor. Ivy and Harley were fine with it, which made it fine for Lena as well.

Kara lifted LJ into his high chair for his breakfast. “Okay, little guy,” she said, putting a plastic plate with two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in front of him. “Try not to make too much of a mess this time, hm?”

Kara smiled, ruffled her hand through LJ’s hair and kissed the top of his head, watching him grab the first sandwich with such a vice grip, it made some of the peanut butter and jelly spill from the edges.

Lena padded into the kitchen, her hair wrapped in a towel, having just gotten out of a much needed shower. “Lily, Mallory, time for breakfast!” she called out.

“We’re almost ready, mammy!” Lily-May called back from upstairs.

“Good morning, beautiful,” Kara said, stealing a kiss from Lena.

Lena smiled faintly. She was thankful Kara took it upon herself to make breakfast for everyone. “Good morning, darling,” she replied, leaning in for another kiss.

“Did you have a good shower?”

“Mhmm, my sore muscles needed it,” Lena answered, sighing quietly while Kara kneaded her shoulders.

Kara felt Lena’s shoulders were tense, but she knew it was due to all of the circumstances with the media circus and everything. “If you can spare an hour, I can give you a massage after breakfast,” she offered, pressing a kiss to Lena’s cheek, returning to their breakfast to finish it up.

“I wish I could, but I can’t,” Lena replied, having a lot of work to catch up on. Most of her work had been pushed aside because of what happened, which was okay, it simply meant she had to work harder so she could spare a few days around Christmas.

Lily-May walked into the kitchen. Her hair was done in one braid. “I’m not so hungry,” she said, twiddling her thumbs, making a face.

“You have to eat a little, sweetie,” Lena insisted.

“I made you some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches,” Kara told Lily-May. “I know how much you like those.”

“I guess,” Lily-May replied, slumping her shoulders. “Hey, buddy,” she said, holding her hand out to pet her dog.

Mallory approached slowly, flinching when her hand touched Buddy. “Good boy,” she said, pulling her face as far away from him as she could. “Don’t bite,” she warned, holding up a finger.

“He won’t do that,” Lily-May said to Mallory, just as she did every other day Mallory had been spending here.
Lena found it very sweet of Mallory how she was here for Lily-May, despite her fear of dogs. The past two weeks, she felt better about them being friends than she did at first. It was unfair how she had judged Mallory based upon her family. As a Luthor, she knew better than to do that to someone.

Gayle’s eyebrows shot up, quite surprised about what she just saw with her own two eyes. She replayed the footage from the security cameras that were installed at her hotel, again and again, but the footage didn’t lie. According to the tapes, Morgana left the hotel around nine pm on the night Lex Luthor was murdered and didn’t come back until close to three am.

She concluded with a start the alibi Morgana gave the police was not accurate. Morgana had claimed she was at the hotel with her wife. Perhaps Morgana had wanted to get some fresh air outside and go for a walk. Surely, there was a perfectly logical explanation aside from the possibility Morgana might have been the one who killed Lex Luthor.

Gayle played the tape again. Okay, Morgana had a motive, that much was true and her alibi that the police didn’t find strong enough because only Mina confirmed it was invalid. Despite the motive, Morgana was a kind woman. She looked to her left and right, although she knew she was alone in her office. With a few quick clicks, she deleted the footage and erased the tapes.

Gayle got up and exited her office, finding Leslie at the bar, where she had expected to find her. “I need to have a word with you in my office,” she said, pulling her aside.

“Sure, yeah,” Leslie agreed, following after Gayle. “The others think I keep getting in trouble with how often you call me into your office. The pirate even asked if we have an affair or something.”

“He should mind his own business, unless he wants to face unemployment.”

Leslie snorted. “I don’t really care what people say or think, you’re good looking and everyone knows you’ve got a thing with that beautiful lady.”

Gayle took a seat on her couch and waited for Leslie to sit next to her. “I didn’t ask you here for advice this time,” she said, wanting to get that out of the way.

“Alright,” Leslie replied, sitting down. “Let’s hear it.”

“I need a favor and if you ever want a favor, you’ll get one from me because I’ll owe you after this,” Gayle said, rapping her fingers on her knees. “On the night of Lex Luthor’s murder, you were working. You saw Morgana and Mina at the bar for a while and then they went up to their room. You didn’t see either one of them leave the hotel.”

“Psi…I’m dating Maggie, you know, the woman who’s investigating this?”

“They lost their daughter. They’re good people who don’t deserve any of that crap. Your girlfriend doubts their alibi while she should cut them some slack. You can strengthen their alibi, that’s all there is to it. I want Morgana and Mina out of this shitstorm. They wouldn’t hurt so much as a fly. I
know I’m taking a risk, but they’re my friends, they’re family. Family looks after family.”

“Fuck,” Leslie muttered. “You’re lucky I wasn’t with Mags that night. Apparently, I was working. I didn’t see Morgana or Mina leave the hotel.”

Leslie got up and eyed Gayle’s computer. “You’ve asked for this,” she said, using her powers.

Gayle sighed as her hotel lost its power, gasping when her computer exploded. It was a good thing she had important documents backed up on a cloud, because she wasn’t an idiot. “Was that really necessary?”

“I lost control of my powers,” Leslie stated calmly. “That’s why there’s no footage of the hotel to watch.”

“Thank you.”

Gayle was grateful Leslie was helping, because it might not legally have been the right thing to do, but someone had to throw Morgana and Mina a lifeline. Even if somehow Morgana did it, if she was the one who killed Lex Luthor, it didn’t matter. That asshole deserved to die and if it had been one of her children, she would have killed him herself.

“Do you think she did it?” Leslie asked, narrowing her eyes. “Did Morgana kill Lex Luthor?”

“What I think is that she’s a mother who is mourning the loss of her child, no more and no less than that. That woman’s life doesn’t need to be ruined more than it already has just because she went to get some fresh air, there’s no crime in that. Besides, you heard the news. Someone not exactly human is the killer.”

Imra whistled on her way to school to pick up the twins. She had a half an hour window to pick them up before she had to be at Graym’s school to pick him up. Her energy was less high than she made it appear, partially because she just left Lucy’s place a little while ago. It was a busy day, taking care of Sirius, Fay, Angel and Wolf, but she loved her job.

Parents had gathered at the school and for some strange reason she didn’t know, a couple was glaring daggers at her. It was quite rude and uncalled for.

“Miss Ardeen?” Miss Reyes called, stepping out of the classroom.

“Yes?” Imra asked, frowning at the tension she felt.

“Those kids are monsters,” the woman of the couple snarled.

“I need to have a word with you,” Miss Reyes told Imra.

Imra followed Miss Reyes into the classroom, noticing how the couple followed as well. Anna and Elsa were staring at the floor with matching pouts.
“Girls,” Imra said softly, crouching down in front of them. “Are you alright?” she asked, though she already sensed they weren’t.

“Those children are out of the control,” the man of the couple snapped, glaring when Imra hugged the twins. “You should give them a proper beating, not a hug.”

Imra whirled around so fast, it was a miracle she didn’t lose her balance. “I will do no such thing,” she said, angered he dared say such a thing, in front of the children even.

Miss Reyes cleared her throat. “Today, Anna and Elsa glued Tommy’s shoelaces together,” she said, gesturing at a little boy who was bawling his eyes out. “When he fell, they pointed at him and laughed. They emptied his backpack in the toilet and pushed him.”

Imra’s jaw dropped. *Anna and Elsa were bullies?* Gayle was definitely not going to be happy and neither was she. “I’m terribly sorry, I’ll have a word with them to sort them out,” she assured the teacher. Gods, this was awful, they were usually sweet girls. Sure, they tugged at people’s arms sometimes, but this was a whole different level.

“We don’t tolerate bullying,” Miss Reyes said sternly. “If another incident happens, the twins can no longer go to school here.”

“I understand,” Imra replied, ashamed in Anna and Elsa’s place to learn they did such mean things. She grasped their hands and left the school, followed by glares and whispers from other parents.

“What was the meaning of all that, girls?” Imra asked sternly, once they were outside, far enough away from their school. She still had to pick up Graym before she could take them home.

Anna’s lip quivered. “Are you mad, mammy?”

“A little bit, yes,” Imra admitted. “But most of all I’m very disappointed. Bullying is a mean thing to do. You can’t glue someone’s shoelaces together or empty their backpack in the toilet or push them.”

“We wanna be like Mal,” Elsa said, pouting.

“When you bully someone, you hurt them very much on the inside,” Imra said. “You hurt their feelings. If someone emptied your backpack in the toilet, what would you think of that?”

“Mean,” Anna answered, tearing up. “We bad?”

“What you did was bad, but you’re not bad,” Imra explained, which only made the twins confused. “We’ll talk about this again later, with your mommy.”

“Noooo,” Elsa whined. “No tell mommy.”

Imra was going to tell Gayle either way. Her girlfriend deserved to know the truth. They had to ensure Anna and Elsa wouldn’t do something like that again.
Mina’s eyes didn’t leave Merlin for a second as she watched him walk around Lena’s house.

“Hey,” Kara whispered, putting a hand on Mina’s shoulder. “How are you feeling?”

“Afraid,” Mina answered quietly.

Kara guessed as much, it was an understandable feeling after everything Mina had to endure. In the background, she heard Lena speak with her sister in the kitchen over a cup of tea. “He’s strong,” she whispered, relieved Merlin was recovering well.

“He always has been. When he was little and he fell, he never shed a tear. What you and your aunt did... thank you,” Mina whispered, grasping Kara’s hand tightly. Her eyes were a little wet. “Without you both, I would no longer have any children.”

Kara wanted to brush it off as no big deal, but she knew Mina had a point. If she hadn’t flown to Ireland with her aunt after Lena received that urgent letter and if they hadn’t taken Merlin with them, Merlin wouldn’t have stood a chance. She wished they could have done the same for Maira, that it hadn’t been too late.

“I hope Lena doesn’t blame herself for Lex’s actions,” Mina whispered, sighing. “She never asked to be adopted by such a heartless family.”

“Màthair,” Merlin said, looking at his mother who was looking at him. “I am well, we can return home.”

“We will, my aingeal, soon, I promise,” Mina replied, kneeling down to hug her son. “If the doctor says it is okay, we can travel back home.”

“Merlin,” Lily-May said while she ran towards her cousin. “I made you something.”

Merlin looked down at Lily-May’s hand, at the bracelet she held out to him. “Thank you, Lily,” he said, taking the bracelet from her.

“I gave it a kiss for good luck,” Lily-May said with a small smile. “Will you write to me when you get home?”

Merlin nodded. Before he could put on the bracelet, Lily-May flung her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

“Can we have a word in private?” Mina silently asked Kara.

Kara nodded and gestured at the stairs. She didn’t say a word as they walked up the stairs.

“With the person you are, you must have lost a great deal,” Mina whispered while they stood in the hall upstairs.

Kara never lost a child, because she never had any, but she did lose her home, her parents and many more people she used to know. She nodded and waited for Mina to go on.

“How did you cope with a loss that deep?” Mina asked, wiping at her tears. “How did you pick up the pieces and move on?”

“I wish there was some kind of quick fix I could share, but there isn’t. Loss hurts and pain is awful, but it’s a part of the process. When I lost a lot, I reminded myself not all was lost. You have a healthy son and while that is a bittersweet comfort, your life hasn’t ended, even though you feel as
if the sky came crashing down on you. It takes time to heal, to give it a place. Allow yourself to mourn, Mina. Don’t beat yourself up if it takes you a month, a year or more.”

“When I look at my son, I see my daughter. I see her in his eyes. She was my angel, I loved her dearly.”

Gayle was wearing a strapless white dress which matched perfectly with the black dress Imra had on. When Lena had suggested a family dinner of sorts at a restaurant, she had accepted. Meanwhile, she wished Astra and Lucy a lot of luck for babysitting seven children on top of their own four children.

Morgana and Mina looked a little differently, as usual, wearing fancy dresses Mina had made. Their dresses had some lace and their sleeves were puffy.

Alex was wearing a dark blue dress while Samantha was the only one who had opted for a suit.

Kara looked down at the simple back dress she was wearing. Lena definitely outshined her, with her red dress. Her girlfriend really knew how to work that color.

The waiter at the restaurant brought the plates to their table and refilled their glasses before leaving them to it. So far their table had been rather silent, even during the appetizers, as if none of them really knew how to strike up a conversation.

Lena scooped her spoon into the soup. It didn’t taste bad, but it lacked some flavor. “Can you pass me the salt, daddy?” she asked, without thinking.

“Yes, baby.”

Alex spat out her soup when Kara handed the salt to Lena. “You call my sister daddy?” she asked, eyes round, jaw slack.

Samantha grinned while she slurped her soup a little. “This dinner just got good.”

Kara blushed, because yes, Lena sure did call her that, in the bedroom, sometimes, but they didn’t need to know that. Oh Rao, this was mildly embarrassing.

“I um, well, I mean…,” Lena answered, spluttering for a way to respond while all eyes were suddenly on her. She hadn’t meant to call Kara daddy in public, especially not in front of their family, oh god.

“Way to go, Kara,” Imra said, chuckling whilst patting Kara’s shoulder. “I knew you had it in you.”

“I guess we know which one’s the top,” Gayle commented.

“As if,” Lena disagreed, huffing. “I’m a switch, we both are.”

“Fascinating,” Morgana said, reaching for her glass. “Do we have the rest of that bottle at our
table?” she asked nobody in particular, emptying half of her glass.

Mina smiled at her wife and whispered something in her ear, which seemed to make Morgana smile.

“Lena is right, we’re both switches,” Kara confirmed. “But um, anyway, let’s eat.”

“Gayle calls me Mistress in bed,” Imra shared, laughing as Alex spat out another spoonful of soup.

Gayle nearly choked on her sip of wine. “Oh for fuck’s sakes,” she muttered. “Why did you tell them that?”

Imra bit her lip while her eyes raked down Gayle’s body before flicking back up. “I enjoy watching you squirm,” she said, simply because at this point, Gayle was asking for it. She knew it was a little devilish, but she was a tease after all.

“You’re fun,” Samantha said to Imra, eyes twinkling in delight.

Alex shook her head wildly when Samantha winked at her. “Don’t—”

“Alex calls me Master when we get a little rough,” Samantha revealed.

Imra chuckled and high fived Samantha. She had always figured Samantha was a power top as well. One could say she had some kind of hidden invisible radar for it. The whole Lena calling Kara daddy surprised her a little though.

Kara gasped. “Oh Rao,” she whispered. “Haven’t you two traumatized me enough yet?”

“God, don’t remind me you walked in on us more than once,” Alex said, groaning.

“You’re welcome for the live lesson,” Samantha told Kara, smirking.

Lena just had to suggest having a family dinner, how lovely. On the bright side, they were overall having a decent time and it was a good distraction from the bad news they had to process lately. “Now that that’s been shared…,” she said, trailing off, gesturing at their plates.

“Mina calls me Enchantress in bed,” Morgana said, laughing lightly when her sister choked on air.

“My beloved wife is right,” Mina confirmed with a smile. “I call her Enchantress because of the things she does. The way she uses her tongue feels like magic.”

“That’s… interesting,” Lena said, downing her glass of wine. “I should order another bottle. Wine anyone?”

“Oh, I see how it is,” Morgana said, eyes sparkling. “You can traumatize me, but I cannot traumatize you?”

“Just because we’re twins doesn’t mean you have to copy me,” Lena replied, smiling.

“If I copied you, I may have snuck out to be intimate underneath the stars,” Morgana quipped, laughing when both Kara and Lena gaped at her. “My dearest sister, I see all, I know all.”

“Okay, sensei, if you say so,” Lena said, wondering how she would ever live down her sister knowing those things. “Was it because Kara was loud?”

“Hey!” Kara objected. “Hey,” she said again, lowering her voice. Rao, they were in a restaurant,
talking about… that stuff.

“She couldn’t have been as loud as Alex,” Gayle said, shuddering at the memory of hearing Alex and Samantha fuck like rabbits. “You sure know how to scream.”

Alex gasped. “What have I ever done to you?” she asked Gayle. “Other than ruin your sleep, apparently.”

“Speaking of noise, I heard Gayle and Imra the first time they had sex,” Kara blurted out. “Gayle screamed Imra’s name at the top of her lungs.”

“Well, well,” Alex said, grinning as it was Gayle’s turn to blush. “This is an interesting development.”

“Want to know what I did to make her scream that loud?” Imra asked, smiling wickedly.

“Oh dear god,” Lena whispered, face-palming. She poured herself another glass and raised it. “To our first and last family dinner.”


“I do enjoy learning new things about my sister,” Morgana said, winking at Lena. “And about the lot of you as well.”

They clink their glasses together before taking a sip.

“Next time we can share sex tips,” Samantha said, “for an extra spicy sex life.”

“No way,” Alex replied, shaking her head. “Family is cancelled. I’m declaring myself an orphan.”
“Hi, this is a little something for the holidays,” Gayle said to the personnel, handing over a gift basket. It was more of an apology for how she went off at them last year. “I take it you received my reservation properly?”

The personnel nodded. “A room with three beds and a room with two separate beds,” one of them said with a practiced polite smile.

Gayle’s eyes widened because no, no, no, that was not what she asked for. That was what she asked for last year, when Imra changed it behind her back without her knowledge. God, this seriously wasn’t happening right now. Come on. She specifically asked for a master bed, for the exact same cabin she had last year.

The personnel laughed and exchanged a fist bump with Imra.

“You should see the look on your face, my love,” Imra said, chuckling. “We have a master bed again this year, don’t worry,” she assured her, making a cross over her heart.

“I am going to strangle you while you sleep,” Gayle grumbled, but her grumbling quickly transformed into a smile. “You’re such a tease, unbelievable.”

Imra looked very much forward to this vacation. It was odd how it was only a year ago when they had stood pretty much in this same exact spot, when she had interrupted when Gayle was grumpy at the personnel because of the room ordeal. She flirted so much with Gayle a year ago; she was really putting it on thick. If a year ago, she hadn’t caught Gayle’s lingering looks she would have thought Gayle wasn’t interested in her like that.

“Snowwww,” Elsa cooed, giggling as she ran out into the snow.

Gayle gasped when Elsa sank away in the thick layer of snow, up to her chin. “Oh my god,” she said, eyes wide when the same thing happened to Anna.

“I’ll get the icicles,” Imra said, chuckling while she plucked the twins out of the snow.

“Cold,” Anna said, shivering, but she was smiling. “Again!”

“No, not again,” Gayle interrupted. “You can play in the snow later, somewhere where it’s less thick, but first we are going to put our things in our cabin.”

“Mammy, can you give me a piggy back ride like last year?” Graym asked, looking up at Imra, batting his eyelashes.

“Of course,” Imra answered, crouching down. “Hop on.”

“I suppose I’ll just carry our bags then,” Gayle said, glancing at the four suitcases, and that was considered not much.

Imra shook her head and handed Anna to Gayle so she had an arm free to carry the suitcases.

Gayle shook her head, smiling, because of course Imra just had to carry all of the suitcases like the show off she was. God, she loved that woman, such a gentlewoman. “I could have carried Elsa as well, you know,” she told Imra while they worked their way through the snow.
“Hm yes, I know, but I don’t want you to tire yourself out yet,” Imra replied, winking, leaving a silent promise hanging between them.

Just a few more lights, Kara had said. It will look pretty, she said.

“Well then. . . ,” Lena said slowly when they were engulfed in darkness, all because Kara connected too many wires and now the electricity was out, in their entire street.

“Um. . . ,” Kara said awkwardly, scratching the back of her neck. “Oops?”

Meanwhile, neighbors outside were shouting, trying to find the culprit.

Lena sighed. This was the kind of stuff she had to deal with because she was dating a dork, a dork she was in love with. She wasn’t really annoyed by it. The power would kick back in after an hour, tops, most likely.

“I’ll get some candles,” Lena said, using the light of her phone to locate them.

“Mammy,” LJ sniffled, wrapping his arms around his mother’s leg. “No dawk.”

“I know, my little chicken,” Lena said softly, lifting her son up in her arms.


“I got you, my little pumpkin,” Kara said to LJ, taking him over from Lena. “I’ll keep you safe. No monsters are going to scare you.”

Lena lit some candles. It would have been romantic if it wasn’t for the fact her son didn’t like the dark at all. Her little chicken was afraid of chickens, clowns and the dark, among other things, she was sure. At night she had to leave a little night light on for him, because if he woke up during the night and it was dark, he screamed. She knew because she forgot to put his light on once. Nowadays, she had a routine with Kara where she put on LJ’s night light while Kara looked under his bed and in his closet for monsters.

“I like candles,” Lily-May said. “Can we light some more, mammy?”

“I’ll see if I can find more, baby,” Lena answered, opening a drawer to check.

There was a loud knock on the door.

“Ah, our guests have arrived,” Kara said, walking over to the door. “Hey, come on in,” she said, smiling, stepping aside so Harley, Ivy, Lucifer and Mallory could enter.

“Lori!” Lily-May shouted, running over to her best friend.

Mallory giggled when Lily-May barreled into her. “Lily,” she said, wrapping her arms around the shorter girl.
Lucifer tilted his head, staring at Buddy, who was trying to get Lena’s attention.

“Hiya, dollface,” Harley chirped at Lena. “Good to see ya,” she said, kissing her cheek. She spun around and turned her attention towards Kara. “Ya look radiant, Superchick,” she whispered, kissing her cheek.

“Just Kara,” Kara corrected, though she knew it was pointless to correct Harley. Once Harley and Ivy nicknamed someone, they stuck to it, whether the receiver liked it or not.

“Which one of you killed the electricity?” Ivy asked, grinning while she looked between Kara and Lena.

“That would be my dork,” Lena answered, chuckling while Kara muttered how she didn’t do it on purpose. “I was about to pour some drinks. Wine or champagne?” she asked Harley and Ivy.


“She really does,” Ivy confirmed. “Whichever bottle you open first is fine.”

“Wine it is,” Lena said, making her way towards her kitchen. “I have apple juice and orange juice for the children.”

“I’ll have a glass of wine, sweet cheeks,” Lucifer said.

“I don’t serve alcohol to children,” Lena replied, sighing quietly at Lucifer calling her sweet cheeks. She knew he did the same thing to Gayle and they both disliked it.

“He can have a glass,” Harley spoke up. “He has a glass at our place all the time, it ain’t that strong.”

Lena wasn’t too pleased about serving alcohol to a nine year old, although if she was being fair, she already drank wine when she was his age. Not that she ever asked for it, no, it was just what her family did, to make her taste pallet richer. She decided to pour him half a glass, considering Lucifer wasn’t her child and she had no real say in the matter. If Harley and Ivy said he could have a glass, who was she to say no?

“I want a glass of wine too,” Mallory said.

“No,” Ivy said. “You can have a glass when you’re your brother’s age.”

The lights flickered back on.

“Would ya look at that,” Harley said, smiling while she looked up. “Mistletoe, time for a kiss.”

“It is tradition,” Ivy agreed, snaking her arms around Harley’s waist.

“Oh Rao,” Kara whispered, seeing how Lucifer grasped Lily-May’s hand.

Lena almost dropped the bottle of wine when she saw Lucifer lean in. Christ, her daughter was only four years old.

Lily-May stared at Lucifer and pulled her hand out of his grasp.

“No,” Mallory said to her brother. “Lily is with me,” she said, taking Lily-May’s hand.

Lily-May giggled when Mallory kissed her cheek.
Lena released a breath she didn’t know she had been holding, relieved Lucifer didn’t kiss her daughter.

“C’mere, ya lil booger,” Harley said to her son.

“Ew, stop,” Lucifer complained when his mother kissed his forehead and his cheeks multiple times. “Mom, you’re embarrassing me.”

“Booger,” Lily-May snickered, giggling along with Mallory.

Gayle wasn’t sure why Imra thought going for a walk in the snow would be a good idea, but she had agreed because she loved spending time with her. The fresh air felt pleasant, though the snow that soaked through her boots was decidedly less pleasant.

Imra smiled and pulled Gayle closer, pressing a kiss to her lips. “You must be cold, love,” she whispered, feeling how cold her lips felt.

“It is winter,” Gayle pointed out, smiling while she leaned in for another kiss.

Imra parted her lips, feeling Gayle part hers as well. Their tongues met, circling around one another, slowly savoring their kiss. She broke their kiss and took a step back, watching as puffs of air left Gayle’s lips.

Gayle was curious what was making Imra smile so much, more than she already did. “What is it, Matilda?” she asked, eyes flitting down when Imra grasped her gloved hands.

“My love,” Imra said, running her thumbs over Gayle’s gloves. Unlike her, she wasn’t wearing gloves. “A year ago, we shared our first kiss,” she started with a nervous smile.

Gayle bit back a smile and nodded. It was one of the best moments of her life, one she would never forget. She was happy to hear Imra remembered it was exactly a year ago since they kissed for the first time, when one kiss turned into many. Her eyes widened at what Imra did next.

Imra reached into her pocket, pulling out a small box as she went down on one knee. “I was sure then and I’m still sure now that you’re my one true love. There isn’t anyone else in the universe I’d rather spend my life with than with you. I want to wake up next to your beautiful face every day for the rest of my life. I want to kiss you every day and tease you. I want to make you smile that gorgeous smile of yours,” she said, getting emotional.

Imra opened the box, revealing a ring. She took a page from her own advice from when she told Samantha one couldn’t put a time stamp on love, and when you knew, you just knew. “Gayle Marsh, will you marry me?” she asked, feeling the most afraid she had ever felt, but also relieved she worked up the courage to ask.

Gayle’s jaw dropped. Tears rolled unbidden down her cheeks. She couldn’t believe that this was real, that this was happening. The woman she was absolutely crazy in love with was kneeling
down in the snow, proposing to her. The very same woman her children had accepted as a parent. This felt like a dream or maybe this was what heaven was like.

The snow began to soak through Imra’s pants while she waited for an answer. She could tell her girlfriend was overcome by emotions. It wasn’t a random spur of the moment, she had wanted to propose for months, but she didn’t want to make it appear rushed. She knew they hadn’t been together for a year yet, though it was close to a year and the fact they shared their first kiss a year ago gave it the romantic touch she knew both Gayle and she loved. That was why she chose this day.

Gayle took a few deep breaths and wiped her tears with the back of her gloved hands. It felt like an extra confirmation that Imra was truly in it for the long run and that she wasn’t going to up and leave someday. “Yes,” she answered, after a long moment of silence.

Gayle dropped down to her knees and flung her arms around Imra’s neck. “Yes, yes, yes,” she repeated, smiling through her tears of joy. She took off her gloves, tearing up some more when Imra slipped the ring around her finger.

Imra smiled while Gayle peppered her face with kisses. Seeing Gayle cry tears of happiness made her cry as well.

“Mommy said yes!” Graym shouted, startling Imra and Gayle. “They’re going to get married!”

“Oh gods,” Imra chuckled.

“You know, I should have known he would eavesdrop,” Gayle said, chuckling as well. She was so distracted by Imra that she hadn’t even sensed Graym’s presence.

Anna and Elsa squealed as they ran out into the snow.

“Mommy and mammy sit in the snow,” Elsa sang, clapping her hands together. “Kiss, kiss, kiss.”

Imra smiled and scooped Gayle up in her arms, carrying her bridal style. “Practice,” she said, winking.

“Sure, this has nothing to do with you enjoying carrying me around,” Gayle replied, smiling while she wound her arms around Imra’s neck. “If you still do this fifty years from now, we’re good.”

Imra’s heart did a summersault while she thought of her future with Gayle. “Of course, my love,” she promised, feeling the happiest she had ever been and it showed in her smile and in the way her eyes sparkled.

“Good night, pip,” Kara whispered, tucking Lily-May in. “Sweet dreams.”

Lily-May yawned. “Good night, mommy,” she said, snuggling into her pillow. “Good night, mammy,” she said, smiling at her mother who stood at the foot of her bed.
“Good night, my little snuggle bug,” Lena replied, pressing one last kiss good night to her daughter’s forehead.

“Cute,” Kara whispered, smiling while Lily-May closed her eyes.

Lena tiptoed out of her daughter’s bedroom with Kara, quietly closing the door. She hadn’t meant to let Lily-May stay up until way past eleven, but her daughter was trying really hard to stay up until midnight because she wanted to be awake when the New Year began.

Kara laced her fingers together with Lena’s. It was just the two of them now and the countdown was in seven minutes. “I love you,” she whispered, kissing Lena at the bottom of the stairs.

Lena smiled into their kiss. “Couldn’t wait for the mistletoe?” she asked with a teasing tone, chuckling. “I love you, too.”

Kara gently tugged at Lena’s hand until they were both standing underneath mistletoe. “How about now?” she asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

Lena shook her head, smiling. “Dork,” she whispered, closing the gap between them.

“Rao, I really, really, really love you,” Kara said, resting her forehead against Lena’s. “You’re perfect.”

Lena didn’t consider herself as perfect, but hearing Kara say it with such sincerity made her blush. “You truly are the sweetest thing,” she said, smiling.

Kara gazed into Lena’s eyes and for a solid minute, if not two, that was all she did, simply gaze into Lena’s eyes. She knew in her heart that this was right, that they were meant for each other.

“Lena, there is no place in the world I’d rather be than right here with you, or in the universe even, because home is wherever you are. You’re my home. I feel like I’m my best self when I’m with you and you accept me for who I am. Quirks and all. You’re singlehandedly the best thing that ever happened to me, and oh Rao, so are LJ and Lily-May. I love your children with all my heart.”

Lena took a shallow breath, stunned to hear Kara say those things. She had no idea she meant that much to Kara that she was considered her home. Hearing Kara speak with such fondness about her children made her smile, because her son and her daughter always came first.

“I know your children aren’t my blood and they never will be, but Rao knows I love them as if they were my own,” Kara continued, smiling, tearing up a little. “Family is so much more than blood. It’s about love and about whom you want a future with, and I want a future with you, with them.”

The countdown for the New Year began.

Kara felt around in her pocket, almost dropping the box under Lena’s intense stare. “This went smoother in my head,” she said, chuckling, relieved to hear Lena chuckle as well.

10, 9, 8… the host on the television show on television in the background counted down.

7, 6.

Kara opened the box, chewing her lip for a second. “Lena, will you end this year as my girlfriend and enter the New Year as my fiancée?” she asked, holding up the ring. “To marry me, I mean. Will you? Oh Rao, it’s will you marry me. So um…will you marry me?”
Lena actually quite enjoyed the way Kara proposed, the way she phrased ending this year as girlfriends and entering the new one, engaged. “God, Kara,” she said, chuckling, shaking her head. “No,” she said, just as the host finished his countdown.

Kara faltered, smile dropping. “…No?” she asked, shocked. She knew people didn’t always say yes, but she really thought… She…and Lena… but… what?

“I mean yes,” Lena said nervously, mentally scolding herself for making Kara think she was saying no to her proposal. She held a hand up and walked towards where she had hung her coat, retrieving a small box with a ribbon tied around it.

“Kara…,” Lena began, opening the box. “I have had this ring for three weeks, trying to figure out when and how to propose,” she confessed. “I thought that maybe, it was crazy how quickly it crossed my mind I want to marry you, but love does crazy things to people and I’m crazy about you. Kara Danvers – Kara Zor-El, will you marry me?”

Kara was speechless, completely speechless for the first time ever. She had not seen any of this coming, had no idea Lena wanted to propose to her as much as she wanted to propose to Lena. They were already engaged because Lena had said yes to her proposal, but Rao, she loved that this was resulting in a double proposal.

Kara nodded. She cried as they slid the rings around each other’s finger and kissed.

Instead of saying Happy New Year to each other this year, they said yes to each other, yes to marriage, yes to a future as wives.
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

This chapter is just smut, sorry. It has some rougher parts, so fair warning.

A year ago, on Valentines, Gayle and Imra officially established a relationship. Gayle made the day romantic with the bathtub she had filled, topped off with candles, champagne and rose petals. This year was *bound* to be different for them.

This year they were engaged and had different plans on how to spend Valentines. They had hired a sitter for the children, whom was babysitting them at Gayle’s hotel. After they had gone out for dinner together, they were both looking forward to dessert.

Clothes ended up on the stairs and on the floor in the hallway while they stumbled into their bedroom, lips attached to lips, kissing with a fierce hunger and an insatiable thirst.

“Wow,” Imra whispered, cheeks flushed when their kiss broke. She smiled, realizing she said that aloud, but it was the truth. “Wow,” she repeated, a little louder this time. “You sure know how to take my breath away.”

“You’re telling me,” Gayle panted, chuckling.

“I have much more in store for you, my love,” Imra husked, kissing Gayle’s neck, tangling her hand in her hair, tipping her head back. “Are you sure you’re ready for this?”

Gayle knew what she was getting herself into. The past week it had been pretty much all they had talked about in the privacy of their bedroom, before they went to sleep each night. It was quite the intimate conversation where they exchanged a few dos and don’ts, such as how she didn’t like anal penetration, aside from her princess plug, when she was in the mood for it.

Gayle learned Imra wasn’t into anal at all, which was completely fine with her. Imra did mention she could insert the princess plug into her when she wanted to, though she didn’t necessarily need that in her sex life. She liked the fact she could speak openly about all her likes and dislikes, and her fantasies with Imra.

“I’m sure,” Gayle answered, gasping faintly as Imra’s teeth scraped over her skin.

“Remember what we talked about,” Imra said, pressing a kiss underneath Gayle’s ear. “Don’t be shy to voice colors and tell me stop when you need me to stop immediately.”

Gayle swallowed and nodded. Giving up control so much was scary, but it was something she had wanted for ages and she trusted Imra with her life. Plus, she knew she was partially still in control because she could stop all of this any time she wanted to.

“Yes, Mistress.”

Imra’s eyes darkened. Her hand went from Gayle’s hair, down to her shoulder, pushing. “Get on your knees,” she commanded, eyes flitting down while Gayle went down on her knees. She placed
a finger under Gayle’s chin, lifting her head up. “You look good on your knees, but you’d look even better on all fours.”

Gayle whimpered in response. She could get on all fours, all Imra had to do was say the word.

Imra grasped Gayle’s hair. “Stand,” she said sharply, having different plans than letting Gayle get down on all fours. She thought about pulling her up, but instead she offered her free hand to help her up.

“Yes, Mistress,” Gayle replied, accepting Imra’s hand, smiling at the soft edge Imra revealed. It was always there, reminding her that even when Imra was being dominant, she still had that softer side.

“You speak only when I ask you a question or to moan my name,” Imra stated curtly. Of course Gayle was also allowed to voice colors or to tell her stop. “Is that understood?”

Gayle trembled in anticipation, eager to find out what Imra was going to do to her. “Yes, Mistress.”

“That’s my good girl,” Imra said, pulling Gayle into a bruising kiss.

Gayle moaned into Imra’s mouth and put her hands on her hips, groaning when Imra swatted her hands away.

Imra pulled back. “I didn’t say you could touch me,” she said, sitting down on the edge of the bed. She grasped Gayle’s wrist and tugged, sprawling Gayle out over her lap, stomach down. “It appears I need to teach you a lesson,” she said, stroking her hand down Gayle’s back, towards her ass.

Gayle yelped at the first slap. “Green,” she said, feeling arousal pool low in her belly.

Imra repeated her movement, watching as Gayle’s ass reddened more and more with each slap. “Get on the bed,” she said, letting Gayle scramble off of her lap. “Lay down. Spread your arms.”

Imra opened the drawer from the bedside table, pulling out handcuffs and rope. “Color?” she asked, grasping Gayle’s left wrist, snapping the cuff around it.

Gayle slowed down her breathing. “Green,” she answered while her eyes followed what Imra was doing, observing how Imra cuffed her hand to their bed.

Imra tied the rope around Gayle’s right wrist and tied it to their bed. Per Gayle’s specific request during the intimate conversations they had, she didn’t tie her ankles. She brushed her thumbs over Gayle’s wrists, making sure the cuffs and the rope weren’t too tight. Once she was sure it was fine, she moved to straddle Gayle’s waist.

“Like what you see?” Imra asked, feeling amused Gayle was ogling her.

“Yes, Mistress,” Gayle answered, finding it impossible not to look. Her fiancée was so, so beautiful.

Being the tease she was, Imra cupped her own breasts, brushing her thumbs over her nipples, putting on a show. She rolled her hips, sliding her wet center against Gayle’s. “You’re so wet for me, love. I can feel it,” she said, stopping her movement.

Gayle groaned at the sudden loss of friction, but when Imra raised an eyebrow at her, she shut herself up.
Imra sat down next to Gayle, raining kisses down her body, down to her belly button. She looked at Gayle, eyes dark with desire, trailing a finger up her leg, to her thigh. “Mhmm,” she hummed, eyes zeroing in on Gayle’s glistening pussy. She hadn’t even started touching Gayle there and she was already dripping for her like the good girl she was.

Gayle thought about rubbing her thighs together, but then Imra spread her legs and she abandoned that thought, eager to receive anything Imra was willing to give her. She arched her back, whimpering as Imra captured one of her puckered nipples with her mouth, feeling Imra swirl her tongue around it before gently biting. The sensation of it all sent shots of pleasure down to her core.

Imra’s mouth left Gayle’s breasts, in favor of kissing lower down her chest, leaving bite marks in her wake while she heard Gayle chant ‘green, green, green’, softening once she heard Gayle say ‘orange’, soothing the last bite with her tongue.

Gayle’s ears perked up at the sudden buzz of something vibrating. That something turned out to be her bullet, designed for clitoral stimulation.

Imra’s eyes glinted while she moved the bullet down Gayle’s torso, teasing her about what was to come, watching her drip onto their bed. “You want to be touched, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Gayle answered, struggling not to rub her thighs together. She wanted friction so badly it hurt, but she knew the deal was she couldn’t do that.

Imra moved the bullet lower at a slow pace, moving it down to Gayle’s hipbone. “Tell me how much you want it,” she said, expertly avoiding touching Gayle where she needed it the most.

Gayle gulped in air, canting her hips up, only to have Imra press them down onto the mattress again. “A lot, Mistress,” she answered, moaning. “I want you to fuck me in any way you like and I want to come and I want to taste you.”

Imra’s eyes lit up. “Taste me, hm?” she commented, intrigued. “You sure know how to use your mouth, my love,” she said knowingly. “I’ll tell you what. If you can make me come within five minutes, I’ll fuck you until you can’t walk straight anymore.”

Gayle had to bite her tongue to keep from making a remark about how she wasn’t straight to begin with.

Imra wet her lips. “Do you accept?”

“Yes, Mistress, please.”

“Begging so soon? You’re so needy today, my love. So desperate for me to fuck you, to make you come for me,” Imra said, chuckling darkly. “Aw, did you think I was going to sit on your face and make this deal that easy for you? No, no, love. That’s not how this is going to go down.”

Gayle moaned, delirious with desire upon hearing Imra taunting her with that sexy accent of hers. She loved it when Imra teased her, as torturous as it could be.

Imra straddled Gayle’s waist and touched herself. “Here’s how this is going to happen,” she said with a naughty grin on her face. “I will touch myself while you, for five minutes, get permission to talk to me. If you can make me come within those five minutes only using your words, while I touch myself, I’ll fuck you until you can’t walk properly. If you can’t make me come, you’ll be punished. Understood?”
Gayle moaned, finding she wanted to win and lose at the same time because both sounded like a win, each in their own way. “Yes, Mistress,” she answered, biting her lip when it dawned on her Imra wanted her to talk dirty to her, fuck.

Imra was beyond curious to hear what Gayle would have to say. She was a rather slow masturbator, tending to take up to half an hour if not more before bringing herself to climax. She was more than capable of having an orgasm within five minutes, but it really depended on the circumstances and how turned on she was.

Imra felt she was wet, quite maddening so. It was the result of making Gayle drip for her and she knew it wouldn’t take her long to get off, but that didn’t mean she was going to hand it to Gayle with little effort. No, she wanted Gayle to work for it, to earn that win.

Gayle’s eyes widened curiously while Imra set a timer, okay so she wasn’t kidding. She had phone sex in the past on more than one occasion, but this was something else entirely. Her cheeks flushed and she hadn’t even said a word yet.

“I bet it feels good touching yourself, doesn’t it, Matilda?” Gayle said, raking her eyes down Imra’s body. “You enjoy me watching you, touching yourself, teasing your clit. You’re a naughty girl and we both know it.”

Imra reacted with a high-pitched moan. She physically felt her body respond to Gayle. It was true she enjoyed being watched, loved the thrill of it all.

“I can tell you enjoy it,” Gayle drawled, biting her lip, slowly releasing it because she knew it drove Imra mad. “All those times I walked in on you touching yourself. You love being caught in the act. You’re my dirty, naughty girl.”

“Your hand may be buried between your legs now, but soon it’ll be my tongue buried there instead,” Gayle said, voice low and sultry, her arousal reaching a new peak while Imra whimpered and moaned. “You’re getting a little slow there, Matilda. I thought you had more stamina than that.”

Imra accepted the challenge head on, rubbing her clit faster.

Gayle smiled, pleased Imra was doing exactly what she wanted her to do. She had Imra right where she wanted her. The power tasted delicious, it was obvious why Imra enjoyed being in control so much. “Oooh, Imra,” she moaned, noticing the surprise in her lover’s eyes. “You want to come for me, don’t you? You want to come so I can see your pretty face as you get your release. You want to come so I can lick you clean after.”

“Yes,” Imra whimpered, clapping a hand in front of her mouth. “Fuck,” she whispered, muffled. It dawned on her Gayle got under her skin, got her to oblige to her will. Fuck, she fell right into that trap.

“It’s sexy seeing you touch yourself,” Gayle moaned, knowing what her sounds did to Imra. She was legitimately turned on, so much one touch might be enough to make her come. “It would be even hotter if you’d cum for me.”

Imra came with a shudder in the last twenty seconds of their deal. Slightly sweaty, she fell on top of Gayle.

“Fuck me,” Gayle said, ridiculously turned on after watching and hearing Imra come.

“I plan on it,” Imra promised, spreading Gayle’s legs open as wide as she could.
Gayle gasped and writhed, tugging at the cuffs and the rope while Imra’s tongue was mercilessly delving between her legs, circling and teasing. Her first orgasm was already building. She squirmed underneath Imra, panting as the intense sensation crashed over her.

“Are you worried about the children?”

“No, I’m sure Harley and Ivy will keep a good eye on them,” Lena answered from inside the bathroom. “Lily will have a fun time playing with Mallory and LJ is probably playing with his blocks,” she said, although it was a big step to leave her children at their place, if only for a few hours.

Kara folded her glasses. She used her powers to hear what was going on in Harley and Ivy’s house, and her x-ray vision to get a visual as well. “I think they’re building a pillow fort,” she said, smiling while she heard Ivy say she was going to make hot chocolate for the children. “Are you going to come out?”

“I have been out for quite some time, darling,” Lena answered, chuckling. She could picture Kara’s adorable pout. “I’ll be out of the bathroom in a minute. No peeking.”

Kara was tempted to sneak a peek, but she wouldn’t. Lena had been in the bathroom for five minutes and sixteen seconds, not that she was counting or anything. She glanced down to inspect what she was wearing; black slacks and a blue button up shirt. She hoped her outfit was good enough, although she had no doubt Lena was more interested in the package rather than its wrapping.

“Close your eyes,” Lena said, curling her fingers around the doorknob. “Are they closed?”

“Yes,” Kara answered, eyes covered by her hands. “I won’t open them until you say I can,” she said, curious as to what Lena had on, especially now that she had to keep her eyes closed.

Lena stepped out of the bathroom and wrapped her slender fingers around Kara’s upper arm, gently guiding her towards their bed. “Not just yet,” she said, pushing Kara lightly until she was sitting down on their bed.

Kara heard Lena taking two steps back.

“Oh Rao,” she said, mouth falling open. “You…you’re…wow, okay…you’re wearing my suit.”

Lena spun around so Kara could get a good look from every angle.

“My family’s crest looks good on you, Rao, Lena, you should wear my suit more often. It really suits you. So this was what you were up to in the bathroom. I’d call you Supergirl, but you’re more of a Superwoman. Your boobs look amazing by the way, not that I was… I mean, yes, I am
definitely staring.”

Lena smiled at the way Kara feasted her eyes. She had thought about doing some roleplaying before and lately she couldn’t get it out of her head, then one day she wondered what Kara’s suit would look like on her.

Lena got onto the bed, crawling on top of Kara like a Cheshire cat, claiming her lips in a slow, passionate kiss. She could easily kiss for hours, with little moments to breathe in between, but she knew Kara’s stomach didn’t quite agree with that.

Kara hummed. Her tongue traced Lena’s lips while she felt Lena began to undress her. She let her, exploring her mouth, tasting a hint of the strawberries dipped in chocolate they had shared earlier today. Lena tasted so sweet, so good; she savored every bit of it.

Lena pulled away a few inches, ridding Kara off what was left of her clothes, including her underwear. “You know, darling, that day you fucked me on my desk was quite hot and while it certainly fulfilled a fantasy, it still left me wanting to bend you over and fuck you,” she said, picturing doing just that, albeit not at her office. “Considering I’m wearing your suit, how about you be a good girl and bend over for daddy?”

Kara gasped. Oh Rao, Lena reversed their roles. She never knew she would be into that, until now. “Y-yes,” she answered, gulping, “daddy.”

“Good girl,” Lena all but purred. “Over the table,” she said, nodding her head towards the small table in their bedroom.

Kara did as she was told. She scrambled out of bed and walked over to the table, bending over it, waiting patiently for Lena’s next move.

The strap on dildo Lena secured into the harness was bigger and thicker than the dildo Kara had used on her that day in her office. She wondered how much Kara could take, how much she could stretch her. Her naughtiest fantasy was about to become a reality. She didn’t expect Kara to take all twenty inches of the dildo, but she looked forward to find out how many of those inches she could handle.

Kara shuddered when something cold touched her back, realizing it had to be ice. It felt cold, but it didn’t make her feel cold. She gasped when the ice cube, assuming it was a cube, disappeared between her butt cheeks.

Lena bit her lip, turned on by how quickly the ice was melting on Kara’s skin. She grabbed another ice cube. “Turn around,” she instructed. She moved the ice cube down the valley of Kara’s breasts and traced it around her nipples until it melted away. “You’re like an oven, darling. You’re so…hot,” she husked, deliberately slow, flicking her eyes down and back up Kara’s body.

Lena reached for another ice cube, but this time, as she trailed it down Kara’s body, her lips followed. Her tongue licked up the wet trail she created.

“Fuck,” Kara moaned. She didn’t quickly get goosebumps, but the feeling of the ice, followed by Lena’s mouth and tongue was erupting goosebumps all over her skin. “Please,” she whimpered, seeing how close Lena was to her sex and yet not close at all. “Please, d-daddy,” she choked out, releasing a breathy moan.

Lena slid the small piece that was left of the ice cube down between Kara’s legs. Then she grabbed the last ice cube and with a naughty smile, slipped it inside of Kara, reveling in that little gasp Kara
couldn’t mask.

Drops of water ran down Kara’s legs. “Oh Rao,” she whimpered, surprised by the new sensations Lena made her feel with the ice. “Lena!” she moaned aloud, shuddering when Lena cupped her between her legs.

“You’re so wet,” Lena said, circling Kara’s clit once, only once, before withdrawing her hand altogether. “You want more, don’t you, darling?”

“Y-yes, daddy,” Kara answered, trembling with need. “I’ll do anything you say, please.”

Lena raised an eyebrow, surprised Kara was that desperate. “Anything, hm?” she replied, slowly licking her lips while she listened to Kara being a whimpering mess. “Perhaps I can be persuaded,” she said, because well, Kara was a goddess and anything was an interesting offer. “Kiss me, Kara.”

Kara surged forward. She wove her hands through Lena’s hair and kissed her, begging for entrance with her tongue, pouring the love she felt for Lena into their kiss.

Lena felt dizzy, drunk on the feel of Kara’s lips and the way her tongue moved fluidly around hers. The thought of Kara doing anything she wanted was tempting, but all she wanted was a kiss. She wasn’t going to take Kara’s free will away from her. The offer of doing anything for someone was too easy to take advantage of, which she knew because it happened to her in the past when she offered the word anything to someone.

Kara kissed Lena slower and even dared kiss her cheeks and her jaw, stopping short of kissing her neck, reminding herself Lena was in control this time. “I love you,” she whispered, kissing Lena’s nose.

Lena smiled. Kara was a dork, her dork. “I love you, too,” she replied, stealing another kiss. “Are you ready?”

Kara glanced down at the dildo and gulped. That thing looked huge. “Yes, daddy.”

Lena cupped Kara’s jaw with one hand, thumb brushing her cheek. “I’ll be gentle,” she promised, reassuring Kara. “The safe word is supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.”

“Okay, wait…what?” Kara asked, blinking her eyes. “You want the safe word to be-”

“I’m just kidding, darling,” Lena chuckled.

“- supercalifragilisticexpialidocious,” Kara finished, chuckling when Lena swatted her arm. “Kryptonian, remember,” she said, tapping the side of her head. “Plus, I’ve seen Mary Poppins.”

Lena shut Kara up with a kiss, too soft to shut her up in a rough way, especially when Kara was being a cute dork. “Bend over,” she said, tapping her foot on the floor, raising an eyebrow until Kara turned around and bent over for her. “Good girl.”

Lena copped a feel of Kara’s ass, squeezing, pleased when Kara moaned in response. God, at this point she was dripping too. Her naughtiest fantasy kept playing through her mind, making her smile because after today it would be much more than just a fantasy.

Chapter End Notes
Don't say I never give y'all anything. :)
Gayle threw back a shot, coughing at the strong taste of it. She was out with her two best friends. It was Friday night and they were having a good time. They invited Clarke and Lexa to tag along with them, because they were neighbors and so far they didn’t seem to be moving out, which was a good thing. She liked having kid-friendly couples in her street and more gays were always welcome. Harley and Ivy weren’t that bad, but they certainly weren’t angels and since they had moved into her neighborhood, five houses had gone up for sale, two which were currently still for sale. Samantha remained stubborn, adamantly she had no intention of moving.

Lena thought about Kara, smiling as she sipped from her drink.

“You’re not supposed to sip when it’s a shot, Lee,” Samantha said, grinning. “Can’t hold your liquor anymore?”

“She’s probably just distracted,” Gayle said, knowing that dazed look on Lena’s face all too well.

Lena downed her shot and put the glass down on their table. They had a system, a system that worked. One Friday night every month, she went out with Samantha and Gayle. Sometimes they invited someone to tag along, such as Leslie and Maggie, or right now Clarke and Lexa. The next Friday night, Kara, Imra and Alex went out together to spend some quality sibling time. The third Friday night, they all went out together while Astra and Lucy watched all of their children, which was quite a lot to ask of them, but Astra did it with a smile.

On the last Friday night of every month, Astra and Lucy went out together while the rest of them watched their four children. It was someone else every month. Last month Samantha and Alex watched Astra and Lucy’s four children, the month before that Lena and Kara had, which meant this month it was Imra and Gayle’s turn.

Lena liked their system. It gave her a chance to hang out with her friends, her girlfriend and her family every month. The downside was it meant she was out for three Friday nights every month. Watching Wolf, Angel, Fay and Sirius wasn’t the easiest, though she only had two children of her own and Kara helped out a lot.

“How long have you two been married?” Gayle asked Clarke and Lexa, curious to learn more about them.

“Five years,” Clarke answered, smiling tenderly at Lexa. “She proposed to me. A lot of candles were involved.”

“Sounds romantic,” Samantha commented.

“Kind of, but she just loves candles a lot,” Clarke replied, patting Lexa’s back. “Right, commander?”

“You cannot call me commander in public, Clarke,” Lexa said with a sigh, popping the ‘k’. “We talked about this.”

“Kinky,” Samantha said, smirking. “Is that what you call her in bed?” she asked Clarke.

“God, don’t start it with the sex names again,” Gayle muttered, shaking her head.

“Yes, I do call her that in bed,” Clarke confirmed. “Among other places,” she added with a cheeky
Samantha laughed while Lexa’s cheeks darkened. “For a top, she’s quite shy,” she noted.

“Top?” Clarke asked, spitting out her drink. “You think Lexa is a top?”

“Poor Lexa,” Lena said, feeling sorry for that woman, whose face was turning two shades redder.

“I suppose not only tops get certain names,” Samantha said considerably. “My wife calls me master in bed. Major confidence boost, I’ll tell you.”

“Apparently we’re talking about sex names again,” Gayle said, sighing while she reached for her next shot. “Peachy.”

Lena related with Gayle that it was rather awkward. It all started with that one damn dinner where she accidentally called Kara daddy and asked her to pass the salt. God, why couldn’t Samantha let her breathe for a moment? She never needed to know what other people called each other in bed, or more so, she didn’t need them to know what she liked to call Kara in bed.

“Hey, Clarke!”

Clarke turned her head, the biggest smile formed on her face. “Raven, hey!” she called back.

Gayle raised her eyebrows, surprised Miss Reyes was here. Then again, she had seen that woman at bars and such before. The actual surprise was the fact Clarke seemed to know her.

“I invited my best friend,” Clarke announced casually. “I hope that’s okay.”

Gayle was about to say it was fine, but then she saw Raven wasn’t alone.

Lena caught sight of Veronica with her hand touching Raven’s arm lightly. They were smiling at each other, whispering things. She saw Gayle and Samantha looked as if they were ready to kill a bitch, and she understood they hated Veronica for how poorly she treated her during college, though Veronica did apologize for that to her.

“It’s fine,” Lena spoke up, receiving a confused look from her best friends. “It’s fine,” she said again, nodding once.

Gayle didn’t like Veronica one bit, but if Lena was fine with that woman joining their table, then okay, whatever. But she still hated that serpent.

“Rae and I have been friends since high school,” Clarke said, swinging an arm over Raven’s shoulders.

“True,” Raven confirmed. “Back then Clarke was a little guppy.”

“Hello, everyone,” Veronica said, a little stiff, chancing a glance at Lena. “I’ll get the next round of shots.”

“We should do body shots,” Raven suggested. “It’s way more fun.”

Gayle tried to figure out how this woman and her daughters’ teacher were one and the same. Of course people were different whilst working, but still.

“That’s the best idea I’ve heard all night,” Samantha said. “Which one of you bi-babes will be my body?” she asked, looking expectantly at Gayle and Lena.
“Since I’m trying to drink less, I’ll be your body,” Gayle offered. “But no shenanigans,” she added, holding up her index finger in warning.

“It’s Sam,” Lena pointed out, smiling. “Shenanigans is her middle name.”

“So, Raven,” Samantha said while Veronica went to fetch more shots. “What do you and your girlfriend call each other in bed?”

“Oh dear god,” Lena whispered.

“Sam,” Gayle hissed, eyes wide. That was her twins’ teacher for fuck’s sake. She had to face that woman five times a week.

Raven smirked. “Are y’all drunk already?” she asked, eyeing Clarke. “I’m offended, Clarke,” she said, holding a hand to her chest. “You couldn’t wait for me, hm?”

“Get over it, Rae,” Clarke replied, lightly elbowing Raven. “I have good company, what can I say?”

“I call Vero my sugarplum,” Raven shared.

At that exact moment, Veronica came back with shots. “Embarrassing me while the night is still young?” she asked, pecking Raven’s cheek.

“Course,” Raven answered, grinning. “We were just talking about sex stuff, babe.”

“No, we were not,” Gayle disagreed, really so not needing more information.

“I think it’s a little unfair we’ve shared ours and we don’t know yours yet,” Clarke commented, looking at Lena and Gayle.

“Yeah, that’s unfair,” Raven chimed in.

“You don’t have to share it,” Lexa told Gayle and Lena. “You have the right to remain silent.”

Samantha huffed out a laugh. “We’re not cuffing them, that’s their lovers’ job,” she said, grinning while her best friends swatted at her arms. “Speaking of cuffs, I recently played I was a cop and I had this sexy cop suit and a pair of cuffs.”

“You’re terrible, Sam,” Lena said, laughing. “You’re lucky Alex isn’t here, she’d lynch you.”

“Oh please, I’ve let her be the cop once too,” Samantha replied, waving Lena off. “She turned beet red when I called her Agent though.”

“Can you blame her?” Gayle commented. “She was a baby gay and then she met you, and you’re killing her.”

“There’s one particular part of her I’ve been killing, alright,” Samantha said, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Sam is always like this,” Lena informed the newbies.

“I like her,” Raven said, grinning at Samantha. “We should get drinks more often.”
Kara took the shot, but it was too late, she was already hit. She dropped down on the grass, clutching a hand to her chest.

“Dada!” LJ called out, running on his little legs.

“No, stay back,” Kara replied, but it was no use, LJ kept running towards her.

LJ shrieked when he got hit in his back.

“Hey, not nice,” Kara said, pouting. “Did you really just hit him in his back?”

Imra smiled and pumped her water gun. “You should’ve picked a stronger team.”

Lily-May rolled out from underneath the lounge chair. “She has a strong team,” she said, squirting water onto Imra’s shirt and in her face.

“Ha!” Kara said, grinning. “I bet you didn’t see that coming,” she said to Imra, proud of Lily-May.

“Attack!” Graym shouted, running at full speed towards them, emptying half of his water gun on Lily-May.

“You will pay for that!” Mallory shouted, jumping down the trampoline where she had been laying on her belly, waiting for a moment to attack. Instead of attacking Graym with her water gun, she pushed him into the pool.

“Good job, Lori!” Lily-May said, giggling.

“Oh, is this how we’re going to play?” Imra asked, smiling while she lifted Mallory into her arms. “You can swim, right?”

Mallory narrowed her eyes. “I’m six, not stupid. I know what your plan is,” she answered, squealing when Imra tossed her into the pool.

“Way to pick on someone your own size,” Kara said to Imra, rolling her eyes.

“You want to have a go?” Imra asked, beckoning Kara with her finger. “If you’re so eager to get wet before Lena even comes home, come at me then.”

Kara guffawed. “I will get you,” she replied, getting up on her feet.

Anna and Elsa ran towards Kara and Imra, attacking both of them while they giggled.

“Hey, hey,” Imra objected, holding up her hands. “You’re on my team.”

“Nu-uh,” Elsa disagreed. “We have our own team.”

“We’re not wet,” Anna pointed out, proudly pointing at her clothes.

“We win!” Elsa cheered.
Lily-May cut off the twins’ cheers with her water gun. “You were saying?”

“Meanie,” Anna said, pouting.

Lily-May stuck out her hand, helping Mallory out of the pool.

LJ held out his hand for Graym, but he didn’t have the strength to pull up the older boy.

Plants wrapped around Graym’s ankle, lifting him out of the pool upside down.

Kara sighed, not a fan of Ivy showing her powers around the children, but it definitely wasn’t a secret she had them because it wasn’t the first time Ivy openly showed her powers. Not that Ivy could really hide it she wasn’t entirely human when her skin was a light green.

“Rain check?” Imra asked Kara, grabbing some towels for the children.

“Hmm yes, I’ll take a rain check,” Kara agreed. “Let’s go watch a movie and eat some popcorn.”

“Can Lori stay a little bit longer?” Lily-May asked Ivy. “Don’t take her home yet,” she said, pouting.

“I’m not here to take Mal home, little dollface,” Ivy answered, caressing Lily-May’s cheek. “I’m here to ask Kara if Mal can spend the night.”

“Oh,” Kara said, scratching the back of her neck. “Um, sure, she can stay,” she said, assuming Lena wouldn’t mind. The girls frequently had sleepovers and it wasn’t a school night, so it was fine.

“Yay!” Lily-May said, pumping her fist in the air.

Mallory smiled and hugged Lily-May.

“Would you mind terribly letting her stay until the end of the weekend?” Ivy silently asked Kara, stepping closer towards her. “Harley and I have… business to take care of in Gotham.”

Kara narrowed her eyes a little. Business, right. Not that it mattered so long as they did whatever that meant in Gotham rather than in National City. Crude as it was, Gotham wasn’t her problem because it wasn’t her area. The crime rate was the highest in Gotham. That place was like a candy store for criminals.

“No, I don’t mind. I’m sure Lena won’t mind either, but let me just text her real quick,” Kara answered, typing away on her phone, fingers moving a beat faster than the fingers of humans could. “All good,” she said when Lena replied it was fine.

“Thank you, Superchick,” Ivy whispered, winking before she walked away.

Imra wrapped LJ in a towel, chuckling at the adorable way he was glaring at her, probably because she shot him in the back with a water gun. It was a mean move of her, but seeing his cute little face was worth it. Children were precious and she loved every child in her family. When she was sixteen and lost her home, she didn’t dare to dream she would end up being a part of such a big family.

“Mean, auntie Im,” LJ said, intensifying his pout while he walked towards the house, glaring at Imra over his shoulder.

“Watch out for the door, little guy,” Imra warned, seeing how LJ was going to walk right into it.
Kara lifted Lily-May up and put her on her hip. “You can help me with the popcorn, okay, pip?” she asked, smiling when Lily-May nodded.

Imra went into the living room with the rest of the children so they could choose a movie. She had a feeling it was either going to be The Little Mermaid or Frozen again, because that was pretty much all the children ever wanted to watch, although Graym recently took a liking to Avatar, the animated children’s movie.

Kara put Lily-May down on the kitchen counter. “How do you feel about Ivy calling you little dollface?” she asked, having meant to ask for a while. She knew Lena wasn’t fond of it, not that it ever stopped Ivy.

“I like it. I like dolls. It means I’m pretty,” Lily-May answered, smiling briefly. “It’s better than what the kids at school say.”

Kara agreed Lily-May was pretty because she could tell she had her good looks from Lena. The last part made her frown though. “What do the kids at school say?”

Lily-May moved her mouth from one corner to the other. “Nothing,” she whispered, plucking at her shirt, avoiding Kara’s eyes.

“Lily?” Kara asked gently. “Hey,” she said, placing her finger under Lily-May’s chin. “What is it?”

Lily-May sighed. “I wish kids at my school would call me little dollface too or just Lily instead of Little Luthor trash,” she explained, pouting.

Kara was shocked to hear Lily-May say that. “The children in your class call you that?”

Lily-May nodded. “And kids from other classes, too,” she added.

“Sweetheart, why didn’t you tell your mammy and me about this?”

“I don’t want you and mammy to worry about me. School is okay and I have Lori. I just ignore meanies.”

“Oh, sweetie, you can tell us anything, you know that right?” Kara replied, feeling quite concerned now that she knew this and she knew Lena was going to worry as well, but parents were allowed to worry. “Your mammy and I love you so very much and it’s very important you talk to us and share things. We talk in this family, okay?”

“Okay,” Lily-May answered, chewing her lip. “They’re mean to Lori, too. The kids call her Little Joke. They say her daddy thought it was a joke when she was born, but that’s not true. The kids at school tell Lucifer to go back to hell and some sprinkle water at him. They say it’s holy water and one boy called Lucifer a faggot, but I don’t know what that word means.”

Kara was definitely going to bring this up with Lena and she was going to have a word with Harley and Ivy as well. It concerned her Lily-May, Mallory and Lucifer were being bullied like that.

“Are you going to tell mammy?”

“Yes, sweetheart,” Kara confirmed, caressing Lily-May’s cheek.

Lily-May wrung her hands together. “Am I going to be in trouble?” she asked, heartbeat quickening. Her breath hitched while she looked at Kara with her big brown eyes.
“No, of course not, my little sweetheart,” Kara answered, tucking Lily-May’s hair behind her ears. “This isn’t your fault. You won’t get in trouble.”
Gayle sat on a lounge chair near her pool, smiling while Graym, Anna and Elsa were playing in the water with Imra. It was a hot summer day, perfect to get a tan. She could never quite get a tan the way Imra could, but that didn’t stop her from trying. Her skin took less well to the sun than her wife’s skin did. Without sunscreen, she would look like a lobster.

Graym shrieked when the twins splashed water at him. “Hey!” he shouted, splashing them back.

Gayle found it hard to believe her son was eight years old. Her little man finished second grade and would go to third grade once the summer vacation came to an end. Anna and Elsa were four, and thankfully their behavior in pre-school had improved. She was really disappointed that time where she was informed they had bullied a child at school. It was behavior she nipped in the butt very quickly with Imra.

Imra felt like a proud mother while she watched Anna and Elsa swim. She spent a long time trying to teach them, with her wife’s help. A week ago, they stopped needing floaties. The twins were such little water rats, always wanted to go for a swim, though they seemed to do more splashing than swimming.

“You should get in the water, love,” Imra called out, swimming to the side of the pool. “It’s nice and warm.”

“I’m trying to get a tan here,” Gayle replied, sighing when Imra kept glancing at her expectantly. She got up, muttering words under her breath. “The things I do for you, Matilda,” she said, sitting on the edge, dangling her feet into the water.

“You love me.”

“Of course I love you, I married you,” Gayle pointed out, rolling her eyes, smiling. “Do you love me?”

“Well, I proposed, didn’t I?” Imra answered, grinning. “And I married you,” she added, chuckling when Gayle kicked her feet, causing water to splash over her. “I love you. How about you get your cute butt into the water and I’ll show you just how much I love you?”

“How about you behave for once?” Gayle replied, though that was unlikely to happen. She slid into the water, simply because her wife was irresistible and she really wanted to kiss her. It had been a hot minute since she last kissed her.

“Okay, I’ll behave,” Imra agreed, smiling as she swam away.

“Hey, where do you think you’re going?” Gayle asked, gasping as that tease seriously dared to swim away from her. “Get back here and kiss me or I will divorce you.”

Imra knew Gayle was kidding. She had heard her say that quite a few times when she teased her and she had said it to her a few times as well. It was all in good nature. “Hmm, since I can’t let that happen, I’ll just have to kiss you, now won’t I?” she commented, swimming back to Gayle.

“Here they go again,” Elsa said, giggling with her sister when their parents shot her a look.

“Shh, don’t interrupt them,” Graym said, holding a finger to his lips. “They’re in love.”
Imra led Gayle to the less deep part of their pool so they didn’t need their hands to swim. She put her hands on her wife’s hips, sharing a soft, sweet kiss.

The sound of someone whistling at them broke them apart.

“I didn’t say stop,” Samantha said, plucking her sunglasses away from her nose, placing them in her hair. She stood at the side of the pool with Alex and Ruby.

“Remind me why I invited you,” Gayle said, splashing some water at Samantha.

“Hey!” Alex shouted when some of it got on her.

“Yeah, how dare you?” Samantha chimed in, smiling. “Don’t attack my pregnant wifey, that’s rude.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry Alex can’t take some water,” Gayle replied with a naughty sparkle in her eyes.

“Must be ruining their intimate life,” Imra added, sharing a high five with her wife.

“You both suck,” Alex said, chuckling. “You two were made for each other, that’s for sure.”

Ruby had a floatie tucked underneath her arm in the shape of a crocodile.

“You have to get in the pool, Ruby!” Graym called out.

“Jump,” Elsa said, splashing water around.

Ruby smiled and got into the water with her floatie.

“Oooh,” Anna cooed, trying to get hands on Ruby’s floatie. “I want.”

Imra pushed herself up and scrambled out of the pool. She wrung out her hair a little, padding over to Alex. “How far into your pregnancy are you? Three months?” she asked, smiling while Alex hummed. “You don’t look it, you look amazing.”

Alex ran her hand over her small bump, smiling. “Sam and I have been talking about names,” she said, gloating. “We don’t know the gender yet and we decided we want to wait so it’ll be a surprise, but if it’s a girl we’ll name her Jamie and if it’s a boy we’ll name him Jeremy.”

“Your father,” Imra replied knowingly, nodding. “Those are lovely names. May I?” she asked, gesturing at Alex’s belly.

“There haven’t been any kicks yet, but sure.”

“Pregnancies are magical,” Imra whispered, running her hand gently over Alex’s bump. She smiled, having a feeling it was going to be a girl. “To have life grow inside of you…,” she said, trailing off.

Gayle took notice to the way her wife was drawn to Alex, how she was mesmerized by her pregnancy. There was this special glint in Imra’s eyes, the kind of glint she had seen a few times before.

While Imra and Alex gushed about all the things Alex needed to buy, and talked about cute little baby clothes, Samantha got into the pool with Gayle.

“I recognize that look and that tone anywhere,” Samantha said to Gayle.
“I know,” Gayle replied, sighing because her best friend was right.

“Hmm, Alex and Imra may not share blood, but they’re not so different,” Samantha said. “You’re screwed, your wife has that ‘I want babies’ thing floating like an aura around her.”

Gayle couldn’t take her eyes off of Imra. Her heart fluttered at the sheer joy from her wife, how happy she was because Alex was pregnant, which meant there would be another baby in the family in several months from now.

Lily-May grasped Mallory’s hand and sped off towards the tea cups, cotton candy clutched in her other hand.

“Girls, wait for us,” Lena called out after them. She was holding her two years old’s hand while she tried to keep up with the enthusiastic five and seven year old. “Maybe giving them sugar wasn’t such a good idea,” she said to Kara, raising an eyebrow when she looked at her wife, who was stuffing her face with cotton candy.

Kara stopped chewing for a moment, cheeks puffed because they were filled with cotton candy. “Dwi u wan swom?” she asked, holding what was left of her cotton candy out to Lena.

Lena couldn’t keep a smile from spreading across her lips. “You look like a hamster with your face stuffed like that, you dork,” she said, fishing her phone from her pocket, snapping a quick picture. “And… sent,” she said, grinning.


“Oh, you know… everyone we know,” Lena answered, laughing while her wife gasped.

“I’m never taking you to Coney island again,” Kara huffed.

“I drove, darling,” Lena pointed out. “Ipso facto, I was the one who took you here.”

“That’s a minor detail,” Kara replied, to which Lena snorted. “Do you want some sugar, my sugar?”

“How original, you must’ve put a lot of thought in that one.”

“Yup, it took me two seconds to come up with that,” Kara said, smiling, offering a piece of cotton candy to Lena.

“I want in tea cups,” LJ whined, tugging at his mother’s hand.

“Yes, my little chicken, we’ll go in the tea cups,” Lena promised her son.

LJ tugged at Kara’s pants, grinning when Kara gave him some of her cotton candy.
“Seriously, Kara?” Lena asked, shaking her head, a small smile on her face. “You always give in.”

“How about you try saying no to his cute little face?”

“I can’t, I’m too busy figuring out how to say no to yours.”

Kara’s jaw dropped. “You love me too much to say no,” she replied, feigning hurt.

“How well, I suppose that’s true,” Lena half-admitted.

“You suppose?” Kara asked, eyebrows going up. “Lena Danvers – Luthor – Zor-El,” she said, rarely full naming her wife like that, but she lost her bravado when Lena raised her eyebrow. Dammit that eyebrow. That one little move was enough to make her cave.

“Yes, darling?” Lena asked, chuckling when Kara simply stuffed her mouth with more cotton candy. “Strong argument, I’m impressed.”

“Mammy, mommy, hurry up!” Lily-May shouted, standing near the tea cups with Mallory. “Stop flirting for a moment, we want to go in the cups!”

Kara and Lena’s cheeks turned crimson when people looked at them.

“Oh Rao,” Kara whispered, bringing her hand up to her face.

“I swear, our daughter is far too perceptive,” Lena said, feeling mildly embarrassed Lily-May shared those words with everyone in a five feet radius.

“Yes, she is,” Kara agreed. “And it’s not my fault you were flirting with me.”

Lena guffawed at that. “I take it flirting back wasn’t your fault either.”

“Look at you, being smart,” Kara teased, laughing when Lena gave her a push.

Lily-May squealed when they finally got in the tea cups together. “Spin, Lori, spin!” she yelled excitedly.

“I’m trying,” Mallory huffed, turning the wheel. “It’s heavy.”

“I can give you a hand,” Kara offered.

“If you make us puke, I’m divorcing you,” Lena warned her wife with a light teasing tone, though she definitely wasn’t in the mood to get unwell from Kara spinning too fast.

Lena placed LJ on her lap, keeping one arm looped around him. She smiled at the way Lily-May and Mallory chattered as if they had a thousand things to talk about all of the time. Mallory had been coming over at her place and slept over so often she practically lived with them, but she didn’t mind because she was happy her daughter found a genuine friend in Mallory.

Kara slowly spun the wheel. The way Lily-May and Mallory were squealing was rather deafening, but nonetheless, she smiled. She loved spending time with her little family. She shot Lena what she thought was a smug look when they all got out of the tea cups a while later without puking.

“You look like you’re constipated, darling,” Lena said, frowning at her wife. “Are you unwell?”

“Consti-” Kara gasped. “This is my smug look. My ‘nobody is puking so I didn’t spin too fast so you didn’t have to worry and you don’t have to divorce me, hah’ look.”
“Am I glad you didn’t invent the dictionary, they’d need a few pages for each word.”

“Hey now, you love it when I ramble.”

“Mhmm, that I do,” Lena confirmed, pecking Kara’s cheek. “There are a lot of other things I love about you.”

“Do you two need a room?” Mallory asked, which made Lily-May giggle. “Should we walk away?”

“Okay, little miss sassy, let’s go check out the rest of Coney Island,” Lena said, tapping Mallory’s nose with her index finger. Her daughter’s seven year old friend certainly wasn’t shy to speak her mind.

“I’ve got sass, class and a nice-”

“Let’s play the silence game,” Kara interrupted, for which Lena was grateful.

“But, mommy, you’re bad at that game,” Lily-May said. “Oh…,” she whispered, clapping a hand in front of her mouth.

Imra was standing on the balcony, gazing up at the stars in the sky, toying absentmindedly with the charm bracelet around her wrist. She smiled when she felt her wife’s arms sneak around her. “I’ll come to bed in a minute, love,” she said, exhaling quietly.

“We can stand here for a while, I’m enjoying the view,” Gayle replied, kissing Imra’s shoulder. “I’ve been meaning to talk to you.”

Imra slowly turned around, facing her wife, waiting for her to talk.

“I noticed you had a certain look in your eyes when you saw Alex today,” Gayle said, chuckling when Imra looked perplexed. Wow okay, after all this time she still sucked at explaining this. “Because she’s pregnant,” she added quickly.

“Well, I’m happy for my sister,” Imra said sincerely, smiling.

“Hmm yes, but…I’ve seen that look in your eyes before. I’ve seen it the first time we went to visit Astra and Lucy together, when you held one of your little cousins. It made me think. Do you want a child?”

“Of course I do, love,” Imra answered, having no doubt there. “You do remember we have three children, right?”

Gayle would have chuckled, but this was a serious matter. “I mean, do you want to be pregnant?” she asked, taking her wife’s hands in hers. “You’re the last of your kind, but you don’t have to be. I know this won’t bring Titan back for you, but this could give you a chance to have someone who is like you.”
“Gayle…,” Imra whispered, feeling tears prick at her eyes. “I adore children and I’ve always wanted a family, truly I do, but I’m happy with the family I have. We don’t need to have another child just so I can have someone who is like me. Three children is enough and I know three already surpassed your limit.”

Gayle caught a tear that slid down Imra’s cheek. “I know you and I can’t shake that look you had in your eyes,” she whispered, wanting her wife to be truly happy and she couldn’t shake the feeling something was missing for Imra. “Will you have a child with me, Matilda?”

Imra took a deep, shaky breath. Her cheeks were wet with tears. “Are you sure?” she asked, because if she was being honest, she did dream of being pregnant and give birth to a little miracle.

Gayle nodded and then her wife flung her arms around her, sobbing. “I got you,” she whispered, holding her close. “I know, baby, I know,” she said, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

That night Imra fell asleep in Gayle’s arms, comforted by the rise and fall of her chest.

Lena got into bed with Kara, mulling over the news she heard from Gayle, how Gayle was going to have a child with Imra. It was surprising news, especially because she thought her best friend didn’t want more children than she already had, but she also knew love did all sorts of things to people.

Kara nuzzled closer to Lena, studying the way she was frowning. “What’s on your mind?” she asked, running her fingers down her wife’s arm.

“I was thinking about children and I’m wondering if you want a child.”

“Um… of course. I love Lily-May and LJ, you know I do,” Kara reassured Lena. “They’re really sweet children, okay well, they’re sweet most of the time anyway,” she said, chuckling. “I feel lucky that they see me as their parent and that they accept me so much.”

“They adore you,” Lena whispered, smiling. “Do you want a child though, to be pregnant, I mean?”

It was Kara’s turn to frown. “Pregnant? Me?” she asked, more than surprised.

“If you were to get pregnant, we could have a child that’s partially Kryptonian,” Lena explained. “Now, I know that’s easier said than done and it likely won’t be easy to raise a child with powers, but we have each other and I believe we can do this, if this is something you want.”

Kara’s frown was still in place while her wife continued to explain how it would mean she could have someone who was like her, other than her aunt and her cousin, of course. She never really thought about giving birth to a child and not only because it was rare for Kryptonians. For Kryptonians having more than one child wasn’t common and she had the luck Lena had two children.
“Okay, so…,” Kara said slowly, letting the news sink in. “You don’t necessarily want a third child, but you’d consider having a child with me so I could have a child that’s kind of like me?” she asked, just making sure she understood.

“Essentially, yes,” Lena confirmed. “Is that something you want?”

“No,” Kara answered, understanding Lena’s eyes widened at her firm answer. “The thing is… raising a child with powers isn’t really what I’m worried about. I’m Supergirl, so I can’t just… show up pregnant or disappear for several months, because either would give away I’m expecting a child and that kind of thing is dangerous.”

Lena was slightly ashamed she hadn’t even thought about that. It made sense Kara couldn’t go off the radar as Supergirl for months on end or show up pregnant. Not that she would let her wife be active as Supergirl whilst pregnant, the risk was too high.

“And that’s just one concern,” Kara continued, sighing. “If I were to get pregnant, we would have a child that would outlive all of us. I know children are supposed to outlive their parents of course, but I mean all of us, like, if our son and daughter have children, our third child would outlive them and their children, and possible theirs after that. What I’m trying to say is that we would put a child into the world and then our child would outlive everyone and be all alone. Not to mention the struggle of hiding their powers and so forth.”

“I think it’s really sweet you suggested having another child, but I hope you understand why I have to say no,” Kara said, biting her lip. “I adore children, I do, but it’s not ideal. I have my aunt and my cousin, I’m not the last of my kind, and that’s enough for me. So um…no. I’m sorry.”
“Gayle and I planned an appointment at the hospital.”

“Wow, that was quick,” Alex said to Imra. She cut a banana into small slices and smiled. “Our children will only be a few months apart then,” she noted, putting the slices into a bowl, handing it to Wolf.

“Mhmm,” Imra hummed, smiling.

“We can go shopping together,” Alex suggested. “I’ve been working on a list of items I’ll need. Sam helped me with it.”

“I’d love to go shopping together. Cute baby clothes and all that, can’t say no to that.”

“Exactly,” Alex agreed, eyes sparkling. “I secretly already bought some clothes. Gender neutral of course. Last time I went shopping, I bought a cute little onesie that has mommy’s munchkin written on it.”

“Awe, that’s adorable,” Imra replied, smiling, wanting cute onesies as well. She knew the odds for insemination to take were twenty percent, but those were decent odds and if it didn’t take the first time, she would schedule another appointment and keep trying, though she had a positive feeling about it.

Kara didn’t say anything while she listened to her sisters talk. Alex was pregnant and soon enough Imra would be pregnant too. She felt a strange twinge inside of her while they spoke cheerfully about all the baby items they would need and how their children would be in the same class, and so on. It made her feel like they were in some sort of happy baby bubble together while she was missing out. She wondered if she should regret she was so quick to say no to have a third child with Lena.

Kara didn’t plan on taking back the concerns she voiced. Those were still valid. She wasn’t in an ideal position for pregnancy, unless…Kryptonians didn’t necessarily go through pregnancy. There was an alternative, a loophole. If she were to take a sample of her dna and a sample of Lena’s, it could be mixed together to create a child in an incubator. Granted, she wouldn’t have the experience of a pregnancy, but that way she could undisturbed be Supergirl.

“Cousin Kara,” Sirius said, stirring Kara from her thoughts. “Can you cut my apple?”

Kara smiled down at her cousin. “Of course,” she answered, taking his apple.

“I appreciate you two helping me out babysitting our cousins today,” Imra said, although she had a feeling it was also a little bit an excuse from her sisters to spend more time together and time with their cousins.

Kara cut Sirius’ apple into slices and when she gave it back to him, she noticed Imra was beckoning her to follow her out into the hall. “Yes?” she asked, shifting from one foot to the other.

Imra searched Kara’s eyes, holding her gaze. “Something is bothering you,” she whispered, feeling it.
“I think I made a mistake,” Kara whispered, fidgeting with her glasses. “You and Alex are so happy to have a baby, and it’s making me think. I regret I said no to Lena, it’s just… I worry and I don’t know if I want a baby or if I don’t.”

Imra’s gaze was soft and gentle. “What does your heart say, Kara?”

One moment, everything was fine. Anna and Elsa were coloring with crayons, tongues poking out of the side of their mouths, fully engrossed in creating artworks their mothers would hang on the refrigerator. Graym was watching Hotel Transylvania, sipping lemonade, voicing every five minutes how vampires were the coolest.

The next moment, Gayle’s heart leapt out of her chest.

Graym’s arms were on fire, literally.

Gayle’s panicky scream alerted her wife, who was folding laundry upstairs.

“Love?” Imra asked from the top of the stairs, basket with laundry tucked under her arm.

“What’s-” She didn’t get to finish her question when she saw Graym was on fire. With a gasp, she dropped the basket.

The basket tumbled down the steps of the stairs, littering clothes everywhere.

Gayle rushed into the kitchen to fill a bucket with water. “Oh my god, oh my god,” she said, internally cursing at how slow the water was.

Imra had a different idea however. She used her powers to open the doors and lifted Graym off of his feet. Thankfully, their son was light enough for her to lift with her powers. She dropped him in the pool.

Gayle rushed to the side of the pool with her wife. “Beanie? Are you okay?” she asked, holding a hand to her chest, worried sick.

Graym spluttered in the water. “It didn’t hurt, mommy,” he said, climbing out of the pool.

“How on earth did you come in contact with fire?” Gayle asked, trying to figure out what happened. “I didn’t leave any candles burning, did I?” she asked her wife.

“My love, I think there’s a logical explanation for this,” Imra said calmly. She grasped Graym’s hands and studied his arms. Pieces of his shirt were burned off, but their son had no burn marks whatsoever, no sign he got burned at all.

Gayle crouched down. She did the same thing her wife did, inspected Graym’s arms. “How is this possible?” she asked, checking again and again.

“I was thinking about fire and then my arms were on fire,” Graym said with a little smile on his face. “I was surprised, but it was so cool! It didn’t hurt at all! It tickled!”
“Oh no,” Gayle whispered. It all clicked now. “Our son is…”

“A metahuman,” Imra filled in, nodding.

Gayle sighed. It wasn’t that it was such a bad thing, but this meant they were going to have two children with powers. She worried about their son’s ability to control his powers. He would have to learn to control them to avoid catching on fire at school and other public places. She wondered what could set his powers off, other than thinking about fire. Personally, she had slipped up more than once when angry or drunk. Graym couldn’t get drunk because he was way too young to drink obviously, but anger was possible.

Graym giggled when a flame came out of the palm of his hand. “I have powers!” he shouted, smiling his biggest smile.

“Shhh, not so loud, beanie,” Gayle said, pressing her finger against his lips. “This needs to be a secret, okay? People with powers can’t tell everyone they have powers.”

Graym tilted his head to the side. “Why not?”

Anna and Elsa stumbled outside.

“Graym!” Elsa shouted, gasping.

Anna matched the panic in her sister’s eyes.

The twins ran forward and pushed Graym in the pool together.

“Seriously? I was the only one who didn’t think of that?” Gayle asked, bringing her hand up to her face. “I failed as a mother.”

“Hey, now, you haven’t failed as a mother,” Imra said, snaking her arms around her wife’s waist. “You’re a wonderful mother and a perfect wife.”

“We only have one guestroom available,” Lena said, considering the other guestroom was being used as the space where Kara and she kept an incubator. “Merlin is more than welcome to sleep in Lily-May’s room or LJ’s room,” she offered with a smile.

“My bed big,” LJ said, opening his arms wide.

“Oh, that is very kind,” Mina said, one hand resting on Merlin’s shoulder. “Merlin will sleep with us though,” she said, sharing a nod with her wife.

“We prefer keeping him close,” Morgana added.

“Of course, yes,” Lena replied, nodding. “No need to justify or explain your decision,” she said, understanding they had a rough time leaving Merlin out of their sight.
“I’ll carry your suitcases upstairs,” Kara offered, smiling at Morgana and Mina.

“You must be exhausted from the long journey,” Lena said, gesturing at the couch. “Would you like some tea before you get some rest?”

Morgana smiled tenderly. “How about a hug first?” she suggested. “I have missed you,” she whispered once Lena hugged her.

“And I you,” Lena replied, caressing her sister’s back.

Lily-May smiled when she saw Merlin. She showed him her new toys while the adults talked over a cup of tea. “Lori comes over a lot to play,” she said, showing Merlin some of her dolls. “I have more dolls upstairs in my room.”

“I don’t play with dolls,” Merlin whispered, moving his foot around over the carpet, head down.

Mina’s hand was shaking as she put her tea cup down. “It’s been a rough year,” she said with a pained smile from where she was seated on the couch with Morgana, Kara and Lena. “He misses…” The rest of her sentence failed her while tears formed in her eyes.

Morgana put her tea cup down and put an arm around her wife.

Buddy nudged Merlin’s chest with his head, rolling around on the carpet.

“Sweet boy,” Merlin said, crouching down to pet Buddy. “You wear her necklace,” he said, eyes flickering up to look at Lily-May.

Lily-May grasped the necklace she had on. “My mammy said Auntie Morgana said she wanted me to have it,” she replied, making a sad face.

“She did,” Merlin confirmed, standing up. “I’m sorry, now I made you sad, too.”

More words were exchanged before everyone finally made it to bed.

Lena took a while to fall asleep, but the warmth of Kara right next to her helped.

Kara woke up when she could have sworn she heard footsteps. She strained her ears, trying to shake her sleep away, catching on to the unmistaken sound of a door creaking open. The sound reverberated through the hall, capturing her attention enough for her to shake off her sleep.

There was a distinct sound of footsteps and it sounded like it was coming from the room where they kept the incubator, the same room where nobody was allowed to set foot in. Lily-May and LJ had been droned specifically about that, though it was doubtful they would get up in the middle of the night to disobey what they were told by their parents.

“Lena,” Kara whispered, stirring her wife’s shoulder. “Lena, wake up,” she said, a little louder, but still keeping her voice down enough not to draw attention.

“Hm?” Lena asked silently, eyes closed.

“Someone is in our special room,” Kara whispered, feeling panic settle in her chest. “I’m going to check on our baby.”

Lena’s eyes fluttered open. Their baby. Someone was in their baby’s room? She felt a surge of panic, wondering if someone had gotten into her house. What if someone was here to assassinate their unborn child? The incubator needed to stay as it was for at least another five months, Astra
specifically said so when the three of them built it together. The science behind it was incredible and the knowledge Kryptonians were capable of letting two women have a child together even more so. Humans were significantly underdeveloped compared to Kryptonians.

Astra mentioned that as soon as their baby was fully grown, the fluid inside of the incubator would drain itself. There was a panel attached to the incubator that displayed the vitals of their infant. Lena and Kara both had a special watch, and once the fluid drained from the incubator, a red indicator light would blink on the watch to warn them.

Kara’s heart was pounding while she checked her watch, relieved no light was going off, which meant the fluid inside the incubator was still intact at least, but that didn’t change the fact there was definitely someone in that room. She floated towards the room, quietly landing and pushing the door open.

There, right next to the incubator, Morgana stood. Her white nightgown swept over the floor. She had one hand on the incubator and something crushed in her other hand, something that smelled like herbs. She was whispering words which were not in any language Kara recognized.

Kara entered the room. The floorboard creaked under her steps, making Morgana spin around, facing her. “You’re not human,” she said, narrowing her eyes at Morgana, wary purely for the fact she was in her baby’s room in the middle of the night.

Morgana chuckled, as if it was supposed to be funny when it really wasn’t. “I am human, dear,” she replied, moving her hand away from the incubator. She released the handful of herbs and whispered something, which made the herbs form a circle around the incubator, multiplying as the circle completed itself.

“What have you done? What are you? What was that? What are those herbs for? Why are you in this room in the middle of the night? Why are you in this room at all? Those were the questions running through Lena’s mind.

Kara approached the circle, finding she couldn’t break it, couldn’t move the herbs even an inch, but she did manage to step into the circle unscathed. “What is this?” she asked, so, so confused. “How come I can’t move the circle? It’s like it’s glued to the floor with something not even I can break.”

“I placed a protection spell on the incubator, to keep people from damaging it,” Morgana explained calmly.

“A spell?” Lena said, frowning. “So you… what?” she asked while the gears in her head turned. “You said people in Ireland thought you were either a vampire or a witch. That’s it, isn’t it? You’re a witch.”

“I am a sorceress, my dearest sister,” Morgana revealed. “As was our mother, our biological mother.”

Lena’s first thought was to tell her sister she was lying, but after what she just witnessed, those words would fall flat.

“Um, wouldn’t that make Lena a sorceress, too?” Kara asked, crossing her arms. She glanced at the panel of the incubator, breathing out when she saw the vitals were all normal.

“I would never hurt my family,” Morgana said with a twinge of anger while her eyes darkened for
a second, seemingly quite offended Kara checked the incubator. “And to answer your question, yes, though only if she chooses to learn, chooses to practice magic.”

“This is crazy,” Lena whispered, pinching the bridge of her nose, sensing she was going to have a headache soon. There was no way sorceresses existed, but again, she witnessed the evidence with her own eyes.

Something clicked in Lena’s head. “You,” she said to her sister. “Lex.”

“He had my daughter assassinated,” Morgana replied while Kara gasped. “I could not let that monster live.”

“You said you don’t hurt family,” Kara pointed out, shocked that all this time, Morgana was the one who murdered Lex Luthor.

“He is not family. Lena is my family, she is my sister. Lex did not deserve her.”

“Lex was Lena’s half-brother though,” Kara commented. “You all had the same father.”

“I agree with Morgana,” Lena said, swallowing while she stepped closer towards her sister, wrapping her into her arms. “I know what you think of vengeance, Kara, but I would have done what my sister did if I were in her shoes. I’m not as forgiving as you are. Prison simply didn’t suffice.”

Kara didn’t know what to do with everything she just heard. Murder was murder and while she knew Morgana handled out of grief and revenge, two wrongs didn’t make a right. Morgana should have never gone after Lex Luthor. Oh Rao, the police was lied to. She even helped defend Morgana when the police doubted her alibi. With this knowledge, she was basically an accomplice to murder. She decided to look the other way and let it slide due to the dire circumstances. What happened couldn’t be undone.

Lena was resolute she wanted to protect her sister. The truth would remain a secret, one she would take with her to her grave. She had processed the surprise she had a twin sister quite a while ago, but the fact their biological mother was a sorceress and that Morgana was as well, now that was a surprise she had yet to process.

Chapter End Notes

I'm surprised so many people thought Ivy did it, even after Morgana's alibi fell apart.
Gayle sat at the bar of her hotel, sipping a drink. It was nearly Valentine's, almost two years since she officially got together with Imra. They were married for about eight months of that time. Her wife was pregnant and it was beautiful and it was scary and god she was so not prepared for this. After three children one would think she was, but she wasn’t.

From the corner of her eye, Gayle noticed employees arriving for their shift. It wasn’t really like her to sit at the bar in the morning, but today was a special occasion slash emergency, sort of, though panic might have been a better way to put it.

“Drinking at ten in the morning?” Leslie asked, circling the bar. “Must be serious, I haven’t seen you drinking this early in ages.”

“Imra and I went to the hospital to get an ultrasound, she’s expecting twins,” Gayle explained. “I’m going to have five children.”

“Oh snap,” Leslie replied, laughing. “You’re a baby boomer alright. And to say you used to say three kids was your limit.”

“It was, but having another child was my idea,” Gayle shared, which she didn’t regret, but she hadn’t expected twins. “Five children… I’m going to need another drink after this one.”

“Easy there, how about you take a breather instead?”

Gayle thought how Leslie didn’t understand the gravity of having twins once Imra gave birth to them because Imra was an alien, which meant the babies would be half-alien. They were going to have powers and since Graym had powers as well, that meant three children with powers, unless Anna and Elsa were to develop powers too. God, three powered children was definitely more than enough, much more than she bargained for.

“You don’t know what it’s like for someone to have children.”

“You’re right, I don’t,” Leslie replied, nodding. “But I do know what pregnancies are like, sort of. I had a miscarriage ages ago.”

Gayle gasped. “I had no idea,” she whispered, regretting her earlier words. “I… I don’t know what to say, I’m so sorry,” she said, unable to imagine how awful that must have been.

“It’s fine, it happened a long time ago and it’s for the better,” Leslie replied, shrugging. She grabbed a glass and poured herself a drink. “I’m not the type for kids and marriage anyway.”

Gayle didn’t comment on Leslie drinking on the job. By now she was pretty much used to her doing that and with the current circumstances, she didn’t have the heart to tell her not to drink. “Are you saying you’re not the type because you don’t want any of that or not the type because you think you don’t deserve any of it?” she asked, taking a slow sip from her own drink.

“Well shit,” Leslie chuckled. “You’ve got me all figured out, hm?”

“We’ve been friends for a while. You’re quick to listen to people about their feelings, but you don’t say much about yours because you’re so busy being everyone else’s shoulder to lean on.”

“Mags said similar stuff to me before. Maybe I do feel like I don’t deserve all that happy go lucky
crap, but I don’t regret I don’t have kids. It was just a pregnancy scare that happened ages ago and
turned into a miscarriage, and yes, I’m a lesbian, so don’t even get me started on that one,” Leslie
said, to which Gayle held up her hands. “It sucked at first though, getting that miscarriage. It
sucked a lot. I might not have kept the kid, but yeah, I didn’t want an abortion and I didn’t want that
miscarriage either. But you know, shit happens. I’ve told Maggie about it before. We share a lot of
stuff.”

“You know what it’s like to lose a child,” Gayle whispered, struggling not to cry for the pain Leslie
must have felt. She didn’t want to appear as if she pitied her or anything. It must have been difficult
for Leslie to come back from that. “That’s why you were so lenient on Morgana,” she said,
catching a flicker pass Leslie’s eyes that confirmed it. “Leslie, I-”

“If you’re going to say you’re sorry again I’ll punch you, no joke,” Leslie scoffed, emptying her
glass. “Like I said, ages ago, so it’s all bygones.”

“You deserve it though,” Gayle said suddenly. “Marriage,” she added, really needing to be more
careful before speaking. “Happiness, you deserve happiness.”

“I don’t know what I’d do if Maggie wouldn’t want that kind of thing. I’m not ready to lose her, to
lose what I have with her. What we have is good, why would I touch that and risk ruining it?”

Little wails filtered through the hospital room. Moments later, Alex held her daughter for the first
time while curious guests entered the room.

“I knew it,” Imra whispered, smiling because she totally called it that Alex was going to give birth
to a girl.

“Awe,” Kara cooed. “Look how little her fingers and her toes are, Rao, she’s adorable.”

“Our little Jamie,” Samantha said, smiling at her wife. “You did good,” she whispered, kissing
Alex.

“I’d say we both did, but I did do all of the work,” Alex relied, chuckling faintly, a little tired.

“Another little one,” Astra said, gazing at Jamie.

“None of you can hold her,” Alex announced, “because I have no intention of letting go of her for
the first few hours or days, maybe weeks.”

“Glad we decided who’s going to get up to feed her at night when we get home,” Samantha said,
winking at her wife.

Ruby stood on the tips of her toes to get a better look. “My little sister,” she said, smiling. “She’s
really small, like my dolls.”

“Hmm yes, but much more fragile,” Samantha said. “Can I hold her?”
“No,” Alex answered, cradling Jamie closer to her chest.

“You’re exhausted, babe,” Samantha pointed out. “You should get some rest.”

Alex groaned quietly while she handed Jamie over to her wife. Her eyes glazed over as she watched Samantha smiling down at their baby girl.

“Tissue?” Lena offered Alex, holding one out to her.

“Thanks,” Alex replied, accepting the tissue. “God, I’m such an emo mess.”

“Lena and I were the same when we gave birth,” Gayle said, smiling because it was perfectly normal. “It’s a very emotional moment. Nine months of nurturing something amazing and then comes that first time you get to hold your child. Nothing in the world compares to that.”

“Look at you being all motherly,” Imra said to her wife, surprised to hear her say those things. “Should I expect you to get all emotional once I give birth to our twins?”

“Oh, definitely,” Gayle confirmed.

Kara didn’t have the experience of carrying a child inside of her, but she didn’t mind and that first time she would be able to hold her newborn was going to be magical nonetheless. Being here today while her little niece was born confirmed even more she made the right choice to change her mind and say yes to a child after all.

“Ahem,” Clarke said behind them, clearing her throat. “When I said a few visitors was okay, I didn’t mean the whole lot of you,” she said, smiling. “I’m surprised I can still get through the door, this room is fully packed.”

Imra’s eyes landed on the doctor’s pregnant belly. Clarke wasn’t showing much yet, not as much as she was, though in all fairness she was expecting twins. She smiled, having a feeling Clarke and Lexa were going to have a son.

“I’d say, let’s celebrate and go out sometime soon, but it looks like you won’t be drinking for a while,” Samantha said to Clarke.

“I’m afraid not,” Clarke confirmed, moving her hand over her stomach. “Raven is taking a time out from the nights out as well, by the way. She’s pregnant, too.”

“Whoa, what is the deal with everyone baby booming?” Leslie asked, walking through the door with a bunch of balloons and a giant teddy bear. “What?” she asked when eyebrows raised at her. “It’s just some stuff I picked up at the gift shop.”

LJ ducked behind Kara’s legs. “No balloons,” he said, lip quivering.

“Wait, is he legit scared of balloons?” Leslie asked, huffing when Lena nodded. “But for real though, did y’all make a pact or something to get preggers at the same time? At this rate, you’ll be filling a class together.”

“I like the idea of that,” Imra said. “The last bit,” she clarified. “It’ll be nice for our children to go to school together, knowing each other.”

“When Imra gives birth, you can be an honorary aunt,” Gayle offered Leslie. “It never hurts to expand the family more.”
“Yeah, I might just pass on that though,” Leslie replied, scrunching up her nose. “Babies are little crying, puking, pooping machines.”

“Excuse you,” Alex interrupted. “Jamie is my little miracle and she’s the most beautiful baby I’ve ever seen.”

Lena lit candles, placing several of them onto the table. They were vanilla scented to give them an extra little touch. She tucked LJ in ten minutes ago and Lily-May was sleeping over at Mallory’s place. She was coming to terms with the fact it was okay to let her daughter sleep over there. At least it was next door, so in case of emergencies, she was nearby.

It was close to ten and Lena made pizza from scratch. She ordered potstickers, knowing how much her wife loved potstickers. It had been a busy day, as much for Kara as it was for her. She had been following the news in bits and pieces in between business related calls and meetings, seeing how Supergirl was out there, stopping robberies, saving cats from trees and so on. They recently hired a babysitter or well, it was to say, not really.

They hired someone to watch Buddy when they weren’t home while their son and daughter were generally at Astra’s place when Kara and she both weren’t around. Sometimes they were at Alex and Samantha’s place, or at Imra and Gayle’s place. The person they hired to watch buddy was more of a cover up. The truth was they wanted someone around so they could be warned quickly if there was anything suspicious, such as someone trying to break in.

The babysitter didn’t know of their special room with the incubator of course. Lena was aware her sister placed a protection spell around it, but she wanted to be extra careful. The babysitter wasn’t a random person. It was someone Clarke and Lexa had suggested.

“You can go home,” Lena said to the babysitter when she walked in with Buddy.

Buddy looked happy he was just taken for a walk.

“It looks romantic in here.”

“I try,” Lena replied, smiling. She opened her purse and pulled out five crisp twenty dollar bills. “Here, an extra twenty for your trouble,” she said, holding the money out to Octavia.

“Whoa, you pay me far too much,” Octavia replied, shaking her head, but Lena insisted she take the money. “You’ve got a little smudge of lipstick, right there,” she said, pointing.

Lena must have gotten her red lipstick smeared a little when she kissed her son goodnight. “Here?” she asked, pointing to the right side of her mouth.

“No, not there,” Octavia answered, cradling Lena’s face in her hands. “Here,” she said, wiping her thumb over Lena’s skin, close to the left side of her mouth.

Lena was surprised Octavia had been so fast to reach out to touch her, with her being a Luthor and
all that, and even aside from that it was a little odd, maybe. Her eyes widened when her wife came home. She jumped back as if she got burned.

“Kara,” Lena spluttered, heart racing. “I… this…,” she said, shaking her head, pointing between Octavia and her. “I can explain.”

“What’s there to explain, Lena?” Kara asked, but that only made Lena’s panic increase. She walked over to her wife and took her hands in hers. “You know, it’s sweet Octavia helped you clean up your lipstick, but it’s just going to get smudged again,” she said, leaning forward. “Super hearing,” she whispered in her wife’s ear.

Lena was so relieved Kara didn’t get the wrong impression.

“I’ll just…,” Octavia said, pointing at the door, grinning. “I have a boyfriend by the way.”

Lena smiled, a little embarrassed. “I know so many gay people, sometimes I forget straight people still exist,” she said, recalling Clarke mentioned something about that.

Kara waited until the door closed behind Octavia. “You made me dinner?”

“Pizza and potstickers,” Lena answered, nodding. “I didn’t make the potstickers myself though. There’s also dessert by the way,” she said, walking backwards towards the table.

“Do tell me more about dessert,” Kara whispered, following Lena’s steps.

Lena placed a hand on Kara’s neck, drawing her into a kiss. Food could wait for now, all she wanted was to kiss her wife, to devour her mouth with her own.

Imra poured herself a glass of water. Her queasiness was decidedly one of the less fun parts about being pregnant. It wasn’t too bad and she was thankful she hadn’t been plagued by morning sickness yet, though it certainly felt like something that awaited her.

Gayle put a grocery bag on the counter, pulling items from it. “How are you feeling, Matilda?”

“That depends,” Imra answered, sipping from her water. “How do I look?”

Tired was the first word that came to Gayle’s mind, but despite the evident tiredness on her wife’s face, she looked radiant. “Other than like a Greek Goddess?” she asked, smiling when Imra chuckled faintly. “I’d say you look kissable.”

“Kissable, hm?” Imra replied, putting her glass down.

“I wouldn’t be opposed if you’d lay one on me.”

“I’d hope not,” Imra whispered, circling the table.

Gayle pulled more items from the bag. “I bought a few things for you,” she said, pointing at the
nutritious food she gathered. “When I was pregnant, I always kept stuff like this around.”

Imra’s eyebrows went up at the heaps of Greek yogurt, eggs, salmon, beans, peanuts, berries, avocados and dried fruit her wife had bought. “You do know my appetite and my metabolism aren’t nowhere near as crazy as Kara’s, right?” she asked with an amused chuckle.

There was no way Imra could eat all of that. She figured Gayle would do something like this, considering ever since she got pregnant, her wife was like the food police or something, making sure she ate healthy and balanced. It was endearing, but sometimes she just wanted to sit on the couch with a bucket of chicken wings or a large tub of ice cream.

“I also got you some massage oil,” Gayle said, smiling. “It’s the one with the coconut scent, I know the smell of lavender and jasmine have been making you nauseous. You mentioned your feet were hurting, so perhaps a massage will make them hurt a little less. Oh and I saw this double stroller at a store I walked by, it was displayed in the window and I think you’ll love it. I went in for a moment and they explained it can be folded, but I want your opinion before buying it. Earlier today I looked up paint because I know we’re still looking for which paint we want to use for the baby room. I was thinking we could go with…”

Imra smiled while her wife kept talking. Her smile merely grew the longer Gayle spoke. It was incredible hearing how active she was about finding everything they needed. Her heart warmed at how Gayle remembered details, such as the scents that currently made her nauseous when she smelled them. She could tell Gayle really listened to the things she told her, even in fleeting conversations whilst getting dressed or something.

Gayle stopped mid-sentence when she noticed Imra was smiling dreamily at her. “What?” she asked, feeling a blush heating up her cheeks.

“I really want to kiss you right now, my love,” Imra answered, exhaling quietly. She put her hands on Gayle’s hips and crashed their lips together, parting her lips, deepening their kiss. It was maddening how much she needed Gayle to touch her.

Gayle nearly lost it when Imra moaned. She swallowed the sound, hands burrowing in Imra’s hair, releasing a moan of her own when Imra bit her lip.

Imra pushed Gayle against the counter and slid her hands under her shirt. Gods, she was so turned on. It had been a while since they had been intimate and with a while she meant weeks, almost as if Gayle didn’t want to touch her like that anymore since she got pregnant.

Gayle broke their kiss with a shudder, putting her hands on Imra’s to halt her. “We should slow down before we get caught,” she said, frowning when Imra looked upset.

“Graym is at a friend’s and the twins are further down the street, playing with Mallory,” Imra pointed out, knowing full well they were alone. “Why won’t you touch me anymore? Do I disgust you? Am I getting too fat?”

“No, of course not,” Gayle laughed, but her laughter ceased because Imra still looked upset. “It’s just…,” she said, taking a deep breath in and out. “Nobody ever touched me when I was pregnant. What if I end up doing something that hurts our babies?”

“Come here, my love,” Imra said softly, engulfing her wife into her arms. She found it sad nobody touched Gayle when she was pregnant and she had no idea she was worried about hurting their unborn babies. “I’m not asking for rough sex and we don’t have to have sex if you don’t want to, all I wanted was to know what was wrong and now I do. But know that if we do have sex, it
doesn’t mean you’ll do something that would hurt our babies.”

Gayle took a step back and cupped Imra’s cheeks. “I don’t want you to strain yourself though, so just... just let me take care of you, okay?” she asked, smiling softly, pecking her wife’s lips. “We can go to bed and you can lay back and relax while I take care of you.”
The room smelled of fresh paint, which was understandable, considering they were painting it. Along with Kara, Lena had chosen a very soft kind of baby green. LJ was really not getting the brush strokes right and he was mostly just painting criss-cross, but Kara and Lena really wanted to spend some time together as a family, and they might repaint it later anyway.

Kara could have painted the room by herself in record time, but there wouldn’t have been any fun in that. She remembered to put plastic on the floor, which was necessary because both LJ and she were spilling quite a bit of paint.

Lena had an amused smile on her face, seeing how her wife and her son managed to get some paint onto their shirts while they barely begun to paint. How those two were so much alike might always be a mystery to her.

Meanwhile Lily-May was focused, going with slow strokes as if she was trying to paint the next big masterpiece.

“Mammy,” Lily-May said, pausing. “How come the baby doesn’t drown in all of that water?”

“It’s a special fluid meant to preserve life, sweetheart,” Lena answered, smiling while her daughter’s nose crinkled. “It means it’s water that keeps the baby alive.”

“Oh,” Lily-May replied, eyeing the incubator. “Why do other mommies hide babies in their bellies? Auntie Imra has her babies in her tummy and Auntie Alex had her baby in her tummy too, but then the baby popped out, like a little chicken popping out of an egg.”

“I should record this,” Kara said to her wife, trying to keep a straight face.

“Mommy, why isn’t the baby inside your tummy?”

“Yes, mommy,” Lena chimed in, raising an eyebrow at Kara. “Do answer our daughter’s question, will you.”

“Oh okay, so now you’re calling me mommy, hm?” Kara commented, chuckling as Lena blushed. She wanted to tease her wife further about kinks and such, but now really wasn’t a good time, not with the children around.

“Well um, there’s a good explanation for that, pip,” Kara said, scratching the back of her neck.

This Lena needed to hear. One day they would have to properly explain everything to Lily-May, but for now their daughter was too young for the mature explanation of it all. She wasn’t surprised Lily-May was curious about the baby and the differences, because she knew there would be questions because of the incubator. She wasn’t too worried what their daughter might say to people at school, considering children had a wild imagination.

“I keep a lot of food in my stomach, so I have no room for a baby,” Kara explained, releasing a relieved breath, feeling she handled that well.

Lily-May looked at her mother, eyeing her stomach.

Lena could feel the next question Lily-May was going to ask.
Lily-May squealed when LJ painted her shirt. “Hey!” she whined, getting some paint on her brother.

In a matter of seconds, paint wound up on everyone’s clothes and on the wall.

“My love.”

“Hm?”

Imra put her arms around her wife, who was looking at their latest ultrasound. “I was thinking,” she said, kissing her cheek. “We know we’re expecting two girls and I know we haven’t decided on any names yet, or really talked about it even, but I was wondering how you would feel about me wanting to name one of them Matilda.”

Gayle turned around, just a breath apart from her wife. “You want to name one of them Matilda?” she asked, searching Imra’s eyes, unsure if she was being serious or if she was simply teasing.

“Mhmm,” Imra hummed. “That name grew on me and I think it would be a lovely name for one of our daughters. So, what do you say?”

“You’re really serious?” Gayle asked, blinking her eyes when Imra nodded. “If you like it, I don’t see why not.”

“Are you sure you’re okay with it? I don’t want to be in your bad grades later when you say I named our daughter after something from a movie.”

“After Anna and Elsa, I can handle another child named after something from a movie,” Gayle answered, putting her arms around Imra’s neck.

“Oh, you finally admit it you did that then?” Imra teased, chuckling while Gayle huffed. “It’s still cute when you’re grumpy.”

“By the way,” Imra added. “I was thinking, since I’m choosing the name Matilda, I want you to choose a name for our other daughter.”

“Okay, give me some time to think about it,” Gayle replied, not really having thought of any names yet. It was almost laughable how many details she had thought of while that detail hadn’t crossed her mind. Luckily, they still had some months left to go.

Later that night, they got in bed together.

Imra rested her head on Gayle’s chest, smiling while her wife’s fingers combed through her hair. It was such a nice soothing gesture.

“I know what I want to name our other daughter,” Gayle whispered, breaking the silence.

“That was quick,” Imra replied, not having expected Gayle to decide on a name so soon. “Which
name is it, love?”

“Mavis.”

“Hmm, I suppose that can match nicely with Matilda,” Imra said, shifting a bit. She propped herself up on her elbow and looked at her wife. “Matilda and Mavis,” she whispered, testing it out, smiling. “You let Graym choose, didn’t you?”

Imra recognized the name Mavis from Hotel Transylvania, which happened to be one of the movies their son watched a lot, a lot as in weekly. So much for her wife claiming she didn’t name children after movies. It was cute Gayle let him decide.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Matilda—see, now I can’t call you that anymore.”

“Aw, so sad,” Imra teased, chuckling when Gayle groaned. “Imagine the tragedy of you calling me some term of endearment.”

“Good night, some term of endearment,” Gayle said, smiling while her wife laughed. “How did I get so lucky to end up with you?”

Imra rested a hand on Gayle’s jaw and leaned in for a kiss.

Kara tried really hard not to squeal while she held a Supergirl onesie in her hands. “How adorable is this?” she asked, smiling so much she might combust.

“Super adorable,” Imra answered, smiling as well. “I might buy two of those.”

“I’m buying way more than two of these,” Kara said, scooping as many as she could carry into her cart.

“What do you think, Jamie?” Alex cooed, pointing at the Supergirl onesies.

Imra melted at how cute her niece was, swaddled in front of Alex’s chest like a tiny pink blob.

“I think it’s amazing our daughters will grow up together,” Kara said, so happy she was going to be a part of this.

“It is,” Imra agreed. “They’re going to be best friends. Maybe they’ll be as close as we are.”

“Lena and I decided on a name as well,” Kara said, checking out more baby clothes. “She said the L thing isn’t necessary and we talked about it, and we’re going to name our daughter Alura, after my mother.”

“Oh, Kara,” Alex said softly.

Kara smiled faintly, thinking how much her parents would have loved meeting the new family she found on earth, but she was glad her aunt was a part of it at least. By naming her daughter Alura,
she was paying respect to her mother. She would have agreed to another name if Lena had preferred something else, but her wife was the best and Rao knew she was lucky to have her.

“All these clothes are so tiny,” Imra said, and she wanted to hold back a little, really she did, but Gayle did give her a card with no limit and said she could buy whatever she liked. She had no intention of going overboard too much, but there were so many adorable little outfits and she was expecting twins.

“Awe, look at these little yellow dresses,” Imra said, smiling, thinking about how good those would look on her youngest daughters during the summer. “How bad would it be if I dress them identically?”

“Um, bad,” Alex answered. “A lot of parents dress twins identically, but it’s not always fun for the children. Imagine we would dress identically.”

“Oh, can we?” Kara asked, smiling. “We could get matching shirts or something.”

“That was not a suggestion…,” Alex said, staring dumbfounded at Kara.

“Actually, I think Alex has a point,” Imra said, chuckling when Alex’s eyebrows went up. “Don’t look so surprised I’m agreeing with you for a change. I think each person has their own identity and style, so dressing my twins identically may not be the best idea, but I’ll admit I might dress them identically until they’re toddlers. That’s pretty much what Gayle did with Anna and Elsa.”

“Hmm, they did look cute dressed the same,” Alex admitted.

“Would you mind if I hold Jamie for a bit?” Imra asked, batting her eyelashes. “I need to practice how to hold a baby.”

“Practice,” Alex snorted. “That’s a lame excuse because you already practiced plenty with Wolf, Angel and Fay.”

“What will it take to bribe you into letting me hold your cute little baby girl?”

“If I let you hold her, then Kara’s going to want to hold her too, and before I know it the whole family will want to hold her, and then I won’t get to hold her anymore. Babies grow up really fast,” Alex said, kissing the top of her daughter’s head. “I just feel like I never want to let her go, you know? I’m so not ready for my maternal leave to end.”

Kara fell into bed with Lena, chuckling and kissing. They had to try and be silent though, Lily-May and LJ were sleeping, so loud noises were definitely off the table.

Lena pulled Kara into her, crashing their lips together. She was aching for a fix, needed her wife all over her. They had a healthy sex life, there was no doubt on her mind about that, but the last time they had sex was four days ago, quickly, under the shower and that was unacceptable. Okay, it wasn’t the end of the world, but they had sex multiple times every week.
God, Lena couldn’t believe she was thinking so much about sex while she was about to have sex. She flipped Kara over and straddled her, watching as her blonde locks fanned out over the pillow. “My darling,” she whispered, leaning down to capture her lips in the softest kiss.

Kara’s eyes fluttered shut. Oh Rao, Lena’s lips felt so good on hers. Her wife may have been human, but she seemed to have the secret power of giving super kisses.

Lena pulled back when Kara giggled. “What?” she asked curiously.

“I was just thinking about how magical your kisses are and then I remembered you have actual magic,” Kara answered, giggles turning into a smile. “You didn’t even have to cast a spell to enchant me. Your eyes alone do that every day, when I see you waking up next to me. And your smile, Rao, your smile, how could that smile be anything but magical?”

Lena smiled at the compliment. She blushed a dark shade of red. Kara knew how to make her feel special, how to make her feel loved. Marrying this dork was the best decision she had ever made in her life.

Kara surged up and pressed a kiss to the corner of Lena’s mouth. “I really love your smile,” she whispered, happy she got to see it so often. “You’re gorgeous, truly gorgeous,” she said, running a hand through Lena’s raven locks.

Lena cradled Kara’s face in her hands and kissed her, really kissed her with all she had. She licked into her mouth, savoring the taste and the feel of her. It was slow and passionate, languid and tranquil; everything she wanted more of.

Their kiss only broke when they were shedding their pajamas onto the bedroom floor. Lena chuckled when Kara threw her top with too much enthusiasm, knocking over the lamp from their bedside table.

“Will our room ever survive us having sex?” Lena questioned, smiling when Kara shook her head. “Why do you think I married rich?” Kara teased, raising her hands to hide her face when Lena smacked her with a pillow. “Okay, okay, that’s not why I married you,” she said, lowering her hands. “Clearly I married you because of my appetite. How could I not marry a woman who can buy me tons of food and who looks like a snack?”

Lena gasped. “Did you just call your wife a snack?” she asked, humored when Kara’s cheeks flushed.

Kara tangled a hand in Lena’s locks. “I am quite hungry right now,” she admitted, raking her eyes deliberately slow down her wife’s body.

“And thirsty, too, I’d say,” Lena commented. She shut her eyes when Kara kissed her neck. “More,” she whispered, moaning softly.

Kara’s chuckle tickled Lena’s skin. “Who is being hungry and thirsty now?”

“If you’re done teasing me with your words, how about you tease me with your tongue and fingers instead?”

“I could get behind that,” Kara agreed, only blushing a little. Her heart did stutter in her chest at the thought of being between Lena’s legs.

“There is something I need to confess,” Lena said, pushing her hand against Kara’s chest, pressing
her down. “I decided it can be interesting to find out which magic I’m capable of. In my last few corresponding letters with my sister, she sent me a spell I’ve been learning to perfect and I think I finally managed to.”

“Oh?” Kara asked, surprised because she thought her wife wasn’t interested in unraveling that part of herself, though if it was something she wanted, she fully supported her.

Lena whispered words in a tongue Kara couldn’t understand. She flashed Kara a sideways smile, a naughty kind of smile and snapped her fingers once.

Kara gasped when their room was suddenly filled with lit candles. “Are you trying to burn down our bedroom?” she asked, chuckling when Lena smacked her with a pillow again. “And you dare say our room can’t survive me,” she added, receiving another pillow in her face. “It’s romantic, I like it,” she said, gently tugging at Lena’s hand.

Lena let herself be pulled, falling on top of Kara. “Full disclosure?” she asked, biting her lip. “Graym didn’t set the grass in our garden on fire by accident. That was me.”

“Oh Rao, that was naughty, Mrs. Zor-El.”

“I can think of naughtier things,” Lena whispered, running her hands down Kara’s sides.

Lena slithered down Kara’s body, kissing her breasts. She pinched her nipples, hard enough to make Kara arch her back and hear her moan. Her nails drew red lines, which disappeared immediately, but they still had the wanted effect when Kara moaned.

“Shhh, we have to be silent,” Lena whispered.

Kara was trying to be quiet, but Lena was driving her crazy with desire. She squeezed her fists into their pillows while Lena kissed her way down her body.

“If you’re going to rip pillows, can you leave mine in one piece this time?”

“No promises,” Kara answered, tightening her grip on the pillows when Lena’s index finger moved around her clit. She shut her eyes when Lena ran her tongue through her folds. “Oh, Lena…”

Lena hummed, enjoying Kara’s moans. Their pillows were definitely not going to survive.

Kara bit her lip to keep herself from moaning aloud. It was intense how her wife was capable of taking her breath away.

Lena’s nails dug into Kara’s thighs as she licked into her. She wouldn’t mind spending all night being intimate, though her stamina did have a limit and if she tried that, she wouldn’t be able to get out of bed tomorrow. Then again, spending tomorrow in bed with Kara was an appealing thought.

“Mhmpf, Lena,” Kara moaned, finding it increasingly harder to be silent. “Oh fuck, you’re so good at that, baby. Oh Rao, yes… yes, can I just marry you again?”

Lena gazed up at Kara, replacing her tongue with her fingers. “Dork,” she whispered with nothing but pure affection.

Kara tore the pillows apart when Lena sucked on her clit while three digits thrust quickly inside of her. “Lena…Oh, yes, fuck, fuck, fuck…Lena – I, yes, there,” she moaned, a little louder than she should have, but Lena’s fingers were hitting the spot that pushed her over the edge.
Kara came with a strangled moan. She lost control of her heat vision, but did turn her head to the side. Instead of tearing a hole into the ceiling, her heat vision shot down the lamp from the other bedside table.

“Kara,” Lena said with a cheeky smile. “If you didn’t like our lamps, you could’ve said.”

“Uhuh, keep talking. grass burner.”
No words could ever accurately encompass the entirety of the emotions Imra felt when she held her twins for the first time. She was crying, but that was okay, as a mother she was allowed to cry. Half of her tears were out of pure joy while the other half was out of sadness; sadness because she got close to not having this life.

Imra’s past lingered like a dark memory, a stain. She was forever grateful Astra was there for her thirteen years ago. People said thirteen was an unlucky number, but for her it was anything but unlucky. Thirteen years ago, she had lost all hope and was at her lowest she had ever been. Now, thirteen years later, she was a married mother of five, who just gave birth to two perfect little babies. At age twenty-nine, she had everything she could ever dream of. She had friends, family and her own little family.

“They’re beautiful,” Gayle whispered, tearing up. “Just like their mother.”

“Hey, Matilda and Mavis,” Imra said, smiling as she held her twins in her arms, one in each arm. “Welcome to the world. I promise I’m going to be there for both of you. The world is a wonderful place and if you look at things from the right angle, it’s colorful and radiant. If you’re ever sad, I will hold you and dry your tears. I’m going to give you a thousand kisses and when something is wrong, you can always count on me to have your back. I love you both so much.”

Gayle cried some more, moved by this emotional moment. “Ten little fingers, ten little toes,” she said, happy they were both healthy. “They have your eyes and your hair. Even your genes are dominant, hm?”

“It appears so,” Imra replied, smiling. “People will think we cloned ourselves,” she said, chuckling, thinking how Elsa and Anna looked precisely like Gayle.

“Five children is enough for you, right?”

“It is.”

“Okay, phew,” Gayle said, resting a hand on her chest. “This is definitely my absolute limit.”

“I know, my love,” Imra replied, aware they hadn’t counted on having twins. “Lucky number seven,” she whispered.

“Hm? What was that?”

“There are seven of us, in our little family. Lucky number seven.”

Gayle smiled, lucky number seven indeed. “Can I hold one of them?”

“Of course you can, love, they’re your daughters, too,” Imra answered, surprised Gayle even had to
ask. “Which one of them would you like to hold first?”

“I…,” Gayle gulped. “They look identical, I can’t tell the difference,” she confessed. “Does that-”

“You’re not a bad mother,” Imra said before her wife could even finish that sentence that was just wrong. “I can’t tell them apart yet either,” she confessed, relieved she felt Gayle was less tense now. “I’ve been trying to find a small difference, a freckle perhaps, but I can’t stop staring at their cute little faces with their cute little noses.”

“Our little babies,” Gayle whispered. “I hope their powers won’t kick in anytime soon.”

“I hope so as well. Raising them will be interesting. It means a lot to me to have Matilda and Mavis,” Imra said, happy she was no longer the last of her kind. “But don’t get me wrong. Graym, Anna and Elsa are as much my children as our newborns.”

Gayle knew that. She knew Imra loved their children equally. “Hey,” she cooed, taking one of their babies into her arms. “You and your sister are going to receive so much love. You have two big sisters and a big brother who are always going to be there for you. I hope you won’t color on the walls the way Anna and Elsa did when they were little, and that you won’t run off to the pond at the park once you can run to see the ducks.”

Kara had never seen anything more beautiful in her life. When the fluid had completely drained from the incubator, she was there with her wife, moved by the fact Lena let her hold their daughter first. Bright blue-green eyes stared intently at her. The tiniest hand wrapped around her pinkie, those miniature fingers secured their grip.

“Hey, baby girl,” Kara whispered, tearing up. “I’m your mother and I’m going to love you for the rest of my life.”

Kara felt connected to her daughter, knew she would burn the world for her. This was her little miracle, a child created with love. The little bundle in her arms tugged at her heartstrings. She repeated her words in Kryptonese.

“Our little Alura,” Lena whispered. “Did she just smile at me?” she asked, utterly perplexed because surely newborns didn’t smile.

“I believe she did,” Kara answered, smiling because Alura was the cutest.

Alura drooled a little as she smiled, eyes transfixed on Lena.

“Kryptonians advance differently than humans,” Kara explained, listening to her daughter’s heartbeat, quick and healthy. “She’ll probably walk around by the time she turns one, without wobbling. Her first words should be when she’s one month old.”

“Fascinating,” Lena whispered, amazed. “She’s extraordinary,” she said, curious to follow Alura’s growth closely. It spoke to the scientist side of her.
“Here,” Kara said, handing Alura over to her wife.

Lena winced when Alura’s fingers wrapped around her pinkie. “I think she’s breaking my finger.”

“Human fingers are very fragile,” Kara said, making a face. She remembered how much she struggled to adapt her strength, how it took her months to learn. “I can take over, if you want,” she offered, holding her arms out.

Lena’s eyes locked with Alura’s and she was a goner. She would rather have her daughter break her finger than let her be taken from her arms. This moment reminded her of the first time she held Lily-May and LJ, minus the pain of possibly getting her finger broken.

“Her eyes,” Lena whispered.

“Yeah,” Kara replied, smiling while tears rolled down her cheeks. “Her eyes are a mix of ours.”

“You’re perfect, Alura,” Lena said, feeling her stomach flip happily when Alura smiled at her. “Our daughter is going to be a genius,” she told her wife. “She’s going to do something incredible when she’s older, I can feel it in my bones.”

“Mammy,” Lily-May said, strutting into the room. “Can I hold my little sister?”

Lena looked down at her six year old. “Oh, I don’t know, pip, she’s very little,” she answered, though most of all she was worried Alura would break Lily-May rather than the other way around.

LJ ran into the room. “Baby,” he said, reaching up his arms, making grabby hands. “I wanna hold her.”

If Lena wasn’t going to let her oldest daughter hold Alura, she certainly wasn’t going to let her three year old hold her.

“I have an idea,” Kara said, taking Alura from Lena’s arms, chuckling when Lena pouted. She placed Alura gently on the middle of the bed.

Lily-May and LJ climbed onto the bed, scooting over towards their baby sister, looking at her in awe.

“Hi, Alura,” Lily-May said, stroking the fine brown locks atop Alura’s head. “I’m your big sister. I’m going to protect you forever and ever. I hope your first word will be Lily. Li-ly.”

“I was hoping more for her first word to be mammy,” Lena said, smiling.

“So long as it’s not daddy,” Kara said, chuckling, shaking her head. She hoped that this time she could be spared from being called that. It was cute at home, but it was awkward in public. She was never going to live down how she took LJ to the beach one time and he was calling out for her, calling her daddy.

“Why don’t you want to be called daddy?” Lily-May asked Kara, staring at her. “Mammy calls you daddy. Last night I heard mammy shout yes daddy.”

Lena and Kara spluttered at that.

“Oh,” Lena said, aiming for casual while she tried to get her breathing under control. “Is there anything else you heard?”

“Maybe,” Lily-May answered, giggling. “You and mommy said I can’t curse, so I can’t tell you.”
Lena wanted to sink into the floor. Lily-May must have heard their series of *fucks* while they were being intimate. They really ought to be quiet next time.

“Lori said adults curse a lot and Lucifer said you were canoodling, but I don’t know what that means.”

“I don’t know what that means-,” Kara said, eyes widening when Lena gave her a look that said it all. “Oh… Oh Rao.”

“So I asked Harley,” Lily-May continued, to which Kara and Lena nearly had a heart-attack, because out of all people their daughter could ask, she asked Harley. “She said it means you were scissoring. I’m still confused, but I think it means you were doing the secret thing parents do in bed.”

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Imra missed Matilda and Mavis now that she wasn’t home. She missed her other children as well of course, absolutely. It was just a little different with her youngest daughters because they were very little. She dropped them off at Astra’s place for tonight while Gayle hired a babysitter to babysit Graym, Anna and Elsa. They didn’t want to risk leaving their youngest daughters with a babysitter, in case they would cause things to float and five children was too much for a young babysitter anyway.

Lena sent Lucy a text for the third time in five minutes, asking if Alura fell asleep yet. Before she came here with her wife to go out drinking with their friends, she dropped off her youngest daughter at Astra and Lucy’s place. It was for the best since Alura wasn’t human. She had arranged a babysitter for LJ and Lily-May.

“Who wants to have some fun?” Maggie asked, smiling while she revealed a stack of index cards. “Since it’s all couples here anyway, this game is basically a couple game.”

“What did you come up with this time?” Samantha asked, sliding an arm around Alex’s waist.

“So long as it involves alcohol,” Alex said, “I’m in.”

“Ditto that,” Clarke agreed.

“Red and I are gonna buy the first round,” Harley said, leaning her head on Ivy’s shoulder.

“Between the lot of us, we must have hired a lot of babysitters to come to our neighborhood,” Imra commented, thinking how all of them, aside from Maggie and Leslie, had at least one child.

Gayle was surprised they all found a babysitter on such a short notice. They had literally made the plan to go out yesterday. She wasn’t sure whose idea it was originally, all she knew was that Leslie called her about it to ask if she was down for it with Imra.

Lena smiled at the new mothers who were checking their phone frequently. She related so hard to that. She knew Clarke recently gave birth to a son named Aden and Raven gave birth to a girl
named Tris.

“We didn’t hire a babysitter,” Ivy announced casually.

“You didn’t hire a babysitter?” Kara asked, seriously hoping Ivy was kidding. “But… Mallory is eight and Lucifer is eleven.”

“Yah, our lil booger is eleven,” Harley said, nodding. “So we need no babysitter.”

“I… you…,” Lena said, making a face. She disapproved, but as usual, it wasn’t her place to tell them how to parent.

Kara didn’t like the fact Mallory and Lucifer were left home alone, though if she thought about it, she was hardly any older than Lucifer when her parents sent her to earth with her cousin, with the idea she had to raise Kal-El. Things didn’t turn out that way, but nonetheless it was kind of crazy and made leaving an eleven year old at home alone with an eight year old look less bad.

“Are you not concerned they may burn the house down?” Lexa asked, staring intensively at Harley and Ivy. “Or concerned they might get hurt?”

“They’re gonna be fine,” Harley answered, waving Lexa off. “Ain’t the first time.”

“How is that supposed to be comforting?” Alex asked, shifting in her seat.

“Maybe we should move on,” Leslie suggested.

“I agree,” Veronica chimed in.

“Yeah,” Raven agreed as well. “They’re not our kids and we shouldn’t meddle.”

“Okay, so cards,” Maggie said, holding them up. “Each card has a question on it that every couple has to answer, but less is more. Kara, I’m looking at you here.”


“If you refuse to answer, you have to take a shot and eat a slice of lime,” Maggie explained, gesturing at their table.

“Y’all ready for this?” Leslie asked, grinning.

“I really don’t trust you writing questions down,” Gayle told Leslie, who only grinned more. “Who knows what kind of things you wrote on those cards.”

“It was a team effort,” Leslie replied, winking at Maggie. “Okay, bitches, first card,” she said, pulling one. “Where did you have sex for the first time and who came first?” she read, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Jesus,” Gayle whispered, feeling like she needed a shot just to prepare for those questions, because if that was only the first, she was worried what the next one was going to be, and the one after that.

“In our bed,” Imra answered, remembering it well. “Gayle came first.”

“Kara and I had sex for the first time in our bed, too,” Lena said, squeezing Kara’s hand. “I came first,” she shared, blushing.
“Rooftop, Red made me cum twice in a row,” Harley shared while Ivy sat there with a shit eating wicked grin on her face.

Alex downed a shot and reached for the lime, but it was too late because Samantha was answering anyway.

“On the floor and Alex came first,” Samantha shared, chuckling. “We didn’t make it to the bedroom in time,” she added with a wink.

“Damn,” Leslie laughed, giving Samantha and Alex a slow clap. “Mags and I did it for the first time in the bathroom at the dive bar. She got me off first. What can I say? She’s that good.”

“You bet,” Maggie said, licking her lips, nudging Leslie’s hip with hers.

“In my room back at college,” Clarke said, gazing at her wife. “I came first because Lexa just wanted to give.”

“Typical Lexa,” Veronica commented. “Always aiming to be selfless.”

“You’re one to talk,” Raven scoffed. “Vero and I did it for the first time on the couch of her mansion. She made me come multiple times. She knows how to treat a lady.”

It still amazed Lena how much Veronica did change since college. Years ago she would have never thought they would turn out to be something among the lines of friends. They weren’t close and it was doubtful they would ever be, but she could go out and have Veronica joining without resenting her or feeling bad about their past, which was a major improvement.

“I’ve had sex in lots of places, but never on a rooftop, damn,” Maggie said, whistling. “Which brings us to the next question, wildest or craziest place you’ve ever done it?”

“As a couple or crazy in general?” Clarke asked, averting her eyes when Lexa gave her a questioning look.

“Meh, either,” Leslie said. “Whatever you want to share.”

Alex winced and downed a shot, grasping a piece of lime. “It’s a hard pass for me,” she said, putting the lime in her mouth.

Lena was a little appalled her office was considered tame, purely because it was her own office. Kara chose Lena’s office as well. Gayle and Imra went with supply room, Clarke and Lexa the woods, Veronica and Raven while they had dinner at a restaurant and did it under the table, and Leslie and Maggie in one of the interrogation rooms at Maggie’s precinct. Samantha passed and took a shot and lime like Alex had done.

Gayle and Lena shared a look with each other. They both knew Samantha wasn’t too shy to answer, so she was probably not going to for Alex’s sake.

“Red and I did it in prison in the courtyard,” Harley revealed, emptying a shot anyways. “Ya got more limes?” she asked, grabbing a handful of them.

“You’re not supposed to eat those unless you don’t answer,” Leslie pointed out, scoffing. “You’re a special kind of crazy, Harley.”

“Aw thanks, sparky.”
“I hate that nickname,” Leslie grumbled.

“At least she doesn’t call you dimples,” Maggie pointed out.

“Dimples is a suitable nickname for you though,” Alex commented. “You have cute dimples.”

“You going soft on me again, Danvers?”

Alex shrugged and made no further comment.

“Next question?” Samantha asked. “There better be one about biggest sexual failure ever or something.”

“Please, amateur,” Gayle replied, huffing. “I’d just be listing my exes, if I can remember their names, that is.”

“Oooh burn,” Leslie said, grinning.

“My biggest sexual failure was getting caught,” Lena said, cringing at the memory. “By my mother.”

“I once got caught by Astra,” Imra shared, chuckled. “I thought she was going to have an aneurism. I was seventeen at the time. She grabbed that boy, mumbled something about marriage first and threw him out. I had to rush after him to give the poor guy his clothes.”

“Yikes, it’s awkward hearing this stuff from my little sister,” Alex said, looking more uncomfortable with each passing moment.

“I’m only one year younger,” Imra pointed out. “But my experience has you beat,” she added, winking naughtily.

Gayle smiled and wrapped her arms around her wife. “Always a tease.”

“I don’t know about all of you, but I need a glass of wine,” Lena said, feeling the need to unwind. “You can continue with the questions, though I am getting myself that glass first.”

Pretty much the whole neighborhood was roused from their sleep on a Sunday night when Harley and Ivy were yelling. Kara was the first outside with Imra to try and shush them while other neighbors were grumbling as they stepped outside, most of them in pajamas still.

Kara had a deep crinkle settled between her eyebrows because something wasn’t right. Harley and Ivy’s heartbeats were erratic.

“Hey,” Imra said, walking up to Harley and Ivy. Panic was oozing out of them, she sensed heaps of it.

Harley clamped on to Imra, grabbing her by her shirt. “It’s Lucifer,” she said, eyes wide, heart
“He ran away,” Ivy added, sharing Harley’s panic. “Two hours ago, he went to bed angry and when I went to check on him ten minutes ago, his room was empty.”

“We’ll help you look for him,” Kara told Harley and Ivy.

In a matter of seconds, half of the neighborhood was looking for Lucifer while the other half stayed at home with all of the children.

Imra wandered through the city with her phone in the pocket of her jeans, ready to call if she found so much as a trace of Lucifer. It was dark out, but since it was summer, it wasn’t cold. If Lucifer ran away, it might have meant he felt lost or something of the sorts. She thought about where she went when she was new to earth and when she lost hope. She prayed she was wrong as she made her way to that bridge, the one where Astra found her thirteen years ago.

Imra’s heart sank when she found Lucifer sitting on the bridge with his legs dangling over the edge. Fat tears slid down his cheeks and his chest was heaving. She quietly approached the eleven year old boy and sat down next to him, carefully placing a hand on his shoulder, if only to ensure he wouldn’t fall or jump.

“Hey there, sweetheart,” Imra whispered, to which Lucifer looked at her with confusion swirling in his tear-filled eyes. “Half of our neighborhood has been looking for you. We’re all very worried about you.”

Imra reached her other hand out to wipe his tears away. She sensed even more confusion from Lucifer. “We can sit here in silence for a while and go home after or you can talk and I’ll listen, your choice,” she offered, brushing more of his tears away.

Lucifer peered at the water down below, swallowing thickly. “W-who wo-would…,” he tried, his voice coming out all broken and quiet, “mi-miss me if I w-was go-gone?”

“Your mothers miss you right now. Your little sister would miss you and everyone else in our neighborhood. You matter, Lucifer, I promise, you matter.”

Lucifer wiped his tears away with the back of his hands. “You want to listen to what I have to say?”

Imra nodded and caressed Lucifer’s back. “Try me,” she answered, feeling something stir inside of her at all the memories from when Astra saved her.

Lucifer plucked at his shirt. One of his shoes slipped off and plunged into the water underneath them. “I’m upset and I’m scared and I’m angry. I want to cry and lash out. I don’t want the pain I feel inside,” he told Imra as more tears streamed down his cheeks. “Some guys bully me and say I’m gay. I fight them and they get hurt, but my pain stays. They look at me and they hate me. They hate me because I am gay. I’m scared to tell my mom, even though she’s dating a woman.”

Imra continued to rub soothing circles on Lucifer’s back while she listened, let him pour his heart out. It was unfair. Life shouldn’t be that hard and painful for an eleven year old. It wasn’t right Lucifer had to suffer like that.

“I visited my dad in Gotham yesterday. Mom and Ivy don’t know,” Lucifer continued, sniffling. “He doesn’t want to see me anymore. He said he hates me and that I’m disgusting for liking boys instead of girls. He said girls liking girls is okay because he says that’s nice to look at. He said he doesn’t have a son anymore now. I’m angry because he’s my dad and he’s one of the reasons why
other kids bully me. I’m upset because I don’t have any friends. Kids either bully me or are scared of me. Nobody understands me. I’m all alone.”

Imra wound her arms around Lucifer and hugged him. She pulled him away from the edge of the bridge while he cried on her shoulder. “Life is harsh and it won’t be easy, but I can promise you that you’re not alone. The people in your life may not always understand, though we can try. Would you like to be my friend?”

“Why?” Lucifer asked, frowning as Imra placed him on her hip. With her strength, she could easily carry him. “Why do you want to be my friend?”

“Because I think you’re great and all you need is a chance. I’ve never quite been in your shoes, but I’ve been on this bridge before, sitting in that same exact spot where you sat. I learned that, no matter what life throws at you, it does get better and you’re never alone.”

Imra whispered to Lucifer while she carried him back home. Once she arrived in their street, Harley and Ivy broke down in tears, hugging their son. She turned around to go home, only to find Kara standing on her porch with tears in her eyes.

“Oh,” Imra whispered as realization dawned on her. “You were near that bridge.”

Kara nodded slowly. Tears escaped her. She never knew Imra struggled so much when she was younger.

“Kara, I-” Imra was cut off as Kara hugged her.

Minutes went by. They didn’t talk, didn’t move. All they did was hug.
Lily-May’s raven hair, which reached all the way down her back, was braided with flowers in it. The sixteen year old was smiling her brightest sunshiny smile as she held Mallory’s hand. Her smile was directed specifically at the eighteen year old.

“Hey, Lena and Kara,” Mallory said, glancing briefly at Lily-May’s parents. “Doesn’t she look stunning?”

“Shh, stop it,” Lily-May chuckled, blushing, shyly nudging Mallory’s shoulder with hers.

“It’s the truth, my sunflower,” Mallory replied, face lighting up while she tugged at Lily-May’s hand, closing the gap between them. She pressed a kiss to the corner of her mouth, chuckling when Lena cleared her throat.

“Mam, come on,” Lily-May said with a mildly whiny tone, though she was smiling. “We’re keeping it pg.”

“Pg doesn’t stand for pretty gay, no matter what your aunt Sam says,” Lena said, smiling because she was genuinely happy her daughter was happy.

“I don’t know, mam…I think aunt Sam was onto something there,” Lily-May replied, tipping her head to the side, resting it against Mallory’s shoulder.

LJ rolled his eyes when he walked into the room, seeing Lily-May and Mallory’s linked hands. “Great, they’re lesbianing again,” he muttered, particularly grumpy for a thirteen year old. “How come they get to do that, but when I ask if a girl can sleep over you lose your shit?”

“Watch your tongue, young man,” Lena warned sharply.

“Yes, listen to your mother,” Kara chimed in. “There will be no cursing in this house.”

“We’re just holding hands, LJ,” Lily-May pointed out. “Get a grip.”

“I want a pretty girlfriend too,” LJ said, sighing deeply. His eyes widened. “Not that Mallory is pretty or anything,” he blanched. “Whatever, I’m going to go play videogames.”

Lily-May laughed lightly while her brother sped off. “You’re my girlfriend,” she said to Mallory, biting her lip, blushing.

“I kinda knew that,” Mallory replied, lifting a hand to caress Lily-May’s cheek. She winked and turned to look at Lena and Kara. “May I take your daughter out for a date tonight, please and thank you?”

Kara huffed out a laugh. It wasn’t the first time Mallory had asked to take Lily-May out on a date. In fact, it was the second time this month.

Lena respected the fact Mallory did wait until Lily-May was sixteen before they began a relationship, due to the small age difference between them. It wasn’t a big age gap, but as a mother
she worried nonetheless. Mallory was a polite girl though, most of the time. She knew things were innocent between them, or at least she hoped so.

“You can,” Kara answered, squeezing her wife’s hand gently. “But you know the rules.”

“I’ll have her home by ten,” Mallory said, nodding.

“Lori recently got her driver’s license,” Lily-May announced proudly.

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” Lena replied, squeezing her wife’s hand tightly. “It’s lovely weather for a walk though, or a bicycle ride.”

Lily-May raised an eyebrow. “Are you saying you don’t trust my girlfriend?”

“Safety first,” Mallory assured.

“I beg your pardon?” Lena asked, staring at Mallory.

“The seatbelt, ma’am?” Mallory pointed out, smiling while Lily-May chuckled.

“Gross, mam,” Lily-May said.

“Gross?” Mallory asked, gasping.

“Okay, not gross-gross, but you know,” Lily-May answered, making a vague movement with her hand. “Just gross my mam thinks about us having sex.”

“Oh Rao,” Kara said, so not wanting to hear about that topic. “Let’s talk about… not that.”

“Yes, let’s not talk about sex,” Lily-May agreed, chuckling while her mothers groaned. “I’m still trying to recover from the whole sex ed.”

“School should have been more thorough,” Lena said, because it wasn’t her fault she had to ensure her daughter was properly educated on the matter, but as a mother is was her responsibility to do so.

Alura walked into the room with her violin. “What are we talking about?”

“Nothing,” everyone said at once.

“Oh,” Alura replied, putting her violin on the table. “So, sex.”

“This is why I like your sister more than I like your brother,” Mallory told Lily-May.

“You like Alura more than LJ because you don’t like boys,” Lily-May pointed out. “After all these years, you still think they have lice and cooties.”

“You hair looks really pretty, Lily,” Alura said, walking around her sister. “Ivy?” she asked, smiling when Lily-May nodded. “She must do my hair, too. Mam, mom, can I visit our neighbors?”

“I’ll walk you there,” Lena answered, holding out her hand.

“Mam,” Alura groaned. “I’m ten, not five and it’s right next door.”

“Alura, sweetie, you know how your mother and I feel about you going outside by yourself,” Kara
said gently. “There must be someone with you at all times, you know this.”

“But, mom,” Alura whined. “You’re being overprotective. As if anything could happen in the few steps it takes to get to Ivy’s house. Plus, I’m super strong and you’re probably going to eavesdrop anyway.”

While both of those things were very much true, Kara still agreed with Lena it was safer not to let their youngest daughter go outside alone. Maybe they were a tad overprotective, but Alura was their baby girl.

“Where are you two going?” Lena asked when she saw Lily-May and Mallory heading towards the front door. “I thought your date wasn’t until tonight?”

“Oh, you know, mam,” Lily-May answered casually. “We’re going to Vegas to elope.”

“This is not funny, Lily,” Lena replied, sighing. “I asked you a serious question and I expect a serious answer.”

“Mam, please, when are you going to learn I’m not a little girl anymore? I don’t need you to hold my hand all the time. You have to trust I can stand on my own two feet when I fall. After all, I’m your daughter, so I learned from the best.”

“Okay,” Lena said, taking a deep breath. “I may have been a little overprotective,” she admitted, wondering how her daughter suddenly grew up so fast. She remembered giving birth to Lily-May, holding her for the first time, how scared she was when she didn’t breathe at first.

“I don’t even scrape my knees when I fall,” Alura said. “Now can I go to Ivy’s house by myself?”

“No,” Lena and Kara answered in sync.


Lena shook her head. Of course she wasn’t going to hold her daughter’s hand. She wasn’t that over the top as a mother, or was she? It wasn’t always easy to find a proper balance. The example she grew up with wasn’t a good one at all and she wanted to be a good, loving mother to her children. Maybe she did smother them with affection too much at times, but she just loved them all dearly.

Alura slipped her hands in her pockets, pouting on the way to Harley and Ivy’s house. She plastered on a smile when they got there, slipping a hand out of her pocket to ring their doorbell.

Lucifer opened the door. The twenty-one year old young man smiled down at Alura. “Hello, little pumpkin pie, Mal is not home at the moment,” he said, voice sweet and gentle. He stopped putting copious amounts of gel in his hair years ago. His hair was neatly trimmed and he was wearing a suit.

“I know, your sister was at my place a little while ago,” Alura replied, looking up at Lucifer. “I’m here for Ivy.”

“I see,” Lucifer said, pushing the door further open. “Mother, Alura is here for you,” he called out over his shoulder. “If you’ll excuse us,” he said, grasping his boyfriend’s hand when he joined him at the door. “Lena,” he said with a nod.

“Lucifer,” Lena replied, nodding back.

“Dollface,” Ivy said, smiling at Lena, chuckling when Lena rolled her eyes. “And Little Super,”
“Hi,” Alura said, smiling right back. “Can you do my hair like you did Lily’s hair? Pretty please?”

Ivy nodded and stepped aside so they could enter. “Ignore the mess, I was cleaning.”

Lena raised an eyebrow. The mess Ivy was referring to appeared to be an assortment of plants and flowers that was stretched out over the entire inside of the house. It wasn’t a secret to Harley and Ivy that Alura had powers, which they found out four years ago when her daughter was flying in the garden. Everyone in their family knew the truth and some friends did as well.

“Hiya, doll,” Harley said, approaching them with glasses which held a thick green liquid. “Lil super,” she said, holding out a glass to Alura. “It’s vitamins.”

“It looks like barf,” Alura said, making a face. “Sorry,” she winced, looking at her mother, “it’s true.”

“Red made it,” Harley said, offering a glass to Lena.

Lena didn’t want to drink whatever that was, but she didn’t want to be rude either. The least she could do was try it. By now she knew them well enough to know they weren’t out to poison them.

“Mal’s been talking about marrying yer daughter,” Harley said casually, causing Lena to spit out the sip she took. “Ya don’t like it?”

“The drink or what you said?” Lena asked, not exactly fond of either. “Lily is sixteen, she is not going to get married for at least… another ten years,” she said, and okay, maybe ten years was a bit excessive, but at the very least she wanted her daughter to finish college first.

Lily-May could have skipped more than two grades, but her daughter stubbornly refused so she could continue to share classes with Mallory. Not wanting to push her daughter’s education, she had let her be. After this summer vacation, Lily-May was going to college and she was so not ready for that, not ready to watch her go.

“No worries, doll,” Harley said to Lena, patting her shoulder. “Mal’s gonna wait till yer daughter is old enough.”

“This will be fun,” Ivy said, smirking. “We will be one big family, sisters in law.”

“Cool!” Alura said, beaming. “I’ll have two more aunties.”

It felt surreal to Imra how at age thirty-nine, she was a wife and a mother to five children. She loved all of her children equally. They were all her little babies, but children did grow up.

Graym walked down the stairs.

Gayle was just about to gather her children. She smiled at her son, confused when he didn’t smile
“Mom, mam, we need to talk,” Graym said, taking a seat at the table.

“What is it, beanie?” Gayle asked, taking a seat across from him.

Imra sat down next to her wife. She sensed Graym was a little agitated, though she didn’t know why. She was glad the children usually had a habit of sharing things with Gayle and her, because that was definitely how they had been raising them, letting them know they could always talk about things.

“I want to move out when I finish college in three years,” Graym announced. “Fully move out, that is.”

“Move out…?” Gayle asked, genuinely surprised. It was a tough pill to swallow, considering her son had hardly been home at all during his first year of college.

“I’m nineteen and I’ll be twenty-two when I finish college,” Graym said, nodding. “Move out,” he confirmed.

Imra grasped her wife’s hand. She knew Gayle dreaded that day a lot, had been dreading it for years. It wasn’t a bad thing for someone Graym’s age to want to live alone, but she understood Gayle struggled with it.

Gayle tried not to tear up. Graym was the only son they had. He was her little man, her baby boy. She wasn’t ready to watch him leave the nest. It was hard enough she hardly got to see him during his college years.

Imra squeezed Gayle’s hand gently. “Is there any particular reason why you’re so adamant about moving out?” she asked, looking at Graym.

Graym nodded. “I’m tired of living in a house full of women,” he answered with a deep sigh. “I like that we have a big family and I’m not saying I wanted a brother. It’s okay I don’t have a brother. A little brother would have probably nagged me about things anyway and stolen my stuff or something. I like spending time with my friends at college. I’ll probably get a place with two of them, for starters.”

Gayle excused herself from the table to get some tissues. She knew a day like this was inevitable, but god she wasn’t ready, she really wasn’t. Ideally, she wanted every single one of her children to live with her for a long time. Some privacy with her wife was nice from time to time, no doubt, but she was attached to her children and couldn’t accept they were growing up.

It was bittersweet irony how Gayle never wanted to let go of Graym, Elsa, Anna, Matilda and Mavis while her own parents so many years ago couldn’t wait to get rid of her as soon as possible. She shuddered at the memories of how they ditched her in the woods because they thought she was a monster for having powers. Each time she looked at her children, she knew she could never.

Matilda walked into the kitchen and wrapped her arms around her mother.

Gayle hugged her daughter back. “Thank you, sweetheart,” she whispered, appreciating the hug.

Matilda tilted her chin up, resting it against her mother’s stomach. “Why are you feeling sad, mom?”

“I told mom I’m moving out after college,” Graym explained.
“No!” Mavis shouted, standing by the kitchen door. “Don’t go, Graym,” she said, pouting.

Graym got up from his seat and walked over to his sister, crouching down on one knee in front of her. “Hey,” he said, placing his finger under Mavis’ chin. “When I move out, it doesn’t mean you won’t see me anymore. I’ll visit lots of times.”

“You’ve been away a lot,” Mavis replied, sniffling. “We barely see you anymore and now you want to move out, and that makes me sad.”

“Mam said we can live with her and mom forever,” Matilda said, frowning. “People from Titan shared houses with their family, right, mam?”

While that was true, Imra knew earth was different. She taught Matilda and Mavis everything she knew about Titan, even the language. It was a part of their heritage. “Things are a little different here, sweetie. Sometimes when people are adults, they want their own place,” she explained calmly.

Gayle didn’t even know her wife told their youngest twins they could live with them forever. “You can always stay here with us,” she said to Matilda, hugging her some more. “My baby girl,” she whispered.

Imra could tell Matilda felt a little smothered by the extra hugs, but it was sweet seeing she allowed Gayle to hug her more. Matilda and Mavis had her gift for sensing what people felt most of the time, though they often were less subtle about it.

“Anna is sad,” Mavis blurted out when Anna walked in.

That was exactly Imra’s point of them being not subtle.

“No, I’m not,” Anna said, shaking her head wildly.

Imra sensed Anna was uncomfortable when Matilda and Mavis looked at her. She knew living in a house with three people who felt how others felt wasn’t always that fun to the other residents in their house. Mavis was right. She sensed sadness from Anna as well.

“But, Anna,” Mavis protested. “You know I can-”

“Cut it out, Mavis,” Elsa grumbled, walking in. “Anna is sad I ruined one of her shirts.”

Anna smiled faintly at Elsa, to which Elsa patted her shoulder.

Gayle shared a look with her wife. She didn’t believe what Elsa said one bit, but she wouldn’t bring it up with the whole family around. Anna was a bit of a wallflower and didn’t share things easily, although she knew Anna shared everything with Elsa, so at least she didn’t hold it all in.

“Anna, Elsa, I have a surprise for you both,” Gayle announced to brighten the mood. “Stay home with Matilda and Mavis?” she asked her wife, leaning in for a kiss.

Imra nodded and closed the gap between them. She already knew which surprise Gayle had in store for them and she was sure they were going to love it.

“A surprise?” Elsa asked, following after her mother with her sister. “What kind of surprise?”

Gayle smiled and unlocked the car. “You’ll see soon enough,” she answered, not wanting to give anything away. “Get in and fasten your seatbelt.”
After a drive that only lasted four minutes - so okay, they could have walked - they arrived at the destination of the surprise.

Gayle parked the car and rapped her fingers on the wheel. “Girls, I know you have both always loved coloring and making drawings,” she said, feeling proud of them because they got really good at it. “I know you’ve talked about wanting to pursue art. Your mother and I talked about it, and we want to support your dream in any way we can. We can see you’re both extremely passionate about this.”

“What is it, mom?” Elsa asked, smiling, sitting at the edge of her seat.

“Tell us, mom,” Anna said, smiling as well. “Is it a private art class?”

Gayle chuckled and got out of the car. “Your last name wouldn’t be Marsh if that was the surprise,” she answered, unlocking the building she drove them to. She had been searching for a suitable building for weeks until she found one that fit the bill while being close enough to their home. It was located on the road she took when she went to her hotel.

Anna and Elsa’s jaw dropped when they saw what was inside of the building.

“No way!” Elsa said, gasping.

“Yes way,” Gayle said, handing over the keys.

“Oh my god, mom!” Anna shouted, looking around like she didn’t know where to look first. “You bought us our own art studio?”

“I sure did,” Gayle confirmed. “Your mother and I wanted you to have this.”

“You’re the best!” Elsa said, flinging her arms around her mother, copied by her sister. “You never have to buy us presents ever again, this is… it’s everything.”

Gayle felt emotional seeing how happy her daughters were. “You can come here to make art in your free time and if you want to arrange an art gallery, I’ll help. I’m so proud of you two and you’ll be great artists.”

“You’re the best mother in the world, mom,” Anna said, hugging her mother tighter. “And mam, too.”

“I thought you and mam were against spoiling us too much,” Elsa said, sounding surprised.

“We are, for the record,” Gayle replied, because that was very much true. “But this is different, this is your dream.”
Kara smiled at Lena whose eyes hadn’t left her watch for the past two minutes, give or take. “Are you counting the seconds?” she asked, leaning back on the couch, stretching her arms over the back of the couch.

“Maybe,” Lena answered, sighing, glancing at the door. “It’s almost ten. Lily should be home any second now.”

“Define home,” Kara said, grinning because she heard Mallory’s car roll up the street ten minutes or so ago. She didn’t eavesdrop after that though, not since she heard kissing sounds at least.

Lena looked at her wife with wide eyes. “Kara?” she prodded. Without waiting for an answer, she got up and went over to the front door. “Those two better not be making out in the car or else.”

“And what were you doing at their age exactly?”

“If that’s supposed to be helpful, it’s not,” Lena answered, definitely not wanting her daughter to follow in her footsteps. “I know I was no saint.”

“You may want to sit down, they’re headed this way,” Kara warned, just as a heads up.

Lena wandered over to the kitchen, pretending she was just getting a drink as the door opened. Lily-May’s cheeks were flushed. She was smiling and biting her lip a little, fingers laced together with Mallory’s.

“Hey, sweetie,” Kara said, smiling. “How was your night?”

Lily-May caught Mallory’s eyes and giggled, blushing some more.

“Your smile is precious,” Mallory whispered to Lily-May, kissing her cheek.

“Can Lori sleep over tonight?” Lily-May asked, giving her mothers a pleading look. “It’s getting late and we’re pretty tired from our night out.”

Kara shook her head, smiling, thinking how Mallory literally lived next door, but she also knew those two were close. She didn’t mind them cuddling together. They didn’t appear tired though, not even a little.

Lena wanted to say no, but her daughter had sleepovers with Mallory since she was four. She thought back to when she was sixteen, how she wasn’t innocent at all, unlike Lily-May, as far as she knew. At least she hoped her daughter was innocent enough to stick to cuddling and kissing.

“Yes,” Lena answered, noticing three surprised faces at her answer. “But,” she said, holding up a finger, “no shenanigans under my roof.”

“You got it, ma’am,” Mallory said, but there was a devilish glint in her eyes that said otherwise. “We’ll keep those for under my roof,” she added, winking.

Lily-May chuckled and nudged her girlfriend’s side. “You’re so bad, Lori,” she said, biting back a smile.

“You love my touch of evil. That little bit of wicked that makes me… me.”
“I do,” Lily-May agreed, stealing a quick kiss.

Mallory pulled Lily-May back into her, kissing her firmer, longer.

Lena shook her head, sighing. Sometimes it was best not to comment on the two love birds. Seeing her daughter so in love for the first time was heartwarming, but it was mostly scary. She really hoped it would last, for her daughter’s sake. She knew Lily-May would be gutted if she were to lose Mallory. Those two had a twelve year long friendship before they had even begun to date.

“Mom, I’m hungry,” LJ said as he walked down the stairs. “Can we order pizza and potstickers?”

Kara’s stomach rumbled. She could do with some food. “Already dialing,” she answered, phone in hand.

LJ grinned and plopped down on the couch.

“Oh god,” Lena muttered silently. She didn’t like how her son’s eating habits were increasingly getting less healthy and she wasn’t a fan of him eating pizza this late during the evening, especially not when it was the third time this week.

“I heard pizza,” Alura said, flying down the stairs. “Hey, Mal,” she said, smiling at the older girl.

“Hey, lil super,” Mallory replied, smiling back.

“Ivy did my hair,” Alura said, slowly spinning around. “Do you like it?”

“For sure,” Mallory answered, nodding. “I see you’re getting better at flying, you didn’t knock anything over this time.”

“I’m a very good flyer, almost as good as my mom.”

“I wish I had powers,” LJ said, sighing. “I would defeat bad guys with my karate moves,” he said, getting up from the couch to show off some of his moves. “Lucifer is a good teacher. He said I can get a black belt if I work hard.”

Kara was glad Lucifer started doing something useful with his anger issues years ago when Ivy and Harley let him do martial arts. It helped Lucifer a lot and by now he had his own gym with quite a few members. LJ hadn’t shut up about the gym since it opened. Lena and she had to listen to their son’s pleas to please let him join, and after some persuading, she managed to convince her wife to let him go. It was only fair to let LJ join a gym, considering Alura was a member of a gym as well, though not the same one.

Imra hummed a song while she mixed some fruit to make a smoothie. She was wearing her gym gear, ready to leave as soon as she enjoyed her fresh smoothie and as soon as Matilda and Mavis would come downstairs with their gym bags.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Imra said, sipping her smoothie while Anna took a seat at the table. She sat
down on the chair next to her. “Something has been bothering you, hm?” she asked, now that they were alone for a little bit.

“I like someone,” Anna whispered, chewing her lip, wringing her hands.

“Does that someone know you like them?”

Anna shook her head.

“It’s okay to like someone,” Imra said, taking her daughter’s hands. “How long have you known?”

“A few months,” Anna whispered, bouncing her leg up and down.

“Your first crush, hm?” Imra asked, caressing her cheek while Anna nodded. “Someone from school?”

“One year older,” Anna answered, averting her eyes. “Elsa knows and she promised not to tell anyone. I want to say something when the summer vacation ends, but I don’t know what to say. I don’t know how to talk to someone new. I’m not social like Elsa. I’m awkward.”

“You’re not awkward just because you don’t talk as much as Elsa does. Some people are introverted and that’s okay. There’s nothing wrong with silence,” Imra assured her daughter.

“Mom is not going to like this,” Anna whispered, biting her lip again. “She always says smoking is a nasty thing and motorcycles are dangerous, but my crush smokes and has a motorcycle.”

Imra noticed Anna seemed to dance around sharing whether her crush was a girl or a boy or something else. “What’s their name?”

Anna sighed deeply and let her shoulders sag. “Lwulw mhwn,” she murmured, blushing.

“I didn’t quite get that,” Imra said, squeezing Anna’s hand. “How about I talk to your mother? Your crush smokes, but you don’t.”

“No, I don’t,” Anna confirmed. “I won’t smoke, but I don’t mind my crush does.”

“Okay, so that’s not a problem,” Imra assured her. Gayle wouldn’t be too happy about the smoking part, but there were worse habits in the world and at least it wasn’t drugs. “And I happen to like motorcycles,” she said truthfully, pleased Anna chanced a smile.


“Laurel Lance,” Imra noted, recognizing that name. “The daughter of Ava and Sara, the couple that moved into our neighborhood last summer.”

“Yes, her,” Anna confirmed, blushing an impossible deeper shade of red. “She’s so cool and I really like her. She’s a total badass. I thought Elsa liked her… like that, too, but she promised me Laurel is just her friend. Laurel does martial arts and I’m an artistic geek. She was dating a senior, but they broke up, so I think she’s single again. She probably doesn’t even like younger girls.”

“If she or someone else doesn’t like you, it’s their loss, because I see so much to like,” Imra said, smiling, tucking Anna’s hair behind her ears. “You’re beautiful, just like your mother.”

“You’re only saying that because you’re my mam,” Anna replied, rolling her eyes. “How can I get a girl to like me?”
“By being yourself and nothing but yourself.”

Anna sighed. “How do I get her or any girl to notice me? I wish aunt Sam was here, she would know what to do.”

“I might have an idea,” Imra said, smiling while Anna just waited. “How about you ask Laurel if you can paint her? She could model for you, but no crazy stuff, so no nudity.”

“Mam,” Anna gasped, blushing. “I don’t think about her like that, shut up,” she muttered, blushing more. “As if I would ever be able to ask her to model for me… like that. I would die. I guess I can ask Elsa to ask Laurel to come to our studio and then maybe Elsa can use an excuse to leave so I can paint Laurel.”

“That’s my daughter,” Imra said with pride. “You got this.”

“Mam, we’re ready!” Mavis shouted, rushing down the stairs with Matilda.

Imra gave Anna’s shoulder a squeeze and winked at her before she left with Matilda and Mavis to go to the gym.

Kara entered the building she bought with Imra four years ago. Once inside, she spun into her suit and smiled at Alura, who always came here with her. The reason why she bought this building with Imra was so they could train their daughters and give them an outlet for their powers. It wasn’t her way of expecting Alura to be a hero someday, no that was her daughter’s decision to make for once she was old enough.

At first, the only purpose of this building was to train their powered children, but two years ago they decided to also train other children, aliens and metahumans. They had passed word around at the alien dive bar. To outsiders, this building looked like a regular building. The children who came here once or twice a week knew it was a private gym for children with powers.

Kara only ever attended to train children while she was being Supergirl, to protect her secret identity. The children thought it was awesome they were being trained by Supergirl and it was cute how much they looked up to her, but they also loved Imra, who trained them as Saturn Girl.

Supergirl and Saturn Girl, the dynamic duo. At least that was what the children and their parents said. Aside from their three children, considering Graym didn’t participate, they taught six other children. Any child under eighteen was welcome.

“Hey!” Imra called out as she walked in with Matilda and Mavis in tow. “Early bird, Supergirl.”

“I just got here, Saturn Girl,” Kara replied, rushing in for a hug.

“I’m going to do my warm up, mo- Supergirl,” Alura said.

Kara glanced at her daughter, who had already changed into her gym gear in the time she hugged Imra. “It’s okay, sweetheart, you can call me mom so long as the other children aren’t here,” she
assured her with a smile. Given her daughter’s powers, she had a feeling the other children knew exactly who Alura’s mother was though.

“Auntie Kara, can Mavis and I fight with Alura today?” Matilda asked, batting her eyelashes. “We think we can take her on.”

“In your dreams, cous,” Alura said, laughing.

“There’s two of us and only one of you, we got this,” Mavis said, leaning against her sister’s shoulder.

“We’ll think about it,” Imra interrupted. She knew her twins were stronger when they worked together, but she also knew Alura had more powers and more strength.

“I wouldn’t hurt them, auntie Imra,” Alura said sweetly, stretching her back and her arms.

Mavis huffed when Alura did push-ups, using only the tip of her index finger.

“Behave,” Imra warned when she noticed the other children spilling in.

“Hi, Alura,” Aden said, waving at her. Aden used to be human, but a year ago, Clarke and Lexa’s son got into contact with chemicals and now the ten year old was able to teleport. He could only teleport about six feet further though, for now.

“Aden,” Alura said, tripping over her cape when Aden was suddenly right in front of her after five quick teleportation jumps.

Aden caught Alura in his arms while Matilda and Mavis snickered.

“I sense heart eyes,” Mavis taunted. She fell over when Alura blew her over.

“Now, now, children, be nice,” Kara said, placing her hands on her hips. It was definitely possible her daughter liked Aden, because her heart sounded different around that boy, but Alura was only ten and she didn’t want to think about her baby girl liking someone as more than a friend just yet.

The youngest of the children shyly tugged on Supergirl’s cape. “Su-super-supergirl,” she said, smiling from ear to ear when Supergirl crouched down at eye-level with her. “I made you a drawing.”

When Kara’s fingers brushed with the five year old’s fingers, she felt a shock jolting through her hand.

“I’m sorry,” the little girl said, looking down at the floor.

“It’s okay, little sweetiepie, you’re here to learn,” Kara replied, searching for her eyes. “That’s a really pretty drawing you’ve made, Casey,” she said, smiling at Leslie and Maggie’s daughter. It was quite the shocker when she caught wind six years ago of Leslie being pregnant. She had been so sure Leslie and Maggie didn’t want any children at all, but from what she heard Leslie changed her mind and Maggie just went with it.

“I made one for you too,” Casey said to Imra, beaming at her.

Imra melted because Leslie and Maggie had such a cute little girl who always brought drawings or fruit or candy to give to them. It was a pity how some people actively avoided Casey because she was as pale as a ghost and her eyes were black, always black.
Kara rubbed her eyes when two Supergirls walked in. They looked exactly like her. “Oh, you two sneaky little…,” she said, shaking her head, smiling.

“What did I tell you about shape shifting?” J’onn J’onzz asked, looking pointedly at his daughter and son who shifted back into their human form, and then their Green Martian form.

In this gym, children had the freedom to be themselves and reveal themselves without having to hide.

“It’s alright, J’onn,” Kara assured the kind man. “K’hym and T’hanya are getting really good at shape shifting.”

“Can you shift into a dragon next?” Mavis asked, grinning at the Green Martian twins. “If you shift into a dragon, does it mean you can spit fire?”

“Don’t be daft,” Alura said. “Green Martians are afraid of fire.”

“Gather around, children,” Kara said, waiting until they were all sitting down on the matt in front of Imra and her. She nodded at the parents, who took their leave. “Aden, how about you start?”

“Watch him teleport with his leg stuck in the wall again,” Mavis said, giggling.

“Ah-ah, Mavis,” Imra said, holding up her index finger, moving it to the left and right. “We do not mock anyone, everyone is here to learn.”

Mavis heaved out a sigh. “Yes, m- Saturn Girl.”

Aden got up with his stick in his hand.

“I want you to use your teleportation and try to tap Saturn Girl once with your stick,” Kara explained to Aden.

Aden teleported, but before he could tap his stick against Saturn Girl’s back, Imra spun around and grasped a hold of it, sweeping the boy off of his feet.

“I knew you would do that,” Imra said, holding her hand out to help Aden up to his feet. “You have to think outside the box. Don’t be predictable. Don’t be too eager to strike. Supergirl said you had to tap me with your stick once, but she didn’t say that meant I couldn’t see you.”

“You may sit down, Aden,” Kara said, gesturing at Casey, who shook her head. “Don’t be shy, Casey.”

Imra provided safety glasses which she slipped onto Casey’s nose. “You can do it,” she said, handing Casey a light bulb. Last time, Casey had made it explode by using too much energy.

Kara provided the other children with safety glasses and held up her thumb when they were good to go.

The light bulb began to light up in Casey’s hand. She smiled, but then it exploded and a burst of energy hit Alura, who yelped.

“I’m sorry,” Casey sniffled, lip quivering.

Alura smiled grimly. “It’s okay, Casey bear, I feel fine.”

“Hey, no fair,” Matilda pouted. “Last week when I hit you with a brick by mistake, you kicked me
down.”

“That’s because you’re my age and Casey is only half my age. I’m not going to attack someone half my age and you hit me with that brick on purpose. You wanted to provoke me.”

“Nu-uh, did not,” Matilda replied, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Girls, that’s enough,” Imra warned, sighing.

Kara was a little disappointed that the dream she shared with her sisters about their daughters growing up as best friends wasn’t exactly coming true. Her daughter was often at odds with Imra’s twins and Alex’s daughter didn’t like them that much, purely because Jamie had no powers, unlike Alura, Matilda and Mavis.

At the last five minutes of their class, Leslie arrived to pick up Casey.

“Mommy!” Casey shouted, grinning while she ran up to Leslie.

“Hey, my lil Casey bear,” Leslie said, lifting her daughter up. “Did you have a fun class?”

Casey giggled while Leslie blew a raspberry onto her stomach. “No, mommy,” she giggled.

“No?” Leslie asked, feigning a gasp. “You didn’t have fun?”

“Tickles,” Casey cooed, pushing Leslie’s face away with her hands.

“Your mami is waiting for us in the car, we’re gonna get some ice cream. Fun, huh?”

Imra smiled at Leslie. Ever since Leslie had Casey, she could feel Leslie was a lot happier, like something she lost had been found.
“My love.”

“Mhmm,” Gayle hummed, eyes closed, arms curled around her pillow. She was lying on her stomach, head turned to the side.

Imra smiled and sat down on the edge of their bed. “Are you sleepy?” she asked, caressing her wife’s back.

Gayle hummed more, feeling very relaxed right now, especially with Imra caressing her back.

Imra moved her hand away so she could lie down next to her wife, smiling when she heard her groan. “I’m here,” she whispered, reaching out to caress her back again. “Does that feel good, my love?”

“Mhmm.”

“You’re precious,” Imra whispered, pressing a kiss to Gayle’s cheek. “I love you.”

A smile spread on Gayle’s face.

“My sleepy love,” Imra said, sliding her arm around her wife.

Gayle turned. Her eyes fluttered open and her smile stretched further. She shifted until they were only a breath apart. She was tired, but she always had energy to kiss her wife.

When their lips connected, it tasted a lot like ‘I love you’. Imra’s tongue caressed the seam of Gayle’s lips, slowly deepening their kiss with a silent, content moan. It was unfortunate her wife was tired. She had enough energy to keep kissing just like this for half of the night, if not longer.

Every touch of Imra’s lips burned right through Gayle, making her yearn for more, always more. She could never get enough of the feel of her wife’s kissable lips. After all these years, their relationship was still as strong, soft and loving as it always had been.

“I love you,” Imra murmured against Gayle’s lips. She wanted to tell her she loved her a thousand times over and it was okay if Gayle didn’t always say the words, because she could always feel them.

Gayle was about to respond, but then Imra’s lips were on hers again and she lost all coherent thoughts, breath stuttering in her chest when Imra bit her lip. She shifted her weight on top of Imra and lost herself in their kiss even more.

Irma chuckled when she felt Gayle’s knee pressing between her legs. “Someone’s suddenly awake, hm?” she teased, pecking her lips. “If you keep this up, I’m going to be very awake and sleep won’t come easily.”

“Maybe I just want to make you come instead of sleep,” Gayle replied, capturing Imra’s lips once more.

“Mhmm, you’re tired, love,” Imra whispered, caressing Gayle’s back. “Remember what happened
last time when you were this tired? You fell asleep halfway through sex. It was the first time someone fell asleep while I was making love to them that didn’t classify as passing out from an intense orgasm.”

“No fair, we had more than one orgasm already before I fell asleep and it’s not like I wanted to fall asleep, you tease.”

Lena snapped her fingers and with that, the lights in the bedroom dimmed.

“I wish I could do that,” Kara said, amazed because their lights weren’t even made to be dimmed and yet with Lena’s magic it was possible. It was a neat little trick she was slightly jealous of. “But like… with food. I wish I could just snap my fingers and magically make food appear. Please tell me there’s a spell or something for that and tell me Morgana taught you if there is a spell like that.”

“Alas I can’t do that. My magic is limited,” Lena replied, plus she only picked up a few things from her sister. She had no interest of practicing magic all that much, which Morgana didn’t either. To almost everyone in the world, magic was make belief, not something that could be real.

“Kara,” Lena said, eyeing her wife who was pouting. No adult could quite pull off a pout the way her dorky wife could. “You’re hungry again, aren’t you?”

“I’m always hungry, Lena, you should know that by now. Of course I’m hungry and oh Rao, look at you.”

“Are you referring to me as a snack again?”

“Snack, appetizer, dessert, the whole shebang.”


Kara was in front of Lena in an instant, snaking her arms around her, softly pressing their lips together. She hummed into their kiss, delirious to feel her wife’s skin on hers and to share many more kisses.

Lena placed her hands on Kara’s shoulders, still kissing her as they stumbled into bed together. Their kisses grew more intense, more desperate to be close, to press their bodies flush.

“I love you, Lena.”

“I love you, too.”

Kara smiled and stole another kiss. “I love you more.”

“Well then I love you most,” Lena replied, chuckling as Kara groaned.

“I love you mostest.”
“That’s not even a word,” Lena pointed out, pecking Kara’s lips. “Making up words doesn’t count.”

“It so counts,” Kara disagreed, running her fingers through Lena’s hair. Rao, her wife’s hair felt so soft and so silky as it slid between her fingers. “My love for you runs deeper than the ocean. No proper word exists for it, so you see I have to make up words like mostest.”

“You must’ve put a lot of thought into coming up with that, such effort.”

“Only for you,” Kara whispered, smiling while Lena chuckled.

“I love you so much, Kara,” Lena sighed, gazing into her wife’s blue eyes. She could hardly believe they had been married for over a decade and she was still as much in love as she was when they slid their engagement rings around each other’s finger, if not more.

Imra sat outside on the porch at night with Lucifer. They did that once a week, to talk, had been doing that for the past ten years. Lucifer and his family were friends, though to her they felt like family and given Lily-May was close with Mallory, she had a positive feeling they were going to be family for real sometime in the near future.

“I went to see my father briefly two days ago,” Lucifer said, taking a sip from the glass of wine Imra had given him. “He’s in prison again, unsurprisingly. He asked who I was,” he scoffed.

“How did you feel about visiting him and him not knowing who you were?”

“Hurt at first, but then I realized something and it didn’t matter anymore. I grew tired of trying to get his approval. The only person whose approval I need is my own. I won’t be happy if I try to make him happy. This is my life and I have to live it for me, not for him.”

Imra was so proud of how much Lucifer had grown and how his confidence had increased. “That’s right, this is your life and this is about your happiness,” she agreed with a smile.

“I told him I’m everything I want to be and that he never truly knew me to begin with. It feels freeing, no longer wanting to get his approval. He complained about Mal to me. My sister no longer wishes to have contact with him and I while I do encourage her not to give up on him just because I did, I won’t force my sister to see him.”

Imra kept listening while Lucifer talked more about his family. She was glad that after ten years, he still felt comfortable enough to open up to her and entrust her with things.

“There is something else I wanted to talk about as well,” Lucifer whispered, smiling while he reached into his pocket. He pulled out a small box. “I’m going to propose to my boyfriend. He accepts me for who I am. He’s seen me at my worst and he’s still around. He’s the man of my life.”

“This is amazing news, Lucifer,” Imra replied, sensing so much happiness from Lucifer. “Do your
“Ivy helped me choose a ring,” Lucifer answered, putting the box back in his pocket.

They quieted down when the door opened behind them.

“Hey,” Graym said, joining them on the porch. “I couldn’t sleep. I drank too much energy drinks.”

“I told you not to drink those before going to bed,” Imra reminded her son.

“I know, mam,” Graym replied, sighing. “Hey, Lucifer, what’s up?”

Lucifer pulled the box out of his pocket again. “I’m going to propose to my boyfriend.”

“Neat,” Graym said, nodding his approval at the ring. “I call dibs for the role of best man.”

“It’s all yours, bro.”

“Well, I’m going to bed,” Imra said, feigning a yawn. “You two can sit here and chill for a bit, but
don’t stay up all night. We have a party to attend tomorrow.”

“I’m going to miss you when you graduate next year, dude,” Graym said to Lucifer. “College
won’t be the same without you.”

“Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Astra, happy birthday to you.”

The whole family clapped while Astra blew out the fifty candles on top of the ridiculously large

cake. The cake was so large and tall, she had to stand on top of a chair just to reach the top.

“It’s so unfair how you look as if you’re still in your twenties, Star,” Lucy said. “I’m supposed to
be ten years younger than you, but I look a couple of years older, geez.”

“You are magnificent, my beloved,” Astra replied, kissing her wife’s cheek.

Lucy chuckled. “I should be kissing you, you’re the birthday girl – woman. People say girl, it’s a
habit,” she said, smiling as Astra huffed. “Since this is your 50th birthday, I owe you fifty kisses.”

“Maybe you can save some of those for when you’re home,” Alex suggested, covering Jamie’s
eyes.

“Babe, our daughter is ten,” Samantha reminded Alex. “She can handle seeing people kiss, she’s
seen us kiss lots of times.”

“Congratulations, Astra,” Morgana said, smiling warmly at her. “May you live fifty more years,”
she said, raising her glass.

“Umm Kryptonians live even longer than that,” Kara said, shrugging. “I’m just saying.”
“Thank you, Morgana,” Astra replied, engulfing Morgana into her arms.

“My dearest wife, our son and I are happy to be here.”

Lucifer held out a hand to Astra when she was done hugging Morgana.

Lucy laughed when her wife wrapped a surprised Lucifer up in a hug. “We hug in this family, we don’t do handshakes,” she said, patting Lucifer’s back.

“Mommy,” Casey said, tugging at her mother’s pants. “Can I play with the other kids?”

“Course you can, Casey bear,” Leslie answered, ruffling her daughter’s hair.

“Don’t run!” Maggie called after Casey, wincing a little while Casey ran. “Ah, she’s going to trip and scrape her knee again. Babe, did you bring some band-aids?”

“I’ve got a couple in my pocket, just in case.”

Alura smiled when Casey ran over to her.

“Airplane,” Casey cooed, stretching up her arms.

“You’re cute,” Alura said, lifting Casey up.

Gayle could tell Leslie was glowing. She had been so happy for her friend when she announced she was pregnant six years ago and she had been there every step of the way. She was there when Leslie expressed how worried she was she could get another miscarriage and she was there to make sure she ate healthy.

“Motherhood is a good color on you,” Gayle told Leslie.

“A certain someone couldn’t resist baby booming with the rest of us,” Samantha said, nudging Maggie and Leslie with her elbow.

“I didn’t know how to say no,” Maggie said, sighing happily. “I like seeing my wife happy.”

“Sounds pretty much like how I ended up with Jamie,” Samantha replied, chuckling.

Lena took a moment to hug Merlin. Her nephew was a sixteen year old boy and she could hardly wrap her mind around how he wasn’t that little boy anymore who excitedly led her around Morgana’s farm in Ireland, and told her which names he gave the animals. Merlin was a strong, healthy teenage boy.

“Aunt Lena,” Merlin said, smiling. “I may be getting too old for hugs.”

Mina gasped behind Merlin. “Did I witness my son claiming he is too old for hugs?”

“No, màthair,” Merlin answered, clearing his throat. “I would never say such a thing, would I?”

“Help me,” Merlin whispered to Lena, chuckling as his mother hugged him.

Lena chuckled as well, happy to see they formed such a happy little family.

“Lily seems close with Mallory,” Morgana noted with a smile. “Young love is beautiful, isn’t it?” she said, glancing at Lily-May who only had eyes for Mallory and Mallory only for Lily-May. “So, when is the wedding?”
“Oh god, not anytime soon, I hope,” Lena said, though she had to admit young love was quite beautiful. First loves weren’t tainted yet, didn’t come with the rough edges of a past heartbreak. She smiled, thinking how her sister and Mina were each other’s first love, which gave her hope first love could last, hope her daughter was going to be okay.

“Red and I have been putting a fund aside,” Harley said, throwing one arm around Lena and the other around Morgana. “For Mal’s wedding.”

Lena raised an eyebrow. “You’re being serious? Don’t answer that, of course you’re serious,” she replied, unsure what to make of that.

“I take it Harley and Ivy are bound to be our sisters in law?” Morgana asked her sister.

“Possibly,” Lena answered carefully, sighing when Lily-May and Mallory danced while no music was playing. “Definitely, they’re definitely going to be our sisters in law,” she said, having a feeling nothing was going to come between her daughter and Mallory.

“Wicked,” Morgana said, winking at Ivy who was grinning.

“I like yer sister,” Harley said to Lena.

“I like her too,” Lena agreed, smiling, but there was a naughty glint in her eyes. “Most of the time,” she added.

“Most of the time?” Morgana repeated. “The audacity. My dearest sister, you adore me and we all know it.”

“You’re a menace sometimes and we all know that, too.”

Kara chuckled while Lena and Morgana got caught up in a conversation, sending banter back and forth. Rao, sibling bonds were special, they were kind of sacred. Imra and Alex were always going to be her sisters, but she also liked she had a bunch of sisters in law.

“Lucifer,” LJ said, tapping Lucifer’s shoulder. “Can you go to the store with me sometime and help me choose clothes? You’re all stylish and stuff and I need some slick clothes so I can get ladies to fawn over me.”

Lucifer chuckled, his hand resting on his boyfriend’s lower back. “Well, while I’m no expert on how to win ladies over, I do know how to dress decently,” he replied, smiling as his boyfriend kissed his cheek. “However, you shouldn’t change a single thing about yourself. You have your own style, own it. Never change who you are, including how you dress, to impress someone. How about you write some poetry or pick up some flowers?”

“Eww no, I’m not going to write poetry or buy flowers, I’m a cool dude,” LJ said, slipping his thumbs in his pockets.

“Ladies are never going to fawn over you with that attitude,” Mallory said to LJ. “You should take some advice from my bro. He knows what he’s on about. I asked his advice the first time I asked Lily out.”

“You did?” Lily-May asked, staring at her girlfriend. “I asked his advice, too!” she confessed, laughing.

“Sounds like we have a few members in our family who know how it’s done,” Anna said, smiling while she held Laurel’s hand. “Oh by the way, this is my girlfriend, Laurel.”
“Nice jacket,” LJ said to Laurel, nodding while he eyed her black leather jacket. “Did you come here with your motorcycle?”

“I did,” Laurel answered, pulling Anna into her. “I think your mother is glaring at me,” she said to Anna.

Anna sighed when she caught her mother staring. “Mam said she’d talk to her. She just needs some time to trust you, that’s all.”

“Can you take me for a ride sometime?” LJ asked Laurel.

“If your parents say you can, sure,” Laurel answered, shrugging.

“Ow man, they’re never going to let me.”

“You guessed correctly,” Kara informed LJ. “Sorry, sweetie, perhaps when you’re eighteen.”

“Eighteen? What?” LJ asked, huffing. “That’s so unfair, Anna is fifteen and she gets to ride on the back of Laurel’s motorcycle.”

“If you want to ask your mother and make it twenty-one instead of eighteen, be my guest.”

“I thought you were the fun parent, mom,” LJ whined. “I thought our pizza nights and stuff meant something.”

“Awe, your life is so unfair,” Kara replied, smiling while she reached out to ruffle her son’s hair.

“Mom is going to kill you,” Elsa warned Anna.

“Laurel is a good driver, it was plenty safe,” Anna huffed. “Mam said it was okay.”

“I stand corrected. Mom is not going to kill you. She’s going to kill mam.”

“Oh please, Elsa, mam has mom wrapped around her finger.”

“Aunt Morgana,” Alura said, clearing her throat until she had her aunt’s attention. She smiled when Morgana crouched down. “Can you teach me some magic?” she asked in a whisper.

Kara overheard Alura and narrowed her eyes, observing her youngest daughter talking to Morgana. Lena had asked her sister to watch what she shared with Alura when it came down to magic. It was one thing Alura had powers as a Kryptonian, but it was another thing entirely she also had magic. It was a unique combination. In all fairness, neither her wife nor she knew that was going to happen when they arranged the incubator. It was only after Morgana revealed she was a sorceress that they had a sinking suspicion their daughter could have magic.

Sorceress… witch, it was basically the same of one coin, but Kara was aware Morgana hated being called a witch and preferred the term sorceress. She wasn’t sure how she felt about magic, partially because she was told there was light magic and dark magic. Morgana mentioned she mostly practiced light magic when she did use magic, which apparently wasn’t often, though with the whole Lex incident, Morgana used dark magic, since only dark magic could take a life.

Morgana whispered a spell into Alura’s ear.

Alura repeated the words silently and snapped her fingers, giggling when the lights went out.

“Hey!” several guests complained.
“Okay, who’s the culprit?” Lucy asked.

“Well done, my apprentice,” Morgana said to Alura, before whispering something and snapping her fingers, which turned the lights back on.

“Morgana…,” Lena said, approaching her sister, shaking her head.

“A great destiny awaits Alura, I can feel it,” Morgana said, smiling. “Her magic will be strong, stronger than ours.”

“That was an easy trick,” Lily-May said. “But for a ten year old it wasn’t bad, you did okay, Alura.”

Alura eyes glinted. She nodded encouragingly at Lily-May.

Lily-May whispered a spell and then the cake disappeared.

“Hey!” Kara pouted. “Where did…” But then it hit her. “Lily…”

Lily-May snapped her fingers and made the cake reappear, toying around with a few more spells until her mothers told her she had to stop it.

“I taught you well,” Morgana said to Lily-May, squeezing her shoulder.

“I wish I had magic,” LJ said, sighing. “It’s not fair only women in our family can do it.”

“Perhaps Kara should toast last if the rest of us wants a turn before the end of this day,” Lucy teased, grinning while Kara pouted and everyone else at the table laughed in good nature.

Lena tapped her knife against her glass once everyone was more or less done laughing. She looked around the large table. It was incredible how large of a family she had all because of her best friends who turned into family and because Kara entered her life. She had aunts, sisters, children, nieces, nephews and good friends.

Everyone quieted down so Lena could talk. It took a little longer for all the children to be silent.

“Our family is an odd mix, a grab bag of a little bit of everything,” Lena said, smiling. “But when the sun sets, we’re not so different. Every single one of us here belongs and matters, always. We’re all people, more than just people even, we’re family and I’m proud I get to call so many amazing people my family,” she said, raising her glass. “To family, to being stronger together.”

Chapter End Notes
That's a wrap. It's been a long journey, but alas it had to come to an end.

End Notes

Kudos and comments are appreciated. In some other fics I wrote Supercorp and another couple, and for this one I decided to write Supercorp and Psiturn, so you know what you're getting if you read this fanfic.

I'm @Silent_Rain91 on Twitter.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!