Deliverance
by Story_ii_Character

Summary

It’s not that Kara has never been late before.

But as the minutes turn into hours, the anticipation curdles into something sour. And when it becomes well and truly clear that Kara isn’t coming, it’s not disappointment Lena feels, but dread.

OR

Supergirl goes missing and Lena and Alex will move heaven and earth to bring her home.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

The bell above the cafe door chimes and Lena doesn’t move but for her eyes, hooded gaze snapping toward the entry. Her shoulders fall slightly at the sight of the father and sons who enter with a flurry, the boys quickly pressing their faces to the display case, good-natured teasing drifting to her table. Lena returns her attention to the proposal she’d tucked into her bag before leaving this morning, anticipating this might happen.

She rolls her shoulders once, trying to ease the tension she can feel building.

It’s not like Kara hasn’t been late before. Or left early. Or cancelled altogether.

By this point Lena is used to the unpredictable schedule her friend keeps, has adjusted her expectations to account for the… *particular* demands on Kara’s time.

Most of the time, Lena doesn’t mind.

And when Kara appears- breathless, clothes just-slightly askew, sometimes a trace of soot or dirt or heaven-knows-what smudged along the tip of her chin, the corner of her jaw, the edge of her collar… well. Most of the time Lena can’t help the warm pride that swells in her chest, can barely resist the urge to reach out and wipe away the offending smear.

Most of the time Kara shows up and Lena has to remember to keep her hands to herself.

But this time is different.

Or at least, it’s supposed to be.

Lena rises and returns to the counter for a refill. Only a moment’s consideration is given to purchasing a pastry as well, the genuine exaltation of the gangly young woman behind the counter (“the lemon scones are divine, I swear”) as convincing as it is endearing.

Armed with both caffeine and savory baked good, Lena settles in again, determined to wait
graciously, and to distract herself from the anticipation that leans against her chest.

An hour passes.

Lena gives in and unlocks her phone, scrolling through the news app, scanning for that tell-tale headline.

She doesn’t find it.

A quick check confirms no missed texts or calls.

She clicks the screen blank and sets the phone to one side, picking up the report once more.

It’s not that Kara has never been late before.

But as the minutes turn into hours, the anticipation curdles into something sour. And when it becomes well and truly clear that Kara isn’t coming, it’s not disappointment Lena feels, but dread.

Lena gathers her things, leaving a generous tip beneath the thick mug on her table. She pulls up her contacts, hesitating for a beat just to confirm that she’s not overreacting, not twisting her own disappointment into something more.

But as she steps into the crisp afternoon air, eyes scanning the skyline automatically, she remembers. Bright blue eyes filled with hope and promise.

“*I wouldn’t miss it for the world.*”

Lena dials.

“Danvers.” Alex sounds distracted, the sounds filtering in around her voice indicating she picked up despite a flurry of activity at the DEO.
“Alex, it’s Lena-” she shifts the phone away from her ear as an otherworldly roar bursts out over the line.

“Can you-” Alex’s voice pulls away to bark out an order. She comes back. “Sorry. What can I do for you?”

Lena’s heart settles some at the clear commotion happening on the other end of the line. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, we’re good. Grumpy Maldorian, but he’ll be fine when he sober up. What’s up?”

“You had some uh-” Lena pauses as she walks by a group of people waiting at a bus stop, “-some help though, right?”

Alex sounds offended. “You know we’re capable of doing things without Supergirl, right? In fact, before she decided-” Alex cuts herself off. “Sorry. Old rants die hard. No, Supergirl didn’t assist. She told me she was taking the morning off.”

Lena draws to a stop, the kernel of dread in her chest now a visceral thing, clawing for attention. “You haven’t seen her at all this morning?”

“What’s wrong?” Alex’s tone is wary, her attention caught.

Lena does the math again: the many places Kara could be, reasons she was delayed- good, solid, reasonable excuses for having never shown. But it doesn’t matter- her instincts don’t care about her calculations- they’re screaming and she can’t help but listen. She swallows down the thing rising in her chest and tries to keep her voice even.

“Kara stood me up this morning. We had a date.”

Alex sounds a little relieved. “We didn’t send her out but she might’ve heard something- I know it sucks but she’s not always great about texting when she gets caught up in hero stuff.” The older Danvers is apologetic, her attention ready to turn to other things.

Lena bites her tongue.
She could be reading this all wrong. She could be overreacting. It’s not like this hasn’t happened before.

But this time is different.

She lets the words out. “Kara asked me out— it was— we had a date, Alex.” An ominous silence falls over the other end of the line. “She missed our first date.”

A softly uttered curse is followed by muffled shouting, Alex’s hand over the microphone. Her voice returns, tersely asking, “Where are you?”

Lena glances at the cross street. “3rd and Washington.”

“Stay where you are. I’ll be there in two minutes.”
Chapter 2

Kara wakes to darkness.

Sound fades in and out, a piercing drone replaced by dull clinking and a muted, echoing response.

Pain throbs from her abdomen and chest. Instinct prompts her to curl in on the injuries, but she finds that she can't.

She's... flying? No, that's... not quite right.

Each thought is pulled into consciousness like molasses, slow and sticky as her mind wakes.

She tries again to move, new aches painting a grim picture: shoulders tight from the stretch of her arms, wrists and forearms biting into hard metallic edges, ankles weighted heavily and immobile.

Something clinks when she swings her legs the few inches she's allowed and-

Kara’s eyes slam shut as seizing waves roll across her abdomen.

She breathes through her teeth, riding it out.

Sweat gathers along her temple as she identifies a familiar nausea, a dull throbbing against her skull.

"Kryptonite."

Kara jerks as a voice echoes through the darkness.

"Glad to see you're awake, Ms. Danvers."
Kara would recognize that self-righteous tone anywhere. "To what do I owe the pleasure, Lillian?"

The intended snark is undermined by the rasp of her voice.

A low chuckle. "Oh my dear Kryptonian."

Something mechanical whirs to life in front of her. Kara holds still but for the tilting of her head, waiting to see what happens next.

The motor stops and Kara flinches back as Lillian whispers in her ear, "You're going to help us save the world."

Kara bares her teeth. "What do you want from me?"

Lillian tsk. "Such a temper."

Steps clang across a metal surface. A hand on her shoulder, a small prick beneath her sternum.

"What're you- stop!" She tries to pull away but there's nowhere to go. "Don't-"

Liquid agony flares through Kara's chest, skittering out along her limbs, spiking behind her eyes. She can't contain her gasping, the breath ripped from her lungs by the sudden ferocity of the pain.

The world goes blank.
Chapter 3

Whatever Lena had thought of Alex Danvers before (and she had thought a lot: capable, competitive, intelligent, definitely gay, definitely in love with Maggie Sawyer, more than a little protective of her sister) she had not anticipated this.

Fifteen minutes after the call, Alex has commandeered the majority of the DEO’s forces, funneling their considerable resources to one singular goal: finding Supergirl.

Controlled chaos swirls around Lena and when she glances up from where she’s been stationed beside Winn, she spots Alex at the eye of the storm. The older Danvers delivers crisp, clear directives from her spot in the center of the command unit. Information comes rapid fire, leads chased and shot down within moments, urgent voices layering over each other in a cacophony of sound.

Lena’s dread hardens within her gut as the agents confirm what her heart already knows: Supergirl is missing.

Alex doesn’t waver- she drives them forward in their search, her instructions firm, her authority steel. Resolve rolls off her shoulders, taut with purpose. She’s every bit the commander, the formidable leader Kara speaks of so proudly.

But her eyes- in Alex’s eyes Lena sees the churning just beneath the surface. Alex’s eyes are molten, and she is a firestorm all her own.

Lena’s fingers fly across her keyboard, digging through camera footage, hacking like she did in her early MIT days, scraping up any and all mentions of Supergirl in the last twenty-four hours.

She feels her own fire building, burning away the icy tendrils of fear.

Alex’s eyes promise to rain hell down on whoever took her sister.

And Lena’s going to help her do it.
Lillian's speaking. "-dosage by ten percent next time."

Someone murmurs in response.

"Ah, Ms. Danvers, back with us?"

Kara’s inclined to tell her to go to hell. Would, if she had the breath to do it.

"What you've just experienced is a dose of synthetic kryptonite, injected directly into your heart." Her voice grows nearer. "We needed to test that our arrangements will be sufficient to subdue your powers."

Air moves across her face. "The dampener is working well."

Kara pulls back, squinting. Cold spreads through her chest at the unchanging darkness in front of her.

"I would apologize for the unfortunate side-effect, but I'm afraid it's not going to matter to you for very long."

Kara’s shoulders tremble at the continued strain and it takes nearly all her strength to hold her head up. She pushes aside the fear slithering up her throat.

“Why?” She croaks. “Why are you doing this?”

The silence that follows is thick and dark.
“I’ll tell you,” Lillian finally says, her tone that of a teacher humoring a young child. “We will do great things, you and I. And perhaps… “ A pause. “Perhaps illuminating your situation will convince you that struggling is futile.”

Pacing footsteps pass in front of Kara.

“You, Ms. Danvers,” her name used again- a power play, a threat. “are on the Deliverance. She’s a 500-foot freighter, outfitted with one of the most sophisticated labs in the world.”

There’s a surge in her powers and Kara picks up, faintly, the sound of water lapping against metal.

“I’ll admit, this has been a pet project of mine.” Lillian’s voice warms with pride and Kara feels bile rising at the back of her throat.

“We are, essentially, a ghost ship. Lead-lined exterior, no incoming or outgoing signals, and I’ve hired one of the best smugglers in the world to keep us far from any commercial shipping lanes, to keep us in the dead zones of the ocean. Every precaution taken to ensure we have the time we need to complete our work uninterrupted.”

Kara swallows, feels a kernel of light grow within her chest as the situation is brought to light. Grim though it may seem, It won’t matter: Alex, Lena, Winn- they’ll find a way to track their location. They’ll come for her.

Lillian continues her monologuing, “And you, Champion of Earth, are our honored guest.”

Kara growls.

“We’ve spared no expense, brought in the best minds Cadmus has to offer- even crafted these N-th
metal cuffs especially for you!"

Lillian leans in, her voice low, all pretense of congeniality gone. "We’re going to find out exactly what your limits are, Ms. Danvers. And once you’ve given me everything you can—everything we might need to destroy the rest of your kind—then, I will take your blood.”

When she speaks next she’s further away. “Find solace in the fact that the knowledge we gain from you will save the world from alien threats once and for all. And your blood, well—Lex had all sorts of ideas for how that might be utilized. Enhanced abilities for humans, alien-specific viruses like Medusa. Truly, we will achieve remarkable things.”

Lillian lifts Kara's head with a finger under her chin. "Don't despair darling. You'll be dead long before I lure your cousin here. His death will be much swifter—though I must say, immensely more satisfying."

Kara can't help it—she snaps her teeth, but catches only air.

"Predictably feral." Lillian scoffs, and rough hands grab hold of Kara again.

She struggles, twisting her head, trying to bite, to knock into them—anything. She shouts, "You don’t have to do this!" at the retreating sound of Lillian's heels across the platform. "Lillian!"

Something cold floods through Kara's veins and she's dragged into unconsciousness again.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena raises a hand to shield her eyes. She glances down at the tablet Winn sent with her, then back up to confirm the security camera mounted across the street.

“There’s a third camera above the bodega- might be for show, or they might be recording to tapes,” she relays to Winn over the phone tucked between her cheek and shoulder.

“Got it. See if they’ll talk to Maggie without a warrant, otherwise I can get you guys something quick.”

Lena doesn’t want to know what that means. “I’ll keep you posted.”

She and Winn had narrowed down the latest Supergirl sightings and mentions on social media down to a small apartment fire on this block, around 10pm last night. Lena had insisted on coming with to check it out in person.

She pockets her phone, turning to track Maggie and Alex’s progress interviewing residents of nearby buildings.

Alex is speaking to a young woman standing outside one of the brick apartment buildings lining this block. Further down the street, Maggie paces away, phone to her ear.

Lena starts for Alex- she’s not a cop, but she can ask questions. Maybe even leverage some of her fame to-

A bob of blonde curls catches her eye- not the blonde she's looking for, but this one also sports a red cape.

Lena smiles, walking over. The little girl sitting on the stoop has coloring supplies spread out in front of her, the bright red towel she's got tied around her neck tucked behind her small form.
Lena stops a few paces away, not wanting to startle the girl, or alarm her mother- the woman talking with Alex, if she’s reading it right. Lena raises a hand to the woman, who nods at her after Alex says something, then continues to speak with the agent.

"Hello."

A small hand swipes curls away from her eyes as she looks up, uncertain. "Hi."

"I like your cape."

The girl beams. "Thanks!"

Lena spots a familiar blue and red form, rendered in crayon on several of the pages. "It reminds me of Supergirl's."

Her little chest puffs out. "I want to be just like her."

Lena gestures to the step. "Mind if I sit down? I'm Lena, by the way."

A small hand is thrust out. "Penelope! But you can call me Penny."

Lena smiles, returning the handshake, entirely charmed. "Nice to meet you Penny."

"You as well." Penny returns her attention to the page, tongue tip sticking out as she carefully colors in a small diamond-shaped sigil.

Lena spies a drawing partially buried under the others- one that might hold a clue to what happened to Kara. "Penny, was Supergirl here last night?"

Penny's eyes light up as she nods.
"Is that what you're drawing?"

Again, the enthusiastic nod.

Lena gestures to the drawings. "Would you tell me what you saw?"

Penny squints up at Lena, tiny lips pursed as she considers. Abruptly, she nods.

"Okay." She leans forward conspiratorially, voice dropping to a whisper. "But you have to promise not to tell my mom. I was supposed to be in bed."

Lena nods solemnly. "How about I only tell her if it's absolutely necessary." She holds her pinky out. "Deal?"

Penny grins, looping her own pinky through Lena's with enthusiasm. "Deal!"

She thrusts her drawing pages into Lena's hands, scooting over until she's practically in Lena's lap as she leans in to narrate her story.

"So I saw the fire out the window. I would've called the 9-1-1 but I could hear the firemen on the way... But then Supergirl showed up and used her freeze breath- whooooooosh - and blew it out!"

Penny looks up at Lena. "It was so cool. And she was right there!" She points above them, presumably to her own window. "I've never seen her so close before!"

She peers at Lena interestedly. "Do you know Supergirl?"

Lena smiles, swallowing to force down the unexpected emotion rising up at the sight of this young girl, as enamored with Supergirl as Lena herself is.

Lena nods,"I do, actually." She gestures to Alex. "We're trying to help Supergirl, and your story
might help her too."

Penny's eyes go wide. "Really?"

"Really really."

Penny nods seriously, the expression out of place on her small face. “Okay. Well, Supergirl came, and she put out the fire, and flew some people away. And then she came back and talked to the firefighters. And then she sort of did this-" Penny tilts her head all the way to one side.

"And then she flew around that way-" she points down the alley. "And I wasn't supposed to but I snuck into the kitchen to see if I could see her from that window and I couldn't see her but I saw..."

Here Penny grows quiet, looking down at her hands.

Lena nudges her softly with her knee. "It's okay. You can tell me."

Penny pulls out a drawing tucked at the bottom of the pile. Dark figures scribbled in black adorn the page, faceless but with long arms, tipped in claws. When Penny looks up her eyes are wide. "Monsters."

“What did they look like?” Lena asks, voice gentle despite the pounding in her chest.

Penny gestures above her head. “Big.” She points one hand out in front and up. "Long, skinny arms. And all black- except for the glowing."

Lena tilts her head. "The glowing?"

Penny nods. "Green. Bright green streaks in the sky. Like- like the meteor shower mom took us to watch last year." She spreads her small arm in an arc. "From the monsters, into the sky."

Lena's heart clenches, but she smiles. "Thank you, Penny. That's very helpful."
Penny's smile returns. "You're welcome," she chirps, standing and accepting the stack of drawings back from Lena. She skips to her mom's side and Lena catches Alex's eye, motioning back to the car.

Alex finishes up, striding over.

"What'd you find out?"

Lena is pacing, unable to contain her worried energy. "She didn't know what she was seeing, but I do. Men in tactical gear, with some kind of kryptonite ammunition." She gestures above them. "On that roof, right after the fire last night."

Alex's face pales. "You're sure?"

Lena nods.

Alex swears, pulling out her phone to call Winn, ordering more support, a sweep of the surrounding blocks.

Maggie arrives as she’s tucking the phone back in her pocket. “Anything, Mags?”

“No luck on the cameras but the fire chief says it’s looking like arson.”

Worry lands heavily on all their shoulders. Alex looks at Lena for a moment and then reaches out to squeeze her arm. "We'll find her."

"I know.” Lena clenches her jaw. I'm just worried what we'll find when we do.

Chapter End Notes

Planning to get this up really quick- hope you all enjoy the ride!
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Kara loses all sense of time.

Deep in the belly of the ship, the passing of time is marked only by waking to pain or the reprieve of unconsciousness.

She dreams, in those spaces of relief.

She sees her parents, hears their last words of love and their charge to her: protect your baby cousin.

She sees Alex: happy, in love, Maggie by her side.

She sees Lena: stunning and fierce. In the dream she says the words she's been guarding so carefully within her heart, too big, too weighty to speak aloud.

And when she wakes- to electricity lashing across her frame, to blows that split her skin, to the air stolen from her lungs- she thinks of them: Alex, Lena, her friends, her family.

She holds their faces in her mind and forces herself to endure.

For them. For the chance to see them again.

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In her more lucid moments, Kara thinks of Alex. Of what Alex would do- how she would observe and find a weakness and wait for her moment.

And so she does. She endures. Saves what strength she can. Waits for her opportunity.
She holds on to the knowledge that somewhere, her sister is searching for her. That Lena will have noticed, that they’ll be working, together, to find her.

And when she is finally stolen away again into her mind, she wraps herself in every memory, every visage of the people she loves, until they are a tapestry, a cloak, a shield around her heart and the fiery hope that still burns there.

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Clark shows up on the fifth day, full of worry and righteous anger and, predictably, accusations aimed at Lena.

Though Lena is quite capable of defending herself, she doesn’t need to- instead, she gets a front-row seat as Alex, James, and J’onn each lay into the Man of Steel.

On another day, she might find some satisfaction in the dressing-down, in the quick and fierce defense by her friends. But Clark’s shoulders curl inward and she knows the weight of the powerlessness he’s feeling.

So she accepts his apology with a simple nod, grateful for Alex’s barked orders that return the gawking DEO agents to their duties. Clark has the decency to very softly and gently ask where they’re at with the search, and Lena can’t bring herself to care about the scene he made- she’s just glad for more help finding the woman she loves.

And she does. She loves Kara.

Has for some time.

She fell first for the kind and quirky reporter who offered friendship and loyalty, fierce and true. Then for the hero who kept showing up in her darkest hours, who wouldn’t let her give up, who pushed her to be her best.
And after working through the implications of secrets and trust and trying to protect each other… she fell for Kara Zor-El, last daughter of a lost people, strong of heart despite enduring horrors, hopeful when she has no right to be.

Kara. The woman Lena loves.

They’d been dancing around the deepening of their relationship ever since Kara’s reveal. Lena, not daring to hope, had been entirely delighted and more than a little surprised when Kara finally asked her out.

Try as she might, she hadn’t been able to stop her heart from leaping ahead, imagining a future together: Kara coming home to her after Supergirl escapades, waking up to dappled light and the curve of her smile, lazy Saturday mornings with pancakes and slippers, holidays to the beach… and each day the knowledge that she is Kara’s and Kara hers.

In the very deepest corner of her heart, she has tended a fragile hope. She’s waited- her whole life- for a chance like this. For someone like Kara.

What a fickle beast fate is, pulling them apart just as they found a way to come together.

Her throat tightens, a matching ache to the one in her heart.

Lena watches the flurry of movement around her- dozens of people striving with all they have to bring Kara home.

She sits down next to Winn, asking how his latest algorithm is coming, digging back in herself.

Screw fate.

*Hold on, Kara. We're coming for you.*

Chapter End Notes
Last one for tonight but I'll post more tomorrow. Cheers!
Kara wakes- not to pain, but to blessed sunlight.

She can feel it, the warmth on her skin. Lifting her head, she tilts her face toward it.

Rao, she has missed this.

Someone clears their throat, startling her out of her reverie.

“I, uh-” the person pauses. Male, rough voice, aged. “I can’t let you go.”

He sounds… apologetic.

“Boss would have my hide. Plus the Cadmus lady.”

Another pause.

“I remember a couple years ago. Woke to a drilling in my head like nothin’ I ever felt before. Thought for sure I was gonna…”

She hears him shift on his feet.

“It stopped, and they said on the news that Supergirl saved us- lifted a whole fuckin’ space station away.” He’s quiet for a moment. “I heard, what they’ve got planned. I’m… I’m sorry for that.”

“But I figured-” His voice gets softer. “I dunno. Didn’t seem right for you to be stuck down here in the dark.”
Kara tilts her head back again, soaking in the rays. She has to clear her throat twice before the words make it out. “Thank you.”

He gives an affirmative grunt.

“Would you-” she licks chapped lips, tries again. “Would you tell me your name?”

And she knows- because of Alex and her scary secret agent training- that exchanging names, humanizing yourself to your captor- it can be a strategy, a way to stay alive.

But for Kara it’s always been about people. People and their stories.

It’s why she cherishes each chance she gets to be part of someone else’s story, to rewrite what might’ve been a tragic chapter in their lives.

It’s why she gravitated to reporting: what better way to use the power of story for good than as a journalist?

And if there’s anything she’s learned, it’s that everyone, all these lives- they are all connected. It’s an invisible, intangible thing- the weaving together of their stories. But the world truly is a small place, and the things that pull people apart are far fewer than the things that could draw them together. You just have to learn to look for it.

So she asks his name. The name of this unexpected light in one of the darkest hours of her story.

“Matteo.”

Kara smiles as best she can in his direction. "Thank you, Matteo."

There’s the sound of shifting again.
"Look, I- I’m sorry I can’t do more.” It’s said gruffly, reluctantly. “I’ll try to leave the hatch open a bit longer, but they’ll notice it eventually.”

Kara nods. “It’s okay. Thank you for this.”

It’s not okay- but this man didn’t mastermind her capture, and she can repay his unexpected kindness with a small gift of forgiveness.

He grunts in response and she hears him shuffle away, the resounding clank of a door signaling his departure.

She gives herself as long as she dares- probably just minutes, but it’s enough.

Basking in the light, she prays to Rao for those she loves. She feels her body attempting to mend, to stitch itself back together, fighting against the kryptonite.

Strength seeps slowly into her muscles. Not enough to pull free- nothing will break the cuffs.

But maybe enough for this.

She bunches her fists within the massive cuffs, takes a deep breath, and pulls.
At first, nothing happens.

Kara grits her teeth, panting through them, pulling harder.

The ship lets out a deep groan.

Kara hears a popping sound, several pings as bolts along the seams of the ship are explosively forced from their sockets.

She pauses, chest heaving from the exertion, warm liquid sliding down her arms from the edges biting into her wrists.

They’ve taken what they wanted from her- she doesn’t have much time left. And after that, they will create weapons to kill Clark, J’onn, and every other alien on earth.

She can’t let that happen.

Kara smiles grimly. What was it Lillian said? The ship is fully contained- nothing on or off.

So if the ship goes down, the research, the blood, the weapons- it all goes with it.

Kara clenches her jaw as she thinks of the people looking for her- of Alex, of Lena. It’s not that she doesn’t think they’ll come- she knows Alex. No distance or barrier could keep her sister away- not
time or space or the vastness of this universe or any other. And Lena- Lena’s stubbornness might actually be a match for Alex’s. They would never give up, the two of them.

But Kara’s running out of time.

And if she can’t escape… if she can’t escape, at least she can protect Clark and the others.

It seems fitting, somehow, that she’d be granted this one last chance to fulfill the purpose set by her parents.

She may not survive- but she’ll take this whole damn ship with her.

She can live with that choice.

Kara gathers herself one last time, putting everything she has left into one final heave.

There’s an almighty groan, a great metallic screech, and then the whole ship shifts. Kara hears water- gushing sprays of it, somewhere below.

An alarm sounds, grating and insistent.

Okay. Okay.
Kara hangs her head, drained once again, and waits for the water to claim her.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex leans out the helicopter door. “There!”

As they approach it’s clear the ship is floundering, listing to one side, water splashing up over the deck.

The nylon line grows hot in Alex’s hands as she rappels onto the slanting surface of the deck, the sound of the others’ boots splashing down behind her as she starts into the ship, her gun leading.

Alex corners the first crew member she can find, slamming him against the bulkhead, her forearm to his neck.

“Where’s Supergirl?” she growls.

His eyes are wide, hands held up placatingly as he stutters, “D-down in the hold.”

Shoving him toward an oncoming agent, she swings her rifle back around and storms the stairs.

She’s charging down slick metal steps when the ship groans and lurches beneath her feet. The railing digs into her side but she pushes off and keeps moving.

The sound of water rushing grows the deeper she descends, until its roar is deafening.

Emerging onto a catwalk she stumbles as she spots Kara.

“Supergirl!”

Kara hangs limply from cables secured to either side of the hold, the water lapping against her chin.
“Kara!”

She activates her comm link. ”J’onn, I’ve got her. Cargo hold."

”Be there as soon as I can.” The sounds of a fight come through his end of the line. He’s found the Cadmus contingent.

Alex slings her weapon to her back, pulling a flotation device off the wall.

She takes one second- just one- to steel herself. Then she grabs the railing with one hand and catapults herself off the catwalk.

Slicing through the frigid water, she kicks back toward the surface, breaking through with a gasp. She grabs the life preserver and swims to Kara.

Kara isn’t moving but for waves of shivers that wrack her frame. Alex can’t see much in the dim space but her sister is breathing- that’s enough for now.

Alex loops the life preserver under Kara’s arms, securing it in the back so the bright orange foam nudges her chin up and out of the water.

Alex smoothes damp curls back from Kara’s face. “Kara, can you hear me?”

Kara stirs, blinking slowly, one eye nearly swollen shut, the other focusing somewhere past Alex.

Alex’s heart clenches. Kara’s bright blue eyes are now a faded grey, veins of angry red and sickly neon green extending outward. *Oh, sweet girl.*

“Alex?” Kara’s voice is rough.

“Yeah sis, I’m here.”
Kara smiles, wincing as it pulls on her split lip. “Knew you’d find me.”

Alex huffs a laugh and kicks forward so she can press a quick kiss to her forehead. “Always.”

She pulls back and treads water with just her feet as she digs through her vest pockets. “J’onn is here. Clark went after the lifeboat.”

Kara perks, straining to lift her head. “They’ve got- kryptonite.”

She sags back down, unable to hold even her head up for long. “He needs… be careful.”

“Okay, I’ll tell him.” Alex taps into the main comm line, relaying the info, asking for additional air and water support for Superman. “He’s going to be fine,” she reassures.

Kara’s eyes slip closed again but she hums in response.

"I’m gonna work on these cuffs, okay?"

Another hum, barely audible.

Alex clambers up until she’s got an elbow hooked around the cable extending from the cuff, dangling precariously as she picks the lock.

It pops open, sending Alex splashing down into the water. Alex coughs, shaking water out of her eyes, the salt stinging through her sinuses. A couple of strokes take her to Kara’s other side.

Kara mumbles something, inaudible over the rushing water.

Alex pushes closer. “What?”
Kara has finally realized what Alex is doing. “Feet.”

Alex catches on, propelling herself down into the water until she feels the metal clamped around Kara’s ankles. *Shit.*

She breaks the surface again, coughing to clear her lungs. “J’onn, what’s your ETA?”

Just a crackling static in response.

Alex pulls a flashlight out. Holding it between her teeth, she dives back down.

It takes precious minutes, between the water and the dark and having to come up for air, but eventually the lock clicks free.

Kara is pulled to the side by the weight of the remaining cable, thumping lightly against the wall, her head still just barely above water.

Alex swims over once more. “Okay last one. You’re doing great.”

No response this time.

Alex’s hands are going numb, the cold seeping into her fingers.

They’re not far from the ceiling now and Alex loops Kara’s arm over her shoulder, pulling the cuff out of the water so she can work. The green glow emanating from the cuff provides additional light.

Alex can feel the panic clawing at her chest, the weight of her damp clothes, the chilling embrace of the water trying to drag her back to that tank all those months ago.

Needing the distraction and to know Kara’s still with her, she tries to get Kara talking again, patting her cheek lightly until she stirs. “There you go. Talk to me, Kara.”
Kara groans in protest but she grips the life preserver with her free hand.

Alex prods, “so I hear you asked Lena out.”

Kara groans again, dropping her head onto Alex’s shoulder. “It’s not fair. I got… Cadmus blocked.”

Alex snorts at the bad joke. “Well, it’s about time. Also, thank you- Maggie owes me a new pair of boots.”

Kara laughs, grumbling about the morality of betting on your sister’s dating life, but Alex can feel Kara trembling against her back.

They’ve got to get out of this water.

The final lock releases a with a few feet to spare before their heads bump against the ceiling of the hold.

“Can you hold onto my vest?”

Kara’s nod is sluggish but she slips her hands under the shoulder straps, curling weak fingers around them.

Alex pulls them through the water with strong strokes, headed for the open hatch.

They are almost there when the ship shifts again, rolling further to the side. Kara hears it first, has just enough time to shout a warning and push Alex down before something slams into her from above.

Kara’s grasp slips from Alex and the life preserver.
She sinks.

Alex comes up in the narrow air pocket remaining, sputtering, disoriented.

“Kara!”

She spins, spotting the life preserver but no Kara.

“Kara!”

Alex sucks in a deep breath and dives, pushing off the ceiling with her feet. She clicks her flashlight on, the narrow beam barely penetrating the dark water.

A splash of color.

Alex twists her hand in red fabric, pulling until the rest of Kara emerges.

She’s unconscious, blood drifting lazily from her forehead.

Lungs tight, Alex wraps her arms around Kara and kicks for the surface, straining to spot the open hatch, their tiny air pocket gone by now.

Her hand slams into metal.

Nonono. Where is it?
Alex spins in the water, desperately searching for light, a stairwell, something- anything- to indicate an escape.

Just when she’s sure her lungs will burst, two beams of red sizzle through the darkness to her left. A massive chunk of metal disappears and an arm plunges through the newly-made hole.

Alex grabs the hand and they’re pulled through, up and up and finally into the open.

Alex collapses to her knees, gasping, greedily sucking in the salty air. She swipes the grime from her eyes, watching as Clark lays Kara down on the breached side of the ship. She’s completely limp, skin pale where it’s not torn and bleeding.

Clark’s eyes are frantic but he gently, carefully tilts Kara’s head back, breathing twice for her.

“Heartbeat?” Alex coughs out the question.

The hollow look in his eyes answers for her.

Alex pushes up onto her knees, limbs finding their place despite the numbness. She starts compressions, not trusting Clark’s shaking hands, the barely contained strength and rage coiling in him.

Huffed pleas escape her in time to the pounding on Kara’s chest.

“Breathe- Kara- C’mon- please- breathe.”

They were so close- they can’t have been too late- please-

Kara retches and Clark quickly curls her to her side as she expels the water from her lungs.

Alex nearly collapses with relief. She smooths the hair back from Kara’s face.
“There you go.”

She feels herself knitting back together with each of Kara’s rasping breaths.

Clark lets out a strangled sound of relief, echoing her own. One hand stays on Kara’s back, helping support her, and he lays the other heavily on Alex’s shoulder. He offers a shaky smile. "Thank you. Sorry I was late- J'onn and I switched targets.”

Alex nods, pulling Kara closer as she catches her breath, mindful of Kara’s injuries but needing every inch of contact. “Did we get them?”

Clark’s smile is knife-sharp. “Every last one. The rest of the team is fishing the other crew members out right now.”

He looks down at Kara, now leaning heavily against Alex’s side. He carefully folds one of her hands between both of his, lending his warmth.

Voice quiet with awe, he says, “She almost tore the ship in half- they didn’t have time to react or grab much. J'onn easily dealt with the few kryptonite weapons they had.”

The wind from an approaching helicopter buffets them. Clark looks at Alex. "Chopper or express flight? I can take you both.”

Alex does a quick assessment of Kara’s condition, shaking her head. “I want to start treating her right away.”

Clark nods. He steadies the basket dropped from the helicopter crew and helps Alex situate Kara and herself in it, keeping it level as they’re lifted into the chopper.

He pauses once they’re in, hanging in the air, his cape a slash of red snapping in the wash from the rotors. Alex meets his eyes, gives him a nod. She’ll be okay.
The deep crease between his brows doesn’t fade but he pulls back, letting them tilt toward the horizon. Alex is sure he’ll follow a short distance behind- it’s what she would do.

They take off for the coast. Alex is forcefully wrapped in a thick blanket, but it doesn’t keep her from ordering the medics around, her medical duties relinquished due to stiff fingers.

Once they’ve got an IV going, sunlamps and several blankets wrapped around Kara, Alex slips down to sit at her side. She runs her fingers through Kara’s drying curls with one hand, the other pressing gauze against the cut on her forehead.

Kara’s eyes open and she blinks at the ceiling. A crease forms between her brows and a few tears slip down into her hair.

Alex leans forward, thumbing away the moisture. "Hey, hey- Kara, it’s me, I’m right here. You’re okay."

Kara shakes her head a little, side to side. She says something but it’s muffled by the oxygen mask, her breath fogging the plastic. Alex eases it to the side, leaning down so Kara won’t have to strain her voice.

Kara inhales deeply, seeming to catch her breath.

“Alex,” she rasps. “I can’t see.”

Alex’s heart plummets again. She’d suspected, but-

She takes Kara’s cold hand and presses it against her own heart, where Kara can feel the familiar, steady beat. She leans over Kara, pressing their foreheads together. “It’s going to be okay. You’re going to be okay. Just rest, alright?”

Kara’s eyes close but she gives the barest of nods.

Alex squeezes the hand against her chest. “I’ve got you.”
Couldn't bring myself to leaving you guys on that cliffhanger for more than a few hours.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

You guys didn't think I'd leave you hanging there did you? ;)

Lena watches the dot on the horizon grow, one hand raised to shield her eyes and the other fist tightly by her side. Anticipation, worry, fear, rage, relief- they all coil within her, a nest of snakes writhing in her chest.

She can’t tell if the pounding in her head is the wash of the rotors as the helicopter alights or the frenetic beat of her own heart.

The doors slide open and a rush of people are expelled- medics and agents and there’s Alex, wrapped in a grey blanket, turning back for-

Lena gets just a glimpse- of bandages and an oxygen mask and - oh God, blood- and then she’s pushing off at a run and-

Someone steps into her path, blocking the way. She tries to move around them only to have extremely large hands settle on her shoulders, gentle but firm.

“Miss Luthor-“

She tries to go around him again, craning her neck to keep her eyes on the stretcher, her heart pounding, feeling like she’s been torn asunder and might just begin to mend if she can get to her other half-

“Lena.”

She snaps back to the tall, broad presence in front of her. Warm brown eyes search her face.

“Take a moment. Breathe.”
Lena inhales sharply, her body responding to his command for air.

But then the medical team is moving away and she again feels the tug in her gut- she moves to follow-

He shifts to bar her way once more and this time Lena looks him in the face, ready to snarl that he get out of her damn way-

Kind eyes regard her attentively.

What did Kara call him the other day?

Her vision blurs as Kara’s voice sounds in her head. Space Dad.

Suddenly the breath is caught in her throat again, the pressure building, the seams within her beginning to burst.

Careful hands guide her to the ground and gently press her head between her knees.

She gradually becomes aware of steadying hands on her shoulders and a voice giving her lungs instructions. “In through your nose, out through your mouth.”

Lena remembers how to breathe.
“How long have you had panic attacks?” the Director- J’onn- asks matter-of-factly as he checks her pulse, wrist turned to watch the time as he counts.

She considers denying it, but given her current state… “Since I was eight.”

J’onn hums and she’s grateful for the lack of pity in his response. “Do you have medication we should be retrieving?”

Lena shakes her head. “Not anymore. I haven’t had one in years.”

Not since she saw the manifestation of Lex’s madness splashed across the news, the bodies being pulled from the burning wreckage of the capitol building.

J’onn nods, offers his hand. “Think you can stand?”

She nods and they rise together.

Lena inhales deeply, her awareness becoming fully present for the first time since… she can’t remember. Since the mission launched? Or since it was first confirmed Kara was missing?

_Fuck, what a week._

J’onn gives her a moment to collect herself and as Lena tugs her shirt straight she’s surprised to find she feels no embarrassment, no chagrin at the loss of control he just witnessed. Largely because he’s looking at her now with the same respect he did before.

“Ready?”

She follows him into the DEO.
J’onn won’t let her look.

That’s how Lena finds herself seated on a low bench just outside the room where they’re treating Kara, her back to the window.

He insisted she didn’t need to see Kara in this state- that it’s not something you can unsee, that Kara wouldn’t want her to carry those images with her the rest of her life- and she refused to go anywhere she wasn’t in eyesight (or earshot) of Kara.

So they compromised.

J’onn leans against the wall opposite Lena, arms crossed as he keeps a steady gaze on the treatment room behind her. Any progress or updates are relayed to Lena in his deep rumbling voice.

Surprisingly, it works- the tightness in her chest is there, but manageable, J’onn’s calm updates and the sense of Kara’s nearby presence keeping it at bay.

It keeps her from seeing the worst of it, but-

The glimpse of Kara on the tarmac returns, her mind picking apart every detail without her consent, replaying it over and over and over.

After an hour of waiting Lena asks the question that’s been sitting leaden within her stomach.

“What did my mother do to her?”
J’onn doesn’t answer immediately, weighing the question and the potential impact of his answer.

“She was restrained in the hold. They used a liquid form of kryptonite to subdue her powers.”

It’s not really the answer she’s looking for, doesn’t explain what she saw.

“Even her heat vision?”

He meets her gaze now and they both know what she’s asking.

“Yes.”

Lena swallows thickly. So she did see it right- in that moment before J’onn stopped her- Kara’s eyes, pale and sightless.

“Kara’s going to be alright.”

Lena’s eyes press closed, brows pulled tightly together as her mind spins off all the probable outcomes, the consequences, the potential realities of Kara- bright, beautiful Kara- stripped of her sight-

“Lena, look at me please.” Her gaze snaps to J’onn’s at the quiet command, inhaling sharply again. “She’s going to be alright.”

He sounds so sure, so steady.

She feels like she’s staring at the edge of an impending tempest. “How do you know?”

“She’s got you.”
The storm within Lena stills for a moment.

It’s such a simple answer, really. It doesn’t change what happened or what they have yet to face but…

“She’s got you,” J’onn reiterates. “And Alex and Maggie, myself, Winn and James- she’s got all of us. And she’ll be okay. We’ll make sure of it, one way or another.”

“Together.” Even as Lena says it she recognizes it’s a promise, a declaration.

J’onn’s eyes crinkle around the edges. “Together.”

That kernel of truth settles inside Lena, anchoring her. The tempest still rages- of what-ifs, of sorrow, of aching to mend Kara’s pain, to make it better- but her feet find purchase.

She’s not alone, and neither is Kara.

///

Lena spends the next several days at Kara’s bedside.

She and Alex tend to a feverish and semi-conscious Kara as she slowly expels the kryptonite in her system.

Each time Kara pulls toward consciousness, confused and hurting and unsure of where she is, Lena
is there with soothing reassurances and deft, attentive fingers, her gentle touch chasing away the memories.

And each time she tucks Kara’s hair back, or thumbs tears from her cheeks, or presses butterfly-light kisses to bruised skin—each time she whispers the same words.

Words that are both reassurance and promise. Words that settle deeper within Lena each time she utters them.

*It’s going to be okay.*

///
Chapter 9

The next time Kara wakes it’s to warmth all around: sun soaking her skin, a soft hand in her own, the weight of someone’s head resting upon her leg.

She curls her fingers around those resting in her palm, desperately hoping this is real.

The weight on her leg lifts. “Kara!”

Kara’s heart fills at the familiar voice. Lena.

An indistinct shape appears in front of her. She frowns, squinting. “Lena?”

“Hey, yes, it’s me.” The hand in hers tightens, thumb smoothing reassuringly over her knuckles. “Your vision might be a little blurry- you’re still healing.”

“There was a lot of kryptonite in your system.” Another fuzzy shape joins the first.

Kara smiles, reaching out a hand. “Alex,” she croaks.

Her sister clasps Kara’s hand in her own, leaning in to drop a kiss on her forehead. “Welcome back. You had us worried.” Kara hears the tension in Alex’s voice, the attempt at a casual tone.

Kara tries to sit up, to reassure Alex, but finds her body wholly uncooperative, sharp pain making her gasp. Two pairs of hands ease her gently back to the mattress, protesting.

“What did we just say?” Alex scolds. “You’re still healing!”

Kara grimaces sheepishly. “Ow.”

“Yeah, I bet.” Kara thinks maybe Lena has been spending too much time with Alex. She’s picked
up Alex’s tone, that perfect blend of concern and reproach.

Kara squeezes Lena’s hand. “Sorry.” She closes her eyes, feeling suddenly drained. “Didn’t want you guys to worry.”

Alex sighs good-naturedly. “Too late for that.”

She gives Kara’s shoulder a squeeze, “I’m going to let the others know you’re awake.”

“Hey, Alex?” She gets lucky, snagging the vague form of her sister’s arm before she walks away. Rolling her head in Alex’s direction, she says, “Thank you.”

Alex’s voice is tight as she deflects, “It was a team effort.”

Kara won’t let her off that easy. She concentrates and manages to slip her fingers between Alex’s. “Thank you. For coming to get me, for braving the water for me.”

Alex clears her throat, her voice thick. “I love you, Kara.”

Kara’s own eyes are watery, if unfocused. “I love you too.”

Alex gives her hand one last squeeze and then walks from the room.

The bed shifts as Lena sits, pulling Kara’s hand into hers. She leans forward, threading her fingers through Kara’s hair.

Kara hums, thoroughly enjoying the sensation. She’s being pulled toward sleep when Lena speaks.

“You know, if you didn’t want to go on that date, all you had to do was say so.”

Kara barks out a laugh. “Hey! I asked you, remember?”
“I’m just saying, even the Girl of Steel can get cold feet.” Kara hears Lena’s smirk.

“C’mere.” She pulls Lena close, framing her face with careful hands. Blinking a few times, Lena’s face finally comes into focus. “There you are.”

Lena’s smile is full of sweet relief. “You can see me?”

Kara nods and ever so softly tugs Lena down, brushing their lips together.

“You look terrible.”

Lena laughs, a sparkling sound. She presses her forehead to Kara’s. “You know, most people would go for flattery to try and get back in my good graces.”

Kara smirks. “I did promise- no more secrets.”

Lena laughs, shaking her head. She looks into eyes that are nearly returned to their brilliant ocean-blue, and she feels the last of the dread slip from her system, something soft and wonderful clicking into place behind it.

“So, Kara Danvers, do you want to go out with me?”

Kara hums contentedly. “Absolutely I do.”
Lena adjusts her watch, resisting the urge for further restless motion.

“This is not exactly what I had in mind for our first date.”

Kara just grins at her, mirth and mischief mixed into a sublime expression that Lena can’t help but return.

Kara tilts her head suddenly. “That’s your cue!” She snags Lena’s hand and pulls her to the door, gesturing for Lena to proceed, stepping to the side to stay out of sight herself.

Lena moves as if to enter, but redirects at the last second to press a passionate kiss to Kara’s lips, tugging her close with one hand tangled in the hair at the back of her neck. Just as quick, Lena’s turning back, walking into the classroom, leaving a blushing Supergirl standing dumbfounded in the hallway.

Two can play this game.

Penny squeals as she darts in for a hug, her small frame wrapping around Lena’s legs. Lena leans down and returns it as best she can, heart trilling at the unabashed affection of the little girl. Bright blue eyes peer up at her. “Thanks for coming,” Penny whispers.

Lena’s grin stretches even wider. “You are very welcome. Now how about you introduce me to the rest of these lovely people.”

Penny’s attention quickly shifts to her classmates and teacher and she tackles the task of introductions with enthusiasm.

Lena mouths “thank you” to the teacher and gets a nod and a genuine smile in return. Penny’s mother had assured Lena that bringing a friend for show-and-tell would be acceptable- was even encouraged- but Lena had been uncertain about the whole thing until Kara latched onto the idea.
Now, Lena can’t imagine why she was nervous about answering Penny’s request. Warmth seeps into her chest as she listens to Penny regale the class with a summary of Lena’s work and accomplishments, read from neon notecards clutched in tiny fingers, feet rocking up onto her toes in excitement.

The notecards are abandoned and the dramatic charm turned to ten as Penny moves into the story of how they met. By the end she’s got the whole classroom wrapped up, little bodies leaning forward in their seats, eyes wide and attentive.

Penny’s grin is full of pride as she finishes with a flourish. “And that’s how I met my new friend, Lena Luthor!”

Lena joins in the applause and Penny tucks her hands behind her back and positively beams.

As the applause dies down the teacher steps back to the front of the room with them. “Alright, any questions?”

Hands shoot up around the class.

Lena fields questions about her work, favorite color, animal, and food, and, of course, her friendship with Supergirl. As the Q&A wraps, Lena shares a look with the teacher, getting a nod in response. Lena takes the lead.

“Thank you all for welcoming me to your classroom today- it’s been a pleasure to meet you.” She smiles warmly at the kids before turning to Penny, holding out a hand for her to take. “And of course, I owe a very big thank you to Penny- not only for inviting me here but for her help in finding Supergirl.”

Penny’s cheeks go red at the praise and Lena can’t wait for what’s coming next.

“Before I go, there is someone else who wanted to say thank you.”

Lena doesn’t look to the door when it opens, choosing instead to watch Penny. She sees the moment curiosity turns to shock and then to pure, ecstatic joy.

Supergirl walks into the room and the classroom explodes into sound and chaos, cheers and gasps
and squeaks of excitement, Kara’s delighted laughter twinkling above it all.

Penny grips Lena’s hand tightly as Supergirl approaches, kneels down, and offers a hand.

“You must be Penny.” Kara’s voice is warm, her smile soft as Penny returns the handshake, eyes wide as saucers. “It’s very nice to meet you. Thank you for helping my friend Lena.”

Penny emerges from her awed shock to nod solemnly. “It was the leafs I could do.”

Kara’s grin widens at the slightly-off colloquialism and she flicks her gaze to Lena to share the moment.

That smile- god, Lena’s a goner.

Show-and-tell begins again in earnest and Lena leans back against the teacher’s desk, watching it unfold. Kara handles the room with the deftness of a career politician- acknowledging each student in one way or another, making sure they feel seen and heard, all while including Penny, being certain she knows that this visit is for her, is a thank you for her help.

Eventually Penny- who has been scooting closer and closer to Kara throughout the Q&A- reaches out and brushes her fingers along the edge of the cape. Lena watches as Kara, without missing a beat of her answer, sneaks her hand down and gives Penny’s shoulder the slightest squeeze. She then leaves her hand in an open gesture at her side, the slightest wiggle of her fingers an invitation. Penny immediately takes it and the goofy grin doesn’t leave her face for the rest of show-and-tell as she gets to spend it with her hero lightly swinging their clasped hands between them.

///

Lena watches Kara settle into her seat as Lena’s driver pulls away from the school. Kara’s still grinning as she tilts her back against the headrest, closing her eyes, but there’s a tension in her face that wasn’t there before.

Lena slides her fingers over Kara’s. Kara turns her hand over and Lena begins to gently massage her exposed palm and fingers, careful of the still-healing wounds on Kara’s wrist, hidden beneath the blue of her suit. “How’s the pain?”
Kara hums, relaxing at Lena’s ministrations. “Not bad. Steady 4.”

Which means closer to a 6. Higher than this morning, (and higher than Lena would like) but understandable given this is the most activity Kara’s done since she was released from the DEO med bay.

Lena checks her phone. “You’re not due for another dose for about an hour. How about a nap, then we order in, spend the rest of the evening on the couch?”

Kara hums affirmatively, closing her fingers around Lena’s. “Sounds good.”

Lena takes in the woman beside her. Most outward signs of her ordeal are hidden beneath the bold colors of her suit, but Lena can still pick out the slight discoloration along Kara’s brow where she and Alex applied makeup this morning, the worst of the bruising not yet healed.

She’d come so close. So close to losing Kara for good.

They’ve both had their share of nightmares lately- Lena just last night, waking with a gasp, the slick tentacles of memory and imagination only sliding away when Kara took her hands, calling her name, waiting for Lena’s eyes to find her own. Kara had wrapped her close, fingers running soothingly up and down her back, whispering soft, foreign words until Lena’s heart settled.

She knows it’s only the beginning. The beginning of healing- that hard work that requires patience and endurance and someone- many someones- to help carry the load.

And the beginning of them - of figuring out what it means and what it looks like to move from friends to something more. Despite quickly discovering that sharing a bed was the only way for either of them to get some rest, to keep the worst of the nightmares away, they’re moving slow.

And Lena’s good with that. Great, even. Because not so long ago Lena thought they might have jumped straight to a terrible, tragic end.

So she plans to savor this beginning, and every moment that follows.
Kara’s breathing is already evening out, but Lena can’t help herself.

They’re taking it slow. But she’s loved Kara in one capacity or another since nearly the day they met. And life is too short.

When she speaks her voice is rough with grateful awe. “I love you, Kara Zor-el.”

Kara’s head rolls in her direction, and the blue eyes that find hers hold no surprise- just deep, wondrous affection.

Her hand tightens in Lena’s. “I love you too.”

Fin.

Chapter End Notes

And that's a wrap! Thanks for reading!

End Notes

Come find me on tumblr:
story_character (art & fic only)
story_ii_character (reblogs and general geeking out)

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