A Love Like Ours

by LegalizeSupercorp

Summary

Lena makes a discovery that not only derails her relationship with Kara, but forces them to begin to see each other in ways they never expected.

Notes

Hello! Thanks for all the positive feedback on my last story. It was my first Supercorp fic, and I enjoyed writing it so much I decided to do another. This is going to be multi-chapter.
Kara triumphantly slapped a pair of DEO power dampening cuffs on the hostile alien she'd just beaten. He was from a planet not far from her home planet Krypton, and Kara knew as soon as she saw him she was in for trouble. His species was known for destruction and violence, and he had the strength to match hers. The fight had taken both her and J'onn (in his alien form) to bring him down, and by the time it was over they were both sweaty, tired, and filthy with dirt and rubble.

Kara smoothed out her blonde hair, which now stood up at odd angles. Dust fell into her eyes, and she blinked rapidly to try to clear them, all the while coughing. The green Martian patted her on the back, trying to help her get over her fit. When she was done she gave him an appreciative smile. He squeezed her shoulder and looked at her proudly.

"Excellent work, Supergirl," he told her.

"Thanks, J'onn," she said in an airy voice, trying to catch her breath. "Rao, I'm exhausted. Is this what humans feel like when they exercise? It's awful!"

"I wouldn't know," J'onn said with a chuckle. He looked to the alien at their feet, who was knocked out cold from Supergirl's final blow to his face. "We should get him back to the DEO before he wakes up."

Kara nodded her agreement, and together they hoisted him up and flew away, anxious to get the criminal behind bars before he could recover and try to go into round two of sparring. That was not something Kara wanted or had the time or energy for.

Once the alien was safely locked up Kara's anxiety eased. That was one less thing to worry about. Now that her Supergirl work was done for the day she could get back to her human life: Kara Danvers, CatCo reporter and devoted friend and sister.

She was thankful they'd been able to contain the hostile in under an hour. She'd almost wanted to groan when the red alert went off literally moments before she was heading out the door to go home. But they'd wrapped up with just enough time for her to go home and shower before her guests arrived.

Kara found it important to try to live as normal of a human life as possible. She found it gave her balance and stability amongst the Supergirl craziness. Spending time with the people she loved most in the world reminded her why she put on the cape in the first place, to protect them. After all, it had been her need to save her sister, her favorite person in existence, that drove her into the spotlight in the first place.

"I still can't believe you didn't let me back you up," the same sister said as she stood in the medical unit at the DEO, checking Kara's vitals.

"Alex, I told you, it was too dangerous," Kara said, rolling her eyes. "I didn't want you to get hurt."

Ever since J'onn had stripped the DEO of all their weapons Kara started worrying about Alex more. She knew her adopted sister was a badass, but she was still human. She was more fragile, and Winn was still working out the kinks in the new DEO armor. She didn't want Alex out there until she was one hundred percent sure no harm would come to her.

"I can take care of myself, if you hadn't noticed." Alex fixed her with a playful glare. "Everything
checks out, by the way. You're good to go. You should probably shower." The red head crinkled her nose at the younger woman and reached out to swipe dust off Kara's shoulder.

"Thank you," Kara said quickly, hopping down from the exam table.

Alex watched her with an amused smile as she rushed out of the room. Typical Kara. She'd just gone through a tremendous battle with an alien life form, and Alex could tell it took a lot out of her. But from the moment she sat on the exam table the blonde couldn't sit still, fidgeting and casting glances at the clock when she thought Alex wouldn't notice. Kara couldn't sit still if her life depended on it. She was always on the go, and when she finally did sit down she constantly had to have her hands occupied with something, whether it be her phone, talking animatedly with hand gestures, or readjusting her glasses. It was something she wasn't even sure Kara realized she did herself, but Alex did. It was all part of what made Kara, Kara.

Kara returned home, flying in through her living room window and landing in the center of the room. As soon as her red boots hit the ground more dust fell from her, dirtying her already untidy floor. She sighed heavily through her nose, knowing she would have to clean that up. She would have to speed clean the whole apartment before people started coming over. It was game night, and she was hosting this time. Winn, Alex, Sam, Ruby, and Lena were set to come over, and she'd been so busy with work and being a superhero that she hadn't had time to clean the apartment over the week. She would have started on that immediately, but she knew she needed to shower first.

She reflexively reached for her phone in her pocket to check the time before she realized she was still wearing her Supergirl outfit. That meant her phone was still in her pants pocket in her locker back at the DEO. She let out a growl in frustration. She did not have time to go all way back to the DEO to get it, super speed or not.

Thinking quickly, she picked up her laptop off the couch and opened Facebook. She sent Alex a message asking her to grab her things from her locker to bring them over when she left the DEO. She was set to come a little early to help set up, knowing her sister tended to be a bit scatterbrained when criminals ran amuck as much as they had been lately.

After a few moments Kara got a message back from her sister assuring her that she would do that and be on her way soon. Kara sighed in relief and closed her laptop, placing it back on the couch.

Lena Luthor sat in her office, fighting the urge to let her eyes roll back in her head and her chin dip to her chest as the man in front of her droned on. All she'd asked him for were prices on the materials he was trying to sell her, but that turned into a half-hour over-detailed explanation of each one. She waited patiently at first, but when he kept on, not allowing her to get a word in. She stared at him instead, effectively tuning him out. Finally she could take no more.

"Stop," she said abruptly, holding out her hand. "Please, just stop."

The man furrowed his brow and frowned. "But I'm only half-way through with the descriptions."

"I don't need them," Lena said, somewhat glaring at him. "I'm an intelligent woman, Mr. Jacobs. I know what all of these materials are, as I have personally worked with them many times. All I asked you for was the cost." She leaned back in her chair and fixed him with a red-lip-sticked frown. "But you instead man-splained to me things I already knew, effectively wasting both your and my time." She stood, smoothing out her gray dress. "I don't like wasting time, Mr. Jacobs. Therefore, I don't think is a partnership L-Corp will be pursuing." She couldn't help smiling when he stared at her coldly, his hands gripping the arms of the chair he was sitting in so hard his
knuckles turned white. "I believe you can find your way out." She gestured to the door before turning to look out onto her sunny balcony, signaling the conversation was over.

She heard him mutter curses under his breath as he trudged across the room, slamming the door behind him. She was surprised to hear it open again a second later and was afraid he'd come back to get in the last word. But she turned to see her assistant of the month, Ashley standing there instead. She sighed in relief and ran a frustrated hand through her long, raven hair she'd worn loose and hanging over her shoulders that day.

"How many more of these are there?" she asked in a strained voice, tempted to fix herself a drink from the bottle of Scotch she kept stashed in her desk before her next meeting.

"That was actually the last one," Ashley said brightly, glad to be delivering what she knew Lena would take as good news.

"Oh, thank God," Lena said to the young woman. "If I had to sit through one more self-proclaimed big shot coming in here and thrusting his toxic masculinity on me I was considering throwing myself off the balcony." She added a smile at the end to show the petite strawberry-blond that she was joking. Ashley had only been around for a few weeks, and she hadn't quite picked up on Lena's sarcasm just yet. But the young woman laughed and nodded, showing she'd gotten it that time.

"Why don't you pack up and head on home, Ashley?"

Ashley's face broke into a smile, before faltering slightly. "Are you sure? There's nothing else you need me to do?" She loved the idea of not being here until well into the night, which she'd discovered Lena was fond of doing, but she didn't want the Luthor to think she was slacking off already.

"Absolutely," Lena said with a dismissive wave of the hand. "I'm heading out myself. I have plans." She smiled to herself as she retrieved her handbag from under her desk. She couldn't help it. She was finally going over to Kara's for one of the Danver's famous game nights. She'd always heard about them from her friend but had never actually gotten an invitation. But since she'd helped to save Sam and started getting close to Alex by association, the invite was officially extended to her. It made her feel included and like she belonged, something she'd never felt before, not after growing up in the Luthor household. It was nice to feel wanted. It was unusual and foreign, but welcome.

"Plans?" Ashley asked, suddenly interested. "Hot date?"

Lena flinched at the question. It was so personal and not something an assistant had ever asked her before. Most only spoke to her about work, never taking an interest in her personal life. She honestly thought most feared her and that was why she couldn't keep one around for longer than six weeks at a time. Ashley was different, though. She was young, hardly twenty-one, only had a little experience, and possessed empathy that Lena noticed almost immediately because she found most others lacked it.

"No," Lena answered slowly, glancing at her assistant shyly. "I just got out of a relationship, actually, so I don't think I'm ready for that just yet."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Ashley said, looking at her sadly.

"Don't be." Lena shook her head. "It was mutual."

And for the most part it had been. Her relationship with James had been so rocky and felt forced from the start. By the end of it Lena started realizing she was dating him more as of a convenience
than as someone she was actually interested in. After freezing him out for weeks he finally called
things off, and she'd had to stop herself from smiling as he dumped her. She tried her best to keep
composed, but she honestly felt relieved he'd finally done it so she didn't have to do it herself.

Ashley nodded, relieved she hadn't put her foot in her mouth. She had a problem with doing that.
"Good," she said awkwardly. "Well, have a nice night, Ms. Luthor."

"Goodnight, Ashley."

Once outside of the building Lena stood in front of the doors, waiting for the car she'd called on
the way down. As soon as it pulled up her driver Dan hopped out and opened the door for her,
though she'd told him many times she was capable of opening the door for herself. He still insisted
and eventually she just started letting him. Once she had slid into the backseat she removed her
dark sunglasses from her face and placed them in her expensive leather purse.

"Home, Ms. Luthor?" Dan asked once he'd returned to the front seat and got situated behind the
wheel.

Lena thought about it for a moment, unsure. She hardly ever finished work with enough time to go
home and do anything but shower and sleep. It wasn't exactly a home, per se, more like just a place
to lay her head at the end of the day. She hated being in her loft, finding its stark white walls and
pristine furniture suffocating. It was honestly the last place she wanted to be at the moment.

"Actually, I'm going to a friend's," she said.

After giving him the address Dan pulled away from the curb and began driving them through town.
Lena knew she would be nearly an hour early at showing up for game night, but she supposed to
would be better than her usual habit of showing up fashionably late if at all. It was a bad habit, one
she tried to avoid, but it was bred into her. As a Luthor she had grown up being told "Always keep
them waiting for you. It asserts your dominance over the situation."

It was something Lena was working on and tried to not do when it came to Kara. She didn't think
of her sunny companion as someone who needed to be dominated in any way. Their relationship
was built on mutual respect, not fear. The blonde had always been an amazing friend to her,
believing in her when no one else did. She thought if there was anyone who deserved to be on time
for it, it was Kara.

But she should at least warn Kara she was going to be early as to not catch her friend too off-guard.
So she sent a text saying she was on her way, and that she hoped it was okay. She got back a
thumbs-up emoji, finding it a weird response. Kara hardly ever responded so simply to her,
noticing the blonde tended to ramble, even during text. But she supposed Kara was probably busy
setting up, knowing her friend had the tendency to be a little OCD when it came to entertaining,
meticulously laying out snacks and drinks and such for everyone beforehand. She could practically
see Kara perfectly stacking the board games on the kitchen table in preparation. That was the
perfect explanation for the short answer. If anything, she could help the blonde, so she would feel
like she was intruding less.

Kara wished her speed was something that helped when it came to taking a shower, but sadly that
wasn't the case. While she moved at superspeed the running water was in real time, and she
couldn't exactly shower without water cascading over her body. She knew. She'd tried when she
first got to Earth. In, the end, though, she was kind of thankful when she finally pulled back the
curtain in her steamy bathroom. The hot water relaxed her muscles, and she felt refreshed, like she
was a new person.

She used her towel to dry her hair before wrapping the towel around herself and exiting the bathroom. She opened her wardrobe and looked inside, immediately beginning to rifle through the clothes. Any other night she would have just worn sweats and an old t-shirt, but Lena was coming to game night for the first time. Lena, who was always so put-together and immaculate, something Kara envied. She found herself putting more effort into her appearance lately on the days they got together, wanting to impress her. They'd been spending more time together, and Kara had already used all of her best outfits. She desperately wanted to go shopping, hoping to replace her tired, frumpy wardrobe with something new and vibrant. Maybe something a little more edgy. It would sure be a change from the "librarian look," as Alex called it.

A knock at her door stopped her quest for the perfect outfit, and she let out a sigh. Thank Rao Alex had arrived. Maybe she could help her decide on clothes.

"It's open," Kara called out. She didn't feel the need to lock it most of the time when she was home because honestly, what kind of ordinary intruder could take her? Besides, she knew Alex was supposed to be on her way, and if her sister arrived while she was in the shower and started helping her clean the apartment, hey, that was fine with her. "Alex, can you help me pick out what to wear?" she asked as she walked around the wall dividing her living area from the bedroom. She stopped short when she saw the person standing there. It was not Alex.

Lena stood before her, eyes wide. Kara blinked at her in surprise, silently panicking. She was completely naked, wearing nothing but a towel, and she hadn't thought to put her glasses back on. What was worse, Kara noticed with a sickening chill running down her spine, was that she'd been thoughtless and left her Supergirl outfit in the middle of her living room floor after she'd stripped it off, not wanting to bring it into the bedroom and risk making a mess in there as well.

The garment in question was now in Lena's hands. She clasped the fabric so tightly her knuckles were turning white and the garment sprinkled dust onto the growing pile on the floor.

"Kara?" she asked, her voice hoarse. The suit fell from her hands finally as they began to shake. "You—You're Supergirl?"

"Lena, I can explain," Kara said quickly, stepping forward. She winced when Lena back away.

"Explain how you've been lying to me for over two years?" Lena asked heatedly. Her vision blurred, and she bit her lip to fight back the tears that wanted to fall. That was another thing she learned from her Luthor upbringing. Never let them see you cry. "Save it."

She turned and began walking to the door, stopping short when she blinked and suddenly Kara was in front of her. She nearly plowed into the toweled woman and tripped over her heels at the abrupt halt. Kara caught her elbow and steadied her, gentle yet strong and study hand lingering once the younger woman had caught her balance. The warmth of it was shocking to Lena, who suddenly felt cold everywhere else except where Kara was touching her.

She yanked her limb away, her arm feeling like it was on fire. Kara recoiled at the action, looking like Lena had just kicked her dog rather than rejected her touch.

"Lena, I'm sorry." Kara looked at her pleadingly.

It was the first time Lena was knowingly looking into Kara's eyes without her glasses to obscure them. She recognized them for the eyes of her best friend, but she felt a twinge in her gut as she finally noticed they were the same ones as National City's favorite superhero. The bright blue orbs
pierced her, making her heart hammer against her ribcage. She had to get out, away from the confusion, the pain, and the betrayal she felt at her discovery. But mostly she needed to get away from Kara.

"I have to go," Lena said quietly, moving to step around the other women. Kara blocked her way once again. "Move, Kara."

"Lena—"

"MOVE," Lena said so harshly she shocked both herself and the hero.

The older woman's face burned a brilliant shade of crimson and the pained look it held almost made Lena's heart break, but then Lena silently reminded herself that Kara brought this on herself by lying. So, she held her composure. Kara silently stepped aside to let her by, and Lena nearly ran out the door, not bothering to close it behind her.

Kara's knees suddenly felt weak, and she crumpled to the floor, hands finding the soiled suit on the floor and clutching it to her body. She knew she should get up to close the door, but she couldn't move. She felt paralyzed, a dull pain spreading through her chest as a lump rose in her throat.

She caught a glimpse in the doorway and looked up quickly, hoping the CEO had somehow gotten over her anger suddenly and wanted to talk things out. Instead Alex stood there, a frown on her face as she dropped the bag with Kara's clothes at her feet.

"What's wrong?" Alex asked instantly, going over to her sister and bending to place a soothing hand on her back. "I saw Lena leaving in a hurry, but she wouldn't stop to talk."

"She knows, Alex," Kara said, tears finally coming. She held up the discarded suit for emphasis. "She knows I'm Supergirl."
Confrontation

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the positive feedback on the first chapter. It's greatly appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex was able to finally get Kara off the floor and over to the couch, where she buried her face in her hands as hot tears wet her face and palms. Alex grabbed the box of tissues off the coffee table and handed them to her sister, who took one and loudly blew her nose. The older Danvers rubbed the younger's back in soothing circles, trying to comfort her in some form.

"What happened?" Alex asked gently. She reached out and removed a strand of Kara's blonde hair that was stuck to her damp cheek and tucked it behind the hero's ear.

"I heard a knock at the door and thought it was you," Kara said, sniffling. "So I yelled to come in, she found my suit on the ground, and then she saw me without my glasses." She used another tissue to dab at the moisture coming from her eyes. "If I had known it was her…" She trailed off, shaking her head. "Why was she here so early?"

Alex's face fell. "That may have been my fault."

Kara's bloodshot, blue eyes darted to her sister. "How?"

"As I was getting your clothes out of your locker I heard your phone go off," Alex explained and rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly. "I saw it was from Lena, that she was coming over early, so I just sent her back an emoji of a thumbs-up because I figured you'd be okay with it." She let out a heavy sigh and fixed her sister with an apologetic look. "I didn't know she meant this early. If had any idea this would have happened I wouldn't have done it. Kara, I'm so sorry."

"No, don't be," Kara said quickly, shaking her head. "This is my fault. I'm the one who lied to her for so long."

"Kara, this is not your fault," Alex said gently. She placed a hand on her sister's knee and gave it a light squeeze. "You had your reasons for not telling her."

Kara tried to tell herself that Alex was right. Yes, she had her reasons. Not telling people about her secret identity was something she did in order to protect her friends and family from being harmed as a way to get to her. But wasn't Lena a friend, if not a best friend? So why had she never told her? At first it was because it wasn't something she told people she'd just met. But over the past few years Kara and Lena had become nearly inseparable and a constant source of support and comfort to each other. Kara didn't hold Lena's last name against her, like most people tended to do, including Alex when they'd first met. So that wasn't a factor. Kara had been toying with the idea of telling her once, but then Lena mentioned something about not being able to stand liars, and Kara quickly shoved the thought from her mind. She didn't want Lena to think of her as a liar, someone she couldn't trust, because that would risk losing the relationship with the woman she had come to hold dear.

But it was all for nothing because that was exactly what had happened. Kara had never seen Lena
look so hurt before, though she knew the brunette was holding back the full range of her emotions. The Luthor was good at that. But Kara knew Lena well enough to see through her façade. She'd been devastated, and it was all because of Kara.

"I should go after her," Kara said, moving to stand from the couch. Alex put a hand on her shoulder to stop her.

"I don't think that's a good idea," she said.

"Why not?" Kara asked with a frown.

"Well, for starters, you're naked," Alex said, trying to fight the amused smile that twitched at the corners of her mouth despite the situation.

Kara blinked rapidly and looked down at herself, realizing she still wore only a towel. She sighed in frustration and sped into the bedroom. She quickly dressed and was back into the living room in a flash, ready to go out in search of her friend.

"Kara, hang on," Alex said, following her sister to the door and closing it once she yanked it open.

"Alex, there's no time," Kara insisted, trying to open the door again. Alex pushed it closed once more and flattened her back against it, blocking it with her body. Kara raised her eyebrows.

"Really? You know I can move you."

"But you won't," Alex said and fixed Kara with a look, daring her to prove her wrong.

The blonde rolled her eyes. "Shouldn't you be helping me, not stopping me?" She put her hands on her hips. "You're not worried she'd going to tell someone?"

Alex surprisingly shook her head. "She didn't tell anyone about Sam, not even us at first," she reasoned. "And she's known Sam for less time than you." She paused, searching her sister's face only to be met with a blank expression. "Are you worried she'll tell someone?"

Kara thought about it for a moment. Lena was a lot of things: smart, funny, beautiful, rich, charming, frustrating, intriguing, confusing, terrifying… But was she the type of person to risk the life of someone who was supposed to be her friend by revealing her secret just because she was angry?

"No," Kara said finally, letting out an agitated sigh.

"Okay, then," Alex said and pushed off the door. She took the smaller woman's hand and led her back to the couch. She sat on it and pulled her sister down with her, instantly wrapping an arm around her shoulders. "Give her time to calm down, then try to talk to her again."

The last thing Kara wanted to do was give it time. She wasn't a very patient person. Since she was able to do just about everything at well over triple the speed of humans she wasn't used to having to wait for most things. She was also a meddler. She hated any kind of confrontation, preferring to interject herself into her friends' business because she couldn't stand to see them be anything but happy. It wasn't in her nature to simply let things be. So, the idea of sitting back and allowing Lena to stew instead of trying to work it out immediately caused her panic.

"Kara?" Alex prodded when her sister didn't answer, just sat there and chewed her lip while staring at the wall.

"Okay," Kara said in a low voice, finally meeting her sister's gaze. "But I want my phone in case
she calls or texts."

"Alright, but you can't contact her first," Alex said, standing from the couch to go over and retrieve the forgotten bag from the entryway. "Let her come to you."

Kara frowned, wondering how long that would take as she took the bag from Alex's outstretched hand once her sister had returned with it. She immediately unzipped it and dug through until she found her phone. To her dismay the last text from Lena was the one to which Alex had replied. She did, however, have a text from Winn asking her if she wanted him to grab anything on the way.

"Crap, I forgot all about game night," Kara muttered, showing the text to Alex. "I am really not in the mood for this anymore."

Alex nodded, understanding. She really wasn't, either. "I'll text everyone and tell them it's off." She pulled her own phone from her pocket and started a group text with everyone—excluding Lena. "There," she said once she'd typed it out and hit the send button.

"Can you still stay, though?" Kara asked in a small voice. She didn't like the idea of being alone. She was way too anxious and upset to be left with no company except her stupid, panicky brain.

"Do you really think I'd leave you at a time like this?" Alex asked and looked at her sister tenderly.

Kara didn't answer, not trusting her voice not to crack as she felt another wave of sadness wash over her. She closed her eyes to stop the tears and leaned her head on Alex's shoulder. The older woman's arms wrapped around her, and though she still felt like an elephant was sitting on her chest, she felt herself begin to calm down just a little bit.

Lena didn't remember walking home, but she must have because nearly twenty minutes later she was shoving the key into the lock and turning it. Her empty loft greeted her, and she got goosebumps at the eerie stillness of the dark room. Turning on the light did nothing to help, and she stared blankly at her sleek, grey furniture with distaste.

She hated this place. It was cold and bare, the only splashes of color in the artwork Lena had hung in an attempt to give the room some life. Other than that, there were little to no personal touches. She didn't have photos of her family and friends because she downright hated her family, and she'd never truly had a friend until Kara.

Kara.

The thought of the cheerful blonde usually brought a smile to her face and a flutter in her heart she didn't quite understand, but now the only thing she felt towards the other woman was betrayal.

Lena had grown up with an innate distrust of people and their intentions, something both of her parents and her brother made sure of. Lex had once told her there was no such thing as friends to a Luthor, that people were simply tools to help them get what they wanted. She'd always admired him and his ability to outthink everyone around him, even their father. It broke her heart once Lex was arrested and she found out the truth about him, that he was a vile monster who thrived on destruction and power. Lex had been the only person she'd ever truly trusted, something he'd mocked her for when she'd once confessed that to him. To Lex no one was to be trusted, not even family, especially not family.

She should have listened to him, she realized. After all, though Lillian was harsh and only her adoptive mother, she still loved the woman like family. She wanted to believe there was some good in her, even if it was deep down. But obviously that had been a mistake because in the end her
mother was just as despicable and maniacal as Lex.

And apparently she'd been dumb to also trust Kara. She didn't know what it was about the reporter that caught her attention, but since that day she walked into her office with Clark Kent, Lena was entranced by the enigma that was Kara Danvers. And now she realized why she was just as enthralled by Supergirl, often getting herself into dangerous and stupid situations partially just to see if the blonde heroine would save her. And she always did. Supergirl continuously showed up for her, saving her ass on at least a weekly basis.

That had all been Kara, she now knew. Which was why all of this was so confusing. She'd told Kara many times about her feelings about dishonest people after growing up in a home built on lies. But it seemed like Kara either didn't hear or didn't care about that. She'd thought Kara was her best friend, someone in which she could confide. She would have liked to think she was the same for her, but apparently not.

When it came down to it she thought she knew the woman, but clearly she didn't. The person who was supposed to be her number one had a whole secret life she'd been hiding. Lena was so angry with her she felt like screaming, though she settled for fixing herself a drink.

She rummaged through her liquor cabinet, shoving aside a few bottles and grabbing one from the back. She pulled out the bottle of scotch and blew dust off the label. It was the last bottle Lex had given her before going to prison. It was a gift to celebrate her receiving yet another PHD. A month later he was in jail, and she'd never been able to bring herself to finish it. But tonight was as good a night as any.

Several days went by, and Kara didn't hear from Lena. She broke down on day four and sent Lena a rambling, apologetic text when Alex was in the shower. It was met with no response. On day five she called her as Alex slept not even a foot away and was sent to voicemail after the second ring. She didn't leave a message because she knew if she did her voice would be shaky, and she wouldn't be able to hide the fact that she was about to cry.

Thankfully Alex was true to her word and didn't leave Kara's side. She'd made herself at home in her sister's apartment, helping the blonde to tidy up the place. Kara didn't know what she would have done without Alex. Her sister was the only thing to dull the hollowness in her chest brought on by Lena's absence.

Without Lena her world had become bland and colorless; she had not realized how accustomed she'd become to the Raven-haired-bombshell brightening her day. The only thing that kept her going was Alex's constant reassurance that any day now Lena would come to her senses and forgive her. But as much as Kara wanted that to happen, a part of her feared it never would. Lena could hold grudges and being on the wrong side of her anger was something Kara had only witnessed but never experienced it first-hand.

By the time a week went by she was like a zombie. She hadn't eaten much, gotten a good night's sleep, or spent a single waking moment without thinking about her estranged friend since the night Lena appeared in her apartment. Alex had only seen Kara this distraught once before. And it wasn't when Mon-El was sent away to save his life. It was when Kara first got to Earth. She'd been so sad and alone, having just woken up on a strange planet over a decade after she'd left Krypton. She arrived on Earth with nothing and no one, believing the only home she'd ever known to be obliterated along with all her family and friends, save for her cousin Kal-El.

Alex had resented Kara so much at first that she failed to empathize or even consider what Kara might be going through. It was one thing to crash land on a strange planet, but to be completely
alone like that and suddenly have all these crazy abilities she didn't understand? Alex still regretted not accepting Kara into her heart sooner. Maybe she could have saved her beloved sister a little pain. But there was nothing she could do to change the past. All she could focus on was the present, and at the moment Kara was broken.

She wanted to do something, though she knew she'd told Kara to leave it alone. At the time she thought Lena would come around. After all, Kara was still Kara. So what if she was Supergirl, too? How did that fact make Kara any less amazing? Alex felt it made her extraordinary. After all, Supergirl embodied everything that was good and pure. That was because Kara was good and pure. The girl didn't have a single mean bone in her body. Hiding her secret from Lena hadn't been from a place of hate. Why couldn't Lena seem to see that?

Someone should tell her, Alex reasoned. She'd grown tired of sympathizing with Lena and giving her the benefit of the doubt. Kara didn't deserve the hell the CEO was putting her through. It wasn't going to happen anymore, not on her watch.

"Winn, I'll be back in a bit," Alex said as she stood from the rolling chair she'd been occupying. "You're in charge."

Winn raised his eyebrows at her, not sure he'd heard her right. She'd been the director of the DEO for a while now, but any time she stepped out to take care of something she usually left it in the capable hands of J'onn, who still helped out when the situation demanded it and often came to the DEO just to visit.

"Are you sure?" he asked her, not wanting to show his excitement too soon. He'd asked her countless times to let him be in charge since returning from his mission to the future. She'd always turned him down with a laugh.

"Surprisingly I am," she said with a smile despite the anger that still bumbled inside her. "Good luck. Don't fuck up."

Lena sat staring at her computer in her office, not having touched it in over an hour. Her head throbbed, and she squinted at the bright screen of her Mac. She'd been looking over spreadsheets and numbers, trying to figure out why they didn't add up to no avail. To say she'd been off her game over the course of the week would be an understatement. She'd accomplished hardly anything, not able to concentrate on any of the tasks at hand. Her mind couldn't seem to stray from Kara, replaying every memory she had of her and Supergirl as her world crashed in on itself. She wanted to hate Kara for not telling her, but she soon realized the hate she felt was towards herself for not seeing it sooner.

She'd never been good at dealing with her feelings, always seeing them as a weakness. She always tried her best to be poised and composed, but sometimes her resolve crumbled. Feeling sadness was not something Luthors did. They were a cold and dissociative breed, preferring to dull their senses with drugs and alcohol. Lex had a partying phase before he turned completely evil, and he often offered them to Lena from an early age. The first time she drank she was fifteen, and the liquor burned and made her gag, but Lex warned her that if she threw up his favorite rum on his priceless, ornate rug there would be serious consequences. So she choked it down with tears in her eyes as Lex poured her another glass. He'd introduced her to pot not even a month later, but it made her feel hazy and paranoid, so she refused it when offered again. After that she was afraid to try another harder than alcohol, but that quickly became her escape of choice.

It had been the only thing to give her some peace and retreat from her darkened mind. She'd effectively depleted her stash of alcohol at home and was down to a single bottle of wine. She
would have to get more on the way home that evening, and she was thankful at least she had her trusty scotch hidden away in her desk for during the day. Normally she didn't like to drink it until the end of the day before heading home, but all week she had been sneaking sips from it.

Glancing at the time she realized it was hardly past ten a.m. If she started drinking now it would surely be a new record for earliest she'd ever started drinking, but she realized she didn't care. She had a hangover from hell and drinking again would probably make her feel better. After all, back before real medicine was a thing the cure for hangovers had actually been to get drunk all over again.

She retrieved the now half-empty bottle along with a glass from her drawer and poured herself a small serving, trying to remind herself to go slow to make it last for the rest of the day. Before she could even finish swallowing the first sip she heard a commotion outside her door, followed by her office door opening and Alex Danvers storming in with a frantic Ashley on her heals.

"Ms. Luthor, I'm so sorry," Ashley said quickly in a fearful voice. "I tried to stop her."

"It's okay, Ashley," Lena said and set the drink on her desktop. "You can return to your desk. Hold my calls, please."

Ashley hesitated, but did as her boss instructed. She retreated from the room slowly, casting wary glances at Alex as she went. As soon as the door closed again the DEO director rounded on the CEO, fixing her with a cold glare.

"I can't say I'm surprised to see you, Alex," Lena said, and she motioned to the bottle still sitting next to her laptop. "Would you like a drink?"

"It's not even noon," Alex responded, judgement etched across her features.

Lena shrugged. "Suit yourself," she said, raising her glass again to take another sip. She looked at Alex expectantly over the rim, waiting for her to say something. When she didn't Lena set her glass back down and folded her hands on top of her desk. "Are you just going to stand there and glare at me, or are you going to sit down and tell me why you're here?"

"I'd prefer to stand," Alex answered, crossing her arms over her chest. "And I believe you know why I'm here."

Lena nodded and averted her gaze, focusing instead on the hands clasped in front of her. "Figures Kara would send you to confront me instead of doing it herself."

"Kara doesn't even know I'm here," Alex said angrily. "And the only reason she hasn't come down here herself is because I told her not to."

Lena didn't answer, just continued to look anywhere but at Alex. She'd rejected the few attempts Kara made at reaching out to her, but the fact that the blonde had never showed up and demanded they talked had been surprising to Lena. And it honestly added to the hurt she felt over the entire situation.

"So why are you here if you're making Kara stay away from me?" Lena said finally, daring to look at the older woman standing before her.

"Because I can't stand to see Kara go one more day being as miserable as she is right now," Alex said, her features softening at the mention of her sister. "Lena, you have to talk to her."

"I have nothing to say to her," Lena spat, anger suddenly springing to her chest and causing a rose
color to rise in her cheeks. "She made it painfully clear to me that we aren't as close as I once thought."

"Lena, she didn't keep it from you because she wanted to. She did it because she had to," Alex said.

"Really? She had to lie to me, even after I told her how much I despised dishonesty?" Lena asked with raised eyebrows. "And did she have to send James to break into my vault to see if I had Kryptonite? How do you think I feel now knowing that it wasn't just Supergirl who breached my trust like that, but it was also someone who is supposed to be my best friend?"

Alex shook her head at her, frowning deeply. "Oh, she's your best friend, Lena? That's funny." She choked out a bitter laugh. "Because you couldn't tell your best friend apart from Supergirl for over two years because of a pair of fake fucking glasses."

Lena shot daggers at the other woman with her eyes. That was something that had crossed her mind, but hearing Alex say it only made her feel stupider. "She fools the whole city, not just me," she said, though, trying to defend herself.

"The whole city doesn't spend ample time alone with her," Alex countered. "Jesus, Lena, how many PHD's do you have again?"

Lena's jaw tightened. "Several," she said vaguely, not wanting to admit just how many she had to add to the list of reasons she felt like an idiot at the moment.

"And you couldn't figure it out?" Alex asked her with disbelief. "They have the same hair, voice, laugh, smile, eyes, face... All things you should have noticed if you're as close to her as you claim to be."

Lena bristled at the red head's words. "That's not fair," she said in a low voice.

"Yeah, well neither is blaming Kara for not telling you when she was obviously right to not do so based on the way you reacted."

The women stared at each other, a tense silence flowing through the room. Lena hated Alex at the moment. She hated her for barging into her office, for butting into her fight with Kara, but mostly because she knew she was right.

"I think we're done here," Lena said finally, returning her attention to her computer and signaling the conversation was over.

But Alex wasn't finished yet. "Lena, this is Kara we're talking about. You know she would never do anything to intentionally hurt you."

"I don't really know what she's capable of. I don't really know her at all, do I?" Her gaze flicked to the other woman briefly, then back to the safety of the screen in front of her.

"Who are you really mad at Lena, Kara or yourself?"

Lena didn't look up as her breathing hitched and she felt her heart leap into her throat. She tried to keep her face expressionless as she said in a monotone voice, "Are you going to leave willingly, or do I need to call security?"

Alex scowled at the younger woman seated behind the desk, dislike rippling through her. She'd never been Lena's biggest fan, but after what they'd all gone through to save Sam she'd learned to put aside her initial aversion to the woman. However, it was started to creep back in, and she
decided to leave before she said or did something she'd later regret.

"Just talk to her," she said simply for Kara's sake before heading to the exit.

Lena lifted her eyes as the door swung closed, staring after the DEO operative. Once alone again she allowed herself to lose some of her composure. Her emotions hit her hard, and her hand reached for the glass she'd abandoned as her conversation with Alex stole her attention. She polished it off and poured herself another, thankful Alex hadn't accepted a drink when she offered. More for her.

Chapter End Notes

Protective Alex is my favorite Alex.
Please leave some love if you wish. Until next time,
Alex was working late at the DEO training a group of new recruits, so that meant Kara was on her own for dinner. Only, without her sister forcing her to eat, Kara couldn't bring herself to cook anything. She had little to no appetite, only eating when Alex insisted. She felt weak and tired from lack of nutrition and sleep, thankful that after her last big bust the city had been relatively peaceful.

She wondered how long she could go on like this, how much longer she could toe the line between feeling completely numb or totally breaking down. When Alex was with her the constant ache in her chest dulled, but never completely went away. And Alex couldn't be around every second. When she was alone, like she currently was, the ache returned and seared brighter than before. She tried to fight it down in a futile attempt to keep it from encompassing her and swallowing her whole. But she wasn't as strong as she liked to believe. She may have been able to stop a bullet, lift a Buick, and take on beings twice her size, but her greatest weakness wasn't Kryptonite—it was her heart. Her heart, which was broken by Lena's sudden departure from her life and continual radio silence.

Her vision blurred, forcing her to stop staring at the television screen in front of her in a desperate attempt to get lost in the program. She brought her hand to her cheek, glancing at her fingertips in confusion when they came back wet. She'd started crying again and hadn't even realized it. Tears were so common for her at this point, they felt so natural that she hadn't even noticed them. But now she did, and instead of slowing they flowed more freely. She tried to wipe them away, willing herself to stop. She didn't want Alex to come back and see any evidence of her pain. That would only make her worry more, and Kara knew her sister was already worrying herself sick.

A knock at the door startled Kara, and she quickly grabbed at the tissues on the coffee table. Before Kara could even blow her nose there was another impatient knock at the door. Kara cast an annoyed glance at it before cleaning her face hastily and going over to the trash to throw the soiled tissue. Kara's head snapped in the direction of the door as she heard yet another knock.

Who was at her door and what was their problem?

She refocused her eyes and used her x-ray vision to look through the door. Her heart leapt into her chest and she had to remind herself to breathe upon seeing who was on the other side. She ran over to the couch and retrieved her discarded glasses, placing them on her face before speeding over to the door and pulling it open.

Lena stood there, arm raised and fist curled, ready to knock again. She stumbled forward in surprise, and Kara reflexively grabbed the other woman by the wrist to help her regain her balance. Lena froze at the contact, her eyes darting to Kara's fingers, wrapped securely around her arm, to the woman's face, which was mixed with concern and confusion. Kara realized she still held onto the younger woman, and slowly released her grip, relieved that Lena hadn't jerked away like last time.

Lena awkwardly crossed her arms over her chest and lowered her eyes, not able to bring herself to meet Kara's intense, blue-eyed gaze. She could feel those eyes on her, waiting for her to speak. She intended to. She'd come all this way to do so, but once she found herself in Kara's presence her mind went blank and she forgot everything her brain had come up with on the car ride over.

"Can I come in?" she finally muttered, eyes still on her black heels.

Kara nodded, not trusting her voice to work past the lump in her throat. She stepped aside and
allowed Lena to walk in, and she closed the door behind them. Lena immediately went over to the
couch and sat on the edge of it, hands folded in her lap and back straight and poised as always.
Kara went to sit beside her, relieved when Lena didn't scoot away to give herself more distance.
Lena's breathing seemed raged and forced, and with each breath she exhaled Kara's heightened
sense of smell picked up the trace of alcohol on her breath.

"Have you been drinking?" Kara asked in a voice full of concern. She itched to reach out and touch
the other woman, but she kept her hands to herself for fear of scaring Lena away.

"Yes, but I'm only tipsy, not drunk" Lena answered defensively, finally turning to face the blonde,
whose eyebrows were now raised in surprise. "It's the only way I could get the courage to come
talk to you."

Kara frowned, hating that Lena turned to drinking as a solution. Kara had been drunk only once
before, only being able to feel the effects of alien alcohol. It made her more open and lowered her
inhibitions, so she could see why humans abused it, but it wasn't something that was for her. Lena,
on the other hand, had a deeper bond with alcohol, often saying it was the healthiest and longest
relationship she'd ever had.

"I'll get you some water," Kara muttered and stood from the couch before Lena could protest. She
went to the kitchen and got a bottle of water from the fridge and brought it back, handing it to the
Luthor before sitting down again. She watched as Lena unscrewed the lid and took a big sip, her
red lipstick staining the rim. "I'm surprised you're here. I was starting to think you'd never speak to
me again."

Lena shifted uncomfortably under her friend's gaze. She didn't know what to say. In all honesty she
didn't know if she would have either if it hadn't been for Alex coming to see her that afternoon. She
still didn't completely know why she'd gone to Kara's. She didn't know if she was ready to fully
forgive her yet, but she was ready to at least start listening. She stared at the blonde, trying come
up with something to say.

"Why are you still wearing your glasses?" she asked finally, the question leaving her mouth before
her brain had time to stop her.

Kara blinked slowly and adjusted her eyewear. "It's just how you're most used to seeing me," she
answered. "I didn't want to shock you too much after… you know… last time." She self-
consciously pulled at her fingers and searched Lena's face. "Do you want me to take them off?"

"Well, it's not like you need them," Lena said with a shrug.

Kara nodded and reached up a shaky hand, removing the frames from her face. She folded them
and placed them on the coffee table, sighing loudly before turning her attention to Lena again. The
CEO's green eyes pierced her, and she felt naked once more, like the last time they'd been alone in
her apartment together. Her hands twitched, anxious to have something to fiddle with to channel
her nerves. Her fingers roamed the fabric of the couch, coming across a loose thread. She would it
around her finger, then unwind it, and repeated the action.

"Alex was right," Lena said, eyes still roaming Kara's now-unobscured face. "I should have noticed
given all the time I've spent with you and Supergirl." She chuckled darkly and shook her head
before tucking a strand of nearly black hair behind her ear. "I have PHD's in fields most people
have never even heard of, but I couldn't see what's been right in front of my face all of this time." She
sighed heavily through her nose, suddenly wishing for a drink to magically appear in her hand.

"I'm sorry," Kara said in a small voice. "I wanted to tell you."
"Then why didn't you?" Lena challenged.

Kara paused, seeming to think about the right way to put it. "I guess I was just afraid," she answered honestly. "Afraid you'd be mad, afraid you wouldn't want to be my friend anymore, afraid you'd hate me."

"Why, because I'm a Luthor and you're an alien?" Lena asked, hurt evident in her voice and on her face; she shook her head fiercely. "After all this time you believe I'm as callous and intolerant as the rest of my family?"

"Lena, that's not it," Kara said quickly. "I've never thought that, never."

"What about when you had James break into my vault?" Lena asked, a darkness crossing her features.

Kara's face reddened. She was still ashamed of that, and she felt her guilt spread through her chest. "That had nothing to do with you personally," she admitted. "That was something I did because I was terrified someone, anyone, I loved so much could harbor any kind of feelings of fear or hatred towards me. It was while Reign was on the loose, and I was scared, not thinking clearly. I know those aren't excuses, but you need to know that breaching your trust like that is one of my deepest regrets."

Lena let Kara's words settle over her, and somehow she understood. The idea and fear that someone you cared about could be worse than you ever imagined could cause people to do terrible things. She'd seen Lex and her father go back and forth through a war of power, constantly thinking of ways to best each other before the other could. The sad part was that neither of them did it maliciously at first. They simply did it out of fear and paranoia of the other man. It continued until Lionel's death, and Lena always felt the constant stress of it all was what had sent him to an early death.

"So even after all that, even after I proved I had no problems with aliens after I worked tirelessly to save Sam, you still didn't trust me?" Lena questioned.

"It's not that I didn't trust you," Kara said with a sigh. "It's that the more time went on it got harder and harder to tell you." She stared at the woman, intent on keeping her gaze. "I love you so much, and you are so important to me. I didn't tell you not because I was scared of you. I was scared of losing you."

"So instead you kept lying to me," Lena said. "And you didn't think when I inevitably found out you might lose me?"

"And like you're always honest with me, Lena?" Kara argued, bristling a little. "You didn't tell me about Sam. I had to find out about that on my own."

"That was Sam's secret, though, not mine," Lena reminded her. "She asked me not to tell anyone. And need I remind you that she told me about herself within weeks of knowing me? It didn't take me walking in and discovering it for myself two years later."

"Still," Kara insisted. "Can you honestly tell me there's nothing you've ever hidden from me?"

Lena tried to retain eye contact, but she couldn't, not with the shame that bubbled inside her. So, she looked to the hands still folded in her lap, knowing Kara had a point. There were many things she hadn't shared with the other woman, one of which being that she did possess Kryptonite. She'd figured out how to create it. And now she knew why Kara was so afraid she might have it. It wasn't
just because it was the one thing that could stop a Kryptonian. It was because of the idea Lena might want to destroy her.

"You've got me there," Lena muttered. "I guess I've treated you pretty unfairly, considering."

Kara shook her head. "Lena, you're entitled to your feelings, and I'm sorry I hurt them, but you're not exactly perfect, either."

"I'm aware," Lena answered and ran a nervous hand through her hair. "But I'm working on it. And if you'll have me, I'd like to give this friendship another try." She looked to Kara shyly.

Kara's face lit up in her first smile in over a week. It sent a warmth flowing through her, and she loved the familiar feeling it filled her with. She hadn't gone that long without smiling since first arriving on Earth. Kara's face without a smile was a rare sight, and she was just glad her muscles could remember how to.

"Of course," she said quickly, and she finally gave into the urge she'd had since the brunette entered her apartment and wrapped her arms around her friend. "I'm so, so sorry," she apologized again.

Lena leaned into the hug, inhaling the familiar and comforting scent of honey and vanilla that was Kara she'd missed over the past few days. "I'm sorry, too," she said as the blonde released her.

"No more secrets from now on. I promise," Kara assured her with a sunny smile.

Lena paused, her mind flashing back to her vault with pounds upon pounds of Kryptonite safely tucked away. Her insides churned at her own hypocrisy, but she choked it down and plastered on a smile of her own.

"No more secrets," she agreed. And she meant it. She would tell Kara the truth… Just not yet. She would do it once there was no longer anything to worry about, once she had those damn rocks destroyed. She silently vowed to start doing so first thing in the morning.

Kara continued to beam. "Gosh, I'm hungry all of a sudden. I haven't eaten hardly anything since…” she paused awkwardly, glancing at her friend. "Well, it's been a while. Did you have any plans? I can cook, and we can watch movies."

Lena smiled, excited by the idea of getting back to some normalcy between the two of them. "I could eat. What're you cooking for me?"

"I just got a waffle maker I'm dying to try out," Kara said, eyes shining at the idea.

"Breakfast food?" Lena asked with an amused shake of the head. "Kara, it's dinnertime."

"Which is the best time for breakfast," Kara said, nodding enthusiastically. "Haven't you ever heard of breakfast for dinner, Brinner? We used to have it all the time when I moved in with the Danvers."

Lena looked at her skeptically. "Uh, no. Our chefs never did that in the mansion."

"You're gonna love it, trust me," Kara assured her before hopping off the couch and heading to the kitchen to start cooking.

Lena watched her go, thinking about what Kara had said beforehand. When she “moved in with the Danvers.” Lena had always known Kara was adopted, but she'd never thought it could be because
she'd come from another planet. Now she had a million questions about her friend, realizing how much she didn't know. But she wanted to find out. Now that she knew there was so much more to Kara Danvers than met the eye, she wanted to find out everything.

Alex stared at her phone, frowning slightly a text from Kara. It had said Lena had come over and they'd talked things out, so she didn't need to sleep over anymore. Alex wanted to be happy about it; after all, she'd been the one to push Lena to make up with her sister in the first place. But something still unsettled her.

She'd gotten a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach after speaking with Lena. Earlier that afternoon making up with Kara seemed to be the last thing on the CEO's mind. Lena was still so angry that Alex could practically feel the anger coming off of her in waves. Yet somehow Lena had pushed aside that anger and done what Alex had told her to do, which was talk to Kara.

Now Alex didn't know if that was a good or bad thing. She wanted to believe it was good, but she'd seen a darkness inside Lena that frightened her. She'd always known Lena had it inside of her, despite what Kara wanted to believe. She was a Luthor, after all. Even if she the best of them, that family had a way of bringing out the worst in people.

But how bad was Lena's worst? What was Lena really capable of? Lena could do great things when she set her mind to them. She'd been the one to figure out how to save Sam, working around the clock to find a cure when Reign had taken over. She'd proved herself an ally then and a lover of aliens, not holding Sam's heritage against her. So that was why it hadn't made sense to her when Lena pushed Kara away so readily. It appeared as though Lena had come around, though, and forgiven Kara for omitting the truth.

A part of Alex wanted to believe that was the end of it, that everything would be sunshine and roses from now on. Lena knew Kara's secret, she was okay with it, and she wasn't going to tell anyone. At least that was what she said, and that was now that she and Kara were friends again. But what happened if they had a fight, Lena got angry again, and spilled the secret out of spite? The idea of that happening terrified the older Danvers. She had to make sure that didn't happen.

After showering at the DEO after her training session Alex went in search of Winn. He'd been staying late recently to work on the new armor he was still perfecting. When he wasn't in his normal chair at the computers she checked the lab, and she was happy to find him there, bent over an armored chest piece. He didn't hear her come in, too absorbed with his work. It wasn't until she cleared her throat that he registered her presence, jumping slightly at the intrusion.

"Alex," he said when he saw her, hand going to his chest to place over his now fast-beating heart. "Please don't sneak up on me like that. You know I startle easily," he said crossly.

"Sorry," she said with a sly smile and ran a hand through her still-wet hair. "Got a minute?"

"Sure," Winn said, nodding. He grabbed a stool and took a seat, staring at her expectantly.

"It's about Kara," Alex began. She crossed the room and stood near him, leaning against the table he'd been working at and folding her arms across her chest. "Lena found out she's Supergirl."

Winn's eyes widened. "What? When? How?"

"A week ago," Alex answered. "That's why we cancelled game night. Lena walked in and saw the Supergirl suit on the ground, saw Kara without her glasses, got mad and stormed off."

"Okay, a couple of things," Winn began, "first, what was my suit doing on the floor? I specifically
told Kara to hang it up neatly at the end of the day. We need to respect the suit, here."

"Winn, I just told you a Luthor knows Supergirl's secret identity, and you're worrying about the suit?" Alex raised her eyebrows at him.

His cheeks flushed, and he muttered, "I worked hard on that suit." He pouted for a moment before a look of confusion crossed his face. "Hang on. This happened a week ago and I'm just now hearing about this?" He frowned, genuinely hurt. "I'm supposed to be one of her best friends."

Alex rolled her eyes. "And you couldn't figure out something was wrong with her for the past week?"

"I thought she was just on her period," Winn said with a shrug.

"No, Lena completely shut her out, and it crushed her," Alex said.

"So, is she our enemy now?" Winn asked, scratching his chin. "Is she planning something to hurt Kara? Do we know?"

"Not quite." Alex shook her head. "When I talked to her this afternoon she was still angry. But apparently since then she's gone over to Kara's apartment, and they've made up."

"Oh, okay," Winn said and sighed in relief. "So crisis averted." He looked to Alex for clarification, who only frowned in response. "Uh… Not averted?"

Alex hesitated for a moment before answering. "I don't know, Winn. I want to trust her, for Kara's sake, but I just feel like something's off."

"Want me to hack her computer, see if I can find anything?" Winn asked.

Alex frowned again. Hacking Lena's computer seemed drastic. It was a total invasion of privacy, and at the moment there was no real reason to do it. She didn't exactly suspect Lena of anything, she just didn't trust her as much as she had a week ago. Plus, if Lena found out that could only cause more trouble. There was no guarantee that Lena would believe Kara wasn't involved, even if she wasn't. The last thing she wanted to do was make matters worse for her sister and give Lena a reason not to trust anyone at the DEO anymore. No, the whole plan just read "bad idea."

"Not yet," Alex said. "Stand down, agent." She grinned and hit him on the shoulder playfully.

"Roger that, boss," he said, smiling as well. "But let me know if you change your mind."

"Will do," Alex said, nodding and pushing off the table. "It's late, so I'm gonna take off. You should, too. You're no use to the DEO if you fall asleep at your desk… again." She gave him a pointed look.

"That happened one time!" he said defensively, frowning at his superior. "But yeah, I'm about to head out, too. Just gonna tidy up so the people who actually work in this lab don't bitch me out tomorrow."

"Good thinking," Alex said with a laugh before heading towards the exit.
Lena began work on destroying the Kryptonite immediately the next morning. She cancelled all of her appointments and meetings for the week and focused on overseeing the project personally. At the end of the day she would go home and shower and change in case any leftover meteor rock dust was left on her. Then she would head over to Kara's for dinner and movies, sometimes not even watching the film, talking throughout the night instead. It was as if they felt they needed to make up for lost time after the week they spent apart.

Lena never let on what she was working on at the moment. She knew that technically Kara knew she'd figured out how to make Kryptonite because she'd told Supergirl. But that had been months ago, in the middle of their fight against Reign. They'd left things very tense, Supergirl demanding Lena destroy every bit of the rocks she had and turn over the formula. She hadn't agreed, at the time not trusting Supergirl in the slightest. She didn't see the hero much after that, and she never followed up on it. So Lena never got rid of it because at the time she hadn't felt she owed Supergirl anything.

Kara had never asked her about it because that would have exposed her as Supergirl. But now that it was all out in the open she still hadn't brought it up. And Lena was thankful for that. She didn't know if what she was doing now could be considered a lie or simply omitting the truth. After all, was it really a lie if Kara had known about it, if they'd had the conversation, whether Lena had been conscious that it was Kara or not? She didn't know if Kara would see it that way.

But that was all before Lena knew Kara was Supergirl. And while she questioned the reporter's loyalty at first she did know deep down that Kara was a good person. That's what helped her to make peace with all the animosity that had gone down between her and Supergirl. Now that she knew the blonde symbol of hope and peace was none other than her best friend, she no longer questioned the hero's character. She remembered she did know Kara Danvers, at least the important things about her. She didn't know every little thing, but one thing remained true, and that was that Kara never stopped showing up for her. Kara defended her and stood by her when no one else would. Kara wanted to believe in her, and by creating synthetic Kryptonite she'd made the blonde question her character. But Kara didn't run away from her after that. She continued to be her friend, despite having seen Lena's darkness firsthand finally. She still thought there was good in her that was worth searching for, and Lena honestly couldn't remember the last time she felt loved unconditionally like this. Not with Jack Spheer, nor with James Olsen. Not even from her father, and he was very vocal about the fact that she was his favorite. No, the last time she'd felt loved like this she'd been very young, hardly old enough to remember.

So, she had to destroy every last bit of Kryptonite. And as soon as that was done she had to tell Kara she'd done it. Because she didn't know if Kara remembered after all that went down with Sam, Reign, and then Mon-El leaving again. It had been a whirlwind couple of months. And she wanted to clear the air, because she and Supergirl had not left things on good terms. If she and Supergirl weren't okay, then she and Kara weren't okay. And she didn't think she could lose Kara again. It had taken nearly everything out of her, missing the light Kara brought to cut through Lena's darkness. Kara was the one thing that kept her from slipping into it, from giving into the Luthor side of her that whispered treacherous thoughts in her ear at her weakest moment.

So, that Friday when Dan picked her up outside of her building on the way to the lab for the last bit
of cleansing, she finally began to feel a weight lifting on her shoulders. By that time tonight she would be at Kara's once again, eating crappy takeout and watching movies, hopefully drinking wine, and then maybe Lena could be bold enough to tell Kara the Kryptonite was gone once and for all. She just had to finish destroying it first.

Just because Alex didn't want Winn to hack Lena's computer didn't mean she didn't still want to keep tabs on Lena. And it was no one's concern at the DEO's except hers and Winn's. So, that was why she'd enlisted her nerdy friend on her mission to follow Lena. It worked because Winn already had the van he and James used when they were on Guardian detail. Alex still wasn't too fond of them doing that and was glad to put the vehicle to better use.

She and Winn had been getting up at the ass-crack of dawn every day and arriving at Lena's building before she got in the car to go to work. On the first morning Alex expected them to go straight to L-Corp, but she was surprised when the car they followed brought them to the location that held Lena's lab and vault. Alex got a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach and wanted to storm in immediately, but Winn reminded her that they didn't have anything concrete yet. If they just rushed in with no provocation, especially now that she and Kara had made up, there was no way things could end well. So, she stayed put, watching and waiting for Lena to do something suspicious.

To Alex's dismay every morning they went back to the lab, never to L-Corp. By Friday Winn knew the route by heart and didn't even have to follow Lena's car to know where they were headed. Each day it was the same. Lena would get picked up, they would drive to the lab, Lena would enter the building, and she didn't leave, not that Alex and Winn saw. They couldn't stay all day, both needing doing real work at the DEO. But from seven a.m. until noon Lena was in her lab, that much Alex knew.

As noon approached on Friday Alex's anxieties had not been eased. They'd been following Lena all week and so far, they had nothing other than she was a workaholic. She could be working on anything in that lab of hers, good or bad. Alex still didn't know. She could almost scoff at herself. She was director of the DEO, she's been on a case for a week, and she had nothing to show for it. At this point she felt like firing herself. If this was any other person, any other threat, she would be pulling out all the stops to nab her suspect. But Kara being involved gave her pause. She wondered what her sister would say if she knew Alex was following her best friend.

At twelve on the dot Alex leaned over and shook Winn awake. He jerked forward, stopping mid-snore. The man looked around with tired eyes, yawned, and stretched.

"What'd I miss?" he asked.

Alex rolled her eyes. "This is why we keep you behind a computer most of the time. You'd never survive in the field."

"In my defense, you've been making me wake up really early," Winn said with a whine. "Besides, it's not like anything was happening."

"You wouldn't know," Alex commented.

"Did anything happen?" He raised his eyebrows at her.

"No," Alex said with a frown and a sigh. "Let's just head back to the DEO."

Winn nodded, shook his head to rid the final traces of sleep from his brain, and put the car in drive.
As they rode back to the DEO Alex weighed out her options. She could keep up tailing Lena and continue getting nowhere, she could give it up altogether, or she could do what her DEO training told her to do and stop looking at Lena as someone she knew and started looking at her as a real suspect and let Winn hack her computer. None of the options she'd presented herself with seemed like the right one, and by the time they reached the DEO she still hadn't figured out what she wanted to do.

Shortly before four in the afternoon Lena and her scientists had finally finished wiping out the last of the Kryptonite. She smiled as she watched the last of it evaporate into dust. She felt a satisfaction knowing she'd done the right thing, rather than hoped and prayed she had, like she felt about most of her projects. She ignored the frowns of her scientists as the last of their hard work went up in smoke. They had fought her tooth and nail when she said she wanted to get rid of the thing they'd been working on for over a year, but in the end, she was the boss and they did what she told them. They grumbled and glared as they watched her transfer the formula onto a flash drive before wiping it from the computer. She could hear them muttering insults about her under their breaths as she left the lab, but she didn't care. They could be mad all they wanted. It was her money funding the research, and she had the liberty to do with it as she pleased.

She felt lighter on the way to L-Corp, like she was floating. It was a good feeling, and the only thing that tainted it was reminding herself that she still had to have the conversation with Kara about what she'd been up to all week. But she would cross that bridge when she came to it. There would be plenty of time to be anxious about it later, when she was actually in the presence of the constantly happy woman. Until then she had literally hundreds of emails waiting for her, which she'd not had a spare moment to glance over. She was sure her company was on its way to slipping into chaos, but now that she could refocus on projects that would benefit both her company and the world, she was sure she could get things back on track in no time.

She felt bad for Ashley, though. Cancelling all of her meetings and dealing with the blowback of those cancellations had completely fallen on her assistant. Ashley had called her several times, sounding near tears because some big-shot asshole had the nerve to take out his frustration over being rescheduled on her poor assistant. So, on the way into the office she stopped and grabbed a dozen cupcakes at one of her favorite bakeries, hoping the treat would somehow make up for her assistant's hell of a week.

When she approached Ashley's desk, pastry box in hand, she was thankful she'd bought the cupcakes. She was sure it was the only thing that kept Ashley from throwing herself at Lena and hugging her. Lena liked Ashley, but they weren't at the touching part of their relationship yet. So she was glad to have a buffer, and Ashley was so happy about the desserts that she thankfully forgot all about giving Lena a too-familiar greeting. Ashley rushed out thanks as she opened the box and gazed inside at the cupcakes.

"You're welcome," Lena said with a smile. "Thanks for holding down the fort. I know it's been a crazy week. Things should get back to normal soon." She moved to walk into her office but was stopped by her assistant standing up and clearing her throat.

"You should know," Ashley said quickly, embarrassment and discomfort crossing her features, "there's someone in your office."

Lena blinked at her, not sure she'd heard right. "Someone in my office?"

"Yeah," Ashley said, nodding. "He showed up this morning and said he wanted to meet with you. I told him you weren't meeting with anyone at the moment, but he insisted. He sat out here waiting all day, staring at me. It was weird. When you called to say you were on your way back I just let
him go in and wait. I hope that's okay."

Lena stared at her, flabbergasted. "Uh, it's not. Ashley, no one is allowed in my office without my permission, especially not when I'm not here." She shook her head, frustrated. Just when she'd thought Ashley was doing a great job, this happened. Maybe she'd been premature to buy the cupcakes. "Who is he? What does he want?"

"He said his name's Dunleavy," Ashley said with a shrug. "He said he has a project he thinks you might be interested in."

"Dunleavy?" Lena stared at the woman. "I've never heard that name before in my life. Who does he work for?"

"He said he works for himself," Ashley said.

"Ashley," Lena hissed. "You can't just let any random person walk into my office. They have to have a reason to be here, credentials." She glared, disappointment filling her chest. "You should have just called security."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Luthor," Ashley said quickly. "I don't like confrontation." She pointed to Lena's office door. "Should I send him away?"

Lena sighed. "No, I'll see what he wants," she said. "But I'm leaving the door open, and I want you to keep your ears open. First sign of trouble you call security. Do you hear me?"

"Loud and clear," Ashley said.

Lena fought the urge to roll her eyes. Ashley meant well, but she seemed to lack the basic understanding of how this world worked. Everyone was a threat unless proven otherwise, something Lena repeated over and over in her head as she entered her office.

A man stood at the sliding glass door looking onto her balcony. He wore a tailored suit that looked new, and his stance was confident, she noticed, even though his back was to her. She cleared her throat to make her presence known, and he turned to meet her gaze. He was slightly older than her, handsome, with a chiseled jaw and honey-colored short hair. He had dark brows, intense eyes, and a lopsided smile. She'd never seen this man before in her life, but something about him seemed familiar. It made the hairs on the back of her neck stand up and her pulse quicken, but she couldn't pinpoint exactly what was about him that unsettled her.

"You must be Lena," he said in a deep, gravely voice. He offered a smile, and Lena felt her stomach churn. "My name's Lucas Dunleavy." He walked forward, extending his hand.

Lena took it hesitantly, not liking how forcefully he pumped her hand up and down or how tight his grip was. When he finally let go she let her hand drop and tried to nonchalantly wipe her palm on her skirt. He caught the action, though, and instead of seeming bothered by it his smile seemed to widen.

"Mr. Dunleavy, I'm sorry to tell you, but I'm not taking appointments right now," she said, though she wasn't sorry at all.

"Your assistant said that, but I think you'll make an exception," he said cockily and plopped himself down in one of the chairs in front of Lena's desk.

She rolled her eyes and went to sit behind her desk, wanting to use it as a physical barrier between her and the strange man sat in her office. "Oh, really?" she asked as she dropped her purse at her
feet. "I find that hard to imagine."

He smirked. "Take a look inside there," he said, pointing to a folder on her desktop.

She looked down at it, surprised. She'd seen it but had just assumed it was something Ashley had put there for her to look over when she got the chance. Now she took the folder in her hands and opened it, her interest piquing. Inside were crudely drawn blueprints for what appeared to be a weapon. She looked over the documents, her eyes never leaving the pages in front of her. After a few minutes she heard the man huff impatiently.

"Well?" he asked.

"These look like schematics for a weapon," she said, closing the folder and setting it back on the desk. "What makes you think that's something L-Corp would be interested in?"

"Call it a hunch," Lucas said, gazing at her with those intense eyes. "You're a Luthor, after all."

Lena bristled at his words. "And that makes me someone who advocates for the creation of more weaponry?" she asked, shaking her head. "Mr. Dunleavy, if you bothered to do your research on me before you came in you would know that I have taken L-Corp in a new direction." She sat up straighter, hoping to show she wasn't intimidated. "We no longer make anything that can be used as a tool for destruction." She slid the folder across the desk towards him. "Besides, your weapon won't work. It's missing a key component: a power source."

"Which is where you come in," he said with a sly smile. "This gun was designed to be powered by Kryptonite. And word on the street is if you need Kryptonite, you call Lena Luthor."

She froze at his words, her insides seeming to turn to ice. She tried to tell herself to play it cool, that he couldn't possibly know anything tangible. After all, her making Kryptonite wasn't public knowledge in any way. Only a select few people knew, people who either wouldn't tell for personal reasons or because they didn't have the clearance to do so. There was no way his assumption could be backed up with anything, regardless of the fact that up until an hour ago he was right.

"I don't know what 'street' that is, but it appears it's a dead end," Lena said evenly, hoping her words and her demeanor didn't betray her. "I do not possess Kryptonite." And that was finally the truth.

He stared at her for a moment, his smile finally faltering as it was replaced with a frown. He seemed to be sizing her up, and Lena had to force herself not to squirm under his gaze.

"Guess not all Luthors are the same after all," he finally said. He grabbed the folder off her desk and stood, glaring at her. "My mistake."

"Yes, it was your mistake," Lena said, smirking at the man as she finally felt she had the upper hand. "So, if you're done wasting my time, I have a lot of work to do."

He continued to glare for a moment longer before turning on his heel and storming out of the office. Lena watched him leave, glad she didn't have to call security after all. From the moment she walked into her office she felt bad vibes coming from Lucas Dunleavy, and even after he left she still felt his presence hanging in the air and making her skin crawl.
In case you haven't figured it out yet, this is gonna be a slow burn.
Kara sat in her apartment waiting for Lena to arrive. Two wine glasses sat on the kitchen table with a corkscrew sitting next to them. A bottle of Lena's favorite white wine was chilling in the fridge. She sat in the quiet of her still loft, listening to the sounds of the world around her. The sounds of National City floated in through her open window, and a soft breeze blew her curtains back and forth slightly. Sometimes she liked to just listen to what was going on out there. A dog barking, children laughing, birds chirping. It could be so peaceful.

The sound of the elevator pinging in the hallway caught her attention. Next she heard heels clicking followed by a heart beat accelerating slightly. She got up and went to her door, opening it to reveal Lena standing there, her hand poised to knock. Her mouth hung open slightly in surprise. Kara smirked at her before standing back to let her in.

"What, were you watching for me with your x-ray vision?" Lena asked as she walked inside and set her bag on the counter.

"I heard you coming," Kara explained while closing the door.

"So you were listening for me with super hearing?" Lena quirked an eyebrow. That was interesting, to say the least. She was still adjusting to the idea that Kara had powers, but she had to admit she was definitely coming around.

"Not for you, specifically," Kara said, her cheeks turning a soft shade of pink. "More like listening to the world in general." She went over to the fridge and retrieved the bottle of wine, bringing it over to the island. "If I'm paying attention I can tell who's coming because of the sounds they make."

"You can tell people apart by sound?" Lena stared as Kara opened the wine. "How in the hell do you do that?"

Kara smiled slightly as she poured out the drinks into the glasses. "Not everyone, just people I know." She handed Lena a glass before continuing, "Like Alex has really light, quick footfalls because she always walks with purpose. Winn kind of shuffles his feet, and Mon-El had a spring in his step so he'd land a little harder with his right foot." She shrugged and took a sip of wine.

"What do I sound like?" Lena asked interestedly as she raised her glass to her lips, staring at Kara over the rim as she drank.

"Well, your heels are usually a dead giveaway," Kara said with a laugh.

"Betrayed by my incredible fashion sense, figures," Lena quipped.

Kara smiled, shifting her gaze to the countertop. "And everyone's heart sounds a little different, too, beats a little differently. Yours starts out steady at the elevator but always speeds up a little as you reach the door. That's really how I know it's you."

Lena stared at her, trying her best to keep her expression neutral. The quickening of her pulse as she neared Kara was always something she noticed but tried to ignore. It wasn't something she'd felt for many people in the past, only one man she'd ever dated and a handful of girls she'd had flings with.
during her university days. Any person she'd ever felt that way around always ended up hurting her in some way, things always ended badly. That was why she couldn't stand that her heart insisted on thudding against her ribcage any time she was around the blonde. It wasn't just when she came over to Kara's, it was any time they approached each other. She just hoped Kara hadn't noticed that as well, though she probably had.

"So, you know the sound of my heart, basically?" Lena asked in a soft voice.

Kara nodded slowly. "I guess I do."

She finally looked up to meet Lena's gaze, and the intense blue of Kara's eyes made Lena want to melt inside. She felt that damned heart of hers go into double time, saw Kara's brow crinkle slightly, and she knew that she was listening, that she heard. Lena quickly lifted her wine glass and downed its contents before reaching for the bottle and helping herself to a second glass.

"Take it easy, there," Kara warned as Lena lifted the glass for another sip.

Lena stared at Kara pointedly over the rim as she drank then lowered it, licking her lips. "Why do you drink wine, by the way?" Lena asked, desperate for a subject that might take Kara's attention away from her drinking habit and the obnoxiously loud organ in her chest. "Does it even have any effect on you?"

"No," Kara admitted with a small smile. "But I figured it would help me look normal, so I developed a taste for it."

"You've never been drunk?" Lena asked, frowning slightly. "Bummer."

"Well, I have been drunk once," Kara said, blushing a little. "There's an alien bar that has stuff that affects me, and Mon-El got me drunk before."

Lena blinked rapidly and set her glass on the countertop. "Okay, I need to see this." She grabbed her purse. "Take me to this bar, now."

"Lena, no," Kara said, shaking her head. "What if something happens and the city needs me? I'm no use to National City if I can't even fly straight."

"I see your point," Lena said with a nod. "But this city also has Guardian, J'onzz, and your badass sister to protect it. I have faith in them. Don't you?"

Kara felt her resolve crumbling. "You're a bad influence, you know that?"

"I'm aware." Lena smirked. "I'm a Luthor, after all. But that also means I'm an expert drinker. I won't let you get too sloppy. I promise."

Kara rolled her eyes. "Okay, but you owe me."

"Uh, with the amount of times you've saved my life I already owe you," Lena reminded her. "But I can start by paying for drinks tonight. And getting us a car there and back."

"Deal," Kara said, smiling.

Dan asked Lena several times if she was sure they were in the right neighborhood. The alien dive bar Kara brought them to was not in an area he would have ever thought he'd drop off a woman of her caliber, but Kara insisted they were right where they needed to be.
"Don't worry, Dan, Kara's like my own personal body guard," Lena said with a smirk and a sideways glance at the woman beside her. "She's a lot tougher than she looks."

He pursed his lips and looked at them over his shoulder. "Call me if you need me. I'll park and come inside to escort you out."

Lena was taken aback but honestly touched at his concern for them. "I think we'll be fine, but I'll let you know."

He nodded and unlocked the doors. Kara opened her side and slid out, holding the door open for Lena. Excitement buzzed inside Lena's chest as they walked inside. She never thought in a million years she would go to an alien bar, but here she was. She knew she should feel a little scared because of her family reputation for disdain for any species other than human, but she also knew that Kara wouldn't let anything happen to her. It was kind of adorable how protective her friend was of her and her honor.

The bar was surprisingly ordinary, to Lena's slight disappointment. It was just another dive bar. The only difference was the patrons varied between humanoid and other-worldly. She caught a big, burly alien with purplish skin and a horn looking her up and down with cold eyes. She reflexively grasped Kara around the bicep and stood closer to her. Kara fought the shiver that threatened to run down her spine as goosebumps appeared on her skin. She shot the purple alien a glare as they passed on the way to the bar. Kara grabbed a couple of drink menus from the holder and handed one to Lena.

Lena looked it over. "So I'm guessing Super Specialty Cocktails is the stuff for you, then?" she asked with a smirk. "I think you should get a Heat Vision, whatever that is."

"Mon-El used to like those," Kara said with a frown. "He said it was kind of like Fireball."

Lena wrinkled her nose. "Oh, god, then no. That's just asking for a bad time." She cringed just thinking about the cinnamon flavored alcohol.

A bartender with blue skin and black eyes walked up. She smiled at them and leaned on the bar. "Anything I can help you with, ladies?"

"Yeah, what's a White Martian?" Lena asked, gesturing to the name on the menu.

"It's kind of like a White Russian, but with shit that'll kill a human," the bartender smirked. "But it'll give an alien a nice buzz."

"Okay, one of those." Lena took the menu from Kara's hand and put it and hers back in the holder. "And I'll take a glass Jameson, neat."

"Coming right up." She made the drinks and slid them across the counter.

Lena held out her credit card. "Can I open a tab?"

"Sure."

Kara and Lena made their way across the bar and settled into an open booth. Kara stared at the drink in front of her. Lena sat across from her, watching with a smirk.

"It's not going to bite, Kara," she said before taking a sip of her whiskey.

Kara looked up at Lena with a playful glare. "I'm aware." She sighed. "I just can't believe I'm doing
"What's so bad about it?" Lena asked. "I'm not asking you to get obliterated drunk. And if you really don't want to do it, then don't. You're a big girl, Kara. You can make your own decisions." She paused, shrugging. "I just don't see anything wrong with it. You're an adult, you're responsible, you're not driving anywhere. Drinking can be fun and enjoyable when it isn't abused or used as a coping mechanism. But don't think you have to do this. I know I pushed you to bring me here, but if you're not comfortable, please tell me. I would never make you do something you didn't want to do."

Kara's face softened. "No, I'll be fine," she said with a small nod. "I think I deserve a night off." She smiled a little before reaching for her glass. "So, how do we do this?"

"First we toast." Lena held up her drink. "To us, our friendship, and the future."

Kara clinked her rim to Lena's. "Cheers." She brought the drink to her lips, then hesitated. "Last time I chugged it and was drunk within seconds. Do you think I should just sip this?"

Lena stared at her in amazement. "I don't know whether to be jealous or feel sorry for you when it comes to your tolerance level." She shook her head. "Sip it. Pace yourself. And don't feel like you have to finish it. We're not trying to get you super fucked up. I just want to see you loosen up a little." Hopefully that would soften the blow when Lena told her about the Kryptonite.

Kara nodded and sipped lightly. She swallowed and let the drink slide down her throat. It warmed her stomach and she felt the tenseness in her shoulders ease. Lena raised her eyebrows and stared at her expectantly.

"Well?" she asked.

"I'm not drunk, but I think I'm tipsy," she said with a lopsided smile. Her cheeks were becoming rosy as the drink made its way through her system.

"It works that fast?" Lena was astounded. "Okay, don't drink anymore for a little bit." She smirked as she held up her glass. "Let me catch up. God knows I need it after the week I've had." She tilted her head back and slammed the whiskey, despite having warned Kara to go slow. But Kara was a lightweight. Lena could drink most men under the table. She waved for the waitress to bring her another. It would be needed to proceed with the segue she'd just created. "Actually, there's something I've been wanting to tell you."

"What is it?" Kara asked, sitting up a little straighter and focusing her attention on Lena.

The waitress appeared with Lena's whiskey and took the empty glass. Lena waited until she was out of earshot to speak.

"So, do you remember when I told you, as Supergirl, I'd made Kryptonite?" She couldn't look at Kara any longer, her eyes going to her drink. She ran her finger along the edge of the glass absently. "And you told me to get rid of it?"

Kara was silent for a moment before letting out a heavy sigh. "You didn't get rid of it, did you?"

Lena winced and said hurriedly, "Not right away, no." She dared to meet her friend's gaze, discovering Kara watching her carefully. "But I finally did throughout the course of this week. It's all gone as of this afternoon."

Kara stared at her, her face free of emotion. She seemed to be holding her breath. "What made you
"Let's just say since finding out your secret I've been seeing things more clearly," Lena said carefully. She took yet another swig of whiskey to help her get the courage to continue. "You've been the only person in my life to ever make me feel like I belonged outside of the Luthor world, or has defended me when everyone else believed the worst. But mostly because you've never lost faith in me, and I wanted to show you I have faith in you." She reached into her purse and pulled out the flash drive with the last copy of the formula for Kryptonite. "This is the formula you requested." She slid it across the table.

Kara picked it up, staring at it in wonder. Then she closed her fist around it and crushed it. The pieces fell onto the tabletop, and Kara watched them scatter. She grabbed her drink and held it up for another toast.

"To fresh starts," she said with a small smile.

Lena hesitated. "Wait… So, you're not mad at me from keeping this from you?"

"I mean, I knew about the Kryptonite before. Nothing in our last conversation led me to believe you'd done as I asked." Kara shrugged. "But I can't tell you how much I appreciate that you did that for me. The fact that you did and you're telling me now, that just proves that I was right about you."

"Right about what?" Lena asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"That you're a good person, that I can trust you, that you really are my friend," Kara listed, smiling.

"That's right, I'm your friend," she said softly, casting her eyes downward.

Kara lightly tapped Lena's foot with hers under the table. "Hey, come on, let's toast," she said as Lena rolled her eyes good-naturedly and picked up her own glass.

"Fine," she said, once again touching the rim to Kara's.

Lena downed the rest of her glass while Kara only took a sip. It was enough, though, and she felt the familiar sensation of floating, just like the last time she'd drunk. She set her glass down and giggled. Lena watched her, finally starting to feel the effects of the whiskey herself.

"How do you feel?" Lena asked.

"Like I'm flying," Kara said with a dopey smile. "Lena, lemme tell you something," she said, leaning forward and resting her elbows on the table. "You, you're a good egg. And don't let assholes tell you you're not." She squinted her eyes and held a finger to Lena's face. "You are a fierce queen. Own it."

Lena fought the urge to smile, but it was no use. It spread across her face as she blushed at Kara's words. "I think you're officially drunk now, Kara." She reached out and grabbed Kara's drink, moving it away from her, noting it was still half full. Two sips and Kara was drunk. That had to be a record. "I think that's enough for you."

"You're the boss," Kara said and held up her hands. Her eyes focused on something over Lena's shoulder and her eyes lit up. She began waving enthusiastically. "Alex! Hey, Alex! Over here!"

Lena turned to see—wouldn't you know it—Alex standing in the doorway of the bar. She wore jeans and a faded t-shirt with a leather jacket over it, her hands in its pockets. Alex's eyes narrowed,
and Lena could feel the glare of the red head boring through her as she approached the table.

"What have we here?" she asked suspiciously. Her eyes darted back and forth between her sister and the CEO, sizing up the situation.

"Nothing," Kara said quickly with a dismissive wave of the hand. "Just two friends, hanging out. Having girl talk," she slurred her words slightly, and Lena saw Alex tense.

"Are you drunk?" the DEO director asked.

"Apparently," Kara said with a laugh.

Alex looked at Lena accusingly before placing a hand on Kara's shoulder. "I think we should get you home."

Kara shrugged her off. "I'm fine, Alex. I didn't even have a whole drink. Lena wouldn't let me."

"She's right, I didn't," Lena jumped in. She knew Kara was an adult and Alex didn't have a say in her life, but Lena still wanted to older woman to like her. She had a feeling, though, getting Kara drunk didn't make her look good.

"Oh, so you only got National City's best defense slightly drunk?" Alex said harshly.

"She's a person," Lena reminded her.

"I know that," Alex said quickly, angry that Lena would insinuate she thought anything else. "But she's got responsibilities that others don't, and she can't afford to not be at her best."

"You drink all the time," Kara said, frowning at Alex. "You're the DEO director. You have responsibilities, too."

"Well, she's not wrong," Lena agreed. "And you're not wrong, either. About Kara needing to get home. I'll close out my tab and have my car take her."

Lena stood from the booth and went over to the bar area. As she waited for the bartender to bring back her card and sales slip her eyes roamed across the room and settled on the Danvers sisters. Alex had slid into the spot Lena had been occupying. They seemed to be arguing, and Lena wished she had super hearing like Kara did so she could know what it was about.

As soon as she got her card back she signed the receipt, leaving a generous tip, and returned to the table. Kara and Alex ceased speaking immediately and the blonde planted on a smile to replace the frown she wore while in discussion with Alex.

"Ready to go?" Lena asked.

"Yup." Kara hopped up from her seat and linked her arm with Lena's.

Alex stood as well. "Kara, I can take you—"

"I already told you no," Kara said with tone of finality in her voice, leading Lena to believe that was what they'd been arguing over. "I want Lena."

Lena felt a warmth spread through her at the way Kara worded her statement. She wanted her. She'd been told she'd been wanted before, but the way those people had said it made it clear they meant her body. I want you her boyfriends would say as they grabbed her hand and tried to place it on the front of their pants. It always made her feel dirty and cheap. But not when Kara said it.
Because it wasn't from a place of lust or personal gain. She wanted Lena in the most innocent way possible, merely as company. It touched her but also made her feel hollow. Because a part of her wanted Kara to mean it the other way, even if she hated when other people said it to her in the past. Because she knew that Kara would never see her as simply a sexual object, even if their relationship would cross into that territory.

Lena stopped her train of thought there. No, that was somewhere she couldn't allow her mind to roam.

When they got to Kara's building Lena went up with her to make sure the woman got in okay. Kara didn't need her help to walk, so thankfully Lena's plan to make her go slow had worked. Once inside Lena tried to leave, but Kara grabbed her lightly around the wrist.

"No, stay," she insisted.

"Dan's waiting for me," Lena said.

"So? Text him and tell him to go home." She smiled and slid her fingers from Lena's wrist, to her hand; she laced their fingers together. "We can have a sleepover."

Lena stood rooted in the spot, her mind not able to focus on anything but Kara's hand in hers. Kara had no idea what she was doing to her, how hard it was to know she should pull away but not be able to bring herself to do it.

"Okay," she heard herself saying.

Kara beamed and dragged her through the curtained area where her bed and dresser were. Lena sat on the bed and typed out a text to Dan explaining she was spending the night as Kara rooted around for clothes to wear as pajamas. When Lena was done with her text Kara handed her a pair of gray sweatpants and a faded blue shirt.

"I'll change in the bathroom," Kara said and hurried into the only other room in the apartment with her own clothes in hand.

Lena changed quickly and folded her clothes, setting them neatly on a chair in the corner. She turned when she heard the bathroom door open, and Kara stood there in a pair of plaid pajama pants and a red tank top. Her hair was now finally out of the bun she'd had it in all day, falling in messy ringlets over her shoulders. She'd also removed her glasses. Lena stared at her, reveling in how beautiful Kara could be, even when she was dressed for bed.

Kara went over to the bed and climbed under the covers. She threw back the comforter on the other side of the bed and patted it, looking to Lena expectantly. Lena had to remind herself to breathe and prayed Kara wasn't listening to the sound of her heartbeat at that moment because it felt like it was nearly beating out of her chest.

She settled onto the bed, and Kara turned off the lamp on the bedside table, only moonlight now illuminating the room. Lena allowed Kara to pull the covers up over her. A memory of her mother tucking her in when she was little flashed through her mind, and she painfully realized this was the first time someone had tucked her into bed since her mother's passing. She bit her lip to fight the sadness that threatened to grip her. She could hardly ever think about her mother without crying, and she didn't want Kara to see her in that state.

"This is my first sleepover with a friend," Lena admitted in an attempt to start a conversation that could distract her from the sound of her mother's laugh now ringing in her ears. She'd technically
had sleepovers with the people she slept with when they didn't leave afterwards, but this was different.

"Really?" Kara asked and turned onto her side so she was facing Lena. She rested her elbow on her pillow and leaned her head on her hand. "Not even when you were a kid?"

"Nope," Lena said, shaking her head. "I never really had friends to invite me over, and no one wanted to come to my house. The one time I had a friend over for a playdate Lex said or did something while I was in the bathroom that made the little girl cry. Karen was her name. She told everyone at school, and after that people avoided me." She frowned. "No one would tell me what she said happened. I still don't know what it was, but I also don't want to imagine what it could have been."

Kara reached out a hand and took Lena's, giving it a squeeze. "Well, I am honored to be your first sleepover."

Lena felt her face flush, and she tried not to enjoy the softness of her friend's hand or the way their fingers intertwined just right. "Me too."

Kara stared at her for a moment, a small smile on her face. Lena resisted the urge to reach out and stroke Kara's face, to brush her fingertips against her smooth cheek and plump lips. She'd always been attracted to women, and she'd even had a girlfriend once. But she'd never had a friend, so she'd never had the opportunity to be attracted to someone who was supposed to be a platonic companion. Most of the people she dated satisfied a physical need, and she was fine with that because she didn't know how to be emotionally close to anyone. But she'd let Kara get closer to her than anyone, ever. It was a friendship she'd never expected, but now couldn't stand the thought of losing. She'd just gotten Kara back. She didn't want to risk complicating things by adding feelings to the equation. That couldn't end well. She would just have to keep forcing them down, like she had been since the moment she met the blonde. And maybe if she tried hard enough the feelings would go away.

"Lena, were you in love with James?" Kara asked suddenly.

Lena nearly choked on her own spit. She cleared her throat and finally pulled her hand from Kara's. "Love is just an illusion of a hopeless heart," she said hoarsely, hoping the darkness of the room would hide the frown she couldn't stop from making its way to her face.

"Care to elaborate?"

"I don't know, I heard it in a song," Lena said with a sigh. "But it seemed right, so I never forgot it."

"Do you really think that?" Kara asked slowly. "Have you never been in love?"


"You think?" Kara frowned. "Lena, love is a pretty distinct feeling. It's hard to miss."

"Well, we're not all as in touch with our feelings as you," Lena quipped. "I don't know if I'm even capable of love. Maybe that's an emotion I just can't feel." She turned her head away from Kara and stared at the ceiling. "Maybe I should just stop trying."

"Lena, no," Kara said forcefully. "Love is beautiful and wonderful, and it's worth searching for." She rested a hand on Lena's shoulder, and her voice turned softer as she went on, "You deserve to know what it's like to feel love and be loved in return."
Lena tried not to break. She tried to keep her walls intact, so she couldn't feel the wave of emotion that threatened to wash over her. But with Kara in such close proximity, speaking so tenderly to her, it was almost too much.

"I'm tired," she mumbled. "Goodnight, Kara." And with that she turned over, putting her back to the other woman.

"Goodnight, Lena," was Kara's soft reply.

Lena bit her lip and felt a tear rolled down the side of her cheek. She willed herself to stop so her makeup wouldn't run. That would surely stain the pillow, and then Kara would know she'd been crying. And Kara couldn't know, because then she'd ask what was wrong. And Lena didn't want her to know just how damaged she really was.

Chapter End Notes

I know, Alex is starting to get annoying. She's got some character growth to go through. Give her time.
I started making Supercorp fan videos and showed one to my friend (who has never watched Supergirl). She asked if Lena and Kara were really together, and when I told her no she goes, "What the hell? You made me think they were. I'm pissed."

Thought that was funny and that I'd share.

Alex sat in the bar, knees bouncing nervously as she sipped her beer and waited for Sam. The brunette CFO was running late, and Alex was killing time by calming her nerves with booze. Kara was right, she was a hypocrite. But the fact didn't make her slow her drinking. Instead she ordered a second and was half finished when her friend finally appeared in the doorway. She quickly made her way over to the booth Alex was seated in, the same one she'd found Lena and Kara in a hour previously.

"Looks like I have some catching up to do," Sam said, nodding to the empty bottle that accompanied the one Alex was currently drinking. She slid into the booth across from her and frowned at the other woman. "Rough day?"

"Rough week," Alex said, chuckling darkly as she took a swig.

Sam frowned and quickly looked around from the waitress. They locked eyes, and she walked over to take Sam's order. Alex took that opportunity to order another beer, and by the time the waitress returned with Sam's vodka cranberry and Alex's third drink of the night, Alex had just finished polishing off the second.

"Okay, tell me about your rough week," Sam said as she picked up her drink and stirred it with the tiny straw.

Alex sighed heavily. "I can't, that's what's the hardest part. There's certain things going on at the DEO that you don't have the clearance to know," she said, referring mostly to Kara's secret identity. She didn't want any of the other agents, or even J'onn, to know that Kara's identity was known by Lena. The only person she had to talk to about it was Winn, and he had no personal opinion of Lena one way or the other. She needed to talk about it with someone who knew Lena a little better, and knew Kara, but she also couldn't reveal the Supergirl secret. It hurt her head just thinking in circles like that, but she couldn't stop. "It's all very complicated. You wouldn't understand," Alex said, and she took another sip of beer.

Sam frowned. "Alex, I was hunted by the DEO," she reminded her. "I have an alter ego that has murdered dozens of people, including my adoptive mother." She narrowed her eyes at the woman across from her. "You don't have to tell me anything specific, or everything, just give me what you can. Maybe it'll help you work it out." She sipped her own drink, staring at Alex expectantly over the rim. When she pulled her glass away she licked her lips. "What do you have to lose?"

Alex sighed, giving in. "Fine." She rubbed her finger up and down through the condensation on the
bottle in her hands, trying to figure out where to start. "So, Lena and Kara got in a fight, and even though they've made up now I'm still having a hard time trusting Lena."

"Okay," Sam said with a nod. She placed her elbows on the table and leaned on them. "What was the fight about?"

Alex lowered her gaze and rubbed the back of her neck awkwardly. "See, this is where it gets complicated... I can't tell you."

Sam stared at her, a knowing smile twitching at the corners of her mouth. "Does this have anything to do with a certain heritage Kara and I share?" she asked, quirking an eyebrow.

Alex's head shot up, her eyes wide. "Keep your voice down," she chastised, looking around to see if anyone was listening in.

"There's music playing, we're the only ones in a booth instead of at the bar, and everyone in here is too drunk to care what we're talking about," Sam said. She smirked at Alex's paranoia. "So, I guess I'm right, then?"

"You can't tell anyone, Sam," Alex said lowly. "If the wrong person finds out—"

"I know, it would be bad," Sam cut her off, nodding. "Trust me, I get it." She let out a small laugh. "Although, it's not a very good disguise, is it? I mean, glasses? That's it?"

"Look, I know," Alex said, holding up her hands. "I've told her before, believe me. But she said if it works for Superman it could work for her, and so far it has... Mostly." Alex smiled. "She didn't fool you, obviously."

"It took me a minute, but I got there," Sam shrugged. "If I can be Reign and not even know it, I realized the people around me could also be something extraordinary." She paused to drink from her vodka cranberry before continuing, "Once I started looking at it that way it wasn't hard to figure out. I mean, they're the same height, they're both blonde, and literally all of the people Kara hangs out with work at the DEO." She laughed lightly. "To be honest, I'm a little surprised more people haven't figured it out by now."

"It took Lena finding the Supergirl suit and seeing Kara without her glasses to finally put it together," Alex said. "And she has several PHD's, so you should feel proud of figuring it out on your own when she didn't." She lifted her beer to take a long chug.

"That's just because Lena's so blinded by her love for Kara she never allowed herself to see it," Sam said dismissively.

Alex choked on her beer, and it dribbled down her chin. She pounded herself on the chest, coughing as Sam held out a napkin. "Thanks." Alex took it and wiped her chin. "Lena's not in love with Kara, Sam."

"Oh, please," Sam said with an eye roll. "Have you ever been in the same room with the two of them? Kara is literally the only thing she sees. If there was an academy award for most stolen glances Lena would win it."

"But Lena's not gay," Alex stammered. "She's dated men."

"Didn't you at one point, too?" Sam challenged, squinting her eyes at the DEO agent. "And don't tell me you're one of those lesbians who doesn't believe in bisexuality. That's incredibly narrow-minded and exclusionary."
"It's not that," Alex said quickly. "I just didn't peg her for anything other than straight."

"Well, considering it took you 'til your late twenties to figure out that you're gay, I don't think you're the best judge," Sam joked. "Open your eyes, Danvers. The world's not as heteronormative as you think."

Alex stared at her for a moment, frowning. "Has she told you she's in love with Kara?"

"She doesn't need to," Sam said, shaking her head slightly. "I told you, it's obvious if you're actually looking. You don't want to see it because Kara's your sister, and you don't like Lena, even after all the shit she went through to save me last year."

"It's not that I don't like her," Alex said. "I just don't trust her."

"Why?" Sam challenged. "Because Kara's an alien, and she's a Luthor? Because she didn't care about my origin when I needed her help. She did everything in her power to save me."

"I know," Alex said with a sigh. "It's just…" she trailed off, choosing to instead drain the rest of her beer.

"It's just because it's Kara," Sam said and nodded slightly. She reached out and grabbed Alex's hand that wasn't clutched around her bottle. "You'll always worry about her, even if there's the slightest chance Lena could turn out to be like the rest of her family."

"She's my best friend," Alex said, her voice cracking a little as tears welled in her eyes. "After I've lost Maggie and my dad—again, I can't lose her, too." She looked up at Sam as hot tears tracked down her cheeks. "She is the best part of me, and I can't stand the thought of anyone taking her away from me."

"I understand," Sam said and squeezed Alex's hand comfortingly. "But I think she's the best part of Lena, too, and after everything she deserves a chance to prove that to Kara. And to you." She smiled gently. "Does Kara trust her?"

"Of course she does," Alex said and wiped at her tears with the hand that wasn't holding Sam's. "It's Lena. You know how Kara is when it comes to Lena."

"Rose-colored glasses," Sam agreed. She saw it, and Sam was about seventy-five percent sure that Kara felt similarly about Lena, like Lena did about Kara. But she wouldn't tell Alex that. Not yet, anyway. Not if she wasn't sure. "Then I guess you just have to trust Kara, and that means at least trying to trust Lena." She searched her friend's face. "Can you do that?"

"I don't know," Alex admitted.

"Do you trust me?" Sam asked.

"Yes," Alex heard herself saying immediately.

"Okay, well I trust Lena," Sam said, finally letting go of Alex's hand and bringing it to her glass. "So trust me, Alex. Lena would never do anything to hurt Kara. I'm positive." She lifted her drink and downed the rest of it. "Now, buy me another drink."

"I'm buying you a drink now?" Alex raised her eyebrows.

"Yes, and then I'm kicking your ass at pool." Sam flashed Alex a playful grin as she waved over the waitress.
Alex stared, her mind reeling as Sam ordered herself another vodka cranberry and for her another beer, without Alex even having to ask. When the waitress brought their drinks, Sam grabbed hers and slid out of the booth. She motioned for Alex to follow as she began walking to the pool table. Alex momentarily watched her walk away before getting out of the booth to chase after Sam.

Lena woke up first the next morning, looking around curiously before the events of the night came back to her. The drinking, the sleepover, trying and thankfully succeeding in not crying herself to sleep. She turned over, towards the sounds of soft snoring from the woman next to her. Lena's lips curled into a lopsided smile as she looked upon Kara, looking so peaceful and angelic Lena wanted to take a photo so she could remember the way she looked forever. But that would be creepy, and that wasn't something Lena felt comfortable doing without Kara's permission.

But that didn't mean Lena couldn't lie there and stare at her for a little while. She watched the way Kara's lips parted slightly as she took in tiny wisps of breath and the way her chest rose and fell with her breathing. She studied her face, finally devoid of glasses around her as Kara, not as Supergirl. She'd always had a little bit of a crush on Supergirl, too, and now she was thankful she'd never mentioned it to Kara. Her bisexuality was never something she voiced aloud, it was something she simply acted on. First it was drunken make outs with girls at the few parties she attended during college, one of which resulting in a girl going back to her apartment with her and introducing her to the joy of orgasming. She'd slept with a few guys beforehand, but none had gotten her there. But the first girl she slept with got her there, multiple times.

She remembered how surprised she'd been as her toes curls and her back arched the first time it happened. She'd cried out, not caring that her neighbors could probably hear her through the paper-thin walls. She couldn't hold back a single sigh, moan, or scream, and she hadn't wanted to. For the first time she'd felt alive, liberated.

As she stared at the blonde sleeping beside her now she couldn't help wondering what sounds Kara made in the throws of passion, what her name would sound like being screamed from that beautiful mouth.

Lena bit her lip and looked away, somewhat ashamed. These thoughts were fine about someone who was a potential partner, but not a friend. It betrayed a confidence, and Lena felt guilty. She knew she wouldn't be comfortable with a friend she wasn't interested in staring at her and thinking X-rated thoughts. She didn't want to be that person. But staying in bed would be too tempting not to keep watching Kara sleep until the woman woke up and caught her.

But she also couldn't bring herself to go home. It's vacancy and absence of warmth didn't appeal to her in the slightest. It was nothing like being at Kara's apartment. Lena always felt good here; it oozed with Kara's positive energy and the light she brought to every room. Even if being with Kara shredded her heart bit by bit, it was still her favorite place to be.

Her bladder forced her out of bed and into the bathroom. She shut the door quietly to not wake Kara, and when she was done she washed her hands in the sink, glancing up at herself in the mirror. She frowned at her reflection, and she wished she'd taken off her makeup before going to sleep. All she needed was to breakout now.

She borrowed a washcloth from the cabinet and scrubbed her face before depositing it in the hamper. She used the scrunchy around her wrist to tie up her hair in a high ponytail and gazed at herself in the mirror. Well, at least she didn't look like a racoon anymore without makeup smudged around her eyes. She still hated the way she looked without makeup, though. Her ivory skin seemed too white to her, her eyes felt sunken in without eyeshadow to make them pop, and her lips were too pale for her liking, preferring her signature red lipstick. But she didn't have makeup at
Kara's. And she couldn't run home to get any. She would just have to go without, though she felt naked and vulnerable without her cosmetics to be used as a mask of perfection and poise.

Slipping out of the bathroom, she saw Kara had not stirred. If anything she was sleeping harder than before, now stretched out across the whole bed since Lena wasn't there to take up the space. Lena smiled as she crossed the room and passed through the curtain to the living area. Her head still felt heavy and foggy, like it tended to after a night of drinking. Caffeine was desperately needed, and Lena went in search of it. In the second cabinet she checked she found the coffee and took out the bag.

She set a pot to brew, yawning as it slowly dripped. While she waited for that she went over to the fridge and peeked inside. Kara had all the essentials for breakfast: eggs, bacon, bagels, cream cheese, butter, jelly, even a can of biscuits. She settled on eggs and bacon, pulling them out and setting them on the counter. She tried as carefully as she could to get two pans out of the cupboard without making noise. Thankfully Kara was insanely organized when it came to her kitchen, and they slid out with ease. She scrambled eggs in one pan while cooking bacon in the other. The smell of coffee mixed with the smell of the food, and her mouth began to water. She hadn't realized how hungry she was until she started cooking.

Kara's eyes fluttered open at the sound of movement in her kitchen. Her head panged slightly at the brightness of the light streaming in through her curtains, and she wanted to close her eyes again. But thankfully she wasn't feeling sick. At least there was that. Instead her mouth was just dry, and her body felt like lead.

It took everything in her to get out of bed and follow her nose to the kitchen/living area. She stopped in the doorway just past the curtain when she saw Lena in her kitchen making breakfast. It wasn't that she was surprised to see her, she did remember that she'd slept over. It was the way her heart leapt to her throat seeing Lena standing there, in her kitchen, in her clothes, with no makeup on, that made her pause. It was so domestic, and not something she ever envisioned seeing Lena do. It sent a warmness through her chest, and she found herself thinking she wouldn't mind waking up to that sight every morning.

Lena glanced up and startled when she saw Kara standing there watching her. She set down the spatula and placed her hand over her heart.

"Kara, you're going to give me a heart attack," she said, her cheeks flushing. She sent her a playful glare. "I didn't hear you come in. Are you part ninja now, too?"

"Not that I know of," she said, her voice gravelly and thick with sleep. She sniffed the air and smiled lazily. "Coffee?"

Lena nodded. "Should be done now." She looked to Kara expectantly. "Where are your cups and plates?"

Kara pointed to the second and third cabinets on the bottom and sat down at the kitchen island, surprised Lena was taking care of her and making herself at home but not minding one bit. She watched as Lena bent down and retrieved mugs for them both, the shirt she'd been loaned by Kara riding up slightly as she leaned forward to expose the creamy smooth skin of her lower back. Kara couldn't bring herself to look away until Lena straightened and turned to place the mugs in front of her.

Kara kept her eyes trained on the stream of coffee going into her mug and continued to stare into it well until Lena had added milk and sugar and stirred it for her. She peered into the murky drink,
noting that Lena made it just how she liked it without having to ask. She sipped it happily and let its warmth consume her, sooth the scratchiness in her throat. Lena set a plate of eggs and bacon in front of her along with a fork before sitting down with her own plate and silverware.

"You didn't have to make me breakfast," Kara muttered shyly, but picked up her fork nonetheless as stabbed at her eggs.

"And you didn't have to drink with me last night," Lena said, smirking at the woman beside her. "I figured you'd be hungry when you woke up, and I knew I was. So, I just made myself at home." She eyed Kara carefully, trying to gauge her reaction. "I hope that's okay?"

Kara nodded enthusiastically, and she swallowed her mouthful of eggs. "Absolutely… Holy crap, Lena." She gestured to the eggs. "These are really good. I thought you weren't a breakfast person?"

"I just said I'd never had breakfast for dinner," Lena said. "But brunch, oh we rich people love brunch. It was a staple in the Luthor household on Sunday mornings." She shrugged as she picked up a piece of bacon. "As for the quality of my eggs, they are nothing special. You are simply hungover, possibly even still drunk." She smirked. "How long do the effects of alien alcohol last, anyway?"

"I think it's out of my system," Kara said with a sigh. "But I'm for sure hungover. I'm actually surprised I'm eating and keeping it down. Last time I couldn't stop puking."

"Told you I wouldn't let you get sloppy," Lena said with a wink before popping the bacon into her mouth.

Kara blushed and looked down to her plate. She pushed some eggs around with her fork absentmindedly, seemingly lost in thought. Lena watched her, detecting something was going on beneath that crown of golden hair. She opened her mouth to ask if everything was alright, but stopped when Kara turned to her once again and stunned her with those beautiful blue eyes. Lena shut her mouth instantly, her question dying on her lips as her mind went blank at the intense curiosity that Kara was looking at her with.

"How do you know how I like my coffee, Lena?" Kara asked.

The brunette almost laughed. "What?"

"You made my coffee just the way I like, without me having to tell you," Kara said. "How?"

"Kara, we've had coffee together dozens of times," Lena said with an eye roll. "I've heard you order enough to know how you take your coffee."

"Yeah, so did Mon-El, but I always had to text him my order so he wouldn't forget, and half the time he still got the wrong thing," Kara said, frowning at the memory of the man whose absence both saddened and relieved her. "I didn't think you payed that much attention, honestly."

"It's coffee with a little milk and ton of sugar," Lena said, letting out of a soft chuckle. "Not hard. Besides, it suits you. It's light and sweet, like you." She held up her own cup for comparison. "Unlike me, who enjoys her coffee just like her life: dark and bitter." She sipped before setting it down.

"That's not true, Lena," Kara said softly. She reached out and took Lena's hand. "You are good, and you are bright. I wish you could see that about yourself."

Lena looked down, unable to keep the blonde's gaze any longer. Her fingers burned in Kara's
grasp, and she had to pull them away because Kara's hand felt too good in her own. She cleared her throat and reached for her mug again.

"We should eat before this gets cold," she said before lifting the rim to her lips.

Kara nodded and picked up her fork again. Lena didn't dare look at her, but from the corner of her eye she could catch Kara stealing glances at her. Her heart thudded in her chest, and she hated knowing that Kara probably hear it. God, she couldn't even be around her now with the peace of mind that at least Kara didn't know how much her heart betrayed her when they were around each other, because Kara could know. She could hear it every moment her tell-tale heart's pace quickened, like it was doing at the moment. She just prayed that Kara wasn't listening.

But she was. She always was.

Chapter End Notes

If you want to watch my videos my YT name is xxMusicxSpazzxx (Gimme a break, I was like 15). They're not like super amazing, but I have fun with them, and that's what matters.

Until next time,

-LS
Forgiveness

After they were finished with breakfast Kara got up to start cleaning the kitchen, but Lena quickly reprimanded her, insisting to let her do it. Kara protested at first, but when Lena hit her with a pointed look that shook her right to her core she shut her mouth and went to sit in the living room instead.

She turned on a random episode of *Friends* and tried to watch it, but she kept turning her head to watch Lena shuffling around her kitchen instead. She couldn't help it. Kara had never seen Lena without at least a little makeup before, and her natural beauty stunned the blonde. And she didn't know what it was about the sight of Lena in her clothes that made her heart flutter, but instead of confusing her it sent a warmness through her, settling in her chest.

After Lena put the last dish in the drying rack she turned to catch Kara staring. The blonde's head quickly snapped back to the TV, and when Lena sauntered over she noticed her friend's cheeks had gone a delicate shade of pink. She bit her lip and tried to push down the hopes she had anything to do with it as she sat beside Kara on the couch.

"What're you watching?" Lena asked, looking to the screen and trying to recognize the program. "*Friends*?" She wrinkled her nose. "I tried to get into this, but Ross is so annoying I couldn't make it past a couple of episodes."

"We don't have to watch this," Kara said quickly. She picked up the remote and paused the show. "What do you want to watch?"

"I don't really do television or movies," Lena admitted. "That's why I usually just let you pick."

"We don't have to watch something," Kara offered. "What do you want to do?"

Before Lena could answer, Kara's phone began to vibrate and ring loudly from beside her on the couch. Alex's name flashed across the screen along with her picture. Kara quickly hit the deny button and locked her phone. Lena looked at her curiously, but the reporter ducked her head.

"Is everything okay with you and Alex?" Lena asked. "Last night you two seemed really tense, and it looked like you were arguing."

"Just normal sister stuff," Kara said with a dismissive wave of the hand. "She was just being her typical overprotective self because I don't normally drink. Nothing to worry about." She quickly plastered on her trademark sunny smile. "So, what do you want to do today?"

Lena tried to fight the smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth. But Kara was looking at her so earnestly that her resolve crumbled, and she found herself beaming. "We've spent every day together this week. You're not sick of me yet?"

"No," the older woman said while shaking her head before casting her eyes to her lap shyly. "Are you sick of me?"

"No," Lena said, somewhat surprising herself by how quickly she answered. She had always seen herself as a lone wolf, someone who found comfort in solitude. But ever since meeting Kara she'd started growing accustomed to allowing herself to find solace in people as well. And it was so much more fulfilling and rewarding than being alone. Now she hated her apartment because it felt confining and draining instead of like home. Home was a feeling she felt more around the people in her life who made it worth getting up every day, like Sam and Kara… Mostly Kara. "I don't think I
could ever get sick of you, to be honest," she admitted, biting her lip at the vulnerability she suddenly felt.

"Me either," Kara said happily, causing Lena to release her lip and smile. "In fact, you can stay over again tonight." The blonde flushed slightly. "If you want to, I mean."

Lena was so tempted to say yes. It was extremely endearing that Kara wanted to keep spending time with her. Most people couldn't wait to get away from her, but Kara couldn't seem to let her go. It was also maddening because the CEO knew it would do nothing to help with her crush that she was so desperately trying to get over. All this affection her friend was showing her made her stupid heart start to try to trick her brain into feeling like Kara might have underlying feelings for her as well. And that was something she couldn't allow herself to even start to believe, even the slightest bit. Because if she didn't then Lena didn't think her heart would ever recover.

She knew she needed to be strong, to stop giving into her obsessive need to be around Kara and force herself to break whatever hold the blonde had on her. After all, there was life outside of Kara. It just wasn't nearly as filling as being with the person sitting next to her.

"I think I should probably get going," Lena said reluctantly, earning a frown from the blonde. "I need to look over some stuff for work," she explained. "Now that I've destroyed all the Kryptonite I need to get back to focusing on a project for the good of man and alien kind alike." She frowned slightly. "Just as soon as I figure out what that is."

"We could swing by your place and get whatever you need," Kara said quickly. "You can do work here, and I'll just read quietly. Then when you're done we can go to dinner or something."

Lena stared at her, wondering where all of this was coming from. Kara had never so blatantly insisted they spend this much time together before. "Kara, is something wrong?"

Kara's brow furrowed. "No, why do you ask?"

Lena hesitated and folded her hands in her lap, staring down at them nervously. "It's just... No one's ever wanted to spend this much time with me, ever. Let alone you." She looked up to meet the other woman's gaze. "Why?"

Kara stared at Lena for a moment, frowning as she thought over what to say. She wasn't entirely sure herself. All she knew was that ever since Lena found out her secret and accepted her she'd finally been able to tear down the wall she'd always kept up around the Luthor. It was nice to have someone new she could be herself around, and she felt closer to the brunette than ever. She knew eventually they would have to stop seeing each other so much as work returned on Monday and their lives undoubtedly became busy again. But it was the weekend, their chance to indulge on the things that made them happy. And being around Lena made Kara feel the happiest she had since Mon-El left.

"I'm just having a really nice time with you, and I didn't want it to end," she said finally. "I'm sorry if I'm being selfish. If you want to be alone, please don't feel like you're obligated to stay here."

"It's not that, I guess I'm just not used to people wanting me around this much," Lena said slowly. She rubbed the back of her neck self-consciously. "It's actually kind of nice to feel wanted." Even if it was just in a friendly manner. It made her feel a sense of belonging she'd never felt growing up, or even in her adult relationships.

"Well, I want you around, I swear," Kara said emphatically. She smiled hopefully. "So, will you stay?"
Lena's eyes locked with Kara's, and the brunette felt herself catch a breath. God dammit, what was it about the way Kara looked at her that caused her to question her better judgement? The blonde seemed to realize Lena's inner battle, so she gave her friend her best pout to sway her.

"Please, Lena?" Kara asked and batted her eyes.

"You're the worst," Lena said, looking away as her cheeks grew hot. "How am I supposed to say no when you're literally a Golden Retriever puppy?"

"I actually take that as a compliment," Kara quipped with a smirk. "But that sounded like a yes. So come on. Let's get your stuff." She stood and held out her hand.

Lena rolled her eyes and stared at Kara's hand for a moment before looking up to the woman's face. She tried her best to look annoyed, but the way the reporter beamed at her and raised her eyebrows expectantly made it impossible. She smiled in spite of herself and slowly reached out to take Kara's hand, ignoring the shiver the contact sent down her spine.

"Fine," she agreed with a sigh and allowed herself to be pulled from the couch. "I'll text Dan to come by and grab us."

"I have a better idea," Kara said, grinning mischievously. "You're not afraid of heights, are you?"

"Are you serious?" Lena said excitedly, immediately catching onto what Kara meant. "Why the hell have you been letting me get us a driver everywhere if that was an option?" She gently hit the other woman on the shoulder in a playful manner.

"I can't just fly literally everywhere whenever I want," Kara explained. "Plus, I can only do it as Supergirl. If people see Kara Danvers flying through the sky it might raise a few eyebrows."

"Are you sure you're feeling well enough?" Lena questioned, worry causing her brow to wrinkle slightly. "You were hungover earlier."

"I feel fine after eating and drinking coffee," Kara assured her. "I have really good metabolism. Trust me." She raised her eyebrows at Lena. "So, how about it?"

Lena's heart raced at the idea of flying high over the city, the wind in her hair as Kara's strong arms wrapped around her body. She licked her suddenly dry lips and nodded slowly. "Sure," she said. "You should probably change, then."

Kara smiled shyly. "I'll be right back."

As soon as Kara walked past the curtain dividing her bed from the rest of the apartment there was a knock at the door. Kara poked her head out and narrowed her eyes at the door, obviously looking through it. Lena was about to ask what she saw when the blonde groaned.

"It's Alex," she said in an annoyed voice. "I really don't want to see her right now." She frowned before continuing in a low voice, "Maybe if we're really quiet she'll think I'm not home and go away."

"Oh, no," Lena said quickly. "I was the one responsible for getting you home, so if she thinks I failed in that I'll have the DEO at my door before we can even blink." She grabbed Kara by the shoulders and began to push her towards the door. "Go. Talk to your sister. I'm going to put my clothes back on. Don't want National City to possibly see me in pajamas."

"Just borrow something clean from me," Kara said as she reached the door. Lena gave her a look.
"Do you really want National City to see you wearing the same thing two days in a row?" She sent her a mocking smile.

"I'm not that vain," Lena said, rolling her eyes. "But fine. If you insist," she agreed before disappearing behind the curtain.

Kara's stomach filled with butterflies at the thought of Lena wearing more of her clothes, and the idea that her clothes would probably smell like Lena afterwards. Another knock at her door brought her to her senses and her smile was replaced with a frown as she opened the door to reveal her sister. Alex's hair was a mess, pushed back by sunglasses sitting atop her head. She had dark circles under her eyes and her face seemed drained of color.

"Hey," she said softly. "Is someone here? I thought I heard you talking to someone."

Kara stiffened. She clenched the door tightly, reminding herself not to exert herself too much and break the wood. "Not that it's any of your business, but Lena spent the night. She's still here. We were just about to be on our way out."

Alex nodded, shyly looking to her black combat boots she loved to wear in and out of uniform. "I was hoping we could talk. I tried to call, but you didn't answer. I was already on my way here, so I just stopped by…"

"What if I don't want to talk to you?" Kara let go of the door to cross her arms over her chest instead.

Alex looked up, hurt flashing across her features. "Kara, we always talk things out." She brought up a hand to rub her temple, to soothe the dull pain that throbbed there because of one too many beers. She'd been out late with Sam, only waking that morning when anxiety over the way she'd left things with Kara forced her out of bed. "Can I just come in?" she pleaded.

Kara kept her expression neutral and said nothing but stood back to let her sister inside. Alex gave a small, appreciative smile, and walked inside while wringing her hands nervously. Kara closed the door and looked to her sister expectantly.

Alex looked around for the brunette CEO her sister had said was visiting but caught no sight of her. "Where's Lena?" the agent asked.

"Changing," Kara said.

As if on cue Lena walked out from behind the curtain adorned in a pair of Kara's jeans, a grey sweatshirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a pair of Kara's sneakers that were miraculously the same size she wore. Kara's gaze immediately locked onto Lena, who froze and stared back at the blonde. Alex watched the interaction curiously, narrowing her eyes slightly. Lena blushed and cleared her throat.

"Hi, Alex," she said, her eyes finally leaving the younger Danvers and darting to the older one.

"Hi, Lena," Alex said gently. "Mind if I talk to Kara for a sec?"

Lena nodded before turning to Kara again. "I'll just get Dan to pick me up and bring me home," she said quickly. "You can call or text me if you want to hang out later."

"No, Lena, it's fine," she said earnestly. "We'll just be a minute." She gave her a reassuring smile. "Why don't you go wait for me on the roof?"
"Okay, but no promises I won't fall off," she joked, but Kara sent her a worried frown, so she added, "I'm kidding." She smirked at the blonde before she sent Alex a farewell nod and headed for the door.

Alex waited for it to close before turning to her sister. "Kara, I owe you an apology."

Kara's face softened. "Okay," she said and went over to the couch. Alex followed and sat beside her. "I didn't think that's where this was going, but I'll take it."

"Where did you think this was going?" Alex asked as she leaned back into the cushions.

"I thought maybe you were here to lecture me about drinking again," Kara said. "Or try to tell me I've been spending too much time with Lena, like you did last night." She sent her sister a pointed look.

"That's what I'm here to apologize for," Alex said and sighed. "I know it's not fair, but I've always kind of put you on a pedestal in my head. You have always been the golden girl who never partied or stepped a toe out of line. You've always tried to do the right thing and see the good in people." She reached out and took Kara's hand in her own. "I've always admired that about you. And the fact that you've never needed drinking or drugs to have a good time or be yourself." She smiled a little. "You've always been stronger than me in that aspect. When J'onn found me I was one bad night away from getting hooked on some serious shit that I don't think I would have come back from."

"You're strong, too, Alex, just in your own ways," Kara insisted, giving her sister's hand a squeeze.

"Not like you," Alex said as her eyes welled and brought her other hand up to swipe at her eyes. "That's why I got so angry last night. The first time you got drunk it was funny, but this time, seeing Lena there with you..." She paused, shaking her head. "I'm not proud of the way I acted, or the way I've been so suspicious of Lena. I've been hiding something from you, and I feel like I should tell you."

Kara stared at her, shifting a little on the couch so she was facing her sister fully. "Okay?"

"I've been following Lena for a few hours each day every week," Alex admitted, earning a deep frown from her younger sibling.

"Alex, that's not okay," she said angrily, standing from the couch. "And what did you expect to find?"

"I don't know," Alex said, sighing. "After a week of just following to her lab every day, I still have nothing, or even know what I'm looking for. I have no idea what she's doing. Winn wanted to tap her computer, but I wouldn't let him go that far."

"Alex, you got Winn involved?" Kara let out a huff as she began pacing across her living room. She crossed her arms over her chest, fuming. "She's been destroying all of her Kryptonite ever since we made up, if you must know. That's what she's been doing in her lab all week." She shot a glare at her sister, who felt shame spreading through her chest at the fact that she'd been so wrong. "I can't believe you did this. Why can't the fact that I trust her be enough for you?"

"Because you don't see the world for what it is, Kara," Alex said, now standing as well. "You fight evil and treachery every day, yet you still want to believe there's good in everyone. But sometimes there isn't. Sometimes people are just bad, and that's how it is," she said, stepping closer to her sister and putting her hands on her shoulders to stop her pacing. "But that's one of the things I love
about you. And I would never change your heart and the person you are, because that is my favorite person." She squeezed Kara's shoulders gently. "I worry about you and the people you surround yourself with because try as I might, I don't have the same outlook as you. I am suspicious of everyone, and if I think anyone, anyone, might try to hurt you I will always do whatever it takes to stop that from happening."

"Lena would never hurt me, Alex," Kara insisted.

"Sam said the same thing," Alex said with a nod, finally removing her hands from her sister's shoulders. "She trusts Lena, and I know you do, too." She put her hands on her hips with a small sigh. "So if you two do, then I trust you, and by extension I'll try to trust Lena."

Kara stared at her for a moment. "Remind me to thank Sam for pulling your head out of your ass," she said with a tiny smirk before giving her sister a disapproving look. "I'm still mad about the stalking thing, though." Alex's eyes dropped in shame. "Just give me a couple days to cool off, okay?"

Alex once again nodded. "For what it's worth, it came from a place of love for you, not hate for Lena."

"I know," Kara said with a nod as well. "And that's why I'm forgiving you. I think we may just need a little space for the time being." She pulled at her fingers and shuffled her feet, thinking about the fact that Lena was still waiting for her on the roof, antsy to get to her. "You're still my sister, I still love you. I just… need a few days. But when I'm ready I'll call you."

Alex tried her best to swallow her disappointment, but she supposed this was better than screaming and fighting. "Don't wait too long," she said heavily.

"I never can," her sister said, smiling lightly. She opened her arms. "Come here, give me a hug."

Alex embraced the smaller woman, sniffing. That had gone about as well as she'd hoped. A part of her thought that Kara would hate her when she admitted to snooping on Lena. But another part of her knew that Kara wasn't capable of hate, not for anyone, especially not for her. But it was still a relief to hug it out when the blonde, and Alex felt a little lighter as she left Kara's apartment, like a weight had been lifted from her chest.

Lena looked over the edge of the roof to the street below, watching people as they went about their days. So far, she'd seen people nearly get into car accidents four times, watched a woman jog by while pushing a baby stroller, and curled her lip as a man let his dog shit on the sidewalk and didn't bother to pick it up. As he passed underneath Kara's building she had to urge to spit on his head but decided against it. What if she hit the dog by mistake? The dog didn't deserve that. Also spitting on people was kind of an asshole move, and she was trying to be a better person.

She contented herself with sneering at him long until he was past spitting distance. The sound a soft thud caught her attention, and she turned to see Kara walking towards her after having flown up and landing on the roof, now dressed as Supergirl. Lena noticed the way Kara's demeanor changed when she put on the cape. She no longer hunched her shoulder, instead throwing them straight back. She oozed confidence and calmed her seemingly endless fidgeting. With no glasses to constantly reach up and readjust she kept her hands resting on her hips. But mostly it was the look on her face that caught Lena's attention the most. It wasn't timid or shy; it fierce, her blue eyes shining with an intensity that nearly knocked the air out of Lena's lungs.

"Ready?" Kara asked as wind blew her hair back lightly. Lena nodded enthusiastically, and Kara's...
confidence cracked slightly. "I need to lift you… May I?" Lena nodded again, unable to trust her voice. Kara motioned her forward, and Lena stepped closer. The hero put one arm around Lena's back and the other under her legs, scooping her up. Lena linked her arms around the blonde's neck, trying to ignore the flipping sensation her stomach was giving though they hadn't even left the ground yet. "Hang on," Kara warned, and pushed off the roof.

They hovered above the building, rising slowly at first. Lena looked over Kara's shoulder at the ground, the people and the trees that lined the street growing smaller as they rose in the air. Kara paused when they cleared the height of the buildings, allowing Lena to take in the sight of the city. The brunette's eyes were wide with wonder. She'd seen the city from a skyscraper, plane, by helicopter, but this was different. This was a one-of-a-kind viewing experience not many people were lucky enough to get to say they'd gotten.

She finally took her eyes from the view and turned her head to face Kara, only to find that Kara had been watching her. Their faces were close, their noses nearly brushing. Lena's breaths began to come in small wisps, and she knew Kara could definitely hear her heart now; how could she not when she heard it, thumping and echoing loudly in her ears? She just hoped Kara attributed it to the altitude and not the proximity that was so tempting she had to force herself to close her eyes just to be able to think about something other than kissing Kara.

Lena felt her stomach lurch slightly as the wind picked up. She opened her eyes again to discover they were now moving. Kara's gaze was no longer on her, instead now trained in front of her as she flew them across the city. Lena tried to sneak glasses at Kara while she was distracted by flying, but she discovered if she moved her head too much and didn't look forward the whole time she risked getting motion sick. So, she begrudgingly gave up and looked ahead of her, she nor Kara saying anything for the remainder of the flight to her apartment.
Kara landed on the balcony of Lena's loft, and she set the brunette down gently. Lena quickly opened the sliding glass door and walked inside, Kara following behind her.

"You don't lock this?" Kara asked in a concerned tone as she slid the door closed.

"I never saw any need," Lena said as she crossed through her living room. "I'm twenty stories up. Who's going to break in all the way up here?"

"Lena, you should know by now that anyone who wants to badly enough will find a way," Kara said and crossed her arms over her chest, causing Lena to pause and look at her. "I just flew right on up. Anyone who can fly could, and not every flyer has good intentions like I do." She frowned. "They could also rappel down from the roof, or use some kind of technology to climb up the side."

"Okay, you've convinced me. I'll start locking it from now on." She smiled a little, loving how protective Kara was of her. "I'm gonna go take a quick shower while we're here. Make yourself at home." She pointed to a black cylinder device on the coffee table. "I have an Alexa and Amazon Music. Just ask her to play whatever you want."

Kara's eyes lit up as it went to the Alexa. She stared at it curiously, seeming to try to make up her mind what to listen to. Lena thought it was obscenely cute the way her brow furrowed as if she were making a life-or-death decision, rather than choosing something simple like a band or an artist.

Lena forced herself to leave Kara there, and she headed to her bedroom. Her bed sat in the center, perfect and untouched. Its white comforter was such a stark contrast from Kara's soft, multi-colored quilt. She suddenly hated everything about this room. It was boring and cold, devoid of anything that brought her even an ounce of comfort. She frowned the entire time she stripped down. She could feel herself shivering as she neatly laid out the clothes she'd borrowed from Kara on the bed. She rubbed the fabric of the sweatshirt between her thumb and index finger fondly, staring at the garment that held traces of Kara in every single stitch.

Kara, who was sitting in her living room waiting for her. The thought caused her breathing to hitch, and she bit her lip, finally letting go of the shirt and heading into the bathroom attached to her bedroom.

When she emerged from her steam-filled bathroom wrapped in a towel she felt like a new person. She didn't know what it was about taking a shower that always made her feel so pure. Everything about her felt clean, her lungs even felt clearer.

She went over to her dresser and got out a pair of underwear and a bra. Next she discarded the towel on the ground and dressed in her undergarments. She went to pull out clothes from the other drawer, but hesitated. Her eyes went to her bed, to the clothes belonging to Kara she'd worn on the way over. She went over and picked up the sweatshirt, bringing it to her face and inhaling the wonderful scent of honey and vanilla that was Kara. Wearing her sweatshirt had been like a soft, never ending hug from the woman whose touch she both craved and feared. It warmed her in more than just a physical sense. It filled her with a feeling of contentment and safety that spread through
her whole body.

She couldn't bring herself to put on her own clothes. So, she pulled the sweatshirt over her head and shimmied into the jeans. She did, however, put on her own sneakers (the one pair she owned that were usually reserved for working out). She retrieved a bag from the closet and put Kara's shoes inside, along with a couple of outfits for going out to dinner and to go home in the next day. She grabbed her laptop from her desk and deposited it in the bag as well, trying her best to wrap it in clothing to protect it during travel. Finally, she grabbed her makeup bag, deodorant, and toothbrush from the bathroom and packed those as well.

When she returned to the living room she heard the soft sounds of music mixed with the beauty that was Kara's voice as she sang along. Lena recognized the song as one by Cyndi Lauper but knew this was a cover. But it was soft, sweet, and the singer's voice was hauntingly beautiful, and Lena found herself enjoying it.

The sight of Kara swaying around the living room, her arms spread out around her with a content smile on her face, stopped Lena in her tracks. It was like time slowed, and all Lena could see was Kara, eyes closed in bliss and moving gracefully with the light from the wall of windows backlighting her perfectly. Her voice was so angelic Lena nearly thought she was dreaming, and the only thing that told her she wasn't was her heart suddenly hammering in her chest.

The song ended, and Kara opened her eyes to see Lena standing there watching her. She blushed furiously at her friend's gaze and looked to her feet shyly. But not before noticing that Lena had changed back into her clothes. The color on her cheeks only deepened at the realization.

"Alexa, stop," Lena said as the next song began to play. The device ceased playing.

"Sorry," Kara said quietly. "I got carried away. I love that song."

"It's completely fine," Lena said earnestly. "Your voice is beautiful, Kara. And that song was gorgeous. It's 'Time After Time,' right?"

"Yeah," Kara said, looking up from her red boots with a smile and a nod. "But it's a cover by a band called The Wind and The Wave. I heard one of their songs on an episode of *Grey's Anatomy*, and I loved it." She reached out and took Lena's bag from her hand and slid her arm through the straps. "I bought some of their music on iTunes, and I'm obsessed with them now."

Lena smiled at Kara's obvious excitement to talk about the band. It was so cute how genuinely enthusiastic the blonde got when she talked about something she loved. It made Lena melt a little that she wanted to share it with her.

"You'll have to play some more of their music when we get back to your place," the CEO said as she opened the sliding glass door and led them onto the patio.

"Okay," Kara said, beaming that thousand-watt smile in Lena's direction and causing her knees to go slightly weak. She held her arms open, and Lena climbed into them. Kara held her securely, felt the brunette's heart beating so rapidly in her chest it seemed to cause her whole body to shake… or was Lena just shaking? "You good?" she asked.

"Yeah," Lena said quickly. She plastered on a reassuring grin, and Kara nodded. Lena encircled her arms around Kara's neck as they lifted off, allowing herself to settle into the sturdy yet soft body of her best friend. The all-too-familiar butterflies returned, but she knew it had nothing to with the flight. It had everything with the woman who held her, who would never drop her, who would never let her fall.
But she had fallen, in a completely different way. She was still falling, deeper and deeper into the rabbit hole that was her feelings for Kara. Sooner or later she knew she had to hit the bottom, and she was afraid it would be the only time Kara wouldn't be there to catch her.

Over the next several hours they hardly left Kara's couch, only doing so for bathroom breaks or to refill the mugs of coffee from the second pot they'd made upon returning. Lena thrived on caffeine, and it helped her to power through the endless list of emails and reports she had to respond to. The band Kara played from her phone for her was wonderful, but she found it hard to pay attention to work because she wanted to keep listening. Also, it was equally hard to work with Kara sitting right next to her.

The blonde's head was dipped in concentration as blue orbs traveled back and forth across the page of the book she'd chosen. Lena smiled, realizing it one of *Harry Potter* books. She knew for a fact the reporter had read them all several times, but it was cute that she continued to go back to them. Lena had never read them herself and only seen the first movie, but something about the way Kara's face showed mixtures of joy, excitement, and amusement made her want to see what it was all about. She made a mental note to ask Kara to borrow the first one later and tried her best to regain focus on her work.

Somehow she managed to get a respectable amount done, and not a moment too soon, because by Kara's fourth cup of coffee her knees were bouncing up and down relentlessly. Lena looked up from her laptop to see Kara biting her thumbnail as her eyes scanned the page she was on. It was fucking adorable, and Lena needed her to stop because it felt like her heart was going to burst. Luckily closing and setting her laptop on the table caught the Kryptonian's attention, and she closed her book as well. She released her nail and smiled at Lena, raising her eyebrows expectantly.

"All done?" she asked hopefully as she paused the music on her phone and set it back on the couch.

"For tonight," Lena said with a small sigh. "I still haven't figured out a project, but I've at least finished responding to emails." She smiled, though it was a bit forced. "Small victories, I guess."

"Well, I think we should celebrate all victories," Kara said, standing from her seat. "I'm starved. Let's go to dinner."

"Okay," Lena agreed, standing as well. "Where do you want to go?" She placed her hands on her hips and gazed at the woman. "That new steak place finally opened. It's supposed to be booked, but the owner is an old family acquaintance, so I could probably pull a few strings and get us in."

"Sounds great," Kara said, smiling brightly. "I'll go change," she said as she padded across the living room. She'd changed back into her pajamas once they'd gotten back, and since the restaurant Lena mentioned sounded fancy she figured she'd need to be a little more presentable.

Lena called and tried to get a table, and luckily, she was able to get a table for a little only an hour later. As she was finishing the call and setting her phone on the coffee table Kara poked her head out from behind the curtain.

"I'm changed, so I'm gonna go in the bathroom and do my hair and makeup if you want to change in here," she offered with a smile before disappearing behind the multicolored fabric again.

Lena smirked, having a feeling Kara used her super speed to get changed. She couldn't have been on the phone for more than forty-five seconds.
She changed quickly and pulled her makeup bag from her suitcase. She used the full-length mirror to apply the product, and as she did she slowly started to feel like herself again. She so seldomly went without makeup she sometimes didn't recognize herself without it. It hid all her flaws and helped her feel more confident. Her favorite part, what she always did last, was apply blood-red lipstick to her plump lips. She loved it because it made her green eyes pop, yet still somehow drew attention away from her gaze, to her mouth. She found it was more comfortable than making eye contact sometimes, and usually enjoyed the brief break in it people's not-so-subtle glances caused.

As soon as she finished with her face she swept up her hair and tied it up with a rubber band. The bathroom door opened, and Lena caught sight of Kara in the mirror. She wore a simple black dress, and her hair was in a beautiful bun, not a strand out of place. When the CEO turned to look at her fully the blonde shifted her glasses on her face self-consciously. She had to note that Lena looked amazing as well, dressed in a skin-tight, bright red dress that showed off her collarbone and matched her lipstick perfectly. Her hair was also up, Kara's personal favorite hairstyle for the brunette. It showed off her strong jawline and kept her hair from obscuring her face.

"Do I look okay?" Kara asked, glancing down at the simple outfit she'd chosen. Her dress was nowhere near as nice as Lena's. Hers came from Target, while the CEO's was probably designer and one-of-a-kind.

"Okay?" Lena quirked an eyebrow. "Kara you look..." she paused, trying to find the right word. So many came to her: ravishing, incredible, breath-taking. But she didn't dare herself to say any of those things. "Perfect," she finally settled on.

Kara's face lit up with her trademark smile. "Thanks. So do you," she said and bit her lip.

Lena smiled as well at the compliment before nodding to Kara's bare feet. "Get your shoes on. I'll call Dan to come by and grab us."

Kara nodded and opened her closet, stepping inside and digging around for her heels. Lena went out to the living room to grab her phone, her own red heels clicking as she walked. She smirked to herself as she realized Kara was right, she couldn't walk quietly even if she tried with the shoes she wore on nearly a daily basis.

She quickly called Dan, immediately apologizing for calling him on a Saturday night. He assured her it was no trouble, and when she offered him double for his services he tried to turn her down. In the end, though, Lena forced him to stop arguing and accept her generosity. He finally agreed and assured her he wouldn't be more than fifteen minutes.

As soon as she hung up the call a ringing noise filled the room. Lena looked down at her phone curiously, but the screen was blank. She scanned the room but was unable to find the source.

"Kara, I think your phone's ringing, but I can't find it," Lena called out. She lifted a pillow and looked under it but didn't find it there, either.

Kara rushed into the room, skidding to a halt, somewhat wobbly on account of her shoes. She steadied herself and lowered her glasses, narrowing her eyes and x-raying the room.

"It's between the couch cushions," Kara said, pushing her glasses back up.

Lena reached in and low and behold, found the damn thing. She handed it to Kara with a playful smirk. "Remind me to call you next time I lose my keys."

Kara laughed slightly before glancing at the caller ID. She put the call on speaker as she began to
look around for her purse. "Hey, Winn. What's up?"

"Are you busy?" he asked in a hurried voice. "I need your help."

Kara immediately froze, her face becoming stony. "Is everything okay?"

"No," Winn said quickly. "There's a guy outside my apartment getting mugged, and you know I'm not good with physical altercation. Can you get down here?"

"I'm on my way," she said and hung up. She looked at Lena to see her staring at her. Crap. Their dinner. "Lena, I'm so sorry," she began.

"Don't be. Someone needs you," she said with a small smile.

Kara returned it appreciatively. "It's just a mugging. Should be quick. Go ahead to the restaurant. I'll meet you there."

Before Lena could argue Kara stepped out of her heels and sped behind the curtain. Lena literally blinked, and she was gone. She reappeared in seconds with her hair down, glasses off, and Supergirl suit now in place of her dress. She went over to the window and opened it.

"I'll see you soon," she told Lena before soaring out into the night.

The brunette watched her go, a fondness seeping through her chest. Sure, she was disappointed and worried it wouldn't end up being a simple mugging and that their night would be ruined. But she knew Kara had to go. And she loved the fact that Kara cared about people enough to drop what she was doing at literally any moment. The city needed Supergirl more than she needed dinner with her best friend.

When Kara arrived at Winn's she saw a man sitting on the sidewalk, nursing a bloody lip. Winn rushed out of the building as soon as she landed.

"He went that way," he said, pointing to the left. "Go, I've got him." He gestured to the man on the ground.

Kara nodded to him and took off again in the direction Winn had pointed. She caught up to the assailant easily. He was hard to miss since he was still wearing a ski mask and running away like a madman. She nearly rolled her eyes. If he had taken off the ski mask and walked like a normal person she wouldn't have suspected him. Sometimes they made it too easy.

She landed in front of him and he nearly ran into her, barely skidding to a halt in time. He glared at her through the eyeholes and pulled a knife. Kara looked at him amusedly as he advanced on her. He tried to plunge it right into her chest, but the blade shattered into pieces. He stared at her in disbelief.

"Really? It's like you've never heard of me or something," she said in a bored tone. "Girl of Steel. Remember?" The sounds of sirens approaching caught her attention, and she smiled. Good. She could unload this guy on the police and be on her way. "You're coming with me."

She grabbed him by the shoulders and spun him around quickly. She secured his hands and put them behind his back, then marched him back towards Winn's apartment. As soon as they arrived in front of the building a patrol car pulled up and an officer immediately jumped out.

"Officer, I believe this belongs to you," she said in reference to the criminal.
"Thank you, Supergirl," said the victim as the cop slapped cuffs on the mugger's wrists. The man was on his feet again, holding a handkerchief to his bloody lip. "And for you, young man. Thank you for calling Supergirl." He held out the bloody cloth. "Sorry about your handkerchief."

"Keep it," Winn said and took a small step back, away from the soiled piece of cloth being held out to him.

The cop put the perp in the back of the car and stepped forward, holding out a wallet and a cellphone. "Are these yours?" he asked the man.

"Yes, thank you," he said, taking them from the officer.

"If you don't mind, I need to take a statement."

"Of course."

The gentleman and the cop stepped off to the side, and Winn and Kara took that opportunity to walk away themselves. They went over to the entrance of the apartment building, and Winn turned to her with a sigh.

"Thanks, Kara," he told her. "Normally I'd call James, but, and don't tell him I said this, you're, like, way faster," he said quickly, bumbling his words a little bit. "And plus, he's on a date, and I didn't want to bother him."

"A date?" Kara asked, raising her eyebrows. She felt slightly angry. She knew he was single now, but recently so. "So soon? He and Lena broke up only about a month ago."

Winn shifted his weight from one foot to the other awkwardly. "Kara, I know you and Lena are friends, but so are James and I. He told me it had been over long before they broke up. So I don't blame him for getting back out there. Not everyone takes months to recover from a broken heart." He looked at her pointedly.

Kara's jaw tightened, knowing he meant Mon-El. When Winn had returned from the future Mon-El had stayed, opting to remain with his wife. Kara couldn't say she was surprised. She expected it the moment he left her again. But still, losing him twice cut her deep. Sure, she'd bounced back much quicker the second time, but the first time had been the darkest stretch of months in her adult life.

"I suppose not," she said evenly. "I gotta go."

"Kara, hey, I'm sorry," he said quickly, stopping her. "Forget I said anything. Look, wanna come inside? I'll order pizza. I feel like I owe it to you after ruining your night."

"You didn't ruin my night, Winn," she told him with a gentle smile. "Honestly, you did the right thing by calling me. You know I'm always Supergirl first." She began backing away. "But, that was literally the easiest bust of my superhero career, so thankfully my plans aren't ruined. I'm meeting Lena for dinner. Rain check on pizza?" she offered.

"Sure," he said with a small smile. "I'll see if the other Danvers sister wants my company instead," he joked.

"Good luck with that," she said with a laugh before turning and flying away. It wasn't until she was halfway home that she remembered that he'd helped Alex to spy on Lena, so if she was mad at her sister she should be mad at Winn by association. She grumbled to herself as she soared across the sky, making a mental note to have a talk with her friend later.
Lena arrived at the restaurant well before the reservation and decided to wait at the bar until either Kara showed up or the table was ready, whichever happened first. She sat at one of the empty stools and ordered a martini. As soon as it got to her she took out the olives and ate them. Then she took a hearty sip, not even wincing at the bitter taste because she’d grown accustomed it to over the years. The man to her left got up and left, and another man swooped in to take his place. Lena didn't even glance in his direction, just kept staring at the bottles of alcohol on the shelves in front of her. She hardly even noticed him until her turned to her and started speaking.

"Well, what a small world it is," the man said, raising bushy eyebrows and looking at her intensely, making shivers run down her spine and the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

"Mr. Dunleavy," she said as she set her drink down on the counter. "Of all the restaurants in National City." She grimaced and shifted on the stool in an attempt to put a little bit more distance between them. "What, are you stalking me?" she said it as a joke, but the enigma of a man sitting beside her gave her a bad feeling, and she wouldn't put it past him.

But he smiled, even laughed a little. "Of course not. It's merely a coincidence we're here at the same time." He paused, narrowing his eyes slightly. "Or, maybe it's fate. Maybe we were meant to meet up here tonight, so you could let me buy you a drink and tell you why you should reconsider taking on my project." He began to wave down the bartender.

"I already have a drink," Lena said quickly. "And you'd be wasting your breath."

"Well, how about I get you another and we find out?" he flashed her a grin as the bartended approached. "Two more, of what she's having," he said to the man, who nodded and walked off. Lucas turned to her again, smiling cockily.

She fought the urge to roll her eyes. "It's not going to work. I'm not building any weaponry." She fixed him with a pointed glare as the bartender appeared with their martinis. She immediately took the olives out of hers and ate them again.

"And why is that?" he asked her.

"Because that weapon of yours, if put into the wrong hands, could kill thousands. Humans and aliens alike." She fixed him with a pointed glare as the bartender appeared with their martinis. She immediately took the olives out of hers and ate them again.

"And who determines whose hands are wrong?" he asked her as he lifted his glass. "You? Me? Superman and Supergirl?" He sipped, his eyes not leaving hers as he stared at her over the rim. "What makes you so sure they're the good guys?"

"You mean the fact that they've both saved the world numerous times doesn't convince you?" She quirked an eyebrow at him. Her phone vibrated on the bar top, and she quickly picked it up upon seeing it was a text from Kara.

*Kara: Situation under control. Just finished changing back into my dress. Be there soon.*

Lena smiled as she typed out her response before turning her attention to the man again. He was watching her closely, and she felt herself shrink under his gaze.

"Expecting someone?" he asked.

"Yes, as a matter of fact," she said quickly. "A friend. She's on her way now."

He whistled lowly through his teeth then smirked at her. "Didn't think Luthors had any friends."
Her cheeks flushed, and she felt an anger bubbling in her chest. "Well, like I told you before, I'm not like the rest of my family."

He stared at her for a moment and shrugged. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a sleek card, handing it to her. "In case you change your mind."

She didn't take it. "I won't."

He shrugged again and placed it on the bar in front of her. "Can't say I didn't try." He took out his wallet and placed some bills on the bar before chugging the last of his martini. He smiled at her one last time and swiveled around in the stool.

Lena watched him walk away, her stomach twisting unpleasantly and continuing to do so long after he was out of sight. Lena remained rooted in her seat, sipping her drink to try to calm the sudden nerves she felt at the man's appearance. Thankfully by the time she finished it Kara had arrived, stopping her from ordering a third drink. The sight of the blonde helped put her at ease slightly, but something still felt off as the host led them to their table. She looked around for Dunleavy as they sat down but didn't see him anywhere in the dining room. It did nothing to help her anxiety, only heightened it.

Suddenly she wasn't hungry anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I wanna use this opportunity to shamelessly promote The Wind and The Wave. They are a real band, and they're fucking amazing. Yes, they did have a song in Grey's Anatomy. But you know what other show one of their songs played in? Supergirl. Season 1 Episode 4. It was called "When That Fever Takes A Hold On You." I'd love the band for years when I heard their song on the show, and geeked out a little bit. Everyone should know this band. They're brilliant, I promise. Check them out.
They ordered an appetizer to split, but Kara ended up eating most of it. She hardly noticed since she was usually the one to order the most food and eat every last crumb. Leftovers? What were those?

She did, however, notice that Lena only ordered a grilled chicken salad for dinner, despite the fact that the restaurant's specialty was steak. Lena insisted she would pay and Kara should get whatever she wanted, and when she finished her ribeye and looked up she finally realized that Lena had hardly touched her salad. She'd been quiet ever since the blonde had arrived, but Kara didn't want to push, figuring Lena was just hungry and would perk up once she had food in her stomach. She knew she always did. But the brunette still sat sullenly, staring into her bowl and pushing a few pieces of lettuce around with her fork.

"Lena, is something wrong?" Kara asked before wiping her mouth with her napkin.

"Why do you ask?" Lena didn't bother looking up.

"Because you're not eating, and you've been unusually quiet since I got here," Kara said. "Plus, you've got that crinkle in the middle of your forehead that you always do when you're upset."

Lena blushed at this and tried to relax her brow to no avail. "Good to know I'm that obvious," she said, finally meeting her friend's gaze, discovering those pink lips set in a pouty frown.

"Did something happen in the, like, twenty minutes we were apart?" Kara asked, leaning forward and resting her elbows on the table.

"As a matter of fact, yes, actually," Lena said slowly. "I didn't want to say anything because maybe I'm just being paranoid. But I just can't shake this bad feeling in the pit of my stomach."

Kara reached out and took the fork from Lena's hand, setting it on the table, before taking the hand in her own. "Lena, what's going on?" Her face was full of concern, but she kept her voice low so the other diners couldn't overhear. "What are you talking about?"

Lena sighed. "It all started Friday," she said, trying to focus on the topic at hand instead of the tingles shooting up her arm from the blonde's simple touch. "I went back to my office to grab something, and my assistant Ashely said there was a man there to see me. He'd been there all afternoon, just waiting for me. As soon as I saw him, I just got bad vibes from him."

"Why are you just now telling me about this?" Kara asked, looking somewhat angry that Lena had kept it from her.

"Because I just thought it was my innate distrust of people, men specifically," Lena said. "I didn't want to worry you because I didn't know if it was just me being my usual suspicious self or if he was really someone to worry about." She sighed and finally took her hand from Kara's. "But now I
realize I should have because of what he wanted to talk to me about."

Kara stared at her. "Which is?"

"Not here," Lena said, shaking her head. "I'll tell you when we're back at your apartment." Kara opened her mouth to protest, but Lena stopped her by holding up a hand. "Trust me, Kara. I'll explain everything. I just don't want to be in a room full of people when I do. Too many ears." She glanced around at the diners at the other tables.

Obviously the gravity of the situation was more serious than Kara originally thought. So, she just nodded her head and shut her mouth, trusting Lena to tell her the truth once they were alone.

Kara didn't even let the door fully close before she started bombarding Lena with questions again.

"Kara, give me a minute. Let's change into our pajamas." She began walking to the dividing curtain. "I just want to get out of this confining dress and into something comfortable."

Kara groaned slightly but followed Lena to the bed area nonetheless. She went over to her dresser and pulled out a sleep shirt and a pair of old shorts.

"Oh, damn, it looks like I forgot to pack sleep clothes," Lena said as she rifled through her bag. "Do you think I could—" she stopped when her vision was suddenly obscured by a piece of fabric. She pulled it off her head, seeing it was a Midvale High t-shirt. She smirked and looked to Kara, who threw over a pair of sweatpants, which Lena caught. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," Kara said brightly. She smiled before turning and heading into the bathroom to change.

Lena bit her lip, finding it adorable that Kara insisted on them both having privacy while changing. She was thankful for it, too, because she didn't think she'd be able to keep her eyes to herself if they did change in front of each other.

She did lie to Kara, though. Not about anything big. It was just that she didn't forget to pack something to wear to sleep. She purposefully didn't pack any because she wanted to wear Kara's clothes again. She'd almost packed some but at last second put them back in her drawer. She'd just been too tempted by the thought of being enveloped in Kara's smell again. She figured one little white lie wouldn't hurt, but she still felt a twinge of guilt as she pulled the shirt over her head.

As soon as she finished changing Lena went out into the living area and plopped onto the couch. Kara emerged a moment later, and the brunette expected her to come over immediately, but instead the hero made a beeline for the kitchen. Lena smiled when she saw Kara take two wine glasses out of the cupboard. She held them upside down by them stems as she used her free hand to fish a bottle of wine from the fridge. She brought everything over to the seating area and handed the bottle to Lena. She set the glasses on the coffee table as Lena unwrapped the foil from the top.

"Oh, we need a—" Lena began, but paused when she caught Kara become a blur out of the corner of her eye. She looked up and Kara was instantly back by her side, corkscrew in hand. "And she's psychic," she said with a smirk and took the device from the blonde's hand. "Add that to your never-ending list of abilities."

Kara chuckled as she dropped down beside Lena. She self-consciously reached for her glasses for a moment before remembering they weren't there, that she'd taken them off in the bathroom because she no longer needed to wear them when she was around Lena. She was still getting used to it, though. Instead she brought her hands to the clip holding her hair in the neat bun atop her head and
let her hair cascade down her shoulders.

Lena finished pouring the wine into glasses, and when she looked up to hand one to Kara she momentarily lost her breath as she took in the sight of the woman with her hair down. She couldn't help it, she still saw Supergirl when she was caught off-guard by Kara with no glasses and hair falling freely. She didn't know if she'd ever get used to it, if she would always lose herself for a moment every time she saw her that way.

Kara reaching for the glass and brushing their fingers together jogged her from her mental lapse, and she nearly jerked her hand back at the contact. Thankfully she was able to contain it to a flinch, and Kara's hand was able to sturdy the glass so she didn't spill wine everywhere. Kara gave her a questioning look, but she ignored it and quickly brought her glass to her lips.

"I feel like we're becoming alcoholics," Lena said with a laugh to deflect how awkward she suddenly felt. "Well, me, anyway. Not that any of this affects you."

"We don't have to drink," Kara said quickly, setting her wine down on the coffee table.

"Kara, it's fine," Lena said with a dismissive wave of her free hand. "It's already poured. Let's just finish these glasses." She took another sip then licked her lips as the tart liquid slid down her throat. "Honestly, it's helping to calm my nerves about this whole thing."

"Why are you so nervous?" Kara asked, picking up her glass again. "We're home, now, so spill."

Lena had to smile a little at the fact that Kara said they were home, though she didn't live there. It sent her heart aflutter and she had to tell herself to calm down because of the fact that apparently Kara was part bloodhound.

"This Dunleavy," Lena began, her smile slowly slipping into a frown as the man's face flashed through her mind, "he proposed a project to me, and I turned him down because I was morally opposed to it. And he just gave me the creeps." She shivered involuntarily, thinking about how cold his eyes looked and how they seemed to never leave her when they spoke. "He seemed angry when he left, and I thought that would be the end of it." She paused to take a hearty swig of wine. "Apparently I was wrong, because while I was at the bar waiting for you he approached me and asked me to reconsider."

"He was at the restaurant?" Kara asked, eyes wide. "Is he, like, following you?" She had to remind herself not to clutch her glass too tightly and break it, but it was hard at the thought of someone stalking Lena.

"He said he was there for dinner, but I don't know," Lena said with a sigh. "I looked for him when we were in the dining room, but I didn't see him anywhere."

"Maybe he stopped by the bar of the way out?" Kara offered, finally taking a sip of wine and looking at her friend over the rim.

"Maybe," Lena said, brows knitting together in frustration. "What worries me is what he wanted me to work on." Her eyes locked with Kara's, the crystal blue orbs instantly filling with worry.

"Which is?"

"A weapon," Lena said heavily. "One that's powered by Kryptonite."

Kara nearly dropped her glass. She shakily put it on the coffee table and stood, instantly beginning to pace. Lena watched her, guilt gnawing at her insides. She hadn't wanted to tell her, preferring to
keep Kara as far away from this guy and his possible Kryptonian-killing weapon. But she now realized that was a mistake.

"Kara, I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," she said quickly. "I don't know why I didn't. I guess I just forgot when we went out drinking, and honestly I didn't think of it again until I saw him tonight."

"I'm not mad at you," Kara said, rounding on her. "The important thing is that you did." She put her hands on her hips as she continued to pace. "Who is he? Where does he come from? Who does he work for?"

"Kara," Lena said, causing the blonde to stop and look at her. Lena stared at her pointedly and patted the seat on the couch next to her. "I'll tell you everything, you just need to stop pacing. You're making me even more nervous."

"Sorry," Kara muttered and returned to her spot on the loveseat. She picked up her drink again for want of something to do with her hands.

"Don't be sorry," Lena said softly. "And to answer your questions, I don't know who he is. I don't know where he comes from. And apparently he works for himself. That and his name are all I know about him."

Kara's brow crinkled in confusion. "So, how did he get an appointment with you?" she asked. "The only reason I got in the first time is because I was with well-respected journalist Clark Kent." She brought the glass to her lips and took a drink.

"Clark," Lena said slowly, and then her eyes went wide. "Is he Superman?!"

Kara's face went red, and she choked on the wine. "What?" she asked, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "I—wha—no, of course not."

"Kara, I know you're lying." The brunette quirked an eyebrow. "He just happens to appear in National City every time Superman does. And every time he's here Metropolis seems to lose Superman for a few days." She smirked. "Plus, now that I know about the glasses thing it totally fits."

The reporter sighed, defeated. "Okay, yes, but don't—"

"Tell anyone?" Lena finished with a small smile. "Kara, you know I would never."

Kara smiled as well. "I know, it's kind of just a reflex to say that." Her face turned serious again. "But back to Dunleavy… How did he get into your office?"

"Ashley let him in," Lena said and groaned. "Which reminds me, I think I need to fire her. She means well, but she lacks a basic understanding of some of the simplest things, like no one should ever be let into my office without my explicit clearance first." She sighed and lifted her glass again. "It's just so exhausting to search for a new assistant," she said before draining the rest of her wine. She was tempted to refill her glass, but she reminded herself that she'd already had two martinis before dinner, so she opted to stop there and set it on the table instead.

"What happened to Jess?" Kara questioned. "You really liked her, and it seemed like you were getting close. Maybe even on your way to becoming friends."

"I adored Jess," Lena said sadly. "But she got offered a job in Metropolis that paid better, and when she asked me what I thought I said she should take it."
"Wait, so she asked you what you thought, and you told her to go?"

"Yeah," Lena said slowly, curious as to why Kara was looking at her like she'd suddenly grown a second head.

"Lena," Kara hissed. She let out a heavy sigh and tilted her head back, downing the rest of her drink.

"What?" Lena asked with a frown as Kara set down her glass.

"She was asking because she wanted you to tell her to stay," Kara said, turning so that she was facing Lena fully. "Lena, you have this bad habit of pushing people away anytime you think they're getting too close. You did it with James, you've started to do it with Sam, and you did it with Jess. The only person who you haven't pushed away is me, and I'm honestly still a little shocked by that."

Lena looked to her lap, feeling exposed. She was right. She'd pushed James away because he kept trying to break down her walls, and it became too exhausting to fight to keep them intact all the time. And as for Sam, she hadn't seen much of her CFO outside of work in about a month. That wasn't for Sam's lack of trying but was entirely Lena's fault. The last time they'd had dinner Lena had stayed later afterwards, and after Ruby was in bed Lena and Sam stayed up drinking and talking.

By the fifth glass Sam steered the topic towards love, and it caught Lena completely off-guard.

"Do you know how hard it is to find someone who wants to date a woman with a kid?" Sam asked, her cheeks rosy and her eyes slightly glassy. "Fuck me, sure. But date me? Absolutely not."

"Does that mean you're at least getting laid?" Lena asked with a grin and raised eyebrows.

"I wish," Sam said with a bitter laugh. "Between helping you run L-Corp and raising Ruby, I don't have the time. Besides, I now come with way more baggage than I ever realized." She sighed and put on a fake cheery voice, "Hi, I'm Sam. Not only did my adoptive mother throw me out when I became pregnant as a teenager, but it also turns out I'm an alien. I had a murderous alter ego who slaughtered mass amounts of people, including said adoptive mother. I'm still learning to live with myself and the guilt from that. Some nights I have dreams of Reign's victims screaming, and I wake up and realize I'm actually the one screaming. Wanna grab coffee sometime?" She paused to polish off her wine. "Don't think so."

"Okay, maybe save that until at least the fifth date," Lena said, slightly joking. "But those nightmares are worrisome. Have you thought of talking to someone? Maybe a therapist? You have excellent insurance with L-Corp, and I will personally pay for anything you need—"

"No, thank you," Sam said quickly. "I don't think a therapist is equipped to deal with the Reign bullshit. Besides, it's not like it was a personality disorder. It was another being taking over my body." She shook her head. "I just want to move past it. I'm not her anymore. I'm just Sam. I want someone to love me for who I am now. But how can I find that when I'll never feel like I can be honest with someone about it? Who could ever love me when they find out I'm a monster?"

"You are not a monster, Sam," Lena said, reaching across the table and taking the brunette's hand. "Reign was. And you don't have to tell anyone until you're ready." She squeezed her friend's fingers gently, comfortingly. "You'll find someone. Trust me. Just give it a little time."
"I'm tired of giving it time," Sam said with a pout. "I just want someone to look at me the way you look at Kara."

Lena instantly recoiled in shock, dropping Sam's hand and folding both of hers in her lap. She cleared her throat awkwardly and hoped her cheeks weren't burning as brightly as they felt like they were.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she muttered.

"Okay, sure," Sam said dismissively as she picked up the bottle of wine and emptied the last of it into her glass. "Whatever you say, Lena." She winked at her boss before sipping the crimson liquid.

Lena began trembling and bit her lip to stop herself from crying. She suddenly felt like she couldn't breathe. She had to get out. Now.

"It's late," she said quickly, standing and pushing back her chair. "I should be getting home."

"Lee, don't leave," Sam said, standing as well. "Come on—"

"I'm just really tired," Lena interrupted. "It's fine. I should go home and get some sleep." She planted on a smile, though her chest felt hollow. "I'll see you at the office Monday."

She hadn't seen Sam at the office that following Monday. In fact, she scheduled meetings all over the city so that she was hardly in the building all week. When she finally did see Sam, it was all business, and she'd promptly left as soon as the conversation was over. Sam tried reaching out, and eventually Lena gave in and had lunch with her. Her CFO didn't mention Kara once, and Lena was thankful for it. But she still kept Sam at a distance, because even if it had been the wine talking, Sam still knew. About her feelings for Kara, by extension her sexuality, two things she'd never voiced aloud to anyone, not even herself.

She didn't want to risk Sam ever bringing it up again, because she didn't know if she could get out of talking about it twice. And if she talked about it then it wasn't just an idea anymore. Then it would be out there and real, and she would actually have to deal with these feelings. And she wasn't ready to do that yet. She wanted to live in her fantasy world a little while longer.

"Lena, Earth to Lena," Kara's voice reached her ears, and a hand waved in front of her face. "Hmm?" She looked up to see Kara staring at her curiously.

"You okay there?" The blonde quirked an eyebrow. "One minute we're talking about you distancing yourself from people, and then as if to prove my point, it's like your mind went literally thousands of miles away."

"I was just thinking about Sam," Lena admitted. "And Jess…" She let out an airy breath, shoulders slumping slightly. "It's kind of like this… I've only ever let one person in before I met you: Lex. And he broke that trust, in turn breaking my heart. And so I put up walls to protect myself from being disappointed again, but somehow you and your sunny disposition snuck your way in," she said shaking her head. "And letting you in has been one of the best decisions I've ever made."

Kara felt a smile tug at her lips. "So?" she prompted.

"So," Lena said exasperatedly and rolled her eyes. "Maybe I should start trying to embrace the people who want to be in my life instead of trying to send them running in the other direction." She frowned slightly. "I just don't know what can be done about Jess. She's already moved to
"Maybe she's not opposed to moving back," Kara said hopefully. "Offer her more money than her new employer. L-Corp can afford it," she said, grinning cheekily at Lena, who rolled her eyes again in response. "You just have to talk to her. Go to Metropolis. Take her to lunch. Ask her if she'd consider coming back. You won't know until you try." Her face turned grim. "As for Dunleavy, I'll tell Alex, and she'll get the DEO to look into him first thing in the morning. This is their and Supergirl's area of expertise. If he contacts you again, please call me right away."

Lena hesitated. She didn't want Kara going near this man, yet now she wanted to go out looking for him. What if he somehow got Kryptonite and ended up making his gun? She didn't need Kara dying trying to protect her. How could she live with herself afterwards?

"Lena," Kara pressed at her friend's silence.

"Okay, fine," she finally agreed. "But please just be careful, Kara. If he is building weapons he could be really dangerous. If you go after him because of me and get hurt—"

"Lena, if he's looking into making the weapon you say he is, he's already dangerous," Kara told her, interrupting. "Let me and Alex handle it."

Lena hated the idea, but she also knew it was no use fighting. Once Kara made up her mind about something there was no changing it, and she wasn't wrong. Stopping bad guys was Supergirl and the DEO's problem. And had all this happened before Lena found out Kara was Supergirl, she would have no problem leaving it in the heroine's hands. But now that she did know she couldn't bear the thought of something happening to her.

"Just be careful," she finally repeated, relenting.

"Always am," Kara said with a smile.

Later they lay in Kara's bed, both of them wide awake but neither saying anything. Kara stared at the ceiling in the dark, chewing on her bottom lip. Lena was turned away from her, on her side. She could tell Kara wasn't asleep because the blonde wasn't softly snoring like usual. But she kept her eyes closed and pretended to sleep all the same, enjoying the warmth brought on by the other woman's body, so close yet so far.

"Lena?" Kara asked quietly.

Lena turned over and met Kara's gaze with a lopsided grin. "How'd you know I was still awake?"

"I can hear it in your breathing," the reporter said. "It gets deeper and slower when you're sleeping."

Well, at least it wasn't her heart this time. "I knew you were awake because you weren't snoring," Lena said jokingly, poking Kara in the ribs.

Kara laughed and shoved her hand away. "Can you not?" she said, giggling. "I'm trying to tell you something."

"Okay, what?" Lena asked, leaning her elbow on her pillow and propping up her head with her hand.

The giggling ceased as Kara's face turned somber. "Alex hasn't trusted you since our fight, and she
and Winn have been following you all week."

Lena was silent a moment, and Kara tried to search her face in the dimness. Finally, she clicked her tongue and exhaled loudly through her nose.

"I would say I'm surprised, but I'm actually not," she said. "I kind of got that feeling when I saw a van that looked like the Guardian Mobile two mornings in a row."

"The Guardian Mobile?" Kara almost laughed. "Is that what James and Winn call their HQ van?"

"No, but that's what I call it," Lena said. "They showed it to me once while James and I were dating. I wasn't sure when I saw it the other day, but now I'm positive I spotted them."

"Winn must have been driving," Kara said with an eye roll. "Alex would never get caught tailing someone."

"I don't see how Winn has the clearance to spy on me," Lena said, annoyance seeping into her voice. "His father was a mass murderer, just like my brother. Yet he works for the DEO."

"That's true, but he's also never made Kryptonite," Kara said. "I'm not defending what Alex did," she added quickly when Lena cast her a small glare. "I'm just saying, we've all done things we're not proud of. But I told her you destroyed the Kryptonite."

"Does she believe me, though?" Lena asked, frowning. "You can check my lab. I have nothing to hide. Not that I feel I owe it to her, but if it puts this nonsense to bed why the hell not?"

"I don't think that's necessary," Kara said, shaking her head slightly. "Sam, by some miracle, helped Alex reach some breakthrough."

"Sam?" Lena's brows furrowed. "What did Sam say?"

"That she trusts you. And that I trust you, and if we trust you then she should too," Kara said softly, and Lena had to smile. Thank god for Sam. "She said she'd try. She apologized to me, but I think she owes you one, too."

"I'd like that, but I'm not holding my breath," Lena said. "But thank you for telling me."

"You're welcome," Kara said, smiling for what Lena thought was the hundredth time that day. "I like this new honesty thing we have going on now. It's nice. I haven't felt this close to anyone in… well, a really long time," she admitted shyly.

"Me either," Lena said in a voice barely above a whisper.

They stared at each other for a few moments, Lena still leaning on her hand, head propped up so she was looking down at Kara, who lay flat on her back with her golden hair splayed across her pillow. She had a loose strand sticking out ever so slightly, and Lena's fingers itched to fix it. Before her brain could register that she was moving, she reached out her free hand and tucked Kara's hair behind her ear. Her fingertips brushed over the smooth skin of Kara's cheek, and for a moment it felt like the blonde leaned into her touch. She suddenly caught herself and instantly pulled her hand away. Kara looked at her curiously, a question on her face, though she didn't voice it. Lena's cheeks flushed, and she quickly turned over and buried her face in her pillow to hide it.

"Goodnight," she heard muttered from Kara beside her.

She didn't respond, just kept lying there and willed her heart to stop beating so loudly and quickly.
in her chest. Willed her breathing to return to normal. Willed her fingertips to stop burning from a simple touch of the cheek. She felt so stupid for allowing herself a moment of weakness. Obviously this crush, or whatever it was, wasn't going away. It was getting worse. It was getting harder not to give into the urge to touch her friend sometimes. It was innocent now, but stronger, other urges were there. How long would it be before she lost herself again and tried to give into those too?

She needed to do something about it because denying and avoidance of the topic wasn't working. She needed to talk to someone, to finally get it out there so she could hopefully feel some sort of relief. But who? She couldn't talk to Kara.

Then Sam. Sam, who'd figured her out already, who would no doubt listen to her without judgement, just like she'd done for her when all the Reign stuff started. Lena vowed to reach out to Sam first thing in the morning, hoping her friend would forgive her minor disappearing act. Because she was ready to start talking, and she realized Sam was the only one she trusted to listen.
Triggers

The next morning Lena woke up alone in bed. At first she didn't think anything of it, but then she realized she didn't hear the shower running, smell coffee brewing, or even the TV reporting the morning news. There were no signs of life in the apartment other than her. And had she been in her loft, that would have been fine. But she was at Kara's, and the blonde appeared to have vanished. One of the large windows in the bedroom was open, and in Lena's sudden alertness she deduced Kara must have flown from it.

Kara left her. Last night flashed through her mind, the way she let her emotions get the better of her. The way Kara looked at her so questioningly burned in the back of her brain. Her heart dropped to her stomach. That was it, she'd finally crossed the line. Kara had put it all together and figured her out. And she couldn't even stand being around in the morning to say it to her face. Kara left just like everyone else in her life that ever mattered to her.

She knew she should leave, but something couldn't bring her to do it. After all, if this was it then this would be the last time she'd ever be in Kara's apartment. She wanted to sit for a moment and soak it all in: the smell of Kara hanging in the air, the incredible softness of her comforter, and the warmth that seemed to always emanate from the dwelling, even in the dead of winter. She drew her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them to fight off the hollowness she felt within.

This was worse than any time she'd ever slept with someone and woken up alone. She actually enjoyed one-night stands because they gave her the release she needed without the messy feelings involved. It was when she woke up in the morning to find her drunken partner from the night before didn't have the decency to show themselves out that she usually felt anxiety. The anxiety that they would somehow think there was something more and that she would have to have an uncomfortable conversation about how it was not.

But nothing had even happened with Kara. It was a simple touch, barely a fraction of a second. But it had caused more damage than sex ever had. It had sent Kara running away from her, and she didn't know how to live with herself now. She willed herself not to cry, not to fall apart until she was literally anywhere but in Kara's apartment.

She nearly had a heart attack when red boots appeared at the open window, and a moment later Kara landed inside with a white pastry bag in one hand and a tray with coffees in the other. Lena sat stark still in the bed, completely dumbfounded.

"Oh, good, you're up," Kara said brightly, seemingly oblivious to the fact that Lena was nearly having a panic attack.

"Kara—You're, you're here," Lena said slowly. "What are you doing here?"

Kara's smile dropped and was replaced with a frown. "I—I live here?"

"I thought you left," the brunette admitted softly.

"Yeah, to get breakfast," Kara said, holding up the treats in her hands for emphasis.

Lena stared at her, letting her friend's words register in her head. Kara left, but not because of her. She went to get something for both of them, to share. Kara was still here, she still cared. It was obvious by the way she was looking at Lena, full of concern. Suddenly she felt overwhelmed with relief, and love spread through her. And that did it. That broke her.
She covered her face as a sob rippled through her chest, catching in her throat. Kara was dumbfounded for a moment before she reacted. In an instant she was by Lena's side. She set the food and drinks on the nightstand and wrapped her arms around the younger woman. Lena curled into her side, and Kara stroked her hair soothingly as she cried.

"Lena, what's wrong?" Kara asked.

"I—th—thought you—left me," she choked out, and tried to take in deep breaths, tried to get herself under control. "Ev—Everyone leaves me." She looked up to Kara with tear-filled eyes.

"Lee, I would never leave you," Kara said softly. "Why would you think that?" She reached out and removed a strand of hair stuck to Lena's cheek by her tears.

"Because everyone I love either leaves me or dies, Kara," she hissed, wanting to jerk away from the affection but unable to bring herself to do so. "Lex, my father, my mother. Why should my best friend be any different?"

"Because I'm different," Kara insisted. "I'm not going to try to take over the world and get sent away like Lex."

"What about my parents?" Lena asked. "They died. You can't promise me the same won't happen to you. You may be the Girl of Steel, but you're not invincible."

"Maybe not," Kara began, "but when I'm out there, every moment, every fight I take on as Supergirl, I'm not out there alone. I always have backup, whether it be the DEO and Alex, Guardian, Superman, whoever. And even when I don't, I'm still never alone. Because in the back of my mind I think about all the people who matter to me, all the people I'm fighting for. I think about Alex, Eliza, Winn, James, J'onn, Ruby, Sam... And you." She offered a small smile, and Lena felt herself return it in spite of the tears that had slowed, though not ceased. "In my weakest moments, when I just want to give up, sometimes just the thought of hearing your voice again is what gives me the strength to keep fighting."

Lena looked down as a blush crept to her cheeks. That was one of the nicest, my thoughtful things anyone had ever said to her. It warmed her heart, but also tore it to pieces. She bit her lip to stop another sob, and it caught it in her throat, causing a lump she couldn't seem to swallow. She inhaled sharply as tears cascaded down her cheeks.

"Oh, Lena, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry more," Kara said frantically.

"No, it's fine," Lena said, swiping at her eyes. "That was just so sweet." She gave a small shrug. "I don't know why I'm so emotional right now. Something about waking up to find you gone just triggered something, I guess."

Kara nodded, but her face held a deep frown. "How about I change back into my pjs, and we sit on the couch and have breakfast? We can talk about what might be bothering you if you want, or we can just sit in silence and eat. It's up to you." She placed a soft, warm hand on Lena's knee, causing the brunette to take in a breath, though if Kara noticed she didn't show it. "Okay?"

Lena reminded herself to breathe and let out a long breath she'd been holding. "Okay."

Lena took the coffees and the treats into the living area while Kara changed. She sat on the couch with the food in front of her on the coffee table. She spotted a box of tissues and grabbed a couple to blow her nose and wipe her tears. As soon as she got back from throwing the used tissues Kara had appeared, back in pjs as promised with her hair up in a messy bun, loose strands framing her
face. Lena paused to stare at her for a moment, and when Kara looked up from her spot on the couch she felt a small smile tug at her lips. She joined Kara, settling into the plump cushions. The blonde picked up one of the coffees and handed it to her.

"It may be a little cold because of the flight over," she said quickly as Lena took a sip. Lena swallowed the mouthful with a small nod. "Yeah, but nothing a microwave can't fix." She was about to get up to bring the cup to the kitchen when she noticed Kara wearing an amused grin. "What?"

"You were so mad at me for not telling you I have powers, and now you forget that I do almost every second," she said with a small eye roll as she took Lena's coffee from her. She took off the lid and stared into the cup intensely. Her eyes glowed red for a moment and then small, blue beams shot from her eyes. When the coffee began to steam she stopped. Then she handed the cup back to Lena with a satisfied smile.

"Okay, now you're just showing off," Lena said with a smirk before lifting the rim to her lips. Kara shot her a glare, but the CEO ignored it and grabbed the bag of pastries off the coffee table. "And what do we have here?"

"The bakery had six different kinds of muffins!" Kara exclaimed, her eyes lighting up at the opportunity to talk about food. "I couldn't decide, so I got one of each. There are also two blueberry scones, one for each of us. And I had a croissant for us to share," she looked down at her lap sheepishly, "but I ended up eating it on the way over."

Lena laughed lightly as she reached into the bag, pulling out a chocolate chip muffin. Kara's eyes went to it, then to Lena's face, then back to the muffin. A smirk made its way to the youngest Luthor's lips, despite the fact that she'd been crying all of five minutes ago. She couldn't help it. It was like smiles had a mind of their own around Kara. Why did the reporter have to be so adorable?

"I take it you want the chocolate chip one," Lena said, and Kara blushed.

"Not if you want it," she said quickly.

Lena held out the muffin to her. "All yours."

Kara brightened and reached to take the muffin, pausing at the last second. "Are you sure?"

"Positive." As soon as the word left Lena's mouth Kara took the muffin and bit into the top of it. The brunette shook her head as her friend practically inhaled the thing. "Jesus, do you even chew?"

Kara playfully glared at her, wanting to stick her tongue out at the other woman. But she couldn't on account of her mouth being completely stuffed. So, instead, she held up a middle finger, causing Lena's jaw to drop.

"Did you just flip me off, Miss Danvers?" Lena asked amusedly, her eyebrows still raised in surprise. Kara nodded while finally swallowing the muffin. "That is new."

"Not for me," Kara said with a devilish grin that Lena had never seen before, and she was thankful she was already sitting because it made her knees go weak. "It was the first gesture Alex taught me when I got to Earth. She told me it meant hello." Lena started laughing at this, and Kara felt herself blushing in response. "It's not funny. I got in trouble on my first day of school." Kara pouted and crossed her arms over her chest.

"I can't imagine Alex doing that to you," Lena said, still laughing a little. "You guys are so close."
"Yeah, now," Kara said, nodding. "Not when I first moved in, though. That took time." She looked to Lena. "What about you? I know you said you and Lex were close before… well, the incident… Were you and Lex always close?"

Lena sighed and reached into the pastry bag again as she thought about her answer. She could feel herself getting emotional again just thinking about it, but she forced it down as she bit into a banana nut muffin. Kara waited patiently as Lena chewed, and the brunette used that opportunity to gather her thoughts.

"Yes," she said finally once she'd swallowed. "He was the first kind face I saw when I got to the mansion. I was only four then, and I was so alone and scared. I didn't know Lionel was my real father, and I hadn't known him previously. My mother, my whole world, had just been suddenly taken from me in a horrific car accident. I didn't understand that she wouldn't be coming to pick me up from this strange place in a couple of days. I was too young to have any real concept of death, I just knew something was wrong. Lex noticed I was troubled and taught me how to play chess to keep me occupied." She smiled a little at the memory. "I would sit on his lap and he would tell me what the pieces were, what they did, how they moved. How to win. He was so kind and gentle then. After it became apparent my mother wasn't coming back, and I started to grasp that death wasn't a trip or sickness that could be cured, it was permanent, I clung to Lex. He, in a way, filled the hole left in my heart by the absence of my mother."

Kara had been hanging on her every word, not wanting to interrupt because Lena rarely opened up like this. She'd partially expected Lena not to say anything over breakfast. This wasn't unwelcome, though.

"You never talk about your mom," Kara said softly. "I don't think you've ever even told me her name."

"There's not much to talk about," Lena said. "I was so young when she died that I don't really remember her. Really the only thing I know about her is her name, which was Grace Magee."

Kara frowned deeply. "You don't know what she did, where she came from, if she has any living family?"

"Nope," Lena said, shaking her head. "Lionel wasn't forthcoming with information, and Lillian got furious anytime I did ask. By the time I was five I learned to stop asking. After that I kind of just pushed her to the back of my mind because it was easier than thinking about it, than feeling the grief and pain that accompanied her abandonment."

"She didn't abandon you, Lena. She died, she didn't have a choice in the matter," Kara reached out and took Lena's hand. "You haven't looked into her now, even to this day?"

"Why bother?" The brunette sighed heavily. "She's dead. What difference does it make now?"

"You deserve to know who she was, where you come from," Kara insisted. "You may be a Luthor, but there's a part of you that you're burying deep inside yourself." Lena had to stop herself from chuckling darkly at that. If only she knew. "Your mother is a part of who you are, and I think you owe it to yourself to find out more about her. Maybe you have some aunts or uncles or even grandparents out there you never knew you had."

"And why wouldn't they have tried to contact me by now?" Lena countered. "It's not like I'm hidden from society. I'm a very public figure. And if that's the case then why didn't they stop Lionel from taking me in the first place? No one knew he was my real father. Why would they just let some strange man take me away, regardless of how rich he was?" She released Kara's hand, her
palm suddenly feeling sweaty. "That's why I never bothered. If they don't care about me, why should I care about them? Why didn't my mother leave a will or something to ensure anyone but the Luthors got their hands on me?"

Kara stared at her for a moment, chewing her lip and trying to figure out what to say. Finally, she shrugged. "I don't know, Lena. Those are questions for your family, if you have any."

"If I have any," Lena said and clicked her tongue. "I don't want to talk about this anymore. Can we please talk about anything else?"

"Okay," Kara said with a small nod and reached into the pastry bag to take out a scone. She didn't want to put the matter to bed, but she figured it was better than to push it now. Maybe she could bring it up another time, when Lena was in a better mood. "Have you given anymore thought to what I said about Jess?"

Lena picked up her coffee again and sipped slowly. "Actually, I did," she said. "I think you're right, and that she's worth swallowing my pride and asking her to come back. If she accepts my offer."

She frowned slightly. "Regardless, I need to fire Ashley."

"I think that's probably a good idea," Kara said. "She's nice, and I feel bad for her, but she made a grave error when it comes to your safety and security."

Lena smiled at Kara's protectiveness. Any time her assistants made a mistake and Lena complained about it Kara was usually the one to talk her out of firing them, not into it. She reminded the CEO that no one was perfect, and assistants were bound to make mistakes, especially if she didn't keep them around long enough to learn from them. But when one did something that introduced Lena to someone who was questionable Kara was practically shoving a pink slip in her hand.

"I'll have to talk to Sam at some point, fill her in on everything that's going on," Lena said. "Have her hold down the fort so I can fly to Metropolis for a day or two and hopefully see Jess."

"Want me to go with you?" Kara asked. "I'm great moral support."

"I know you are," Lena said with a slight smile. "But this is a mess I made. I should clean it up myself. Besides, National City needs Supergirl. And Snapper needs his best reporter."

"You flatter me too much," the blonde said, though her cheeks were turning pink at the compliments. "Well, if you get into any trouble give me a call. I may not to be able to get to you right away, but I know someone who can." She gave Lena a pointed look.

"Are you sure Superman would come for me?" she asked skeptically.

"If I ask him to," Kara said with a small nod. "He trusts me, and since you're important to me then he'll do whatever it takes to protect you for me."

It was Lena's turn to blush as she looked down shyly. She didn't know quite what to say, so she just nodded and took a bite of her scone, not trusting herself not to get choked up again.

After they finished eating and drinking their coffee Lena announced it was finally time for her to leave. Kara protested and tried to get her to agree to stay longer, but Lena had pressing matters to attend to. She couldn't continue to give into the vortex Kara seemed to keep sucking her into. There were other things in her life that needed her attention, even if they all seemed lesser compared to the blonde.
It took everything in her to turn Kara down. Kara pouted but realized she was being selfish demanding all of Lena's time, so she let her go. Lena couldn't help but feel elated at how much her leaving seemed to disappoint Kara. She promised to call her the moment she landed in Metropolis to let her know she was okay, and the moment she got back to set up another get together. Kara smiled at this, and hugged Lena tightly on the way out the door. Lena lingered in her arms for a moment, stopping herself from burying her face in the crook of Kara's neck and inhaling her scent one last time before she didn't see her for a few days.

She was quiet in the car on the way to Sam's. She'd called to say she was on the way over to speak with her, and though Sam sounded concerned on the phone, she didn't question the topic. The look on her face when she opened the door for Lena held worry and confusion, but she didn't say anything as she stepped back to let the younger woman in. Lena noted the stillness of the house and the fact that Ruby hadn't been the one to greet her. That was odd. Usually the ten-year-old jumped up at the sound of the doorbell, eager to see who was there. It reminded Lena of a puppy, and she found it absolutely adorable.

"Where's Ruby?" she questioned, looking around the empty living room.

"She slept at a friend's last night," Sam said as she took a seat on her couch. "So, what's up?"

Lena sat down heavily beside her. "Do you know my new assistant Ashley?"

"Yeah?" Sam nodded slowly.

"I need you to fire her for me," Lena said.

"Um, okay?" Sam rested her arm across the back of the couch and stared at her boss. "Why me?"

"Because I have to fly to Metropolis first thing in the morning," Lena explained. "I want to try to get Jess back."

"Lena, you can't just fire your assistant because you miss your old one," Sam said. "I know you regret letting her leave, but you're the one who told her to go."

"Which was a mistake. Kara pointed out to me that maybe by asking what I thought she was trying to get me to ask her to stay,"

Sam's eyebrows shot up. "Ah. I see. When I said something similar when you told me about the conversation you dismissed me. But when Kara says it, suddenly it makes all the sense in the world." She gave a knowing grin, and Lena gulped.

"Ashley also let a man who could potentially be dangerous into my office without my consent or knowledge, so regardless of how I got here, I need to fire Ashley and get Jess back," Lena said. "Can you help me out on this, please?"

"Um, yeah, when you put it that way," Sam said, suddenly sitting up straighter. "But let's go back to this potential danger… What the hell? When did this happen?"

"Friday," Lena said quickly. "But I told Kara, and the DEO is going to handle it."

"How would Kara knowing make it a DEO problem?" Sam asked, fighting the amused smile that wanted to make its way to her face at Lena's slipup. After all, while Sam knew Kara's secret, Lena didn't know that. "Unless she's Supergirl."

Lena froze, her jaw hanging open slightly. Shit. How stupid could she be? She was beginning to
question her genius status because lately she'd done nothing but make an idiot herself. She had to figure out a way to fix this, and fast.

"No, because Alex works for the DEO," she said, trying to mask her panic. "Tell Kara, and she's gonna tell Alex. You know how they are." Good. That was good. She'd handled it.

"Hmm, yeah, and she's Supergirl." Sam let the smile escape as Lena's eyes widened. "It's okay. I know."

"You know?" Lena asked, now narrowing her eyes instead. "How?"

"Don't worry, Kara didn't tell me before you," Sam said, shooting Lena a look, and the CEO had to blush yet again. How did Sam read her mind? "I figured it out on my own, actually. And Alex confirmed it."

"So is she following and spying on you now, too?"

"Not that I know of," Sam said with a shrug. "Seemed fine once I promised not to tell anyone."

Lena bristled. "You know, she has some nerve. It's like she's fine with everyone but me knowing Kara's secret. She seems so afraid of me turning into my brother, though she's never been afraid of Winn turning into his father. She's terrified I have a darkness inside of me, yet she has no problem trusting former Reign… No offense."

"None taken," Sam assured her. "You're just mad, and you're right. Alex was out of line. I told her so myself. I told her what a good person I think you are, how much you care about Kara, that I know for a fact you'd never hurt her." She looked at Lena, giving her a gentle smile. "She came around. I think I convinced her."

Lena bit her lip, casting her eyes downward. Nerves came to life in her chest, making it feel tight. "How much I care about Kara is actually one of the things I wanted to talk to you about." She took a deep breath to steady herself. When she looked up again Sam was staring back at her, a somewhat surprised look on her face. "I've been thinking about that night, when you said you wanted someone to look at you the way I look at Kara. What—What did you mean by that, exactly?"

Sam let out a soft sigh and said, "When you look at Kara it's like you forget everyone else is in the room, like you have tunnel vision, and she's literally all you can see." She flashed a simple, lopsided smile. "I've hung out with you all long enough to catch on. One day I turned to say something to you, and you were just… staring at Kara, smiling and watching as she played with her hair absentmindedly while we were watching Bridesmaids. Every time she laughed, you did, too. But not because of the movie. Because of her." She gave a small shrug. "I've been paying attention since then, catching all the stolen glances when you think no one's looking, the way any time we hang out together you have to sit next to her. And those lingering hugs when we say goodbye. I wanted to talk to you about it, but the one time I brought it up you shut me down, so I never said anything about it again. Especially since you pushed me away after that."

"Sam, I'm sorry," Lena said, guilt settling in her stomach and giving it a hollow feeling. "It's a defense mechanism that I picked up a long time ago. I do that whenever anyone gets too close to me… To figuring me out." She swallowed, her mouth suddenly feeling dry. Her hands shook, and she clasped them in front of her to try to steady them. "I've never really had friends to talk about my feelings with, and given my family isn't exactly known for tolerance, for the most part I've been too scared and ashamed to say anything about this for a long time."
"Lena, there is nothing to be scared or ashamed of." Sam scooted closer and placed a comforting hand on her knee.

"But I am," she admitted, her voice cracking slightly. Oh, no. Not again. She would not cry again today. "I know I shouldn't be, but I am. I always have been. Ever since I was little I always felt different, weird. I didn't fit in the Luthor household because I wasn't a 'real' Luthor, Lillian made sure of that. I didn't fit in at school, so I threw myself into my studies. And then suddenly I was in college, with like-minded people, and I started to open myself up to possibility making friends. And then one night I was drunk at a party and the host, a girl from one of my classes and I were dancing. Her name was Lilly. She was tall, poised, and confident, and when she wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her body against mine I felt like time stopped. The next thing I know we're upstairs in her room and she kisses me, and I feel like every cell in my body begins to vibrate." She shook her head, clearing it of flashes of that night running through her mind. "I'd never even considered girls, but suddenly everything was so clear to me, and it scared me half to death. I stopped kissing her immediately and ran away as quickly as possible. Got a cab back to my house and cried all the way home, cried myself to sleep. Couldn't bear to face her, so I dropped the class. Luckily it was early in the semester, so I was able to transfer into a different one."

"So you just never saw her again?" Sam asked.

"No, not exactly," Lena said. "I freaked out and threw myself at this guy that had been sniffing around me for a few weeks. It was the worst sex I'd ever had, but it kept me distracted, so I kept seeing him. One night I went to a party at his apartment, and she ended up going. I tried to avoid her, instead I got drunk with my date. He ended up passing out after two hours, and I didn't want to stay without him as a buffer. So I tried to leave. She stopped me on the way out, asking me how I'd been, speaking to me as if nothing had happened. She was so kind, and I was so unstable. I just started crying. She held onto me, even when I tried to push her away. She calmed me down and offered me a ride home. We didn't say anything on the whole ride over. I got out of her car without a word, and instead of driving off she followed me all the way inside. She sat with me for a little while in silence until my drunk, uninhibited self finally made a move and leaned over and kissed her."

"How'd she respond?" Sam asked with a playful grin.

Lena's felt her neck grow hot. "She kissed me back… And then she ate me out right there on the couch."

"And did you…?" The brunette raised her eyebrows.

"Twice," Lena said with a small nod, her blush creeping all the way to her ears. She covered her face with her hand in an attempt to hide it. "I can't believe I'm telling you this."

"Have you never told anyone before?" Sam questioned.

"No," Lena admitted, dropping her hand. "And I made her promise not to tell anyone. Even when we dated for three weeks after that night I forced her to keep it from her friends. That's why she dumped me." She pulled at a loose thread on her black yoga pants, noticing she was picking up Kara's bad habit of fidgeting when she was anxious. "I've slept with more women since then, but none of them I've allowed to get close to me like Lilly, and I barely let her in. The closest anyone's ever come is Jack… Until Kara."

"Who would have thought it would take the Girl of Steel to break down Lena Luthor's emotional walls?" Sam mused.
"I don't know what it is about her, Sam," Lena said. "I can't seem to stop falling harder for her, no matter how hard I try. She's just so beautiful and amazing and... perfect." She sighed loudly through her nose. "And I'm me. I'm damaged, and how could she possibly love me when I'm so damaged?"

"She already does," Sam told her.

"Yeah," Lena scoffed. "I know. I'm her best friend. That's the problem. She's straight, and I'm—well, I don't know what I am exactly, but it's definitely not straight."

"Is she straight?" Sam cocked her head to the side and looked at Lena quizzically. "I've never heard her specifically say those words."

"When a woman has a track record of dating only men it kind of goes without saying, Sam." The CEO rolled her eyes.

"See, Alex said the same thing," Sam countered. "But I reminded her that so had she at some point, and now she's gay."

Lena froze, her shoulders tensing. "You talked to Alex about this? Are you out of your mind?"

Suddenly she was up and pacing in front of the couch. "What if she tells Kara? Why would you do this?"

"I was trying to prove to her how much Kara means to you," Sam said apologetically. "And I doubt Alex would tell Kara. She didn't even believe me. She's convinced you're straight."

"That doesn't mean she won't say anything," Lena said crossly.

"Well," Sam said, standing as well and placing her hands on her hips. "Maybe you should tell Kara first, then."

Lena stopped pacing and rounded on her. "Okay, now I know you've lost it."

"Come on, Lena. What's the worst that could happen?"

"She could hear me."

Sam scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Yeah, and maybe you could hear her saying she feels the same way."

"That's it. I'm calling a doctor. You're obviously not well." Lena reached into her jacket pocket to retrieve her phone. Sam rushed over and stopped her.

"Lena, I'm fine." She put her hands on the shorter woman's shoulders and held her gaze. "Please, just listen to me. I know you're scared. I know you think it's impossible she could feel the same way. But I'm telling you this, from an outsider's point of view, there is a very real chance she does."

"A very real chance?" Lena frowned slightly. "What, so you don't know what she feels like you know how I feel about her?"

"She's a little harder to read," Sam said, shrugging slightly. "But I know that unless you talk to her, tell her how you feel, you will continue to let this eat you up inside. And I think you owe it to yourself, and to Kara and your friendship, to be honest with her about it." She squeezed Lena's shoulders reassuringly. "People do this every day. Confess their feelings to each other, take leaps
of faith. That's how all relationships start out. You have to take that risk. Nobody ever got anything important by playing it safe."

Lena bit her lip, letting Sam's words hit her. She did have a point. Moving to National City to work on L-Corp had been a huge risk, and it had paid off. It brought Kara into her life, and though she was the cause of all the turmoil Lena was going through, she knew her life wouldn't be the same without the perky blonde. Hell, she wouldn't have a life at all if Kara hadn't saved it in Lena's first twelve hours within city limits.

And she knew she couldn't keep going on how things were. She couldn't keep being around Kara pretending like she wasn't in love with every little thing about her. It was too hard.

"What if she hates me and doesn't even want to be my friend anymore?" Lena asked in a small voice.

"It's Kara. She didn't hate you when you made Kryptonite, she's not going to hate you because you care about her," Sam assured her. "Isn't the possibility of ending up with her worth the risk?"

Lena thought about it for a moment. "It would everything."

"Then you have to go for it." Sam nodded. "And I'll be here for you, no matter what the outcome."

"After I get back from Metropolis," Lena said. "One problem at a time."
Lunch With Jess

After Lena left Sunday morning Kara called Alex, who answered immediately. She asked her to come over, and Alex agreed, no questions asked. She was just happy Kara was talking to her again. It had only been a day since she'd told Kara she'd been following Lena and Kara told her she needed space. Luckily Winn had invited her over for pizza and beer, and she kicked his ass at Call of Duty, so her mind was mostly occupied. But she had hardly slept, an uneasiness settling over her, like it always did when she and Kara weren't on good terms. But all that seemed to be behind them because she was on her way to Kara's with a spring in her step.

As she got off the elevator at Kara's floor she had a smile on her face, and she held it while knocking on her sister's door. It fell, however, when the blonde opened the door and Alex saw Winn sitting inside on the couch already. She stared at him questioningly as she entered, Kara closing the door behind her.

"What's going on?" Alex asked, looking back and forth between her friend and sibling.

"I don't know," Winn said. "She just called me and asked me to come over. Wouldn't tell me what it's about, said I had to wait until you got here."

"Well, I'm here," Alex said, turning to her sister. "Care to clue us in, Kara?"

"Sure. First, sit." The reporter settled herself in the armchair and raised her eyebrows at the redhead expectantly when her sister stayed standing in the middle of the room.

Alex let out a sigh, an inkling of an idea of what this could be about in the back of her mind. She sat down beside Winn and nodded to her sister.

"Winn, Alex, I called you here for a couple of reasons," Kara began seriously. "First, Winn, Alex told me that you've been spying on Lena."

"You told her?" Winn said accusingly and rounded on his boss.

"It was the right thing to do," Alex said.

"Why didn't you tell me this when we hung out last night?" he asked crossly. "A little warning would have been nice." He turned to Kara quickly. "Kara, I am so sorry."

"It's fine, Winn," Kara said hurriedly. "I slept on it, I'm over it. We're all good."

"You told her?" Winn said accusingly and rounded on his boss.

"We are?" Alex asked, raising her eyebrows at Kara.

"Yeah," she said softly. "Although, while you've both apologized to me, you still owe Lena an apology, too." She looked at them pointedly. "Especially since while you've been following her you failed to realize she was doing something good instead of something evil, like you suspected."

"I didn't really suspect anything. I was just along for the ride," Winn said, raising his hand meekly like a student. "And what was Lena doing exactly? We never found out."

"She was destroying all of her Kryptonite," Alex answered.

Winn blinked at her for a moment. "Dude, we spent literally hours together last night. You could have brought up all of this. It would have saved me the Lyft ride over here."
"Actually, there's something else I wanted to talk to you about," Kara interjected. "Something I need your help with."

"Anything," Alex said instantly.

"Lena had a really weird visitor in her office on Friday. He wanted to show her his blueprints for a gun he designed that's powered by Kryptonite," Kara explained. "She told him no, and he got mad and left. She thought that was the end of it, but then when we went to dinner last night he was at the restaurant."

"Coincidence?" Winn suggested.

"I don't believe in coincidences," Alex said. "Did you see him?"

"No," Kara said, shaking her head. "He left before I got there. Lena said he gave her really bad vibes. And if he's looking to build a weapon that uses Kryptonite as a power source, he's gotta be bad news."

"I agree," Alex said with a small nod. "What's his name?"

"Lucas Dunleavy."

"Dunleavy," Alex said, testing the name out on her tongue. "Doesn't sound familiar. But we can look into him."

"Thank you," Kara said in an appreciative tone. She knew her sister was still somewhat on the fence about Lena, even if she was trying. But she also knew that no matter what her feelings about Lena, Alex would take this matter seriously. It wasn't just Lena's life at stake here with this creep randomly showing up. It was hers as well. She was sure that was why Alex agreed to look into the matter so readily. Whatever the case, Kara was grateful her sister was in this with her. "What do we do first?"

"First," Alex said, standing. "I think we need to head to the DEO."

Alex drove her and Winn over while Kara changed into her Supergirl garb and flew out to meet them. It was Sunday, so the crew at the DEO was sparse. They couldn't leave the monitors completely unmanned in case something happened, but since things had been so quiet lately she'd given a few extra people the weekend off, simply having them on call in case something happened.

Kara got there first, and she was pacing in front of the computers when Alex and Winn arrived. Winn immediately sat behind his monitor, cracking his knuckles before he began typing wildly on his keyboard.

He pulled up everything he could find on Lucas Dunleavy, and Alex's and Kara's eyes roamed the large screens, reading every piece of information they could.

"Okay, so here's what we know," Alex said after a few minutes of reading. "Name: Lucas Allen Dunleavy. Born June 13th, 1990. He was born at Metropolis General, his mother a woman named Rachel Dunleavy."

"What about his father?" Kara asked.

"None listed, which isn't uncommon," Alex said. "I've seen it before. Sometimes women don't know because they've had multiple partners, or the pregnancy is the result of a drunken one-night
stand and they literally can't even remember the father's name... Or in some cases, it's the result of a rape."

Kara winced slightly at the mention of such a heinous crime and quickly sought to change the subject. "Siblings?"

"None," Alex said.

"It says here his mother actually died when he was three," Winn said, pointing to the screen. "After that he was put into the foster care system, and he bounced around from home to home until he was fifteen."

"His records from school show he was in detention regularly, mostly for fighting, and one school he got kicked out of for pulling a knife on another student," Alex said. "After that he was sent to Metropolis Military Academy."

"How does an orphan afford military school?" Kara asked. "Did one of his foster parents foot the bill?"

"No," Winn said, typing at his keyboard rapidly and pulling up a file. "The adoption agency that handled his case was called Metropolis United Charities. They enrolled him, paid his full tuition."

"Maybe they thought it was easier than trying to place him in another home," Alex said.

"Maybe no one would take him," Kara added with a frown. "Military school would explain his fascination with guns, but not his ability to build them."

"Actually," Winn said, spinning in his seat to turn back to the computer. "He excelled at MMA, and that, combined with his orphan status, was enough to get him a small scholarship and grants to attend Metropolis Community College. He studied Computer Science, and upon graduating got a job at a small computer repair shop." He pulled up the image of the location. "He worked here for two years before quitting." Winn glanced over his shoulder at them, then back to the screens. "I started out as an IT, and now I work here and make things I never thought imaginable. If I could do it, so could he."

"Where does he work now?" Kara asked, eyes scanning the huge monitors in front of her for a clue.

"I don't know," Winn admitted. "After the repair shop there's no work history."

"How does he pay his bills?" Alex asked, eyes narrowing in suspicion.

"He could work for himself, like he said," Winn reasoned. "It's not uncommon for people with his skillset to work from home. He could have had customers from the shop that he stole, promising to do the work cheaper. They tell their friends, and suddenly you've got a whole list of clients. And if they pay cash you don't have to pay taxes on it."

"That's illegal, right?" Kara asked hopefully. "Tax evasion. Maybe we can alert the IRS, get him locked up for that before he has a chance to make his gun."

"I can look at his tax records, but no promises," Winn said, typing at his keyboard again.

"What else do we have?" Kara was desperate to find something else, anything else that might give her a clue to the mystery that was Lucas Dunleavy.
"I mean, he has an apartment listed in Metropolis," Winn said. "Other than that, there's not much else."

"There has to be," Kara insisted. "If he lives in Metropolis, why is he in National City?"

"He wanted to see Lena," Alex said. "We know that much."

"And he's likely stalking her now," Kara said. She leaned over Winn's shoulder and looked at his monitor. "There's no history with the police? No restraining orders or complaints from ex-girlfriends?"

"Nothing," Winn said, shaking his head. "And he doesn't have any social media, no pictures of him show up anywhere. Except this." He pulled up an image, showing Lucas's driver's license.

Kara stared at the face smirking back at her. No, she definitely hadn't seen that man at the restaurant. He had striking features: a strong jaw, dark eyes, perfectly coiffed light brown hair. Just one look and she got a bitter taste in her mouth.

"Keep looking, Winn," Kara told him. "There's something there. I just know it."

When Lena got off her private jet Monday morning the first thing she did was give a huge sigh of relief. She'd never been a fan of flying, and the fact that she'd nearly died when flying several times at this point didn't help to ease her anxieties. But as soon as her heels clicked onto the tarmac she felt better.

She sent Kara a text to let her know she'd landed safely on the ground, and moments later received a heart emoji as response. She smiled as she slid her phone back into her purse and climbed into the back of the car that was awaiting her.

She went straight to her apartment in Metropolis she'd used to occupy when she lived here. She still traveled here enough for business, and it wasn't like she couldn't afford rent for two places, so she kept her lease for times like these. And admittedly, she liked this place a little more than her loft in National City. It had carpet instead of hardwood, and the furniture wasn't as ornate. She'd had time to shop for it herself and make the place her own. When she moved into her new loft she'd simply hard it furnished. This place, though, it made her feel like herself just a little bit.

Before she even had time to put her bag down her phone was ringing. She pulled it from her purse, smirking when she saw Sam's name flashing across the screen.

"Hello, Sam," she answered.

"I hate you," Sam said in reply.

Lena laughed a little. "Why?"

"Because I just fired Ashley, and she cried," Sam said, her voice tense. "Never make me do that again."

"Don't worry. I should be able to handle all my own fires from now on," Lena said amusedly. "I just got to my place. I'm hopefully going to see Jess right away."

"Good luck," Sam said. "I just wanted to call and tell you I hate you for making me do that. And now I have to go. I have a meeting in five. Someone has to run your company, after all."
"And you're so good, at it, too. That's why I keep letting you do it," Lena joked, smiling widely. She heard Sam groan on the other end of the line.

"Just get Jess back and come home."

The line went dead, and Lena chuckled at the fact that Sam neither greeted her nor said goodbye. She immediately called Kara, and the reporter picked up on the second ring.

"Hey," the blonde said. "Something wrong?"

"No, I just wanted to call and let you know I got to my place okay," Lena said. "And I'm about to go see Jess. Any words of advice on how to handle it?"

"Just be honest, Lena," Kara told her. "Tell her how much she means to you and how much you miss her."

"I've never been good at expressing my feelings," Lena admitted.

"I know, but you have to try," Kara said. "That's the only way you're going to get Jess to come back. Not by offering her more money or benefits. By being real with her."

"And you think that'll be enough?"

"Of course it will," Kara insisted. "Come on, you've got this. You're Lena Luthor. You graduated from M.I.T. You took over and rebranded L-Corp at twenty-four. You're brilliant and intelligent, and you're every bit as badass as Supergirl. There's nothing to be worried about."

Lena took a deep breath, letting Kara's words sink in. She was right. She was Lena Fucking Luthor. It was time she stopped wallowing in self pity and owned herself again.

"I think you missed your calling as a motivational speaker," Lena mused.

"I'll consider it if this whole reporting thing doesn't work out," Kara said, and Lena heard her laugh lightly on her end.

"I suppose I should go so I can do this while I still have this small boost of confidence," Lena said, though she wished she could just stay there and talk to Kara. There would be plenty of time for that when she got back, though.

"Yeah, and if Snapper catches me on my phone he'll have my head on a spike," Kara said, sounding disappointed that the call was ending as well.

"Have you been watching Game of Thrones again?" Lena asked with an amused smirk.

"Maybe," Kara said, laughing again. "But we both really do need to go. Call me later? Tell me how it went?"


"Bye, Lee."

Lena hung up and smiled down at her phone. Talking to Kara somehow recharged her, gave her a boost that she desperately needed. She reminded her of who she was, and she knew there was nothing she couldn't do if she set her mind to it.
She felt fine the entire car ride across Metropolis. It wasn't until she'd entered Leonard Tech, Jess's new workplace, that she started to feel anxious again. The entire elevator ride up to the to thirtieth floor she felt claustrophobic in the confined space. When the bell dinged and the door opened she had to stop herself from diving out. She took a deep breath to compose herself and started down the hall.

She saw Jess before Jess saw her. She was sitting at a desk outside of Damien Leonard's office. He'd founded the company and made a name for himself. He'd also pilfered the best assistant she ever had. Jess didn't look up when Lena got to her desk, just kept typing and staring at the screen in front of her. Lena thought she didn't notice her and was about to clear her throat to make her presence known when Jess spoke.

"Mr. Leonard isn't taking appointments right now," Jess said, still not looking at Lena.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing I'm here to see you, then," she responded.

Jess froze at her voice and stopped typing. She turned to Lena slowly, completely shocked to see her. After a moment her confusion was replaced with excitement and she jumped out of her chair and scurried around the desk. Lena flinched when Jess threw her arms around her in a hug, but recovered and patted Jess's back until she was released by her former assistant.

"Lena—I mean, Ms. Luthor—" Jess stammered.

"Just Lena, Jess. Please." She offered a small smile.

"Lena," Jess said, still smiling as well. "What are you doing here?"

"I told you, I'm here to see you," she said.

"But why?" Jess questioned.

Lena hesitated. This wasn't the place. She couldn't beg for Jess to come back right outside of her new boss' office door.

"I wanted to speak with you about something," Lena said slowly. "Can I take you to lunch?"

"Sure," Jess said with a nod. "I was just finishing up an email before heading out myself. Give me two minutes?"

Lena nodded as well, and Jess flashed another grin before returning to her seat. Lena sat herself on one of the couches in the waiting area and pretended to be occupied with something on her phone while waiting for Jess. Thankfully Jess was an excellent typist (one of the reasons Lena loved her so much), so soon they were walking towards the elevator together.

They decided on a small café around the corner from Leonard Tech and before long were seated at a small table outside with coffees and lunch. They were silent as they began to eat. Jess nibbled daintily at her sandwich, and Lena had to smile at the difference between her and Kara. Kara would have gotten double the food and still finished it in about four bites. Lena pushed around her salad quietly as she tried to figure out how to say what she wanted to say.

"Jess, why did you ask me what I thought when you got offered the job at Leonard Tech?" she asked finally, setting down her fork. "Why didn't you just take it right off the bat?"

Jess stared at her for a moment and set her sandwich aside. "Because you were my boss, someone I looked up to and respected. I wanted to know your opinion." She quirked her head to the side and
looked at Lena questioningly. "Why does it matter? You told me to go."

"I know I did," Lena said, frowning. "Because I thought it was an amazing opportunity for you, and I didn't want to be selfish by holding you back and telling you to stay," she admitted. "I thought you were asking me because you wanted to take it. I never thought you might have asked me because you wanted me to tell you to stay." She searched the woman's face. "Did you?"

Jess narrowed her eyes a little, though she smiled a small, knowing smile. "I know you well enough to know you didn't get to that one on your own," she said. "So, who helped you arrive at this conclusion? Miss Arias, Mr. Olsen, or Miss Danvers?" She raised her eyebrows expectantly.

Lena's cheeks burned slightly as her eyes fell to her lap. "Does it matter how I got here? What's important is I am." She looked up again, holding Jess's gaze. "Did you want me to ask you to stay, or not?"

Jess smiled softly at her. "Of course I wanted to stay, Lena. You weren't just my boss. You're my role model. You're so accomplished and talented, I just wanted the opportunity to work close to you in some aspect. I thought we were on our way to becoming friends until Mr. Leonard offered me the job."

"We were, Jess," Lena said, and summoned up enough courage to reach across the table to rest a hand on the woman's arm. "But I'm stubborn and distant and push people away when they get too close. I always have. But I'm trying to change. I'm trying to be better." She squeezed Jess's arm gently. "Please come back. I made a mistake letting you go. You can have whatever benefits you want, and whatever he's paying you, I'll pay you exponentially more."

"You make it really hard to say no to you," Jess said with a small laugh.

"It's one of my many talents," Lena said with a smirk and shyly retracted her hand from Jess's arm. "So? What do you say? Will you come back to work for me?" she asked. "I know you just moved to Metropolis, but I will personally pay to buy you out of your lease. I can put you up in a place in National City, hire movers for all of your stuff. Whatever you need to make it as easy as possible."

"You'd do all that just to get me back as your assistant?" Jess asked, slightly dumbfounded.

"You're worth it," Lena said. "I need you, Jess." Jeez, she was laying it on thick. If she wasn't completely infatuated with Kara she might have questioned it more. But when she looked at Jess all she saw was a platonic companion, someone she'd come to trust. "Please?"

"On one condition," Jess said, and when Lena nodded she continued, "Can you please come back to Leonard Tech with me as moral support when I tell Mr. Leonard I'm leaving?" she asked. "He scares me."

Lena found herself laughing at Jess's admission. "Sure, I'd be happy to."

"Then of course I'll come back, Lena," Jess said. "I'd be absolutely honored."

Lena let out a sigh of relief as a huge smile stretched across her face. She felt light and giddy. She'd opened herself up, been honest with Jess, just like Kara had told her to. And it worked. She was getting her assistant back, and hopefully this would bring them closer. Maybe it was time to stop holding her at arm's distance just because she was her boss. She was technically James's boss, yet she'd dated him. She was friends with both Kara and Sam, and she was their boss, too. She could find a balance between work and life with the other people she knew, why should Jess be any different?
As they finished lunch Lena felt like a weight had been lifted, and she tried to hold onto that feeling. Though there was still something nagging in the back of her mind. Now that this was over she would be going back to National City. And that meant back to Kara. She was thrilled at the thought of seeing her again, but anxious because it meant that she'd either have to follow through on her promise to Sam to tell Kara about her feelings, or once again shove them down and hope Alex didn't spill her secret. The thought of doing either made her feel uneasy, but she tried to ignore that feeling and focus on the happiness she felt over the fact that Jess would be back in her employment soon.
Crush

Monday passed slowly for Kara. At work it took all day for her to write a short article about the mugging Supergirl had stopped the other night. It wasn't exactly front-page news, but it was better than nothing. However, because it had been such a simple bust she couldn't find the spark she usually got when writing about something bigger, like the alien fight club she'd broken up that one time.

Because she couldn't seem to focus on the task at hand her mind continued to wander to Lena. It had hardly been over twenty-four hours since she'd seen her friend, and though they'd spoken briefly on the phone she still found herself missing the brunette. They'd spent all of their free time together over the past week, and it still didn't seem like enough. She wasn't used to feeling such an intense need to be around someone before, not even with Mon-El. Even then she got tired of him and had to slip out of her window and fly around the city just to feel like she could breathe. It wasn't like that with Lena, though. She seemed to find it harder to breathe without her around.

But maybe that had something to do with the fact that Lena was in Metropolis, home to Lucas Dunleavy. So far Winn hadn't been able to uncover much more on the mysterious man who kept popping up in Lena's life.

He had no credit cards, or even a bank account. He had a cellphone listed, but it seemed like he paid for that, along with everything else, in cash. That was the only explanation for leaving no paper trail. It was maddening how little they were able to find on this guy. It was as if he hardly existed, and to Kara that made him seem more dangerous.

By the end of the work day Kara had somehow managed to write out a somewhat presentable article. She slipped it onto Snapper's desk before scurrying out the door, knowing if she stuck around he would probably bark at her about how bad the article was and force her to stay late to rewrite it. That wasn't something she was in the mood to do.

She made it to the elevator, thankfully, though, and was safely on her way out of the building before long.

Later Kara paced across her living room waiting for Alex to arrive. They were going to eat pizza and watch Rent. She just wanted company to distract her from the fact that Lena wasn't safely in National City, where she could fly to her in a moment's notice if she was in trouble. She'd been waiting to hear from the brunette on how her lunch with Jess went, but so far Lena hadn't called.

She would have called Lena herself, but she didn't want to seem needy or invasive. If Lena wanted to talk she'd call, she surmised. Her resolve was crumbling, though, and her fingers itched to unlock the phone in her hands and just make the call.

As she was about to do so her phone began ringing, Lena's name flashing across the caller I.D. Kara smiled widely, instantly answering.

"I was beginning to think you forgot about me," she admitted as she held the phone to her ear. Lena's laugh came through the other end.

"Impossible," the brunette responded.

Kara's smile only got bigger, if that was even possible. "So, how'd it go? Is Jess coming home?"
"Jess is coming home," Lena told her, and Kara could tell by the sound of her voice that she was smiling as well. "She should be back in the office next week."

"And you?" Kara asked. "When are you coming home?"

"I'll be back tomorrow morning," Lena said.

"Good. Wanna have dinner tomorrow night?" Kara felt like kicking herself for sounding so eager. She just couldn't help it. She didn't think she would feel better until Lena was standing in front of her, unharmed and safe with her there to protect her.

But Lena didn't seem to mind, because she said, "Okay."

"Okay," Kara repeated, breathing out a sigh of relief. "I'll cook, and you can tell me all about your trip to Metropolis."

"Sure," Lena agreed, then paused. Kara could hear her clear her throat on the other end of the line. "It'll give us a chance to talk."

Kara could sense a deeper meaning behind the Luthor's words, but before she could question the ominous statement there was a knock at her door. She fixed her eyes on it, using her x-ray vision to look through the wood. Alex stood on the other side, balancing a box of pizza in one hand. It figured she would show up when she'd finally heard from Lena.

"Lena, I have to go," Kara said, sighing heavily through her nose. "Alex just got here. We had plans tonight."

"My biggest fan," Lena said sarcastically. "Have fun. I'll text you tomorrow when I'm back in the city."

"Text me before your flight too so I know you're okay," Kara said as she crossed her apartment to answer the door.

"Kara, I'm in my apartment for the night," Lena told her. "And I'm going straight to the airport in the morning. What trouble could I possibly get into?"

"You somehow always manage to find a way," Kara said with a smirk as she put her hand on the doorknob.

"Harsh, but fair," Lena said, laughing. "Okay, I'll text you when I wake up in the morning so you know I didn't die in my sleep."

"And when you're at the airport," Kara added. "Promise?"

"Yes, Kara," Lena said quickly. "Now go be with your sister."

Kara sighed deeply, but said, "Okay. Goodnight, Lena."

"Goodnight, Kara."

The line went dead, and the blonde tried to choke down the disappointment of not being able to talk to Lena for the rest of the night. She mustered all the good vibes she could and plastered on a thousand-watt smile as she slipped her phone into her pocket. Taking a deep breath, she pulled open the door, and Alex instantly frowned upon seeing her.

"What's wrong?" the older Danvers asked immediately, entering the apartment.
Kara huffed as she closed the door behind her. "Why do you assume something's wrong?" She took the pizza from Alex and brought it over to the sitting area, not even bothering to grab plates beforehand. As Alex sat next to her she opened the box and took out a slice.

"Because I know you," Alex said, grabbing a slice as well. "I know your fake smiles from your real ones. And what you just gave me at the door was a fake smile. So, what's up?" she asked, raising her eyebrows expectantly as she took a bite of pizza.

"I'm just thinking about Lena," Kara admitted, studying her food instead of eating it. "She's still in Metropolis, and you-know-who lives there."

"Voldemort?" Alex joked with a smirk, earning an eye roll from her sister.

"Dunleavy," Kara corrected.

"Kar, I know. I was kidding."

Kara blushed slightly. "I knew that." She took a big bite of pizza and chewed quickly, swallowing before she continued, "I just don't like the idea of her possibly being in the same city as him without me there to protect her."

Alex watched her carefully for a moment, mouth turned downwards in a frown as she regarded her sister. Kara stared off into space, eating her slice of pizza as the wheels turned in her head. Before Alex was even halfway done with her first slice Kara had finished one and took another, not even bothering to look down as she reached for it.

"You're really protective of Lena," Alex said slowly, and Kara turned to her with a quizzical look.

"Well, yeah," Kara said quickly. "She's my best friend."

"I know, you've mentioned that before. Many times, actually," Alex said, eyes not leaving her sister. "You've been spending a lot of time together since you made up."

"I know, it's been awesome," Kara said around another bite of pizza. "It's so nice to have someone new to be myself around. Like a breath of fresh air. Ya know, when Lena initially found out, my worst fears came true, sure. But once we got past that, it's like there's this new level of closeness and trust in our relationship. It makes me wish I'd told her sooner."

Alex regarded her a moment, digesting what she'd just said. "Well, as much as I hate to admit when I'm wrong… I'm glad it seems like I was and that you're happy."

"I am happy," Kara said brightly, not able to stop the smile that made its way to her face. "It's like the more people who know my secret, the less alone I feel. That's just one less person I don't have to put a guard up around. It's freeing."

"I'm glad you feel that way," Alex said, nodding slightly. "Because Sam… Yeah, she knows you're Supergirl."

Kara's eyes went wide, and she nearly dropped her pizza crust. "What? How?"

"She's a lot brighter than ninety-five percent of the people you know, apparently," Alex said. "She connected the dots. And let me tell you, they were not hard to put together. You suck at keeping your identity a secret."

"I kept it from Lena for over two years!" Kara defended.
"She found out!" Alex retorted. "But if it makes you feel better, it was only because Sam has experience with living two lives. She wanted to see the truth. And Lena, I don't think she really did. I think she may have deep down knew, subconsciously. But she didn't want to admit it to herself."

"Why not?" Kara asked, frowning slightly.

"Because before all this happened she and Supergirl weren't in a good place," Alex said with a small shrug. "She felt really betrayed by her—by you. She didn't want to think that Kara was capable of hurting her like that."

Kara stared at her for a moment, biting her lip. When she released it she said, "What are you, like a psychologist now?"

"No," Alex said, laughing lightly. "I've just been talking to Sam about the whole thing and doing a lot of thinking."

"You've been talking to Sam about me and Lena?" Kara asked, her eyebrows crinkling in confusion. "I know you said she helped you come to your senses, but I didn't think it was an ongoing thing."

"She saw I was upset after the fight we had at the bar that night," Alex said. "That's when she told me she knew you were Supergirl, but she swore she won't tell anyone, and I believe her." She paused, glancing down to her feet almost shyly. "Then we made up, but you told me you needed a few days to cool off, and I needed to talk to someone. Sam was there."

Kara nodded slowly, understanding. "Well, I'm glad you had Sam," she said with a small smile. "You two have been spending more time together… Alone, might I add." She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Yeah, as friends," Alex said, rolling her eyes. "I can have female friends I'm not dating."

"I didn't say you were dating," Kara said, smile widening as her sister's face turned red. "You're blushing." She popped the last of the pizza in her mouth and dusted off her hands.

"I am not," Alex said, tugging at her collar awkwardly.

"You are," the blonde teased, nudging her sister's shoulder. "You like her."

"Don't be ridiculous," the redhead responded with a scoff. "Just because we've been spending time together doesn't mean I have feelings for her. I spend time with Winn, and I don't like him. You've spent literally every night with Lena this past week, and I'm not accusing you of having a crush on her."

Kara stopped smiling at this, freezing under her sister's gaze. She suddenly felt hot all over, and she could feel her face burning. She tried to swallow past the lump that found its way to her throat, but her mouth felt like sandpaper. Alex noticed the change in Kara's demeanor, and frowned at the sudden shift.

"You okay?" she asked, scooting closer to wrap an arm around the smaller woman's shoulders. Her frown deepened as Kara pulled away and stood.

"I'm thirsty," she muttered before scurrying off to the kitchen.

Alex walked over as Kara took a glass from the cupboard and filled it with water from the faucet. She downed it in one go and refilled it. Alex waited patiently as Kara emptied it once again, wiping
her mouth on her shirtsleeve when she was done. She set the glass down heavily, trying to keep her hand steady and her grip loose so she wouldn't break the glass.

"Kara?" Alex prodded when her sister wouldn't meet her gaze.

"How did you know?" Kara asked so low Alex barely heard her.

"Know what?" Alex asked, taking a hesitant step closer.

"Know that you liked Maggie as more than a friend?" she asked, finally looking up and looking at the taller woman with glassy eyes.

"We've talked about it before," Alex said and reached out to place a gentle hand on Kara's shoulder.

"No, we just talked about how you figured out you're gay," Kara said. "You don't just fall for every woman that you meet, though. What made Maggie different? How did you know you liked her romantically?"

"How does anyone know, straight or gay?" Alex asked with a small shrug. "It's the way that person makes you feel. The butterflies, the way a text from them can brighten up your whole day, how you can't stop smiling when you're around that person, or thinking about the next time you'll see them every moment you're apart. She squeezed her sister's shoulder and looked at her meaningfully. "How did you know you didn't like Winn, or that you did like Mon-El? It's all the same, no matter the gender."

Kara was silent for a moment, staring past her sister. Alex could practically see the wheels turning in her head, and she let out a sigh as she removed her hand from Kara's shoulder. Instead she grabbed the woman by the hand and began to lead her back to the couch. The blonde didn't protest and sat without a word. She brought her hands to her lap and pulled at her fingers as she chewed her bottom lip, staring out the window into the night sky. Alex watched, Sam's theory of Lena's crush on her sister swirling around in her mind.

"On Krypton we didn't have the same views on homosexuality as we do here on Earth," Kara said finally, her voice somewhat shaky. "We were taught that all love is beautiful, and the validity of that love was never questioned. There was no such thing as a coming out process because no one felt the need to identify themselves as anything. You just dated who you wanted to date, and that was that."

"Sounds nice," Alex said, almost wistfully.

"It was," Kara said, smiling a little as memories of Krypton surfaced at the back of her brain. "It was something I never even realized could be considered abnormal, until I got here. Suddenly there wasn't just people, it was gay people, or straight people, and I didn't know what any of that meant. All I knew was that 'gay' was used as an insult, considered unsavory."

"We grew up in a rocky time," Alex agreed with a small nod. "It wasn't as bad as it used to be, but it wasn't what it is now. And it could still be better."

"Exactly." Kara nodded as well. "I saw kids at school being bullied for being different, for being gay. I was already so weird, being a new kid and an alien, I didn't want to give them any more reason to consider me odd. Now she shook her head, looking down at her clasped hands. "I was only thirteen. I'd never had a crush on anyone, not really. Boys or girls. But if having a crush on a girl was something that could draw attention to me, that was not something I wanted to consider. I
was supposed to be blending in, assimilating, not putting a target on my back."

"You know I wouldn't have let anyone mess with you," Alex said with a small smile.

"I didn't at first, though," Kara responded. "You hated me. So I just tried to keep my head down and do what everyone else was doing. Then Kenny and I became friends, and I developed feelings for him. I was so happy. Like, 'great, I do like boys after all.' And then I just never thought about it again."

"Here comes the but," Alex said.

Kara blushed a little and shot her a small glare. "But I always found girls beautiful, too. I just never had feelings for a girl," she paused, sighing, "until…" She trailed off, hanging her head, the words caught in her throat.

"Until Lena?" the older Danvers offered, causing the younger's head to shoot up.

"How did you know I meant—"

"Really?" Alex interrupted. "One moment I say something about you having a crush on Lena, and the next you're asking me how I knew the difference between friendship and romance. And then you basically tell me you questioned your sexuality, and I'm not supposed to assume you're talking about Lena?" The redhead clicked her tongue. "I may not have as many PHD's as her, but I do have a doctorate. I'm not a simpleton."

Kara's blush deepened, and she took in a shaky breath, exhaling it loudly through her nose. "I don't know what it is about her, Alex. I mean, I've always found her beautiful. How could I not? She's literally one of the most gorgeous women I've ever seen, on any planet."

"She is," Alex said, nodding. Kara shot her a small glare, and she held her hands up in defense. "What? I was agreeing with you."

"Anyway," Kara began, stilling glaring slightly, "since she found out I'm Supergirl and we've been getting closer, I've noticed a shift in my feelings towards her. She frowned a little, eyes roaming out the window again to avoid her sister's intense gaze. "I've been feeling about her how I used to feel about James, how I felt about Mon-El. I don't know why, but she's the only girl I've felt like about this. I can't stop smiling when she's around, and when she's not I spend my time wishing she was." Her eyes grew misty, and she swiped at the tears quickly before they had a chance to fall. "I've been so confused. Why now? Why her? Maybe I'm just feeling really close to her and none of this means anything. Maybe it's just a phase."

"Kara, if I may," Alex interjected, "if everything you say is true, then I don't think it's a phase. I've always thought of you as the kind of person who is attracted more to personality, rather than to mainly physical appearance. Sure, you thought Mon-El was cute at first, but you didn't start liking him until he began growing into a better person. And James, well he's Guardian. He has no powers, yet goes out and risks his life for the greater good. He's a wonderful person, and that's what attracted you to him. So, if you've always found girls attractive, like you say, it makes sense that you could feel that way about Lena."

"But I never wanted to act on that attraction," Kara insisted. She huffed and closed the lid of the forgotten pizza box.

"Because you've never gotten close enough to anyone to feel it," Alex said and tapped her chin in thought. "Now that I think about it, you've never had a female friend before Lena. The closest
thing you've ever had besides me is Cat Grant, and maybe Lucy before she disappeared from our lives." She momentarily wondered where Lucy had gone to, but decided that was another question for another day. "Your closest friends up until Lena were Winn and James. After Kenny died you closed yourself off in high school and college. You were a hermit. You didn't make another friend until Winn on your first day of CatCo."

"You make me sound like such a loser," Kara said, rolling her eyes in annoyance. "I had no self-confidence, okay? In case you haven't noticed I'm incredibly socially awkward."

"You are the epitome of socially awkward," Alex teased with a lopsided grin. "My point is, maybe you never felt that way about a girl because you've never gotten close enough to feel that way before. Maybe for you gender doesn't matter, and you being attracted to someone is solely based on the person themselves."

Kara finally tore her eyes from the window and looked to her sister tearfully. "So… What does that make me?" she asked with a small sniffle. "I always thought I was straight. That was part of my normal here on Earth."

"Kara, you were never going to be normal here." Alex reached out and placed a gentle, comforting hand on her sister's knee. "You were always destined to be extraordinary. You are still the same amazing, wonderful person I love very much. Who you love, that doesn't change anything. Whether you're straight, gay, bi, pan, whatever… You are strong, and you adapt. That's how you've made it this far. Becoming Supergirl, embracing your heritage, and now, accepting a new side of yourself you've shoved down for so long." She scooted closer and wrapped an arm around the woman's shoulder. "I know it's hard, trust me. But it's going to be okay. You've got me and the rest of our family and friends behind you. We'll always stand by you and support you, no matter what."

"Support me in what?" Kara asked, looking at her skeptically.

"Coming out, if you choose to," Alex said. "And if you and Lena end up dating, we'll support that too."

"Who said anything about dating Lena?" Kara suddenly stood from her sister's embrace and crossed her arms over her chest as she began pacing.

"But you like her," Alex said, staring at the hero a bit dumbfounded.

"Yeah, I'm not going to tell her that, though," Kara said, kicking at the floor as she trekked across the living room. "I've only just gotten her back. I'm not going to risk losing her again by scaring her off."

Alex shook her head and stood. "I don't think that would happen," she said, her eyes not leaving the restless blonde. "If finding out you're Supergirl didn't ruin your friendship, nothing can. Look, I know you're scared." Kara stopped pacing and rounded on her sister, a deep frown on her face. "I was scared to accept my feelings for Maggie," Alex went on. "But I did, and even though she broke my heart, I would do it all over again. Because she showed me what true love was. You were scared to open your heart to Mon-El, but you did, and he ended up being your first love."

"And my first heart break," Kara said, sighing as she uncrossed her arms and placed her hands on her waist. "Alex, these examples aren't the best. They're failed relationships."

"Yes, but not all relationships fail," Alex told her. "These people showed us that we can find love and happiness if we allow ourselves to. And we both deserve to feel that way again. So, we owe it to ourselves to take these chances, to take these risks. Because the reward is worth it," she said,
smiling gently. "No one ever got shit by taking the easy road. Sometimes you just have to take that leap, even if you're terrified."

Kara stared at her for a moment, brows knit as she pondered her sister's words. She shook her head, glancing to her feet. "Why are you advocating for this? Not even a week ago you hated Lena."

"I didn't hate her, I was just skeptical," Alex said. She walked over and hooked her index finger under Kara's chin, forcing her to meet her eyes. "But she destroyed her Kryptonite and informed us of Dunleavy's malicious intentions instead of helping him. She's proving to be the person you've always believed her to be, and I'm starting to see that." She shrugged, removing her hand and running it through her short, red hair instead. "And I want you to be happy. If Lena could do that, I think you should go for it. Besides, I'm a sucker for a good lesbian love affair," she added with a grin.

"And if Lena doesn't feel the way and I make a fool of myself?" Kara questioned, bottom lip quivering slightly. "What then?"

Alex hesitated. She wanted to tell Kara about the conversation with Sam, but she didn't feel it was her place. If Lena did like Kara, that was Lena's secret to share, not hers. And plus, if Sam was wrong then she'd have gotten her sister's hopes up for nothing. But since she started paying attention, she got the feeling that maybe Sam wasn't as crazy as she'd originally thought. Still, she didn't know anything officially.

"I guess you'll never know unless you try," Alex settled on saying instead.

Kara let out a heavy sigh and shook her head. "I don't want to talk about this anymore. Can we just watch Rent now?"

"Sure," Alex said.

Kara quickly went over to her entertainment center and searched for the disk. She could feel her sister's eyes on her, and her cheeks burned, knowing Alex would leave it alone for the moment but that wouldn't stop her thinking about it. It was only a matter of time before she brought it up again. But Kara wasn't ready to talk about it anymore. Doing that so much already made her chest ache, and she just wanted to get lost in her favorite musical instead of drudging up all these pesky feelings.
Kara had thought Monday passed slowly, but Tuesday time seemed to be standing still. She'd woken before her alarm when her phone chimed with a text from Lena saying she'd made it through the night. She smiled at that, but still felt uneasy. There was still so much that could go wrong.

When she got to CatCo she got the text that Lena was at the airport, sitting in her private jet and waiting to take off. Her chest felt tight the entire time Lena's plane was in the air. She continuously checked her phone, so much so that Snapper threatened to take it if she didn't cut it out and find a way to make herself useful.

Luckily for her that's when James appeared in the newsroom, tapping her on her shoulder gently to get her attention. She swiveled in her chair, blinking in surprise when she saw him.

"James," she said, standing. She awkwardly adjusted her glasses. "What are you doing down here?"

"Can we talk a minute?" he asked, rubbing the back of his neck self-consciously. "In my office?"

Kara frowned at his serious tone, and she nodded as she followed him to the elevator. Neither of them said anything on the way to James's office, and as soon as they got there he closed the large glass doors to give them privacy.

"What's this about?" Kara asked and sat on the white loveseat in the center of the room.

"Winn told me what's going on with Lucas Dunleavy," James said, placing his hands on his hips and giving her a hard look. "Why didn't you tell me about him?"

"I didn't think I needed to," Kara said. It wasn't like Dunleavy affected him in any way. He wasn't in danger of having the gun used against him, and he wasn't dating Lena anymore so she wasn't his concern.

"I'm Guardian," he said, lowering his voice slightly. "I help you protect the city. If there's a potential bad guy I should know about it. Especially if he's sniffing around Lena."

"Why do you care?" Kara challenged, somewhat coldly. "You broke up with her, and apparently you've already moved on." She stared at him pointedly, her lips pursed in a thin, white line. "Winn told me about your date."

"That was nothing, just some Tinder thing," James said with a dismissive wave of the hand. That was news to Kara. She hadn't known he was even on Tinder. Then again, she hadn't spoken to James much since his and Lena's status change. "And just because Lena and I broke up doesn't mean I don't still care about her. If she's in danger I want to protect her."

"I can protect her just fine," Kara said, her cheeks flushing slightly as she felt anger simmer in her belly. She tried to force it down and took a deep breath to calm herself. "I've been doing it for a lot longer than you have."

James regarded her for a moment and crossed his arms over his chest. "I know, but I can help. Winn told me everything he dug up on Dunleavy, even though it wasn't much," he said as he went to sit beside her on the couch. "One thing that stuck out to me was Metropolis United Charities."

"Yeah, that's who handled his adoption—or, lack thereof," Kara said, fighting the urge to sigh in
frustration. "All of the records are sealed, and Winn can't seem to break the encryption. We can't find anything about it online, either. It's like it's a made-up charity."

"It is," James said, causing Kara's eyes to widen in surprise.

"How do you know that?" she demanded.

"It sounded familiar, so I called Clark and asked him if he'd heard of it," James explained. "He definitely had. He'd mentioned it before, which is why I remembered the name."

"How does Clark know about a charity that supposedly doesn't even exist?" Kara asked, scowling a bit in confusion.

"Because it's the agency that handled his adoption," he said solemnly. "And apparently yours, too."

The blonde's jaw nearly dropped open in shock, and she had to close her eyes for a moment because her world seemed to start spinning. She'd never questioned her adoption into the Danvers family, just assumed it was something Jeremiah and Eliza had taken care of. She had no idea how it happened, just that she was glad it did. When she opened her eyes again James was looking at her with concerned etched across his features.

"That's not all," James said somberly. "Metropolis United Charities was a property of Luthor Corp… Which is now—"

"L-Corp," Kara finished for him. She placed her hand over her heart, curling her fingers into a fist. "Maybe Lena can get access to the files."

"Maybe," James said with a nod. "Clark knows more than what he told me, but I'm sure looking at the files would be beneficial."

"I should talk to Clark," Kara said, her hand going to her pocket to retrieve her phone.

"He'll be here tomorrow," James said, causing the reporter to pause.

"He's coming here?" she asked incredulously.

James nodded again. "He wants to help with the investigation. If Dunleavy's a threat to you, he's a threat to him, too."

"Great," Kara said, smiling despite the situation. "I mean, not great that there's danger, but great that I get to see Kal," she said, using his birth name instead, preferring it when referring to her cousin. "He can hopefully tell me more about my adoption, and I'll talk to Lena about Metropolis United tonight when I see her."

"You're seeing Lena tonight?" James asked, eyebrows raised in surprise. "How—how is she?" He cleared his throat awkwardly.

"She's fine," Kara said, taking out her phone now to check if she had any texts from the brunette in question. But her phone had no alerts, so with a grimace she slid it back into her pocket. "I think."

"You think?" His eyebrows quirked in surprise.

"She's been out of town since yesterday," Kara said. "She's on her way back in. Should be landing any minute."

"Well, tell her I said hello," James said. "And if she'd return my texts I'd like to see her."
"Sure," Kara said, nodding hastily. She felt jealously bubble in her gut, though, and she didn't know whether or not she'd actually pass the message along. "I should get going," she said, standing. "The news isn't going to report itself."

She smiled awkwardly before walking out, James watching as she left. She went straight to the roof, wanting to get out of the confines of the building. Once up there she let out the breath she hadn't been aware she'd been holding. Suddenly her blouse and slacks felt constricting, and a restlessness crept into her chest. Checking her phone, she saw she still had no texts from Lena.

Growling in frustration, she tore off her glasses and examined the sky. After a few moments she saw a speck in the distance, but she couldn't be sure what it was. There was only one way to find out.

She ripped her shirt open with determination and was in the air in moments, leaving her clothes behind in favor of her Supergirl garb. She'd go back and get them later.

Further into the sky she rose until she was clear of the city skyline. Kara pushed forward and zoomed off into the distance. Gradually the speck got bigger as they zoomed towards each other. With glee she realized it was a plane, and as she got closer she saw the L-Corp emblem on the side. She beamed as relief flooded her. She readjusted so she was flying alongside the jet, and she could see Lena through the window.

When the brunette saw her, she jumped slightly in surprise, but a smile formed immediately afterwards on her lips. Kara waved enthusiastically, and Lena waved back, shaking her head amusedly. She followed the plane all the way to the airport and waited on the tarmac until the door opened and Lena came down the stairs.

The brunette sauntered over, a smirk on her lips as she regarded the hero. Before she had a chance to say anything Kara reached out and pulled her into a hug. The blonde had to remind herself not to squeeze as tightly as she wanted to because she could actually crush Lena. They lingered there, neither wanting to let go. They didn't part until the pilot appeared with Lena's bag. She took it hastily from him with a thanks before turning to her friend again.

"Were you really that worried about me that you couldn't even wait for me to land?" Lena asked teasingly once the pilot was out of earshot.

"Honestly? Yes," Kara admitted, laughing as a soft blush crept to her cheeks. "I've been worried sick. You have no idea."

Lena was stunned for a moment, unable to believe her safety was something Kara actually fretted over. She glanced to her feet shyly, biting her lip. "Well, I'm here now," she muttered.

"You are," Kara responded, flashing a toothy grin. "What are you going to do now?" she asked, then added hopefully, "Can you do lunch?"

Lena looked up to see Kara looking at her so earnestly it gutted her a little that she had to say no. "I wish I could," she said sadly, and Kara's smile dropped for the first time since Lena had seen her out of the plane window. "But Sam and I have a board meeting in an hour and I have to get to the office to prepare."

"You still need to eat," Kara insisted. "Let me fly you over. We can pick up something on the way." She knew she was being pushy, but now that Lena was in front of her again she didn't want to part just yet.
"Dan's waiting for me out front already," Lena told her. "Besides, I've flown enough for this week," she said cheekily.

Kara pouted, somewhat dejected. Apparently Lena hadn't missed her nearly as much as she missed the CEO. "Okay then," she said sullenly. "I guess I'll get out of your way then." She turned to fly away when she felt fingers clasp around her wrist. She turned back to see Lena offering her a soft smile.

"You're not in my way," she assured her in a quiet, calming voice. "I just know if I spend time with you now then I'm going to want you to stick around, and I'm going to be incredibly ill-prepared and make a fool of myself in the board meeting."

"Oh," Kara breathed out, almost wanting to laugh at her own insecurities. "Well, we wouldn't want that, now, would we?" she joked with a smirk.

"No," Lena agreed, shaking her head as she chuckled lightly. "But I will see you for dinner tonight," she assured her. "Six?"

"Six." Kara nodded, affirming the time.

"Good. Then I guess I'll see you around… Supergirl," she said with a wink, causing the hero's cheeks to turn a delicate shade of pink again.

"See you," she said, hesitating for a moment. She wanted to hug Lena again, one last time before they parted again because she missed her so much and this brief time together did nothing to ease that ache, only worsened it. It was like Lena was a drug, and she was going through withdrawals. But the last thing she wanted to do was weird Lena out by being overly touchy. So she decided on giving her a final smile before lifting off the ground.

Lena watched her ascend, choking down the disappointment that Kara seemed like she was going to wrap her arms around her for a moment before deciding better of it. Normally she hated being touched, but now she was upset by a lack of touch from the blonde, even if she'd gotten a hug in greeting. It wasn't enough. She wanted more. As Kara flew off, waving to Lena as she went, Lena returned the gesture, feeling slightly hollow inside.

The board meeting ran longer than expected. The board of directors fired endless rounds of questions at her, demanding to know why she'd just destroyed a project she'd spent billions of dollars researching. She didn't think she owed them any concrete answers. After all, she was the owner and CEO of L-Corp. They were her underlings, hired simply to advise her and keep her in check in times of need. And she didn't need them undermining her decision to destroy the Kryptonite. She and Sam tried their best to deflect the questions, trying to focus the conversation on L-Corp's future, not a project from the past they'd chosen to abandon.

But she didn't know what was in L-Corp's future. She still had no idea what she wanted to do next, what product she should launch. She had a couple of ideas and rough drafts, though she didn't particularly care for any of them. Her favorite was a work in progress, just an idea she'd actually gotten from Lucas Dunleavy. His gun worked by using the radiation from the Kryptonite and draining it into a pure beam of energy. The process would, theoretically, render the Kryptonite useless, and therefore no longer harmful to Supergirl or Superman. If she could figure out a way to do that without using it as a weapon, she could have something that could be beneficial to both L-Corp and the DEO. But she was still working out the kinks, and the board was unimpressed by her lack of progress.
By the end of the meeting Lena had a migraine forming at the forefront of her brain. She rubbed agitatedly at her temples all the way back to her office. Sam was with her and was thankfully quiet. Lena didn't feel like talking just yet. She desperately needed an Aspirin, and as soon as she and Sam were in her office she went in search of one in her drawer.

"I hate those assholes," Sam said, huffing as she sat in the armchair across from Lena's desk. "They're crochety old white dudes who think they shit diamonds and that we're too incompetent to run this company simply because we're woman."

"They were my father's closest friends," Lena said bitterly as she opened the pill bottle and shook a couple into her hand. "If you could call them that. Lionel didn't really have any friends. Just enemies he allowed to remain close to him because he felt they were too dangerous to be left to their own devices." She shrugged as she crossed to the bar in the corner of her office, taking a bottle of water from the mini fridge. "Water?" she offered Sam, holding up the bottle for emphasis.

"Please," Sam said and reached for the bottle of headache medicine still on the desktop. "I'll have what you're having." She took out the proper dosage as Lena sat behind her desk and slid a bottle of water over to her. "Thanks," she said, and popped the pill into her mouth. Lena did the same, and they held up their waters momentarily before taking swigs. Sam wiped her mouth with the back of her hand as she placed the water on the desk. "Okay, you're back, work's done, Jess is coming back. All that shit's taken care of. Can we finally talk about you telling Kara you love her?"

Lena choked on the water, and she covered her mouth as she coughed and sputtered as the brunette across from her smirked at her flustered state. She glared at the woman as she wiped droplets of water off her chin, trying to regain her breathing as her coughing fit subsided.

"You're not helping my headache, you know," she said hoarsely, but Sam waved off her comment.

"You're not helping with mine either," Sam quipped, sending her boss a playful glare. "Trust me, trying to convince you to get over your shit and woman up and get your girl is a headache all in itself."

"You don't even know that she would be my girl," Lena reminded her. She sighed and closed her eyes as a surge of pain shot through her head. Pinching the bridge of her nose, she silently ached for a drink. Often times a shot of whiskey or two was enough to dull the pain. But she was seeing Kara soon, and she didn't want to show up after drinking again. She didn't need to drink, no matter how much she wanted to. "Maybe telling her isn't the best idea after all."

"Oh no!" Sam exclaimed, jumping to her feet. She placed one hand on the desk as she leaned over and stuck a finger in Lena's face. "You said you were telling her last time I saw you, and dammit, you better do it, Lena Kieran Luthor. I cannot watch you sit here and pine over her anymore." She dropped her finger from Lena's face, the CEO flinching away from her friend's sudden ferocity. "You either tell Kara how you feel or I'm resigning."

Lena stared at her in shock for a moment, then said in a low, somewhat warning voice, "Samantha." She fixed the woman with a pointed look, and Sam remembered herself, retreating back to the armchair.

"Sorry," she said, pouting with embarrassment. "I'm hungry. And hungry me is a bitch."

"I was having Reign flashbacks for a second, there," Lena admitted, and Sam hung her head at this.

"The headache doesn't help," she said defensively, and she looked up shyly. "But what my hungry, bitchy side said was true. You need to tell Kara. It's not fair to keep doing this to yourself. Keeping
secrets like this, they can eat you up inside. Trust me, I know."

"You didn't have to keep the Reign secret for very long," Lena said, grabbing her bottle of water and taking another sip as she sat back in her plush, leather chair. "Although only a few people know that secret. Still, you're not completely alone in it."

"That's not the secret I was talking about," Sam said, a rueful smile lifting the corners of her mouth. "I was saying I specifically know what you're going through when you have to hide your feelings."

"I sense a story here," Lena said, her interest piquing. "So, what was his name?" she asked as she replaced the cap back on her water bottle and placed it back on the desktop.

Sam raised her eyebrows. "Her name was Mary."

Lena blinked rapidly, taken aback. "I'm sorry, what?"

"I'm bi," Sam said simply with a small shrug.

"You bitch," Lena said, and she picked up the water bottle and threw it at Sam, who held up a hand to deflect it. It fell to the floor, and Sam stared at her in bewilderment. "All this time I've been confessing my deepest, darkest secret to you, and you never mentioned to me that you share the same secret?"

"Lena, are you really mad at me?" her CFO asked in disbelief.

"No, of course not!" Lena said, but crossed her arms with a huff. "Just a little annoyed."

"I'm sorry," Sam said, though she began laughing, only causing Lena to pout more. "But to be fair, you never asked."

"Yeah, but you have a daughter," Lena said matter-of-factly. "I assumed you were straight."

"You know what they say when you assume things," Sam teased.

"Still," Lena insisted. "I really wish you would have told me. Like, 'Oh, you like girls? Cool, me too.'"

"What, and then we high five or something?" Sam quipped, grinning playfully.

"I don't know what the proper custom is," Lena said, blushing furiously. "You're the only person I've come out to, and no one's ever come out to me… until now."

"Well, I'm glad I could be your first, in both of those," Sam remarked, quirking an eyebrow.

Lena rolled her eyes. "Are you going to tell me the story or not?"

Sam thought about it for a moment, then checked her watch. She frowned before looking up. "Another time, maybe. I have to pick up Ruby from her friend's house soon. She stood, straightening out her blazer. "Besides, don't you have dinner with Kara soon?"

"Shit," Lena said, jumping to her feet as well. "You caught me so off-guard that I almost completely forgot."

"I made you forget Kara?" Sam asked, somewhat impressed. "Go me."

"Shut up," Lena chided as she picked up her purse. "Make sure you get some food on the way
home. Wouldn't want you to go all bitch mode on Ruby," she joked as the women began to walk from the office.

"I would never," Sam said, feigning hurt at the accusation. "Besides, she's not nearly as annoying as you are." She nudged Lena playfully with her elbow.

Lena narrowed her eyes at her as they got to the elevator. She pressed the call button, and as they waited for the doors to open she began to grow nervous. Dan would be waiting outside, ready to take her straight to dinner with Kara. A dinner where she was expected to disclose her feelings. The very idea terrified her right to her core.

"I don't know if I'm ready to tell her," she admitted softly. Her chest was tight, and she could feel herself shaking slightly just at the thought of saying those words to Kara. "I'm too scared."

"You'll always be scared," Sam said. The elevator arrived, and Sam ushered them inside when Lena seemed rooted on the spot. She pressed the button for the lobby, and as the doors slid closed she draped an arm around the billionaire's shoulders. "And you'll never be ready. But you have to do it anyway. Because what you're doing now, it's not working."

"It's getting worse," Lena said. "Before it was enough just to be her friend, but now even that doesn't seem to fill me up like it used to."

"And that just adds to my point," Sam said. The doors to the elevator opened, and Sam led them out into the lobby. "Regardless of the outcome, you have to do this just so you can move on with your life. Either she feels the same way and it works out, or she lets you down easy and you can finally stop wondering and driving yourself crazy."

"Okay, the first part of that was comforting. The second, not so much," Lena said with a frown as they got to the revolving door that led outside.

"Lena," Sam said with a whine. "Please. Just tell her, okay? I promise, whatever happens, you're going to be okay."

Lena thought for a second, Sam watching as she made up her mind. "Fine," she finally relented. "But you better stay by your phone in case she throws me out. My breakdown is on your hands."

"She won't kick you out," Sam said. "Now quit being a baby and go tell that woman you love her already." She pushed Lena forward, into the revolving door before she could change her mind. "I swear, she's stressing me the fuck out," she muttered before following after her.

Kara rushed around the table, putting the finishing touches on the setting. She'd set it while the steaks she'd seared finished off in the oven. A pot of mashed potatoes sat on the stove, and she'd roasted a couple of ears of corn on the cob using the gas burner. Everything smelled amazing, and she couldn't wait for Lena to get there so they could eat. Her mouth was practically watering.

She regarded the table, liking the way she'd arranged everything around the bouquet of daisies she'd seen on the way home and couldn't resist stopping to get. Something seemed to be missing, though. Thinking quickly, she grabbed a candle from the living area and placed it on the table, using her heat vision to light it. She took a step back, smiling and nodding approval at the addition.

Her sensitive ears caught the faint ding of the elevator as it arrived at her floor. She concentrated, listening intently. The clicking of heels followed by the erratic quickening of a pulse caused her smile to widen, and she rushed to the door. She opened it before Lena had a chance to knock, and this time Lena wasn't surprised.
"Listening for me again?" Lena asked with a smirk as she walked inside.

Kara chuckled and rouged at the observation. "Maybe."

The timer on the stove went off, and Kara went over to turn it off. After she opened the oven and stuck her hand inside to pull out the tray with the steaks.

"Kara, no!" Lena yelled, rushing forward when she realized Kara wasn't wearing an oven mitt. Kara nearly dropped the tray in shock, setting it down quickly as she placed her hand over her heart, otherwise seemingly unharmed. Lena laughed loudly at her mistake, earning an even more confused look from the blonde. "I forgot that can't hurt you. I got so scared for a second."

"Oh," Kara said, laughing as well. "No, I'm good. See?" She held out her unharmed hand for emphasis. "Sorry I scared you."

"Don't be," Lena assured her. "I'm just not thinking clearly."

"Something wrong?" Kara asked, instantly concerned.

"Just a bit of a headache," Lena said. "I took some Aspirin, though, so it's going away. Food would probably help, though." She gestured to the spread on Kara's stovetop. "Which smells amazing, by the way."

"Thanks," Kara said, smiling brightly. "Why don't you go sit down at the table? I'll serve us."

Lena nodded her agreement and went to sit, pausing when she saw the flowers and candle on the tabletop. She glanced at Kara, who was busy putting food onto the plates. If a man had done this for Lena she would have immediately been sure of his intentions. Flowers and candles at dinner practically screamed 'Sleep With Me.' But with Kara she was sure that wasn't the reason behind them. Kara would never do something with the sole purpose of getting laid. But it was interesting to Lena, and she wondered if there was any meaning behind it, or if it was just Kara being Kara.

They spoke about Lena's trip to Metropolis over dinner, and Kara asked about Lena's board meeting. Lena explained the events that had transpired, groaning and sighing numerous times during her recounting. She got so flustered and annoyed while speaking that when Kara offered her a glass of wine she accepted, even if she'd been averse to drinking beforehand. That was beforehand, though. Her headache was gone, dinner was done, and she and Kara were moving over to the couch to talk.

This was it. This was her moment. She could practically feel Sam poking her in the back, whispering in her ear to get it over with. When Kara returned with the bottle and glasses she took hers from the blonde, trying to keep her hand steady as the drink was poured. She immediately began drinking, enjoying the bitter yet sweet taste of the red wine as it slid down her throat. She felt a warmness spread through her belly, and she kept drinking until the glass was empty. She held it out for a refill, and Kara raised her eyebrows in surprise. She'd only just finished filling her own glass, but she said nothing as she poured another for Lena.

"You okay, there?" Kara asked as Lena started working on her second glass.

Lena blushed and stopped drinking. She lowered the glass, ducking her head in an attempt to hide the redness in her cheeks. "Sorry. I just had a hell of a day," she said, gulping as anxiety gripped her.

"You don't seem okay," Kara said in a concerned voice. She sipped her own wine, staring at Lena.
over the rim. She noticed the shift in the pace of Lena's heart, heard it accelerate in her chest. Instantly she set her glass down in favor of scooting closer and reaching out a reassuring hand to place on her friend's shoulder. "What's going on?"

Lena couldn't meet her eye, and she couldn't find her voice, either. There it was, right there. Kara was asking her what was going on, so her opportunity to come clean was staring her dead in the face. So why couldn't her brain and her mouth seem to communicate and form the words? Kara frowned at Lena's silence, and took her drink from her hands and set it on the coffee table.

"Lena, whatever it is, you can tell me," she said honestly, worry still etched across her features.

"I'm afraid," Lena admitted, her voice somewhat strained. Her throat felt like it was constricting slightly, and she found it hard to swallow.

"Afraid of what?" Kara asked gently.

"That you'll hate me," Lena said, and she felt tears prick at her eyes. No. She would not fucking cry. Not again. Not in front of Kara.

"I could never hate you," Kara said, squeezing Lena's shoulder reassuringly. "Please, tell me," she pleaded, crystal blue eyes locking onto the brunette's, rendering her incapable of looking away.

Lena's heart leapt into her throat, and she took in a quick gasp, before breathing out, "I like girls."

Kara didn't say anything for a moment, just stared at her with a confused expression. Finally, she said softly, "Oh." She removed her hand from Lena's shoulder and rested it in her lap, instantly locking it with the other and pulling at her fingers. She cast her eyes downward, asking in a meek voice, "Is there—do you like anyone specifically?"

Lena was taken aback for a moment. That was not the response she'd expected. She didn't know what she'd been expecting, but it wasn't that. She stared at her friend, trying to gauge what she was thinking by the look on her face. It held to answers, though. Her expression was neutral, so much so that Lena nearly lost her nerve. But she couldn't. She'd come too far to go back now. Besides, Sam would kill her if she did.

So, she mustered all the courage she could. She reached down deep inside herself, and unblinking, she boldly stated, "I like you, Kara."
So sorry I left you on a cliffhanger. I meant to get this chapter uploaded yesterday, but it was delayed because my son (my dog) had to be taken to the hospital (emergency vet) last night. He's doing fine now and home, so thankfully I was able to get this up for you.

Lena's confession hung in the air, ringing in Kara's ears as she tried to convince herself she'd heard her correctly. She couldn't believe it. Lena was beautiful and radiant, rich and powerful. She could have anyone she wanted. She'd never dreamed that she could possibly want her. She'd never imagined her feelings could be returned.

It should have made her feel elated, and it did, but she was also terrified. Until this revelation came to light her and Lena being together had always been just a fantasy. She kept her thoughts and desires in her head, where they were safe from the scrutiny of the world. But admitting she felt the same would mean her world changing slightly, and that was hard for her to accept. Her life had changed so much since she left Krypton, and it caused her to fear more change—more crumbles in her foundation. But maybe this change wouldn't be for the worst. Maybe instead of weakening her it would strengthen her, like it had done for Alex. Her sister had finally come to terms with her sexual identity, and Kara saw how much it freed her and helped her to find a new level of love for herself. Didn't she deserve that, too?

Lena waited patiently, watching as Kara seemed to be at a loss for words. With each agonizing second that passed by her heart grew heavier and heavier in her chest. She couldn't tell what Kara was thinking, but there was a small frown on her face, and it made Lena want to cry. If she was going to reject her and throw her out, she wanted her to get it over with. She couldn't take the silence and the anxiety any longer.

"Kara, please say something," she pleaded in a small voice that broke slightly.

Kara looked up at her slowly, taking in the pained expression on her friend's face. They were still sitting so close their thighs were pressed together, and she could feel Lena's legs shaking. Her bright green eyes were glassy with tears, her lips formed in an adorable pout, and Kara caught a breath just looking at her. Lena was stunning, she was amazing, and she was everything Kara wanted. But she was so scared to take that risk, especially now that she knew true heartbreak.

She thought back to Cat Grant's lecture about taking chances, so long ago now, but she still remembered the words. She'd told Kara to dive, observing that the blonde was scared to leave her life behind because she was scared the journey would be hard. But she also declared that Kara would be a better person in the end, and Cat had been right about that. She'd said, "In order to live, we must keep daring, keep diving." And who was Kara to not heed the advice of her own personal hero?

Kara hesitantly lifted her hand to brush a stray strand of hair from Lena's face. She tucked it behind Lena's ear, afterwards running her fingers through the raven hair, gripping gently at the base of her neck. Lena's breathing hitched, and she stared at the blonde questioningly, hopefully.
"I'm much better at doing," Kara said in a low voice.

She leaned forward, their faces mere centimeters apart. She could feel small wisps of Lena's breath against her lips as their noses brushed. Heart thudding against her rib cage, she pressed her lips to Lena's as her eyelids fluttered closed. Lena's hands instantly went up to cup Kara's cheeks, deepening the kiss as she returned it hungrily. Butterflies erupted in Lena's stomach, but instead of cursing them she welcomed them, enjoying the sensation of excitement that shot through her as Kara's lips moved against hers. She felt dizzy in the best possible way, but she didn't want to come up for air just yet. Kissing Kara was something she'd imagined hundreds of times, and now that she was finally doing it she couldn't stop.

The blonde's lips were impossibly soft, and every sigh and moan that escaped them sent tingles down Lena's spine. Kara ran her hand down Lena's back, the other joining it at the waist. She'd never kissed a girl before, but she'd never imagined it could be this amazing. There was no scratchy stubble to scrape against her face, no beard hair getting into her mouth, and the silkiness of Lena's lips made her melt slightly inside.

By the time they pulled apart, each with heaving chests and bruised lips, Kara wasn't sure whose heart was beating louder—hers or Lena's. Lena's lipstick was smudged, and Kara was sure it had found its way to her face. It had, and Lena used the pads of her thumbs to wipe some of it away sweetly, smiling breathlessly at the other woman. Kara beamed at her and brought her hands up to her face, taking Lena's hands from it and holding them in her own. Lena bit her bottom lip as they stared at each other, tears springing to her eyes.

As a couple fell Kara's smile dropped, and she asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Lena assured her quickly. "For once I'm crying because I'm happy," she said, sniffing as she squeezed Kara's fingers.

Kara reached up and brushed away Lena's tears. "Me too," she admitted, her smile returning. "I'm glad you said something first, because I don't think I would have had the guts to any time soon."

"I'm glad I did, too," Lena said, laughing airily. "I still a little in shock, to be honest. I'm shaking."

"I know," Kara said. "I feel you."

Lena chuckled softly again. "Of course you do."

Kara laughed as well and wrapped an arm around Lena's shoulder, pulling her into her side. They settled back onto the couch, Lena's arms snaking around Kara's waist. She buried her face in Kara's shoulder, her heart feeling like it could burst with joy. Kara sighed in contentment and kissed Lena atop the head, resting her free hand on Lena's knee and rubbing her thumb gently against the fabric of her dress pants.

"I'm still a little surprised, though," Lena went on, lifting her head to meet the blonde's gaze. "I didn't think you liked girls."

"I didn't either until recently," Kara admitted carefully. "I've always found girls pretty, but as Alex pointed out, I'd never been close enough to one other than her for long enough to develop a crush." She shrugged a bit. "She said maybe I'm attracted to the person other than sex or gender. That was actually normal on Krypton. But it wasn't on Earth, and when I got here I wanted so desperately to be normal that I think I subconsciously stayed away from girls and avoided being friends with them on purpose because I was scared of something like this happening."
Lena frowned, worry crossing her features. "And now that it has how do you feel?" she questioned, her voice quivering slightly. "Still scared?"

"A little," Kara admitted. Lena stiffened at this, so Kara quickly added, "But not enough to run from this—from you."

Lena's lips twitched into a smile, and she leaned closer, nuzzling her nose against Kara's. "Good, because I have no intention of letting you get away," she said against the blonde's lips briefly before kissing her again.

Kara smiled into it, enjoying the way Lena's mouth tasted and the thrill that filled her chest as their lips moved together. It had been so long since she'd kissed anyone, and she hadn't realized how much she missed it. She craved to be closer, to feel Lena against her.

As gently as she could she pulled Lena into her lap, and the brunette draped herself over the blonde, not minding the change in position at all. She trailed kisses along Kara's jawline, to her ear, and she bit down on it gently. Kara shot up at this, taking Lena with her. Lena securely wrapped her legs around Kara's waist as the blonde supported her legs. Kara carried her past the curtain and laid her down on the bed. She paused for a moment, hovering over the woman beneath her, taking in her beauty, still slightly mesmerized that this was all happening.

"Are you just going to stare at me, or are you going to join me?" Lena teased, propping herself up on her elbows as she leaned back and quirked an eyebrow at the blonde.

Kara smirked and leaned over the bed, lying atop Lena as the brunette lay flat, tangling her hands in Kara's golden locks. The reporter moaned slightly when Lena's lips crashed into hers, and she could feel her body practically humming with excitement. She had to remind herself to be gentle, that Lena was human and could break if she lost control. She'd only ever been intimate with Mon-El, and he was a lot sturdier, so she'd never had to worry about hurting him. With Lena, though, one false move and she could put her in the hospital.

It was that thought that caused her to pull away, panting heavily as she looked down at the woman beneath her. Lena's dark hair was splayed across the comforter, and her green eyes had turned a darker shade. Kara gulped audibly, and she took a deep breath to steady herself.

She rolled off Lena and sat beside her on the bed, bringing her knees up to her chest and wrapping her arms around them as she tried to focus on calming down. Lena sat up, frowning as she draped an arm across the woman's shoulders.

"What, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," Kara said, though it did nothing to calm Lena's concern. "I just got scared I might hurt you," she admitted, looking to Lena shyly. "I've only ever been with one person—well, alien, actually."

"Mon-El?" Lena questioned. "He was your first?"

"Yeah," Kara said, nodding.

"At twenty-five?" Lena asked incredulously.

"That's when I got my first boyfriend," Kara said with a small frown, her cheeks turning pink with embarrassment. "I didn't want to just do it with anyone."

"Kara, I'm not making fun of you," Lena affirmed quickly. "You're just so beautiful I find it hard to
believe it took you that long." That was how she and Kara differed. She'd been having sex since she was sixteen, constantly seeking closeness and validation she never got at home through the arms of a man, and then women as well later in life. She never kept those people around for long, not wanting to emotionally attach herself to anyone. But someone wanting her, telling her how beautiful she was, making her toes curl, even just for one night, it was nice. Besides, she'd always been so stressed, and it was a nice release of tension... If the person touched her right—one of the reasons she preferred sleeping with women, she was more likely to have an orgasm. That may have also had something to do with the fact that she was more attracted to women, though. "It's actually kind of endearing that you've been with so few people," she went on, then frowned a bit. "I hate to think what you must think of me for how many people I've slept with." She looked down, finally removing her arm from the blonde's shoulder and dropping it to her side so she could rest her hands in her lap and wring them together.

"I don't care about that," Kara said, reaching out and placing a hand atop Lena's to stop her fidgeting. "Mon-El was with countless women before he and I got together, both on Daxam and Earth." She shook her head lightly, remembering the time she'd caught Mon-El as "Mike" with Eve in the closet at CatCo. She still hadn't been able to use the copier Eve had been sitting atop ever again. "I, personally, have just never been able to bring myself to be that intimate with someone without feelings there. And I'd never opened myself up to someone like that, mostly because I felt I could never tell them my secret. I think that's why I never truly fell for someone before him. It's hard to fall in love with someone when they don't know who you really are." She smiled and lifted Lena's hand to her lips, kissing the back of it briefly before continuing, "I don't have to hide with you, either. You know my true self, and you still like me."

"I like you a lot," Lena clarified, smiling widely. She knew that wasn't completely the truth, though. She knew it was much deeper than that. She loved Kara, more than anything or anyone she'd ever loved before. But it was too soon to say that.

"Ditto," Kara remarked, flashing another dazzling grin at the brunette before turning serious again. "I'm just afraid if I'm not careful I could hurt you," she said. "Mon-El wasn't human. I didn't have to worry about breaking his ribs every time I hugged him or when we were intimate," she paused, holding Lena's gaze as she went on, "I'd never forgive myself if something I did were to hurt you in some way if we were to get... Physical."

Lena bit back a smile. "You mean if we were to have sex?" she asked, nudging Kara's shoulder with her own playfully, causing a blush to spread across the blonde's cheeks.

"Yes," Kara said, dropping her head to hide how red her face was getting. Sex hadn't been a part of her life until a little more recently. She'd never really spoken about it since she didn't have experience, and when she finally did she still wasn't comfortable enough speaking about it with anyone, even Alex. It was too personal, and it made her flustered just to talk about with a potential partner.

Lena hooked a finger under Kara's chin and lifted her head, forcing the reporter to look her in the eye. "We don't have to do anything you're not comfortable with," she said in a gentle voice. "We can take things slow," she assured and cracked a grin soon after. "But need I remind you that you're the one who carried me to your bed?"

"I got swept up in the moment," Kara said with a laugh. "But slow sounds good." She leaned over and kissed Lena sweetly on the cheek, then added, "But would you spend the night anyway?" She smiled sheepishly, her blush returning. "I love waking up next to you."

Lena felt her heart melt like ice. "You're the cutest fucking thing ever," she said, grinning so widely
her face actually hurt. "Of course I will."

"Good," Kara said, leaning a little closer. "Because I'm not done kissing you yet."

Lena quirked an eyebrow. "Prove it."

After making out and tumbling around on the bed for a bit Lena finally had to be the one to pull away, because even though Kara seemed to be in control of herself, she was dangerously close to losing control of herself. They returned to the living room, straightening clothes and smoothing out hair as they went. Settling onto the couch, they turned on Netflix, and upon finding out Lena had never seen *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*, Kara insisted that was what they needed to watch.

They made it through half of the first season before Lena began to yawn loudly as her head drooped lazily onto Kara's shoulder. Kara turned off the TV, smiling down at the sleepy woman beside her, and announced it seemed as though it was time for bed. It wasn't even ten yet, but Lena was wiped. She'd been up early for her flight, and the board meeting had taken a lot out of her. Not to mention the headache she'd had earlier—she always felt tired, almost hungover after a headache.

Kara let Lena shower first, offering her a sweatshirt and pajama bottoms to sleep in. After her shower Lena slipped into the clothes, loving the warmth and comfort brought on by the softness of the fabric and the scent of Kara that surrounded her.

The blonde tucked her into bed, kissing her quickly atop the head before heading into the bathroom herself. Lena let herself relax into the mattress, amazed at how comfortable she felt. The lamp on Kara's bedside table filled the room with a soft, warm glow, and the sounds of the shower running reminded her of rainfall. She fought against her eyelids, but eventually they won, and she fell into a peaceful slumber.

When Kara emerged from the shower she smiled upon seeing Lena sound asleep in her bed. The sight caused her heart to sing, and after setting the alarm and turning off the lamp she crawled into bed with the object of her affection. As the bed dipped under her weight Lena rolled over, scooting closer to the warmth that radiated from the woman next to her. Kara's smile only brightened as Lena nestled into her side, and she draped an arm around Lena as she placed a small kiss to the crown of her head.

She lay awake for a while, just listening to the sound of Lena breathing as she slept in her arms. She knew she should sleep, but it was hard for her to calm herself enough to do so. She was still too excited, a happiness seeping through her body and energizing every cell.

Kara must have fallen asleep at some point, because the next thing she knew her alarm clock was ringing incessantly on the nightstand. She reached out and turned it off, slowly opening her eyes to stare tiredly at the ceiling. Beside her, Lena shifted as she woke, lifting her head from Kara's chest and smiling upon realizing where she was and who she was lying atop.

"Good morning," Kara said, lifting a hand to rake her fingers through Lena's hair. "How'd you sleep?"

"Like a baby," Lena said happily, letting her head drop to Kara's chest again. "Sorry if I bothered you by being practically on top of you," she muttered shyly as she traced patterns on Kara's stomach absently with her fingertips. "But in my defense, you're so comfortable."

"I didn't mind," Kara said, giggling as Lena sat up and smiled down at her. "You're pretty comfy
yourself.” She grinned cheekily as Lena's face reddened a tiny bit. She sat up as well, leaning over to kiss Lena on the forehead before climbing out of bed to head into the bathroom.

Lena followed her in, and Kara offered her a new toothbrush from the pack she'd bought in bulk—she had to because she sometimes scrubbed too forcefully and usually ruined her toothbrushes within about a week's time. When they'd finished Kara immediately took Lena's face in her hands and brought their lips together for a short, sweet kiss. Lena beamed up at her, surprised by the action but definitely not mad about it.

Kara had been wanting to do that since the moment they woke up, but this was the beginning of the relationship. She didn't want to subject Lena to her morning breath just yet. She wanted all of their kisses to be fresh, completely enjoyable, and perfect.

Lena started a pot of coffee while Kara began making pancakes for breakfast. Lena was amazed at how many the blonde made, but she knew the majority of them would go to the chef. She was still amazed with how much Kara ate without gaining a pound. Before it perplexed her, but now she just knew it was her alien makeup and accelerated metabolism.

They ate in silence, Lena being right about Kara eating the majority of the food. She only had two pancakes herself, while Kara's plate was stacked high and swimming in syrup. After breakfast they cleaned the kitchen, and Kara was uncharacteristically quiet after ingesting large amounts of sugar and finishing her coffee. Usually she would be practically bouncing off the walls by now. As she put the last of the dishes in the dishwasher Lena watched her, wondering how the reporter's mood had changed from giddy when they woke up to dark and stormy over breakfast.

"Kara, is everything alright?" she asked, voice full of concern as she placed a comforting hand on the other woman's back.

Kara looked up to her, a miniscule smile tugging at her lips. "How do you do that?"

"Do what?" Lena questioned, rubbing Kara's back in soothing circles.

"Know when something's bothering me," Kara clarified. "It's like you have a sixth sense or something."

"Call it my super power," Lena said, grinning slightly. "What's going on in that head of yours?"

Kara shook her head quickly. "There's no time to explain," she said in a somewhat frustrated voice. "We need to get you back to your apartment so you can change if either of us wants to be on time for work."

"Last time I checked, I'm my own boss, so I can do whatever the hell I want," Lena said with a smirk and raised eyebrows. "Come to think of it, I'm your boss, too. So if I excuse you from being late, who's going to question me?"

"Snapper, for one."

"Snapper Carr can shove his complaints right up his ass if he knows what's good for him," Lena said ferociously. She'd only met the man once or twice, but his rudeness and crass nature put her off. And she'd heard many horror stories from Kara about how awfully he could treat people, especially her favorite Kryptonian. "You let me handle that little pimple of a man," Lena said, taking Kara by the hand and leading her over to the couch. She put her hands on the blonde's shoulders and forced her to sit, taking a seat beside her. She took Kara's hand in her own once more and looked to her expectantly. "Now, tell me."
Kara sighed as she tried to think of where to begin. There was so much she needed to tell her, as so much had happened since she'd last seen the CEO just two mornings ago.

"Alex, Winn, and I have been looking into Lucas Dunleavy at the DEO," she settled on, causing Lena to stiffen at the mention of the slime ball that seemed to enjoy showing up in her life. "But we haven't been able to find much."

"What do you mean?" Lena said, shifting uncomfortably because she suddenly felt anxious. She hadn't been able to get the man off her mind for the most part throughout her whole trip to Metropolis. After her lunch with Jess she ran a few errands in the city, and the entire time she was constantly looking over her shoulder, feeling as if she was being watched. It made her skin crawl, and she kept thinking she saw him for a split second—only to glance back and realize she was mistaking a complete stranger for Lucas. She knew it was probably just her paranoia, but she couldn't shake him from her mind for the rest of the trip. It wasn't until she saw Kara from the jet window that she was finally able to push him from her thoughts.

"I mean he's practically untraceable," Kara said, huffing in frustration. "He has no credit cards, no bank accounts, no paper trail of any kind. No social media, no friends or family we could find, and no place of employment. All we know about his current status is that he has an apartment in Metropolis."

Lena's face turned white at this, her stomach knotting unpleasantly. So maybe she hadn't been paranoid during her trip. Maybe he had been watching her, after all. But how would he know she was there? Unless he was keeping tabs on her.

"What about his past?" Lena asked, her voice sounding strained.

"He didn't exactly have the best school history," Kara said. "He fought a lot in school, and even got kicked out of one. Then he was sent to military school, which we found odd."

"Why would that be odd?" Lena asked, pausing to clear her throat. She shook her head as she continued, "Many of my father's friends sent their children to Military prep schools."

"And if Lucas Dunleavy had rich parents like them, maybe it wouldn't be weird," Kara said. "But he's an orphan."

Lena blinked slowly, taken aback. "An orphan?"

"His mom died when he was a toddler," Kara said, nodding slowly. "And from what we can tell he didn't have a father, none that his mother thought important enough to be in his life, anyway."

Lena sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. She could feel another headache bubbling beneath the surface, but she willed it to go away. This was not how she wanted to start her day.

"So how does an orphan afford military school?" she asked, failing to see how any of this made sense. She'd never been to military school, but she knew it wasn't cheap.

"We asked the same question. Apparently, the organization that handled his adoption paid for it," Kara explained, her gaze unflinching as she went on, "Metropolis United Charities."

"Never heard of it," Lena said, frowning.

"You should have, though," Kara said, now frowning too. "You own it."

"I'm sorry, what?" Lena asked, sure she'd misheard the blonde. How could she own a charity she
didn't even know existed?

"It was founded by LuthorCorp," Kara said slowly, watching as realization dawned on Lena.

The brunette's jaw fell open in shock, her eyes widening. "Oh," she said meekly, feeling stupid for not knowing about an organization that was supposedly under her control.

"That's not all," Kara continued, and Lena braced herself for what was to come next. "As far as we know, Metropolis United Charities isn't even a real organization. It appears it was created with the sole purpose of handling... unique adoptions."

"Meaning?" Lena looked at her questioningly.

"The only other adoptions we know of them handling besides Dunleavy's are my cousin's," she said, taking a deep breath before going on, "and mine."

Lena pondered this for a moment, chewing her bottom lip as she mulled over the possibilities. "So, what, is he Kryptonian, too?"

"We don't know," Kara said with a small shrug. "His birth certificate says he was born in Metropolis, but Clark's says he was born in Smallville, and mine says Midvale. Documents like that are easy to forge if you really want to." She let out a frustrated sigh. "Apparently Clark knows more about the whole situation. He's coming in today to help us with our investigation. In the meantime, can you look into Metropolis United when you get to L-Corp? We can't get into the files because they're sealed. Maybe you can get in without having to break the encryption."

"Of course," Lena said quickly. "It may take some digging, but I'll see what I can find."

"Great," Kara said with a nod. "Can you come to the DEO after work with what you find?"

"I don't know if I'll find anything today. It may take a while," Lena said uncertainly. "My father was good at keeping secrets. If he didn't want anyone knowing about what he was doing with this 'charity' then it's likely it'll be near impossible to find. But I can try."

"It's worth a shot," Kara said. "Either way, come to the DEO tonight. Maybe Clark will know something that can help with your search." She cracked a grin despite the situation. "Besides, it'll give me a chance to see you again."

Lena beamed at this. "Okay," she agreed quickly, then added, "Maybe we could go to dinner after?"

"Like a date?" Kara asked hopefully, perking up the idea.

"Not like a date. A real date." She squeezed Kara's fingers and gazed at the woman softly. "Will you go on a date with me, Kara?"

"I'd love to," Kara said in a soft, sweet voice. Her heart leaped for joy in her chest, and even though she knew it would make them even later than they were already going to be, she leaned forward and captured Lena's lips with her own.

Chapter End Notes
Those two finally got together hallelujah amen!
Hello, my loves. I know my updates are getting much fewer and far between, and I want to apologize. I work in an industry that fluctuates greatly. Sometimes I'm really busy, sometimes I have copious downtime. When I started this story it was during a large stretch of downtime. I have been increasingly busy lately, and am hoping to be in the coming months. I will update when I can. I will not abandon this story. I promise.

The first thing Lena did when she got to her office was start up her laptop so she could start looking into Metropolis United Charities. She'd stolen Eve Teschmacher away from James for the rest of the week to have someone at least half-decent to stand in as her assistant until Jess returned on Monday. She'd instructed her to hold her calls and only allow visits from Sam or Kara—on the off-chance the blonde could sneak away.

For a solid two hours she did nothing but search through the files on L-Corp's servers. The first thing she did was a general search, and unsurprisingly nothing came up. After that she started delving deeper, starting with the older files since Clark's adoption had happened over thirty years previously. It was like going down a rabbit hole of the remnants of LuthorCorp. Her father's company was booming at the time, developing more in a one-year span than she had since taking over her family's corporation.

The files could take days to go through, just as expected. But as she clicked on folder after folder she started getting the sinking feeling that she wasn't finding anything because there was nothing to find.

If Metropolis United Charities was one of her father's hidden 'special' projects, then there was no way he would keep the files on the LuthorCorp server, where anyone could easily find it should they go looking for it. No, he would have kept the files somewhere more secure, somewhere only he knew. And he was dead, taking the answers she so desperately sought to the grave with him.

It was so maddening she wanted to scream. Half-heartedly she continued to scroll through what she could find, even though she knew it would be nothing of importance. She couldn't think of what else to do. She felt so helpless. Kara and the DEO had done the investigation, and the one thing they needed her help with she couldn't deliver on.

With a frustrated sigh she finally stopped scanning the screen and closed it instead. She rested her elbows on the desktop and buried her face in her hands. The happiness she felt this morning from waking up beside Kara was long gone, replaced now with the anxiety she always felt when circumstances seemed out of her control.

Lena took a couple of deep breaths to steady herself, tried not to feel completely hopeless. Control had always been something she struggled with. Her mother was taken from her at such a young age, and there was nothing she could do about it. When she was adopted into the Luthor household she had no say in the matter. Every time Lillian was cruel to her and she stuck up for herself she was met with a slap across the face, so she learned to keep her mouth shut. She never felt like she had control over her life, and it was part of the reason she was so unhappy growing up.
It wasn't until she went to college and got a little taste of freedom that she started feeling some semblance of stability or authority over her own fate. That was why she kept going back for more degrees. She knew once she was done school she would be expected to join her father and Lex at LuthorCorp, but she knew she would never be their equal. She knew she would never truly belong.

Taking over LuthorCorp hadn't even been her decision. She'd simply done it out of a sense of familial duty, though none of the Luthors deserved her loyalty. But after rebranding the company as L-Corp, she began to grow excited over the idea of running it. Her father was dead, Lex was in jail, and at the time Lillian had been in the wind, too busy with Cadmus to run the company herself. For once she was the boss, she had the power.

She loved it, so much so that over time she began to nearly become drunk on it. It was one of the reasons she'd started making Kryptonite in the first place. She didn't like the idea that a being could be more powerful, didn't like the idea of being helpless to stop the bad ones. Creating Kryptonite hadn't been out of hatred or fear of Supergirl or Superman. She'd trusted them; they'd saved her, Supergirl on multiple occasions. She'd created it for the people like Astra and Non, Kara's aunt and uncle from Krypton who'd nearly destroyed the world before she even moved to National City. She remembered the news reports, the emergence of evil Kryptonians shaking her to her core. Sure, they'd been stopped, but who was to say there weren't more of their followers still out there, hiding in the shadows—waiting for their chance to emerge and strike?

When Supergirl told her to destroy her Kryptonite it struck a chord. She'd been told what to do all her life, and finally she was the one calling the shots. Who was this blonde bitch on her high horse trying to boss her around?

Apparently Kara, she now knew. Kara, who always had her best interests at heart. Kara, who she firmly believed embodied all that was good and pure in the world. Kara, who she was going on a first date with tonight.

Part of her was still in shock that it was happening. The rest of her was giddy with excitement, so she decided to focus on that instead of the overwhelming dread that nipped at the edge of her brain.

She finally picked her head up from her hands, opening her eyes as a knock at the door captured her attention. She carefully wiped at the edges of her eyes in case her makeup was smudged and sat up straight, poising herself for company.

"Come in," she said loudly, opening her laptop again to make it appear she was busy.

She expected one of three people at the door: Eve, Sam, or her beloved Kara. None of those people were the person to open the door. Instead James stood there, dressed in his usual dress shirt, tie, and slacks. He walked into her office with confidence, closing the door behind him. Lena tried her best to mask how surprised and perturbed she was to see him, but she sensed it showed in the way her shoulders stiffened and her lips tucked into a tight frown. If James noticed he made no indication he did, as he simply stood there with a kind smile and slipped his hands into his pockets.

"James," Lena said, recovering from the shock of her ex-boyfriend showing up unexpectedly. "How'd you get in?" she questioned, not even caring in the slightest how rude it came off. "Eve had specific instructions not to let anyone in without my approval." Seriously? First Ashley and now Eve? It was so hard to find good help these days.

"She mentioned that," he said casually. "But as I'm also her boss, I got her to agree to make an exception. Which is actually part of the reason I'm here." He paused, removing his hands from his pockets to cross his arms across his chest while he gazed at her intently. "Last time I checked, Eve's my assistant. So imagine my surprise when I got into the office this morning to find Eve
nowhere in sight."

"CatCo is a property of L-Corp, which means Eve is my employee before she's yours, in case you've forgotten," Lena fired back, narrowing her eyes at the man who once shared her bed. "It's not like I haven't borrowed her before. She filled in for Jess when she had pneumonia during the whole Reign debacle. Or have you forgotten that?"

"No, I haven't," James assured her with a shake of the head. "But we talked about it beforehand. I was the one who offered you let Eve fill in for Jess."

"Right, so then what's the problem?" Lena asked, trying her best to keep her cool. She didn't like to be challenged, especially not from someone who no longer had any part in her life other than the fact that he ran one of her companies.

"The problem is that you didn't inform me before taking Eve," he said, looking at her pointedly with raised eyebrows. "We may not be dating anymore, but I'm still the CEO of CatCo, and I'd think that would warrant enough respect to call me and tell me you're stealing my assistant before you do it. I had to find out by calling her to ask where she was."

Lena stared at him for a moment, letting all the mean things she wanted to say float around in her head instead of leaving her lips. Finally, she was able to think of something civil. "First of all, Eve is a person, an employee—not a slave. I asked her to fill in for me, and she agreed of her own free will. If you want to be mad at someone for not telling you, sure, you can blame me. But Eve also failed to tell you as well."


Lena shot up at this, so quickly that she nearly toppled over her chair. "I never said that," she said darkly. "How dare you? I know I'm not perfect, but I own my mistakes." She turned away, not able to stand looking at James any longer. Instead she fixed her gaze out onto her terrace, where a pigeon was perched on the ledge. "Why'd you have to come down here to ask about this?" she asked over her shoulder. "A phone call would have sufficed."

"It would, if you were answering or returning my calls," he said gruffly.

Lena's shoulders tensed once more—he had her there. After the breakup she couldn't bring herself to talk to him, and eventually she started deleting his messages without even listening to them first. She couldn't bear the sound of his voice, hated the way it brought up memories of him touching her, kissing her in intimate places. It made her feel dirty.

Just like she felt at the moment, with him standing in her office, his eyes staring holes into the back of her head. Lena let out a heavy sigh and spun around to face James again, but she kept her eyes trained on her desktop.

"I had to unexpectedly fire my assistant, so I needed Eve to fill in until Jess can return to her rightful position," she said steadily, glad she could manage to get the words out so clearly with how shaky she felt on the inside. "Eve should be returned to you by the end of the week. I can find you a temporary assistant in the meantime, if that'll appease you."

"It's not about me having an assistant," James said, and Lena finally looked up to meet his eyes. "It's about you not respecting me as CEO of CatCo."

Lena stared at him for a moment, trying to choose very carefully what she wanted to say. She hadn't
been the one who appointed James to run CatCo. That had been Cat Grant. James had simply come with the company when she bought it. And while he did a decent enough job, the fact that he hadn't been her choice finally hit her, and a heaviness settled in the pit of her stomach. James as CEO of her company had been another thing forced on her, and now that she had dumped him and no longer wanted anything to do with him she still had to grin and bear it every time she saw him because he was still her employee. She'd really shot herself in the foot with that one.

But it wasn't like she could fire him. That was just a lawsuit waiting to happen. Besides, it was morally wrong, and while she was sure her father or brother would have done it in a heartbeat regardless of the consequences, she couldn't bring herself to do it. James did a competent job, much better than she could. He wasn't all that bad of a guy, he just reminded her of how unpleasant it felt every time his arms were around her.

"I respect you," Lena said slowly in a low voice. "You do a fine job running CatCo," she admitted. "I'll ask you next time before I borrow any of CatCo's employees," she said, hoping that would be the end of the conversation. "Okay?"

James stared at her for a moment, before letting out a loud breath. "Okay."

To Lena's dismay James didn't take this as his cue to leave, because he stayed rooted on the spot, still staring at her and making her feel uneasy. She cleared her throat as she smoothed out her dress and resumed sitting in her plush desk chair.

"If that's everything, I have a lot of work to do," she said, once again unable to look at James any longer. She started up her computer again and made a point of staring at the screen intently while randomly clicking away at files in hopes he would take her at her word and believe she was too busy to entertain him any longer.

She could feel his eyes on her, and she tried her best not to squirm under his gaze. She just had to keep playing it cool a little longer, keep making sure he didn't see her sweat. It went against everything in her to let him know how much his presence got to her.

After what felt like an eternity she finally saw James start to walk away out of the corner of her eye. As he retreated she lifted her head, holding her breath as he reached the door. He was almost gone.

He reached out for the doorknob, but paused, and turned around again. He caught her watching him and sent a small smirk her way before she could look away again.

"See you tonight," James said, and before she could process what he said, before she could ask him what he meant, he was out of her office with the door swinging shut behind him.

Patience was not a virtue Kara possessed. When she got to Earth and discovered her abilities it took everything in her not to use them every chance she got. She could clean her room in the blink of an eye, and it boggled and angered her that Eliza and Jeremiah insisted she did it the "human" way. Eliza teaching her to drive had been the most strenuous time in their relationship. Kara had insisted she didn't need to learn to drive if she'd been allowed to fly. Of course that held no merit.

Though Kara was reluctant to get behind the wheel at first, she soon learned to enjoy driving. There was something relaxing about it, the freedom of the open road. She felt at peace, like she did when she was flown. Speeding down the highway, the was the closest she could get to flying at sixteen. She did so fearlessly, knowing if she crashed she'd walk away without a scratch. Eliza, however, did not enjoy it, and constantly chastised Kara's exceeding the speed limit.
She got her first ticket within a week of getting her license. Eliza was furious when she got the call from a police officer at three in the afternoon to tell her Kara had been caught speeding over thirty miles over the speed limit on her way home from school. It was the first time she ever had to ground her adopted daughter.

Kara hadn't seen what the big deal was. It wasn't like she could get hurt, so who cared? That was when Eliza pointed out that she could have hurt someone else in the process. Kara, as sweet and empathetic as she was, had never considered that. She only cared about chasing that feeling of flying, however she could get it. But the thought of hurting someone just to get her jollies put an end to the joyriding, and she never drove over the speed limit again.

Thankfully now she could fly unafraid. And at the moment, sitting in the bullpen of CatCo Magazine, she craved to be up in the air, away from the stuffiness of the crowded room. She still hadn't been able to come up with a single decent idea for a story. Instead her mind was filled with the raven-haired-beauty that woke up in her bed this morning.

Kara was known for her smiling, but she was sure the one that was present on her face at the moment was much bigger than normal. She couldn't help it. Lena was taking her on an honest-to-Rao date. She'd pressed the other woman for details, but the CEO was tight-lipped about the night's activities. The only thing she told Kara was that it would be after they all went to the DEO to meet with Superman and that she didn't need to dress exceptionally proper. That was comforting. At least Lena wasn't taking her to an overly-nice restaurant. While the food was always amazing, Kara sometimes felt out of place in such a fancy setting. She was a pizza and pjs on the couch kind of girl, not Michelin star restaurant and designer dress kind of girl.

But she was sure whatever they did she would enjoy herself, because it was impossible not to when she was with Lena. The brunette filled her with joy simply by entering a room. Going on a date with the Luthor had been something Kara daydreamed about on occasion, but dreamed of at night regularly—especially over the past few weeks. Going on a date with her tonight would literally be a dream come true. If she would actually feel it she'd ask someone to pinch her just to be sure she was awake.

She was so excited she was nearly bursting at the seems to tell someone. But her only friend at CatCo was James, and this wasn't something she wanted to share with him. There was only one person who she felt truly deserved to know, and that was Alex.

There was no doubt Alex was busy doing something at the DEO, her sister too much of a workaholic to just sit around and wait for things to happen. But it was nearing lunchtime, and Alex could probably use a break. Kara gathered her things, her mind made up. She had to tell Alex about her date with Lena before she internally combusted.

She approached Snapper's desk slowly, hesitant to speak to the infuriating, small man who ran the paper. She stood there for a moment, waiting for him to acknowledge her. His beady eyes didn't leave the article he was proofing.

"What do you want, Danvers?" he asked gruffly, surprising her so much that she jumped.

"I uh… I was just letting you know I'm going to lunch a little early," she muttered, cowering slightly in case he started yelling.

Surprising her again, Snapper started chuckling. "That's cute, Danvers."

"What is, sir?" she asked, genuinely confused as to where he could find the humor in the statement she'd made.
He looked up at her briefly, his face stony and serious again. "That you think I give a shit what you do," he dead-panned before dropping his attention back to the article.

Kara's cheeks flushed, and she shuffled away, vowing never to give Snapper the courtesy of an explanation ever again.

Alex had always had her lab at the DEO, but with her promotion to Director she also got J'onn's old office, and she loved it. She felt a new level of importance she'd never felt before when she sat behind the desk for the first time. She imagined it was similar to the feeling Sara Lance once told her she'd gotten the first time she sat in the captain's seat of the Waverider.

But at the moment she didn't feel all-powerful, or even somewhat powerful. She felt weak. The majority of her life she'd been protecting Kara. Even after her baby sister became Supergirl, she and the DEO always looked out for her. It was part of their jobs. And they were all failing. Because they still hadn't been able to find anything on Dunleavy, no matter what Winn did to try to uncover something else about the menacing man.

The only thing keeping her from ripping her hair out in frustration was the hope that either Clark could shed some light on the subject or that Lena would find something at L-Corp. In the meantime she was keeping herself busy by going over the files of possible candidates to join the ranks of the DEO. They still had positions to fill after over a quarter of their agents walked after J'onn instated the no-guns policy, and it was hard to fill them. Not many people wanted to work in such a dangerous field without a weapon to defend themselves. And Winn was still working out the kinks of his safety devices. She'd be lucky if she could find one person to join up, let alone five more people, which was how much they really needed to fill in the ranks. But she also couldn't just hire anyone for the sake of having an extra body in the mix. What they did required a unique type of person.

Alex sighed as she scanned her possibilities, none of them seeming right to her. If this was a normal job she was hiring for it wouldn't have been such a big deal. Flipping burgers or managing a hardware store wasn't life or death. The DEO was, and if she picked the wrong person that could mean the death of one or more of her agents in the field. The decision weighed heavily on her, and she was thankful when she heard a knock at the door because it was an interruption from the problem she was beginning to fear had no solution.

"Come in," she called, and when the door swung open the red-head smiled upon seeing Kara standing there in her Supergirl getup with a bag of fast food in one hand and a soda in the other. "Hey," she said warmly as Kara walked into her office and sat in one of the chairs in front of her desk.

"Brought you lunch," Kara said, setting down the Big Belly Burger bag and drink in front of her sister, who took them appreciatively.

"You're a saint," Alex said and reached into the bag. She pulled out a burger and fries, confused when they were the only things inside. "You didn't get anything for yourself?" she asked, instantly worried. Kara never passed up food.

"I did, but I ate it on the way here," Kara muttered sheepishly, ducking her head to hide the pink that began to spread its way across her cheeks.

Alex threw her head back and laughed. "That makes sense," she said, smirking at Kara, who lifted her head again to send the older woman a playful glare.
"You're so annoying," Kara sniffed as Alex shrugged and took a bite of the burger the blonde had brought for her. "I don't want to tell you my good news now."

Alex raised her eyebrows in surprise as she chewed her mouthful, swallowing before insisting, "Well now you have to tell me."

Kara smiled, unable to stop herself. "I was kidding, of course I'm going to tell you." She shifted in her seat, the excitement making it hard to sit still. "So, you'll never guess who I kissed last night," she said coyly.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing it was Lena." Pride swelled through Alex's chest, and she jumped from her seat to walk around the desk. She pulled Kara to her feet and hugged her tightly. When she pulled back she beamed at her younger sister.

"I'm so proud of you," she said honestly then sat down on the edge of her desk, staring at her sister expectantly. "Tell me everything."

"Okay," Kara said enthusiastically, glad to finally be able to share her excitement with someone. She returned to her chair as she began, "Last night we were hanging out, and she confessed to me that she liked girls. I asked her if there was a girl she liked, and she said me."

Alex grinned widely. "And then she kissed you?"

Kara shook her head. "Then I kissed her." Alex's jaw dropped slightly. "You didn't even want to accept your feelings for her, and then you went and kissed her first?" she asked amusedly. "I'm shocked, but even more proud now."

Kara rolled her eyes good-naturedly. "It's kind of easy to feel better about feelings once you find out they're returned." She smiled again, for what felt like the thousandth time since she woke up that morning. "She's taking me on a date tonight," she added, butterflies erupting in her stomach just mentioning the evening ahead.

"Where are you going?" Alex asked.

"I don't know," Kara admitted, now frowning slightly. "She said she wants to surprise me. Which is sweet and all, but I wish I knew what to expect, or even to wear. She just told me to dress casually."

"What's wrong with that?" Alex questioned. "Casual's easy. Jeans and a t-shirt. Done."

"I'm not just going to wear jeans and a t-shirt on a first date," Kara said seriously. "I still want to look good."

"Kara," Alex said with a smile, "you already know she likes you. The impressing her part is done. You can calm down a little bit. It's just Lena."

"That's why it's so important. She's not just Lena. She's so much more than that," she said, shaking her head. "I want tonight to be perfect. I need to have the perfect outfit to match."
Alex crossed her arms over her chest and regarded her sister for a moment. She understood completely. When she'd first started hanging out with Maggie she always wanted to look her best, even if she wasn't conscious of it at first. Then once they started dating she still made sure she put extra effort into her appearance because somewhere inside she was still insecure and worried that if Maggie saw her as anything less than beautiful and perfect she would leave. Alex couldn't hear Kara's thoughts, but she knew her sister. And there was no doubt in her mind that the blonde was worrying Lena would have second thoughts as well.

"Then what are we doing sitting around here?" Alex said, standing from the edge of her desk. She threw her food back into the bag and picked up it and her soda. "Let's go pick out something that'll knock Lena on her ass."

Kara grinned widely as she stood as well. "Thank you! I'll meet you at my place. Drive safely."
And with that she practically ran to the door, yanking it open and dashing into the hallway.

"Fly safely," Alex called as she followed after her.

"Always," Kara yelled over her shoulder, already rounding the corner, heading straight for the roof.
Hi, guys. So... ya'll may be a little mad. This chapter is shorter than usual, and spoiler alert: still no date yet. This chapter was intended to be longer, but I have really poor time management skills and didn't do enough writing this week. I'm leaving in the morning for a week-long vacation, and will not be able to write. I wanted to get something up before I left, so I'm just uploading what I have. I'm sorry. Please enjoy anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena was surprised when Sam didn't appear in her office at any point that morning to demand details on her night with Kara. Her CFO had been so adamant that she tell the blonde about her feelings, yet after she was supposed to have done it Sam was nowhere in sight. Normally Lena would dread talking about anything involving her infatuation with Kara, but now that she knew it was an emotion that was returned and there was a date in the future she actually found herself not only wanting but needing to tell Sam about it.

After telling Eve to hold her calls she went down the hall to Sam's office. The door was slightly ajar, and peeking inside she could see Sam busy at work. She was hunched over her laptop, reading glasses perched on her nose as she scanned the documents on the screen. Lena pushed the door open and leaned against the doorframe, but continued to go unnoticed by Sam. It wasn't until Lena cleared her throat that Sam looked up, the brunette seeming surprised to see her boss standing there.

"Lena, hey," she said, removing the glasses from her face and setting them on the desk beside her computer. "What's up?"

"Seriously?" Lena asked incredulously, stepping into the office. "Yesterday you threatened to resign if I didn't tell Kara how I felt, and now that I'm supposed to have done so I have to come find you?"

"Sorry," Sam said quickly. "I got caught up a report I'm working on." She watched as Lena took a seat across from her. The other woman was a mask of indifference, as always, and it made it impossible to tell what she was feeling. "Well, you don't look like you cried yourself to sleep, and I didn't receive a frantic call from you last night, so I'm guessing it didn't go badly." She paused, frowning at Lena's lack of smile. "But you don't look overjoyed, either."

At this Lena cracked a grin. She'd wanted to keep a poker face just to mess with Sam a little, but in all honesty she was too excited to hold it. Once she stopped worrying about Dunleavy and James and everything else and allowed her thoughts to roam to Kara she started to feel not only better but genuinely ecstatic about the night ahead.

"Overjoyed doesn't even begin to cover how I feel," she responded, her smile widening as Sam's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Okay, spill," Sam said, leaning forward over her desk and resting her elbows on them. She'd been waiting for this moment for months, and she didn't want to miss a single detail.
"I took your advice," Lena said, glancing down shyly at her lap, where her hands were locked together. "I decided to start small and just come out to her. I told her I like girls, and she seemed a little confused. But then she asked me if there were any girls I liked."

"And you told her that she's the only girl on this planet or any other you have eyes for?" Sam asked with an amused smirk.

Lena had to laugh lightly at this. "Not in those words, no, but I did tell her I like her."

"And what did she say?" Sam questioned, seemingly hanging on Lena's every word.

"Nothing at first," Lena said. "But I begged her to say something, so she said she's better at doing." She paused to smile again. "And then she kissed me."

Sam let a low whistle out from between her teeth and leaned back in her chair as she beamed at the younger woman proudly. "Please tell me you got laid."

"I wish," Lena said, laughing again. "But we agreed to go slow."

Sam smile dropped into another frown, and she did nothing to try to hide the disappointment that made its way to her face. "Go slow?" she all-but growled. "That's what you do when you're just getting to know someone. You and Kara have been knowing each other. Jeez, just do it already."

"I'd like to at least take her to dinner first, Sam," Lena replied cheekily. "Which will be tonight, by the way."

Sam's smile returned at this. "She's taking you on a date?"

"I'm taking her," Lena said with a small nod.

"And after?" Sam asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

"I don't know," Lena admitted. Sure, she wanted nothing more than to skip dinner and take Kara straight to bed, but if the blonde wasn't comfortable going that far yet she wasn't going to push it. "Kara's afraid she'll hurt me accidentally if we were to get intimate."

"Reasonable," Sam commented. "But can't you figure out a way around that? Didn't you weaken me with small doses of Kryptonite to keep Reign in check? Maybe you could rework it somehow to fit your needs."

"Except I don't have Kryptonite anymore," Lena said. "And I don't want to result to poisoning Kara just to be able to sleep with her."

"Yeah, now that you put it that way, never mind," Sam said, shaking her head as she realized the flaws in her plan. "Well, I'm sure you can figure out something," she went on. "You're a genius, after all. Put that huge brain to use and find a way to make it happen."

Lena smirked with amusement and narrowed her eyes at the other woman. "Why do I feel like you're more invested in me having sex with Kara than I am?"

"Because I'm not getting any either," Sam answered, somewhat bitterly. "And I don't have any prospects. So for now I have to live vicariously through you."

"You know," Lena began slowly, "since you like girls and all… There's this really hot redhead I know," she teased, grinning widely as Sam began to squirm in her seat at the mention of Alex. "I
could set you up. I am dating her sister, after all."

"We're talking about your love life, not mine," Sam shot at her quickly.

"You're the one who brought it up," Lena reminded her.

"And I'm also changing the topic back to you," Sam said with a sense of finality. "Now, where are you taking Kara tonight?" she asked, her tone a little softer.

Lena wanted to challenge Sam, to force her back onto the topic of her dating. Sam was so ready to talk about Lena and her love life, but the moment Lena tried to broach the topic of Sam's there was always an excuse. But she knew what it was like to have people attempt to get her to talk about her feelings before she was ready. If Sam didn't want to talk about it then there was no way Lena could get her to. So, she decided to leave it alone for the moment, but vowed to try to revisit the topic later. Because she loved Sam, and she wanted her to be happy, as happy as she was about her date upcoming with Kara.

Kara's apartment floor was littered with discarded clothing, and a growing pile sat atop her bed. She and Alex rifled through her clothes rack, and Kara had tried on just about everything she owned at least twice. Every time Alex thought they'd found a winning outfit Kara simply made a face at herself in the mirror and went back for another article of clothing.

As Kara grabbed a baby-blue button-up blouse Alex growled in frustration, to which Kara shot her a frown and whined, "What?"

"You've tried that on twice already and said you hated how boxy it made your shoulders look both times," Alex reminded her, taking the shirt from her sister's hand and dropping it on the bed again. "Kara, you've tried on so many outfits at this point I've lost count," she said with a loud sigh. "Just pick something."

"Nothing seems right," Kara grumbled as she pulled the pink tank top she was wearing over her head and threw it on the ground agitatedly.

"Well you can't go in your bra," Alex teased. "Although Lena might like it."

Kara rolled her eyes. "Does your mind ever leave the gutter?" she asked as she picked up a distressed, gray tank and examined it.

"Nope," Alex answered cheekily as her younger sibling rolled her eyes again and donned the tank. "See, I like that one. You tried that on first."

"It's nice, but it's missing something," Kara said, examining herself in the mirror.

The tank hung nicely and hugged her curves in all the right ways. Her black, slightly ripped skinny jeans went perfectly with the black biker-style boots. She'd also pulled her hair up into a nice, neat ponytail. She wasn't wearing her glasses at the moment, but she knew she would have to in order to go out in public that night. Still, she had to admit she looked good, but she knew there was something off—something that would pull the whole outfit together.

"Yeah," Alex said thoughtfully, standing behind Kara and examining the outfit. Her eyes lit up as an idea dawned on her, and she went over to Kara's dresser. She rifled around in one of the drawers until she pulled out a red and black plaid shirt, smiling brightly at her discovery. "Yes! I thought you had this." She brought it over to the mirror and handed it to Kara. "Put this on."
"How did you know I had this?" Kara asked curiously as she began to shrug on the garment. "I didn't even know I had this. I thought I gave it to Goodwill ages ago." She glanced down at herself, amazed at how well it went with the rest of her outfit. She regarded herself in the mirror again, smiling at her reflection. "I'm so glad I didn't."

"Same. Can I borrow this sometime?" Alex asked, reaching out to pick a piece of lint off Kara's shoulder.

"Maybe," Kara said teasingly, spinning around to face her sister. She put her hands on her hips and puffed her chest out. "How do I look?"

Alex regarded her for a moment before cracking again. "Really gay. I approve."

Kara sighed in exasperation. "That's not what I was going for." She looked down at herself again, now feeling uncertain.

"Kar, you look great, seriously," Alex told her sincerely, offering a gentle smile. "Lena's not gonna know what hit her."

"Good," Kara said, relief flooding her chest. "That's one less thing to worry about."

Alex's eyebrows knit together. "What else are you worried about?"

Kara's cheeks went red, and she ducked her head to hide it. "Nothing," she muttered.

"Doesn't seem like nothing," Alex challenged, frowning when Kara wouldn't meet her eye. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Kara answered again quickly and went to sit on the edge of her bed so she could take her boots off. She unlaced them slowly, all the while hyperaware of Alex's gaze on her.

Kara was silent as Alex sat beside her on the bed. The blonde put her shoes aside quickly and was about to stand again when Alex's hand caught her shoulder and forced her to pause, finally looking to her sister's concerned face.

"Kara," Alex said in a low voice, "I know something's bothering you, and you know I'm going to get it out of you sooner or later. So, you may as well tell me now."

Kara stared at Alex, weighing her options. She could insist again it was nothing, but as her sister said, that wouldn't be the end of the conversation. There was something on Kara's mind, and it was as if Alex had a sixth sense sometimes when it came to figuring that out. So, instead of doing that same old song and dance of having Alex drag it out of her, why didn't she just tell her sister what was eating at her? She could certainly use some sisterly advice, after all.

"Okay," Kara relented, hands clasping around a discarded shirt—which she began to wring just to have something to channel her nervous energy into. "Last night when Lena and I were kissing, and it was great, ya know? I never knew how soft and sweet kissing her could be, and it was, like, intoxicating. I didn't want to stop, and no matter how closely I held her, it didn't seem like enough."

"I fail to see the problem here so far," Alex interjected, earning an impatient glare from the blonde.

"The problem is that I wanted to have sex with her," the reporter responded matter-of-factly.

Alex frowned. "Yeah, still don't see the problem." A thought occurred to her, and she glanced down at the bed with an even deeper frown. "God, please tell me you washed the sheets."
"We didn't have sex, Alex," Kara informed her and gave her shoulder a light shove.

"Well why not?" Alex asked, now looking slightly disappointed.

"Because I could hurt her," Kara said, now looking at her sister as if she'd lost her mind. "I'm, like, ten thousand times stronger than her. I could literally break her in half."

"Ah, yes, I see your point," Alex said with a small nod.

"Yeah, so what do I do about that?" Kara asked. "I never had to worry about this with Mon-El," she grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest. "I head-butted him during sex once and he didn't even feel it. If I head-but Lena I could break her nose, send it straight through her skull to her brain, and kill her."

"Your mind goes to some really dark places sometimes," Alex muttered, looking at her sister with what seemed like pity.

"It's a logical fear," Kara insisted, pouting in frustration—in more ways than one. "And how am I supposed to have sex with Lena if I'm too scared to even touch her without damaging her in some way?"

"Why don't you ask Clark?" Alex suggested.

Kara's pout went away as she stared at her sister horror-stricken. "I am not talking to my baby cousin about sex, Alex!"

"He's not a baby anymore," Alex countered. "And he's been having sex with human women a lot longer than you have… Which isn't saying much," she added, smirking once more as he sister rolled her eyes yet again at the ribbing.

"You're not helping," Kara chastised.

"I think suggesting you talk to Clark was very helpful," Alex responded. "I'm not Kryptonian. I don't know your strength. He is, and he does. He is literally the only one who knows exactly what you're going through. If anyone knows how to help you, it's him."

"There has to be some way that doesn't involve me having a traumatizing conversation with Kal," Kara said, a hint of desperation in her voice. "What about a red sun lamp? I could set one up in here," she said, gesturing to the room. "That could work, right?"

"And where do you plan on getting one?"

"The DEO."

"Absolutely not," Alex said, shaking her head. "Those things are expensive, and we need them. You can't just take an expensive piece of government property because you want to get laid."

"Alex—"

"No, Kara," Alex said, holding up her hand to signal the topic was closed. "Besides, what if you go to Lena's one night? Are you going to bring it over there? And if you go on vacation? Are you going to bring a red sun lamp to Disneyland?"

Kara thought about it for a moment before saying, "Can Winn design a smaller, portable one that I can buy on a reporter's salary?"
"Kara!" Alex exclaimed, throwing her hands up in exasperation. "Just talk to Clark. It doesn't have to be awkward and uncomfortable unless you make it. He's coming tonight, it's the perfect opportunity."

"I can't talk to Kal about sex, Alex," Kara insisted again. "I barely like talking to you about sex."

"Well, you're going to have to get over that," Alex said, standing finally. "Because I am out of answers, and out of time." She looked Kara over once more, nodding her approval. "Yup, that's the outfit. My work here is done. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a top-secret government organization to run. And don't you have a job you have to get back to?"

"I doubt Snapper even noticed I'm gone," Kara said with a sigh, standing as well. "But yeah, I should probably get back either way." She reached out and wrapped her arms around her sister appreciatively. "Thanks for helping me."

"It's my job," Alex said, patting Kara on the back briefly before pulling out of the hug. "Literally at this point," she said, grinning cheekily. As she turned to make her exit she nudge aside a huge pile of clothes with her foot. "Might want to clean up before your date. Can't get Lena in bed if you can't find the bed."

"Get out," Kara said, picking up a pillow and hurling it at Alex.

The red-head deflected it easily and ducked behind the curtain before Kara could get off another shot, laughing all the way out the door.

Chapter End Notes

Right, so more of a setup chapter. The meetup at the DEO was supposed to be the ending scene, but instead that'll start us off next chapter. So yay Superman! And I PROMISE the date will be next chapter. I swear on all that is good and holy (can I still say that even though I'm an atheist? Too late, already did.) ANYWAY. I have some last minute packing to take care of.

Please don't be mad at me. You can't be mad at a girl for going to Disneyland, right? (which is why it was mentioned in this chapter.)

Alright I've rambled enough. Leave ya girl some love, please. And positive vibes.
Until next time
Sex Talk With Superman

Chapter Notes

I'm back! Lots of stuff going on this chapter. It's nice and long as promised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara took her time flying back to CatCo, enjoying the fresh air and sunshine on her face. It was rare that she took time just to enjoy the sensation of flying, usually only doing so as a way to get from one place to another. But that day everything seemed peaceful and still. There were no cries for help or car alarms blaring. It was as if National City knew she had an important date coming up and its citizens were behaving just for her to have it with no interruptions.

When she finally sneaked back into the office she did so with renewed energy and a clear mind. She had been able to think up an idea for her next article on the way over, and she was anxious to get started. For once it wasn't about crime, but the lack-there-of. The crime rate in National City had decreased drastically over the past few months, and instead of scratching her head in confusion because she couldn't write about a Supergirl bust, she decided to write an article celebrating the city's turn-around.

She dove into research, trying to find sources and statistics to support her article. It helped that she could quote herself—or, at least her alter-ego. By the end of the day she was half-way through what she thought was turning out to be one of her best pieces yet. She wanted to get more quotes from sources other than Supergirl, so she added time to the next day's schedule to go out and get interviews with police officers.

Leaving CatCo Kara buzzed with excitement. She'd finally gotten over her writer's block, she was going to see Kal in less than an hour, and also Lena—and then they were going on their date. She had so many things to look forward to she almost felt overwhelmed with how happy she was. She was almost afraid to let herself be too happy because any time she felt this good something always had to come along and screw up everything. But she quickly pushed that dark thought from her mind as she stripped off her civilian clothing and changed into her Supergirl suit.

The whole way to the DEO Kara felt like every cell in her body was vibrating. It hadn't even been twelve hours since she'd last seen Lena, but the knowledge she was flying to see her again propelled her forward. She made the trip in what must have been record time, and upon arriving she was surprised to discover another figure in red and blue standing in the lobby.

"Kal?" she said in an airy voice, beaming as her cousin turned at the sound of her voice.

Even though he was her cousin, seeing Superman was still a little shell-shocking sometimes. On Krypton she'd only known him as a baby. And when she got to Earth the only time she'd ever spent with him was when he greeted her after her pod crashed and then brought her to the Danvers' house. They spoke somewhat through instant message, but it wasn't until they teamed up to save a rocket that Kara spent any real time with Clark. All she knew of him until then was what she'd seen on television or read online. It was like seeing a celebrity rather than a family member, and Kara had to remind herself that this was still the kid whose diapers she'd changed.

"Supergirl," Superman said, smiling fondly at his fellow superhero. "Good to see you."
"You too," she said softly, regarding him. He reminded so much of her aunt and uncle. He had his mother's bright eyes and gentle smile and his father's strong jaw and dark hair. She noticed that he unconsciously stood with his hands curled into fists resting on his hips, something she also did when in her Supersuit. Though she didn't know him personally very well there was something familiar and comfortable about being with Kal. He was family after all, and he reminded her of home.

"Are you just going to stand there and stare at me, or are you going to hug me?" he teased and held his arms open, wearing a smile big enough to rival Kara's.

She chuckled softly and stepped into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his midsection. She squeezed him as tightly as she pleased, glad she didn't have to hold herself back when it came to him. Seeing Kal was such a rare event that she felt the need to hug him extra hard to make up for lost time. He hugged her back with just as much force, and it seemed as though he'd missed her as much as she missed him. She felt herself getting choked up, so she pulled out of the hug and took a step back, but she held a smile on her face as they began to walk further into the DEO.

"Thanks for coming out to help," Kara said as she led them down the hallway that went to the staircase to the lower level of the headquarters.

"Of course," Clark answered. "You know I'm always willing to lend a hand with anything you need."

Kara's heartbeat quickened at this, Alex's suggestion to ask for Clark's guidance on her Lena problem resurfacing in her mind. She in no way wanted to have anything even remotely resembling a sex talk with her cousin, but she had to admit that Alex had a point. He was the only person she knew who was a Kryptonian and had been intimate with a human. If there was literally anyone else on this Earth or another she could ask for advice from she would have found them, but there wasn't. Clark was her only hope at figuring out a way to make love to Lena without killing her, no matter how much she hated to admit it.

She so did not want to talk to Kal about this, but she also really wanted to be able to have sex with Lena and not be paranoid about accidentally murdering her the whole time. And when it came down to it, being with Lena was something she wanted more than just about anything else she'd ever wanted in her entire life. That want and need to tangle herself under the covers with the most beautiful woman she'd ever known outweighed the discomfort she felt towards talking about sex.

It was going to be painful and uncomfortable, but she had to ask Clark what to do. Because if it meant she could be with Lena without worry, then it was worth it. Lena was worth it.

"Actually, since you mention it," Kara started nervously, "there is something else I could use your help with while you're here."

Clark frowned at Kara's obvious uneasiness and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder, stopping her. "Kara, whatever you need, I'm here," he told her. "What's up?"

Kara shook her head quickly. "Not here," she said, glancing over her shoulder at a DEO agent making his way down the hall towards them. "Can we talk in private?"

"Sure," Clark said with a nod as he removed his hand from the blonde's shoulder and gestured down the hall. "You know this place better than I do. Lead the way."

Kara marched straight to an empty conference room that was used so rarely she was sure no one would disturb them. She flicked on the light, blinking at the bright, florescent bulbs flickered to
life. Clark closed the door behind them and turned to face his cousin again, who was pulling out one of the chairs so she could sit at the table. He followed suit, flourishing his cape before sitting in the rolling chair.

He waited patiently for her to speak, watching as she seemed to internally struggle to find words. A blush began to creep up Kara's neck, making its way to her cheeks. She hadn't even uttered a word yet, and she was already getting flustered and embarrassed. She could feel a bead of sweat rolling down her back, making her suit stick to her skin.

"Are you okay?" Clark asked, concerned about her obvious discomfort.

"I'm fine. It's just hot in here," Kara insisted, hooking her finger in her collar and pulling it away to attempt to cool herself. "You're not hot?"

He shook his head. "No," he said as he watched Kara seem to grow more bothered by the second. "Are you sure you're alright?"

"Just nervous I guess," Kara admitted shyly, ducking her head to avoid his intense gaze.

"What do you have to be nervous about?" he asked kindly, and when Kara looked up she could see the sincerity and care his face held. It helped to calm her slightly. "Kara, whatever it is, you can tell me," he went on, reaching out to place a comforting hand on her arm, which she had resting folded with the other on the table.

The reporter took a deep breath, summoning courage. "I have a date tonight."

Clark's eyebrows shot up in surprise, but he laughed easily as he removed his hand from her arm. "Is that all?" he asked, only chuckling more as she pouted at him. "Why would you be nervous to tell me that?" He shook his head at her good-naturedly. "What's his name?"

Kara froze, averting her eyes again. "It's a girl, actually," she said, dropping her hands to her lap so she could nervously pull at her fingers.

"Okay, so what's her name?" Clark asked, not missing a beat.

Kara smiled to herself at the instant acceptance from Kal. It wasn't something she'd worried about since she knew he was just as open and accepting as she was (they had to be in their line of work), but she hadn't expected him to not even bat an eyelash. She expected him to be surprised, maybe even shocked. Certainly not mad or disgusted, but at least a little caught off-guard. The fact that he wasn't sent a warmness through her chest, and she felt closer to him in that moment than she'd felt since leaving Krypton.

"It's Lena Luthor," she answered, watching her cousin's reaction to her admission closely.

Finally his smile faltered. It dropped ever so slightly, and though he tried to hide it, she saw. Worry flashed through his eyes, if only for a second. He composed himself, though, and cleared his throat before speaking.

"I can see now why you'd be nervous to tell me that," he said slowly. "But I know you trust Lena, so I'm not going to hold her name against her. You should know that."

"I do," Kara insisted, nodding. "That's not what this is about."

Clark's brows furrowed together in confusion, clearly stumped as to where this was all leading. "Okay, so what is it then?" he questioned, leaning back in his chair and scratching his chin as he
stared at her quizzically.

Kara licked her suddenly dry lips and cast her eyes downward, unable to meet Clark's as she muttered, "It's just—you're the only person I know who has experience with this... delicate situation." She cleared her throat and tried to swallow the lump that had formed there, feeling her entire body burning under her cousin's stare.

"Which is...?" Clark asked when the blonde didn't continue.

Kara's stomach felt like it was in knots, and she winced as she managed to stammer out, "How do you two—you and Lois—have, uh..." She frowned, trying to think of a way to say it without having to utter the word 'sex' to her baby cousin. "Have... uh, intimate relations?"

Clark blinked in surprise as he realized what Kara was trying to ask, and his face turned a shade of crimson to rival Kara's blush. "Are you asking me how Lois and I have sex?" he asked, suddenly nervous and fidgety at the mention of intercourse.

When dressed as Clark he was always mild-mannered and almost prude-like; as Superman he was confident and composed, but sometimes he broke that façade and turned into his bumbling, awkward human counterpart—like when his cousin asked him about his sex life and flustered the living daylights out of him. This was one of those times.

"Not how, I know that," Kara said quickly, anxious to keep the conversation from getting more uncomfortable than it needed to be. "I just want to know how you do it without hurting her," she explained, earning an understanding nod from the dark-haired man. "Do you use red sun lamps to dampen your powers?"

Kal breathed a sigh of relief, glad he didn't have to explain the process of going about the beautiful act of pleasures of the flesh. He didn't think he had it in him to have the birds and the bees conversation with Kara, of all people.

"No," Clark answered, shaking his head. "I didn't even know those were a thing when I started having sex," he said with a tiny shrug, regaining a little of his composure as the color in his face started to return to normal. "Even before Lois, I've just always been careful. I know how to control myself."

Kara frowned at this. "How can you be certain you'll be able to control yourself?" she asked skeptically. "Accidents happen. Aren't you worried about hurting Lois?"

"Not as much as I used to be," he told her. "Like anything else it just takes time to learn your strength and the limits you need to give yourself."

Kara blew out a breath, not satisfied with the answer. "How much time are we talking, here?"

Clark threw his head back and laughed at this, the sound echoing off the walls of the semi-empty room. All discomfort from before was gone, and now he was just tickled at how impatient Kara seemed. It reminded him of himself when he went through losing his virginity. He'd also broken down and had to ask someone he trusted what to do: his father, Johnathan. Of course his father urged him to wait as long as possible, but Clark was deep in the throws of his first love—his high school girlfriend Lana. He was also a hormonal teenage boy, human or not. Sex was all he could think of, day and night. It was funny to think of now, such a distant memory. But for Kara it was the present, and the similarities he saw just added to the hilarity of it all.

When he looked down again he caught sight of Kara's serious, unamused expression and the
laughter died on his tongue. This was obviously important to his family member, and it was clearly tough for her to ask. He needed to try to be more delicate.

"I don't know, Kara. That all depends on you," he told her honestly.

"Well that's no help!" Kara nearly shouted and threw her hands up in exasperation.

"I'm sorry. I only know what works for me." He gave a small shrug and looked at her sympathetically. "My advice? Just take it slow, figure things out as you go along."

"Yeah," Kara muttered her agreement, but her mind was already clouding over. She'd been the one to suggest she and Lena go slow, primarily because she was worried about hurting the other woman. But if she could have found a way to not have to worry about it then they wouldn't have to wait. She'd been banking on Clark having a solution more than she'd realized because now that he didn't have one she felt her heart sink in her chest.

Clark could tell the answer he'd given Kara hadn't been the one she was looking for. He knew exactly what she was going through. He'd been there before—it was hell. He had to give her some hope.

"For what it's worth," he said, reaching across the table taking her hand comfortingly, "I have faith in you not to hurt Lena." He smiled gently, and he could see some of the tension ease out of the young woman's shoulders as he reassured her.

But doubt and fear were powerful emotions, and Kara couldn't shake them. "But how do you know, Kal?"

"Because I know you," he said, squeezing her hand slightly. "You love fiercely and unapologetically, just like me. We would never do anything to hurt the ones we love. And that's how I know you'll be fine. Because Lena means too much to you."

"But what if, Kal?" she asked skeptically, still not persuaded. "Things happen. What if I get caught up in the moment and it just goes terribly wrong?"

"It won't," he assured her. "You've been on Earth long enough to know how gentle you have to be with humans. If you feel yourself getting too worked up, just pause. Take a moment to breathe, look at Lena. Really look at her, remember what she means to you, and that you would never let anyone hurt her, especially not yourself—that should get you through." He finally released her hand and dropped his own to his lap. "That's what works for me."

"Really?" Kara asked, and he nodded. "But what if it doesn't for me?"

Kal let out a breath. She sure wasn't making this easy for him. "It will. Trust me. You and I, we're very similar."

"How would you know?" Kara challenged, now seeming a little miffed. "You don't have memories of me from Krypton, and while we spent a little time together over two years ago… Well, that was two years ago." She dropped her head, biting her lip. "You don't know me, Kal."

He frowned, taken aback by the hurt in her voice. "Kara, I'm sorry—I hadn't realized it had been that long." He sighed, his shoulders slumping as shame overtook him. "Wow, time sure does fly by when you're saving the world, huh?" Kara nodded because she had to admit it did, and Clark brought his hand up to rub the back of his neck uncomfortably. "I guess I just feel like I know you because of how much James has told me about you. He talks very fondly of you, you know."
"I didn't, actually," she responded, wiping at her misty eyes before picking her head up to meet his gaze. "James never talks about you."

"Well, you shouldn't have to depend on my best friend to get to know me," he told her. "That's my fault, and I want to fix that. I want to know you, Kara, I do." He smiled that signature Superman smile, his whole face lighting up. "How about in a week or two Lois and I head out here and all four of us go out on a double date?"

Kara blinked, a little taken about. "Me and Lena? On a date with you and Lois?"

"Yes, you and Lena," he said, laughing a bit. "It'll give us a chance to know each other better, give me a chance to know Lena officially, and I want you to meet Lois." He quirked an eyebrow and asked knowingly, "Did you tell her our secret?"

Kara froze, instantly embarrassed all over again. It wasn't just her secret identity that hung in the balance, it was his, too. She didn't want him to be mad at her for being so reckless with it.

"Long story short, she found out about me by accident," she said. "And then she pieced it together to figure out you're Superman." Clark's face remained neutral, and fearing this was the quiet before the storm she quickly added, "But I trust her, and she promised she wouldn't—"

"Kara, it's fine," he said, cutting her off. "If you trust her that's good enough for me," he assured, then smiled again. It seemed another thing they had in common was the inability to keep secrets from the women who captured their hearts. "So, what do you say? Double date with the beautiful women in our lives?"

"Sure," Kara said with a nod as she beamed at the idea. "I'll ask Lena tonight, and let you know."

"Great," Clark said, nodding as well. "And on that note," he stood, placing his hands on his hips and puffing out his chest, "let's go get this Dunleavy nonsense over with so you can get to that date."

Kara's smile only widened as she hopped up from her seat and threw her arms around her cousin. "Thanks, Kal," she said, giving him a good squeeze before letting him go to lead them from the room.

Getting through the DEO security checkpoint was agonizing for Lena. She normally didn't mind it, but this time it felt like it was taking forever for her to go through the metal detector and get the usual visitor's badge. She knew it was only because it was an obstacle between her and seeing Kara and that it was taking the normal amount of time, but she still tapped her foot impatiently as she waited for the guard to hand her the badge.

Once she finally had it and had clipped it to the collar of her blazer she was led by an agent down to the lower level where the meeting was to take place. It was to be in Alex's office to give them privacy, only the people who knew Superman's and Supergirl's secret identities to be permitted. Her pulse quickened as they approached, and once the door came into view she picked up the pace —surpassing the guard. She pushed open the slightly ajar door and stepped into the surprisingly large office. Though there were several people in the room she saw Kara first, and only Kara—standing there in all her blue and red glory. She had her hands on her hips, staring at Lena with a smile on her face.

Lena beamed as well as she reminded herself to walk to Kara calmly instead of run straight to her and kiss her right there in front of everyone. That was what she wanted to do, but she settled on
approaching at an even pace, happy when Kara's arms instantly opened when she got to her. She
wrapped her arms around the blonde's midsection and squeezed with all her might.

"Hi," Kara said, embracing Lena and whispering in her ear, "I missed you."

"Likewise," Lena admitted before reminding herself what they were there for. Forcing herself to
release the superhero, she took a step back and cleared her throat, her cheeks turning pink as she
realized all eyes in the room were on them. She turned her attention to the man to Kara's right—a
man she would recognize anywhere despite only having met him once before. "Superman, it's a
pleasure to see you again."

"You as well, Lena," he said, holding out his hand for a shake. She took it, and when she looked at
him she took in a breath—his resemblance to Kara hitting her hard now that she was really looking.
He gave her a dazzling smile, and he shook her hand sturdily, saying, "Just wish it was under better
circumstances."

She nodded as she took her hand back, then turned her attention to Winn and Alex, giving them
each a small nod in greeting. Winn waved, and to her surprise, Alex actually smiled as she nodded
back. It seemed as though she was falling back into the red-head's good graces. At the edge of the
semi-circle she spotted James, leaning against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest as he
openly stared at her. She felt her stomach twist unpleasantly, caught off-guard at seeing him. Then
she remembered him saying he would see her tonight when he'd been in her office earlier. So this
was what he'd meant.

He was wearing his Guardian outfit sans mask, as there was no need for it since he was open about
his identity as the vigilante to the whole city. He still wore it for safety out in the field, but in this
setting there was no need for it. Lena hadn't even considered James helping in this case, and though
she knew he could probably be a valuable asset, she really didn't want him there. But she wasn't
going to be the one to tell him to leave. So she just turned away from him without a greeting and
pretended he wasn't there.

"Now that Lena's here, let's get this show on the road," Kara said, anxious to both find out more
about Dunleavy and also to move things along so she could get to her date with Lena. Now that the
brunette was standing beside her, close enough to touch, she hated that she was unable to because
of the social setting. "Winn, start us off?"

Winn jumped, surprised and flustered when all eyes turned to him. He only seemed to notice
Superman's, though. His own personal hero here in the flesh and he had to keep his cool in order to
address not only him, but Alex, James, Kara, and Lena. He internally told himself not to panic as he
cleared his throat and tried to find his voice.

"Yeah, uh, yes—Supergirl, yes, I will," he stammered, clearing his throat again so much so that he
choked on his own spit and doubled over, letting out a hacking cough.

"You okay there, buddy?" Superman asked, placing a kind hand on the spastic man's back.

Winn abruptly stood up, his face nearly purple as he tried to hold back his coughing. He looked
down at his shoulder in amazement. "He's touching me," he wheezed out.

Alex groaned and rolled her eyes, and she stepped forward and pulled Winn away from Clark,
forcing the small man into his a chair in front of a laptop. "You pull up the information, I'll talk,"
she instructed, gaining an appreciative look from her employee.

"Thank you," Winn breathed out, relieved he avoided public speaking. He fired up his computer as
Alex turned on the television on hanging on the wall to use as the monitor, Winn having hooked it up previously. The nervous, little man set about pulling up the files, assembling everything out into a grid across the screen.

"Here's what we know," Alex began as Winn pulled up the birth certificate. "Lucas Allen Dunleavy, age twenty-eight. His mother, Rachel Dunleavy, deceased. His father is unknown." As she spoke she looked around the room, every face stony and serious as she went on, "He grew up bouncing from foster home to foster home, school to school, until he was kicked out for a knife fight. Then he went to Metropolis Military Academy, at the expense of Metropolis United Charities—the organization that handled his case." She paused going around the room when her eyes landed on Superman. "After that he worked in IT before briefly. He has an address in Metropolis and pays for everything in cash. That's it. That's all we know about him. It's like he barely exists."

"Except he does, and he's not only obsessed with Lena, he wants her to help him build a weapon powered by Kryptonite," Kara butted in, her lip curled in distaste as she gazed at the ID photo of Dunleavy on the screen.

"I wouldn't say obsessed," Lena said, squirming as the rooms' eyes fell onto her. "More like mildly interested."

Kara wanted to argue that what was going on with Lucas was more like border-line stalking, and she knew Lena felt that way, too. But she also knew Lena didn't want to make a big scene and have all that attention on her. So she let it go, shaking her head slightly.

"Whatever you want to call it, he's dangerous," Kara insisted, turning her attention to her cousin. "Okay, Kal. We've told you what we know. Now what do you know? What is Metropolis United Charities, why can't we get into their files, and why did they handle yours, mine, and Dunleavy's adoptions?"

Clark let out a long breath as he began, "Well, I don't know anything about Dunleavy's adoption, but I can tell you what my dad told me about mine."

"Jor-El?" Kara asked.

"No." Clark shook his head. "My adoptive father, Jonathan." He crossed his arms over his chest, frowning as he continued, "It was a couple of days after the meteor shower that hit Smallville the day I got to Earth. I was in the kitchen with my mom when Lionel Luthor came knocking at the door."

Martha Kent stood in her kitchen mixing a pitcher of lemonade, humming to herself as she added sugar to the tart drink. The past couple of days had been hard on Smallville, the meteor shower leaving death and destruction in its wake. She didn't think the small, quiet town would ever completely recover, that they would always glance up at the sky anxiously with every roll of thunder. But one thing good had come out of it. She and Johnathan had found Clark.

The small boy now sat in the center of the kitchen with a few of Johnathan's old toys she'd found in the attic. He innocently inspected a toy car in his hands, making the wheels spin and staring at them in wonder. She'd taken to calling him Clark almost immediately, though Jonathan scolded her for doing so. He didn't want her to grow too attached in case the boy's parents turned up looking for him. But she didn't think that was happening. The only extraterrestrial pod they'd found in the field was the one they'd found Clark standing near—the pod was currently safely stowed in their storm cellar.
No, this boy was alone in the world, even if it wasn’t his world. And that was all the more reason Clark needed to stay right there with them. Martha knew they would love him and protect him like their own—she already felt her maternal instincts kicking in just having the tyke around. And every time he looked at her and smiled she felt like her heart swelled to two times its size.

That instinct kicked in as her attention snapped to the screen door, where the figure of a man appeared on the other side. He rapped on the door, but Martha stayed completely still. She knew it was stupid, that if she could see him through the door, he could very easily see her and Clark. The little boy stared at the door intently, then turned and looked at her with big, bright, questioning eyes. She did her best to compose herself as she smoothed out the apron she was wearing over her dress and crossed to answer the door.

The man standing before her had piercing eyes, severe features, and a bald head. He obviously didn’t come from Smallville, or any of the other surrounding farm towns. Wealth oozed off him; it was stitched into every fiber of his silk suit. Behind him a black Mercedes sat idling in the driveway. A driver wearing a dark suit and sunglasses sat behind the wheel, watching the house intently.

"Can I help you?" Martha asked, making sure to keep her voice even and calm so that the strange man couldn’t tell how nervous she was at his presence.

"Yes, my name is Lionel Luthor," the man said in a deep voice and gave her his best business smile. "I presume you are Mrs. Kent?"

"I am," she answered hesitantly, doing her best to block his line of vision with her body so roaming eyes wouldn’t wander to Clark.

"Mrs. Kent, I’m looking for your husband," Lionel told her, attempting to peak over her shoulder. "Is he home?"

"He’s right here," Jonathan Kent said, appearing in the basement doorway. He’d been down there fixing the temperamental water heater when he heard voices and came to investigate. He wiped his dirty hands on a rag before placing it in his back pocket. "Martha, take Clark and go upstairs," he instructed, not taking his eyes off the man in his doorway.

Martha backed away from the door, and she scooped up Clark—all the while watching Lionel cautiously. He stared at the boy in wonder as he stepped over the threshold without invitation. Jonathan tensed, but said and did nothing, worried to do anything that might cause suspicion.

"What a handsome boy," he said, regarding the dark-haired lad in the woman’s arms. "I have a son myself—Alexander."

Martha smiled shyly, but Jonathan cut in, "He’s not ours. We’re just taking care of him for the time being." He ignored the hurtful look Martha shot his way, but added, "Fostering him."

"Ah, yes, very noble of you," Lionel said with a nod, though he said it with a hint of dismissiveness in his voice.

"We’re looking into adopting him," Martha added quickly, earning a startled glance from her husband. She knew he would be cross with her for saying that, but maybe if she put it out there for other people to know she could convince Jonathan it would be more suspicious if they didn't adopt Clark at that point. "It’s just… a tricky situation."

"Martha," Jonathan said in a hushed voice. He nodded his head to the stairs and gazed at her
pointedly. She didn't seem to understand the gravity or the danger of the situation, but he did. And he needed to get her and Clark away from this man as soon as possible.

Martha relented, carrying Clark up the stairs to the bedroom they'd been housing the boy in for the past couple of days. It wasn't until Jonathan heard the door shut that he rounded on the intruder in his home.

"What do you want, Luthor?" Jonathan all but growled and crossed his arms over his chest as he stared at the wealthy man darkly.

Lionel smirked. "You know me, then?"

"Of course I know who you are. I read the paper," Jonathan said coldly. "Lionel Luthor, morally corrupt billionaire from Metropolis." He sneered as he took a threatening step forward. "I don't know what the hell you're doing in Smallville, but this town has enough problems right now. So why don't you get back in your fancy car and go home?"

The Luthor patriarch didn't flinch or back down at Jonathan's words. Instead he smiled, seemingly amused. "Mr. Kent, I'm here to help Smallville. What happened here is a terrible tragedy. I've donated food, water, and clothing to the local shelter. And now, I want to extend my charity even deeper."

"Oh, yeah?" Jonathan asked, resisting the urge to scoff. "And how do you plan on doing that?"

"A local business has been struggling since long before this meteor shower even happened," Lionel explained. "It's on the verge of bankruptcy. I've offered to buy them out, but so far my offers have been rejected. With what's happened in the past couple of days, I don't think this company is going to turn around. The owner's only chance at keeping his workers employed and ensuring he has money left in his pocket is to sell to me."

"Well, seeing as how I run a farm, not a company, I don't see how that has to do with me," Jonathan said bluntly. He was normally cordial and inviting, but this man put a bad taste in his mouth. He wanted nothing to do with him and couldn't wait to get him off his property.

"No, but you're very good friends with the man who does," Lionel said slowly. "Paul Henderson, Henderson Construction?"

Jonathan's jaw tightened. Paul had been a close friend for years. He'd watched Paul build his company from the ground up. He didn't know Paul was struggling. But after the meteor shower business should have been booming considering all the damage done to the town. Something didn't feel right, so Mr. Kent just stared at the bald man, saying nothing.

"I would be very grateful if you could speak with your friend on my behalf, Mr. Kent—make him see reason," Lionel went on, narrowing his eyes at the man. "And in return, I would do something for you as a favor."

"What could you possibly have that I want?" Jonathan asked. Sure, he had money, but that wasn't something Johnathan wanted—not from Lionel, at least. To him there was nothing in the world that could get him to agree to what Lionel was asking.

"That boy you're trying to adopt?" Lionel said, pointing to the ceiling to insinuate Clark, "I can make that happen quickly, quietly, and painlessly. Just like that." He snapped for emphasis, smirking as Jonathan's eyes widened in wonder. "And for free."

Running a farm didn't rake in the cash. Jonathan had never been able to buy Martha anything nice
like expensive jewelry or a fancy car, but thankfully she wasn't a woman who cared about those things. What she did want was a family, and though they loved each other very much, it wasn't enough. Martha longed for a child, and in truth so did he. But they couldn't conceive naturally and adopting or using a surrogate or sperm donor simply weren't in the budget. But here was their chance to have everything they ever wanted, staring them in the face. He just had to make a deal with the devil.

"Is Paul's company really that bad off?" Jonathan asked skeptically. He couldn't believe there was a part of him that actually wanted it to be true, wanted what Lionel was feeding him to be fact. That would make saying yes okay, because then everyone would win. The company and its workers would be spared losing jobs, Paul would get a nice payout, and he and Martha could adopt Clark.

"He drowning, and I'm throwing him a life vest," Lionel insisted. "Get him to take it, and I'll make sure you and Martha have legal guardianship over young Clark permanently within twenty-four hours of Henderson signing the papers." He cocked an eyebrow and stuck out his hand for a shake. "Do we have a deal?"

"My dad took the deal," Clark said to the group of eerily quiet adults who were hanging on his every word. "And he convinced Paul Henderson to sell. True to his word, my adoption papers were dropped at my parents' door the next morning." He frowned deeply, glancing at Lena quickly before continuing. "He laid off ten percent of the crew, cut the pay of the remaining, and started buying the cheapest materials possible. And what he ended up paying Henderson was hardly enough to pay off the debt he owed the bank." He paused to look down sadly. "It did nothing to help Smallville, and in many ways made things worse. My father always says it's his biggest regret, that he wishes he had found another way to adopt me."

"It's not his fault," Lena said ruefully, ashamed that she was related to a man who would do something so messed up. "Lionel had a way of pinpointing people's greatest weaknesses and playing on them in order to get his way."

"What did he want with a construction company in Smallville in the first place?" Alex asked.

"He had lots of little side ventures," Lena said. "He was always plotting a hostile takeover of some kind. It was like a hobby to my father."

"I think we're deviating a little from the point, here," James said, speaking up for the first time since the meeting had begun. He walked to Clark's side, hands on his hips as his eyes fell upon Lena, then Kara. "One Metropolis United Charities adoption is explained. What about Kara's? I can't imagine your dad asking Lionel for another favor."

"No, he didn't," Clark said, shame crossing his face. "I asked Lex for help."

"And you actually got it?" Lena asked, resisting the urge to grimace at the mention of her brother.

"We were friends once. Really close, almost like brothers," he said, smiling a little as a memory of a Lex before the madness and the power hunger took over surfaced at the back of his brain. He caught himself, though, and shook his head to clear his thoughts and steer himself back to the task at hand. "I told him I had some friends who had taken in the child of another friend, and I needed adoption papers for her. He agreed, no questions asked. I didn't even mention Metropolis United, but when he gave me the papers, that's where they came from."

"So Lex forged Kara's documents?" Alex asked, suddenly alarmed. "Does that mean he knows who she is?"
"No," Clark said quickly. "He just gave me the official documents with the correct signatures. Eliza put down the rest—name, birthday, place of birth."

"So that's it, then?" Lena asked, frowning deeply. "That's all you know?" She wanted to growl in frustration. All this crap and they still hadn't gotten anywhere. It felt like they were dogs, running in circles chasing their own tails.

"Besides the fact that Lex had to hack into Lionel's personal computer to get the documents, yes, that's all I know," Clark admitted.

"That's helpful," Alex said thoughtfully. "Is there any way to know where that ended up?"

"I can look into it," Lena mused. "It might be with the rest of his personal belongings collecting dust in storage… Unless Lex thought it had something valuable on it. If so then it's most likely long gone."

"It doesn't hurt to check," James said, gazing at Lena intently.

"I'll do that," she muttered. She took a small step closer to Kara, attempting to slightly hide behind the hero as her ex's eyes remained on her and made her feel like squirming. Kara noticed and sent James a small glare in return, though it went unnoticed because his attention was elsewhere.

With that an uncomfortable silence fell over the group. There was a nervous energy about them, and it was clear everyone was disappointed they hadn't been able to turn up more. Lena just hoped and prayed to a god she wasn't even sure she believed in that she could find her father's computer somewhere, somehow.

"So, is that it, then?" Kara asked, clearly getting antsy. She knew this was serious business, but it appeared they were at another dead end. And that meant there was nothing more they could do about it that night. So, why continue beating a dead horse when she and Lena could go out finally. She'd only been waiting several hours, but to her it felt like an eternity.

"Yes, Kara, that's it," Clark told her, biting back a smile at his cousin's eagerness.

"Cool, bye," she said quickly, and before anyone could add something else, she grabbed Lena by the wrist and pulled her from the room. The four remaining adults stared after them, Clark and Alex shaking their heads amusedly while Winn and James held confused expressions.

"Boy, they got out of here in a hurry," Winn said as he closed his laptop and began stowing it in his bag.

"Yeah, anyone else think that was weird?" James asked, looking to his best friend for answers.

Clark felt trapped between a rock and a hard place. On the one hand James was his best friend, and he knew for a fact that his ex was going on a date with someone else. On the other hand, that someone else was Kara. And if James didn't know about the date then she wasn't comfortable with him knowing. He couldn't betray that trust, not even for James.

"Beats me," he said casually, shrugging as he brushed past the man to make his exit.

Kara couldn't even make it out of the building without having to pull Lena into the same empty conference room she'd spoken with Clark in earlier. Before Lena could ask what they were doing in there Kara closed the door and gently pushed the brunette against it. The blonde's lips found hers hungrily, and Lena smiled into it before pulling back, searching Kara's clear blue eyes for an
"What was that about?" she asked, reaching up to trace her fingertip along Kara's strong jawline. "Not that I mind."

Kara let out a small laugh and ducked her head bashfully. "I've been wanting to kiss you since the moment you left this morning, and I couldn't wait to do it anymore."

Lena's heart melted at the admission, and she had to bite her lip from cooing at how adorable Kara was. "Well, I'm glad you didn't."

"Me too." Kara beamed and kissed her briefly once more before stepping back and releasing the smaller woman. "Now that I've gotten that out of my system, we should probably both get going. Can't take you out as Supergirl, now can I?" she asked with a wink.

"I'm taking you out, remember, dork?" Lena teased, playfully nudging Kara in the ribs with her elbow. "And I'm picking you up one hour from now, so you better not keep me waiting."

"I wouldn't dream of it," Kara told her, taking Lena's hand in her own and bringing it up to her lips to place a kiss on the back of it.

One hour later Kara stood outside of her apartment in the outfit she and Alex had decided on earlier. It had taken her no time to change and tie her hair up into a neat ponytail. It was the makeup that had taken the longest. She didn't normally wear a lot, but tonight she wanted to make an impression. She'd tried to do a smoky eye after watching a tutorial online, and it actually turned out okay; next she'd tried to make wings with her eyeliner, and the first one came out great—the second, however, did not. She'd spent nearly half an hour erasing and redrawing it until she finally felt she looked presentable.

Waiting on a car wasn't something she was used to, but there she was, waiting for Lena's town car to appear around the corner. The normality of the situation almost caused her to laugh. But she was too nervous to laugh. She knew she had nothing to worry about—she was just going to dinner with Lena. They'd done so dozens of times before. But this time was different. It meant something deeper, and though a small part of her was terrified, a larger part of her couldn't help enjoying the thrill that coursed through her veins.

Her attention was drawn to approaching headlights, and she smiled as a familiar black car stopped in front of her. Dan instantly hopped out the driver's seat and came around to the passenger side. He gave Kara a small wink as he pulled open the door, and Lena sauntered out. She was dressed in dark, tight jeans, a black camisole, red leather jacket, and long, black boots. Her raven hair was down, cascading down her back perfectly. Everything about her was perfect. Kara had to remind herself to breathe as her date approached, smiling apprehensively.

"Miss Danvers, your chariot awaits," Lena said grandly while she gestured to the awaiting vehicle. She held out her arm for the blonde. "Shall we?"

Kara bit her lip, blushing slightly as she linked her arm with Lena's. "And you called me a dork earlier," she teased as Lena led her to the car.

"I did, but I'm also a dork, in case you hadn't noticed."

"Oh, no, I noticed," Kara quipped as she slid into the backseat of the car, making room for Lena—who took the seat next to her, Dan closing the door behind her. Once they were settled in the car Kara took that opportunity to get a closer look at the woman beside her. Lena's makeup had been
redone, her eyeshadow a little darker and her lipstick a brilliant shade of red. Kara wanted Lena to paint her body with those lips, a thought that sent heat through her body.

She tore her eyes from Lena's mouth and reminded herself to calm down. They hadn't even gone to dinner yet, and though she'd been starving before getting picked up, suddenly there was only one thing she wanted to taste.

As Dan pulled away from the curb and into traffic Lena boldly reached out and took Kara's hand in her own, instantly bringing a smile to the blonde's face. She turned to face Lena, leaned forward, and kissed her gently. The brunette's heart raced, and she felt a familiar fluttering sensation in her stomach.

When they pulled away traces of Lena's lipstick lingered on Kara's lips. Laughing, Lena reached up and wiped it away with the pad of her thumb. When she was done she moved her hand to Kara's cheek, cupping it lovingly.

"You are so beautiful," Lena said quietly, causing Kara's cheeks to rogue once more.

"So are you," Kara returned sincerely.

Lena beamed and resisted the urge to kiss the other woman again, knowing it would result in smudging her makeup all over both of their faces. That had partially been on purpose because she now knew what it was like to kiss Kara, and she feared it would be too hard to stop herself from doing so in public. Neither woman was out yet, and she wasn't sure if she was ready to be. She'd had years to figure out she liked girls, and she still wasn't comfortable with people knowing. To Kara this was all new. She wouldn't blame Kara if she wasn't ready for public displays of affection just yet.

Dropping her hand from the hero's face she looked down at her other, still intertwined with Kara's between them. She loved holding Kara's hand. It wasn't rough, but soft and smooth. And though Kara was stronger than every man she'd ever held hands with, her grip was still much gentler. Kara's felt just right.

Kara reached up and tucked a strand of Lena's hair behind her ear. "Something on your mind?" she asked sweetly, and Lena bit back a smile at Kara's ability to pick up on even the subtlest changes in her mood.

"Just how much I like holding your hand," Lena answered. "But I'm worried about doing so in public," she said, causing a frown to appear on the blonde's face in response. "Not that I'm ashamed of it," Lena added quickly. "I've just never publicly dated a woman before. I was always too afraid of people—mostly my family—finding out, so I tried to keep my bisexuality as secret as possible. Sure, there have been a few rumors about it, but they've all been just that—rumors." She took a breath to steady herself, to try to calm her racing heart. "This is all uncharted territory for me."

"I know, but it is for me, too," Kara reminded her, squeezing Lena's hand in a comforting manner.

"Which is another reason I'm hesitant," Lena voiced. "You're just starting to figure all this out yourself. Are you ready to come out now?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," Kara answered honestly and chewed on her lip pensively as she pondered Lena's question. "I told Alex, and she was overwhelmingly supportive. But she also went through this before, and she was accepted instantly by all of our friends and family. I have no reason to believe they would treat me any differently." She shrugged a small, simple shrug and
gazed at Lena intently. "Quite frankly, I know what it feels like to live a double life and hide who you are from the world," she said quietly, so Dan wouldn't overhear from the front seat. He was good about at least pretending like he couldn't hear them, but she knew he could if he wanted to. "It's awful, and I don't want to go back to doing that again. But, as Kara I am virtually invisible. No one knows me or cares about who I date. You're a Luthor, though, whether you like it or not. Your life is under a microscope, so I understand your fears. And that is why, if you want to keep this—us—quiet for a while, I'm okay with that."

Lena gulped, trying to force down the lump in her throat. "Are you sure?" she asked in a small voice.

"Positive," Kara assured her. "I don't want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable. And when you decide you're ready, I'll be right there with you." She smiled gently. "Okay?"

"Okay," Lena said, letting out a loud breath as the car slowed and Dan put the car in park outside the restaurant.

"Good." The blonde leaned forward and kissed Lena's forehead quickly before letting go of her hand. "I'll follow your lead."

Lena's breathing hitched, and she almost wanted to cry because she was so grateful that Kara was always so kind and understanding. She was willing to sacrifice her own comfort for Lena's, always the selfless martyr.

Dan opened the back door, and Kara smiled at the brunette again briefly before sliding out. Lena composed herself for a moment then followed her. Kara was standing a few feet away, watching her and waiting at the entrance of the restaurant. The way she looked at her with such adoration on her face made Lena's heart skip a beat.

"Ms. Luthor, if I may," Dan said hesitantly, drawing Lena's attention to him instead of her date. He looked a little apprehensive, but he gave her a small, understanding smile. "For what it's worth, I think you and Ms. Danvers make a lovely couple."

She stared at him for a moment, taken aback. She knew Dan had to have been paying attention, but she also knew that he had the utmost discretion. He'd been her driver for years, he had driven her and women back to her apartment before. He had always known, and though it had alarmed her at first, she realized along the way she'd begun to trust him. She was touched by his kindness, and she smiled at him appreciatively.

"Thank you," she said quietly, and he nodded in response.

"I'll stay close. Call me when you're ready to go to the next location," he said before getting back in the car and pulling away from the curb.

Lena turned back to see Kara still waiting patiently, that ever-present smile just as big as ever. Lena stared at her for a moment, letting herself take the time to really look at Kara. She thought about all the times Kara had protected her, defended her—and not just as Supergirl, but as Kara too. This woman, this wonderful, brilliant woman, would never let anything bad happen to her. She always showed up for her, even when she didn't deserve it.

Lena felt Kara could have anyone she wanted, but here she was with her. She was choosing her. She deserved to be loved unashamedly and fearlessly. She didn't deserve to be put back into a closet or hidden away from the world. Lena was proud that this woman chose to go on a date with her, of all people.
Kara would never let her fall. Kara would always catch her. Kara was good and bright and the best thing in her life. She reminded herself of that as she walked up to the other woman boldly and took hold of her hand, lacing their fingers together. The blonde was surprised and looked down at their intertwined hands in amazement momentarily before smiling at Lena.

"I thought—"

"I'm ready," Lena said hurriedly. "I've spent my whole life trying to keep up appearances, and I'm tired of it." Kara nodded, understanding crossing her features. Lena brought up her free hand and stroked the slightly taller woman's face gently. "I'm not ashamed of you, and I don't want to hide you from the world. So, even though I'm terrified, I'm more terrified of losing you, and I'm not going to risk doing that by asking you to keep this a secret if that's not what you want." She'd already lost her first girlfriend that way, and she wasn't the kind of person to make the same mistake twice. Getting over a girl she'd known for three weeks had been easy. She didn't think she would ever get over losing Kara.

"You wouldn't lose me because of that," Kara assured quickly.

"Still," Lena insisted. "This is what I want. I'm scared, but I can do this. Because I'm doing it with you, and that makes it less scary."

Kara beamed. "Okay," she breathed out and hesitantly leaned forward.

Lena met her halfway and kissed her firmly on the lips, not caring about her makeup, not caring about any passerby on the street seeing, not caring about anything but getting as little distance between her and Kara as possible.

When they finally pulled away, both breathing heavily, Kara leaned her forehead against Lena's, her eyes still closed. Lena could feel Kara's chest heaving against her own, felt the erratic thud of her heart against her ribcage. Kara's eyelids fluttered open, and her darkened blue eyes locked with Lena's. The women each wore smiles, and Lena wiped away her lipstick from Kara's mouth yet again. Kara did the same to Lena's mouth, clearing away the smudges so the CEO was a picture of perfection once more.

"I'm starting to think lipstick was a bad idea," she commented as she released the other woman.

"Nonsense," Kara insisted, grabbing hold of her hand again. She brought it up to her mouth and kissed the back of it, telling her, "You're perfect."

Lena bit her lip, her cheeks turning pink at the compliment. "Thank you," she said softly, then nodded her head to the restaurant they were loitering outside of. "Come on, I promised you dinner, and I plan to deliver on that promise."

"After you," Kara told her, still smiling as she opened the door to the restaurant.

Chapter End Notes

I know I cut it off right the date started, but do not worry. The date will not be glossed over. It will be continued next chapter :)
Hi, loves. Work got really insane and busy, but I'm going to be having more time off coming up, so hopefully this update is the first in at least a few in the next coming weeks.

ALSO: ADULT CONTENT AHEAD AT THE END OF CHAPTER.
You were warned.

Much to Kara's delight Lena had chosen a quaint pizza joint by the name of Angelo's the blonde was amazed she'd never discovered before. She considered herself a pizza connoisseur, but this was her first time in the establishment. It had a small dining area, only a few tables and booths occupying the space. There were two other couples already seated, and Lena led Kara to a small booth in the back so they could have some privacy.

Kara looked around eagerly, taking it all in. The walls were lined with paintings and photos, potted plants hung from the ceiling, and soft jazz music could be heard flowing through the restaurant. Wonderful smells floated in from the kitchen, and Kara's mouth was practically watering. She hadn't eaten in mere hours, but she could feel the hunger creeping in now that her initial nerves were gone.

Across from her, Lena was looking over the menu. She hadn't been to this place in years, but the menu still looked the same. Her favorite had always been the veggie pizza, but she didn't know if that was what Kara wanted. Then again, she was pretty sure Kara would eat anything anyone put in front of her. When she glanced up, she noticed that the blonde hadn't even taken a look at her own menu but was instead watching her intently. That ever-present smile was on her face, and it only widened when Lena met her gaze.

"What are you smiling at?" Lena asked with a smirk, her cheeks burning at the attention.

"Nothing, everything, I don't know," Kara said, letting out a soft giggle. "I'm just really happy to be here with you."

"Me too," Lena agreed. Happy was an understatement, though. She was elated. Never in a million years would she have thought she and Kara would actually go on a date, but here they were. It was like a dream come true, a fairytale happy ending she never thought she would get. But this wasn't the ending, she reminded herself. It was just the beginning. "What should we get?" she asked, holding out the menu for Kara to look at.

But the hero simply shook her head. "I'll eat anything. Get whatever you want."

"Figured as much," Lena commented, resisting the urge to laugh.

At that moment a middle-aged waitress with a plump figure and a smiling face came over, notepad in hand. "Hello, ladies," she greeted pleasantly. "My name's Flo, and I'll be your waitress tonight,"
she said, looking back and for between the women. "Can I get you started with something to drink?"

"I'll have a water, please," Lena announced. "With lemon, if you have it."

"Sure thing," Flo answered. She turned her attention to Kara. "And for you, miss?"

"Water as well, please," Kara said, returning the waitress's smile.

"Easy enough," Flo answered with a nod. "And do you need a few more minutes to decide what you'd like to eat, or are we ready?"

"We're ready," Lena said quickly. "Just a veggie pizza, please."

"Got it." Flo beamed down at them and reached out to take their menus from the table. "I'll go put that in and be right back with your waters."

"Thank you," Lena said as the woman left them alone again. She took a moment to look around the restaurant fondly for a moment before telling Kara, "I haven't been here in years, but the place looks just as I remember it."

"You've been here before?" Kara asked curiously, raising her eyebrows in astonishment. "I've never even been here before, and I am a frequent customer of just about every pizza restaurant in National City."

"I'm surprised you haven't been to Angelo's before, then," Lena said.

"I'm surprised you knew about a pizza place before I did," Kara said, laughing again. "No offense, but this place doesn't seem like your style. Do they even have salads here?"

"I don't just eat salads," Lena said, rolling her eyes slightly as Flo returned with their waters and set them on the table before moving onto her next table. Lena picked up her water and took the lemon off the rim. She squeezed it into the water and stirred it around with her straw before continuing, "I just don't eat pizza as much as I used to. But when I was a kid, I loved Angelo's."

"You came here as a kid?" Kara asked, suddenly intrigued. Lena hardly ever talked about her childhood, but that was understandable considering what an awful upbringing it had been. But Kara longed to know more about the woman who had been sharing her bed and hoped the new step in their relationship would allow Lena to open up more.

"All the time," Lena said with a nod. "I used to come here with Lex." She felt a smile twitch at the corners of her mouth, a fond memory of sitting in this very booth with her brother surfacing in her mind. "Lillian and Lionel didn't have a very loving relationship. They constantly fought, and though our mansion was huge, it could be heard everywhere you went. Lex knew it made me uneasy, that I would normally retreat to my room and blast music and read in a futile attempt to drown them out. So, when we spent summers here Lex would get a driver to bring us into the city."

"Sounds nice," Kara commented, sending Lena a small smile. This wasn't a Lex she was used to hearing about. All she knew of Lex Luthor was what he'd done to Clark, what he did to get himself consecutive life sentences in prison. Sometimes she forgot he was a person before he was a supervillain, that he had a life outside of a jail cell.

"It was," Lena admitted. "Trips to National City with Lex are some of my fondest childhood memories." She averted her gaze to the tabletop shyly and ran a finger through the condensation on her water glass. "He would let me pick whatever we did. We went to the movies, plays, museums.
Eight-year-old Lena sat on the bench outside the ice-skating rink, glancing over her shoulder at the skaters already out on the ice. It was an indoor arena, and the chill from the ice was a huge contrast to the summer heat outside. As the skaters zoomed back and forth across the frozen surface small wisps of breath became viable. They didn't seem to notice or care, though, too busy laughing and having a good time as they glided along with ease. Soon that would be her, and the excitement over the new experience outweighed her fear of falling. She apprehensively smiled and looked back to her feet. Lex knelt before her, lacing up her skates.

At sixteen his boyish features had started to vanish, and a man was beginning to emerge. Gone was the round face of a child, his features turning sharper and his jawline becoming more defined. Every day he was beginning to look more and more like their father.

"All set," Lex said with a smile as he moved to sit on the bench so he could put on his own skates.

Lena gazed down at her white skates, noticing they had a toe pick on the front. They looked like the skates the Olympians wore, and she smiled to herself. She wore a frilly, pink dress Lillian had insisted upon, and while she hated it when she put it on, now she felt almost like an ice princess. Beside her, Lex finished adorning his black hockey skates and stood, balancing carefully on the blades. He held out his hands to his sister to help her stand.

"Ready, squirt?" he asked, using the nickname he'd taken to calling her over the past four years of Lena being a part of the family.

Lena took in a deep, steadying breath as she nodded and grabbed Lex's hands. He pulled her to her feet, and though she wobbled a bit, he held on tight and kept her upright. Together they slowly made their way to the ice. Lex entered the rink first, waiting patiently as Lena mustered the courage to follow him.

As soon as her feet hit the ice she felt like she was going to fall. She instinctively held onto Lex tighter, and he sent her a reassuring smile as he gazed down at her, his brown curls falling into his eyes slightly.

"You're okay," he said comfortingly, noting the panic in Lena's bright green eyes. "I've got you."

"I'm gonna fall, Lex," Lena said, shaking her head quickly. "Let's go back."

"Lena, you can't run from things just because you're afraid," Lex told her in a kind voice. "It's just like when you learned to ride a bike. You were afraid of falling then, too."

"And I did, in a rose bush," Lena reminded him with a pout. He'd been the one to teach her how to do that, too. She wanted to quit after that first fall, but after the nanny cleaned her scrapes, he had her back out there. It took the rest of the week, but finally Lena was riding around with no help. She remembered how rewarding it'd felt, how freeing at was to have the wind on her cheeks as she peddled circles around her smiling brother, him watching her zip around with pride.

"But you got back up and you learned," he insisted. "Everyone falls sometimes. The important thing is that you don't let it defeat you. You get back up and you try again."

Lena bit her lip and cast her eyes downward, at the blades strapped to her feet. She wasn't the most coordinated kid ever. Half the time she tripped over her own feet just walking down the hall. How was she supposed to stay upright on ice, of all things?
"I fell when I skated for the first time," Lex continued, causing Lena to look up at him in amazement. Lex was always so poised and confident. He excelled at everything he did. Him not being perfect at something immediately was unheard of to Lena.

"You did?" she asked in wonder.

"Yep," he said, nodding. "But you know what I did? I got back up and I tried again. And before I knew it I was skating around just like everyone else." He grinned a small, lopsided grin and nodded to the ice. "So, what do you say? Want to try something new?"

"So, what happened?" Kara asked when Lena stopped talking, not wanting to interrupt during the story because she rarely got this much out of Lena about her past. "Did you fall?"

"Oh, many times," Lena said, laughing a little bit. She paused to take a sip of water before going on, "But Lex made me keep getting up, and eventually I was able to make it around the rink on my own." She let out a sigh and gazed around the room again. "Afterwards we stopped here to eat. I liked it so much I insisted we eat here every time we came to National City. It was a nice treat, because Lillian and Lionel never took us anywhere that didn't have at least one Michelin star." She shrugged lightly and looked back across the table, catching Kara's gaze. "When I was twelve we started summering in our various homes across Europe instead. I haven't been here since."

"Wow," Kara said in amazement. She knew Lena was rich, but the fact that her family owned not one, but multiple vacation homes was mind-boggling.

"Here we are, ladies," Flo said, appearing with the pizza on a tray. She slid it onto the table. "I'll be right back with plates." She turned and left them again.

"Who needs a plate?" Kara said and reached out to take a slice as Lena chuckled at the blonde's impatience. She took a big bite, moaning in ecstasy as the flavors hit her tongue.

They talked throughout dinner, Lena sharing more memories of her trips to National City with Lex. She talked at length about her love of the science museum, and Kara listened intently. She hung on Lena's every word, eager to soak up all the bits of information the brunette divulged about herself.

By the time they left the restaurant Lena almost felt winded from talking so much. She realized with a little embarrassment that she'd monopolized the conversation. She wasn't used to sharing so many intimate details about her life with anyone, but the walls she normally put up had long been demolished by the sunny woman on her arm. It was just so easy with Kara. The reporter actually seemed to want to hear what she had to say and didn't just tolerate it to get in her pants. As much as she enjoyed sharing her story with Kara, though, there was still so much she didn't know about the other woman. Before she'd never been given the full history because Kara was guarding her secret identity. But even now that it was all out in the open, they still hadn't discussed Krypton or Kara's life up until meeting Lena.

However, Kara never gave her a chance to ask about her life because she kept asking Lena questions about herself, seeming eager to uncover every little fact about her. It made Lena melt slightly inside, the attention Kara was giving her. But as much as she liked it, she had her own questions to ask. But with Dan in the front seat Lena didn't dare let them leave her lips.

Lena was nearly bursting at the seams with inquiries as the car pulled into the next location: an old-fashioned ice cream parlor called National City Scoop. Kara's face lit up when she hopped out and discovered where they were being dropped off.
"I know this place," Kara announced brightly when Lena joined her on the sidewalk. "I came here on my first day in National City."

"Really?" Lena quirked an eyebrow and slipped her hands into Kara's. "Why don't you tell me about it over a scoop of Rocky Road?"

"You remembered that's my favorite," Kara cooed, obviously touched. Her heart fluttered in her chest, and she bit her lip as she gazed at Lena fondly.

"Of course," Lena said with a small blush as she opened the door and led them inside.

Lena ordered a scoop of Rocky Road for Kara and vanilla with chocolate sprinkles for herself. Once they'd gotten their treats, they sat at a table in the patio outside to enjoy them. Kara licked hers happily, and Lena watched her tongue flick over the treat—suddenly jealous of the ice cream. Her own cone remained in her hand untouched as she watched with longing as the blonde innocently devoured her dessert. Lena had to shake her head slightly to clear the filth from her mind and finally set about eating her own ice cream, hoping the cold would help her calm down because she suddenly felt hot all over.

"So," Lena said, clearing her throat. "Tell me about your first day in National City."

"It was around five or six years ago," Kara said and wiped a smudge of ice cream from the corner of her mouth with the pad of her thumb. "I was a freshman in college. We were on fall break, and Alex had just moved here. She invited me to come visit her instead of going home to Eliza's. I jumped at the opportunity." She smiled a little, the memory flashing through her mind. "We went to the zoo and the aquarium, and then we went to dinner at Big Belly Burger. Afterwards we got ice cream here, then walked in the park on the next block. It was so much fun, and I hadn't realized how much I missed living in a city until that day. I made up my mind to transfer to National City University that night."

"Didn't you live in Midvale growing up?" Lena asked curiously. "That's not exactly a big city."

"No, it's not," Kara said, nodding her agreement. "It's claustrophobically small."

"But you said you missed living in a big city," Lena said, pausing to lick her ice cream; she swallowed the delicious snack before asking, "So did you live in a big city on Krypton?" She felt comfortable speaking freely as they were alone outside, but she still hushed her voice out of reflex when she asked.

"Argo," the blonde responded with a lingering smile. "I missed it every day I was on Earth, heartbroken that I would never see it again."

"But then you did," Lena interjected, remembering Supergirl introducing her to her mother and asking her to help save the doomed city that had survived Krypton's destruction. "Oh, wow, I just realized I met your mom." Lena's eyes widened, and she asked almost fearfully, "Did she like me?"

Kara threw her head back and let out a hearty laugh. "Of course she did. You helped save Argo. How could she not?"

"I was just checking," Lena said, her cheeks burning furiously.

"Well, she did, so don't worry," Kara reiterated before chomping down on the last of her ice cream cone and swallowing it. "And if you don't believe me, we can go to Argo one day and you can see for yourself."
"Won't we need a ship for that?" Lena questioned, skeptical but excited at the idea of seeing another planet.

"No, we got the portal working at the DEO," Kara said with a wide smile. "Clark and Lois just went to visit not too long ago. We could go tonight if you really wanted to."

Lena almost jumped at the idea, but the idea of seeing Kara's mom again gave her pause. Sure, she'd met her before, but that hadn't been as a romantic interest of her daughter's. She hadn't even known she was Kara's mother at that point and was only now realizing it after months had passed. Meeting her partner's parents was daunting enough on a planet she was used to, but to go all the way to the remnants of Krypton? That was a little much for a first date.

"Maybe not tonight," Lena said carefully, not wanting to hurt Kara's feelings. "Truth be told I'm a little nervous to meet your mom again, with everything going on with us being so new and all." She looked down at her forgotten ice cream, suddenly not hungry anymore. Thankfully there was a trashcan to her left, so she tossed it in without having to get up from her seat before turning her attention to her date again. "But someday, I would love that."

"Okay," Kara said happily. She was so eager to please Lena that she offered going to Argo, but in the end was relieved Lena said no. In all honesty she was nervous about the trip as well. Not because she was worried about her mom not liking Lena or anything like that. It was because she and Lena hadn't even finished their first date yet—and they also hadn't defined their relationship. Sure, they were friends who liked each other and were moving into romantic territory, but what were they? Were they just casually dating, were they exclusive? They hadn't spoken about it. And Kara didn't want to make a mistake when reintroducing Lena to her mom by blundering over their status. She wanted to be certain.

They decided to end the night at Kara's, and after Dan dropped them off, they settled onto the couch to continue watching Kimmy Schmidt. Lena had to admit she enjoyed the show and was eager to not only watch it but to watch it with Kara. She loved how much Kara loved it, enjoyed hearing her melodic laugh every time she found a joke funny.

Unfortunately, though, halfway through the first episode Lena realized Kara hadn't laughed once. She kept stealing glances at the blonde, noting that her mind seemed preoccupied with something else. Fearful something was wrong, Lena gently placed her hand on the other woman's knee and gave it a slight squeeze.

"Hey, you okay?" she asked in a soft voice.

Kara blinked a few times and turned to face Lena. "Just thinking," she said with a nervous smile. Lena's pulse quickened at Kara's apprehensiveness. "About what?"

Kara ducked her head at this, her gaze going to Lena's hand currently resting on her knee. She reached out and took it in her own, asking in a small voice, "What are we?"

"What do you mean?" Lena prodded, her brow furrowing as her heart continued to race.

"Like, are we just friends who are casually dating, or are we... something more?" Kara peeked up at Lena shyly. "Because I want something more."

Lena's breathing hitched, and while her heart had been racing before she could have sworn it completely stopped in that moment. She paused to appreciate the moment, savor it—because she knew it was the single happiest moment in her life. She wanted to remember every detail.
"Then I guess you should ask me to be your girlfriend, then," Lena said with a wide smile, cocking an eyebrow teasingly.

Kara beamed. "Lena, will you be my girlfr—"

"Yes," Lena interrupted, too excited to even let her finish.

The smile never left Kara's face as she leaned forward and kissed Lena soundly on the lips. Lena returned her actions hungrily, her body nearly shaking from the happiness buzzing inside her. She longed to be closer, to feel Kara's sturdy body against hers—steadying her. She climbed into the older woman's lap and straddled her, draping herself over Kara.

The reporter's hands got lost in the CEO's dark hair as Lena's tongue entered her mouth and caused a pleasant shudder to trickle down her back. Heat flooded Kara's body at this action, settling between her legs. She felt herself tense and pulled away to look up at Lena breathlessly. The brunette's eyelids fluttered open, her intense green eyes darkened— their pupils dilated.

Kara took in deep, gulping breaths and thought back to what Clark had told her earlier in the DEO: take a moment, breathe, and remember how much Lena meant to her. She could do this.

"Would you like to stay the night?" Kara asked, her voice slightly deeper than normal.

Lena cocked her head to the side and looked at Kara questioningly. "Do you even need to ask?" she asked with a sly grin.

"Just checking," the blonde responded before standing, taking Lena with her. She supported her legs as she carried her effortlessly to her bed, placing her down gently. She was about to lie atop Lena and resume their previous activities when the brunette sat up quickly, causing the blonde to pause. "What, what's wrong?" she asked in a worried tone.

"Nothing, I just—When a significant other asks me to spend the night and immediately brings me to their bed, I can safely assume sleeping is not the intended activity," she said as Kara sat beside her on the bed. "But literally last night you said you weren't ready, so I'm just wondering if anything changed."

Kara gazed at Lena, a gentle smile tugging at her lips. Yes, something had changed—Lena was her girlfriend. Lena trusted her not to hurt her emotionally or physically, and she would never betray that trust. She knew she could be gentle, because there was nothing in her that wanted to do Lena any harm.

"Let's just say I got some advice from someone who knows a little more than I do about human-alien relationships," Kara said coyly.

Lena stared at her for a moment. "Did you talk to Superman about having sex with me?"

"Yes, but can we not talk about that right now?" Kara asked in exasperation. "I'm trying to woo you, here."

"Consider me wooed," Lena said with a smirk. "So just to clarify—you are ready, right?"

"Ready and willing," Kara said with a small laugh, taking Lena's hand in her own. "But thank you for asking to be sure. That means a lot."

"Of course," Lena said sweetly before placing a chaste kiss on Kara's lips. She unwound her fingers from the blonde's grasps and reached up and removed Kara's glasses from her face. She set them
on the nightstand as Kara unclasped her hair from its bun and let the golden locks cascade down her shoulders.

Their lips met again, arms weaving around each other as they tumbled back on the bed. Kara lay atop Lena and let her hands roam down her body, reveling in every soft curve. Lena's hands went to Kara's plaid shirt and she pushed it off her shoulders. Kara shrugged it off and tossed it to the side before reattaching her lips to Lena's. The brunette sat up slowly so she could slip off her own jacket, letting it drop to the ground with Kara's shirt. Kara broke their kiss to look at Lena questioningly as the reporter's fingers went to the button of Lena's pants.

The billionaire gave a nod of consent, and Kara hastily undid them and pulled down the zipper. She pulled them off slowly, revealing the ivory skin of Lena's thighs first, followed by the beautiful calves Lena usually accentuated with heels. Kara longed to kiss the inside of those thighs, but before she got the chance Lena was pushing up her tank top and kissing her stomach as she knelt before her on the bed.

Kara hissed pleasantly as those beautiful lips glided up her abdomen. She lifted her arms for Lena to pull the garment over her head. As soon as it was off Lena's mouth went to the valley between Kara's breast, leaving lipstick marks everywhere her lips touched. She traveled up to Kara's neck, kissing hungrily as her hands would around her back to her bra's clasp. She undid it expertly and Kara let the straps fall off her shoulders.

Lena took this moment to break the kiss and gaze unabashedly at the blonde's chest. Kara blushed and bit her lip self-consciously. The brunette returned her eyes to the reporter's and gave her a reassuring smile. She pulled her own shirt up and over her head, letting it drop to the floor with the rest of their clothes. She turned her back to Kara then, brushing her hair out of the way to give Kara access to her own bra clasp.

With trembling fingers Kara undid the black, lacy garment and pushed the straps from Lena's shoulders, placing a kiss on her right shoulder blade as she did. Lena turned again, and her lips found Kara's once more. She gently pushed the blonde back onto the bed, hovering atop her as she kissed her passionately. Her lips moved to Kara's jaw, down to her neck, and then she went down her body placing butterfly kisses as she went. When she got to Kara's jeans her nimble fingers undid the clasp, following with the zipper. She began to pull them down along with Kara's underwear, the blonde helping her take them off by lifting her bottom off the bed. Lena discarded them as she stared down at the woman beneath her in amazement.

She'd imagined Kara naked at least a thousand times before, but she was unprepared for how beautiful she was in real life. Her imagination did the hero's body no justice—she was exquisite. Lena bit her lip, the temptation to dive right in almost overwhelming. But this was their first time. She wanted to savor every moment.

"So," Kara said hesitantly, her voice quivering slightly as she propped herself up on her elbows, "you know I've never done this before. I don't really know how—"

Lena silenced her by placing a finger to her lips. "Let me teach you."

Kara nodded, unable to find her voice. Lena dropped her hand and settled herself between Kara's legs. The blonde drew in a sharp breath as Lena's head lowered and incredibly soft lips wound around her clt. Kara's eyes rolled back in her head as Lena's tongue circled it, and a soft moan emitted from the back of her throat. Lena slid a finger into Kara, earning a louder moan this time.

Lena continued her motions, adding a second finger as she felt Kara's walls tighten around her digits. Kara's hands grasped at the sheets as Lena's hot mouth ravished her, arching her back off the
bed and crying out as her vision blurred and her body crashed through a wave of pleasure. She rode it out, rasping out Lena's name as the brunette slowed her tongue and fingers as Kara came down from her orgasm.

Kara fell back onto the bed as Lena licked her fingers clean before settling by her lover on the bed. The Kryptonian's breathing was heavy, and her bare chest rose and fell rapidly while her body tried to come down off its high. Thankfully her recovery period was much quicker than a human's and in no time her breathing was back to normal and she was gazing at Lena hungrily.

She kissed the brunette soundly before mimicking Lena's actions and trailing her lips down the curves of Lena's body. She grasped the lacy underwear Lena wore and slid them down her legs. She paused for a second then, taking a moment to remind herself to be gentle. Hesitantly, she situated herself between Lena's legs and brought her lips to Lena's clit and closed them around it. She heard Lena hiss pleasantly, and she began to suck softly. Her tongue flicked back and forth, and the beautiful grunts from Lena were like music to Kara's ears.

She slipped a single digit into Lena, amazed at the warmth and softness she was met with. She pumped her finger in and out while she worked with her tongue, and from the gasps and sighs from her partner she gained confidence. She added a second finger and quickened her pace, causing Lena to bite her lip in a feeble attempt to quiet herself.

She was coming to her limit, quickly. Kara found the most wonderful rhythm with her tongue, and she was curling her fingers just right—Lena almost couldn't take it.

"Yes, right there, don't stop," she muttered raggedly to encourage her lover.

Kara's heartbeat was thudding in her ears, but she heard Lena cry out perfectly clear as warmth spread over her fingers, and she felt Lena's body shudder beneath her. Kara kept up her movements until Lena stilled, and then she crawled up to the raven-haired woman and smiled down at her. Lena panted as she returned it, reaching up to cup the blonde's face. She watched as Kara sucked her fingers clean, nearly getting turned on all over again at the action.

"You sure you've never done that before?" Lena teased as she brushed a thumb over Kara's lips in an attempt to clean a smudge of lipstick. "Because you're very good at it."

Kara's cheeks turned pink and she laughed and ducked her head—burying it in the crook of Lena's neck. "I had a good teacher," she muttered.

"There's a good bit more I could teach you, you know," Lena said in a sultry voice, running her fingertips absentmindedly across the smooth skin of Kara's back.

The blonde picked up her head and smirked at the CEO. "I'm interested in learning more tonight, if you're up for it." She bit her lip coyly and glanced at Lena's.

The Luthor chuckled lightly. "Give me a couple more minutes to recover. I don't regain my strength as quickly as you do."

"Okay," Kara said, placing a soft kiss on Lena's cheek before sitting up. "I'm actually kind of hungry now. I'm gonna make a snack. Want anything?"

Lena laughed again at Kara's ever-present appetite, sitting up as well. "Just make me a little of whatever you get yourself. And some coffee, please, if it's not too much trouble."

"Not at all," Kara said brightly. She climbed out of the bed and found her underwear on the floor and shimmied into them. She also grabbed her tank top and pulled it back on, then kissed Lena
quickly on the lips before pulling away. "I'll be right back."

"I'll be waiting," Lena told her, smiling broadly as she watched the blonde return to the living area—her heart singing because she was lucky enough to call that amazing woman her girlfriend.

Chapter End Notes

Some things are worth the wait, eh?

Merry Crimmus and Happy New Year, everybody.

Now everyone go take a cold shower.
Mimosas

Chapter Notes

As promised, here is an update with more Supercorp fluff.

Also. I got a tumblr, for anyone who is interested in following me on that. Feel free to reach out with questions, comments, etc. https://legalizesupercorp.tumblr.com/

Kara returned from the kitchen carefully carrying two mugs of coffee in one hand and sandwiches wrapped in paper towels in the other. Lena beamed at the sight of her, still dressed in junk a tank top and undies as she settled onto the bed next to her girlfriend. Lena took one of the mugs of steaming coffee—the one that was black, as the creamy one no doubt containing an obscene amount of cream and sugar was obviously Kara's.

"Thanks," Lena said appreciatively as she brought the mug to her lips and blew into the murky liquid to cool it.

"My pleasure," Kara assured brightly as she set the sandwiches down on the bed. She placed her mug on a nightstand before taking one of the sandwiches and taking a huge bite.

Lena watched her practically inhale her snack as she sipped her coffee gingerly. As soon as she was done the blonde frowned disappointedly before looking down longingly at Lena's sandwich, suddenly wishing she'd made three—a second for herself. Lena seemed to read her mind because she laughed as she set down her mug before picking up the sandwich and daintily pulling it apart so that they were two nearly-equal halves. One was slightly larger, and that was the one she handed to Kara. The reporter blinked in surprise at the kindness before beaming and biting into that half as well.

"Peanut butter and jelly's my favorite," Kara explained sheepishly around a mouthful.

"A good choice." Lena nodded as she took a bite, discovering Kara had chosen grape jelly to accompany the peanut butter—a classic combination, something she could distantly remember her real mother packing in her pre-school lunches. There was something comforting about it, familiar. "I used to love them as a kid, but I couldn't tell you the last time I had one."

"I'm sorry I ate half of yours, then," Kara said, suddenly feeling a tad guilty for being so greedy. "I can make you another if you'd like." She moved to stand from the bed to run to do so, but Lena caught her by the wrist and pulled her back onto the bed.

"It's quite alright, darling. I'm not that hungry, anyway." She couldn't help smiling at Kara's thoughtfulness and eagerness to take care of her. She'd been self-sufficient for so long she'd nearly forgotten what it was like to have someone doting on her and making sure she had everything she could want or need. "Let's just finish our coffee so we can get back to... other activities." She quirked an eyebrow for emphasis and smirked as she leaned in to say in a sultry voice, "You seemed pretty eager about that earlier."

Kara felt heat flood her face as she glanced down at Lena's chest, still gloriously bare. "Oh, I am."
Lena hooked her fingers under Kara's chin and brought the reporter's gaze back to her. "Then drink," she said and reached over to grab Kara's mug. She placed it in the other woman's hand before grabbing her own.

Kara instantly brought the mug to her lips and started gulping down the contents. Lena, on the other hand, sipped at a normal pace. She took bites of her sandwich half in between, and Kara finished her drink, afterwards setting the cup on the nightstand. She waited patiently as the CEO followed suit, chugging the last little bit of coffee she had left because truth be told she was just as anxious to get back between the sheets as her girlfriend was—she'd hungered for Kara for months, and she was nowhere near satiated yet.

Lena's mug barely hit the nightstand before Kara grabbed Lena gently around the waist and pulled her into her lap. Lena gasped as Kara's lips went to her neck, and the brunette closed her eyes as she allowed herself to give into the pleasant shudders that ran down her back as she got lost in the woman beneath her.

The next morning they slept in. Kara woke first, her tired eyes opening slowly as the sounds of birds chirping outside her window hit her ears. She turned over, smiling instantly at the sight of Lena sleeping soundly beside her.

The bed sheet came up to her navel, exposing the CEO's undressed torso. Kara watched in amazement as that chest rose and fell, the streams of light peeking in from behind the curtains reflecting off Lena's pale, creamy skin. She had a few purplish love bites on her neck, traveling down to her chest, and Kara blushed at this discovery. She'd gotten a little carried away with the biting after doing it once as a test and Lena responded by screaming her name so loudly she was sure the whole floor of her apartment heard.

She hadn't been able to help herself. All she wanted to do was hear Lena make those sounds again, to feel her tremble beneath her touch. But if the dark purple marks were any indication, she needed to go a little easier with the biting. She hoped Lena wouldn't be too upset when she woke up and saw them. The reporter reached out and moved a stray strand of hair away from Lena's angelic, peaceful face and swept down to place a gentle kiss on her forehead.

She got up and showered quickly, worried the sound would stir Lena awake. Her other half no doubt needed the extra rest. They made love three times the night before, and while Kara recovered quickly and was eager to go a forth time, Lena was very much human. She could hardly keep her eyes open as she lay beside Kara sweaty and spent. So Kara just wrapped an arm around the brunette and pulled her into her side. The CEO's head nestled into the crook of the hero's neck, and within minutes Kara noted the shift in Lena's breathing and the steady thud of her heart, and she knew Lena wouldn't stir again for the rest of the night.

Once she was out of the shower she put on her robe and went out to the kitchen. She made coffee and went over to the couch, where she found her forgotten phone sitting on one of the cushions. Interestingly she picked it up, seeing instantly that she had several messages from Alex asking how the night went and urging her to call. With a small laugh at her sister's impatience she did just that, putting the phone to her ear as she heard it ringing on the other end.

"She's alive," her sister said in lieu of a greeting. "I was beginning to worry about you."

"Seriously, Alex?" Kara asked, somewhat crossly. "I thought you were over being suspicious of Lena."

"I am, I thought you might be in a sex coma," the eldest Danvers teased, and Kara was glad she
hadn't been drinking coffee at the time because she would have spit it out in shock.

"No, I'm fine," Kara mumbled, glad no one was around to see how pink her face must have been.

"And Lena?" Alex asked. "You didn't call me frantically last night, so I'm assuming you didn't kill her."

"No, she's alive and well," Kara assured her before taking a sip of coffee. "And how do you know anything even happened?" she asked in a hushed voice, not wanting to wake Lena.

"Did something happen?"

"Maybe," the blonde teased. She wanted to gush about the details of course but messing with Alex first was always a little more fun. Besides, this wasn't a conversation she wanted to have over the phone. "Maybe we can get together later, and I'll tell you about it?"

"Sure, just let me know when," Alex agreed.

"I'll ask Lena if she wants to do brunch when she wakes up," Kara commented, glancing over her shoulder at the curtain to see if Lena had stirred yet.

"Oh, so she spent the night?" Alex asked, and Kara could tell from the sound of her voice that she was grinning ear to ear.

"Yes, and if I keep talking to you I might wake her up, so I'm gonna go," the blonde quipped, earning a groan from her sibling.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"Honestly? Yes." Kara laughed lightly as she heard Alex impatiently sigh on the other end. "But really, I do have to go. I have some errands to run before sleeping beauty wakes up."

"Uh-huh," Alex said, disbelief evident in her voice. "Ten bucks says you're lying, she's awake, and urging you back to bed right now."

"You owe me ten dollars, then," Kara said with a smirk. "I'll expect my payment when I see you later." And before her sister could say another word or disagree, Kara hung up—because she really did have things to do.

Lena didn't move an inch until about an hour later. She rolled over lazily and reached for the warmth that was Kara, only to be met with the empty spot where her girlfriend should have been. Green eyes flashed open, and she blinked a few times to clear her blurry vision. When she was able to focus her gaze landed on a piece of notebook paper on Kara's pillow that had the blonde's neat, bubbly writing on it. Her hammering heart steadied itself as she picked up the note and read it.

Lena,

I had to fly out to get a couple of things. You seemed to need the rest, so I let you sleep in. If you wake up before I'm back please make yourself at home. Help yourself to anything you need. I'll see you soon, beautiful.

Love, Kara

Lena read the note a few times, her smile widening with each go-through. It was so short and simple, but so sweet. The last time Lena had woken up in Kara's apartment alone she had a mental
breakdown because she thought she'd driven Kara away. They hadn't even kissed then, and while they'd done much more than kissing the night before and upgraded their relationship status, she had to admit that the damaged part of her panicked for a second. But it seemed as though Kara had not only remembered the first time this happened, but actually worried about it happening again and adapted to Lena's needs. It was so touching that Lena felt tears welling in her eyes—only this time out of joy.

She immediately went into the bathroom and started the shower, waiting patiently as the water warmed up. Taking that opportunity to look in the mirror, she saw at once a dark purple love bite Kara had left the previous night, and her body tingled as her mind flashed back to the feeling of the reporter's lips on her skin. She shook her head as she noticed a few more trailing down her chest and was thankful she'd packed her makeup case in her purse because there was no way she could go out in public looking like she did at the moment.

Steam started to fill the room as Lena climbed into the tub and stood under the stream of water. It felt good on her tired, achy muscles—it had been so long since she'd exerted that much physical energy, and her body was feeling the effects. By the time she got out the shower she felt immensely better, especially since she no longer had a layer of dried sweat on her skin.

She used the toothbrush Kara had given her, smiling to herself at the fact that they'd been officially dating hardly twelve hours and yet she'd had a toothbrush here since way before. Spending the night at Kara's was becoming such a habit pretty soon the blonde would have to clean out a drawer for Lena too keep a few things, and the thought of that both thrilled and terrified Lena all at the same time.

She'd had a toothbrush at Jack's at one point. But that was all she'd had there. She would rarely spend the night, preferring to go home to her own apartment after making love. It was too much—being that close to someone, being so intimate and vulnerable. She usually wanted to get away immediately after to be alone and recharge in solitude because that much social interaction overwhelmed her once she came down from the sex high. The few times she had spent the night she'd brought a bag, and everything she brought to Jack's went home with her the next day. With James she didn't even get that far. So the fact that she was considering this so soon with Kara was somewhat alarming.

This felt different, though. With Jack and James and any other fling of the moment she was careful to keep up her walls, never let them get close enough to hurt her. But with Kara those walls were nothing but rubble, the blonde having broken through them like a beautiful wrecking ball.

She found her bra on the floor and put that on first, then borrowed the rest from Kara. She had no idea what Kara had planned for the rest of the day, but she didn't intend to move from the apartment any time soon. It was odd. Mornings after sex if she did stay the night she always woke early and tried to sneak out before her partner stirred. But not only did she want to stay longer, she was already beginning to miss Kara in the thirty-minute span she'd been awake.

Not a moment too soon those red boots appeared in the window, and Kara landed gently inside the apartment with a large, paper shopping bag in one hand and a bouquet of roses in the other. Lena looked up from the mirror where she'd been applying her makeup, a smile already on her lips that only grew at the discovery of the flowers.

"Welcome home," Lena said, placing her beauty products back in the case before sauntering over to the hero.

"Good morning," Kara said brightly as she placed the bag gently on the ground, her eyes raking over Lena. She'd dressed herself in a pair of Kara's leggings and her NCU sweatshirt, sending
Kara's heart aflutter all over again—she wondered if she would ever get over the sheer happiness seeing Lena in her clothes brought her. "For you," the blonde said, holding out the flowers for the Luthor to take.

"You're spoiling me," Lena said teasingly, though she took the flowers appreciatively, thinking if Kara got any cuter she was likely to explode. "But I love it, and them. Thank you." She took a step closer and stood on her tiptoes to give Kara a quick peck on the lips. "And what's in there?" she asked, her eyes roaming to the bag on the ground.

"Just a few more surprises," Kara said cryptically, bending over to pick up the bag again. "Why don't we put these in a vase, and I'll show you?"

She reached out and took Lena by the hand, raising her eyebrows expectantly. When Lena nodded her agreement, the hero led them to the kitchen, where she placed the bag on the table. Lena stared at it curiously but waited while Kara fished a vase out from the cabinet under the sink and filled it with water. Lena handed her the roses, which Kara undid from their wrapping and slid them into the vase. She fiddled with them until they were arranged to her liking, then put the vase in the center of the table. When that was done Lena's curiosity got the best of her, and she nudged Kara as she nodded at the mysterious bag.

"Okay, what's in there?"

Kara flashed a mischievous grin as she pulled the bag in question over and reached into it. Lena watched with interest as her partner pulled out first a couple of containers of assorted berries, then two cartons of orange juice, followed finally by two bottles of what appeared to be champagne. One was a brand she recognized and had bought before; the second was completely foreign to her. The bottle was designed elegantly, and the label on the front had symbols and writing on it that was definitely not like anything she'd ever seen that was of human origin. She picked it up carefully to get a closer look and turned it around in her hands as her eyes scanned it with intense interest. It was obviously alien, and Lena couldn't even begin to fathom where Kara could have gotten it.

"Where the hell did you go?" she asked, eyes flicking back to Kara.

The blonde laughed as she took the bottle from Lena again. "Just to Metropolis," Kara said. "Don't worry, I didn't leave the solar system without telling you." She set the bottle down on the table as she went on, "I called Clark to see if he'd brought any alcohol back from Argo, and he had. Lois had insisted on it, apparently, but he's had too much to deal with as Superman that he hasn't been able to touch it since he's been back, so he let me have it."

"We'll have to get him something to replace it when we go, as well as bring back a couple for you," Lena said, bringing up their talk from the previous night to assure the other woman that she did truly want to go.

"Looking forward to it," Kara said sunnily. "In the meantime—I was thinking we'd do brunch. And brunch isn't complete without mimosas. So Earth champagne for you, and the Kryptonian equivalent of champagne for me."

"There's so much orange juice, though," Lena said, her eyes widening slightly. "Are we planning on getting completely trashed before noon?"

"Well—" Kara cleared her throat awkwardly and scuffed the toe of her boot on the floor, "Alex wanted to hear about our date, and in all honesty while I've enjoyed our copious amount of alone time, I'm starting to miss my sister." She looked to Lena bashfully. "Would you mind if she joined
"Not at all," Lena said quickly, though she was slightly apprehensive about the idea. Sure, she'd spent time with Alex before and mentioned her dating life in front of her, but that was before she'd been dating Kara. She'd never met a sibling of a person she dated before, let alone had a relationship with one of them. She was once again moving into uncharted territory, and she was suddenly thrilled that Kara supplied her with something to calm her nerves because even though she'd not even had coffee yet she was ready to pop the cork on the champagne and get the mimosas going. "Do you mind if we invite Sam, too? No doubt I have a million messages from her asking how our date went." And it would be nice to have the brunette there as a buffer in case things got uncomfortable.

"That's a great idea!" Kara concurred with a devilish grin, and Lena could see the wheels turning in her head.

"What's that look for?" the raven-haired woman questioned, interest piquing. "Do you know something that I don't?"

Kara shrugged a little and let out a sigh. "Alex and Sam have been hanging out, and I think Alex may like Sam. But she's stubborn and scared to get hurt again after Maggie, so she refuses to even admit to having feelings for her. Which is infuriating because she's the one who told me I needed to accept and pursue my feelings for you."

"Sam's the same!" Lena exclaimed. "She came out to me, and then when I mentioned setting her up with Alex, she shut me down and immediately changed the subject."

Kara's eyes widened, and she felt her jaw drop open as she was pleasantly surprised by this revelation. "Sam's gay?" she asked excitedly.

"Bi," Lena clarified.

"This is brand new information!" Kara nearly started jumping up and down with excitement, but she settled with bouncing up and down on her heels slightly. "Okay, this needs to happen. Call Sam and tell her to come over. I'll go change and call Alex."

"Should I tell Sam that Alex will be here?" Lena questioned as she went over to the couch to retrieve her phone.

"No, let's surprise them," Kara said with that impish smirk that made Lena melt.

"They're going to be so mad at us," Lena said, but was not at all bothered by it.

"They'll get over it." Kara laughed and stepped up to Lena. She wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her closer. "One last thing before I get changed," Kara said with a small smile before leaning in and pressing her lips against Lena's.

The CEO felt her heart leap in her chest, and she brought up a hand to cup Kara's face lovingly. She was glad she'd decided against red lipstick today, instead going with a simple lip gloss that was easier to clean. When they pulled away, she was pleased to see she'd been correct, Kara's face still the epitome of perfection.

"Thank you for leaving me that note, by the way," Lena said quietly. She knew it was a simple gesture, but it meant so much to her that she felt the need to communicate that. She wanted Kara to know how much she valued and appreciated her because she deserved to know. "It's not as good as waking up next to you, but it's the next best thing."
"You're welcome." Kara reached up and took Lena's hand from her face. She gave her a light kiss on the knuckles before begrudgingly pulling back. She was starting to get excruciatingly hungry, and if she allowed herself to keep getting wrapped up in Lena they would never have brunch. "I'll be right back," she announced as she backed away and shuffled into the bedroom.

Lena watched her go, biting her lip at how hot Kara looked in that Supergirl outfit. One day she wanted to strip it off Kara's body slowly, kissing every inch of her as she went. But now was not the moment. She shook her head to clear the lusty haze and looked down at her phone. Just like she suspected, she had several texts from Sam, even a missed call and a voicemail.

She put the phone to her ear and listened to it, smiling at the annoyed sound in Sam's voice as she recorded her message.

"Listen, you little bitch, you better still be having sex, or there's no excuse for you not answering your phone. So call me when you come up for air," Sam's message ended with a sigh and a huff, and Lena giggled as she deleted the message before dialing Sam's number.

The CFO answered on the first ring. "About fucking time."

"Good morning, Samantha, how are you today?" Lena said to annoy Sam further, and from the groan she heard on the other end she assumed it worked.

"Don't give me that, just tell me how your date went," Sam quipped.

"Hmm, I could," Lena said slowly, "or you could come to Kara's for brunch, and we'll both tell you over mimosas."

"That's it. Right there. That's the gayest thing you've ever said," Sam said, causing Lena to let out a roaring laugh.

"Is that a yes?" Lena asked, somewhat breathlessly.

"Of course that's a yes," Sam said. "I'll see you in twenty."

After Kara changed into a t-shirt and jeans, invited Alex as well, and the invitation was accepted, she and Lena got to work cooking the food. Kara used her heat vision to heat up the remaining coffee from earlier that morning while Lena set about making the pancake mix. When she'd beaten all the lumps out, she handed the bowl to Kara, who traded her for a cup of now-steaming black coffee. Lena took it appreciatively and took a sip, loving the bitter taste and the way it seemed to warm up her entire being.

Kara made the pancakes—enough to feed a family of ten, let alone four women. But as Lena well knew, Kara could eat any of them under the table. They made bacon as well, and nearly the whole carton of scrambled eggs. Lena hardly blinked at the amount of food because truth be told, she was famished from the night before as well. She could only imagine how hungry Kara must have been.

There was a knock at the door, and the women turned their attention to it. Kara looked through it, and saw Sam standing on the other side, hands on her hip as she waited to be let in.

"Sam's here," Kara announced, turning to Lena. "Can you let her in? I'll get the plates and glasses out."

"Yeah," Lena said with a nod, and she crossed the room to do just that. As soon as she opened the door she was met with a huge grin from her friend and colleague.
"I see you spent the night," Sam said nonchalantly as she brushed past Lena into the apartment. "Hey, Kara," she said to the blonde, who was busy setting the plates on the counter next to the glasses.

"Hi, Sam," Kara said, beaming. She walked over and wrapped the tall woman in a welcoming hug. "It's good to see you again."

"Likewise," Sam said as she pulled back and clapped Kara on the shoulder. "It's been too long. Good thing Lena never shuts up about you, so I at least feel like I know what's going on in your life."

Lena blushed and ducked her head, and she was beginning to think maybe this had been a bad idea after all. Sam was like an embarrassing mom, and she was getting a kick out of seeing Lena squirm. She wasn't going to be a buffer if things got awkward; she was only going to make it worse.

"That's so sweet," Kara said, causing Lena's head to bashfully raise as she glanced up unsurely at her girlfriend. "I talk about you to Alex all the time, and I'm sure she's sick of it by now," the blonde said for Lena's benefit, and the brunette let out a low sigh of relief.

Another knock at the door caused all three heads to swivel towards the sound. Sam frowned at it, then looked to the kitchen—at the glasses set out on the counter, all four of them. She rounded on her friends and sent an accusatory look at her boss.

"Speaking of Alex," Kara said, sensing the tension in the room, "I invited her."

"Did you?" Sam said in an oddly calm voice as Kara went over to open the door. She stepped closer to Lena and muttered, "And did you have anything to do with this?"

"I might have suggested it," Lena answered nonchalantly while Kara hugged her sister in the doorway. She added in a whisper, "What's the big deal? The four of us have all hung out before. We're all supposed to be friends, after all. Why does there have to be an ulterior motive?"

Sam watched her carefully for a moment, trying to decide whether or not Lena was being truthful. But Lena had a brilliant poker face, stoic and unforthcoming as ever.

Alex, upon seeing Sam standing next to Lena, paused in the doorway and shot her sister an irritated glare. The blonde simply smiled innocently and pulled her sister into the apartment, closing the door with her foot.

"Who's hungry?" Kara asked loudly, walking over to the kitchen area. "Because I'm starving."

"When are you not?" Alex said, recovering from her shock of seeing Sam there to jump on the chance to take a jab at her sibling.

"Exactly, so let's eat, people!"

Alex rolled her eyes but went over and grabbed a plate nonetheless, and Sam and Lena followed suit. They all filled their plates—Kara stacking an impressive amount of food onto hers—and gathered at the table. Before they tuckered into their meal Lena picked up the champagne and unwrapped the foil around the top. With a satisfying pop from the cork she opened the bottle while Kara opened the orange juice and started pouring it into the glasses. Meanwhile Alex picked up the alien alcohol and examined the bottle interestedly as Lena had done earlier.

Alex carefully unscrewed the top, causing bubbles to float to the surface of the liquid. She held it under her nose, and a wonderful, fruity scent hit her. It was a shame one drop would probably kill
her because she really wanted to try it.

"Did you go to Argo and get this?" Alex asked, holding out the bottle to Kara.

"No, Superman brought it back and let me have it," Kara clarified as she took it from Alex and poured some into one of the glasses of orange juice.

Sam asked as Lena handed her a mimosa, "What's that?" She nodded towards the mysterious bottle in Kara's hands before taking a sip of her drink.

"Alcohol that my cousin brought back from his last visit to the only surviving city of Krypton. So, I'll actually be able to feel its effects," Kara explained before taking a tentative sip of her special mimosa. It was tart yet sweet, and the carbonation was a nice touch. She licked her lips before taking a larger sip.

"Just go easy, okay?" Alex warned as she took her own beverage when offered.

Kara rolled her eyes as she set the drink back on the table. "Relax," she grumbled as she picked up her fork to start eating.

They were quiet for a while after that, everyone enjoying their food. Kara ate more than everyone in half the time and got up to get seconds, earning amused head shakes from both Lena and Alex. Once they were done, they continued to sit around the table, drinking mimosas and making small talk before delving into the date.

"Hey, where the hell is Ruby?" Lena asked as she refilled her glass and leaned back in her chair. "I haven't seen her in ages, and I'm starting to wonder if she was just a figment of my imagination."

"She's very much real," Alex chimed in. "I went to her soccer game last week."

"Did you?" Kara asked, quirking her eyebrows at her sister. She was on her second drink, and her face was beginning to turn a shade of pink. Since there was no need to hide her identity at the moment she also wasn't wearing glasses, and Alex could see those blue eyes clouding over as inebriation began to overtake the reporter.

"She's at a friend's. I'm picking her up later," Sam said to answer Lena's question. She lifted her glass to her lips and tipped her head back, downing the rest of her second mimosa. Alex dutifully began to refill it, not even completely conscious of the action. It didn't go unnoticed by Sam, though, who blushed when she took her drink back. She could feel Lena watching her out of the corner of her eye, and she knew she had to shift the focus away from her and her life—fast. "So, it's my understanding that we're supposed to be here to hear the story of this date you two supposedly went on, and yet we've heard nothing about it."

"Sam's right," Alex chimed in, reaching over and shoving her sister's shoulder lightly. "Now spill."

Kara let out a small laugh and turned to look at Lena. "She picked me up and took me out for pizza," Kara began as she rested her arm across the back of Lena's chair. "Afterwards we went out for ice cream, we came back here to watch Kimmy Schmidt, and…" she trailed off, shrugging coyly as she lifted her mimosa and sipped from it.

"And then?" Sam prodded, her eyes darting back and forth between the smirking couple.

Lena self-consciously rubbed the back of her neck as her friend's and girlfriend's sister's eyes bore into her. "And then she asked me to be her girlfriend," she answered with a small smile.
"Hallelujah," Sam said, earning a snort from Alex. "And please tell me you consummated the relationship."

"Oh, they did," Alex said with a smirk as she stared pointedly at a love bite beginning to show under Lena's makeup despite the Luthor's best attempt to hide them.

"Is that—" Sam began, leaning in closer and squinting to get a better look, "—It is. Oh. My. God." She settled back in her chair and let out a low whistle from between her teeth. "Good job, Kara."

Lena brought a hand up to cover the spot, but the damage was done. She blushed furiously as she turned in her seat and fixed Kara with a look. "Yes, thank you for that, sweetheart. It's unfortunate I'll never be able to return the favor."

"Yeah, no, don't do that. You'll chip a tooth," Alex said with a laugh before emptying the rest of her drink.

"So how was it?" Sam asked, causing Alex to choke on her mimosa.

She coughed and sputtered, and Sam rubbed her back gently to help her regain control. The eldest Danvers was happy her face was red from the coughing, because Sam's hand was so soft and warm on her back that she felt her entire body flush.

"I really don't want to hear about my sister's sex life," Alex said in a slightly hoarse voice.

"That sucks for you," Sam said devoid of sympathy before turning her attention back to the girlfriends across from her. She rested her elbows on the table and leaned on them, anxious not to miss a single word. "Tell us everything."

Alex sighed, but relented. "Fine, but with as little details as possible, please."

"No, with all the details," Sam corrected. "Don't leave a single thing out."

"I need another drink for this," Alex said, reaching for the bottle of champagne.

Chapter End Notes

My biggest complaint for season 4 of Supergirl besides L*mes is that I miss Samantha Arias an inordinate amount.

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Hope the new year is treating everyone well!
The four women stayed gathered around the table as Sam continuously prodded Lena and Kara for details about their sweaty night between the sheets. The majority of the questions were asked by the CFO, Alex preferring to sit there and shift uncomfortably while tossing back mimosas to alleviate the awkwardness she felt over the entire situation. Sure, she'd wanted to hear about the date, but what Kara was like in the sack? That was way too much information she did not need to know. Yet here she was, getting it all—from Lena Luthor's mouth, at that.

Kara seemed to be just as flustered as her sister, and her face grew redder and redder with every inquisition into her and Lena's sex life. She followed her sister's suit of drinking away the uneasiness, and the sisters finished the orange juice between the two of them.

She was a little surprised, however, with how forthcoming Lena was with information. Usually trying to get her to talk about her personal life was like pulling teeth, but Kara suspected the alcohol had loosened her tongue.

And it had, but it was something else, too. Normally Lena didn't like people to know anything about her because she didn't want to form bonds only to have them severed later. But she'd made an exception for Kara. She'd let the blonde in, and it had been one of the best decisions of her life. And because knocking down a wall to let Kara in had left her vulnerable to real feelings and forced her to start caring about people again she'd also let in Sam. Sam, who not only listened to her problems, but forced her to face them and better herself. And finally Alex, who had come around and was making an effort to befriend her again. After all, if she was going to be dating her sister, they were bound to be in each other's lives. Why not at least try to get along?

No, with these people she didn't need to hold back or watch her mouth in case she said the wrong thing. She was safe with these women, loved, and accepted. Maybe it was the bubbly talking, but she had never felt closer to a group of people. She felt giddy and light, and happier than she could ever remember.

"I can't believe you had sex three times," Sam said as Lena finished rehashing her and Kara's final love making act of the night.

"That's excessive," Alex said with a small nod of agreement.

"No, I'm saying I can't believe they did it only three times." Sam shook her head almost sadly.

"Still excessive." The red line insisted, glancing sideways at Sam with a smirk.

"That's how many times you slept with Sara for Barry's wedding," Kara challenged, speaking up for the first time in a while. Alex shot her glares from across the table, and Sam rounded on the DEO director.
"Who's Sara?" she asked, feigning indifference. But Kara could hear the quickening of Sam's pulse, noticed the overall change in her demeanor. She could see the jealousy bubbling on the surface.

"She's just this woman I met at a wedding and had a drunken one-night stand with," Alex explained, her face starting to match her hair under Sam's intense, scrutinizing gaze.

"She's a badass former assassin-turned hero called White Canary. She captains a time ship called The Waverider and leads a group called The Legends," Kara said, and instantly knew it was a mistake. Sam's shoulders visibly fell, and her eyes dropped to her lap. Lena placed a hand on Kara's knee and gave it a squeeze, and when Kara turned to her girlfriend she was met with a reproachful look. "But I mean, there's nothing to worry about, Sam. Sara lives on another Earth, and she has a girlfriend now anyway."

"Why would I worry about that?" Sam asked, her face burning at the assumption, now rivaling Alex's. Her eyes narrowed, and she looked suspiciously to Lena, who tried her best to keep her expression neutral and innocent.

"I—uh, I don't—" Kara stammered, suddenly feeling every drop of alcohol she'd ingested. Her mind was cloudy, and she suddenly felt hot all over. "I don't know…"

"Uh huh," Sam said, her eyes never leaving Lena.

"Sam, Kara mentions a time ship, and the fact that there's multiple Earths, and you're focusing on that?" Lena questioned to draw focus away from the awkward situation Kara had created.

"Actually, that is pretty cool, and I have a lot of questions," Sam said, jumping on the chance to talk about anything other than her being jealous of Alex's one-night-stand.

And truthfully Lena did, too, and as Sam asked questions, she found herself leaning forward in her chair to hear Alex's answers. Lena was surprised Kara wasn't the one telling the stories, as half of them seemed to be second-hand accounts from Kara. But the blonde seemed preoccupied with her phone, looking at the screen intently. Lena tried to peek at what she was looking at, but the way Kara held the phone made it nearly impossible. Kara didn't look up until she had locked her phone and slipped it back into her pocket. She caught Lena's eye and winked briefly before standing up abruptly, effectively stopping Alex's retelling of Iris and Barry's wedding ceremony from hell.

"Alex, can I talk to you for a second?" she asked in a loud voice and motioned to the curtain separating her bedding area.

Alex stared at her for a moment, trying to figure out what the hell her sister was doing. But Kara just gave her a dopey smile, and she sighed, relenting. "Sure."

Kara led them to the other part of the apartment, a bit unsteadily, and Alex tried to remember how many Kara had put back. She was the lightest light weight she'd ever met, yet she'd been keeping up with Alex all morning—Alex, who could outdrink men twice her size.

"What's up?" Alex asked slowly.

"Okay, don't be mad, but I did something."

Alex's insides instantly went cold at her sister's nervous smile and the way she pulled at her fingers apprehensively. "Kara—"

"Look, it's obvious you and Sam like each other, okay?" Kara blurted, cutting off Alex's protest
"I'm not—"

"But you are," Kara insisted. "Which is incredibly hypocritical, because you're the one who pushed me to go for it with Lena. You told me we both deserved to find love and happiness. You said we owed it to ourselves."

Alex had no response for that. It was true, she had said that—but at the time she didn't think Kara would use her own words against her.

"Heed your own advice, Alex," Kara went on. She pulled her phone from her pocket and opened it, showing Alex what appeared to be digital tickets. "I bought you and Sam tickets to see Glass in thirty minutes. Take her."

"And how am I supposed to explain how I got the tickets?" Alex asked skeptically. "Tell her my meddling sister wants to get us together, so she bought them for us, and is now forcing me to ask her out?"

"Leave it to me," Kara said with a mischievous grin, and before Alex could question her further, she bolted past the curtain and back into the living area.

The eldest Danvers groaned at her sister's antics, but trudged after her nonetheless. Lena and Sam were still sitting at the table. Lena's head was drooped, her hand covering her face, and Sam seemed to be biting back a smile. There was a hint of knowing in the way she looked at Alex, and with panic the red head realized in their intoxicated states she and Kara may have forgotten to keep their voices down.

"Sam, earlier I bought tickets for me and Lena to go see Glass, but I've had a few too many mimosas to leave the house," Kara said in a voice a little higher than normal, a tell-tale sign that she was lying—at least to Alex. "Would you and Alex want to go instead?"

"Sure," Sam said, releasing her lip from between her teeth and beaming at Alex.

"Great," Kara said brightly and pulled out her phone again. She typed out something and moments later Alex's phone dinged. "Just sent you the tickets, Alex."

"Thanks," the older Danvers said, trying hard not to roll her eyes at how obvious Kara was being. But from the way Sam was looking at her, it was working, and something stirred inside her she hadn't felt since Maggie—a hope she'd forgotten she could have. "Should we help you clean up before we leave?" she offered, suddenly feeling incredibly thankful for Kara and wanting to show her appreciation.

"We'll take care of it," Lena said, standing from the table. "You two go. Have fun." She gave Sam a pointed look and jerked her head towards the front door.

Sam cleared her throat as she stood as well. "Alex, I think we're getting kicked out."

"It appears so," the red head responded, and gestured to the entryway. "Shall we?"

They gathered their purses and left together, Alex opening the door for Sam on the way out. As soon as the door closed Lena rounded on Kara, hands on her hips.

"You know Sam and I heard everything you said, right?" she said, trying her best to sound annoyed.
despite how happy she was their plan seemed to have worked out.

"How?" Kara asked in astonishment. "I brought her into the bedroom."

"Kara, this is a studio," Lena said, gesturing around the apartment. "That's a curtain." She pointed to the multi-colored fabric. "It doesn't effectively drown out sound. And apparently you're a loud drunk."

"Oh," was all Kara could come up with. She regarded Lena for a moment, trying to size up the amount of trouble she was in. "Are you mad?"

"No," Lena admitted, finally giving in and letting a smile appear on her face. "Sam was actually smiling like a fool the whole time, and they left together, so it seems your blunder was at least effective."

Kara returned the smile as she began to saunter over to Lena. "Well, I'd say that's a mission accomplished, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose so," Lena said as Kara reached her, and she slipped her arms around the reporter's neck, gazing up at her.

"So—" Kara began and put her hands on Lena's waist, "What do you want to do now?" She looked at the brunette with cloudy, lust-filled eyes that flickered to her lips. "Because I know what I want to do."

"Really?" Lena asked coyly, though she had a pretty good idea what Kara had in mind. "And what could that be?"

"Why don't I take you back to bed and show you?"

Lena was glad she was holding onto Kara for support, because her knees went weak at this suggestion. She nodded, unable to find her voice, and Kara scooped her up effortlessly—carrying her back to bed.

On the sidewalk Alex took her sunglasses from her purse and put them on her face to block out the blinding sun. She was suddenly extremely aware of how much she'd had to drink, and realized sitting in a dark movie theater was the last thing she wanted to do. She had a nice buzz going, the sugar from the orange juice was coursing through her veins, and she had too much nervous energy to be still. Sam seemed to be in the same boat, because she bounced nervously on the balls of her feet, steeling apprehensive glances at her friend.

"We don't have to see the movie if you don't want to," Alex said as they stood by the curb trying to hail a cab.

"But Kara went through all that trouble getting us tickets," Sam quipped and raised an eyebrow, causing Alex to duck her head in embarrassment.

"So you heard that, huh?" the DEO director asked, nearly growling in frustration as a cab blew right by them without even attempting to slow down.

"Yeah, it's a small apartment," Sam said with a small laugh. Feeling bold from being tipsy she reached out and took Alex's hand, drawing the taller woman's attention to her. "But she's right. I do like you, and if what Kara said is true, you like me, too."
"She was… telling the truth," Alex admitted slowly. Her heart felt like a sledgehammer in her chest, her other hand dropping to her side—her quest for a cab forgotten for the moment. "So, where do we go from here?"

"Well, we can still go to the movie," Sam said thoughtfully, but took a step closer to Alex and smirked up at her. "Or, we can skip it like you suggested and go back to my place?"

Alex wanted to jump on the opportunity, but a million hesitations surfaced in her mind. Like, what about Ruby? When did Sam have to pick her up? And they hadn't even been on a date yet. She, like Kara, wasn't the type to just jump into bed with someone—with the exception of Sara, when she'd been heartbroken over Maggie and lonelier than she ever could have imagined. Then again, this wasn't a stranger she'd met a wedding or in a bar. This was Sam, someone she knew and already loved.

"My place is closer," Alex answered, finding her confidence. "We can be there in ten minutes if we walk."

"Then what are we doing standing around?" Sam asked, taking a step back. "Lead the way." She sent Alex a warm smile that nearly knocked the wind out of the red head, who could only nod in the direction of her apartment in response.

They set off, hands still locked together, falling into a comfortable silence as excitement buzzed in their chests.

When Lena got to work Monday her mind was still in a fog. She'd spent the entire weekend at Kara's—mostly in bed. The only time they came up for air was to eat or shower, and even in sleep their limbs were tangled together. It had taken everything in her to leave that apartment that morning to go home and shower and change before work.

She'd woken before the sun and still ended up waltzing into the office twenty minutes late because as soon as Kara heard her moving about the room, she woke up coaxed her back to bed. It didn't take much convincing, as Lena craved Kara's touch just as much as Kara seemed to want to touch her. And she had to admit, coming into Kara's hand woke her up more effectively than coffee ever had.

But after leaving the blonde's electrifying presence and taking a nice, relaxing shower all, Lena wanted to do was crawl between her sheets and doze away the morning. But with reluctance she reminded herself she had a company to run and dressed quickly. Her makeup was a bit of a challenge, as she now had several new love bites to accompany the ones Sam had teased her about. She did her best to cover them, going through so much of her concealer that she would have to stop for more on the way home.

As she stepped into the office, she smiled upon seeing a familiar figure sitting behind the assistant's desk outside of her office. Jess beamed when she saw Lena, standing and running around the desk to greet her boss.

"Good morning, Lena," the petite woman said happily.

"Good morning, Jess," Lena answered, and after a moment's hesitation reached out and hugged her assistant appreciatively. When she pulled away Jess was looking at her with astonishment, but soon recovered and smiled again. "Thank you for coming back. Did you get settled into your apartment okay?"
Lena had rented an apartment for Jess not far from L-Corp to help the woman transition back to National City, paying movers to aid in the process. Jess had tried to turn down her offer, but in the end, Lena insisted, saying it was the least she could do.

"I did," Jess said with a nod before going back around her desk and grabbing a to-go cup of coffee she'd stashed behind her computer. "I got this for you on the way in, but I didn't expect you to be late, so it's probably a little cold now," she said with a small frown, offering the cup to Lena.

"I'm sure it's fine," Lena insisted as she took the cup appreciatively. This. This was why she'd gone through all the trouble of getting Jess back. Because though she never directly asked for a coffee, Jess knew Lena enough to know that she would never say no to one and would always be grateful for it. "Are you all set out here? Do you have everything you need?"

Jess nodded. "I was just catching up on some filing."

"Great, I'm sure they're a mess, and I apologize for that. My assistants have been rotating since you left," Lena said with a small sigh.

"I'll handle everything, Lena, don't worry," Jess assured her.

"You're the best," Lena said honestly, a sense of calm washing over her. The constant irritation of incompetent assistants was over. She had her number one back, and it was comforting to know her affairs were in good hands again. "I have some important files to look over in my office, and I don't want to be bothered. I'm only accepting calls and visits from Sam Arias and Kara Danvers. That's absolutely it. Anyone else can leave a message, including James Olsen. Especially him. And if someone named Lucas Dunleavy shows up call security—immediately."

Jess's eyes widened at the seriousness of Lena's voice, and though the CEO could see questions on her assistant's face, Jess simply nodded.

Nearly an hour later Lena stared blankly at her computer screen, leaned back in her chair with her arms crossed over her chest. Her mind felt numb from the endless scrolling and searching she'd done, and the bliss she'd felt that morning had subsided as dread started to creep back in. She'd still been unable to uncover anything about the mysterious adoptions or Metropolis United Charities' involvement in them—along with LuthorCorp's.

Her office door opening was a welcome interruption, and she closed her laptop quickly as Sam appeared in the doorway. She wore a huge, happy grin and seemed to be glowing as she sat in one of the arm chairs in front of Lena's desk wordlessly.

"Well, I didn't hear from you for the rest of the weekend, so it's good to see you're still alive," Lena ribbed, her tension easing at the appearance of her friend.

"I can't believe you didn't check up on me," Sam mocked.

"You were in good hands," Lena said pointedly, raising her eyebrows expectantly. "How was the movie?"

"We ended up not going, actually," Sam responded. "We decided to skip all the bullshit and just went back to her place." She let out a long, slow sigh and actually blushed at her admission. "We didn't even make it to the bed, just made love right there on the couch. And then we fell asleep, and did it again, and then we got dressed and went pick up Ruby from her friend's house. After, all three of us made dinner together, and we watched a Harry Potter movie."
"Those Danvers sisters and Harry Potter," Lena said, shaking her head with amusement. "They're such nerds."

"I know, I love it," Sam said, her lips twitching into a smile again. "After Ruby went to sleep we actually watched another one by ourselves before we went take a shower... And had sex in there, too."

Lena blinked in surprise and almost laughed. "Wasn't Alex the one who'd said three times was excessive?"

"I convinced her otherwise," Sam said impishly, shifting forward in her chair. "So, what did you and Kara do for the rest of the weekend?" She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Exactly what you think we did," Lena said slyly. "We didn't even clean up after you left, just went right to tearing each other's clothes off."

Sam snorted. "Hot." She'd had a feeling Lena had been preoccupied when she didn't receive a text asking about Alex. "Who initiated it?"

"Kara," Lena said instantly. "She's insatiable, Sam. She has a never-ending amount of energy, and I can't say no to her. I don't want to say no to her. So needless to say, I'm exhausted."

"First world problems," Sam jabbed, grabbing a pen from the cup on Lena's desk and throwing it at her boss.

It hid her in the chest, bouncing to the floor as Lena's jaw dropped in mock shock. "That's assault, Miss Arias."

Sam nodded. "Yeah, and I'd say bite me, but it appears you prefer to be the one bitten." She gave a knowing smile as her eyes zeroed in on the large, purplish spot on Lena's clavicle she'd been unsuccessful at hiding completely. "That's a new one, isn't it?"

Lena cleared her throat awkwardly, bringing a hand up to cover the spot. "Can't you go bother someone else? Don't you have work to do?" she joked to deflect the question.

"You're right, I do, lucky for you," Sam said as she stood with a wink. "This company would completely fall apart without me."

"That's a stretch, but whatever you tell yourself to make yourself happy," the CEO quipped right back, earning a middle finger from Sam as she laughed and headed out the door.

By mid-day Lena had a crushing realization: she was out of options. There was nothing on the server relating to Dunleavy or MUC. She'd hit a dead end. And though she hadn't been expecting to find much, if anything, it was still a hollowing feeling. As she'd expected, whatever her father was hiding was too sensitive to keep on company computers. That meant any files he had were hidden away somewhere, and with the amount of properties her family owned she had no idea where to even begin looking. But she knew someone who might, two people in fact. However, these were not people she was jumping at the opportunity to contact. The very idea of talking to either made her insides feel like ice, and she shuddered as she came to a conclusion.

Regardless of how painful this was going to be, it had to be done. So, she picked what she felt to be the less terrifying of the two options and called Dan to pick her up in front of L-Corp.

The entire car ride across National City Lena felt like her heart was in her throat, and she chewed
on her lip pensively as she tried to plan out what she was going to say. Normally for this kind of
termination she liked to mentally prepare herself for at least a week, but time was not a luxury she
had right now. Every second Lucas Dunleavy was out there meant he could be making that weapon
—a weapon that was obviously meant to kill Supergirl with.

Supergirl, her beautiful Kara. That was who she kept thinking of the whole time she went through
the security checkpoint at the prison. Even as she sat in the visitation room, her hands clasped in
front of her on the table and her knees bouncing involuntarily, she never allowed her mind to roam
from her girlfriend. Doing so anchored her and made her feel steady, reassured her that despite her
uneasiness she was doing the right thing—what needed to be done.

She flinched when the sound of the key turning in the lock echoed through the quiet room, and she
jumped to her feet as the prisoner was brought into the room, eyebrows shooting up in surprise to
see Lena standing there.

"Hello, Mother," Lena said dryly. "We need to talk."

Chapter End Notes

I'll update as soon as I can, but it will most likely be a while. Work, life, etc.
Connect with me on tumblr if you wish.
After Lillian got over her initial shock, her face went back to being a perfect mask of indifference, something Lena realized with a sickening feeling that she'd learned and perfected herself. But that meant she could send a cold stare right back, so for the first minute or so the two women simply sat there glaring at each other.

At first Lena didn't say anything because she was still working out what to say in her head, trying to predict every answer her mother could come up with so she could have a counter argument prepared. But the longer they sat in silence, the more uneasy Lena became, and her mother's eyes narrowed as she regarded the way Lena shifted in her seat ever so slightly. She watched her with interest and cold calculation, and it reminded Lena of the raptors in Jurassic Park. Lena half expected Lillian to lunge across the table at her at any second, but the Luthor matriarch remained seated, a small, wicked smile growing on her face.

"You seem nervous, darling," Lillian said in an uncharacteristically sweet voice that made Lena's skin crawl.

"Don't call me darling," the CEO sent back harshly, trying to put as much venom into her voice as possible. "You've done nothing to earn that right."

"Except took you in, put a roof over your head, and raised you as my own," Lillian said and stuck her nose in the air with such a sense of entitlement that it made Lena want to strike the woman across the face. She always acted like she was this huge martyr for taking Lena in, but she was the furthest thing from it.

"As I recall you were adamant about not taking me in, and only agreed because Lionel made you," Lena countered, loving the way Lillian flinched ever so slightly at the argument. That was it, she struck a nerve. When Lionel had been alive Lillian had no say in anything, no voice. He was in charge, and that killed Lillian inside. But she would never leave him because she needed his money and power. So, she waited patiently, biding her time until he died. If the heart attack hadn't taken Lionel as soon as it did, Lena was almost certain Lillian would have hired someone to have him killed eventually. "Thank goodness he died while I was in college or you might've shipped me off to an orphanage in Russia."

"Nonsense," Lillian said, simply putting it at that.

A younger, more naïve Lena would have sat there waiting for Lillian to add something along the lines of, "I love you. I'd never ship you off to an orphanage." But Lena was older now, and she understood who Lillian was. What she meant was the idea was nonsense because she liked the way taking in an orphan made her look to the public more than the child—Lena—herself. She would
never have given that up, no matter how much she hated Lena.

"Right, a boarding school in Switzerland would have been more your style," Lena said coldly. "That way you could get rid of me under the guise of doing something good for me."

Lillian stared at her for a moment, the corners of her mouth twitching into a maleficent smile. "Are you just here to insult my parenting and waste my time with pointless fictional scenarios, or did you need something?" She cocked a perfectly-kept eyebrow as she waited for an answer, tapping freshly-manicured nails on the table. Lena curled her lip at this observation. Lillian was in prison, yet she was still able to find a way to get her beauty needs met behind bars.

"I actually have a few questions I need to ask you," Lena said slowly, hating the way Lillian's Cheshire grin only grew at her daughter's admission. Lena despised asking for help, especially from Lillian of all people. Doing so now was only out of necessity, but that didn't mean Lena didn't feel absolutely nauseated about it.

"There it is," Lillian said, narrowing her eyes at her adoptive daughter. "You never visit, you never call, and when you finally do show up it's only because you need something." She clicked her tongue and shook her head. "So disrespectful."

Lena fought the urge to roll her eyes. Respect was something that, in her opinion, was given until proven it was undeserved. And there was no one more undeserving of her respect than Lillian Luthor. But she kept this to herself because she'd attacked Lillian enough already this visit, and if she pushed it there was no way she was going to get what she needed out of the sociopath that called herself Lena's mother.

"You're right, I'm a terrible daughter. I'm an embarrassment to the family and a bumbling idiot, nowhere near as good as your perfect little Lex," Lena said in an even tone, trying to keep the anger she felt towards the woman across from her from coming to the surface. "I've heard it all before, Mother."

Lillian smirked and sat up straighter. "And yet you haven't improved in any way since the last time we saw each other."

Lena bit the inside of her cheek so hard she nearly drew blood. Lillian had some fucking nerve. She knew absolutely nothing about her and her life, purely out of disinterest on Lillian's part. Yet she felt she had the right to sit there and pass judgment. She was the one behind bars, not Lena. It was the thought that helped to bring Lena back down, calmed her enough to release her cheek with a long, steadying exhale through her nose.

"Do you know or employ a man named Lucas Dunleavy?" Lena asked, anxious to get to the questions already so she could just get the hell out of there and sneak over to CatCo to get a comforting hug from Kara—she would need it after this ordeal.

"Lucas Dunleavy," Lillian said slowly, making a great effort to appear to be thinking deeply. "No, I can honestly say I've never met or employed a man named Lucas Dunleavy." She finished with a smile, leaning back in her chair.

Lena watched her for a moment, trying to gauge whether or not she was telling the truth. It was always a toss-up with Lillian, and Lena got a sinking feeling this was going to be all for nothing simply because it was so hard to take Lillian's word at face-value.

"Okay," Lena said, allowing that one to be put to rest for the moment. "And what do you know about Metropolis United Charities?" Lillian's smile twitched, only for a moment, but Lena saw it.
"From what I understand it was started as a front for your father to launder money he earned from his illegal drug trades," Lillian said coyly. "He founded Metropolis United and then anonymously donated all of the money, only to use it on himself."

Lena was flabbergasted for a moment. Sure, she knew Lionel was shady and had many deals under the table, but she never knew it went as deep as selling drugs. Lionel was already so rich and powerful, why bother? Then again, he always said those were two things one could never have enough of.

"Okay, ignoring the numerous felonies you just mentioned," Lena went on, "where did Father keep the files on MUC?"

"And why do you want to know?" Lillian said, her eyes flashing with skepticism. "Do you have money you need to launder?" She gave a small, dry laugh. "Because I would actually be impressed with you for once."

"No, the cartel died out with your father," Lillian said, her voice not holding an ounce of sadness over her husband's untimely death. "And I never had use for that little side project. Lex found more use for it, from what I understand." She gave another sickeningly sweet smile. "Maybe you should talk to your brother. I'm sure he'd love to hear from you."

"Hard pass," Lena said bluntly.

"National City Enquirer," Lillian asked casually, as if they weren't just talking about Lena's murderous brother, as if they weren't in a visitation room in prison, as if it was a normal Sunday morning brunch.

"Uh, no, I don't read that trash," Lena said. "I prefer real news."

"Like the magazine your little girlfriend works for," the elder Luthor said, mouth screwed up tight in a frown.

At this Lena reflectively flinched. Her eyes widened in shock, and she sputtered for a few moments before asking, "How do you know about that?"

"National City Enquirer, obviously." Lillian raised her eyebrows and blew out a loud breath. "I should have suspected this. You always were a little odd growing up. But if I'd known I would have corrected this behavior before it came to this." She shook her head and fixed her daughter with a glare. "Honestly, Lena, just when I thought you couldn't embarrass this family any more, you go and become gay. Your father would must be rolling over in his grave. And Kara Danvers of all people—and I use that term loosely." She curled her lip nastily, and she reminded Lena of a rabid dog. "Has she told you her dirty little secret yet? What she is? Where she comes from?"
Lena sat seething while Lillian berated her, the anger rising in her chest, ready to burst at any moment. Had this conversation happened at a previous moment in time Lena would have been mortified, crying and unable to stick up for herself because as much as Lillian hated her, no one used to hate Lena Luthor more than Lena Luthor.

But that was before—before a certain blonde heroine helped her realize her worth. All her life Lena had been beaten down—first by her family, and then by the press. When all a person knows is criticism in their formative years it is hard for that person to develop any kind of sense of self-worth. So, no, Lena never truly loved herself. She was always finding problems with herself, never quite satisfied with the person she saw in the mirror.

Kara had been her own personal cheerleader, always believing in Lena in times when Lena most certainly not believe in herself. She always made Lena feel validated, accepted, and loved. Kara knew all of her dirty laundry, but still chose her—still wanted to not only be her friend, but her lover. But none of that mattered if Lena didn't see that in herself. Validation came from within, and with Kara's help she was starting to get there. She still wasn't her own biggest fan, but something inside her finally snapped as Lillian laid into her.

"Actually, I do know her secret, and I don't care," Lena said heatedly, causing Lillian's jaw to clench even tighter, which only added to Lena's confidence—to see the effect she had on her mother. "She is the kindest, funniest, purest, most wonderful person I've ever met. She displays more humanity than most humans, including you." She crossed her arms over her chest defiantly as she regarded Lillian with a cold stare. "I love every little thing about that woman, and there is nothing embarrassing or shameful about it. It's taken me a long time to come to that realization, and quite frankly I don't give a damn about your opinion. Loving Kara has come more naturally to me than breathing. She is the singular light in the dark fucking mess called my life that you—" she pointed an accusatory finger at Lillian—"are partially responsible for. So you can take your backwards views and your unsolicited snide remarks and choke on them." She stood and looked down at the woman whose house she'd once inhabited, all sentimentality and familial recognition now gone. Lillian was nothing to her now. "I'll find out about MCU on my own. You and I are officially done. For good."

She stormed to the exit and knocked on the door to signal to the guard she was ready to be let out. As he fumbled with his keys, she heard Lillian chuckle with amusement, and Lena dared to take a final glance over her shoulder. Lillian's head was turned, staring at Lena with an incredibly irritating smirk on her face.

"I've heard that before, but you'll be back. You always come crawling back to mother when you need help," Lillian said condescendingly.

Lena set her jaw and said through her teeth, "But you're not my mother, Lillian. You never were, and you never will be. My mother's name was Grace Magee."

That did it—that hit Lillian right in the ego, and her smirk twisted into an unpleasant scowl. Her hands balled into fists, and for a moment Lena feared the Luthor matriarch was going to lunge and punch her. But thankfully Lillian stayed seated, and the guard finally opened the door, and she quickly rushed out the door before Lillian could say another else. The satisfaction of getting the last word added to the euphoria she was feeling. She'd finally done it, she'd given Lillian a taste of her own medicine. She purged herself of one of the most toxic people in her life, and there was no turning back. There was only moving forward, towards the light, towards her life with Kara.

Across the city Kara was having her own unusual Monday morning. Oddly enough it started off normal—with the exception that now she woke up with Lena nestled into her side instead of alone.
She'd intended to get out of bed right when the alarm went off, but then Lena got out of bed in all her naked glory, and the light from the window hit her body just right, and Kara got wet just looking at her. They made love before even starting the coffee, and when they finally went their separate ways that morning Kara's heart immediately ached for Lena's presence.

She couldn't get images of Lena out of her mind on the way to CatCo, flashes of their sex-filled weekend beating out any other thought that tried to enter her brain. She was still in a daze as she rode up the elevator at CatCo and went to sit at her desk. She stared at her computer screen blankly for a few moments, a small smile on her face as she let out a dreamy sigh. She didn't even notice someone walk up to her desk and jumped when that person cleared their throat to make their presence known. She looked up in surprise, James standing before her with an amused smile on his face.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you," he said and raised his eyebrows. "You okay, there? You seemed sort of zoned out."

Kara hesitated for a moment, unsure of what to say. She didn't exactly feel comfortable telling James, Lena's ex, how good it felt when Lena raked her hands through her hair and dragged her fingernails lightly across her scalp—because that was what she'd been thinking about the precise moment he walked up.

"I was—uh, just thinking," she said quickly, "about a dog I saw on the way in."

James nodded, but stared at her with what appeared to be a knowing smile. "You sure that's it? There's nothing else on your mind?" He crossed his arms over his chest and cocked his head to the side as he looked down on her.

"Uh—no…?" Kara narrowed her eyes and tried to figure out what he could possibly be getting at.

He nodded slowly. "Okay… So that's why you were late?" he asked. "Because you saw a dog?"

Kara blushed. "Uh, yup."

James continued to look at her for a moment before saying, "Right, sure, okay." He nodded his head towards his office and asked, "Mind following me?"

He looked at her expectantly, and her heart thudded in her chest. Not trusting her voice, she nodded and followed him with wobbly legs to his office, where he closed the door behind them. Kara stood awkwardly in the center of the room, too anxious to sit on one of the ornate couches. James didn't say anything right away, simply went over to his desk and grabbed what appeared to be a newspaper off the surface. He went over to his friend and held it out to her.

"I think you should see this," was all he said.

Kara took it from him wordlessly, glancing down at the title. She resisted the urge to scoff at the title: The National City Enquirer—a publication that made money off gossip and conspiracy theories. She doubted seriously there would be anything in this paper that could interest her… until she saw the picture on the front. It was her and Lena kissing in front of Angelo's the night of their date, and her jaw dropped because she was having trouble processing what she was seeing. Who took this photograph? It was decent enough quality, but was obviously from far off. She may have been preoccupied at the moment, but she was sure she would have heard a camera click go off. Then again, it was hard to hear anything over the combined pounding of hers and Lena's hearts as they kissed. And Lena was no stranger to the tabloids, they'd reported on her breakup with James as if it was the start of World War III, instead of a flame that simply fizzled out. It was no surprise...
that Lena would be in the tabloid again now. That was normal. What shocked Kara was seeing herself on the cover.

Sure, she'd been all over the news as Supergirl before—but that was her public persona. As Kara Danvers she liked to keep herself behind the scenes, just putting her name on the byline, not plastering her face out there for everyone to see. She didn't even have social media, for crying out loud. She knew becoming publicly known for being linked to Lena was going to happen if they were going to be together, they'd talked about it beforehand. She just didn't think it would get out so quickly, and it made her a little dizzy to think about, so she finally took a seat on the couch, dropping the paper to her lap.

James sat beside her wordlessly and waited for her to compose herself, all the while watching her closely. When she finally felt able to speak, she looked up to James hesitantly.

"I can explain," she began slowly, shifting anxiously in her seat. "So, you know Lena knows I'm Supergirl now, right?"

"I do, actually." James nodded. "Winn told me. Which is fine, but I would have liked to have heard it from you."

Kara blushed again. "I don't know what's okay to talk about with you in regards to Lena." She sighed and shrugged. "We never really talked about your breakup, and I was kind of going through my own shit when everything with her and I started to happen." The blonde shook her head before looking away from her friend, averting her eyes to her lap. "These feelings I never expected just came up, and it honestly really scared me. I only felt comfortable talking to Alex because she went through the same thing. I haven't even told Winn yet, and though Lena and I aren't exactly hiding what's going on, I wish it wouldn't have come out to you this way—that I wasn't coming out to you this way." She dared to look up at the man who had been one of her best friends and confidants in the past few years and was relieved to see understanding on his face. "I don't know what I am regarding my sexuality. I just know what I feel about her, and it's deep, and I hope you can understand that."

James nodded slowly, waiting for a moment to see if Kara had more to say before speaking up. When it appeared she was done for the time being he cleared his throat before saying, "I do understand that, actually. She's an incredible woman, and she deserves the best. If it couldn't be me, I'm at least glad it's you."

Kara stared at him for a moment, flabbergasted. "Wait—Really?"

"Yes," James said, almost laughing. "Kara, you're one of my best friends. I want you to be happy, regardless of if that's with a man or a woman. And despite my relationship with Lena ending, I do still care about her and want what's best for her." He looked her directly in the eye and smiled. "I can't think of anyone better than you."

Kara's face softened and she gave an appreciative smile right back to him. "Thank you, James. That means a lot."

"Of course." He reached out and touched her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze momentarily before returning it to his lap. "How's she doing, by the way? I've been worried about her. I've tried reaching out to check on her, but she's completely shut me out."

"She's doing well," Kara said, a smile coming to her face just thinking about the brunette who she couldn't get enough of. "She's been going through her own trials, but I think she and I are in a good place."
"Good, I'm glad," James said, smiling as well.

Kara felt so much appreciation towards James at the moment. He had every opportunity to give into toxic masculinity and be a total dick about her and Lena being together. After all, they'd both dated him. But he was being exactly what Kara needed him to be—that best friend and confidant she'd grown to count on.

"Thanks for being so cool about this," Kara said softly, running her finger across the picture on the front page of the paper that still sat in her lap. "It really means a lot."

James nodded. "Don't mention it." He gave a small, amused smile. "I kind of saw it coming in all honesty."

Kara's jaw dropped a little bit. "How?"

James thought for a moment on how to best describe it. "You know the heart eyes emoji?" he asked, and Kara nodded. "That's you and Lena when you look at each other. I've always had my suspicions there were feelings between you two, but I didn't start thinking something was going on until the other day at the DEO. This paper just confirmed it."

"This was taken right after," Kara said, holding up the *Enquirer* for emphasis. "Our first date." She bit her lip to hold back the smile that wanted to make its way to her face because of the memories of that night that kept trying to steal her attention. It felt nice to share this with someone else, though. Another friend. She was on cloud nine, and she just wanted to gush about how happy she was to anyone who would listen.

She was about to say more to James when her phone started vibrating in her pocket, and she slid it out to discover it was none other than Lena calling her.

"Speaking of my girlfriend," Kara said, holding up the phone to show James, who laughed as Kara answered it. "Hi, Lee."

"I'm at CatCo at your desk and you're not here. Where are you?" Lena said, her voice a little higher than normal. "I need a hug."

Kara almost smiled at that, but her worry for Lena's current state stopped it before it even started. "I'll be right there." She ended the call and slid the phone back into her pocket before sending James an apologetic glance. "I'm sorry, I have to go."

"That's okay," he said, waving off her apology.

She gave a final, appreciative smile as she left James's office. She had to remind herself to walk at a normal pace through the building, and not just use super speed to get to Lena as soon as possible. But there were too many witnesses, so she settled on power-walking until she reached her desk, breathing a sigh of relief as she saw Lena perched daintily on the edge.

Kara dropped that newspaper she hadn't realized she'd taken on her office chair as Lena stood. The blonde instantly scooped the CEO up in a hug, almost lifting her off the ground. Lena melted into her girlfriend's body, immediately calming at Kara's touch—always sturdy yet soft. When they pulled apart Kara's hand came up to cup her cheek, and Lena leaned into the warmth.

"You okay?" Kara asked in a soft voice.

"I am now," Lena said.
Kara looked at her for a second, taking in the state of her. "Here, sit," she said, taking the *Enquirer* off her chair and setting it off to the side on her desk. She guided Lena into the seat, and she sat atop her desk in front of her instead. "What's going on?"

"I've just come back from seeing Lillian," Lena said, her voice sounding tired even to her own ears. "I didn't want to, but I needed to see if she knew anything about Dunleavy or Metropolis United."

Kara nodded slowly, understanding the necessary evil. "Did she?"

"She said she'd never met Dunleavy, but she did shed a little light on MUC," Lena said, lowering her voice in case anyone nearby was listening. "My father started it to launder money, but that's all I got out of her. She said Lex had more involvement with it than she did and suggested I talk to him, but I just—I can't."

"You don't have to," Kara said quickly, not at all keen on the idea of Lena going anywhere near yet another homicidal manic, regardless of whether or not they were her family. "We'll find another way to figure this out." She reached out and took her girlfriend's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. "Okay?"

"Okay," Lena said with a nod, exhaling loudly through her nose. She was starting to feel better being in Kara's presence. Holding her hand was helping to steady the shakiness she felt inside. "Also, she knows about us."

"A lot of people do apparently." Kara grimaced as she reached over and grabbed the paper from her desk and handed it to Lena.

The brunette stared at it for all of a second before saying, "Ah, yes, I believe this is the publication Lillian was referring to." She sighed and threw the paper back on Kara's desk. "She was her typical bigoted, patronizing self about it." She looked up to the blonde, a small smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. "But I defended myself. I defended you, and I defended us. I don't know what came over me, but I was listening to her talk, and I just couldn't fucking do it anymore. I couldn't take it one more agonizing second."

Kara beamed down at her, amazed at the confidence Lena was showing instead of her usual bruised ego that always came from her visits with Lillian. "I'm so proud of you, babe," Kara said and leaned forward and placed a small kiss on Lena's forehead. "We should celebrate." She stood, tugging on Lena's hand to get her to follow suit. "How about I take you to brunch?"

Lena was tempted to say yes. She wanted nothing more than to continue shirking off work and go on a brunch date with the amazing woman standing before her. But she had matters to attend to and a company to run. There was still the matter of her next project to figure out, as well as this bullshit with Metropolis United.

"Unfortunately, I have to get back to work," Lena said, pouting at the idea of leaving the comfort of Kara's company. "But dinner?"

Kara nodded quickly. "It's a date."

"Perfect." Happiness and hope bubbled up slowly in her chest, and even though they were in an office full of people, she put her hand on the back of Kara's neck and pulled her close, pressing their lips together before she had to leave her again—even if only for a few hours.

Chapter End Notes
Jimmy Olsen is a character I've loved because I have been a Superman fan for over half my life. I hate Supergirl's characterization of him, and I've been projecting that. But I decided to reclaim the character.
hiiiii loves. Here's a little update for you.

tumblr: legalizesupercorp

When Lena got back to her office her mind felt clearer than it had in months. Sure, she was no closer to solving any of her problems than she had been before she saw her mother, but at least now she felt like a huge weight was off her shoulders.

One of her worst fears had come true—Lillian had found out her most guarded secret and reacted just how she'd imagined. But what was different was that she didn't reduce into a puddle of tears like she always thought she would. Instead she was firm and held her ground, something she had no problem doing when it came to sleazy business men but somehow could never bring herself to do with her mother—with the exception of the time she'd called the cops on Lillian. But even then, that had been with Kara's gentle nudging in the right direction.

Now she finally felt she had slipped out from under Lillian's thumb and influence, and it put a spring in her step. So much so that she was practically bouncing as she smiled at Jess on the way into her office.

She immediately fired up her computer and pulled up a document, an inkling of what she wanted her next project to be in her mind.

If she couldn't find anything out about Dunleavy then she could at least try to protect Kara should he try to use his gun against Supergirl. And that started with going back to her idea about repurposing that same gun's feature of neutralizing Kryptonite.

It was true that she had destroyed all of the supply of the synthetic meteor rock she had and the formula for it, but that was as simple as wiping a computer. Her mind, on the other hand, was as sharp as ever, and she still knew the formula by heart.

She set to work, trying out different algorithms and theorizing devices that could do what she needed. She kept at it, churning out formula after formula. It wasn't until her stomach growled in protest that she realized that not only had she worked through lunch, but it was almost time to go home.

Surmising she'd done enough work for the day already and that she'd be better off tomorrow on a full stomach and after sleeping, she gathered up her things and headed out the door. Jess looked up in surprise when she appeared in the doorway and glanced at the clock on her computer before turning to her boss with confusion.

"Are you on your way out to a meeting I wasn't aware of?" Jess asked uncertainly and began to rifle through the agenda on her desk.

"No, I'm leaving for the day," Lena said with a small smile. "You can take off, too, if you want."
Jess still frowned, remaining rooted in her seat. "Is everything alright?"

It was Lena's turn to be confused. "Yes, why wouldn't it be?"

"It's just… You never leave work before the workday ends, and often not until well after it does," Jess said, regarding her boss carefully.

Lena almost had to laugh at this. "Well, Jess, some things have changed since you've been gone… For the better."

And they had. Normally she hated the idea of leaving the office only to go home to an empty, lonely loft. But she had a feeling not only would she not be alone at the end of the night but she most likely would only be going home briefly to grab more clothes before going back to Kara's again. Her spending continuous nights there wasn't something that they'd spoken about, but Kara didn't seem to mind, and to be quite frank she intended to continue to do so until the blonde kicked her out.

"I'm glad, Ms. Luthor—Lena," Jess corrected herself, a smile of her own making its way to her face. "You seem… Happier, if you don't mind me saying so."

"Jess, enough with the formalities. I went out to Metropolis to beg you to come back. We're friends now, not just coworkers, okay?" Lena chuckled lightly. "You're welcome to talk to me about my personal life. For the first time in my life I actually want to talk about it."

"Okay," Jess said, looking up at her with almost owl-like eyes, full of wonder. This was very obviously her boss standing in front of her, the Lena Luthor she knew, but there was definitely something different about her.

She normally oozed confidence, but it was like that confidence tripled overnight, and this was the last thing Jess expected after seeing the Enquirer this morning. Jess knew how much Lena hated being in the news, the CEO always retreating into her office and shutting out the world whenever she got bad publicity. The news may have been harsh, but no one was harder on Lena Luthor than Lena herself, and that was something Jess came to realize over time after working with Lena for so long.

Jess held an interesting role in Lena's life. Before leaving they'd had a business relationship, verging on friendship. But Lena had a nasty habit of holding people at arm's distance, so while Jess was always around, she was never truly involved. She was simply an innocent bystander, but she saw everything.

From the moment Lena met Kara Danvers Jess had noticed a shift in Lena. It started small at first. The day Kara and Clark first came to Lena's office Jess went in after their meeting and Lena was just sitting in her desk chair, staring out of the window, appearing to be deep in thought. This was unusual for the youngest Luthor. Lena was never idle. Ever. She was always working on something, rarely taking the time out to appreciate the finer things in life—like the gorgeous view of National City from her wall of windows. But that day she did.

As Kara's visits to Lena's office became more frequent, she often caught Lena in the same position as she had after that first day. Just sitting there, staring, thinking.

She'd began paying attention to the interaction between the two of them. She saw lingering touches, the look on Lena's face as Kara left, visible to Jess only for a second as the office door swung shut, the fact that no one was allowed in to see Lena with no appointment besides Kara. All the signs were there, and Jess had picked up on them. But because of her position of being more
seen than heard, she held her tongue, hoping one day one of those two hopeless lovebirds would get her head out of the sand and make a move.

Jess nearly jumped out of her skin with excitement when she saw the paper with the picture of Lena and Kara kissing sitting on a newsstand on her morning walk to work. Jess always liked Kara, noticed how she seemed to lift Lena's mood nearly every time they had lunch or late-night visits when Lena refused to leave the office. She didn't make it a habit out of investing too much into other people's relationships, but she shipped Kara and Lena, and she shipped them hard.

"So it is Miss Danvers who evoked this change after all, just as I suspected… Right?" Jess said slowly, testing the new waters she and Lena had waded into.

Lena beamed and nodded. "I take it you've seen the photo as well." She let out a dreamy sigh and perched on the edge of the desk, resting her bag in her lap. "My relationship with Kara evolved recently, so this is all new, but it's exciting and wonderful and terrifying all at the same time. It's like when I'm with her, I feel like… Like I'm flying. But not in the scary, uneasy way I feel when I get on a plane or helicopter. More like a floaty, soaring sensation." She tilted her head to the side and squinted at Jess. "Does that make sense?"

Jess smiled gently and nodded as well. "Yeah, it does. The right person can make you feel that way." She gave a small shrug as she went on, "And I don't know, seeing the two of you together, you just—fit. Ya know? You compliment each other really well."

"Thank you, Jess," Lena said, her voice soft and awed. She'd never realized Jess had been paying that much attention, but she wasn't entirely surprised. Jess wasn't like her other assistants. She was a million times better, and that was why she would have gone to the ends of the Earth to get her back under her employ. Thankfully she'd only had to go as far as Metropolis.

She opened her mouth to say more but was distracted when the sound of the elevator dinging caught her attention. Lena turned her head, smiling immediately when a familiar smiling face appeared through the growing crack in the door.

Kara stepped off the elevator and walked towards Lena in what felt like slow motion. She didn't realize she was standing until Kara was directly in front of her and she was throwing her arms around the blonde's neck. When she pulled away, she looked into the face she'd missed so much, into those blue eyes that could nearly make her breathing stop. A familiar swooping sensation went through her stomach, and she bit her lip to stop herself from kissing Kara right there in front of Jess.

"What are you doing here?" Lena asked.

Kara's smile faltered. "I—We had plans to go to dinner."

"Yes, but I thought I would meet you at your place later," Lena explained. "Not that I mind," she added quickly because Kara's ego seemed to deflate at Lena's confusion at her early arrival. "I'm pleasantly surprised, is all."

"Oh," Kara said, the grin returning. "Well, I finished the story I was working on after you left today, and after I handed it in I just kind of sat there… Thinking about you, about tonight, and I couldn't wait any longer." She reached up and cupped Lena's cheek. "Do you think my boss can forgive me taking off from work early?"

Lena smirked. "I think that can be arranged."
Jess cleared her throat, causing the two women to nearly jump apart, seeming to have forgotten her presence for the moment. They both wore blushes as she shook her head amusedly.

"Hi, Jess," Kara said brightly despite her embarrassed state. "It's good to see you again." She removed her purse from her shoulder and reached inside, producing an envelope. "Here," she said, holding it out. "Just a little something to say welcome back."

Jess took it questioningly. "Kara, that's really not necessary."

"I know, but I wanted to," the reporter said as Jess opened the envelope and pulled out a card.

It said, "Welcome Back!" in glittery letters, and inside there was a gift card to the café down the street. It was small and simple, but thoughtful and sweet, and Lena had the urge to smoosh her girlfriend's cheeks together to accommodate for the tugging sensation she now felt in her heart at the woman's adorable gesture.

She settled for taking her hand and lacing their fingers together, Kara squeezing her hand back gently.

"Thank you," Jess said, placing the card standing up on her desk before putting the gift card in her purse.

"Of course," Kara said before looking to Lena and nodding towards the elevator. "Ready?"

"Always," Lena answered then turned to her assistant. "Goodnight, Jess. I'll see you tomorrow morning."


They settled on Big Belly Burger because apparently Kara had been craving it all day, and Lena had to admit the suggestion sounded a lot better than sitting in a stuffy, crowded restaurant.

They took the order to go, and Dan drove them straight to Kara's, Lena resigning to leave early the next morning to get a change of clothes. They changed into sweats and old t-shirts before settling onto the couch to eat. They decided to forgo plates and just sat on the couch under a blanket, Kara resting her feet on the coffee table and Lena with her legs draped over Kara's lap.

Lena ate her burger daintily while Kara inhaled her first and moved onto her second within no time. When that was done she moved onto her fries, finishing those at record speed too. Then she moved onto Lena's, who said nothing in protest, simply smiling at the hero's appetite.

Finally feeling satiated, she sucked the salt and grease from her fingers, and Lena suddenly wished to be those digits. She dropped the rest of her burger on the coffee table, her hunger suddenly shifting to something else. She practically jumped into Kara's lap and attached her lips to her girlfriend, tasting the salt on her tongue.

They didn't even make it to the bedroom, Lena's scream echoing off the high ceiling as she came around Kara's fingers. Kara was quieter, biting down on her lip to stifle her moan as Lena's tongue tipped her over the edge.

Afterwards they lay together on the couch, Lena atop Kara, resting her head on her bare chest. The blanket was draped over the lower half of their torsos, tangled in their legs. Kara ran her hand absentmindedly through Lena's hair, every now and then placing a soft kiss on the crown of the
brunette's head.

Lena lifted her head slightly, gazing lazily at the woman beneath her. Kara met her stare, that ever-present smiling coming back to her face.

"So, I started working on a new project today," Lena said now that their lusts had been satiated… for the moment.

"Oh?" Kara said interestedly, pausing the combing of Lena's hair.

"I was thinking about Dunleavy and his gun," Lena said, "and how it works by emitting pulse that matches the same radioactive frequency of Kryptonite, just redirecting the energy. So, I was thinking, what if I could use that same idea, but rework it? What if I could create a device that could neutralize all Kryptonite within a certain radius?"

Kara blinked rapidly, trying to take in what Lena was saying. "Lena… That would be… Amazing!" she said, her awe of the genius that was her girlfriend spreading through every cell of her body.

"I know," Lena said, proudly at that. Finally she had an idea that she felt was completely good, something she didn't second-guess at every turn. "It's still in the beginning stages, but I was thinking I could talk to Winn for some input, and maybe expedite the process."

"He would love that," Kara said honestly. "And he's worked on devices to help me with Kryptonite resistance before, so maybe you could even put your work together and come up with something even better."

"Wonderful," Lena answered, letting out a sigh of relief. It hadn't been so long ago that Winn and Alex had been tailing her to see if she was succumbing to evil, but she admittedly enjoyed Winn. He was nerdy and jumpy, but he was one of the few people she could talk tech with who actually understood. She'd be glad to have him back in her court. "Because if we can't find out anything more about Lucas or Met. United, that'll be our best defense."

"I'd still like to dig up whatever we can, though," Kara muttered. "I just want to know what he's planning so we can stop him."

"Me too," Lena said somewhat glumly. "But Lillian didn't give me anything helpful, and without my father's files I'm afraid we're no closer to getting an answer." She sat up, untangling herself from Kara's comforting embrace, and pinched the bridge of her nose. "I wish I could find his personal computer, but Lex took most of Lionel's belongings and Lillian cleaned the house out of the rest. It's either in MPD custody or in a landfill somewhere." She thought about it for a moment, chewing her lip as the wheels turned in her head. "Unless…"

"Unless?" Kara said, sitting up now as well, suddenly interested.

"Well, the reason I was able to move the headquarters of L-Corp from Metropolis to National City so seamlessly was because before my father's death he'd just founded the National City branch of LuthorCorp. He'd been spending excessive time in the city, staying at our old summer home. Maybe—just maybe—it hasn't been cleared out yet. Maybe his computer is still in his office."

Kara was skeptical, but a twinge of hope sprang to life in her chest. "After all these years?"

"Lillian had her own condo in the city, finding the manor 'too drafty and drably decorated.' No one's been there in years, as far as I know." She shrugged. "It's worth a shot."

"It is," Kara said, nodding. She stood, letting the blanket fall off her to reveal all her naked glory.
"Let's go look."

"Now?" Lena raised her eyebrows, staring up at Kara incredulously.

"Why not?" Kara asked.

"I mean—Shouldn't we get dressed first?"

Kara glanced down at herself, seeming to just realize she was still flashing anyone who happened to look in her windows from a building across the way. She blushed and crossed her arms over her chest self-consciously.

"That would be a good idea."

Lena laughed and took Kara's bra off the back of the couch, handing it to her flustered girlfriend.

"Let's do it," the brunette said.

The manor was out near the outskirts of the city, away from prying eyes and traffic. The drive was short, but seemed like an eternity, and as she punched in the code at the end of the gated, gravel drive she felt a chill run through her.

The home was just as she remembered it, except less taken-care-of. It The grass was long and unkept, and the bushes along the drive were over-grown and in bad need of a trim.

It was only when they were standing at the dingy, weathered front door that Lena realized she didn't have a key, but Kara simply poked the lock hard with her index finger, and it broke. The door swung open slowly, squeaking on ungreased and unused hinges.

Lena stepped into the dark foyer and reached for the light switch. To her amazement the chandelier came to life, and she thanked her family's fortune for being so vast that she could go to a home that hadn't been used in years and still be able to use the power because for some reason that bill remained paid.

Kara took a moment to take in her surrounding, gawking at the vastness of the old home. Even with dust and cobwebs littering every surface, it was one of the nicest—if not the nicest—house she'd even been in. She was almost afraid to touch anything, everything looking fragile and expensive.

"My father's office is in the back," Lena said, interrupting Kara's wide-eyed staring.

She led them through the house, flicking on lights as she went. A more sentimental person would have taken the time to stop and look around, reminisce about the summers she spent here. But the memories in this house were not happy ones. The happy memories came from trips into the city itself. This house had been merely a place to lay her head at the end of the day, where she would fold her pillow over her ears in a vain attempt to drown out the sound of Lillian and Lionel arguing.

The office was also locked, which Kara once again broke. That hadn't surprised Lena in the slightest. Lionel had always been a private man. She'd only been in the office a handful of times, and it had been well over a decade, but it seemed all that had changed was Lionel's old, white, boxy computer. Instead, in its place on the desk, miraculously, sat an old flat-screen monitor. The computer itself sat on the desk next to it.

It was like Heaven was opening up and the angels were singing. Lena never knew she could be so happy to see an outdated piece of technology. But there it was, sitting on the desk gathering dust. If
Lena believed in a god she would have thanked Them, but she settled on letting out a surprised gasp as she dashed forward and sat in the desk chair.

"I can't believe it," she said in a hushed voice, running a finger along the top of the computer, it coming back covered in dust. She blew it off before pressing the power button.

For a few agonizing seconds nothing happened. Kara stood behind Lena's chair, looking over her shoulder at the monitor with such intensity she almost expected her x-ray vision to kick in. Neither released a breath until the sound of a fan coming on filled the room, and then the screen came to life.

Slowly but surely the machine turned on, loading for what felt like a millennium as it installed years' worth of updates. Finally, the login screen came in. Unsurprisingly it was password protected, but there were ways around that.

"I have no fucking clue what his password could be," Lena said, swiveling in her chair to look up at Kara. "And to be honest, even if we do get in there's going to be layers of encryption to get to the files we need. Lionel would have had a pro to set up his security. I'm skilled with computers, but science is more my forte. I'm not sure I can hack into it."

Kara's face broke out with a mischievous grin. "But we know someone who can."

Chapter End Notes

This little journey is winding down, so strap in. Shit's about to get real.

Also this may be my last update for a while because I'm moving! To a house with an office/library/writing room for me to work on ALL THE GAY THINGS.

But any questions, comments, or concerns can be sent to me via tumblr, username legalizesupercorp
Winn and Alex had already left the DEO for the day when they got the message from Kara that they needed to meet her at headquarters immediately. They agreed without asking questions, and Kara scooped up the computer while Lena carried the monitor and keyboard, and they left the manor in a rush.

Winn arrived first, and he sat in Alex's office nervously bouncing his knees until Kara and Lena entered the office. Without a word Kara simply thrust the computer into the hands of Winn, who groaned under its weight.

"Where'd you find this, a thrift shop?" he said hoarsely as he struggled to place the outdated device on the desk.

"My family's summer home," Lena said, putting the monitor and keyboard on the desktop as well. "It's my father's computer. We think it could have the files we need."

"That's great!" Winn said brightly. His attention immediately shifted to the computer, and not wanting to waste any time, he began to hook it up.

"It's bound to have literally the best security money can buy, so that's why we came to you," Lena said. "I'm a moderate hacker, but you're better. The best I know."

"You've never met Felicity Smoak," Kara commented.

"We don't need Felicity!" Winn said, glancing up at Kara with hurt on his face. "I'm just as good as her, okay?"

"I know, Winn," Kara said gently, patting him on the back in hopes of inflating his ego a bit. "That's why we came to you."

That seemed to satisfy him because the corners of his mouth lifted into a smile as he finished hooking up the PC and pressed the power button. By the time it was starting up Alex had finally appeared, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt that was very obviously inside-out. Her hair was a mess, and she had what looked like lipstick smudges on her mouth.

"Hey," she said, somewhat breathlessly. "This better be good, because I was at Sam's, and when I went to leave Ruby was on her way back to her room with a glass of water." Her face reddened, turning the same shade of her hair. "So the cat's out of the bag."

"Oh no," Kara said, though she was laughing.

"How'd Ruby take it?" Lena asked, curious about her "niece" reacted to not only find out her mom likes women, but also that she was dating another one of her "aunts."

Alex grinned to herself and glanced down at her worn sneakers. "She yelled 'I knew it' and hugged
me, then ran to Sam's room screaming."

Kara's laugh doubled, and the sound of it bounced off the walls. Lena couldn't help joining in, while Winn simply chuckled. Alex rolled her eyes, though her smile was still present.

"Well, it seems like something good came out of it, so you really should be thanking us," Kara teased when her amusement had subsided.

Alex narrowed her eyes. "Later. After you tell me why you dragged me out of a beautiful woman's bed to come down here after sending me a cryptic text."

"This is Lionel Luthor's computer," Winn said, gesturing to the dinosaur he was sitting behind. "And I'm about to hack the shit out of it."

Alex's eyes lit up, and she rushed forward, going to stand with everyone else around the desk to look over Winn's shoulder. "How the hell did you find it?"

"My family's abandoned manor," Lena said.

Alex frowned. "The one we hid Ruby at, right?"

"No, actually," Lena said quickly. "That was Lex's mansion. He bought it on his own sometime before he went, ya know, batshit crazy. This was my parents' summer home… One of them, anyway."

"How many fucking houses does your family have?" Alex asked, eyes wide.

Lena thought about it for a moment. "In the United States alone or worldwide?"

"I—I don't—" Alex stammered, her mind unable to fathom having the kind of wealth. "Never mind," she finished with a sigh. She turned her attention to the man occupying her desk chair. "What do you think, Winn? Can you crack this, or should we call Cisco?"

He spun around wildly to face her. "Why does no one have faith in me? I can handle this! I've hacked Lena before." Lena raised an eyebrow and looked down at Winn pointedly while crossing her arms over her chest. He audibly gulped. "Which I'm really sorry about, by the way."

"And what about following me a few weeks ago?" the brunette asked, her eyes now flicking to Alex.

"I'm sorry! She made me!" Winn pointed to his boss.

Alex scoffed. "Are you five?" She smacked him on the shoulder lightly before turning her attention to Lena. "It was after your fight with Kara, and I was feeling a little overly protective." She scuffed the toe of her sneaker against the carpeted floor. "I'm sorry I doubted you. It'll never happen again."

Lena sent her an appreciative smile. "Thanks. That means a lot." She glanced down at Winn. "And you're forgiven as well."

"Oh, thank god," Winn said, breathing out a sigh of relief.

"Actually, I could require your assistance further," Lena said. "I understand you've built tech that helps Kara resist the effects of Kryptonite?"

"Yeah," Winn said, nodding. "But, unfortunately, they've all been destroyed almost as soon as I
build them because someone is a walking disaster." He rounded on Kara and raised his eyebrows at her.

"Don't blame me," Kara said with a frown. "Blame the bad guys who keep breaking them." She shrugged her shoulders coyly as he continued to stare at her accusingly.

"I'm interested in building one," Lena said quickly, trying to stop her girlfriend and friend's bickering before it started. "Can I see your schematics? I'm hoping to integrate our ideas and make something foolproof."

"Us, collaborating on tech?" Winn said, smiling at the idea, his annoyance at Kara for being partially responsible for damaging his previous tech instantly gone. "That sounds great!" He turned to his boss. "Alex, can you help her find them? I want to get started on this," he said, gesturing to the computer in front of him.

"Sure," Alex said, nodding towards Lena. "Come on."

The two left, leaving Winn and Kara alone in the room. The only sounds heard were Winn cracking his knuckles and then the clacking of keys as he went to work. Kara pulled up a chair alongside him and watched him, though what he was doing she had no idea. She was good at punching things, not hacking.

She felt a little useless at the moment, in all honesty. Winn was working on the computer, Alex was helping Lena find what she needed to work on tech to help her stop Dunleavy, and would probably assist with the build. They were the ones doing all the work, and she was just sitting there, watching.

She was used to being the hero in the situation, jumping into action and defusing whatever chaos was ensuing. But that wasn't the case this time. There was no immediate threat in front of them, no one for her to use her brute strength against and fight. There was nothing for her to do, and she hated every second she sat there waiting for something to happen. It went against everything in her nature.

"So," Winn said slowly as he tapped away at the keys, "anything you want to tell me about you and Lena?" He gave her a sideways glance and a smirk.

"Oh my god, Winn," Kara said, turning to him. "I'm so sorry. I meant to tell you." She nervously went to push up her glasses out of habit, only to remember she'd changed into her Supergirl suit before heading to the DEO. She ran a hand through her golden curls instead. "It's really only been a few days, though, and I haven't had the opportunity to tell you in person with everything that's been going on. I wanted to tell you, though—"

"Kara, it's okay. I'm not mad," he interrupted what was sure to be a rambling apology with a light laugh, not missing a beat as he continued to type. Hacking was something that came so naturally to him that he was able to do it without hardly thinking of it. Trying to hack a passcode was easy. It was going to be breaking the encryption on the private files that would require his full attention. "I'm a little surprised, because the day you told me you had powers you also told me you're not gay—but mad? No. Never. You know I love you. Nothing will change that."

Kara blushed, but smiled at his kindness and acceptance. "It wasn't a lie. I'm still figuring out if I'm bi or pan or whatever." She shrugged. "I'm not sure yet, but I'm starting to realize that's okay. I don't need to figure it out today or tomorrow, or even next week. Maybe I'll never be completely sure what other people would classify my sexuality as. I don't see why I have to define that right now, for me or anyone else. I just know how I feel about her, how happy she makes me, how I
Winn paused at this, turning to Kara with a warm smile. "You're right. And I'm happy you're so comfortable just being you, whoever that may be." He placed a hand atop hers, squeezed her fingers tenderly. "I know you sometimes struggle with your identity, leading two lives and all that. I've never told you how much I admire you and your courage. You went from this meek, mild assistant to a badass reporter and the coolest superhero I know within a year's time. Not many people could do what you do if they had your abilities. I honestly don't think I would have the courage to put my neck on the line like that. I'm much more comfortable watching from the sidelines. But you can't do that, can you?" They laughed at that, Kara shaking her head to affirm he was correct—that no, she was incapable of doing nothing when she could do just about anything imaginable. "Point is, you're amazing, and the strongest person I know, in more ways than just your muscles. You always fight for the little guy, but sometimes you forget to fight for yourself, so I'm happy to see you be able to accept yourself and your feelings for Lena what appears to be seamlessly."

"It wasn't seamlessly." The blonde let out a sigh. "I would say I struggled with it about the same amount as Alex did. So yeah, I rode out that turmoil for a bit, but unlike Alex, I didn't admit my feelings and get shot down."

"Lena told you she felt the same," Winn said, nodding with a smile.

"Actually, she confessed to liking me first," the hero corrected.

Winn's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Damn, Lena's got game."

"Was that ever a question?" Kara laughed. "I mean, you've met her. You know what she's like."

"Yeah," Winn said with a deep sigh. "Smoldering."

Kara's eyes narrowed and a frown appeared on her face. Winn's own face went pale at this, and he cleared his throat as he nervously pulled at his shirt collar.

"I mean—I wouldn't—you know—'cause, no—but, like, for you—it's great, I think you guys are great," he stammered, trying to save himself.

"Uh, thanks?" Kara continued to squint at him, now out of confusion.

Winn cleared his throat, still flustered. "I'm gonna stop talking and just focus on the computer now," he said. With that he turned in his seat and went back to typing at the keyboard again.

Kara huffed as she watched him go, leaning her elbow on the desk and her head in her hand. She hoped he would be quick about it. There was only so much sitting she could do.

Alex led the way through the building, down to the basement where they kept all the broken outdated tech and weapons. They couldn't just get rid of them because most of them were highly classified and dangerous. If they fell into the wrong hands, they could be used for nefarious purposes, broken or not. So they put them way down deep in the sublevels of the DEO, out of sight and out of mind.

Lena had never been this far into the DEO, and once they went down several flights of stairs Lena assumed they were nearly where they were headed, but then Alex brought them to an elevator. The director swiped her badge, and the doors opened. The red head ushered them inside, and Lena was amazed at how many buttons there were for an elevator that only went down. How many levels
could they possibly have underground?

"So," Alex said, breaking the comfortable silence they’d fallen into.

Lena nearly groaned. She loved Alex, but she wasn't in the mood for small talk. All she wanted to do was keep running through what she wanted to do with the device in her head so that when she got it in her hands she could just start working without having to pause to think about it.

"I know you can hack, so why are you letting Winn do it?" Alex questioned.

"Honestly?" Lena said, letting out a breath. "A number of reasons. One of which being while I know how to hack, it's not something I do on a nearly daily basis at my job like he does. So he's most likely going to do it faster. I build tech. That's what I do. And this tech I want to build can help protect Kara from whatever shit Dunleavy's planning." She rounded on her friend and crossed her arms over her chest, all the while not breaking eye contact. "So what's more important to me? Getting into that computer or protecting Kara?" She shrugged. "The answer is simple: it will always be Kara."

Alex smiled tenderly at that. "As sweet as that is, Winn also builds tech."

"Yes." Lena nodded. "And no offense to him, but from what I've heard they always break. So I'd rather not leave Kara's fate up to someone else. I know I can do a better job because I have more to lose if something happens to her. Winn can find another best friend. I can't lose the person I love most in the world, not after everything I've already lost. So I need to be the one to do this."

Everything about this situation was out of her control. She couldn't stop Dunleavy from building the weapon, she couldn't stop Kara from going out there to face him, but she could make sure she was prepared when she did. This was the one thing that she could control, and that was what was keeping her from having some sort of panic attack. It was all she had. "Please just let me do this."

"Lena, I'm not trying to stop you," Alex said, placing a hand on the brunette's shoulder in an attempt to calm her. "I love her just as much as you do, and losing her would destroy me as well. So I'm here to help you, okay? We can protect Kara, together."

Lena stared at her for a moment, tears pricking at her eyes as she willed them not to fall. She sniffled and nodded slowly. "Okay."

"Okay," Alex said, wrapping an arm around Lena's shoulder as the elevator dinged. The doors slid open, and Alex said, "Let's go," before they walked out into the hallway together.

Winn cracked the password in under a half hour. Kara gave a triumphant cheer before Winn informed her that was the easy part. There was no way what they needed would just be sitting there in Lionel's documents folder where anyone could access it. And he was right. There were spreadsheets, word documents, and other business-related items, but nothing of any significance to them.

So Winn started digging. And at first it didn't seem like he was doing anything other than just going through the program files. But then he slapped the desktop and cried out with, 'Aha!' before a black box popped up on the screen and he began typing like a madman, hunched over the computer. More boxes popped up on the desktop, and lines of code ran over the screen. Kara couldn't make heads or tails of it, but it appeared to make sense to Winn, who nodded and grunted as he worked.

Kara was hopeful he would be able to wrap it up quickly. But then an hour went by, and then two,
and then by the third she had to stand up and pace behind his chair because her butt had fallen asleep from sitting so long.

Every time she asked him how much longer it would take he became extremely agitated and told her not to break his concentration. She hated just watching him type endlessly. And from what she could tell they were no closer to getting in than when they started.

By the fourth hour she'd actually started wearing a track in the carpet of Alex's office, and when Lena and Alex returned it was the first thing she noticed.

"What the hell, Kara?" she asked, kneeling to inspect the damage. "This was new!"

"Alex, later," Lena told her, tugging at her elbow to get her to stand to no avail.

"Please tell me you have good news," Kara said, looking back and forth between her girlfriend and sister, who still hadn't moved from the crouching position as she frowned at her now-worn carpet.

"I have great news," Lena said with a smile. She took Kara's hand and placed a small, metal object in it.

The blond looked down at it curiously. Upon closer inspection it looked like just a small button that looked like crest on the front of her suit. But she knew appearances could be deceiving.

"How does it work?" Kara asked, holding it up to the light for a better look.

"Here," Lena said softly as she took the device from her. She placed it in the center of the crest on Kara's chest, and it instantly stuck to the fabric.

Kara watched with interest as Lena pushed them emblem on the device and it began to glow. The contraption unfolded and expanded to cover the entirety of the "S" on her chest. It embedded itself in the suit, turning translucent to the point that no one would even know it was there. Kara looked down at herself, trying to decipher whether or not she felt a change.

"Did it work?" she asked.

"I hope so," Lena said.

"You hope?" Alex asked, finally forgetting the carpet and shooting up. "You mean you don't know?"

"Well, like any invention you need to test it to make sure it works, and unfortunately I don't have Kryptonite just lying around anymore in order to test it." Lena shrugged exasperatedly. "Does the DEO have any?"

"No, J'onn gave it all to Superman to destroy years ago," Alex answered.

"We don't need to test it, okay?" Kara interjected. "Lena made it, so I have faith that it'll work." She frowned deeply. "It has to work"

"Yeah, please, because I'm not getting anywhere anytime soon with this," Winn said from behind the computer, his eyes never leaving the screen. "There's more levels of encryption on this thing than the Pentagon's servers." He paused for a moment to look up at them. "This could be a while. So get comfortable, everyone. It's gonna be a long night."

Alex raided the supply closet for sleeping bags, pillows, toiletries, and other things agents brought
on overnight missions in places like the jungle. They rolled them out in Alex's office and changed into DEO sweatpants and sweatshirts to get more comfortable. The girls also took the liberty to visit the vending machines and bring back the goodies, Winn appreciatively taking the Coke they'd brought back because he'd need all the caffeine he could get.

His eyes were starting to hurt from squinting at the bright screen, and his hands began cramping into hour three, but he just pushed through the pain. He was thankful when Lena offered to take over for a bit, and he collapsed onto his own sleeping back they'd rolled out for him, taking the bag of Cheetos that Alex passed to him.

They went back and forth, each taking turns trying to crack through Lionel's security. In between hacking Lena sat on the floor talking with Kara and Alex, nearly forgetting why they were there in the first place. It reminded her of the movies she saw with girls having slumber parties, though she'd never been to one. This felt pretty close, though, and despite every bad thing that brought them there at that time, she allowed herself a moment of happiness, if only just for a little bit.

At some point she fell asleep, curled into Kara's side. When she woke some hours later, she noticed that Kara had fallen asleep as well, holding onto Lena securely—even mid-slumber. Lena's heart flooded with love, and she kissed the crown of the blonde's head before scooting away and standing slowly. She noted Alex also giving into slumber, sprawled out across the floor with one leg out of the sleeping bag. She chuckled at that as she tiptoed over to the computer.

Winn still sat behind the desk, typing away. His fingers moved just as quickly as when he started, and though there were bags under his eyes and he looked zombie-like, he showed no signs of stopping.

"How's it going?" Lena asked in a quiet voice, stifling a yawn behind her hand as she peered over his shoulder.

"I'd say we're about seventy-five percent of the way there," he said, his voice deeper and more gravely than normal. Lena attributed it to the lack of sleep. "What time is it?"

Lena pulled her phone from her sweatpants pocket and checked. "Just past four a.m." She yawned again, this time not trying to fight it. "I think I'll head home and grab some clothes for the day. Might stop at Kara's and grab her something as well. When I get back you can go home and get some rest if you want," she offered.

"That sounds nice, but I really want to get this done," he said, smiling at her faintly, never once missing a beat on the keyboard. "But I wouldn't be opposed to coffee if you're feeling generous."

"You got it," she said, patting his shoulder affectionately. "If Kara wakes up before I get back, please tell her I'll be right back and not to worry about me. You know how she is."

"I do," he said with a nod, "But she's going to worry not matter what. You know how she is." He smirked and raised his eyebrows at her.

"Still," Lena said with a small laugh. "I'll grab breakfast, too, so don't eat anymore crap from the vending machine."

"Deal," he agreed.
when she stopped for breakfast.

The city was dark and eerily still at such an early hour. Rush-hour traffic wouldn't start for a few more hours at least, and all around her the world still slept. It was so peaceful and quiet that she nearly fell asleep all over again in the backseat on the way to her building.

She assured Dan she would just be a moment and went in, a sleepy fog still settled in her brain as she rode the elevator up to the top floor. She pushed the heavy door to her loft open with a sigh, anxious to get what she needed and get going so she could get back to Kara. But what she saw as soon as she opened the door made her stop dead in her tracks.

Even though she hadn't turned on the light, she made out in the darkness a figure standing in her living room, in front of the sliding glass doors that led to her balcony. She froze, her insides curling with terror as she took in the figure of a man, his back to her, but his head turned ever so slightly towards the door.

"You know, you really should lock this balcony door," he said, his voice familiar and sending chills down her spine.

And that was the last thing she heard before she felt a sharp pain at the back of her head as a powerful blow landed, and she fell to the ground, her world fading to black.
Can I just say that the Supercorp reveal in the finale hurt my heart SO MUCH?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Winn had no concept of time as he clicked away at the keyboard to the monster of a computer he sat behind. It was top-of-the-line for its time, and though that had been only about a decade ago, with the advancements in technology the PC was about as obsolete as a rotary phone. He was surprised it ran as well as it did, considering it had been sitting idle gathering dust since Lionel's death nine years prior.

He fought against his exhaustion and a headache forming at the back of his brain and plowed through, breaking layer after layer of encryption. He just had to keep going until he broke through and got to the files. After that anyone could just read them. He only needed to get to them first.

The small man didn't even notice when Alex roused from her slumber and came to sit beside him at the desk. It took her yawning and saying good morning for him to even register her presence, and even then, he only greeted her with a grunt.

Normally he was a pretty polite guy and would have stopped to tell his boss good morning and ask her how she slept. But he was so close, and he was so tired. There was no way he could focus on two things at once. So, he just kept typing, knowing Alex would understand.

She watched him for a few moments, blinking her heavy eyelids at the bright screen as she tried to gather her bearings. It took a while for her eyes to adjust, but when they did, she noticed Winn's hair was sticking up every which way, and not the intentional spikes he normally spent at least a half hour meticulously gelling up each morning. Now it looked rough and wild, as if he'd been combing his hands through it in frustration all night long—which was likely. The bags under his eyes made him look at least five years older, and stubble covered his face. The only light in the room came from the computer screen, giving Winn's skin an almost sickly color.

"Did you even sleep?" Alex asked in a quiet voice.

Winn shook his head quickly. "Lena fell asleep a little after midnight, so I've been working on this solo since then."

"Well why don't we wake her up?" Alex glanced to the sleeping form of Kara on the floor, assuming Lena was still nestled into her side like they'd been situated when she tapped out herself. "She's surely gotten enough sleep by now and can take over. Might be better to have a pair of fresh eyes."

"That'd be great if Lena were here," Winn commented.

Alex blinked rapidly, dazed. "Where the fuck is she if not cuddling my sister?"

"She left to shower and get breakfast and stuff," he said.

"When?"
He paused for a moment, glancing at her quickly. "I honestly have no idea what time that was or what time it is now for that matter. I've been completely consumed."

"Best guess."

He blew out a breath before ball-parking it. "Like, maybe four?"

Alex glanced down at her smart watch, her gut twisting unpleasantly. "Winn—it's nearly seven."

"Oh," he said with a frown. "Well, I'm sure she's fine. She said she had to shower and get clothes, and then she was going to Kara's to get her something to wear, and then she was going to get breakfast and coffee for all of us. So maybe she's just moving slow because she's tired. Or maybe as soon as she got home, she fell right back asleep."

He sounded optimistic, but something didn't feel right to Alex. She always prided herself on having a sixth sense for knowing when something was wrong, and something definitely didn't sit right with her about the amount of time Lena had been gone. She tried to push it down, though.

"Maybe," she said slowly.

And then her phone started ringing, a sharp, shrill sound that made the hair on the back of Alex's neck stand up. She checked her watch to see who it was, hoping it was Lena calling to see what kind of coffee she wanted because she was at the café and was about to be on her way back to the DEO. But it wasn't Lena's name that showed up on the face of her watch. It was J'onn's.

She tried to make her way through the dark room as competently as possible, but on the way to her sleeping bag where she'd left her phone she stumbled over her still-dozing sister. She doubted Kara even felt it, but her big toe felt like she kicked a brick wall, and she stifled a yell and had to hobble the rest of the way across the room.

"Hi, J'onn," she answered, slightly out of breath.

Winn wondered what J'onn could possibly want so early, but he drowned out the conversation because he was dealing with a nasty bit of code that did not want to be broken. But he was nearly there, if he could just get the right combination of keys. With a frustrated sigh he hunched forward and typed on, until suddenly the dialogue box went away, and for a moment the screen way blank.

A sense of panic washed over him for a second as a loading icon appeared, and then a folder opened on the screen. Heart beating wildly in his chest, he waited as the icons appeared in the folder. He nearly fainted with excitement as they spread out in front of him.

He did it. He fucking did it, no help from Felicity Smoak or Cisco Ramone required.

"Alex!" he said excitedly, not caring if he woke Kara because she would want to be awake for this.

Alex seemed not to have heard him, though. She was hanging up her phone call and throwing down her phone— as if the device didn't cost more than his monthly rent.

"Alex?" he tried again.

Still not answering, Alex went over to the TV mounted on the wall and turned it on. She flicked through the channels before she found the one she was looking for. It appeared to be the news. Immediately she turned the volume up slightly, so they could just hear what the anchors were saying.
Winn took in the headline scrolling across the screen, heard the words coming out of the reporter's mouth, and that's when his own mouth fell open in shock.

"Call Lena," Alex told Winn.

He quickly reached into his pocket, fumbling with his phone as he took it out and dialed her number. He pressed it to his ear and silently prayed for her to answer, his heart sinking lower and lower into his stomach with each unanswered ring. When the voicemail picked up, he hung up, shaking his head solemnly at Alex.

"No answer," he said.

"Fuck."

Alex knelt down and shook Kara, forcing the blonde out of whatever pleasant dream she'd been having. The reporter was disgruntled and disoriented, and she looked up at Alex with bleary eyes.

"Alex?" Kara yawned loudly. "What—what's going on? Did Winn crack it?" She began to sit up slowly, noticing the girlfriend she'd gone to sleep holding now gone. "Where's Lena?" She swiveled her head around, trying to spot the brunette.

"I don't know," Alex said urgently. "But I think she may be in danger."

If Kara wasn't awake before, she certainly was now. "What?" She shot up, instantly alert. "Is it Dunleavy?"

Alex shook her head. "Worse. Lex."

Kara's brow furrowed with confusion. "Lex? But he's in prison."

Alex pointed to the TV. "Not as of last night, apparently."

Kara followed her sister's finger to the TV screen, her heart nearly stopping at the headline: *Lex Luthor Escapes From Prison.*

"Lena," Kara breathed out.

And then she was grabbing her Supergirl suit off the back of the chair she'd draped it across the night before, ignoring Alex's insistence for her not to go without backup as she rushed out of the DEO.

Kara shot across National City's early morning sky, hardly registering where she was going. She was on autopilot, making her way across the city as its residents just started to wake from their slumbers. She must have made the flight in record time, but it still felt like an eternity, the whole while her gut twisting unpleasantly as worry stitched itself through every one of her nerves.

That worry turned into full-blown panic as Lena's building came into view, and Kara immediately zeroed in on that fact that Lena's balcony door was wide open. Her mind went back to the day they'd flown to Lena's apartment and Kara warned her to lock that very door.

When she landed on the terrace, she immediately went to check the integrity of the door. The first thing she noticed was that it wasn't broken. It didn't appear to have been tampered with in any way other than being left open, so either Lena forgot her advice and someone used it to get in, or Lena had left it open herself for some unknown reason. Kara hoped it was the latter, but the feeling of
dread settled in the pit of her stomach told her it wasn’t.

"Lena?" she called tentatively as she stepped into the apartment, her voice high and anxious.

The loft was dark and still, and Kara's heart dropped when Lena didn't call back to her. She flicked on a lamp on an end table, taking in her surroundings. The furniture and décor were all still in their places, nothing seemed to be disturbed. There was no sign of a struggle, and Kara hoped that was a good sign.

But then a black, rectangular object lying on the floor next to the front door caught her attention, and she rushed forward and picked it up to discover it was Lena's phone. There was a crack across the screen Kara knew hadn't been there before, insinuating it'd been dropped on the hardwood floor. That, combined with the balcony door being ajar, Lena's absence, and—most importantly—Lex's escape all pointed to one thing: she’d been taken. By Lex or Lucas, or maybe even both of them. She didn't know.

But what she did know was that she needed to find Lena, and fast. Because Lex had tried to have Lena murdered once before while he was still behind bars. If he had her, Lena was already on borrowed time.

Lena slowly began to regain consciousness, not wanting to open her eyes just yet because of a sharp ache at the back of her head. But she had to, as agonizing as it was. So, she blinked open her eyes, her vision crossed for a few moments before it righted itself. As her bearings came back to her, she registered that she was sitting in a chair, her head hanging with her chin dipped to her chest. Her hands felt bound behind her, and when she tried to move her legs, she found that they were immobilized as well.

Picking up her throbbing head, she saw immediately a man watching her with cold eyes and intense interest. If she wasn't restrained to a chair, she was sure she would have jumped nearly a foot in the air.

Lex stood before her, his bald head shining and beard neat and trim. He wore his usual three-piece suit, a nice change from the prison garb he'd been wearing the last time she saw him—which, if she was being honest, hadn't even been in person, but on TV. After his trial and conviction Lena vowed never to be in the same room as Lex ever again.

And yet here they were, five years later. It wasn't a room so much as an abandoned warehouse, but still, the proximity to her older brother was a little too close to comfort.

Prison had aged Lex so much in such a short time that she worried he might have been ill. He now had wrinkles around his eyes, and a few grey hairs speckled his beard. His skin was pale and when he started to walk closer, she noticed that he looked nearly as old as Lillian now, almost to his sixties instead of in his mid-thirties.

"Hello, little sister," Lex said, his voice sounding deeper and raspier than she remembered. "It's been a while." He stopped directly in front of her and bent over so his face was level with Lena's and placed his hands on his knees. "Then again, you never visit." He gave her a malicious grin, and it made her stomach churn.

"It's very bold of you and Lillian to assume I would even want to visit you," Lena said heatedly, her fogginess subsiding now as anger took over every part of her being. "She emotionally abused me my whole childhood, and you've attempted to have me killed." She glared at Lex, tempted to spit in his stupid, smiling face. "So no, family reunions haven't been at the top of my list of priorities."
Lex rolled his eyes. "That was three years ago. You're not over that by now?" He sighed and stood up straight again, adjusting his suit jacket.

"You're the one who taught me to try to remember everything people say and do in case it could be used against them someday," she reminded him, quirking an eyebrow.

He regarded her for a moment, cocking his head to the side as he stared at her with an unreadable expression. "I'm almost proud of you right now… Almost," he said cryptically, causing Lena to bristle further.

"Did you break out of prison and kidnap me to give me backhanded compliments, or do you fucking want something?" she asked boldly, somewhat amazed at herself.

Last time she and Lex had interacted directly hadn't been pleasant. That had also involved taking her hostage, the day Lex had launched his attack against Superman. The next time she'd seen him was in court, and then she only spoke to attorneys, never Lex directly. And like he'd said, she never visited. Lex was a madman, a menace to society and a direct threat to her safety. She should be terrified.

But she was just so angry. Everything was going so perfectly—with the exception of Dunleavy—and Lex had the nerve to escape and take her prisoner? How fucking dare him.

And then he was laughing, and she had to bite her tongue to keep herself from shouting at him, reminding herself not to push too much. He was insane, after all, and held her life in his hands. He'd also tried to kill her before, and there was no doubt in her mind that he would try to do it again.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked through clenched teeth.

"This new sense of confidence you have," he said, looking down at her, the laughter subsided but replaced with another wicked, crooked smile. "You were terrified of me five years ago, a crying mess because I committed a little mass homicide. But now look at you. Telling me off, acting like you're not absolutely fucking petrified right now."

"I'm not."

Lex smirked and nodded. "I believe you." He crossed his arms over his chest as he began to pace in front of her. "Tell me, why is that?" He watched her as he walked, waiting for an answer. When she didn't give one, he shook his head and scowled. "Is it because you're waiting for your precious, little, Kryptonian girlfriend to come and save you?"

"Kara Danvers is my girlfriend," Lena said, her jaw tight.

"But Kara Danvers is Supergirl, which you finally know now, if I'm not mistaken," he said, pity dripping from his words. "Took you long enough. I've, personally, known since before she even put on that ridiculous cape." He looked smug as he said it, and Lena wished she wasn't bound so she could leap forward and slap the ego right out of him. "And do you know how I knew?"

"I'm gonna guess Metropolis United Charities," Lena said. "Superman said you assisted with Kara's adoption and didn't ask questions, but I know you, and you never do anything without questioning every little detail."

"Very good, Lena," he said patronizingly. "And I also know you've been looking into Met. U. So why don't you tell me what you've found?"
Lena sighed loudly through her nose. She wasn't in the mood to do this song and dance with Lex. She knew he knew that she didn't know much. She also knew he knew way more than she did. So, there was no point of this other than for him to one-up her with his knowledge and make her look like a fool. But she had to play his game, because he was right. She was waiting for Kara to come save her, and the longer she kept him talking the more time Kara had to get to her before Lex was able to complete whatever nefarious plan he'd concocted.

"Not much," Lena began slowly, "except that it was founded by Lionel to launder money and then went on to sponsor two successful adoptions—one of which was Kara's—and the attempted adoption of Lucas Dunleavy."

"Yes, you've been quite intrigued by him, haven't you?" Lex asked, his voice mocking.

"He's been intrigued by me, which piqued my interest in him," Lena countered. "But as you most likely know, I haven't been able to find much."

"Ah, yes, you and your little band of righteous do-gooders have been running in circles, grasping at straws trying to figure out the conundrum, haven't you?" He finally stopped pacing and rounded on her, towering over her as she tried her best to keep her face blank and uncaring. He chuckled and shook his head. "I can't believe you haven't figured it out yet. It should be blatantly obvious to anyone with half a brain—then again, you're not very good at seeing things that are right in front of your face, are you?"

Lena gritted her teeth together and said through them, "Just tell me."

He watched her for a moment, smirking at the obvious anger that radiated off her in waves. "I think you should just see for yourself." He cleared his throat and nodded over Lena's shoulder.

She craned her neck to try to see what or who he was looking at, her heart thumping in her chest. She wasn't surprised in the slightest when Lucas Dunleavy himself walked into her line of sight. He was wearing a suit similar to Lex's, and he had his hands in his pockets as he smirked and went to stand beside her brother.

Seeing them there together, a wave of nausea washed over her. Lucas looked like a younger, healthier Lex, just with hair. They had the same strong jaw, dark brows, crooked smile, and intense eyes—all things Lex had inherited from their father. She felt like an imbecile for not seeing it before.

"Lucas—he's—" she stammered, her mouth suddenly feeling dry.

"Your brother—half, at least," Lucas finished for her, his wicked grin growing. He took his hands out of his pockets and spread them wide in front of him. "Should have taken my offer to join the family business when we met. Would have saved you a nasty bump on the head."

"That was you?" Lena nearly growled. She was beyond furious at this point, partially at her brother—brothers—but mostly at herself for not picking up on it sooner.

The signs were all there. The familiarity she felt when she saw him, even though they'd never met. The eyes of her father so plainly staring back at her, if only she'd been able to look him in the eye long enough without feeling uneasy and having to look away. But like Lex said, she wasn't the most observant when it came to people.

"Another thing you failed to uncover was that Metropolis United handled four adoptions, not just three," Lex said slowly. "Kara's, Clark Kent's, Lucas's, and yours."
Lena was quiet for a moment, letting that bit of information settle over her. She'd never thought much into her own adoption, not realizing it was something she should have questioned from an early age. Maybe then she'd have found out Lionel was her real father before his death, and it would have at least made her feel like she had some sense of belonging in the Luthor family while growing up, even just a little bit.

"So, Lionel used MUC to launder money, broker bad business deals, and cover up his bastards," Lena listed. And that was just the things she knew about.

"Yes, it was quite the little side operation he had for himself, wasn't it?" Lex said with a smile. "Imagine my surprise when Superman asked me about it. I'd never heard of it myself, but then I did some digging." He placed his hand on Lucas's shoulder. "And that's how I discovered Lucas here."

"When Lex found me, I was fixing computers out of my apartment for cash under the table and installing virus software that stole credit card information," Lucas smirked. "But look at me now—Lex set me up with a bank account that's basically a bottomless pit."

"And let me guess: it's under some bogus name, which is why Winn didn't find it when he ran a detailed background check on you," Lena said coldly.

"No, not under a bogus name," Lucas told her. "Just not under my birth name. It's under my rightful name—Lucas Luthor." He checked his expensive new watch. "Which, the paperwork for my official name change should be going through as we speak."

Lena narrowed her eyes at him. "And what do you expect to gain with that? Fame, claim to our fortune?"

"We'll take back LuthorCorp first," Lex said.

"It's L-Corp now, sorry, boys," Lena said dryly.

"Not for long."

"Over my dead body." The youngest Luthor looked up at both of her older brothers defiantly.

Lex chuckled heartily and stepped forward, bending and putting his face close to hers. His breath was rancid, and up close his eyes were even more crazed than she remembered from five years ago. Gone was the brother she once knew, replaced with a sociopath she hardly recognized.

"That, dear Lena," he said, stroking a hand down her cheek and smiling when she flinched away, "is the idea."

Chapter End Notes

Many of you caught onto the plot twist of Lucas being a Luthor. It was a very thinly veiled plot twist. I'm actually a huge fan of Smallville, which is where I got the idea to use him. A couple people realized that connection, and many more simply just picked up on his relation to Lena. Bravo. I tried to be as sneaky as possible, but that was almost impossible. Also Lex breaking out was always part of my story, and there are a lot of similarities about the finale and what I had planned, so that'll be fun.
When Kara returned to the DEO, she was disheartened to find out Winn, Alex, and the rest of the DEO were nowhere near finding Lena. Winn had set up facial recognition software to scan all of the cameras in the city for not only Lex, but Lucas and Lena as well. But so far that had yet to turn up any hits, just as Kara expected.

Lex may have been certifiably crazy, but he was still a genius. This wasn't a spur-of-the-moment escape or kidnapping. Everything he did was planned and methodical. He knew what he was doing, and if he didn't want to be found then they most likely weren't going to find him.

Kara just wished Lena had been able to hang onto her phone when she was taken. That way they could have at least tried to locate her through GPS. They'd even tried her smartwatch, but it was either off or her captors had found it and destroyed it.

All they could do was keep digging into the files from Lionel's computer, hoping it would lead them to a clue. But Lionel's files were endless, and even when they found the files pertaining to MUC there were so many of them it felt like they would take hours to sort through.

But Winn did it with a swiftness Kara was sure she couldn't match, even with super speed. That was when they made the same discovery that Lena, unbeknownst to them, had also made—that Lucas was a Luthor.

But even with that code cracked they were still no closer to finding Lena. Now that they had this information Kara had no idea what to do with it, and it was so infuriating that she had to excuse herself from the briefing room before she punched a computer in front of the entire DEO.

The balcony outside offered fresh air, which she welcomed, along with the much-needed sun rays that charged her powers. She felt like she could breathe slightly better out in the open, but there was still a tightness in her chest. That wasn't likely to go away until Lena was by her side again… If she would ever be by her side again.

No.

She couldn't think like that. They were going to find Lena. She was going to find her. She had to. Because if she didn't and Lex killed her, she wouldn't be able to live with herself. A little piece of her would die along with Lena, and the guilt of knowing she hadn't been able to save her would never go away. The grief would be all-encompassing, and she didn't know if she'd ever be able to pull herself out of it.

The sound of someone clearing their throat discharged her from her spiral, and she quickly swiped at the tears welling in her eyes as she turned to see Alex standing there, watching her with a concerned face.
"You okay?" Alex asked, and the glare Kara shot her made her realize how dumb the question was.

"Of course I'm not okay, Alex!" The blonde threw her hands up in exasperation. "My girlfriend has been kidnapped by at least one of her psychotic brothers, maybe both—because apparently she has two now!" She shook her head and frowned deeply at her sister. "How am I supposed to be okay right now? Or ever if I can't get to her in time?"

"Don't say that," Alex said, stepping forward and placing what she hoped felt like a calming hand on Kara's shoulder. "You'll get to her before anything bad happens. You always do."

"Luckily," Kara said bitterly. "What if this is the time my luck—and Lena's—runs out?"

Alex chewed her lip for a moment. She didn't know what to say. That was an idea she didn't want to entertain. While she wasn't dating Lena like her sister was, she was still friends with her, and she loved her in her own way. She would be devastated if anything happened to her, so she could only imagine how much it would crush Kara.

Not wanting to go down that path, she deflected. "Lena's like a cat, though, ya know? She's got nine lives and always lands on her feet."

"Even cats die, Alex," Kara insisted, tears welling in her eyes again. "Remember Streaky?"

"Lena's not Streaky," Alex told her. "Look, if Lex wanted Lena dead, why did he take her? He could have just killed her in her apartment."

"Maybe just to torture me?" Kara reasoned, her features darkening. "Make me look for her only to find her dead body."

"Kara."

"She has to be okay, Alex," Kara said desperately, grabbing hold of Alex's arms to steady herself because her knees suddenly felt week. Her vision blurred from the tears stinging her eyes, and she had to sniffle loudly to keep her nose from running. "I don't want to lose her… I – I can't lose her."

"You won't," Alex insisted.

"I never—" Kara gulped and tried to keep down a sob, "I never got to tell her I love her. She hung her head, trying to hide her tears. "I know it's stupid because we haven't been together very long—"

"Kara, no… No, honey," Alex said, hooking a finger under Kara's chin and making her look at her again. "You've known Lena and been friends with her for years. You've loved her as a friend before she was ever your girlfriend. If this was someone you'd just met two weeks ago I'd be telling you to slow down, but," she paused, sighing, "it's Lena. You've always had a soft spot when it came to her, and I think that's because those feelings were always there, just growing and evolving over the years." She shrugged. "It's not stupid, Kara. It's love, and it's beautiful, and valid, and I
will never stop helping you to fight for Lena… So, what do you say?” She nodded her head towards the doors leading back inside, to the waiting computers that would hopefully divulge Lex’s secrets. "Let's go find your girl."

Kara gave a large, affirmative nod and brought her hands up to wipe her tears away. She looked to Alex, fire in her eyes and determination in her voice as she said, "Let's go find my girl."

Lena stared up at Lex, her jaw set tight and her lips in a thin, white line. She tried her best not to look scared, she'd been trying from the moment she woke up in this shitty building with its dirty floor and obnoxious, florescent lighting. Not only was she trying not to look scared, but also not to be scared. She just kept telling herself that Kara was on her way, that Kara was going to find her.

But that was before Lex blatantly expressed his intention to kill her. Sure, she suspected it, but to have him say it made this all more real. And as he watched her for a reaction, she wondered what he expected from her. Maybe for her to cry and beg and plead for him to let her go. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"If you mean to kill me then why am I still alive?” she asked slowly, glowering at him.

"Because," Lex said smirking down at her. "You said it yourself, you're waiting for your little Kryptonian to come save you. Well, I'm counting on her coming to your rescue as well. In fact, I want her to." Lex paused, craned his neck to the side and cracked it. "Because when she does," he bent his face close to hers again, "I'm going to kill her, and I'm going to make you watch. And then, after she's dead, and you are once again alone in this miserable fucking world, like you deserve, then you can die." He grabbed her chin in his bony fingers, causing her to wince in pain. "And then I'm going to take back everything you stole from me."

He let her go, her face stinging unpleasantly as he did. She stared up at him defiantly, trying to mask her panic. She'd only made a Kryptonite shield for Kara. It would protect her from the effects of Kryptonite, but it wouldn't neutralize all of the meteor rocks in the area like she'd originally hoped. That was the plan somewhere down the line, but Lena had been working with limited time. Her first concern was making something to protect Kara, and the shield was easier. It would keep her from getting sick or weak, but that was it. Hopefully it wouldn't break like all of Winn's had.

Lex sneered at Lena one final time before turning to Lucas. "Go dispose of the body."

Lucas nodded and stalked off, towards the big bay doors at the side of the building. They creaked loudly as he pushed them open, and again as they closed, and Lena gritted her teeth until the noise stopped.

"What body?" Lena asked coldly. "Did you kill some poor, innocent security guard on the way into wherever the hell this is?"

Lex snorted. "Don't be ridiculous. All of the security detail is under my employ. No, the body is your driver—Dave, or whatever."

"Dan?!" Lena gasped.

"Who cares?"

"I do!" Lena felt tears prick her eyes, willed them not to fall. She didn't want Lex to see her cry, but it was hard. She'd never realized how much she'd grown to care about Dan over the years, how much she'd started to look forward to their small chats on the way to and from work every morning and evening. "He was a good man. He had a wife and kids, a family."
"So?" Lex looked down on her, aghast. "So did our father, but that didn't make him a good man. He lied, cheated, stole, and that was just in business. He fathered two illegitimate children while married to my mother, which is preposterous because he didn't know how to care for the child he had under his own roof."

Lena rolled her eyes, despite the situation, despite the fact that she was tied to a chair and being held captive. "Please, I do not want to hear about your daddy issues. He's dead, get over it."

"I'm well aware he's dead," Lex told her in an even tone. "I was with him when he died, remember?"

She did remember, though it was something she hadn't thought about in quite a few years. The night it happened she hadn't suspected any foul play. She was halfway across the country at MIT, finishing up yet another degree when she got the call that Lionel had a heart attack and was rushed to Metropolis General, but ultimately had not made it. It had been Lex who made the call, who claimed their father died in his arms, clutching his chest in agony.

Now she wondered.

"I remember," she said in a low voice, narrowing her eyes at him suspiciously, something that did not go unnoticed by her brother.

His lips curled into yet another patronizing smile. "You think I killed him, don't you?"

"Well it's not exactly out of character, is it?" she challenged, anger flaring inside her as Lex laughed at her statement.

"Trust, me, Lena, I wish I had killed him, I really do," he said, his laughter dying as he shook his head, almost sadly. "But no, he really did have a heart attack. The old bastard's diet consisted entirely of scotch and red meat. I don't think I saw him eat a vegetable a day in his life or drink any liquid that didn't have alcohol in it. Honestly, I'm surprised he lived as long as he did." He grimaced, his features turning dark and slightly frightening. "Still too long, if you ask me."

"No one did." She raised her eyebrows. "Then again, no one asked you to break out of prison and kidnap me, but here we are."

Lex opened his mouth to say something, but stopped when the sound of the doors screeching open again caught his attention, and he turned to scowl at Lucas. His clothes were covered in a layer of dirt, and Lena thought it was a waste of a perfectly good suit. He was panting and sweaty, and when he stopped in front of her and Lex a cloud of dust fell to the floor.

"That was awfully fast," Lex commented.

"I'm not done yet," Lucas said quickly.

Lex's eyes caught fire, and Lena thought he was going to strangle Lucas for a moment. "How fucking hard is it to dig a fucking hole?!"

"I've never done this before!" Lucas countered, his temper rising. He puffed out his chest, and Lena saw a glimpse of the young boy who loved to fight still present in him. "Sorry that I've never murdered anyone before today and haven't had to dispose of a body! Give me a fucking break, dude."

"We don't have time for breaks," Lex said through clenched teeth, his voice tight and agitated. "We are on a very precise timeclock, one that I've been perfecting for months, and I will not have you
"If it's so important go dig your own goddamn hole, then," Lucas countered. He stripped his suit jacket off and unbuttoned the top button on his shirt. "I'm not one of your hired goons you can just boss around. I'm your brother, your partner, your equal. Remember?"

Lena almost snorted at that, but she held it in. So that was why Lucas was doing all this. Lex had him fooled that they were actually in this together, that he wasn't simply a pawn Lex would gladly sacrifice in a heartbeat. She almost felt sorry for him… But the bump on the back of her head was a reminder that she shouldn't. But if Lex could get inside his head maybe she could, too. After all, Lucas wasn't raised by the Luthors like she and Lex. He'd never been taught the subtle art of manipulation, but she had. She could use that to her advantage. If she could just get Lucas alone.

Lex gave Lucas a tight-lipped smile. "Of course we're partners." He reached out to pat Lucas on the shoulder but decided better of it when he saw his brother was sweating through his shirt. "I'm just the brains, and you're the brawn. Like all good teams. It's a give and take. I couldn't do any of this without you, little brother." Lena fought the urge to roll her eyes at that. "Now can you please bury that commoner so we can move onto the next phase of our plan?"

Lucas, seeming pacified by Lex's lame attempt at empathy, nodded. "Sure… Just one question."

"How deep a hole are we talking, here?"

Lex stared at him for a moment, annoyance cracking through his mask. "Fuck it. Father always said if you want something done right to do it yourself." He cast a glare at Lena. "Watch her."

"She's tied to a chair," Lucas stated. "Where is she gonna go?"

"Don't underestimate her. She's a Luthor, too, after all," Lex muttered, dark eyes flicking to her. For a moment she saw something cross his face, a trace of affection she hadn't seen in years. It caused her heart to leap into her throat, but in a nanosecond it was gone, and Lex turned on his heel and went to the bay doors.

When he was gone and it was quiet again, Lena became acutely aware of the sound of her own heart beating. It was rapid, like a hummingbird's, but she tried not to let on how anxious she was, how close she was to crying. Because Lucas had his eyes on her, watching her with such intensity it reminded her of a dog staring down their owner for a bite of their food. It made her squirm uncomfortably in her chair, her wrists starting to burn from how tight the ropes that bound her were tied.

"Do you mind loosening these ropes at least a little bit?" Lena asked of him. "If I'm going to die, I'd at least like to comfortable beforehand."

Lucas smirked. "Yeah, right. So you can run off?" He shook his head. "Fat chance. I may not have gone to fancy schools like you and Lex, but I'm not an idiot."

"You are if you think Lex actually sees you as an equal and that you're not one hundred percent expendable to him," she remarked, causing her new-found brother to bristle at her words. Good. That's what she wanted—him riled up. "What, you think that just because he called you his brother you actually mean something to him? Come on, Lucas. Even you're not that naïve."

"Shut up," Lucas told her darkly, advancing on her. "We're family, he said so."
Lena stared at him for a moment, pity swelling inside her. Lucas had never known love, family, or a home. His mother had died when he was a barely a toddler, and instead of taking him in like he'd done for Lena, Lionel just placed him in foster homes. But he never stayed in those for long, no one wanted to deal with his issues for an extended period of time. And from what she could tell he didn't have a social life or friends. He was an outcast, which was odd because of how charismatic he was. Then again, many serial killers and other sociopaths are often described as charismatic. Which one was he? A lonely, misguided orphan, or a crazed, cold-blooded murderer like her other brother?

"So what's the plan here, Lucas?" Lena asked, still trying to buy time, still hoping Kara was on her way. But also, partially because she was interested. "Lex is a wanted man. He can't just go around running L-Corp with you."

"Luthorcorp," Lucas corrected.

"Whatever." Lena rolled her eyes. "Regardless of what you call it, you can't have an escaped con at the head of a company."

"I guess it's a good thing he won't be Lex anymore, then," Lucas said with a Cheshire grin, seeming pleased with himself at the confused look Lena gave him.

"Then who the fuck would he be?"

Lucas shrugged. "Another bastard of Lionel's coming out of the woodworks." He paused, scratched his chin, where speckles of stubble were starting to grow on his normally clean-shaven face. "At least that's what we'll tell people, anyway."

"That doesn't even make any sense," Lena said, shaking her head. "How are you going to explain that he looks exactly like Lex? And how is Lex planning to avoid going back to prison? Even he can't run forever."

"He won't have to," Lucas said as he began to pace in front of Lena, needing something to do with all of his nervous energy. "See, after Lex kills Supergirl, and then you, Lex is going to beat me up enough to be believable, and then he's going to take off. He's going straight to a plastic surgeon he has on payroll who will change his face enough so that he won't be recognizable. Then he'll assume a fake identity, birth certificate courtesy of—" he trailed off, raising his eyebrows expectantly at her, waiting for her to answer.

"Metropolis United Charities," Lena deadpanned, already bored with this classic bad-guy-plan-reveal-speech. But then again, she'd asked. She just didn't think Lucas would be so long-winded.

"Bingo!" He clapped his hands together and gave her a huge smile. "So, he'll do that, take off to Mexico for a year or so. Meanwhile I'm back here, cops come in, most of which are in our pockets already. I do this big sob story about how Lex kidnapped both of us and then killed you and Supergirl, but beat me within an inch of my life. I get on TV, tell my story, tell the world who I really am, and then I take my rightful place at head of Luthorcorp." He shrugged then stuck his hands in his pockets, kicked at the ground with the toe of his new, expensive shoes. "Lex helps me from Mexico, and then when he's ready to come back, he does, under his new identity, and we run Luthorcorp together."

The brunette stared at him for a moment, taking in what he said before blurring, "That's one of the dumbest things I've ever heard."

Eyebrows knit together, Lucas pouted out a bottom lip to the point of looking like an enraged
"Yes it is," Lena said. "Do you just expect people not to question whether or not this new sibling is Lex? He'll still be wanted by the police. And the DEO is already looking into you as a person of interest. There isn't a snowball's chance in Hell that they'll believe you, especially not with me and Kara dead. Alex will make it her life's mission to see you behind bars."

"You really expect anyone who could question us to live long enough to do so?" Lucas gave a small laugh. Okay, so maybe he was more psychotic than lonely orphan after all. "And as for Lex being wanted, we'll simply kill someone and use their body, pay a medical examiner to sign off that it's Lex, and the world will believe he's dead."

"So that's it, then?" Lena asked. "You use money to manipulate people into doing literally whatever the hell you want and kill anyone who stands in your way. And you don't see any problem with that?"

Lucas thought about it for a beat. "No."

"Well," Lena said with a sigh, "you are a Luthor after all." She looked him up and down for a moment, really looking at him for the first time. Now she saw the similarities she'd missed before: her father's towering height, the long nose, the same tight frown that Lex inherited as well. "You look like him, you know. Lionel, I mean."

"Do I?" Lucas said interestedly, a subconscious hand going up to his face.

"You do," Lena said with a nod. "It's a shame you never met him. Or did you?"

"No, never," Lucas answered, shaking his head.

Lena frowned now. "Don't you find that odd? I mean, you're his son just as much as I'm his daughter. Yet when my mother died, he took me in, adopted me even when his wife protested, and raised me as a Luthor. But you—" She quirked an eyebrow, "Why did he stick you in foster home after foster home instead of taking you in as well?"

Lucas, for the first time, seemed at a loss for words. He stared at her instead of speaking, his face growing red and what Lena could have sworn were tears coming to his eyes. She dared not take her eyes off him, afraid that she would miss something critical.

He opened his mouth and closed it a few times, then cleared his throat before saying lowly, "I—I don't know."

"I do," came Lex's voice.

Both younger Luthors jumped, turning their heads to the corner of the room. Lex stood in a small doorway, propping it open with his arm so that Lena could see a hallway that had bathrooms doors along it. Lena hadn't noticed it before, but then again, she couldn't see that far into the corner of the room without craning her neck painfully.

She was thankful when Lex began walking towards them, still perfectly clean and not at all looking like he'd just dug a hole and thrown a grown man's corpse in it. Which meant he'd probably found one of those hired goons Lucas had been talking about to do the job for him—which also meant he could have done that from the beginning so Lucas wouldn't have had to do it at all, but Lena didn't point that out.

"What do you mean?" Lucas asked curiously.
"I know why Father never adopted you," Lex said casually, as if he was telling Lucas he knew where he'd left his cellphone or something mundane like that. Not like he was telling Lucas he knew the answer to the question that kept him up at night.

"Why?" Lucas's voice was rough, almost raspy.

"Your mother was a whore," Lex said simply.

Lucas was shocked at first, but then he looked like he'd been kicked with the gut. And then his face started turning red again, and anger seeped out of every one of his pores. "What the fuck did you just say about my mother?"

"She was a whore," Lex said again. "Quite literally. Lionel paid her to have sex with him, she, knowing who he was, sabotaged the condom, and nine months later you were born." He smirked. "And boy did she get a nice little chunk of change from him to cover it up. But your mother also had a nasty substance abuse problem, and instead of using that money to improve her and your lives, she spent it on drugs and OD'd on the bathroom floor of some crappy motel off the Metropolis freeway." He shook his head, looking at Lucas with what almost looked like pity. "She wasn't found until the next morning when people in the next room called about a child crying. You were there, sitting next to her blue body, days-old diaper, balling your eyes out. Hadn't been fed in what appeared to be days, if not a week."

Lucas had tears in his eyes, and he shook his head fiercely. "You're lying. There's no way you could know that."

"But I do, Lucas," Lex said in a patronizing voice. "Because father knew. When the police found your mother, they called him because he was your next of kin. He went to the scene, saw first-hand the condition you were in, held you in his arms… And then gave you away." He smirked, spreading his hands out in front of him. "And he had detailed notes of all of this on his computer, which I believe Lena found… Right where I left it for her."

Lena felt like kicking herself. Of course it hadn't been that easy. Of course her finding the one thing she thought could stop Lucas had been put in her lap by Lex this whole time. Even from prison he was able to manipulate and control the situation to his liking. It was like a perfect game of chess, one he'd been perfecting for years.

But if this was all a game of chess to Lex then she could beat him. Because she'd beaten him at chess before—her first night in the Luthor mansion. Lex taught her to play, and she'd picked up on it exceptionally well, much quicker than any child her age would have been expected to. But she beat the pants off him, so badly that Lillian actually admonished him for losing to a toddler. If she could beat him then, she could beat him now.

"The reason he adopted Lena instead of you really comes down to only one thing," Lex went on, his tone condescending. He sneered as he asked rhetorically, "And do you know what that thing was, Lucas?" Lex waited for a moment for his younger brother to answer, but when he was met with only a glower, he put on a mocking smile and said, "Love."

Lucas continued to frown and asked, "Love?"

"That's right, Lucas," Lex said, unbuttoning his suit jacket. He took it off and surprisingly threw it aside, onto the dirty floor. Once upon a time Lex would have never let even a speck of dust onto his clothing. Apparently Lex's haircut—or lack of any hair at all—wasn't the only thing that changed during his incarceration. "Lionel did not love your mother. She was just the woman he paid to get his rocks off because my mother hadn't let him touch her since my conception." He
smiled again, this time somewhat bitterly. "My parents' marriage was not one of love. It was strictly political—she came from a family of money that had good social standing, so they married because they wanted what each other could give them, not because they cared about one another. The only reason I was born was to produce an heir. I was planned, wanted." He paused long enough to glance at Lena. "Lionel never loved either of our mothers, and it's cleared he cared very little for me or Lucas. So, what made Lena so special? Why did he adopt her and not you? Why did he favor her over me, his trueborn son?" He walked over and grabbed Lena's chin, squeezing painfully with his fingers. "Because he loved her mother. And so he loved her. Grace and Lena were the only things he ever loved in his entire life besides money or power." He sneered. "What a fool. He always told me love makes man weak, and not to bother with emotions like a common half-wit. Don't let something that doesn't even exist divert you from your goals. Love is simply our brains releasing dopamine. It's all an illusion."

"You're wrong," Lena spoke up boldly, interrupting Lex's rant that seemed would have no end. "I used to believe that, too, but that's before I felt it. Love is as real rain and as beautiful as sunshine. What I have with Kara is the realest, purest thing I've ever known." Lex rolled his eyes at the mention of Kara, only causing Lena to speak louder as she continued, "You hate Superman and Supergirl because they're not human. But the crazy thing about them is that even though they're aliens, even with all their powers, that's not what makes them heroes. She shook her head slowly, gave a small shrug. "It's their—for lack of a better word—humanity."

"They don't have humanity. They're not human," Lex said, scoffing."

"They're not homo sapiens or even Earthlings, no," Lena mused. "But Kara is more human than all three of us put together."

Lex barked out with laughter at that. "Dear god, Lena. You are so far up that Kryptonian's pussy you must be smothering, because you're fucking delusional."

Anger surged through Lena at her brother's crude comments. She shot daggers at him with her eyes, straining against the ropes binding her. Her wrists burned and she felt the rope cutting into her skin, but she didn't care. She just wanted to get to Lex and maul him. But the more she struggled the more Lex laughed at her irritated state.

She was letting him get to her, which is exactly what he wanted. He wanted to torment her, anger her. He was getting a sick, twisted joy out of watching her squirm, and she kept playing into his hands. That was what he wanted, and she couldn't let him have it.

So she stopped trying to break free and settled with fixing the eldest Luthor sibling with the iciest stare she could muster as she took deep breaths to try to calm herself. Getting angry wasn't going to get her anywhere. She could sit there and fling insults back and forth with Lex until she was hoarse, but it would just be a waste of breath.

Whatever Lex meant to do, she wanted him to just get on with it. She knew Lex, and she knew his plans didn't end well for Lucas. But Lucas was blind to this fact. He was stupid and naïve, believing Lex actually believed in family. Maybe if she could make him see, if she could get him on her side, then she would have a chance to get out of there without having to bring Kara into the mix at all, keeping her safe and sound and as far away from Lex as possible.

"Lucas, do you hear what he's been saying?" she asked of her other brother, who was uncharacteristically quiet. Lena barely knew him, but so far she'd gathered that he, like Lex, enjoyed the sound of his own voice. But he let Lex go on without interruption and stood back during their exchange with his arms crossed over his chest. When he looked at her his face was stony, but surprisingly calm. "Lex doesn't believe in love—romantic, familial, any kind. What
makes you think he cares about you?" He had nothing to say to this, only frowning in response, so Lena continued, "To him you're not an equal. In Lex's eyes he has no equals. He's the most pompous, arrogant, selfish person I've ever known. You're nothing more than a pawn is his deluded master plan. There is no way he is going to let you run LuthorCorp. He's too pig-headed for that, and there is no chance you'll run it together. Lex doesn't do sharing. And if you are dumb enough to think you're going to walk away from this alive then maybe you aren't really a Luthor, because one thing that runs in our family besides alcoholism and cynicism is intelligence." She glanced a Lex, who was smirking all through her testimony. She gritted her teeth for a moment before turning her attention back to Lucas. "Please, wake up and see what's right in front of your face. I'm his sister, someone he watched grow up and parented more than both Lillian and Lionel. Yet this is the second time he's kidnapped me and bound me to a chair. Once upon a time there was no one Lex cared about more than me. But now look at where we are and what he plans to do—kill my girlfriend, make me watch, then kill me. Does that sound like love to you? Does that sound like someone who cares about his family?" She glowered now at Lex, looking him straight in the eye as she said coldly, "And why? Because I took over the family business after he got himself sent to jail for causing chaos and destruction in Metropolis. It wasn't something I wanted, but someone had to do it. And he tried to have me killed for it." She once again looked back to the younger of her brothers, her voice becoming higher as she pleaded, "Lucas, I'm begging you. Don't fall into his trap. He's charismatic and knows just what to say to get you to believe him—that's what sociopaths do. But you don't have to be like him. You can start a new path right here, right now. You can choose to let me go, and together you and I can stop Lex."

"And then her friends can arrest you," Lex chimed in, and Lena was surprised he'd let her go on for that long. Then again, he probably enjoyed hearing her beg for her life, even if it wasn't to him. "I'll tell them you helped me get away," Lena said quickly. "We can figure out a way to get you a deal. Plus, if you help me get him back to jail, they'll have to go easy on you." She let out a deep breath, looking at Lucas hopefully. "What do you say?"

Lucas was silent for a moment, glancing back and forth between his newfound siblings, looking torn. He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and asked Lex, "Is what she said true? Do you really not give a fuck about me and plan to kill me, too?"

Lex laughed lightly and shrugged. "What can I say? She may know me a little better than I thought she did." He craned his neck to the side, cracking it, before he shook his head with pity. "Oh, Lucas, you poor, naïve, simple fool. Did you actually think I would hand over a multi-billion-dollar corporation I've worked so hard to take back to my father's bastard crack baby?" He snorted and rolled his eyes. "Not likely. But thank you for playing your part so well."

"You son of a bitch," Lucas said, his voice booming and angry. A vein popped out in his forehead and his jaw tightened. Lena could see him clenching his fists, holding them at his sides.

"Accurate as that may be," Lex said with a smile, "I don't have time to trade insults with you. But I do have time to trade blows with you."

Lucas frowned, confused. "You mean fight me?"


"You're fucking insane," Lucas said, shaking his head. "Why can't you just shoot me like a normal person?"

"Because I need your face bludgeoned in so badly it's unrecognizable," Lex said. "But don't worry. I'll let you get a few hits in, too."
"Let me?" Lucas said, now laughing himself. "I've been fighting since I was five." He cracked his knuckles. "You want to do this, fine. But I'm telling you, Lex, you should've just shot me." He smirked as he squared his stance and put up his fists.

Lena's gut was in knots. Lucas was so confident, sure he was going to walk away from this. But he didn't know Lex. She did. Lex wasn't the most popular kid in school growing up. He was into science and chess and books. So he started getting teased by the other boys at his prep school. Every time Lex came home with a bloody nose or lip or a black eye Lionel would boom about how he needed to toughen up and learn to protect himself because him being a weakling was embarrassing to the family name.

Eventually Lionel took matters into his own hands and hired a private boxing tutor for Lex. They worked tirelessly, and Lex actually took to it. The next time he was jumped by bigger classmates he broke the biggest one's nose and no one ever touched him again. But Lex didn't stop boxing, even doing it in high school, becoming captain of the team.

Lucas knew how to fight in the street or simple schoolyard scuffles. Lex had the best training money could buy and hundreds of hours of practice. He knew how to predict his opponent's blows based on their movements and how to adjust accordingly.

Lucas was doomed.

"Give me your best shot, little brother," Lex said, putting up his fists as well.

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to post again soon, but life continuously likes to get in the way. Until next time.
Neither Lucas nor Lex moved for what seemed like an eternity to Lena. Her brothers stared at each other, both unblinking as they waited for the other to make the first move. Lena held her breath, her eyes flashing back and forth between them as she waited for one of them to pounce.

Lucas was the first to break, having much less patience than the eldest Luthor sibling.

He let out a yell and advanced on Lex, fists raised. Lex didn't even bat an eyelash as he deflected one blow and ducked under another. Lucas stumbled after missing his target, spinning wildly around to see a mocking smile on Lex's face. That caused Lucas to run at him again, Lex easily catching his fist in his hand while using the other to land a blow to Lucas's side. Lex twisted Lucas's arm behind his back and locked his elbow around his neck.

"Is that the best you've got, Lucas?" he asked with a laugh before letting his brother go, Lucas dropping to his knees.

Lucas spat on the ground and wiped sweat from his brow before standing up, turning to Lex again with a stony face and embers burning in his eyes as he said, "No, Lex. I'm just getting warmed up."

"Good," Lex replied. He cracked his knuckles before putting up his fists again. "Your move."

The younger Luthor brother mirrored Lex's stance, moving forward slower this time. The two advanced on one another, beginning to circle when they were almost touching distanced. It nearly made Lena dizzy to watch them go, every now and then one of them flinching forward to test the other.

Lena watched Lex carefully, the hours she spent watching Lex practice with his private tutor flashing through her head. She'd loved to watch Lex practice, and went to many of his boxing matches. He'd said she was his good-luck charm, that he always boxed better with her in attendance. She just hoped there was no truth to this superstition and that Lucas stood a chance, however slim it might be.

Lucas went for another punch, Lex leaning back and avoiding it. He ducked under Lucas's arm, and when his brother whirled around again Lex landed a blow to Lucas's jaw that was so hard Lena heard his teeth clack together. And then Lex hit him again, blood flying from the younger Luthor's mouth as his head rocked with the blow. He spit out a mouthful of blood before wiping a red streak on the back of his sleeve. He looked down at it, frowning in astonishment.

Then the fire was back in his eyes, and he lunged at Lex. Lena waited for him to dodge the easily avoidable attack, but to her amazement Lex just stood there. The moment Lucas was on him, fist flying, Lena held her breath and waited for Lex's counterattack. But it didn't come.

Lucas's fist connected with Lex's right cheek, and Lena let out a gasp in surprise. The sound was
drowned out, though, by the sound of another punch landing this time on Lex's jaw. Another, and another. Lucas got a good six or seven hits in before Lex even flinched. He stumbled back, his nose crooked and swelling as blood dripped over his lips. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed at it.

"Congratulations, Lucas," he said, his voice slightly nasally. "You broke my nose."

"Told ya—you should've just shot me," Lucas said, shrugging with a cocky grin.

Lex began laughing, his lips stretching back and showing blood-stained teeth. "Oh, Lucas, you ignorant buffoon." He shook his head as he put the handkerchief back in his pocket. "It's adorable that you believe those blows you landed were because of your superior fighting skills instead of me allowing you to hit me because I needed you to."

The grin slid off Lucas's face, and he cocked his head to the side curiously. "I'm not following."

But Lena was. It was all so clear. Lucas knew the plan all along, he just never realized his part in it. Even now, when it was all laid out in the open so plainly to see.

"Lucas, come on," Lena said, drawing their attention back to her. "You know his plan! You told it to me: kill someone to pass off their body for Lex's, and then he takes on a false identity to take back L-Corp—Luthorcorp, whatever. Instead of doing those things with you, he's going to do them to you." She shook her head pitifully at him. "Don't you see—you're the body he passes off as his own, your identity is the one he assumes. He said it himself, he needs your face bludgeoned beyond recognition. He let you hit him so that the sob story you were supposed to tell the cops is believable coming from him. Even with plastic surgery he needs bruises for afterwards."

"Well thank god one of my half-siblings inherited some brains," Lex said loudly.

Lucas frowned as he looked over to Lex coldly. "If you're so smart then how are you going to explain how I have hair and you don't?" He crossed his arms over his chest, almost smugly. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm not bald. So how do you plan on explaining that?"

"It's called a wig, Lucas. Maybe you've heard of them." Lex sighed deeply and rolled up his sleeves.

"I know what a wig is!" Lucas boomed, his face turning bright red.

"Good," Lex said, cracking his neck again as he got back in fighting stance. "Now, can we finish this like gentlemen? I know that may be hard for you, but please try. I have a schedule to keep."

Lucas stared at him for a few moments then shook his head. "No. Fuck you. I'm not playing your game anymore." He spit at the ground, the glob landing on Lex's shoe.

Lena's heart leapt to her throat at Lucas started walking towards her. Wordlessly, he went around to the back of the chair and began to loosen the ropes around her hands.

"What—You're—You're actually helping me?" Lena asked in amazement as the burning sensation in her wrists lessened as the ropes began to slack. She looked over her shoulder to try to see his face, but he had his head ducked.

"No, he's not," Lex's voice came.

Both younger Luthors looked up to see Lex pointing a small handgun at them, his hand steady and finger on the trigger.
"Oh, so now you're gonna shoot me?" Lucas asked, pausing in untying Lena to put his hands on his hips.

"Lucas, don't stop. He's not going to shoot you," Lena said quickly.

"Sure about that, little sister?" Lex asked, smiling a wide, crazed smile.

"He needs to beat you to death, remember?" Lena countered.

"Well, that was the plan," Lex said. "But plans can change. That's why you always need a backup plan. See, Lucas is a wildcard. There was only a fifty-fifty shot he was going to play along… I knew he would either fight me to the death, tooth and nail… Or do exactly what he just did. Say to hell with it all and try to save you. I had to be prepared for both." He smirked, tensed ever so slightly. "So, Lucas. Any last words?"

Lucas glowered at him. "Yeah, FUCK Y—"

BANG.

Lena didn't know if Lucas finished the insult after the gun was fired, the only sound the loud discharge of the weapon followed by her ears ringing. She flinched and closed her eyes at the shot, but when she opened them and looked to her side, she was amazed to see Lucas still standing.

His face was blank, looking down at himself. His hands covered his abdomen, and for a second she almost thought the bullet missed because she saw no blood. But then he pulled his hand away, and she saw the hole in his shirt, saw the bright red start to gush from the wound.

"Lucas, no," Lena said, her voice high. She barely knew him and didn't particularly like him, but she couldn't stop the tiny voice in the back of her head screaming that she was losing another family member.

He fell to his knees, hands covered in blood and shaky as his breathing started to come in quick huffs. Lex stalked forward, dropping the gun in front of Lucas. He took his brother's face in one hand, made him look up at him with heavy-lidded eyes. He studied Lucas's face, saw the pain in his eyes as his life slowly drained from his body with each drop of blood. And then he punched him squarely in the jaw.

"Lex, what the fuck?" Lena screamed as Lucas sprawled out on his back.

But Lex didn't answer, just stood over Lucas and continued to plow into him. Hit after hit, blood flying and bones breaking as Lex wailed on Lucas. He was already near death with the bullet in his stomach, yet as Lena screamed for him to stop, she knew it was futile. Horrible as it was, she realized Lex still needed Lucas to be unrecognizable. So, he pounded and pounded, and eventually Lucas stopped moving, and a few blows later there was a sickening crack as Lucas's face practically caved in.

For his sake, at least, though, Lena had a feeling he'd been dead before that happened. She didn't know the exact moment life left his body, but as she looked down at the shattered man next to her that used to be her long-lost brother, she began to feel nauseous. She looked away, closed her eyes and tried to take deep breaths to calm herself.

"Oh, come on, now, Lena," Lex said. She opened her eyes and saw him taking the handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe blood from his knuckles. "You're not actually upset he's dead, are you? If anything I thought you'd be happy to be rid of him. You weren't exactly his biggest fan."
"Regardless of what I felt about him, it was a horrible way to die and a terrible thing to watch," Lena said coldly, careful not to let her eyes travel to the fresh corpse not even a foot away.

"You're so sensitive," Lex said with a roll of his eyes. "He got off easy compared to what I'm about to do to your little girlfriend." Lena stiffened at this, causing Lex to grin maliciously. "Speaking of which… Onto the next phase."

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Waiting was driving Kara insane. Each passing second the pit in her stomach grew hollower, and her heart felt like it was going to break through her ribcage. Winn was doing his best, trying every trick in the book to locate Lena. But he was failing, and Kara tried hard not to resent him for it. Alex, to her credit, never left her side. She barked orders to agents as she sat in the chair next to Kara, their hands joined.

It all felt so hopeless. Her thoughts spiraled, thinking the worst. He'd tried to kill Lena before. A few times. Now that he had her, would he really keep her alive? All those attempts had been others acting on his behalf. If Lex was anything like Lena then he'd believe that in order to do something right, finally, he would have to do it himself. So why should Lena be alive?

But if she was, she had to try. There was no use sitting around the DEO anymore. That was clearly doing nothing. She had to do something, anything.

"I'm going to go fly around the city and look," Kara announced, standing up and letting go of her sister's hand for the first time in nearly an hour.

Alex sprang up. "Kara, are you sure that's a good idea? What if we get a hit?"

"Then you can tell me on coms, and I'll fly to the location," Kara told her as she beganretreating from the room with too many agents, too many eyes. She needed to get to the balcony, to the outside so she could get in the air and feel like she wasn't being a total waste of resources.

Alex followed. "You fly to that location without backup?" She asked as she trailed after her sister. "Do you really think that's a good idea?"

"I'd rather get to Lena as fast as possible, so if that means me going alone, then yes," Kara told her, trying to quicken her pace to make it harder for Alex to catch up. "And honestly, if I can avoid putting someone else I care about in danger, that's what I'm going to do."

"Kara," Alex insisted, grabbing her wrist. She couldn't physically stop her, but it did cause Kara to pause and look at her intensely.

"Alex, please let me go," she said in a quiet yet urgent voice. She knew she could break her grip, but at what cost? She didn't want to hurt her sister.

"So you can go out and get yourself killed?" Alex countered. "All this time you're worrying about Lena, and I'm worrying about her, too. But I'm also worried about you." She sighed loudly, holding Kara's gaze. "What happens if you go in there without backup and get yourself killed? What happens then, Kara? Huh? What about me? I lose you and Lena. I know you love Lena, but have you ever stopped to think about the people who love you? What about your mom, and my mom, and Winn, and James, and Sam, and Ruby? And me, how am I supposed to live with myself knowing I let you go off to fight Lex Luthor on your own if you don't come back?"

"How would I live with myself if I let you come with me and he killed you, too?" Kara shot back. "Alex, if I don't make it to her in time, you're going to be the only thing that gets me through it, and you know that. I can't risk losing you, too."
"And if you don't get to her in time?" Alex asked. "What are you going to do then?"

"Take down Lex, at least."

"You're not going to be in your right mind, Kara," Alex insisted. "If you find Lena dead, you're going to go in swinging blindly. You need to be thinking clearly if you're going to fight him, or at least have someone help you. Please, Kara, just let me help you."

Kara opened her mouth to speak, but closed it as her eyes detected a high-pitched, unusual ringing. She stopped for a moment, and listened, cocking her head to the side.

It started low and intensified, something about it oddly familiar yet she was almost certain she'd never heard it before. It called to her, awakening every one of her senses as it grew louder, almost unbearable. She tried to cover her ears with her hands to drown it out, but it did nothing. It was as if the sound was originating in her brain instead of the outside world.

"What, what is it?" Alex asked and placed a concerned hand on Kara's shoulder.

"You don't hear it?" Kara asked, removing her hands from her ears and wincing as the ringing intensified. When Alex shook her head, Kara frowned. "There's this obnoxious ringing in my head that I don't know where it's coming from, but everything in me is telling me to follow it."

"Sounds like something Lex would be behind," Alex said. "Kara, don't go."

"I have to, Alex," Kara said, wincing again as the sound began to make her head feel like it was going to vibrate off her neck. "We've been sitting around here waiting for any type of signal for Lena's whereabouts. This is it. I feel it in my gut. I have to go."

Alex sighed deeply, a tightness coming to her face. "At least let me come with you."

"If I don't go now Lena may die, Alex!"

Alex shook her head, feeling like she'd heard Kara say that once or twice before… Too many times, in her opinion. "Okay, go," she said against her better judgment. "But keep your coms on and we'll track you. The other agents and I will be right behind you."

"Thank you!" Kara said, turning on the heel of her red boots to continue her mad dash to the balcony.

"Kara, wait," Alex called.

The blonde tried her best not to groan impatiently as she turned back to her sister. "Yeah?"

"Just… Get Lena and get out, okay?" she asked, her face pleading. "Don't fight Lex alone if you don't have to. Just get her and get to safety. We can worry about Lex later."

Kara hesitated a moment. It went against everything in her to just allow Lex to slip away if she had him so close. But she also knew Alex was right. Going in there alone in this state of mind was reckless. And really what was most important? Getting Lena, or getting Lex? She knew it was selfish, that stopping Lex right then and there meant saving the world and stopping what could be many more innocent lives, but in that moment her priority was Lena. She'd like to think that when it came down to it, she could choose the unselfish path, that she could choose stopping Lex over everything else. And there was a part of her that didn't want to agree to what Alex was asking. But she knew there was no way Alex would let her go if she didn't.
"Okay," she said, and that seemed to pacify Alex because she nodded her approval, and Kara turned again with a flourish of her cape.

She made it to the balcony quickly and took off into the air without a moment's hesitation. The ringing grew more pronounced and prominent. Without thinking about it, she began to fly. She had no idea where the sound was coming from, but it was somehow guiding her to where she felt she needed to go. She could tell she was heading west, towards the waterfront.

"Supergirl, we're suiting up to head out now. How's it going?" Alex's voice said in her earpiece, somewhat faintly because she could hardly hear anything over the incessant noise.

"Good," she answered. "Looks like I'm heading towards the docks."

"Towards the where?" Alex's voice came back, a little staticky.

"The docks," she said again.

"You're bre—up," Alex's voice said, cutting out a bit. "Your tracker—crazy—can't tell—you're going—"

"Alex?" Kara asked as her sister's coms garbled and then went dead. No answer. "Alex?"

Her heartbeat quickened as she realized what was most likely happening. She was getting close, and Lex was remotely disabling her coms and tracker. She was flying into a dead zone, most likely a trap. He was cutting her off from her support and ensuring his location wasn't given away.

She knew Alex was probably cursing and screaming, urging her to come back. But she couldn't do that. Not when she was so close. She didn't even break pace, in fact, she began flying quicker—with more determination than before.

The docks came and went, and still the ringing continued. She followed the water's edge further along the outskirts of the city until she was beginning to think she might have been flying in the wrong direction. But then the ringing got so loud that she could barely fly straight. That's when the old shipyard came into view.

There had been an explosion in one of the buildings back in 2013, and after that the property had been deemed unsafe and shut down, all of its jobs outsourcing to newer facilities closer to the heart of the city.

Of course. It was a large, abandoned lot with multiple empty warehouses. Why hadn't she thought of it before? It was the most basic bad-guy staging area, and with her mind being pulled in so many directions she'd completely forgotten about its existence.

The incessant ringing seemed to be coming from the middle of the shipyard, and as she ventured into it, it became so loud it nearly rocked her entire body. But somehow, someway, something else broke through it. It was a familiar sound, one she'd fallen asleep to. It was a strong, steady heartbeat, unmistakably Lena's—she would know it anywhere.

"Lena," Kara breathed out, relief flooding her. If she could hear her heart, then she was still alive. She'd made it in time.

She zeroed in on a big warehouse, not even bothering to use her x-ray vision before zooming through a rusty hole in the ceiling.

She hovered in the air, her breath catching in her throat as she spotted Lena sitting in a chair. Her
hands and feet were bound, and she looked like she'd been slightly roughed up. But when they locked eyes Kara let out a huge sigh of relief. She was breathing, and relatively unharmed. That was all that mattered.

But there was panic in her eyes, terror etched across her face that made Kara's gut coil unpleasantly. She touched down not far from where Lena sat and began to rush to her.

Lena shook her head furiously. "Kara, no, you shouldn't have come, it's a—"

_BAM._

A blast hit Kara, knocking her off her feet and sending her flying into one of the steal walls of the building. It dented, the sound of the blow vibrating the whole building. Kara fell to a heap on the ground, and for a second Lena was afraid she'd been knocked out. But the blonde picked her head up, and then she was on her feet again.

Lex, now adorned in his Lexosuit, flew down from his perch in the rafters, where he'd been waiting for Kara. He detracted his helmet and smirked at the shaken hero before touching a panel on the wrist of his suit. The obnoxious ringing finally stopped, and Kara's eyes narrowed at the device.

"Neat little signal, isn't it?" Lex said coolly. "It's a Kryptonian distress signal. Undetectable to human ears, or even other species of aliens. But you, you heard it loud and clear from miles away, and you came running… Just like I knew you would." He sniffled, wincing as his broken nose flared with pain. It was gone in a second, though, and he was back to staring at her like a tiger stalking prey. "You Kryptonians are like dogs. You have special hearing, and all I have to do is blow a whistle, and I know you'll scramble to find it." He smirked again. "How does that feel? To know you're no smarter than the average Golden Retriever?"

"Your words don't hurt me. I know my worth," Kara said boldly as she began to walk towards Lena again. "Now stand over there like a good little boy, and I'll be taking your sister."

Kara was nearly at Lena's chair, her brain registering the broken, beaten body on the ground. She didn't have to ask to know it was Lucas.

Lex raised his arm, the beam on his suit lighting up. "You know I can't let you do that, Supergirl."

"Kara," Lena said, her voice high and strained. "He wants to kill you. Please, just leave me and go."

"Never," was the answer from the blonde with a determined shake of her head.

"She's too stupid to save herself," Lex said, stalking forward with his arm still raised. "She's going to save you or die trying. That was always how this was going to end."

Kara didn't let him advancing on her stop her. She kept inching towards Lena. "You're right, Lex. But even if you do kill me, and kill her, my sister is going to rain fire down on you."

"Your sister won't get in my way, I can assure you of that," he said, and that made Kara stop.

"What do you mean?"

"Let me break this down for you, _Supergirl._" He squared his stance, his eyes never leaving her. "While I'm here dealing with you two nuisances, there is a bomb in the sublevels of the DEO one of my minions planted a few hours ago while you and the rest of the those useless agents were
busy trying to find needles in haystacks. Lena's kidnapping was the perfect distraction. All of your resources and agents were focused on one thing: Lena. No one even noticed when one of my men snuck in with a stolen badge and planted it. And in roughly thirty minutes' time the DEO is going to come crashing down." He smiled broadly at Kara's widening eyes and curling fists. "I've cut off your coms so you can't warn them, and there's no way you're going to leave here without Lena, and I'm not going to let you just take her. And if you should choose to try to save your sister and your dumb little friends over my sister, you've written her death certificate. So, you pick, Supergirl. Your sister and your friends, or Lena?"

Kara stared at him, her heart in her throat and her mouth feeling dry. How could anyone make that decision? Girlfriend or sister, love or family. Lex made it seem like those were the only two choices. But he also said she had roughly thirty minutes. That meant she had time to do both. If she could beat Lex quickly and somehow get her coms back online, then she could warn Alex in time. It was a gamble, but what other choice did she have? She couldn't leave Lena, and she couldn't let Alex die. She had to try.

"Kara, please save Alex," came Lena's small voice. When Kara looked at her, she saw the tears in her eyes, the pleading on her face and the acceptance of the situation. She knew it was an impossible decision, and she was trying to help make it for her.

But something else was there. It was the fear and the dejection that was underneath it all. Lena didn't think she deserved to be saved. She didn't believe her life was worth as much as Alex's, and Kara's heart nearly broke as she realized Lena didn't believe that Kara would or should pick her over Alex.

"I'm saving you both," Kara announced, her voice steady and eyes never leaving Lena's. "I love you, and I'm not leaving you."

Lena took in a breath, and for a moment the world fell away. She felt a smile twitch at her lips, and a happiness buzzed inside of her as Kara's words settled deep in her chest and warmed her like a cozy blanket while sitting by the fireplace.

But then Lex spoke and ruined everything.

"How sweet," he said sarcastically. "But Miss Danvers, if you're so egotistical that you think you can save everyone, stop talking and fight me already."

"Says the king of long-winded speeches no one asked for," Lena said dryly.

Kara ignored Lex, kept staring at Lena. "Hold still, okay?"

Lena wanted to ask why, but just shoved the question down and braced herself. The moment Kara's eyes started to glow she realized why, and a second later blue beams came out of them, trained at the ropes that bound her hands. They grew hot and sizzled, and Lena could feel the slack lessening.

But then Lex blasted Kara again, knocking her back but thankfully not sending her flying again.

"Nice try, but it's not going to be that easy." Lex spit on the ground then touched the panel on the arm of his suit. The beam went from white to green, and Lena's heart dropped to her stomach as she realized the meaning of the color change.

Lucas's weapon, it was never his. It had Lex's work written all over it, just with Lucas's handwriting. But Lucas never got the final plans. Lex didn't put the idea into a gun. He put it into his suit. And now he had that weapon pointed at Kara.
She flinched as it went off again, screamed as the beam was on Kara. The blonde narrowly avoided it, ducking out of the way at the last second. It hit the wall instead, blasting a hole right through it.

Lex frowned and looked at her curiously. "You should at least be getting sick right now," he muttered. "This is top of the line Krytonite, made with Lena's formula."

"How?" Lena blurted. "I got rid of it."

"Darling sister," he said condescendingly and cast a glance at her. "You know erasing sometime from a computer and destroying a thumb drive doesn't completely destroy evidence." He laughed. "And after you scrubbed the project your scientists were more than happy to hand over what they had for a steal of a price."

"You're not the only Luthor who can make fancy gadgets," Kara told him. "I have a little something up my sleeve—or should I say, embedded in my suit—that's counteracting the effects of Kryptonite. Courtesy of your brilliant sister."

Lex glared at Lena for a moment before shrugging. "We'll see about that. History has proven those devices only work for a short time."

"Give me your best shot, then," Kara said, raising her fists.

Lex shot at Kara again, but she put up her cape to absorb the blow, and she skidded back across the dirty floor, though she never stumbled. Instead she took off into the air, a red and blue blur as she swooped down at Lex, landing a blow squarely in the center of his suit. He took this opportunity to grab her arm and throw her as effortlessly as he would throw a frisbee.

Kara spun in the air, regaining her balance before coming down on him again, kicking him so hard that he rocked back a few steps. Thankfully Kara was a much better sparring partner than Lucas, and she was able to avoid Lex's hits. Whenever he sent a beam in her direction, she used her heat vision to deflect and get out of the way.

It still made Lena intensely nervous to watch, and she continued to struggle against the ropes, desperate to get out and help. She didn't know what she could do, but if she could at least distract Lex just for a moment maybe it would be enough for Kara to disable him in some way.

The more she struggled, to her excitement, the looser the ropes began to feel. Lucas had started loosening the knot, and Kara burned through the first layer. She wiggled her hands this way and that until suddenly, she gleefully felt the knot slide over her thumb knuckle as her right hand was freed.

The rest of the bind fell to the ground and she took a second to rub her sore wrists as Lex and Kara continued to fight. Her breathing caught in her throat when Lex took hold of the front of Kara's suit, lifting her off the ground. Kara kicked off his chest and broke his grasp, taking off into the air again. Lex followed her to continue his assault.
Lena bent down to begin untying the ropes at her feet, her hands slightly shaking. She cursed her unsteadiness under her breath as she watched the brawl happening above her head. Right as she got her first leg untied Kara threw Lex into a wall of the building, and he landed on the ground with a loud thud. Kara touched down a few feet from him.

He got to his knees and aimed his Kryptonite weapon at her, discharging it. Kara met the beam with her heat vision, and the flash when they met was nearly blinding. Lena had to look away, had to focus on getting this last rope off. She was almost free.

Neither Lex nor Kara let up, each inching forward as their rays danced and collided. The hand part of Lex's suit began to glow bright orange, close to overheating. Kara strained to keep up her heat vision, groaning as she began to actually break a sweat from the exertion. She didn't know how much longer she could keep it up, so with a loud yell she gave it everything she had, overpowering Lex's weapon as her heat beam hit him.

A bright light preceded a small bang as the arm of Lex's suit fell apart, his arm mangled and burned from the blast. Hope blossomed as Lena's chest as she hastily freed her left foot and leapt from the chair. She looked at Kara, was about to call to her when she stopped in her tracks.

Kara was standing, but there was something off. She was swaying slightly on her feet, and a moment later she collapsed to her knees. She caught herself with her hands, her breathing heavy.

Lex, grunting and limping, walked towards her. His right arm was practically dead at his side, dripping a trail of blood. But he held up his left hand, and to Lena's heart-dropping realization, his suit was still working. But there was also something wrong with Kara.

"What happened, Supergirl?" he asked in a raspy voice. "Overexert yourself? Have a solar flare or whatever the hell it is your stupid cousin calls them?" He got to her, put the end of the weapon close to her face. "That's the problem with you Supers. You rely so heavily on your powers, and the second you lose them, you're worthless. And the beauty of it all is I knew exactly how hard to push you to make that happen. And you did exactly what I wanted you to." He grinned, his weapon humming as a blast charged. "And now, Supergirl, you get to die."

BANG.

Kara flinched as a shot rang out, closed her eyes and tensed as she waited for pain. But it never came, and a moment later she heard a hollow thud. When she opened her eyes, Lex was on the ground in front of her, a hole in the middle of his head and a dark pool of blood quickly gathering on the floor.

She looked over her shoulder to see Lena standing there, holding a still-smoking gun. She lowered it, her hand shaking as she placed it delicately on the seat of the chair she'd been bound to. She didn't remember picking it up or firing it, but the moment after it happened, she realized what she'd done with crystal clarity.

She killed her brother.

It should have filled her with guilt or shame, or some sort of uneasiness at the fact that she'd committed murder, of a family member she'd once loved, no less. But all she felt was relief.

Kara started to get up slowly, and that somehow kickstarted Lena's brain again. She ran to her girlfriend's side, immediately swooping under her arms to help steady her. Those arms wrapped around her and held her in a fierce hug. Lena melted into it, noticing ever so slightly the fact that Kara seemed just a little softer.
Kara leaned back, touched her forehead to Lena's. Tears welled in her blue eyes, and she sniffled as she said, "You killed Lex."

"I know," Lena said, her voice higher than normal. "I know you're against killing, and I'm sorry—I just... There was no other way—"

"Lena, shh," Kara comforted, placing a quick kiss on her lips. "I'm not mad. How could I be mad? You saved me." She almost laughed. "I came here to save you, and you end up saving me." She immediately lifted her head, eyes widening. "Alex!"

Lena panicked, instantly kneeling beside Lex's body. She gritted her teeth as she grabbed his arm and activated the control panel for his suit. She'd studied this suit before, or at least a version of it. She knew how it worked and finding the way to turn off his blocker was easy.

"Kara!" Alex's voice screamed into Kara's com earpiece as it came back online.

The blonde winced, but relief flooded her when she heard the familiar voice. "Alex, I'm here," she answered.

"What the hell is going on?" her sister screamed. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, Lena's fine," Kara said quickly. "Lex is dead."

"What? Kara—"

"Alex, listen to me, there's no time to explain," Kara interrupted. "Lex had a bomb planted in the sublevels of the DEO, and it's going to go off any minute. You need to get everyone out of there right now."

"There's no time for that," came another voice, Kara surprised to hear Clark answering this time. Then again, once Lex's escape hit the news it didn't strike her as odd that he flew straight to National City to help. "J'onn and I are on it."

"Kara, can you get back here?" Alex asked.

"I lost my powers," she responded.

"We have your location, I'm coming with a squad now," Alex's voice said.

Kara breathed a sigh of relief, but still felt tense. The bomb hadn't been deactivated yet.

"I need the sun," Kara said to Lena. "I need to try to start recharging my powers."

"Okay," Lena said, instantly wrapping an arm around Kara's waist. "Let's go."

"Lena, I can walk," Kara said as her girlfriend began to lead her out of the building.

"Humor me, please," was all Lena said, and Kara just nodded, honestly too tired to fight.

They got to the bay doors and Lena pushed them open, the sun hitting them instantly. It was warm and pleasant, and Kara breathed a deep sigh as she stepped out of the warehouse and into its rays.

"We found the bomb," came J'onn on the coms.

Kara's jaw tensed, and she whispered to Lena, "They found it."
Neither was certain how much time passed as they waited for something further, but it felt like an eternity. They held their breaths, neither wanting to speak in case they missed something.

"Bomb deactivated," Clark's voice said, and Kara felt her heart practically hum with gratitude and relief.

"Clark and J'onn stopped it," Kara said.

"Oh, thank god," Lena said, finally releasing her breath.

"Squad getting in the car now," Alex announced on coms. "Stay put, you two. We're coming to get you."

Kara turned to Lena, a tired smile coming to her face. "Alex is on her way." She took Lena's hands in her own, squeezed her fingers gently.

"Good," Lena answered, looking down almost shyly as she gathered courage. "And for the record…" She paused, looked up while biting her lip before releasing it as she said, "I love you, too."

Kara's smiled widened, and she tried to think of what to say that would accurately convey the bliss she felt. But when words failed her, she did the only thing she could think of: she leaned forward and pressed her lips to Lena's, kissed her like it was their last day to live, because for a second there… It almost was.

Chapter End Notes

We have one more chapter, boos. So be ready. I may cry.
All I can say is... **strap in**
They did end up going back into the building. Lena remembered that Lex had hired goons patrolling the place, and if they met up with one of them, they didn't want to be empty-handed while waiting for Alex and the DEO to arrive. Lena tried to insist Kara stay outside, to stay in the sun in case the solar flare was short-lived, and she was able to charge up her powers enough to use them. But Kara was having none of that noise. Lena wasn't leaving her sight, powers or no powers. So, they quickly got the gun, each breathing sighs of relief when they saw Lex was still lying there. Kara knew he was dead, had seen the life leave his eyes as he lay in a pool of his own blood. But she also knew that sometimes in the multiverse the dead didn't always stay dead.

After retrieving the gun, they went outside again to wait for the reinforcements, realizing it was a bad idea to be out in the open if there were more of Lex's men lurking around, but neither wanting to stay in the building with Lucas's and Lex's fresh corpses. They hung close to the doors, though, in case they needed to duck inside for cover. Not a soul was in sight, thankfully, yet they didn't let their guard down until the sounds of sirens approaching hit their ears. Then Lena placed the gun gently on the ground inside the building again because she didn't want to be holding it when DEO agents started to swarm the place.

A couple of black, sleek SUVs came rushing into view, lights on the dashboard flashing and sirens blazing. They screeched to a stop not far from where Lena and Kara stood. A moment later Superman and J'onn landed on the ground next to them, the situation at the DEO obviously handled if they'd joined the rest of the agents. Alex jumped out of the passenger seat of the first SUV, running to Kara as soon as her boots hit the ground. She scooped up her sister into a huge hug, holding her tightly as the DEO agents poured out of the vehicles and into the building behind them.

"I told you just to get her and get out," Alex said into her ear before she pulled back to look at Kara with a stubborn expression.

"Lex didn't make it that easy," Kara said with a shrug as Clark and J'onn approached. J'onn touched her lightly on the shoulder and nodded at her in greeting and acknowledgement that he was glad she was okay. Then he followed the other agents into the building.

"Are you okay?" Clark asked Kara in a gentle voice.

"I'm fine, just a little solar flare," she said with a tired smile.

"Then I'm going to hug you very gently," he said, hesitantly wrapping his arms around her. He was careful not to squeeze, and she welcomed the comfort and safety his presence offered. "I'm so sorry I didn't get here in time to help you fight," he said, pulling away but keeping his hands on her shoulders. "I heard the signal as I got close to the city, but before I could make heads or tails of it,
"Well, you end up being right where you needed to be—saving the DEO and my sister in my absence. And thankfully I didn’t need you here," Kara said, casting a smile towards her girlfriend. "Turns out Lena was all the backup I needed."

"I’m fine, too, by the way," Lena said sarcastically.

"Lena, holy shit, I’m so sorry!" Alex exclaimed, throwing her arms around Lena as well. "I’m so glad you’re okay."

"Is Lex really dead?" Clark asked Kara quietly, dropping his hands to his sides again.

She nodded her head towards the building. "See for yourself."

Clark’s eyes flicked to the building, a stony expression on his face. Lex may have caused hell in Kara's life, but up until that day she’d had no interaction with him. He was Clark’s—Superman’s—arch enemy, not hers. The history there was deep and dark, and Clark had almost lost to him before. But he’d triumphed over Lex, gotten him sent to prison.

It was what heroes did. They stopped the bad guy and let the justice system handle it from there. It wasn’t their job to play judge, jury, and executioner. That’s why he’d let Lex live in the first place rather than taken his life. Clark and Kara were similar in the sense that they couldn’t justify killing if something else can be done, no matter how horrible the person.

But going to jail didn’t stop Lex. He broke out and caused more harm, more pain. And she recognized something in Clark she sometimes felt herself—the guilt. He knew that if he’d just taken it that one step further, put an end to Lex, officially, then this never would have happened.

"I’m sorry you had to do what I was never strong enough to," he said, training his eyes back on Kara again.

She shook her head slowly. "I didn't kill him, Kal."

"Then who—" He looked to Lena, who nodded solemnly. "Lena, I’m so sorry—"

"Don’t be," Lena said, now shaking her head instead. "He was about to kill Kara. The choice was simple. I’d make it again in a heartbeat."

"Still." Clark’s jaw clenched, and he ducked his head apologetically. "This never should have happened."

"It’s over now," Kara said, slipping her hand into Lena’s. "Can we go home?"

Alex nodded. "I'm taking you to the DEO first to check you both over."

"Alex, we're fine."

"Kara, you lost your powers, and I got hit on the head so hard I may have a concussion," Lena said, squeezing Kara’s fingers gently. "Let Alex give us a clean bill of health. I think it’ll make everyone feel better."

Kara looked at Lena, all fight dying on her tongue. "Okay, we can go to the DEO first."

Alex rolled her eyes. "Yeah, okay listen to your girlfriend, but not to me. Whatever gets you to take care of yourself and not be an idiot at this point." She gave her sister a pointed look. "And we are
going to talk about you turning off your coms and GPS."

"That was all Lex," Kara said defensively.

"She's not lying," Lena jumped to her defense. "We'll tell you the whole story on the car ride over."
And then she remembered, a wave of sadness hitting her. She looked to her girlfriend's cousin.
"Lucas and Lex are inside, but there's another body… My driver, Dan." Kara gasped, and Lena felt
her shuffle a step closer as she continued, "His body is buried somewhere on the property. I'm not
sure where. Can you make sure they find him? He has a wife and children… Had a wife and
children… And I just want them to be able to have a proper funeral for him." She didn't add the
fact that she would pay for it out of her own pocket, and make sure that they would never want for
anything in life so long as she still had money to give them. It would never be enough, but if she
didn't do something, she'd never be able to sleep at night.

"I'll make sure we find him," Clark assured her with a nod. "And I'll meet you back at the DEO if
you're still there by the time we're done."

Kara hesitated for a moment before bashfully asking, "Would you mind staying around for a few
days? Help keep an eye on the city while I get my powers back?"

"I wouldn't think of being anywhere else," he said with a smile. "Maybe I'll give Lois a call and
have her join me. I'm sure she's dying to write a story about this, and we still need to go on that
double date."

"That would be really great," Kara replied, smiling as well.

"You could stay at my loft if you like," Lena offered. "I'd rather stay with Kara." She looked to the
blonde quickly. "If that's alright?"

Kara almost laughed. "If you think I'm letting you leave my side any time in the near future you
really do need to get your head checked by Alex."

Happiness bubbled in Lena's chest, and a blush crept to her face at the audience to affection she
was still getting used to receiving. "Okay," she said quietly.

While Clark went to do a sweep of the property and J'onn and the other agents secured the area,
Alex, Lena, and Kara hopped in one of the SUV's to head back to the DEO. Alex drove, Lena and
Kara cuddling up in the backseat, their hands joined and Lena's head resting on Kara's shoulder.

They debriefed Alex as much as they could, Lena starting with the kidnapping from her apartment
and going through waking up in the warehouse. Next came the retelling of Lex's master plan,
Lucas's gruesome murder, and then Lex putting on the Lexosuit before sending out the Kryptonian
distress beacon to lure in Kara.

Then Kara took her turn, explaining how her coms went down, but that she just couldn't go back
when she was so close. How Lex forced her to make the choice between her and Lena, how Lena
tried to make it for her. Then the details of the fight, of Lena breaking free and Kara losing her
powers. To that final moment when Lena put a bullet in Lex's brain, and Alex just listened silently
from the driver's seat, taking in everything she was being told.

When the story was done, she ranted briefly about Kara being reckless, that if she'd just waited five
minutes, the DEO would have been with her. But her anger was brief, her relief over the situation
being done with and gratitude that everything had turned out relatively okay taking over.

Kara and Lena didn't feel like talking much after they'd told their tale, so they just let Alex do all
the talking. But once she realized she wasn't getting answered she quieted and turned on the radio for the rest of the ride, allowing the lovers in the back seat some peace after the ordeal they'd had.

Even though she'd lost her powers, Kara made Alex check over Lena first, way more concerned about possible head trauma than whether or not she could fly or punch a hole in the wall. She determined that Lena thankfully didn't have a concussion, just a nasty bump that would go away eventually. She made her hold an ice pack to it as she examined Kara.

The blonde flinched and squirmed under her sister's prodding, and she gave a huff of annoyance when Alex tried to get her to sit under a yellow sun lamp.

"Alex, you know how these things go," Kara insisted. "I just have to rest and sit in the sun a little bit, and my powers will come back on their own."

"Just ten minutes, that's all I'm asking," Alex begged.

"Let her go," said a deep voice from the doorway of the medical bay. The three women looked to see Superman standing there with his hands balled into fists and resting on his waist. "She's right, she needs rest." He walked into the room, a small smile on his face. "Our powers are tied to our bodies, and if her body is exhausted, they're not coming back any time soon."

"They will come back, though, right?" Lena asked quickly.

"Yes," Kara assured her. "They always do, don't worry about that." She smiled gently. "Supergirl doesn't stay down long."

"Well since I stand corrected and you're now referring to yourself in the third person, I would say that's your cue to leave," Alex said, standing from her doctor's stool and throwing her stethoscope on the exam table.

"Before you go," Clark said, turning to Lena, "We found him. He's being brought to the morgue, and I'm going to his house to collect his family and go with them to claim his body. So don't worry about Dan. He's going to get the funeral he deserves."

Lena nodded, her eyes misty. "Thank you, Superman… Clark." She shuffled her feet, glanced at her shoes before asking, "Can you please tell them to call my office about the arrangements? I don't want them to spend a dime it."

Something flashed across Clark's face, a hint of respect and admiration at Lena's generosity. "Of course."

"I'll leave the key to my loft at the front desk for you and tell them to expect you," she told him. "Please, make yourself at home."

"Lena, that's not necessary," he said quickly, not wanting to be a bother. "I can just get a hotel."

"Nonsense," Lena said. "You're Kara's family, and there's no use spending your money on some crappy hotel room when I have a very nice loft that's going unused."

He hesitated. "You're sure?"

"Positive." She shrugged. "Besides, I've hardly been there as is. I've spending most night's at Kara's —"
"Okay!" Kara said quickly, loudly. "He doesn't need to know that," she muttered, her face turning red. "Clark, we're going to grab a couple of things at Lena's then be on the way to my apartment. Let us know when you settle in." She smiled at him. "Dinner tomorrow maybe?"

"I'll tell Lois to hop on the first plane out in the morning, and we'll be there," he said, returning the smile. "Where would you like to go?"

"Angelo's," Kara answered instantly, thinking back to her and Lena's first date. "7:30?"

"See you then."

Superman flew off to meet Dan's family, leaving Alex to drive Lena and Kara over to Lena's apartment. Kara changed out of her Supergirl suit and hung it neatly in her locker at the DEO for Winn to clean and make repairs to while she was powerless for a few days and got into a pair of grey sweatpants, a white v-neck t-shirt, sneakers, and of course the fake glasses, and then they were piling into Alex's sedan for the ride over to Lena's.

Lena had been unable to hold onto her keys when taken, but thankfully there was a spare waiting for her at the front desk. But she would be changing the locks very soon and was determined to make a state-of-the-art security system her next project.

Alex swept the loft to make sure the was no one lying in wait for Lena just in case Lex had given someone orders to finish the job should he have failed. But thankfully it was clear, showing that Lex had been so sure he'd succeed that he hadn't put a contingency plan in place.

Lena packed quickly and almost blindly, just grabbing whatever she could get her hands on as swiftly as possible so they could just get the hell out of there. This place had been home, but now she felt on edge here. Once the safety of one's home is compromised it's difficult to feel at ease there, and Lena didn't think she would start breathing regularly until she was cuddled up in Kara's bed on the other side of the city.

Alex waited in the living room while Kara sat patiently on Lena's bed, offering to help. Lena firmly denied the assistance and finished her packing by grabbing a few things from the drawer in her nightstand and stuffed them quickly in her last bag before hastily zipping it closed. She'd packed a large suitcase, her backpack, and even her gym bag. And it still didn't feel like enough. There was something in her that never wanted to step foot in this loft ever again, and the more she took the longer she could avoid coming back.

Alex commented on the amount of bags, but Lena just muttered something about not knowing when she'd feel safe here again, and there wasn't another word said about it.

Lena started to feel the tension ease out of her as Alex's car rolled through the city, the sun finally starting to set on this incredibly long day. Honestly, waking up at the DEO that morning seemed so long ago at this point she could hardly believe it had been only a little over twelve hours since she'd been knocked out in her apartment.

She silently watched the city lights go by as Alex and Kara chatted idly, the sound of their voices and the normalcy of the situation despite the day's events settling over her. It was almost comical, the fact that mere hours before she'd murdered her brother to save her girlfriend, and now she was riding in a car with that girlfriend and the girlfriend's sister, and they were talking about things like having a game night soon and inviting Clark and Lois.

Now that Lex and Lucas were gone and she could just get back to her life with Kara and focus on
that without constantly looking over her shoulder and worrying that one of them will pop up and fuck everything up all over again, this was what she had to look forward to. Game nights with her friends, nights in between the sheets with the woman she loved, and a completeness she'd never felt before—this was what her life was going to be from now on. That thought set off a warm buzz inside of her, and she relaxed into the seat by Kara's side, smiling wide enough to rival even the sunny reporter herself.

Despite constant reassurance from both Kara and Lena that they were absolutely fine, Alex still followed them up the stairs to Kara's apartment. Kara almost protested, but Alex grabbed the heaviest of Lena's bags—the suitcase—and without her powers, lugging that thing up the stairs wasn't something she felt particularly inclined to do. So she shut her mouth and allowed Alex to join them up the stairs, hoping she would just drop the bag at the door and be on her way.

But no. She had to do a sweep of Kara's apartment, too, just in case Lex had planned for them to come back to Kara's apartment and had an assassin waiting here instead of at Lena's. Thankfully with a studio it didn't take long for Alex to determine there wasn't anyone in the apartment who didn't belong… At least in her mind.

As much as she loved Alex and appreciated her sister's worrying, Kara just wanted to decompress and spend time alone with Lena. She stood by the door, ready to open it and send Alex on her way once her search was complete, but Alex just stood in the center of the apartment and stared at Lena and Kara skeptically.

"Maybe I should stay tonight," Alex said, and Kara tried her best to stifle a groan. "You never know. If Lex was sending someone after you, they might have instructions to wait until later tonight and kill you in your sleep."

"Alex, you're being a little absurd right now," Kara said, trying her best to keep the annoyance out of her voice. She knew this was coming from a place of concern, but she had a feeling in her gut that the worst was over, and they could breathe easy now.

"Am I?" Alex countered. "You're without your powers. If someone breaks in here, you're vulnerable."

"If anything bad happens I'll call Clark, okay?" Kara suggested, hoping to soothe Alex's worries. "He can get to us in minutes, if not seconds."

"Okay, but if you're asleep you'll never see it coming."

"Alex," Lena interrupted when she saw Kara getting flustered and ready to start an argument. "Lex was a boaster. He laid out his entire plan for me and Kara. Sending someone to kill us in case he failed was never mentioned, and I truly believe that was never part of it." She gave a small, half-hearted shrug. "He was too big-headed, in all honesty. Others had failed at this before, so he was going to do it himself or die trying… And that's what he did."

Alex didn't budge. "And if you're wrong?"

"Lena's right about ninety-nine percent of the time," Kara reasoned. "With the other one percent being not figuring out I was Supergirl sooner." That did nothing to persuade Alex, who stood rooted on the spot with an unconvinced frown on her face. So, Kara switched tactics. "Look, today was hard. I get it. You and I, we almost lost each other. But I also almost lost Lena. Her and my lives were both in jeopardy, but you forget that there was also a bomb at the DEO." She sighed and shook her head. "Had Clark and J'onn not gotten to it in time, I wouldn't have been the only one to lose you. Sam and Ruby would have lost you, too, and they almost did… So don't you want to go
see them? Hug them and remember how thankful you are that you get the opportunity to keep making memories with them?"

That seemed to make Alex's resolve crumble. She blushed and looked bashfully at her boots as she admitted to herself that Kara had a point. She'd texted Sam to take Ruby out of the city as soon as they'd gotten news that Lex was out of prison. Once the situation was resolved, she texted them the all clear, and they were due back any second. Sam had taken Ruby to a mall in a smaller city a couple of hours away and kept the pre-teen distracted by buying her whatever her heart desired. And apparently Ruby wanted to put on a fashion show for Alex to show off all of her new outfits. Most people wouldn't be too enthusiastic to spend the night indulging in their partner's child's antics, but Alex wasn't most people. She was actually looking forward to it. Besides, she already loved Ruby. She couldn't wait to see that kid.

"Okay, but only because I already had plans with them and don't want to cancel" she said finally. "But swear you'll will keep your phones on and next to you and call me too if anything happens."

"Yes, and no opening the door for strangers, even if they say they have pot stickers and pizza," Kara said with a good-natured smirk. "You sound like Eliza."

"I do not," Alex challenged.

"Do too," Kara sent back, sticking out her tongue.

Lena rolled her eyes at the childishness and opened the door for Alex. "Go, see Ruby and Sam. Don't worry about us." She quirked an eyebrow. "Besides, do you really want to blow off your girlfriend to hang out with your sister and hers?"

"Point taken," Alex said with a chuckle, finally shuffling towards the door. "Okay, I'm going." She wrapped Kara in hug, saying in her ear, "I'm glad you're alright, even if you stress me the fuck out." She smirked as Kara rolled her eyes, pulling out of the hug and allowing Alex to move onto Lena, who she hugged as well. "And you, too. I'm glad we got you back. And thank you for saving my sister."

Lena pulled back from the hug, shaking her head slightly. "She never would have been put into that position if it wasn't for me in the first place."

Alex frowned. "Lena, no, this wasn't your fault."

"I've got this, Alex," Kara said, quickly.

She loved Alex dearly for her obvious concern for Lena about the fact that her girlfriend was putting the blame on herself, but that was something she and Lena could address alone. In fact, it was something she wanted to address alone. So much had happened that they needed to talk about, but these weren't conversations she wanted to have with Alex present. Just like she was sure there were some things Alex and Sam wouldn't want to talk about in front of her or Lena.

Alex asked hesitantly, "Are you sure you don't want to come to Sam's as well?"

"Positive." Kara nodded. "I'll be in touch, though. Maybe game night tomorrow after our dinner with Clark and Lois?"

"Counting on it." Alex grinned at them, winking as she sauntered out the door finally.

Lena closed it with a sigh, leaning against it for a moment before she turned to face Kara. The blonde was looking at her with an almost sad expression, and she knew the talk was coming. The
one about her comment on all of this being her fault. She knew it the moment it left her mouth, that Kara would want to unpack that little box she’d foolishly opened.

Or was it foolish? Lena had a habit of shoving her emotions into mental boxes and storing them deep within the recesses of her mind, where they never saw the light of day. So, she never really dealt with anything she was feeling in a healthy way, preferring to numb the emotions with alcohol and distract herself with work until she forgot she had them in the first place.

But that meant she kept herself closed off and distant to the people she cared about. With Kara, though, the barrier had been breached. She’d already confided so much to her, let her in. And it had been the right decision, one she would never regret.

Whenever someone tried to get her to talk about her feelings or what was bothering her, she always just brushed it off and pushed the person away if they persisted. She couldn't, wouldn't, and didn't intend to do that with Kara. This love they had and shared, it was worth changing for. Because Kara made her want to be better. Kara deserved better than the way she'd treated other lovers in the past. So as much as there was a part of her that wanted to continue to stay the same and internalize everything, a larger part of her wanted to continue to grow into the kind of woman she wanted to be, the kind who trusted and confided in her partner.

But Kara didn't start a lecture. Instead, she took Lena's hand sweetly and asked, "Why don't we go take a shower?"

"That sounds nice," Lena said in a soft voice. "But I thought you wanted to talk?"

"We can talk after," Kara said, tugging Lena's hand gently. The brunette followed as Kara started leading her to the bathroom. "I just think we'll both feel a lot better after a shower."

Lena couldn't say she didn't agree. The lump on her head, while better after the ice, was still somewhat throbbing, and she was absolutely filthy from being in an old, dusty warehouse for hours. Also her arms were killing her from being tied behind her back for so long, and she longed to feel the hot water on her sore muscles.

They undressed while the water warmed, depositing them in the hamper in the corner of Kara's bathroom. Kara tested the temperature of the shower and nodded her approval. She pulled back the curtain and gestured for Lena to step inside, as if she was holding the door open for her, and Lena nearly blushed at the chivalry.

Lena hissed pleasantly as the warm water hit her, washing over her and cascading down her body. She could practically feel the dirt and sweat running off her skin. It was amazing, and she was ever so thankful to Kara for suggesting it.

The blonde entered after her, standing off to the side to allow Lena to stand under the stream. Wordlessly, Kara squirted shampoo into her hands, then sent Lena a questioning look as she offered out those hands. Lena understood the unasked question, turning her back to Kara and scooting closer to her.

Kara washed Lena's hair for her, massaging her scalp in all the right places, pausing when she found the painful lump on the back of Lena's head. She was careful to be soft and tender in that spot and apply pressure elsewhere. It was so nice, the feeling of Kara's nails dragging delicately across her scalp. It sent pleasant tingles down her spine, and thankfully her back was to Kara because she actually pouted when Kara told her it was time to rinse.

But then there was conditioner, so she got to enjoy it all over again.
Kara washed her body for her, gentle hands caressing her body and making her feel brand new. It was all so intimate, sweet, and innocent. The few times she'd been in the shower with a lover it had always been for shower sex. But this wasn't that. This was an act of love, not making love. Her needs were being taken care of in a different way, and it made her feel warm and safe.

But she would be lying if she didn't admit that Kara's hands on her body and the love she felt radiating from the woman beside her didn't cause a wetness to form between her legs—and not from the shower. However, this moment was so tender that she didn't want to change it.

Plus, they still needed to talk, and there would be time for sex later. It wasn't like she was going anywhere any time soon. That was another thing with past lovers. She just wanted to get her orgasm and go, and once she got it she was putting her clothes back on and running out the door—or, if they'd failed to make her come she would run home to frantically rub one out herself out of frustration. But that had certainly never been the case with Kara, and she had no intention of leaving her apartment any time in the near future, so she pushed the desire aside as best she could.

Washing Kara's hair and body for her in turn did nothing to help with that, though, and she was almost thankful when they finally climbed out of the shower. Lena's muscles felt exponentially better just from the hot water and the way Kara massaged her as she washed her body. She'd been exhausted and ready to go to sleep before the shower, but now she felt fresh and rejuvenated.

Lena was fully prepared to dig into one of her bags to find something to wear, but to her surprise, Kara took her hand and pulled her to the bed. They settled between the sheets, Kara not seeming to care about their damp hair wetting her pillows. Lena nestled to Kara's side, pressing her naked body flush against her girlfriend's. Her head dipped to Kara's chest as the blonde's arms circled around her, and Kara placed a gentle kiss on the crown of Lena's head.

Neither spoke for a while, Lena content to just listen to the sound of Kara's steady heartbeat as she traced patterns absentmindedly across Kara's toned stomach. It was curious, the subtle change in the texture of her skin.

Kara had always been soft to the touch, but Lena knew that if she ever really dug her nails into Kara, she was likely to break at least one of them, and leaving scratch or bite marks wasn't exactly an option. Now, without her powers, Lena noticed that if she pressed down ever so slightly, she could leave a subtle, pink lines across Kara's skin.

"I thought I lost you for a second," Kara said when she finally broke the silence, her voice was heavy and almost raspy, choked with emotion. Lena lifted her head from the reporter's chest and saw tears in her eyes. "If I hadn't gotten to you in time, I don't know what I would have—"

"Shh," Lena soothed, pecking her quickly on the lips and reaching a hand up to cup Kara's face. "The important thing is you did."

"I kept thinking, 'What if this is it? What if this is the one time I can't save her, and I never got to tell her how I felt?'" She bit her lip, face turning a delicate shade of pink. "I wish me telling you I love you for the first time hadn't been under those circumstances, but I had to tell you."

"I don't care how you told me, I'm just glad you did," Lena said, brushing the tears off one cheek with the pads of her thumb. The others she leaned in and kissed away before pressing her forehead against Kara's. "I should have said it sooner myself. I've loved you for..." She trailed off, almost embarrassed to admit how long it had been since she'd fallen for her best friend. "Well, let's just say when I confessed my feelings for you, I downplayed how strong they were."
Kara smiled at that, the tears now subsiding as Lena ducked her head and hid it in the crook of Kara's neck. "You could have told me then," she said in a soft voice, her hand rubbing soothing circles on Lena's back as her girlfriend avoided her gaze.

"I didn't know that," Lena muttered into Kara's neck before picking herself up and propping up on her elbows so she could look down at Kara. Her long, dark hair obscured her vision, so she brushed it back over her shoulder and she gazed down into those deep blue eyes. "I didn't even think you liked me back in that way, and the idea that you could love me was unfathomable."

"Why?" Kara asked, looking to Lena curiously. "You're smart, funny, caring, beautiful, charismatic, and half the time I can't understand why you're interested in me." Kara shook her head. "Why is it so hard for you to believe that someone as amazing as you could be loved by someone as unworthy as me?"

Lena was so taken aback her jaw nearly dropped. "Kara—you—You're not unworthy," she said. "You're the best person I know, the reason I want to be better myself. Fuck, you're Supergirl for crying out loud. You exemplify the very best of any living being, human or not. If anything, I'm the unworthy one."

Lena sat up at this, detaching herself from Kara and running a frustrated hand through her hair. Kara sat up as well, placed a hand on her knee.

"And why do you say that?" she asked.

"Kara, look at what happened today," Lena said heatedly, shame trickling into her stomach. "All of this was my fault. Lex breaking out of prison, killing Dan and Lucas, and then trying to kill you and everyone at the DEO." She shook her head. "It was all to get back at me for turning Luthorcorp into L-Corp." Kara opened her mouth to say something, but Lena cut her off by continuing, "You never would have been in danger today if it wasn't for me. If you'd never met me Lex would have just taken me, and you'd have been safe halfway across the city."

"If I'd never met you then you would have been dead a long time ago," Kara told her. "The day we met he tried to have you killed, and I saved you. Without even knowing you, I saved you. Because that's what Supergirl does." She took one of Lena's hands in her own, laced their fingers together. "But saving you today, that was more than just being a hero. I may not have been saving the whole world, but I was saving my world." She held Lena's gaze, blue locked with green and neither daring to look away. "What happened today, that was all Lex. You didn't make him break out of prison and do these awful things. He chose to do that all on his own. You are no more responsible for his actions than I am for Alex's. So, please, stop beating yourself up. Give yourself a damn break for once in your life. You are a good person, Lena, and today should have never happened, and it is not your fault. Okay?"

Lena sniffled, blinked back the tears that wanted to fall. She had trouble finding her voice, too overcome with emotion to form coherent thoughts. All her life she'd felt invalid, like her very existence was a mistake. It was an odd feeling, having her value recognized, but not a bad one. It was the best fucking feeling in the world. And slowly but surely, she was starting to see it herself.

"Okay," she said quietly, smiling at her girlfriend. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Kara brought their intertwined hands to her lips and kissed the back of Lena's knuckle. "And because I want to say this to you properly," she paused, took a breath, "I love you, Lena Luthor."

The brunette's smile widened. "I love you, Kara Danvers."
Kara smiled back— that thousand-watt smile— and Lena felt warmed by it. Her body practically hummed with happiness as she leaned over and nuzzled her nose against Kara's. The blonde tilted her head up, capturing Lena's lips with her own. She meant the kiss to be short and sweet, but she felt Lena's tongue swipe across her bottom lip, and in a moment, it was in her mouth. It was surprising, but not unwelcome, and she trembled as a hand went to the back of her neck and grabbed onto the hair at the base of her skull.

She wrapped an arm around Lena, pulling her closer. Not even breaking the kiss, Lena climbed into Kara's lap and straddled her. Kara's hands went to the brunette's waist, gripping delicately as their lips moved together. The way Lena was sitting made their clits rub together ever so slightly with each twitch, and she could feel a warm dampness spreading across her thighs. Heat flooded Kara's abdomen, sinking almost instantly between her legs.

She pulled back to break the kiss, and Lena's teeth caught her lip, tugging gently, and she had to stifle a moan at this action. Lena's eyes opened slowly, lids heavy and eyes dark. Kara gulped because she knew that look. But should they be doing this right now? They'd been on an emotional roller coaster, and earlier Lena'd had to kill her own brother—the one person she used to love most in the world. Kara didn't want to take advantage of her if she was in a vulnerable state.

"Lena, should we be doing this?" she asked, slightly breathlessly, voicing her concerned thoughts. "You went through a lot today. I just—I want to be sure you're thinking clearly."

"I'm not thinking clearly, but it's not because of anything Lex did," Lena said, cringing internally at having to mention her brother while in the middle of something so intimate. "Honestly, if my mind's muddled with anything right now it's about the things I want to do to you." She bit her lip coyly before adding, "What I want you to do to me."

Kara's eyes widened, and she squeaked out, "Really?"

Lena nodded and draped her arms around Kara's neck. "That is, if you want to," she said, her eyes never leaving Kara's.

"I do," Kara blurted, earning a chuckle from Lena. Her cheeks tinted pink at this, and she ducked her head briefly before she said, "I just wanted to check in with you first."

Lena answered by pressing her lips to Kara's again quickly before pulling back and muttering against her lips, "The fact that you always ask for my consent is incredibly sweet and sexy as fuck at the same time." She moved her lips to whisper in the blonde's ear, "But please, Kara, please fuck me like there's no tomorrow."

Kara took in a sharp breath as Lena's lips closed around her earlobe, and she moaned out a soft, "Okay," as her hands slid to Lena's ass and dug her fingers in softly.

Lena trailed her lips to Kara's neck, enjoying the way the reporter shuddered under her touch. And then, she did something she'd been wanting to do for what felt like a very long time.

She gently bit down and suckled on the soft skin on Kara's neck, so tender under her lips. Kara gasped and the grip on her ass grew firmer, but instead of hurting Lena it only caused the wetness between her legs to grow. Kara could feel Lena's arousal soaking her lap, and she was sure she was sitting in a pool of her own.

Lena took her time with Kara's neck, moving from one spot to the next, each muscle in Kara's neck stretched taught in the most enticing way. By the fourth love bite she started, she realized she was getting carried away, but she didn't know when she'd get this opportunity again. She wanted to take
advantage.

It was wonderful, the way Kara whimpered and moaned underneath her. The sounds traveled from her ears, straight to her core, and while she was wet before she was positively dripping now.

She pulled away, breathless and lust clouding her vision as she asked, "How do you feel about trying something new this time?"

Kara was obviously curious, but she nodded eagerly. "Whatever you want, baby."

Lena practically melted at the pet name. Usually it made her feel weird, dirty, and wrong when it came from anyone else—man or woman. But when Kara said it, somehow it felt just right, and god she just fucking loved this woman.

"Then I'll be right back," Lena said and pecked Kara on the lips before crawling off of her and jumping down from the bed.

Kara watched her run past the curtain in the doorframe, her heart hammering as she wondered exactly what Lena had in mind. None of her questions were answered when Lena returned a moment later holding her gym bag. She was about to ask what was in it when Lena dropped the bag on her lap and sat beside her on the bed.

"Open it," Lena said when Kara gave her a questioning look.

Kara did as told, unzipping the bag and holding open the sides to look at its contents. What she saw made her heart skip a beat and her breathing hitch. She pulled out what appeared to be a harness with straps and a ring on the front. At first, she wasn't sure what it was for, but then she looked in the bag and saw a couple of different dildos, varying in color and size—then it clicked.

"Oh," was all she managed to say.

Lena watched her carefully for a reaction. She knew Kara's sex experience was limited, and she was the first woman Kara had ever slept with, but Lena had been sleeping with women since college. She had to be prepared if the opportunity presented itself. That's why she had a nice little collection in her bedside table, but every time she and Kara had sex it'd been in Kara's apartment. And quite frankly the sex they'd been having was so amazing she'd hardly even thought about the toys at home—mostly because she didn't need them.

She would be lying, though, if she didn't admit that the occasional fantasy didn't pop up during the day, or even plague her at night. But she didn't want to push Kara out of her comfort zone too soon if she wasn't ready to expand. And she thought that maybe tonight could be the night, but as Kara stared down at the toys and harness wordlessly Lena began to panic slightly.

"If you're not ready, it's fine," Lena said quickly. "We don't have to tonight… Or ever, if you don't want. I just thought we could try it, but if you're freaking out—"

"Lena!" Kara let out a small laugh. "I'm not freaking out. I'm picking which one I want."

It was Lena's turn to simply say, "Oh."

Kara smiled a little as she picked up the blue dildo. It was the smallest of them all, slightly thinner and just about a half inch shorter and made of a soft silicon. She held it up for inspection, then looked to Lena.

"What about this one?" she asked.
Lena shrugged. "That one's fine, but I prefer the red, honestly."

"Well, we can use that one for you," Kara said with a smirk. "I was thinking the blue for me, ease me into it."

Lena blinked rapidly. "You want—Me and—You want us both to wear it?"

"Is..." Kara gulped, worried she'd made some sort of error. "Is that not how this works? Do we not take turns?" She frowned and chewed her bottom lip for a moment. "What are the rules here?"

Lena was taken aback for a second. Any time she'd ever used her strap-on it with different partner, they had all been stone tops, and the idea of her wearing it had been out of the question. For that reason, she'd always considered herself a bottom. But Kara wanted her to top her, and dear lord she was not prepared for that. But suddenly that image was in her head, and it made her mouth go dry.

"There are no rules, it's just... Some women prefer to wear the strap, while others prefer to simply receive," Lena explained quickly, not wanting to delve into a long explanation of the difference between tops, bottoms, and verses. That could wait for another time. "It doesn't really matter, it's just whatever you like." She studied Kara's face. "What would you like, Kara? We can do whatever you want."

Kara glanced down at the toys again then back to Lena. "I want you to wear it first," she said, an almost timid tone in her voice. "And then I want to use it on you."

"Okay." Lena's heart raced, and she swallowed thickly as she nodded and took the blue dildo from Kara's hand. "So, this one?"

"Yes, please."

"Lie back on the pillows."

Kara scrambled to get herself situated, something about the bossy tone in Lena's voice sending a thrill through her. Lena slipped the dildo into the ring and adjusted it so that it fit snugly. Kara watched as she slipped it on and adjusted the buckle just right. Lena felt a little silly at first, this silicone dildo swinging between her legs as she crawled to Kara on the bed. But the way Kara bit her lip with anticipation as Lena spread her thighs apart gave her all the confidence she needed.

She kissed along Kara's inner thigh, inward towards her center. She flicked her tongue across Kara's clit, causing the other woman to twitch involuntarily as a sigh escaped her lips. Lena smiled briefly before dragging her tongue tower, into pink folds already slick with arousal. The taste was divine, and it took everything in her not to just stay there and plunge in deeper.

She sat up again, scooted her hips closer to Kara's. She grabbed the head of the dildo and guided it where it needed to be, applying the slightest pressure to guide it inside. Kara moaned as Lena pushed forward with her hips, the shaft of the toy sliding in slowly.

Kara gripped at her headboard as Lena began to slide it back out again, then eased it back in once more. There was a pleasant pressure, and Lena picked up speed with her hips so that the friction sent tingles down Kara's spine. The blonde bit down on her lip to try to stifle the moans for as long as she could.

Lena's hands went to Kara's hips, gripping onto them to pull herself closer, to drive the dildo in deeper. Kara panted as the walls of her pussy contracted around the toy, and she was actually thankful to have lost her powers because her grip on the iron bars of her headboard was so tight she would have ordinarily bent and broken it by now.
Lena slid her right hand from Kara's waist across her toned abs, then up to close around Kara's left breast. That broke Kara's fight to keep herself silent, and she let out a loud whimper as slender fingers tweaked at her nipple until it was stiff and erect.

The brunette shifted her hips closer so that she could drape herself over Kara and kissed her roughly as she drove the dildo in and out of her with renewed vigor. The hero moaned into Lena's mouth and bit down on her lip, a small grunt of pleasure rumbling in her throat as Lena found just the right rhythm and spot.

She pulled away slightly to mutter against Lena's lips. "Yes, right there. Just like that."

Lena's throat clenched at the neediness in Kara's voice, and the way the base of the dildo rubbed against her clit with every thrust was driving her wild. She nearly lost it when Kara grabbed her hand that was on her boob and led it lower, to the swollen bundle of nerves begging for attention. She swiped one finger across it teasingly, and Kara made the most erotic noise she ever heard as she bucked her hips up to meet Lena's hand.

"Calm down," Lena said, guiding Kara's pelvis back down gently before dipping her hand lower again. "Breathe," she reminded her.

Kara gulped in a lungful of air, letting it out with a whine as the pads of Lena's fingers massaged her clit. She felt a familiar tug starting lower in her belly, the pressure building in her hips. Her walls began to tighten, she could feel her eyes rolling back in her head, and her back began to arch off the bed as her head pressed into the pillow, her hair still damp from the shower.

"You're so beautiful," Lena whispered in her ear. "I love you so fucking much, Kara."

And that did it.

Kara came hard around the toy, her vision going white as Lena guided her through it, whispering sweet nothings into her ear. Her palms were sweaty, her knuckles were white, and she clung onto the headboard for dear life as her body quivered and shook. Lena kept up her pace until Kara road it out, a string of garbled speech flying from her mouth that consisted entirely of curses and Lena's name.

When she finished, she finally let her hands fall as her body went lip, Lena removing her fingers from Kara's pulsing clit but staying inside of her. She brushed a strand of blonde curls off Kara's face and looked down at her lovingly.

"You good?"

Kara nodded slowly, her breath coming in quick wisps. "I'm good. I just… Need a minute."

"Take your time," Lena said and placed a chaste kiss on Kara's lips. "I'm going to take it out now, okay?"

Another nod. "Okay."

Lena sat up and slowly withdrew the dildo from Kara, her thighs covered in the fruits of her labor. She slipped out of the harness and took the dildo out of the ring.

"I'm going to wash this," she told Kara. "I'll be right back."

"Okay," Kara said again, her eyes closing slowly.
Kara's breathing was becoming less erratic, but Lena still enjoyed the way her chest rose and fell with each gulp of air. She smiled to herself as she went to the bathroom and cleaned the toy off in the sink. When it was done, she took the towel she'd used after her shower and draped it over the edge of the tub, placing the dildo on top to dry.

Going back into the bedroom, she saw Kara's eyes were still closed, and she worried she'd fallen asleep. She wouldn't blame her. They'd been through hell that day, she'd just come, and Kara wasn't used to not having her powers to help her bounce back quickly. If Kara was asleep, then by all means, she would let her sleep, but she hoped that wasn't the case. Fucking Kara with the strap-on had been the hottest thing she'd even done, and she could feel her center pulsing and aching, longing for a release.

She crawled back into bed beside Kara, who stirred when the bed dipped under Lena's weight. Blue eyes fluttered open, and the lazy smile Kara gave her made Lena's heart skip a beat.

"Thought you fell asleep on me for a second," Lena said as she turned on her side. She brought a hand to Kara's face and dragged her index finger delicately across her cheek, over her nose, brushed it over her lips. She was so gorgeous with those intense blue eyes, the round, pink lips, and that cute little scar on her forehead she'd once told Lena she'd gotten on Krypton before she could heal in seconds. And those freckles dotting her cheeks. God. Lena constantly had to resist the urge to kiss each and every one.

"I can't sleep now," Kara said, her voice thick and gravely. "You haven't come yet."

Lena's whole body heated up, and when Kara put a hand on her knee, she felt like she was on fire. Kara pushed Lena's knees apart, ran her hand up the inside of a creamy thigh that was covered in her own cum and Lena's increasing arousal.

A finger slid inside, and Lena's head tilted back as she closed her eyes with a loud, pleased sigh. But then Kara pulled it out again, and Lena's eyes flashed open, her mouth opening and ready to protest for all of a second until she saw Kara put that finger into her mouth and suck it clean. Kara smirked at her briefly, retracting her finger and licking her lips with satisfaction.

"The red one you said, right?" the blonde asked, nodding her head to the gym bag on the floor containing the other dildos.

Lena could only nod in response, and thankfully Kara crawled over and retrieved it herself because her brain wasn't quite working at the moment, too focused on the pulsing heat flowing through her core.

Kara got the red toy from the bag, noticing it had a slightly larger girth and was somewhat longer than the one she'd chosen. She was confused at first at how to attach it to the harness, but with a little trial and error she fit it in properly, and then she was eagerly sliding it over her hips.

As she looked down at herself, she felt oddly powerful—even without superpowers. Confidence flooded her chest, and she cast a lustful gaze at Lena.

"How do you want it?" Kara practically purred.

Lena gulped. "Hands and knees?"

"As you wish," the blonde returned. "Turn around."

Lena obeyed, kneeling on the bed and propping herself up on her hands. Kara knelt on the bed behind her, not quite sure what she was doing but hoping that Lena could help guide her through it.
She took a deep breath and positioned the head of the dildo so that it slid into Lena's pussy gently, but with ease. The brunette took in a shuddering breath as the toy moved inside of her, Kara applying pressure with her hips until she was at the base.

She paused for a moment to allow Lena to get comfortable, and then she began to pull the toy out, causing Lena to groan and clutch the bed sheets. Kara snapped her hips forward again, and Lena sent out a yelp that sounded like music to her ears.

She grabbed Lena's hips for support as she thrust the dildo into Lena, the brunette dipping her head for a moment as a pleasant shudder went up her spine. Her hair fell in her face, obscuring her vision, and when she picked her head up again, she felt Kara begin to brush it back over her shoulders.

"Grab it," Lena said, her voice sounding an octave higher to her own ears.

"Your hair?" Kara asked for clarification.

"Yes." Kara grabbed Lena's hair, and Lena ordered, "Now pull."

Kara hesitated for a moment, her hips losing their rhythm as she tried to process the command. But the short-circuiting of her brain only lasted a second, and as she drove her hips forward again, she gently tugged at Lena's hair.

She could feel Lena tensing under her, and the moans coming from her lover began to get so loud they reverberated off the walls. Lena knew Kara's neighbors would probably hate them, but she didn't care. All she cared about was the toy moving inside of her, and every time Kara pulled it out, she backed up her hips to drive it forward again faster, harder.

Kara let go of Lena's hair, grabbed her by the hips again, and bucked her own at a steady pace, wanting to tip Lena over into oblivion. Lena felt her peak building quickly, and she needed it badly. So badly that she reached her right hand between her own legs and frantically rubbed at her clit, and then Kara hit this one particular spot, and every muscle in her body tensed.

"Right there, Kara," she gasped out weakly. "Please, oh please, Kara."

"Please what?" Kara's breathing was heavy as well, but Lena swore she heard a hint of flirtatious teasing in her voice.

"Please make me come."

Kara picked up her pace, hit that spot again, with increasing speed while Lena kept up her rhythm with her hand. And then her breath caught in her throat as her body began to shake, her orgasm building slowly but then crashing through her. Lena let out a scream so loud her voice broke, and she writhed with pleasure as Kara continued her hips' movements as her girlfriend came apart around the dildo. Lena felt herself dripping around the toy and down her legs. It didn't let up until she removed her hand from her clit, a deep sigh as the waves began to subside. Kara finally slowed her thrusts, until she completely stopped as Lena gave a final shudder beneath her.

Agonizingly slowly Kara slid out of her, and Lena gave a small yelp of surprise when Kara's tongue dragged through her folds, greedily licking her clean. Lena pressed her face into the pillow below her as Kara drove her tongue into her center, not only seeing stars but whole constellations. She came again almost immediately into Kara's mouth, her scream muffled by the pillow.

She was still shaking when Kara settled beside her and rubbed her back in soothing circles as she tried to regain control of her limbs. She picked her head up so she could look at Kara to discover...
the blonde watching her with a loving and somewhat concerned expression.

"How are you feeling?" Kara asked in a soft voice.

Lena nearly laughed. How was she feeling? She'd just had two of the most intense orgasms in her entire life, and her brain was still so scrambled she didn't know how to quite express the lingering euphoria that coursed through her.

"Brilliant," she said, her voice slightly hoarse and laced with exhaustion.

"Tired?" Kara asked as she drew a heart pattern across Lena's back.

"Yes," Lena answered, and is if to prove her point, she let out a yawn she was unable to fight.

"Sleep, baby," Kara said, scooting closer so she could drape an arm over Lena and pull her into her side.

Lena wanted to protest, she really did. After all, she felt a little selfish. Kara had made her come twice, while she'd only come once herself. But she didn't think she could pick her body up if her life depended on it. Every ounce of energy had fled her body after that second orgasm hit, and she could hardly keep her eyes open.

"You don't want another?" Lena muttered, almost certain she didn't have the strength but mentally vowing to try if it was what Kara wanted.

"No, I'm fine," the reported responded quietly. "I'm pretty tired, too. I'm not used to this whole human thing."

"Well then I owe you one tomorrow," Lena promised, shifting her head to Kara's chest. She could hear her heartbeat, strong and steady, the rhythm lulling her to sleep.

"You don't owe me anything," Kara replied with a kiss to Lena's forehead. "But I'm not opposed to taking you up on that offer anyway."

"Deal," Lena said, a light chuckle escaping her lips as she finally closed her tired eyes. "Are you up for more experimenting?"

"Yes," Kara said without a moment's hesitation. "But we can talk about it in the morning. For now, sleep." She dragged her nails over Lena's back, smiled down at the woman lying on her chest who was fighting sleep with everything in her. "I'll be right here when you wake up."

"Promise?"

"I promise," Kara said, placing another kiss on Lena's forehead. "I love you," she said again, because now that she finally had, she couldn't say it enough.

"I love you, too." Lena let out a heavy sigh and snuggled closer to her girlfriend. "Always."

The next morning Lena woke up when the sound of a car alarm started going off outside. She picked up her head slowly, wincing at the morning light streaming in from behind the curtains. Beneath her, Kara still sleep soundly, soft snores the only sound filling the room once the alarm was quieted. Lena yawned and put her head back atop Kara's chest, fully prepared to go right back to sleep and let the morning pass them by without interruption.

But then Kara's phone started ringing from the living room. She silently cursed at the fact that
they'd being too preoccupied to do as Alex asked and leave their phones near them because that meant she had to drag her tired and sore body out of bed to run and get it. Kara didn't even stir when Lena detached herself from the embrace and went to retrieve the phone.

Alex's name was lit up across the screen, and when she went back to bed to give it to Kara, the blonde just huffed and turned over, burying her face in the pillow. So Lena just decided to answer it herself.

"Hello, this is Lena," she said, feeling oddly formal since that was how she usually answered business calls. But she didn't want Alex to get confused when she answered the phone instead of Kara.

"Where's Kara?" was the reply.

"Good morning to you, too, Alex," Lena said sarcastically. She was still tired and wasn't quite ready for conversation yet.

Alex sighed. "Good morning, Lena. Where's Kara?"

"Sleeping beside me," Lena answered.

"Oh, good, then you did make it through the night," Alex said. "I wouldn't know because I texted you both several times and you never answered, even though I asked you to keep your phones near you."

"Sorry," Lena said, not feeling sorry at all. Texting Alex had been the last thing on her mind last night. "We fell asleep pretty early."

"Sure you did," came Sam's voice, and Lena realized she was on speaker. Figured. "Or were you taking advantage of Kara not having her powers?"

"Sam," Alex hissed.

"I think you know the answer to that question, Samantha," was all Lena said on the subject, earning a groan from Alex.

"I told you!" Sam said with a laugh. "Lena, I swear, she was so worried. I literally had to talk her out of going over there to check on you guys."

"Considering she never showed up and you're together at this early hour, I'd venture to guess that you found the same activity to keep her preoccupied," Lena shot back, and Kara snorted beside her on the bed, causing her to jump slightly. "Oh, look, someone's awake."

Kara groaned and turned over. "Snitch." She smirked as she took her phone from Lena, putting the call on speaker for them as well. "I'm alive, Alex, okay?"

"See, I told you Lena didn't fuck her to death," Sam teased.

Kara laughed. "No, but pretty close."

"I never thought—I didn't need to know—" Alex sputtered and tried to find words, and Kara could imagine her face going as red as her hair. "Please stop telling me these things!"

"But I want to know," Sam argued.

"Can you talk about it when I'm not around?" Alex asked. "Like at work or something?"
"Speaking of work," Lena interrupted. "I'm going to be late coming into the office today, Sam."

"Absolutely not, bitch," Sam said. "You're not coming in today at all. Do you hear me? Take the fucking day off, hell take the rest of the week. You deserve it."

"Sam—"

"No," was the blunt reply.

Lena sighed and looked to Kara, who smiled at her, and realized that she really shouldn't be fighting this if it meant she got to spend more time with her girlfriend. "Fine."

"And that goes double for you, Kara," Alex chimed in. "James told me if he saw you at CatCo he would turn your ass around and send you straight home, so don't even think about it."

"Bold of anyone to assume I'm going anywhere Lena isn't," Kara answered. "Like I said last night, she's not leaving my sight. If she would have gone to work, I would have gone with her. But neither of us have to go to work, leave the apartment, or even put on pants." She snorted. "Fucking sold."

"Don't we have to go to dinner with Clark and Lois?" Lena asked.

"Oh yeah," Kara said, suddenly remembering.

"Thanks for the invite to this group date, by the way," Alex muttered.

Kara's face fell. She'd never even thought of inviting Alex, and then she felt stupid for not thinking of it sooner. Not only did she love both Alex and Sam, but Sam was also from Krypton. It was something so few people on Earth shared, and it was comforting to Kara to know she had Clark to talk to about their home planet. But Sam didn't have a superhero cousin, and Kara admittedly forgot Sam was Kryptonian sometimes since she'd lost her powers. Sam deserved to know about her heritage just as much as she and Clark did. And Ruby, since she was half Kryptonian.

"Come with us," Kara said.

"We don't want your pity invite," Sam said, her voice teasing, but Lena and Kara both knew there was a hint of truth behind it.

"No, seriously, we'd love if you'd join us," Kara said honestly. "You're family, too, and Sam, if there were ever any questions you had about Krypton, Clark and I would be more than willing to answer them."

There was a pause, and then Sam answered in a soft voice, "I'd really like that."

"Meet us at Angelo's at 7:30," Lena said. "And bring Ruby. I miss her like crazy."

"We miss her like crazy," Kara corrected. "We'll see you there, okay? We're gonna go make breakfast now."

"See you there," Alex said. "Love you."

"Love you," Kara said, going to hang up the phone, but paused when she heard Sam's voice again.

"She's lying, they're totally gonna do it."

A gasp from Alex. "Sam, stop!"
Kara hung up after that, laughing so hard she had to wipe tears from her eyes. Lena merely chuckled and shook her head at Kara's amusement.

"So, are we actually going to make breakfast, or are we gonna do it?" Lena asked, quirking and eyebrow.

Kara's laughter subsided, and her face went a little red. "Well, I'm actually really hungry and could use some coffee," she said, glancing at Lena's lips before adding, "But after? If you want to."

"Full disclosure, I can't think of a time I'll ever not want to," Lena said, her voice low and her eyes taking an appreciative glance over Kara's body.

"Oh… Well… Good," Kara stammered. "Me too." She gulped. "I just… Need to eat something to get my strength back. This being human thing… It kind of sucks." She gave a self-deprecating laugh.

"Welcome to my nightmare," Lena said, rolling her eyes slightly. "I need an excessively strong coffee, stat."

Kara yawned. "Ditto." She groaned a little as she rolled over and slowly lowered her feet to the ground. "I'm gonna go to the bathroom. Can you start the pot?"

"Sure." Lena sat up and placed a small kiss on Kara's shoulder before crawling out of bed herself.

She went into the kitchen and got the filters and coffee from the correct cabinet, having finally figured out where Kara kept everything after spending practically every night together since they'd started dating. As the pot started percolating the exquisite smell of brewing coffee hit her, and she couldn't wait to let that first sip hit her soul.

In the distance she heard a toilet flushing, and then a moment later there was a startled gasp, and she heard Kara yell, "Lena!"

The blonde came running past the curtain, pointing at one of the purplish hickeys on her neck. Her eyes were wide, and her face was red.

"Yes?" Lena asked innocently.

"What did you do?" Kara asked.

"You know what I did," Lena said nonchalantly as she got a couple of mugs from the cupboard. "You were there, enjoying every second of it." She raised her eyebrows and looked to Kara pointedly.

"I didn't realize that's what you were doing!" Kara threw her hands up in exasperation. "What am I supposed to do? I have to see my cousin and sister tonight and look them in the eyes while I have five hickeys."

"Just cover them up with makeup," Lena said with a shrug. "That's what I've done every time you do this exact same thing to me."

Kara blinked at her. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Lena nodded with a mischievous smile. "A tiny bit, yeah."

Kara rolled her eyes, but said, "Okay, I get it now. I'm sorry."
"It's fine," Lena said with a laugh. "I've gotten pretty good at covering them up, and I really enjoy getting them." She picked up the pot of coffee, not caring that it wasn't quite done, and poured some into her cup before replacing it to finish brewing. She blew on the dark liquid and asked Kara over the rim, "Did you enjoy getting them?"

"Yes," Kara admitted, her cheeks going a shade of red again.

"Good." Lena took a quick sip, fighting the urge to shudder pleasantly as the hot beverage slid down her throat and warmed her whole being. "Because I'd really like to give you more."

Kara bit her lip, obviously tempted by the idea. "As long as you help me cover them up before tonight."

"That, I can do," Lena said with a smile as she placed her mug on the countertop. "Now, what do you want for breakfast?"

They made hash browns and scrambled eggs, Kara still eating enough to feed a boy band—even without the inhuman metabolism. When they were finished, they cleared the dishes away and went straight back to bed.

By the time they got up again it was well past lunch time, and Kara had several new love bites to accompany the previous night's. To her credit, though, Lena was now sporting a few of her own. They made sandwiches and settled on the couch to eat them, a blanket covering their laps. Kara scarfed hers down like she always did, and Lena simply ate hers like a normal person while Kara waited for her to finish.

"I should clear out a drawer for you to put some of your stuff in if you're going to be staying here a while," Kara said, Lena's eyebrows shooting up at this suggestion. "What do you think?"

Lena swallowed her mouthful of sandwich slowly, nodding. "Sure." It was so casual, the way Kara offered to make room for her in her home. It was as if she had no idea how huge that was to her, how it went against everything in her nature to settle into someone's life so deeply. But she agreed without even thinking twice. "I'd really like that."

Kara smiled, placed a hand on Lena's knee, and rubbed a small circle there with the pad of her thumb. "Is there anything you might have forgotten at your place that you want me to ask Clark to bring to us tonight?" she asked. "Or we could go get it ourselves if you think you're ready to go back there."

Lena shook her head quickly. "No, pretty sure I got everything." She popped the last bite of her sandwich in her mouth and chewed and swallowed before going on, "But as for me being ready to go back there… I don't know when that will be, or if that time will ever come at all." She let out a heavy sigh and leaned back into the couch cushions. "I'm half-tempted to just hire movers to box up all my shit and move it to a new place for me."

"Really?" Kara asked, her brows knitting together.

"Really." She shrugged. "I just feel like every time I go back there, I'm going to be constantly looking over my shoulder for something or someone hiding in the shadows. I don't want that."

"What do you want?"

Lena paused, thought about it for a moment. "I want to be able to come home and feel safe at night, like I do when I'm here with you."
Kara took in a breath, knowing what she was about to propose may be absolutely mental, but deciding to go for it anyway. "So why don't you just move in with me?"

The question hung in the air, Lena taking a moment to process it, almost convinced she'd heard Kara wrong. "Do—Do you really mean that?"

"I mean, yeah," Kara said and rubbed the back of her neck self-consciously, now starting to lose her nerve somewhat. "You're already here all the time as is—not that I mind. I actually really love waking up next to you in the morning, and I'd like to do it every morning. I'd also like to have coming home to you to look forward to after a long day. And if being here with me is what makes you feel safe, then why shouldn't you move in?"

Lena should have been terrified in that moment that not only was Kara asking her to move in with her after only a short time of dating—or at all—or by the fact that her first instinct was to scream yes at the top of her lungs without a second thought. But she didn't feel afraid. For once someone was asking for a commitment from her, and instead of wanting to run in the other direction as fast as she could, she wanted to face this head on.

"You really want me to?" Lena asked hesitantly, still not quite believing it. "Or are you just offering to make me feel better?"

"Lena, that's not why I'm offering," Kara said, shaking her head. "I want you to move in with me because I love you, and there's no place else I'd rather be than with you." She shrugged, gave Lena a small smile. "I know we haven't been together long, but we've known each other for years. I loved you as a friend before I fell in love with you, and I don't know… Maybe this is crazy."

"I don't think it's crazy," Lena said, shaking her head.

"You don't?" Blue eyes widened.

"No," Lena replied. "You know, before you got there yesterday, Lex was going on about how love was just made up from the chemicals in our brains. And there used to be a time when I would have agreed with him." She scooted closer to Kara on the couch, took her hand in her own. "But I don't feel that way anymore…I think you can try to explain away love by calling it something as simple as a that. You can break it all down to chemicals, yes, but the way we feel about each other…That's not fake. That's very, very real. So, at the end of the day, call it whatever you want—an illusion of the mind or a chemical equation—but you can't simplify what we have that easily." She lifted a hand to cup Kara's cheek and brushed the pad of her thumb across her smooth skin. "So maybe it's crazy. Who cares? All I care about is you and spending as much time with you as possible. If yesterday taught me anything, it's that life is short. Tomorrow is never promised, so we have to take these opportunities when we can because that's all we can do. Try to live the best life possible while we're still here, and my life is best with you next to me." She paused, ducked her head briefly before looking up again, capturing Kara's gaze. "So, what I guess what I'm trying to say is, yes, Kara. I'll move in with you."

The reporter beamed, and she said, "Okay," before leaning forward and kissing Lena soundly on the lips.

The brunette returned it, her heart soaring and her pulse racing as she climbed into Kara's lap and draped herself over her girlfriend. In a moment Kara was standing, wrapping Lena's legs around her waist so she could carry her back to bed. She laid Lena down gently and crawled up to kiss her again, and Lena pulled her down hungrily.

And even as they tumbled around on the bed, sighing into each other's mouths as body parts
became tangled together, a wonderful bliss filled Lena that she'd never quite felt before.

She'd never felt like she belonged anywhere, but here, in this moment with Kara, she didn't feel that way anymore. For the first time in her life she felt safe and loved and enough. And as Kara's lips traveled down her body, a thrill went through her as she realized this was what she had to look forward to from now on. Even when those lips closed around her swollen clit, Lena couldn't stop thinking one thing:

She was home.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh I'm fucking emotional right now. This story was my baby, and I loved writing it. But the story was done, I've told all I want to tell.

But I do have more stories planned, so I'm going to get working on those soon.

And yes, the chapter title is the colors they used with the strap. Don't fucking JUDGE ME.

Thank you all so much. Please reach out on tumblr if you wanna chat. My handle is legalizesupercorp

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!