Poison
by AssumingMinds19

Summary

It's been a year since Kara's world changed. Since Kara became... something that wasn't Kara. Their options had been short and Sam was dying. Reign had become stronger than ever but had been killing her host.

In a universe where the whole Harun El storyline never happened, they had been forced to think of a more creative solution of how to stop Reign. So Kara did what she did best and took on the virus herself.

Inspired by Red Kryptonite Kara/Venom/Reign (and just a smidge of Overgirl) mashup.

What will the person Kara has become inflict on the world and the people around her?

To the woman she thinks, she might still love?

Notes
Ok peeps, guess who's back? I know, I know... I've been gone a while. Rest assured, I have not forgotten about my other fics and will be getting chapters out ASAP. During the last few months of crazy chaos and wacky adventures of my life an idea of this story formed, so here's hoping it comes out decent.

Buckle your seatbelts loves, cause this is going to be a bumpy and dark ride.
Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

And this is the playlist for this fic if anyone is interested :)  
https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42

See the end of the chapter for more notes

National City had never been a rough town.

Not like Gotham with all it’s brooding darkness and open manholes that released strange growls at two o’clock in the morning. Frankly, Gotham’s ‘rough’ area was pretty much just the whole of Gotham. These days, with all the alien attacks and super attacks and alternate universe wars, invasions and disasters it was a wonder anyone lived in the city at all.

Of course, the trade up for quiet country life was the shitty internet.
The majority of people these days would rather take the random white martian being body slammed through your window and the days long call to the super incidents insurance line than be without the internet.

Curiously, the bad guys always knew not to mess with the wifi.

Still, people still fled the murky Gotham after the third clown attack and subsequent violent bat rescue to head to the sunnier west coast and National City. And in the last few years, with the alien population exploding, there seemed to be an increase of underground Gotham like nightlife.

Or maybe the bad bars and dingy streets had always been there, waiting to be found by anyone who just wanted to drop off the map for a few hours and pretend that the sun wasn’t going to come up tomorrow.

Kara hunched over her strangely glowing drink at the very thought of the sunrise that would come less than half an hour. Her skin already started to itch at the thought. She pulled the scratchy material of her sleeves back slightly so she could run her chewed nails gently over the raised redness splattered over her forearms in a geometric pattern, alternating with the always present purple bruising.

It was a necessary evil, at least that’s what everyone kept telling her. The constant pain, itchiness and aversion to sunlight was all worth it, just in case the less savoury part of her new mangled and messy personality ever attempted to break free.

Experiencing all the worst parts of humanity, just to make sure the rest of it stayed protected.

*everything that we are, and the way you’re making us, is preventable. you chose this... agony.*

“Shut up,” Kara hissed out at the vicious voice in her brain, pressing her cold glass to her forehead briefly with a wince before she knocked it back quickly.

None of the scattered half asleep patrons still at the bar even looked up at the random comment the blonde had made, used by now to stranger things occurring in this place than a layered hunched woman with a crew cut, shouting to herself at six in the morning. Still, the bartender looked up and gave her an appraising look with enough judgment for Kara to get the hint that she was being told to move on.
Kara pushed back from the bar, rubbing the back of her hand over her red-rimmed eyes before beginning her slow and deliberate stagger towards the exit. She pushed it open with more force than needed, leaving her deliberate walk redundant as she fell into a puddle of water with a splash. The shock of the fall left her without breath for a minute and completely unable to move. A sinking sense of shame curdled with the pit of alcohol at the bottom of her stomach, she was barely able to scramble to her feet before she braced herself against the alley wall and vomited loudly.

Kara was barely able to wipe the back of her hand across her mouth and allow her foggy brain to process what just happened when she felt the prickling sensation of a knife in her back.

“Your wallet, if you know what’s good for you.”

If Kara’s head hadn’t been spinning and shivering from the dirty puddle that had drenched her, she would have laughed at the low growling voice. And the total ridiculousness of the situation that half a year ago she never could have imagined she’d be in.

Plastered and near dead from a cocktail of synthesised DEO meds, alien street drugs she’d managed to get her hands on earlier in the night, and the near litre of alcohol she had chugged. Drenched and shivering while being held at knifepoint for the measly two bucks she had left in her pocket.

With no strength to even turn around to confront the mugger let alone stop him.

The mighty do fall far.

Before another beat could pass, a new voice sounded out from behind her clearly causing the mugger to jump and Kara to fall slightly against the wall she had leant one.

“If you know what’s good for you, scram.”

The blonde turned around, her head lolling and squinted her eyes to see her redheaded sister holding the mugger at gunpoint with a cocked eyebrow. The man hesitated, before dropping his blade and scampering off into the shadows quickly. Alex let out a snort, before picking up the blade carefully and pocketing it.

“Amateur,” she muttered before turning her gaze to Kara, her eyes drifting over the blonde’s dripping clothes and the splattered vomit beside her quickly.
Kara scowled, before pushing herself off the wall and resuming her shuffled walk down the alley, ignoring the agent’s appearance. Alex caught her elbow, stopping her and demanding Kara’s attention with a harsh reprimand.

“You didn’t check in last night,” the redhead said in a neutral tone conflicting with the stormy clouds in her eyes.

Kara tried to yank her arm out of her sister’s tight grip but to no avail.

“What does it matter?” The blonde said with a sneer, anger rising tenfold at her physical limitations. “You track me wherever I go anyway.”

Alex looked slightly stung by the disdain in Kara’s words but covered it well before it could move out of her eyes.

“This only works, if there’s trust Kara,” the redhead said instead, letting go of Kara’s elbow gently.

“This is the third time this week that you haven’t checked in, Kara,” Alex admonished while the blonde crossed her arms over her shivering form. “I can’t keep covering for you. Part of the condition of you having the freedom to destroy your life by getting drunk in bars until six am is checking in every day.”

Kara shook her head, the resentment in her chest threatening to boil over again.

_yell. scream. do something. your inability to act truly is pathetic._

_all that power and you let her talk to us like that?_

“Shut it,” the blonde snapped at the voice, doing nothing but make it purr in satisfaction at the frown that appeared on Alex’s face.

“I’m getting really worried, Kara,” the redhead said worriedly. “You don’t talk to me anymore, you
spend all day locked away in your apartment with the curtains all but nailed shut.”

Kara let out a huff.

“What do you expect, Alex? For me to be all sunshine and rainbows? The way I used to be? I’m not that girl anymore…. I can’t be…. Injections every week in my veins that makes my blood burn and boil.”

Kara slammed her hands over her eyes, her whole body screaming out.

“Kara-“ Alex said, reaching for her elbow.

“DON’T TOUCH ME!” The blonde roared, throwing the other woman’s hand off her and huddling down in the darkness.

Alex blinked, reaching into her pocket while she approached the crouched woman carefully, as if she was a frightened animal.

“Kara… it’s ok…” She whispered out.

The blonde’s eyes started the burn.

“No, it’s not ok… it’s never been ok… Not with this half a life that I’m living with the poison you give me that stops me from being everything that makes me who I am. That blocks everything… All my gifts and my power…. MY STRENGTH!”

Kara roared the last words, slamming her hand against the side of a dumpster so hard that a dent was formed. The blonde looked down at her fist wearily, noting with odd satisfaction that the skin didn’t break. A flush of power seemed to radiate down her arm, but she barely had a chance to relish it before there was a sharp prick in the back of her neck and the world started to become foggy. The blonde fell backwards with a stumble and into Alex’s arms, noticing the glowing syringe that the redhead was still holding.

“…Alex…” she murmured.
The agent spoke some words softly into her earpiece, before holding the blonde close to her chest and looking down at her with guilty eyes.

“Go to sleep,” she whispered down before pushing a short piece of blonde hair back on the prone woman’s forehead.

Kara let out a shuddering sigh even as the familiar burning sensation heated from the injection point on her neck and rippled down her body. The dullness in her mind grew until her eyes grew heavy and finally closed shut, the voice letting out a final whisper.

*we could be so much more than this.*

*if only you let me free.*

“We can’t contain her any longer. She’s swallowing her whole, burning her from the inside out.”

“She’s not strong enough to fight it anymore.”

“What are we going to tell Ruby?”

“We can’t let it kill her Alex. There has to be another way.”

Kara woke with a groan. Feeling distinctly ill in a way that didn’t come from just alcohol. Her suspicions were confirmed when her gritty eyes peeled open slightly to see the sickening green glow of cuffs chaining her to the gurney she was lying on. Her eyes drifted up her bruised arms to see the IV in her arm, pumping in a different shade of green into her veins, spreading the fire and red rash up her arm so far that it reached her shoulder. There was a quiet hum of machines in the room, but when Kara sent down her customary probe into her brain she was exhaustedly happy to note that no voice came out to greet her. It helped the blonde relax into her mattress, even though the physical pain from the drugs they were giving her made her feel like shit at least for the time being the knowing presence
in her mind had been chained away.

There was a soft hiss as the DEO medbay door hissed open and Kara turned her head to see Alex striding in with a tray of food. The redhead hesitated briefly but was emboldened by the blonde’s exhausted smile in her direction. The agent rested the tray down on the bedside table gently and Kara’s nose wrinkled at the smell of the rehydrated goop that passed as food in the DEO break room.

“You need to eat,” Alex murmured, spearing a piece of the sauce covered cardboard and holding it out in front of the blonde’s face.

Kara’s lip curled, but she took the bite and swallowed it whole with a grimace.

“I swear every time we do this the food gets worse,” the blonde said with disgust.

Alex smiled softly, before holding out another forkful of food.

“At least this time you’re not arguing with me about eating it,” she said quietly.

The blonde let out a snort, almost spraying the cauliflower like substance across her sheets in the process. A flash of irritation grew in her and she flexed her wrists against their restraints.

“Is there much of a point?” She questioned as Alex dabbed her chin clean. “I’m already strapped down, you could easily mash it up and shove in my veins.”

The redhead’s actions faltered at Kara’s bitter tone and a flash of hurt grew in her eyes.

The blonde groaned and closed her eyes.

“I’m sorry… I didn’t mean that” Kara muttered.

The agent took a deep breath before dropping the fork back on the plate and laced her fingers together.
“You agreed to this, Kara,” she responded in a weary tone. “When you’re compromised—“

The prone woman cut her off with a bark.

“I know I agreed to it, Alex,” Kara snapped out, a wave of exhaustion crossing her features.

A few seconds of silence passed between the sisters before the blonde let the tension in her shoulders bleed out.

“I just… I thought it might be different this time,” she said quietly. “But my time between these little overnight stays has been getting shorter and shorter.”

Alex reached over carefully and laced their fingers together before levelling her sister with a wary look.

“You’ve been here for a week Kara.”

The blue-eyed woman blinked steadily at the new information sent a wave of shock down her spine. A sharp stab of fear pierced her mind at the thought. A week was the longest time by far she had spent under since the transfer. It had certainly never taken them that long to make sure that all her levels were in order.

And that things were contained.

Alex’s voice cut through the fog.

“…and we had to increase the dosage.”

Kara absorbed it, her eyebrow twitching at the keyword in her sister’s sentence.

“…we?” She asked with a glare.
Alex averted her eyes and took a deep breath.

“Kara-“ she tried to say but was cut off fast by Kara’s spitting growl.

“She still can’t stand the sight of me… except when I’m asleep,” the blonde said before letting out a groan as a wave of self-disgust washed over her.

“Not that I blame her from wanting to stay away from the disaster that is me.”

Alex’s brow furrowed and she shook her head.

“She was in London when I called her Kara, and she still came. She always comes when you need her.”

Kara couldn’t help but close her eyes as she imagined that call. Lena in London, living her life that was so separate from Kara in every way. But flying all the way back at the drop of a hat because the blonde needed her expertise. Because of this thing inside her that the CEO was the expert in restraining.

Did she do it because she still cared? Or because she felt obligated?

Not that it mattered… because Lena never hung around long enough to talk to Kara when she had woken up, only working on her when the blonde was unconscious. The last time Kara had seen the CEO in person was a year ago, since then it had only been glimpses online and on TV.

Looking beautiful and sharp and fierce.

Kara wondered what Lena thought when she looked at her lying still and restrained to a bed. What did she think about how much weight she had lost? Or the scars that now crisscrossed her body? The tattoos Kara had done tracing her spine when she was feeling particularly drunk, fiery and enraged.

The multiple times she had been feeling that way.
And this would have been the first time since Kara had cut her hair.

Suddenly, the voice whispered from the corners of her mind.

pathetic.

Kara shuddered as the scaly thought rubbed across her psyche and she struggled to slam the door on it.

Alex let out a sigh at her sister’s strange, but not unusual, bout of silence.

“Kara,” she spoke softly, trying to draw the blonde’s attention back to reality.

A few seconds passed before Kara’s eyes zoned back in on the redhead.

"The aggression…” the agent continued. “Your aggression has been getting worse as well. The drinking, staying out all night… Quitting your job and disappearing for days at a time…”

A beat passed.

“I think it’s time that you moved in with me,” she said finally.

Kara pulled her hand away as much as she could, shaking her head.

“I’m not moving in with you, Alex,” the blonde answered forcefully. “I don’t need to be babysat through the rest of my life.”

Alex’s lips pursed and Kara fought from rolling her eyes.
“Besides,” she continued. “I got that new job last week and I have the cat. You have been feeding Streaky Two, haven’t you?”

The redhead nodded, a flash of annoyance growing in her eyes.

“Yes, Kara…” she said dryly. “I’ve been feeding your cat… even though you know I’m allergic.” Alex frowned.

“Speaking of… when was the last time you cleaned your apartment?”

Kara’s mind flashed with the thought of her dingy place, with it’s lack of ventilation and scattered bottles. Her sister probably had a heart attack when she walked in.

“Ughh, Alex,” she answered in an annoyed voice. “You don’t need to lecture me all the time.”

For the first time during their conversation, Alex let out a genuine smile at the blonde’s annoyed voice.

“That’s kind of my job, remember? I’m your sister-“

Kara cut her off with a snap.

“And my keeper apparently.”

The sharp words shattered the agent’s smile and Kara felt an instant pang of regret at her words, even as the voice in her mind chuckled gleefully. A few more seconds passed before Kara let out another sigh.

“When can I go home?” She asked.

The redhead stood to her feet.
“I’ll test your levels later tonight, do a few more scans…”

Kara arched an eyebrow in question at her sister’s unfinished words.

“And then?”

Alex tilted her head.

“Kara… you’ve got to stick to the rules. The rules you agreed to,” she said fiercely. “Otherwise, your options are going to disappear and there’ll only be one path left to take.”

Kara swallowed the feeling of dread that grew in her stomach at the thought.

“I know,” she whispered.

“Regular exercise, good diet, checking in… going out into the sun!” Alex continued sternly. “We need to keep you as healthy as you can be, so you’re strong enough to fight…. it.”

The lingering thought of what would happen if Kara failed to contain the darkness inside of her. The consequences of that failure would be severe.

“I’m not slipping, Alex,” Kara replied with as much earnestness as she could muster. “I’ve never even had an incident or a memory gap. I’m strong enough to handle it.”

The redhead let out a chocked breath.

“It nearly killed Sam, Kara…. She still struggles sometimes with the effects. Nightmares and flashbacks-“

The blonde cut her off with a sly grin.
“You’ve been talking to Sam?” She asked with a raised eyebrow at the implications.

Alex blushed faintly but redirected the attention back to her sister.

“Well, I can’t exactly talk to you,” she muttered.

Kara let out a groan.

“Alex-“

The agent cut her off with a grimace and a wave of her hand.

“No… don’t say anything. I don’t want to get into an argument again.”

She pushed back her chair and moved to exit the room.

“Well, I’m chained to the bed,” Kara said before she could leave. “You might not get another chance.”

Alex gave her sister a questioning look and Kara returned it with a tired, but genuine, smile. The redhead took a couple of steps forward again and pressed a gentle kiss on the blonde’s forehead.

“I love you, Kara,” she whispered. “You know that, right?”

The blonde let out a shaky breath.

“I love you too,” she whispered back.

bullshit.
The blonde struggled not to growl out loud, but thankfully her sister failed to notice her struggle.

“Kara, promise me that you’ll tell me if something… If things start to go wrong,” Alex said with a worried voice.

The prone woman felt a sharp stab of pain in her chest as if the swell of heat from the kryptonite-like drug seemed to reach her heart.

“I promise,” she replied with a barely hidden wince.

Alex frowned at her expression.

“Nothing’s happened? Nothing different than the usual signs?”

The agent’s eyes were searching and the blonde felt a slight edge of panic in her mind mingle with the dripping ooze that was that other dark voice.

_she’s talking about us, you know. that’s what she wants. destroy us.

_squash us out of existence and take away everything that makes us strong.

_she’s jealous._

_Kara wrapped the words carefully and shoved them back into the chest of the dark glowing phantom with red raged filled eyes. They stared at each other for a minute, the dark shadow smirking evilly._

The blonde snapped her thoughts away, trying not to panic as she gave her sister a strained smile.

“No. Nothing different at all.”
Chapter End Notes

What do we think? Let me know in the comments below! I love to know your thoughts and feedback.
Kara entered her apartment with a groan and let the small bag of groceries she had bought thump to the floor. After nearly a week and a half at the DEO ‘recovering,’ the blonde was more exhausted than ever. The rash on her arm had finally receded, but the bruises remained prevalent.

She supposed she should be grateful that the snarky other voice in her head hadn’t said a word since the first time she had woken up, but oddly a part of her felt empty without it. The drugs were no doubt knocking it on its arse and into a sleeping state.

Still, she could feel it there.

*Leeching* off her energy.

Kara didn’t want to think about it too much, instead of experiencing a massive urge to sleep. Her lethargy was broken by the feeling of her ginger cat snaking between her legs and meowing loudly for food.

“Hey there sweetheart, did you miss me while I was away?” She asked with a soft smile before reaching down to pick up the fluffy monster she had found behind a dumpster three months ago skinny, matted and starving.

They made an odd pair both damaged, grumpy and prone to sleeping for days at a time. But, as she hugged the purring creature close to her chest before placing him back gently on the floor, she couldn’t imagine a better roommate.

Kara packed away her meagre groceries slowly, frowning at the smell of rotting food emanating from her fridge. Before turning to look around her apartment with a critical eye, noting that the place seemed even more torn apart than usual. Clearly, when Alex had come to feed Streaky she had done the rounds, searching for illicit substances. Thankfully, she hadn’t touched the half empty bottle of
whisky Kara had on her counter and the blonde quickly opened the bottle and took a large swig, sighing gratefully once the familiar burn hit the back of her throat.

Half an hour, the rest of the whisky and two Xanax later, the blonde landed gratefully onto her mattress and fell into a restless sleep.

Home, sweet home.

how depressing

“Enough James. You’re not running the story and that’s final.”

The tall man across from Lena fumed, but the CEO couldn’t care less. The last few months had been trying to say the least. Stepping down from being the public face of CatCo and returning to her routes at L-Corp had been a difficult transition. It was particularly straining on her newfound romance with the current editor in chief in front of her. The fact that they struggled so hard to maintain a relationship without literally seeing each other at work every day should have been enough of an indication that it was doomed to fail. But adding the considerable amount of other stresses in their lives made it clear that they just weren’t meant to be.

Well, at least it was clear to Lena.

Not that James had pushed the issue when she broke up with him but the tension between them since then had been unbearable at the best of times.

And horrendous at the worst of times.

“When you gave me the position of editor in chief, you gave me full discretion over the stories we run and publish,” he growled out.

“And for the last few months, you’ve had that discretion,” she replied smoothly.
“But not this story.”

Lena sat behind her desk primly and waited in silence while the man stared down at her.

“It’s been a year since Supergirl disappeared, the public wants to know what happened,” he protested once again.

The corner of Lena’s mouth twitched at the name drop, but she took a steadying breath to stop herself from shouting back at the tall man.

“It’s been a year, Lena. You can’t stay mad at the world forever.”

“Get out of my office, Mr Olsen before you cross another line.”

The man huffed but did as he was told and headed the warning in Lena’s voice, the door slamming shut behind him with a bang. Lena let out a groan once she was finally alone and collapsed back into her chair before rubbing the side of her heads to ward off a headache that was forming fast.

She sat in silence for a minute, watching the rotating logo of her company flashing across her computer screen blankly. Hesitating briefly, she unlocked the screen to look at the most recent test results Alex had sent through this morning on Kara after she had been discharged.

Lena groaned in frustration at the acidity levels, which no matter how many times she adjusted the dosage of medication, just kept increasing. It was clear, the methods she was using to keep Kara alive were slowly killing her.

The brunette swore violently.

In the corner of her office, the news ran on mute displaying the rising crime statics and the recent influx of alien/human turf wars going on in the city.

National City was falling apart, that was clear. Sure, the police and the DEO handled it as best ass they could but the lack of a public defender made those who wanted to tear it apart rise up from the shadows.
As far as the public knew, a year ago Reign and Supergirl both disappeared. Speculation ran rampant, but most people seemed to think that Supergirl was dead.

Thinking about it, she probably was.

Lena ran a hand down her face, trying the avoid thinking about the way Kara had decayed in the last year. Every time Lena went into the DEO to treat her, she was unconscious thankfully. Because the person the brunette knew… well, Lena wasn’t really sure if she’d ever known Kara. But this version….

Haggard, skinny and exhausted while the toxic illness that was Reign ate her alive along with the medication the brunette had synthesised to stop it from taking over her consciousness completely. But the test results in front of her proved difficult to ignore.

This times, a blood alcohol level through the roof and a cocktail of drugs from every source on the planet it seemed. Lena wasn’t even sure how to reconcile the image of the Kara she thought she knew, with the one the blonde seemed to have become.

She flicked through the data and reports Alex had sent and glanced over the final note in the bottom page, recommending the blonde for another psychiatric assessment.

Lena shouldn’t have read the previous reports, it was a complete invasion of privacy.

Naturally, Lena didn’t give a shit anymore about Kara’s privacy.

That respect had gone out the window the second she discovered her ‘friend’ had been making a fool of her for the entirety of their relationship.

The comments from the doctors were disturbing, to say the least. An initial assessment, to see whether Kara would be a successful fit for the DEO complied years ago. Honest, brave, true and incredibly naive. A deep need for praise and validation stemming from deep personal loss. But fundamentally, a good person and a good soldier.

Then the staggering reports, the first week after they had managed to transfer Reign’s consciousness
from Sam’s and into the blonde’s.

Signs of depression heightened sensitivity to light and noise. Couple that with the increase in rapid eye movement, severe decrease in appetite and the disrupted sleep she was starting to fall apart at the seems.

And the way she looked now… thin. Far too thin.

Not that Lena should care about that.

It was easier to distance herself from Kara now. She stepped back from CatCo, started L-Corp’s expansion in Europe… Things for the company had never been better. It seemed that being associated with a Luthor wasn’t quite the same poison it had been before and her efforts to salvage her name were actually working. The reason she had returned to helm L-Corp and redouble her efforts was for that very reason.

And if it had the added effect of removing her from interacting with Kara, well that was just a bonus.

Not that needed of worried, Kara had dropped down the ranks of CatCo all by her own request fast. First, getting reshuffled back to the assistant's pool.

Then the mailroom.

Then janitorial staff.

Until finally, she just stopped turning up completely.

It shouldn’t have bothered the Luthor to get that particular email from James when she was in Prague, informing her that Kara seemed to have morphed into a full-time hermit. After all, the day to day runnings of CatCo wasn’t her responsibility. And if Kara wanted to make that decision, then she was completely entitled to do so. Unless she started flying around the city, hellbent on killing criminals, what Kara did with her life was entirely up to her.

The only obligation the CEO felt towards the other woman was making sure she stayed alive and in
control of her own faculties. A debt, for what Kara had done for Sam by taking on the burden of Reign.

Beyond that, Kara Danvers wasn’t her responsibility.

Still, her mind raced with possibilities on how to treat the blonde moving forward.

She stood with blood-soaked hands, pieces of bones still stuck under her fingernails as she let out a panting breath.

A feeling of pure ecstasy and relaxation rushed through her body at the sight of the now headless criminal splattered on the ground in front of her. Finally, a piece of scum earned from the earth. No judge, no trial, no endless parade of money forked out to feed and house this human waste for the rest of his miserable life.

Or worse, he was sent back out on the streets to try and hurt someone all over again.

“Why should we have the power and never use it? We are a god…” she whispered out in a haggard cough, her voice raw from silent screaming.

She turned her head and caught her reflection in a dull piece of metal sheeting lining the alley.

Her hair, dark and stained with sweat and blood.

Her eyes burning a deep, blood red that had formed cracks outside her eye sockets that looked open and infected.

And when she smiled and saw her fangs.

“The way I see it, we can do whatever we want.”
Then she launched into the night.

Kara woke with a cry of pain as agony ripped up her arm. She ripped it away, startling her contented cat who had been happily sleeping on it and clutched it to her chest trying to prevent tears from rushing down her face.

It wasn’t unusual for the blonde to wake up in pain or from nightmares these days, but this one had been particularly unsettling.

*the taste of it… the freedom… the power to do what’s just… delicious.*

The blonde felt a stab of panic and checked her hands quickly, relieved to find them clean and unstained. She frowned though as her eyes drifted to her forearm which had turned an alarming shade of red and was starting to itch like mad. Kara resisted the urge to scratch and instead walked towards the kitchen with it cradled to her chest so she could run it under cold water.

It was only once the heat of it died down a degree that she could let out a heavy breath and allow her continued exhaustion to catch up with her. Kara glanced outside and frowned to see the darkness of night beyond. She checked her phone, thankful that she had only slept half a day instead of a whole one for once, but swore when she realised what time it wise.

She sat up with a groan of pain, scrambling for some loose painkillers on her bedside table she could swallow down before staggering her way to the shower. Her new apartment’s amenities were limited. Her showers often freezing for one while the water had a slightly brown colour, but it was enough for her to get by and it was the best she could afford. Ever since she quit her job at CatCo things had been tight. Especially considering how much of her savings had gone towards fuelling the amount of alcohol and drugs she was now consuming.

But all that was drying up fast and Kara needed a job.

The one she was currently late to right now.

She managed to scrub herself up into looking half decent, thanking Rao for the thousandth time for no longer needing to worry about her hair. It was all well and good to have long flowing locks that always seemed to return to a perfectly bouncy look through hundred miles an hour wind, fights with
aliens and multiverse travel when she had her powers. But something about this new human experience, meant her hair tangled now and got in the way of her puking her guts out.

Four hours later, Kara was pouring drinks at one of the newer clubs in downtown National City will the pounding bass made the glasses shudder.

“You going ok there, Danvers?” One of the girls asked as she passed the blonde a tray of empty shot glasses. “Having fun on your first night?”

Kara gave her a curt nod and a tight smile before accepting the notes thrust at her by a drunk frat-boy type and handing him his drink.

“Sure. It’s been a blast.”

The girl nodded distractedly, before frowning at the VIP area she was attending.

“Look, this place is new and hot with the trust fund babies. They’ve got money to burn and management looks out for us if they get to handy. Do your job well and you’ll be raking in the tips.”

Kara nodded once more in thanks, something the other girl didn’t even seem to notice before she rushed off once more.

*what a waste... with our potential, we could be so much more...*

“Shut up,” Kara hissed out as she wiped down the bar quickly.

“I’m sorry?” A melodic voice asked from across the bar, startling the blue-eyed woman.

She looked up quickly to see a dark haired and pale woman grinning at her and for a split-second, in the darkness of the club, Kara’s heart stopped. Then the woman shifted forward enough for Kara to realise that her eyes weren’t green, but brown and she couldn’t help but feel as sinking sense of disappointment.
“I wasn’t talking to you,” the blonde muttered out, kicking herself for the way her heart had behaved.

The other woman wasn’t deterred by her monotone response, her grin widening enough for Kara to note that she did have quite a pretty smile.

“Who?” The girl asked, looking behind the bar with a laugh. “I don’t see anyone down there.”

She flushed prettily.

“Maybe later I could help you look.”

For a second a hint of rage burned behind Kara’s eyes at the teasing, but when she turned to face the girl once more it disappeared. Suddenly, a wave of confidence filled her and for the first time in months, she flashed a smile.

“Flirting with the bartender won’t get you free drinks, you know,” she answered with a wink.

The other girl let out another laugh and something inside Kara purred.

“My name’s Victoria,” she said, holding her hand out.

The blonde took it gently, raising it to her lips to press a quick and gentle kiss to the back of it.

“A beautiful name, for a beautiful lady.”

“Jesus Christ, you’re strong.”

“I don’t think he had much to do with it.”
“Not religious?”

“No. Not with the things I’m planning on doing to you.”

Kara woke the next morning with a start. Confused why the sheets she was sleeping on seemed so soft against her always heated skin.

Except her skin wasn’t heated, not today.

Her eyes readjusted fast and she took in the expensive room and the silk sheets she was lying in.

Where was she?

The blonde’s mind scrambled as she tried to recall what had happened the night before.

Did she go on another bender last night? It didn’t seem likely. When those occurred, which was often, she usually woke up the next day in a dingy room….or dumpster… feeling like crap from whatever fight she’d gotten into the night before with a wicked hangover and stars hovering in front of her eyes.

But this morning she felt good… Great, even. Better than she had in months.

Powerful, strong, confident.

She lifted her arm and was astonished to note that the rash and swelling had completely disappeared. It was as if her skin was glowing.

“I don’t know about you, but as far as one night stands go…”

Her heart rate picked up as she finally registered the soft breathing of another person in the bed next
to her. Kara tilted her head slightly to take in the sight of the smiling woman from the bar last night.

Her mind struggled to recall what exactly was going on. The last thing she remembered was serving the girl a drink the night before,

“I take it I didn’t disappoint.”

Wait…what did I just say?

The woman, Victoria, stretched out before rolling on top of Kara languidly. The blonde found herself snaking her arms around her waist and pulling her down into a deep kiss.

They broke for air and Kara found herself getting more and more baffled with what was going on. It was like she was there but wasn’t…. In the car, but not in the driver’s seat.

She wasn’t the one controlling anything right now. Rolling their bodies until she could kiss her way down this strange woman’s body and she couldn’t stop it.

But she didn’t want to stop it.

Was this... Reign?

A purr came out of her mouth at Victoria’s moans, when she twisted her fingers to just the right angle. A flash of exhilaration filled her at the power and control she had at this moment over another human being.

“My God!” The brunette cried in a breath and the blind felt her ego soar to new heights.

Everything with Reign, or this version of Reign that she had, felt wrong before. Sick and ill and evil.

But this…. this just felt good.
It was only when she was walking home, lighter than air, with the back of her mind churning with possibilities of what to do now that she felt so strong again when the wave of illness crawled up from her stomach. The blonde stumbled on the pavement, falling on her hands and knees while a splitting headache wracked her brain and the sea of people just kept walking.

A scream hit the back of her throat, but it wasn’t released in sound but in her mind.

doy see? eveything you coukd be? that was just a taste…. we could be so much more and have so much more.

a god among mortals. they are ants to us.

Suddenly, the fog that had been plaguing her for months descended as did the burning on her skin. Everything she had escaped from during the morning, the illness and the pain flooded back.

She was firmly in the driver’s seat and she hated it.

Kara staggered to her feet, feeling three feet tall. The blonde shoveled her hands into her pockets and began to shuffle down the pavement with tears in her eyes from the sun she had been enjoying so much five minutes ago.

The blonde managed to find her way back to her apartment somehow. Pushing past angry pedestrians and the dodgy woman, who the blonde strongly suspected was Durlan refugee, that mumbled to herself in the hallway. All the while she could feel the clawing hooks of Reign slicing through her mind like it was hot butter.

Though at the thought of the name, the thing rumbled angrily and tightened its grip making Kara’s breath rush from her lungs. She fumbled with the lock on her door, pushing inside quickly and gripping the sides of her head.

“What are you doing to me?” She managed to whisper to herself.

The thing inside her laughed coldly and cruelly and a spike of heat hit her face, making the blonde
rush towards her sink and dry reach brutally.

*what are you doing to us? filling us with poison.*

Kara fumbled with the tap to pour herself a glass of brown tinged water, trying to ignore the voice in vain.

*trying to suppress everything that we are, everything that we could be.*

“I am not you,” she muttered out, swallowing her water and starting to pace rhythmically along the floor.

“You’re a… a thing inside of me!”

It chuckled darkly at her words.

*funny…we think that girl might have thought the same thing…*

Kara felt like screaming, but she couldn’t get the sound out.

It wouldn’t let her.

“Shut up,” she managed to husk out, scrambling for something to do to be released from the pay she was in right now.

“You’ve destroyed my life.”

The creature growled out and Kara fell to her knees.

*you’ve done this to us… not me. you’ve squashed everything that we are… everything that we could be. spoiling the meat so the illusion of purity remains. we could be so much more than this…*
unburdened by rules and threats and mistrust... unrestricted by people who want us to be someone we’re not... we could deliver the truth to this city, to this world on a scale never seen...

Kara started to feel her eyes throb and flicker.

The blood running through her veins.

“You took over Sam before,” she whispered out. “You keep talking about ‘we’. What does that mean?”

The hold of her mind loosened slightly, enough for her to take a deep breath and sit up. The voice in her mind began to speak in a soothing voice, almost as if it was caressing her.

Comforting her.

she was weak, where you are strong... together we are stronger than anything. I could take over.... the thing you are so terrified of... you think all I know is how to kill... but I am not reign... not anymore. I've....evolved.... we've evolved...."

Kara was trying to understand the words the thing was telling her and found herself falling into the desire to do whatever it told her. Be whatever it told her.... because the possibilities it offered just sounded so damn nice.

A life where she could unleash her full potential.

Fly again. Fight again.

But a part of her, small and childlike in the back of her mind recoiled in fear when the creature reached out. It was crying.

Telling her this was wrong.

“I don’t remember last night,” the blonde whispered. “You took control, you took over me. Don’t
you understand how terrifying that is? That you can just… take over?”

The thing crawled back into the dark, clanking itself in it like shadows.

Kara had enough, she couldn’t take the insidious whispering anymore. The way it sounded good and appealing. She made a decision, her mind latching onto it like a lifeline as she staggered to her feet and all but ran towards her bathroom and ripped open the cabinet.

The thing tutted at her actions but didn’t push to stop her violently.

*If I wanted to control you, I would... push past the poison and wrap my fingers through your brain, shredding your mind and making it mine to mould and play with. like that weakling, before I could shunt you to a corner and let you die... she was so weak... and the way she cried for her daughter...*

“SHUT UP!” the blonde screamed, stopping the words before she drew a breath. Kara pulled out the small black safe Alex had given her and scanned her fingerprint.

The safe opened to reveal a sickening green glow of synthesised Kryptonite that instantly made her feel ill.

...you see... that rage, the anger, the pain... it is a part of you... it could make you so strong, with all your power...

*why do you think I chose you? you are so much more than what you’ve become...*

*embrace it... embrace us and we will do things the world has never seen before...*

“Stop it,” she whispered as she loaded up the syringe with shaky hands.

*we could be-

The words stopped the second she stabbed her thigh with the syringe and emptied the plunger. Her legs immediately cramped and she could see the radiation spread up her flesh. Kara wobbled and
then collapsed, hitting her head hard on the sink on her way down.

And then everything went dark.

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*It was the smell of green tea that first woke Kara up. Her nose twitched violently as it wafted towards her but she refused to open her eyes.*

*Instead, a lazy smile stretched across her face.*

*“You made me tea,” she hummed out happily.*

*A soft hand and rake of nails traced her bare back lightly.*

*“And breakfast,” Kara continued as she caught the scent of eggs in the air.*

*The hand moved until it rested gently in the blonde’s hair.*

*Kara tilted her head to the side and opened her eyes to look up in bright green ones.*

*“Of course, darling,” Lena said gently before pressing a gentle kiss to the hero’s head. “Anything for you.”*

*The naked woman laughed, before grabbing the CEO’s wrist and pulling her down on top of her with a squeak. The brunette huffed briefly, before melting into the kiss the blonde pressed against her lips.*

*“How did I get so lucky?” Kara asked with a laugh after she broke away.*
Lena stared down at her softly, reaching up to run a hand through the blonde’s short hair.

“I’m the one who’s lucky… bagging myself Supergirl.”

The blue-eyed hero hummed in agreement at her girlfriend’s words.

“Well, I am pretty hot.”

Lena let out a delighted laugh at her words.

“With arrogance to match.”

Kara pressed a gentle kiss to the other woman’s lips.

“I love you, Lena.”

The brunette smiled and pressed her forehead against the blondes.

“I love you too.”

Lena woke up slowly and flushed from her dream, her face pressed against the papers on her desk. It wasn’t the first time she’d had dreams about Kara, usually far more compromising, but it had been over a year since they hadn’t involved her shouting of throwing hot tea in the other woman’s face.

The betrayal and the lies had stung all the more because of the way Lena had felt towards the blonde. Something that was confusing and suppressed and she felt for sure that Kara had no idea about or reciprocated.

But who knew, anymore. Maybe Kara had heard her racing heart with her super hearing of seen the way her palms would sweat with her super sight. It made it worse somehow, and extremely
embarrassing. At the time, Lena had just suppressed it away and labelled it in a file of things that would never ever happen. Especially since Kara seemed to have a type that Lena didn’t fit.

That being, she wasn’t a man.

Lena frowned at herself and instantly began to shuffle the papers in front of her, chalking her politer reminiscing up to her own exhaustion. After a twenty-four hour stretch in her private lab, she was still no closer to finding a solution to her problem which would fast become the entire cities problem if she couldn’t figure out a way to successfully suppress Reign.

That or Kara would die a horrible gruesome death.

And as much as Lena felt like Kara deserved to be thrown into a black hole, death via horrific Kryptonite poisoning wasn’t something anyone deserved.

The buzzing of her phone distracted the brunette and she picked it up with a frown, noting Alex’s encrypted DEO number.

“What?” She barked out as she answered the phone.

“It’s Kara.”

“Like you’d call me for any other reason. What happened? Is it her blood toxicity levels?”

“No, Lena…. I…. Kara overdosed on Kryptonite."

“There’s nothing we can do. Reign can’t exist without a host and if we try to separate her from the host… then Reign’s going to take Sam with her.”

“There has to be something.”
“There’s nothing! I’ve tried… I can’t save her…. She isn’t strong enough to fight her off anymore.”

“What if we gave her a new host.”

“What?”

“Reign can’t like her options either. What if we offered her a better host… a stronger host.”

“I don’t think that’s how it works…”

“We won’t know until we try.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked :) Leave a comment below, I love to read them.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Hello peeps :D Here's a chapter for all you wicked souls. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

This time when Kara woke up she felt like a train had run over her and every part of her body was on fire.

Even trying to open her eyes was agony and trying made her let out a long groan.

“You know, now that you're as vulnerable as a human I should inform you that there are kinder ways to go about killing yourself.”

The sound of the low, smooth voice made the blonde’s eyes fly open and the heart monitor began beeping erratically. She struggled to sit up, despite the aching feeling that seemed to exist in every muscle of her body. Kara was halted by the feeling of a cool hand pressing down firmly on her shoulder.

“I really wouldn’t try that, if I were you,” Lena said softly.

Even through the haze of exhaustion, Kara's eyes drank in the sight of the other woman.

She looked as tired as the blonde felt but still as beautiful as the last time she had seen her in person. Her face had been twisted into a flat mask then and she hadn’t uttered a word. While Kara was restrained on a table with what felt like a million Kryptonite embitters surrounding her making sure she was still in control of her mind.

Once that had been established, Lena had turned and walked away.

The last memory Kara had of Lena was of the other woman leaving her.
The blonde’s feelings towards the CEO had already been complicated enough, but adding the addition of the emotional hijacker she carried around with her made everything even more difficult.

Staring at her now, all she could do was breath out the other woman’s name… and pray that she hadn’t been dressed in a paper gown. Trying to find comfort in the fact that over the course of the past year Lena had probably seen her unconscious in far more compromising positions.

The brunette watched her with a slight frown, before turning her back to check Kara’s chart.

The blonde’s mind struggled through the fog briefly, trying to remember what had landed her in the DEO med bay this time.

“What happened?” She husked out. “Did I… did I hurt somebody?”

The brunette turned back around with a frown, studying Kara’s face before she pulled up a stool and sat beside her.

“How much do you remember?”

The blonde tried to move her sluggish arm, surprised to find she hadn’t been restrained.

“I… can’t… I remember that I was at work…. nothing past that.”

Lena’s face pinched at the final word, but it smoothed over completely within seconds.

“Alex went round to your apartment and found you collapsed on the floor with a needle on the ground next to you. It looks like you injected yourself with a highly concentrated dose of Kryptonite.”

A flash of a memory crossed Kara’s mind.

Of burning pain and a pressure inside her mind telling her who she should be and who she should be.
What she should be…

But it was all still lost in a mist.

The blonde rolled her head, trying to get her bearings and make sense of the dull listlessness she felt throughout her body when she saw the familiar IV drip running into her arm, but this time with a bluish substance Kara had never seen before.

“What..?” She tried to question, finding the words escaping her.

Fortunately, Lena seemed to have understood what she was trying to ask and sat down next to her so she could continue explaining.

“Your results were all over the place when she brought you in,” the brunette said quietly, averting her eyes to the floor.

“Alex had to resuscitate you twice. That’s when she called me in.”

The blonde locked her eyes on the movement of Lena’s hand as the brunette tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear.

“And you stayed…” she breathed out, a smile growing on her face as an unexplainable feeling of bliss grew in her chest.

Until Lena’s green eyes locked on hers and the insidious whisper sounded out in her mind once again, bringing back all the memories she had forgotten and chasing away the fog in a flood.

and why should we care? mooning like a lovestruck child over somebody who can’t stand the sight of you?

A crack of pain lanced from her bandaged head and she recoiled from the brunette.
“Stay away from me!” The blonde yelled, a roll of uncontainable anger growing unbidden like a forest fire in her mind.

Fury at the other woman.

Lena blinked at the sudden change in her voice, her hand hovering over Kara’s shoulder once more.

The muscles all over Kara’s body screamed and she lunged for the woman with a yell, and only being held back by the handcuffs hold her in place.

It felt like cement and poison were being poured into her veins all at once and she swore she could see electricity crackling along her skin.

A single thought slammed into the bedrock of her mind again and again with enough force to bring tears to the blonde woman eyes.

Danger is here.

danger is here.

“GET AWAY FROM ME!” She shouted with a boom, screaming in agony once again before the dullness once again raced up her arm and her back finally fell back on the mattress.

The sluggishness crept up once more, but the red-hot warning in her mind still lingered and ate away like acid.

It was only once her head became too weak to move, that the feeling finally abated enough so she could once again focus on Lena’s paler than normal face.

“Lena…” she gasped out in pain, tears still slipping from her eyes. “Help me.”
“You can’t save her. All this… effort… is completely wasted. Sam is gone.”

“You and I both know that isn’t true.”

“Kill us then, if you can… I’m not letting her go.”

“You will. Because I have something better to offer you.”

“And what’s that?”

“Me.”

“I’ll never get used to seeing her like this,” Alex whispered, staring through the viewing glass at her sister’s prone body in the med bay.

The blonde never looked as small as when she was strapped down to a mattress with a million machines recording every reading and making sure she didn’t go into cardiac arrest once more. Looking at her like this, the redhead could barely recognise the battered woman as her sister anymore. More and more Kara had deteriorated, losing her stronger build in exchange for wiriness. Cutting her hair so short, when Alex knew how much the blonde had loved her long tresses.

The shadows under her eyes, the scars littering her once flawless skin and the string of foreboding Kryptonian symbols tracing her spine.

For a long time, Alex had tried to cling to the memory of who her sister was, in favour of this darkened version. In the hopes that one day, they would find a way to be rid of Reign once and for all and Kara would come back to her.

But these past few months and the way the blonde’s personality had shifted so off centre had made Alex come to the realisation that the sister she knew was long gone. Even if they somehow managed to save her from Reign, the experience had probably scarred her so irrevocably that she would never be able to fully heal.
But no matter what, Kara was still the strongest and bravest person the agent had ever known.

Alex reached out to touch the glass, wishing with all her heart that she could see her sister smiling again.

“Is it always this bad?” Lena asked with a whisper, her eyes riveted on Kara too. “I mean… I’ve read the reports—”

The redhead turned to look at the brunette, trying to stifle the anger growing in her own chest.

“This is the worst I’ve ever seen her. She’s becoming more aggressive lately but this was different.”

The brunette’s brow furrowed in question.

“How do you mean?”

The agent let out a sigh, betraying her stress at the entire situation, before looking back at her sister.

“I mean she looked at you… she saw you and for a second she looked so damn happy.”

A spark of something stirred in Lena’s chest at the redhead’s words, but she quickly shoved it deep down in the entire fiery pit that was her mixed bag of feelings towards Kara.

“But then she tried to attack me,” she replied plainly.

Alex shook her head.

“Yeah… but it looked more like, she was in pain and that she just didn’t want you to touch her.”
Lena crossed her arms, trying to fold in on herself.

“But her vitals… nothing changed to indicate that-“

The agent’s eyes flashed.

“And that’s what makes it unique,” she explained. “Every time that thing battled it out with her before, especially in that first month we could see the changes in her brain. Even now, there are notable differences in her body. We know that it’s bonded with her in a way that is completely different to Sam. It’s feeding off her aggression and floods her body with dopamine when it’s in control. And when it gets mad… her heart rate goes through the roof. But this…”

The redhead’s voice was filled with fascinated wonder, despite how disturbed she stared at Kara. Lena could appreciate the science of it all, but the reality stayed the same.

“Alex, none of this matters compared to the fact that she literally dies today… twice,” Lena responded. “And the medication I’m giving her now maybe be different to the SynKryp I engineered, but it’s still untested long term.”

Lena frowned as the blonde shifted her head slightly, her face pinched with worry.

“We need to do something else.”

Alex scoffed at the brunette’s words.

“Like what, Lena?” She asked. “There’s only so much you can do from inside a lab without actually speaking to her. We’ve run every test imaginable, all the simulations… and still, she keeps… changing. If we keep trying to keep it surpassed, we’re going to kill her-“

Lena’s fingers dug into her own arms and she interrupted the older woman with a snap.

“And if we don’t, then Kara will no longer exist.”
The words rang in the air and Lena felt like kicking herself for allowing such a display of emotion. She’d been working hard this past year to not deal with… everything she felt towards Kara. The last thing she needed was Alex looking at her suspiciously. Whatever angry, resentment, bitterness, judgment, loathing, affection or whatever she felt towards the blonde… that could be dealt with far, far in the future.

She especially didn’t need to have this conversation with Alex.

Alas, the other woman was already looking at her with a pitying glint in her eye. The redhead reaching over to touch the brunette’s shoulder lightly.

“Kara’s gone, Lena. The person… my sister… she isn’t who she was anymore.”

Lena shrugged the other woman’s hand off and Alex took a sharp breath.

“But of course,” the redhead bit out. “You wouldn’t know that.”

Lena felt her hackles rise and she turned to glare at the taller woman.

“Don’t attack me, Agent Danvers,” she hissed out. “You don’t know anything about me.”

The CEO glare cold usually made grown men quiver, but it seemed to have no effect on Alex who merely raised an eyebrow.

“I know my sister needed you,” she responded flatly. “When she made the most difficult decision of her life, sacrificed her life to save Sam’s, she needed her friend.”

Lena jabbed her finger towards the med bay.

“They’ve been here.”

Alex’s eyes softened slightly.
“As a scientist, not as a human being,” she said easily, before looking at her sister’s prone form.

Lying still and surrounded by machines.

The redhead turned back to Lena.

“She talks about you every time she-”

The agent was cut off the approach of another black-clad operative.

“Director Danvers,” he barked out, getting her attention. “We have a situation.”

Alex frowned at the other man.

“What is it, agent?” She questioned.

The man’s eyes flickered to Lena with uncertainty, but the redhead nodded to continue.

“There’s been an attack,” he continued. “On the Alien refugee centre in Midtown.”

Lena felt a sinking feeling in her stomach at the words, but Alex took them in her stride.

“When?” She asked.

The man grimaced.

“About ten minutes ago. It’s bad.”
The redhead let out a breath, looking back at her sister before turning to the brunette CEO.

“Lena, I need to deal with this,” she said quickly. “I need you to watch her and make sure nothing else happens.”

Before the brunette could react, the agent took off in the direction of the armoury with the man hot on her heels.

Lena watched her retreating back, before turning back to look at Kara and let out a breath.

“What in the hell am I going to do with you.”

Kara swore that this must be what LSD felt like.

She was felt herself floating, looking through half-lidded eyes up at the ceiling tiles rotating and shifting with a rainbow of colours and shapes.

The corner of one tile morphed into another and quickly became the shape of a dragon, making the blonde let out a half giggle as it breathed fire.

“I wanna pet it…” she mumbled out.

“Pet what, Kara,” a bell-like voice sounded out.

The blonde rolled her eyes away from the dragon that had now decided to fly and focused them on the spinning blob that was standing next to her.

“Are you a dragon too?” She asked with awe, noticing that the blob had a pair of green emerald jewels.
Dragon’s liked shiny things.

The blob shifted until it was hovering above her and shined a bright light into her eyes.

“Well, clearly you’re feeling better,” it said with a quaver in its voice that made the blonde frown.

Kara tried to lift her head so she could squint at the blob closely and examine it.

“Why are you sad, blobby? Is it because you’re not really a dragon? Don’t be sad that you’re not a dragon…” She said, trying to focus her eyes but only succeeding in making them water.

The black blob tilted over her, brushing a blazing hot finger against her cheek to catch her falling tear.

“I’m not sad that I’m not a dragon,” it whispered out.

It had such a beautiful voice, Kara wondered if the blob was actually a mermaid.

“How do you know my name, blobby?” The blonde asked.

It chuckled.

“It’s me. Lena.”

The name tinged a memory in Kara’s mind.

“Lena…?” She questioned with a frown, trying to place the name to a face, but only coming up with an echo of sadness.
"I knew a Lena once…” she whispered out. “We used to be friends…. Then she went away…”

The blob didn’t respond quickly, and Kara allowed her head to roll back on the pillow so she could stare up at the ceiling once more, unsure why she suddenly felt so unsettled.

“Where did she go?” The blob finally asked quietly.

The blonde felt her muscles relax once again and into the mattress. Thinking about the question, the person she couldn’t remember and the dragon that had disappeared from the ceiling.

“I don’t know…” she breathed out. “Far away… faraway on a dragon.”

Kara’s eyelids began to flutter closed, the picture of a dark-haired woman with green eyes suddenly painted in her mind.

“She doesn’t talk to me anymore,” she continued. “Sometimes I dream about her, but she always leaves when I wake up in the morning.”

The blob let out a breath, but Kara hardly noticed. She was becoming lost in her memories.

“She was so beautiful… like a princess,” the blonde said with a smile.

“Or a witch,” the blob bit out bitterly, making Kara’s eyes open once more so she could turn and stare at her intensely.

Finally seeing Lena.

“Maybe she was both,” Kara whispered out. “I don’t know her anymore…."

The brunette stared down at her with a storm of emotions in her eyes.
“Maybe she never knew you,” she finally said.

The shorthaired woman felt another wave of exhaustion hit her in her chest, and she only managed a few more words before she drifted off once more.

“We didn’t know each other…. But she was so beautiful…”

Kara wondered in the dark, lost and disoriented through the smoke. There was a fire burning somewhere and the sound of screams made her turn.

People were in trouble.

Her heart began to beat hard in her chest and a clawing sense of panic forced it’s way up her throat as the screams grew more panicked. She turned, trying to find the source and finally seeing an orange glow.

She ran towards it quickly and her lungs quickly began to burn with exertion.

There were people in trouble.

Shapes began to emerge from the smoke. People running away from a burning building that had been blown apart.

A child tripped and fell in front of her and the blonde reached to pick her up, but her fingers passed through her like she was a ghost.

“There’s nothing you can do. I tried to warn you, but you’ve chained us to bed by more than handcuffs.”

Kara turned to see the burning distorted image of herself standing next to her, with glowing red eyes and venom laced in their voice as it looked over at the fire.
“What are you talking about?” Kara asked. “Where am I?”

The other her laughed coldly, reaching out so the falling ash could rest in her palm.

“We’re here,” she said simply.

Kara rolled her eyes and felt like throttling her.

“That makes no sense,” she muttered out, feeling powerless as she watched the people running from the fire.

Completely incapable of doing anything.

“We could be so powerful,” the other her said with a hiss. “We could have stopped this.”

Kara felt like screaming before she rounded on the other woman.

“What are you talking about?” She spat out. “You’re a monster.”

It growled at her words, baring its sharpened teeth before rushing forward and tracing its jagged nail down the blonde’s cheek.

“Kara,” she purred out. “If you cooperate you might just survive.”

Kara felt ice run from where the reflection had touched her and race through her body.

“What are you talking-“

It interrupted her with a snap.
“They’re killing us!” It shouted, digging it’s nail into Kara’s cheek with a sting before letting its hand drop. “You’re letting them kill us with what they’re giving us. To ‘fix’ us.”

Kara could see the image in her mind. The way her body react so horribly each time she was injected with the suppressants the DEO gave her. The exhaustion and the rash.

Feeling like she wanted to fall asleep and never wake up again.

“No...” she tried to protest. “Alex is making sure-“

The thing interrupted her once again, this time grabbing her wrist and digging its nails in hard enough to draw blood. It swiped it’s thumb over a drop before Kara could even react and licked it, visibly reacting in disgust at the taste.

“They’re killing us,” it said, spitting on the ground. “Alex the DEO and your precious Lena...”

Kara yanked her hand away from the thing’s grip, noticing with a sinking stomach that the wounds left behind were turning back with an infection.

“Stop it,” she whispered out.

The thing circled her slowly.

“What have they done for you?” It hissed out. “All your friends abandoned you, left you to disappear into the darkness. It was better, easier for them than facing the truth. That we’re a God amongst ants. They’re terrified of what we can be, so they suppress our power. But they realise now that can’t control us, so now they’re trying to kill us.”

Kara resisted the urge to curl up into a ball and cover her ears.

“Stop it,” she all but begged, trying to stop the numb icy black that was spreading up her arm quickly.
The thing wasn’t dissuaded.

“They’re filling us with liquid death.”

An image appeared before her in the smoke, conjured by the darkest wishes of her mind. Fighting her way through the DEO, smashing agent’s skulls and slitting their throats.

Ripping Alex’s head off her shoulders with her bare hands.

Kara felt like vomiting.

She turned to look at the mirror image in horror.

“You want me to-“

The thing ducted low, pressing its forehead to her’s so their breaths intermingled.

“I want to save us,” it whispered, its eyes burning into Kara’s. “Allow us to embrace who we are and we will be the greatest thing this Earth has ever seen.”

The blonde jerked away, rubbing her arms and trying to banish the chill.

She turned to look at the screaming people, the feeling a despair at her inability to do anything clutching her heart.

“I can’t…” She began weakly, trailing off as she watched a child scream for their mother.

“Is it really so bad?” The thing said, stepping next to her so they could watch the child together. “The idea of power?”
It gestured over the rubble.

“We could have stopped this. Saved the little children and these people. Save them and bring down destruction on those that did this. Make them feel our wrath and feel us. Does that really sound so evil? Righting the wrongs of this world? We have the power to change everything. Be something that these beings have never seen before.”

It gave her a look of disgust.

“But instead, you choose to let us die.”

Kara felt a shudder run down her spine, turning to look at her injured arm that had turned black and cracked.

“You’ve corrupted me,” she whispered out.

The thing pressed its hand over her chest.

“Look inside yourself, Kara,” it said with a hum. “This is always what you were headed for. Destined for greatness. You can choose to embrace us, or keep denying the truth.”

It twisted the scene in the smoke, showing images of people being attacked in robberies, murders and rapes. Kara knew in her heart, that every scene was real. She could feel it in her soul, the people who had been hurt over the past year while she had been… incapable.

“Look at them, Kara,” it hissed out. ”You’ve let this happen by denying our… appetite.”

An image of a dark shadow stepping out behind a mugger, biting its head off and snuffing out his life once and for all.

The blonde felt so satisfied at the sight.

“No!” She yelled out, trying to deny it. “I was good before you… I can be good again.”
The thing turned and made everything disappear until it was just the two of them surrounded by darkness.

“There are only two options left,” It hissed out. “Die… or release us.”

Kara felt her resolve faltering.

“How can I trust you?” She asked.

The thing grinned, before melting into the dark.

“You can’t afford not to,” it said with a final whisper.

Lena had never had many friends, even when she was a little girl and still living with her mother she had never strayed far from her side. More interested in devouring all the books in the children’s section of the library her mother worked at than playing with the other children in the playground.

It wasn’t that Lena didn’t like other people, but the people she wanted to associate with never fell within the same age bracket as herself. Not playing in the sandbox may have stunted her social skills and ability to work in a team, but it had never bothered Lena as long as she had her mother to read to her at night and take her on sunset walks.

Smiling at her with brilliantly blue eyes, that first made the brunette fall in love with the colour.

Then when her mother had died and all good things in her life had turned to ash for the first time, she had been thrust into an entirely new life.

The Luthor’s didn’t understand that Lena would rather eat mac and cheese than a salad nicoise, and an adjustment period wasn’t allowed. Luthor’s were expected to be bold, reserved, intelligent and driven.
Not to cry at night because they had never slept in a queen sized and think ghosts were hiding in every corner.

And for the first time, Lena had wished for a friend.

But Luthor’s didn’t have friends, they had associates.

Lex was some comfort, he welcomed her as much as he could without being hindered by Lillian. He taught her chess, how to ride a horse and helped her build her first robot, but he always left to go back to boarding school. And once she was old enough, she was packed off as well.

The girl’s at her school were cruel and whispered about her behind her back, or more often to her face. And the walls born from her childhood solitude and the Luthor’s encouragement finally formed. So she threw herself into her schoolwork and did little else besides.

It was only once Lena finally escaped high school and by virtue her families complete influence and began to attend a college where she really had a chance to talk to people without funny looks and stares.

And for the first few weeks, the brunette could feel herself relaxing.

Then Lex committed terrorism and no one, save Jack, wanted to touch her with a ten-foot pole. Jack had been a Godsend to her during that time. The first and only person she had met who didn’t care that she was a Luthor and just wanted to get to know her, on her own terms.

At least, that was what she had thought until everything went tits up and the truth came out that Jack valued their romantic relationship over their friendship. The lid had been blown off that can of worms when she left to take over Luther Corp.

All the things that she thought Jack didn’t care about, turned out to be wrong. He loved Lena for who she was because she rejected being a Luthor.

And when she decided to embrace her legacy and transform it into something good… well, it ended badly.
So once again she was friendless until she met Kara.

And then… everything had gone to shit.

Lena watched as the blonde frowned in her sleep, letting out a slight whimper that made the brunette frown. A swirl of complex emotions had sat in her chest the minute she was called into the DEO and saw the blonde lying there with green-tinged protruding veins, filled with Kryptonite that Alex was desperately trying to purge from the blonde’s body.

And then the EKG flatlined.

Twice.

Being here and seeing that had been… bracing, to say the least.

It had taken hours to get the blonde stable again. Lena would never say she was an expert in medical sciences, but after a year of trying, again and again, to tweak and change the formula she was giving Kara. Examining test after test and blood-screen after blood-screen, she did believe she was an expert in Kara.

Lena stared at the rise and fall of the blonde’s chest in silence, trying to make sense of the weird behaviour Kara had displayed the last two times she had woken up. The brunette stifled a yawn, dreading checking her watch to see just how many hours she had been running without sleep and fighting with the growing sense of uncomfortableness she felt at watching and waiting for Kara to… well, not die.

The CEO had no idea where exactly Alex had run off too, but she could see through the windows of the room that the DEO hub was in a flurry while people ran in and out dealing with the emergency.

And in the last year, a week didn’t pass without some sort of emergency.

Truthfully, Lena was exhausted and it kept growing the longer she sat in this room.

Staring at Kara’s rising chest.
For the first time, in a long time… Lena wanted to talk to her friend.

“I remember this being easier… talking to you,” she finally said, her words cracking in her dry throat. “But now, everything had changed. I… I don’t even know who I’m mad at anymore. Even if I’m… I don’t know who you are. Were you ever going to tell me that you were Supergirl? I just… when I walked into that room, pro the transfer. Arguing with Alex because I agreed that you should take on the burden I didn’t… This is so confusing.”

Lena turned her head, watching the monitors for a minute before looking back down at the still silent blonde.

“You have to understand,” she whispered out steely. “Luthor’s and Super’s don’t mix, we never have. And I know there were moments when I wanted to believe that we could forge our own path out of the shadow of my brother and your cousin, but when you sent James to my vault I… You were never my friend, not that way. Maybe it was easier for you because you saw me as Lena all the time but you weren’t Supergirl and Kara to me, you were separate. Supergirl saved my life, she makes noble sacrifices and is a bloody hero but she isn’t… touchable. She was an ideal… a dream… But she wasn’t my friend.”

Lena fought the urge to reach out and grab the blonde’s hand with her own.

“But Kara was my friend,” she said bitterly. “My only…”

Her eyes began to burn and she stifled a sniff.

“Kara wanted me to be myself. Only myself. She would push me to be a better person, call me out on not eating lunch and make me laugh in one breath. She was the first person who told me it was ok to be me… whoever that is. And I trusted her, like no one I’ve ever… I could look into her face and I would just feel… home.”

Lena’s jaw tightened.

“But then… I found out on the same day that my friend, the person I… I found out that you and Supergirl were one and the same. And before I even had time to process that, it dawned on me that I would help to facilitate transferring the most twisted and evil creature I’ve ever come across into your mind. We all saw what it did to Sam.”
The brunette let out a breath, trying to let the tension bleed from her shoulders.

“You weren’t my Kara anymore already and now… “

Her eyes darted over the blonde’s body.

So different from who she used to be.

“I felt horrible. I feel… What have I done to you? See Supergirl, I could see her carrying this burden. Supergirl is a hero, that’s what heroes do. They sacrifice themselves for the betterment of other people. But it’s more than that because I didn’t know Supergirl. Not really. Not the way I knew Sam and not the way I… the way I thought I knew Kara.”

Lena felt something snap in her and she finally allowed herself to cave into the wave of emotions she was keeping at bay.

She reached out and grasped Kara’s fingers lightly.

“Because Kara is the sweetest, kindest most gentle person I know. And in no way, did my Kara deserve this.”

A tear slipped from her eye.

“When I found out that you were Supergirl,” she croaked out. “Kara I… I already didn’t know who you were any more but now… How can I untwist everything that I feel towards you when there are three parts of you to learn? There’s the superhero who thought I was lying and got my boyfriend to break into my company.”

Lena groaned in confusion, tilting back and letting go of Kara’s hand quickly.

“So there’s my best friend, who helped me be happy again but then lied to me about something huge. Ginormous. Astronomical. And I’m so angry at her for that, for so many reasons.”
She frowned down at the IV pumping into the blonde’s arm.

“And now there’s… this thing that I’ve spent months trying to figure out how to kill.”

Lena lowered her voice.

“Everyone of them is jammed into your head somewhere and I don’t know-“

She was cut off suddenly, by Alex striding in and startling her. The agent was covered from head to toe in soot and barely glanced at Lena before turning to her sister.

“How’s our patient?” She asked.

Lena shrugged.

“She’s steady. Woke up once, but she was really out of it. Going on about flying dragons. What happened with the attack?”

Alex sighed.

“It was a bomb,” she replied. “At least as far as we can tell. Then a fire started that began to burn the neighbouring buildings. It was hard to get out, especially without…”

She gestured to Kara and the unspoken truth sat in the air.

“A lot of people died,” the agent whispered out.

Alex’s face was weary, but the lines of exhaustion were well worn by now. A year on the front lines of crisis after crisis tended to have that effect on most people, but the anti-alien attacks were getting worse. The xenophobia in National City was reaching boiling point and there was little anyone could do to stop it. The recently elected mayor was about as anti-alien as you could get and his
inflammatory stances towards them had only made the situation worse.

But still, the alien population in National City swelled. Something about the home of Supergirl made people turn to the place. As if, even though the hero was gone, they might be able to catch a whiff of the hope she had inspired that she could have left behind.

But as much as the DEO tried to keep the flames of that hope alive, it was rapidly dwindling.

And as for Supergirl… well it was hard to be a figure of hope when she was no longer seemed to exist.

“I can’t help them, I can’t help her…. Everything is just getting worse, and I don’t know what to do.”

Lena hesitated, before reaching out.

“Alex-“

A groan from Kara stopped Lena’s fumbling attempt at comfort, forcing the pair to turn and face the blonde who was blinking up at them with groggy eyes.

“Alex….danger…” She croaked out.

He sister rushed to her side.

“It’s ok, Kara,” she said soothingly. “I’m here, you’re safe-“

The blonde shook her head violently, interrupting her sister.

“No… Listen… danger….“
The redhead frowned, before trying to reassure the blonde.

“You’re not in danger, Kara.”

The blonde rolled her eyes, shifting against her restraints as she heart rate spiked.

“Not me… attack… there’s been an… attack… fire at… the refugee centre….”

Lena blinked, before turning to face Alex who was looking at her just as startled.

“Did you… maybe she heard you tell her-“ The redhead began.

“I didn’t say anything-“ Lena said at the same time.

Kara interrupted them both, slamming her hand against her cuffs and yelling to get their attention.

“Listen to me! I’m trying to tell you, there was an attack.”

Her eyes shifted from Lena to Alex’s and back.

“Please, listen to me… You’ve got to help them… There was so much screaming…”

Her blue eyes welled with tears and her head lolled back on the mattress while her entire body shivered.

Alex gave her a look of alarm and tried to touch her shoulder gently.

“Kara,“ she said softly. “I think you might have overheard… I know there was an attack, I was just there-“
The blonde’s eyes flew open, burning into Lena’s.


Something seemed to have shifted in her face, turning it from groggy and pained to intense and fierce.

It made Lena uneasy.

“I never told her….” The brunette said, her eyes whipping to the agents. “Alex, I didn’t even know what the address was.”

Alex turned to her sister.

“Kara, how did you know that?” She asked softly.

The blonde hesitated before replying.

“She told me. She took me there.”

Lena frowned in confusion, but Alex’s face grew alarmed.

“Kara, do you mean Reign?”

The blonde shook her head violently.

“No, not Reign… something… more, something new.”

Kara’s face burned with intensity.
“But she told me. I can see it, she’ll help. I can help again!”

Her skin grew flushed and her eyes glazed over with excitement. Alex stared down at her for half a second, before she moved towards the IV.

“I’m upping the dose.”

“**NO!**” Kara screamed out in an otherworldly voice that instantly made the hair of Lena’s neck stand up.

Alex hesitated, her eyes filling with fear as Kara began to cry.

“No…please… No more poison,” the blonde whispered out.

“Kara-“ Lena tried to say but was interrupted by another scream.

“**NO MORE POISON! You’re killing us.**”

Lena and Alex exchanged looks filled with fear, worsened when Kara began to whisper under her breath as if she was having a conversation with herself.

“Us?”

Chapter End Notes

Well? Let me know what you think, I love to read your comments!
Kara strained her ears, tilting her head to spot Lena and Alex arguing with each other through the window of the Med Bay.

“I can’t hear,” she muttered out, squinting in the light as another wave of nausea hit her deep in her stomach.

The voice inside her hummed in annoyance at her words.

*I can help us…*

The blonde let out a harsh laugh.

“I don’t have my powers,” Kara said bitterly. “My blood is still full of Kryptonite along with whatever other crap they put in.”

A wave of relief flooded her body, relaxing her muscles and making her sink into the mattress.

*I can help us… just let me in….*

Kara shuddered at the overwhelming urge to do just that. Her fighting instinct slowly waning
alongside the storm of emotions inside her. Her body kept fluctuating along with her racing thoughts. Sometimes she felt like screaming in agony and the next she wanted to cry.

Only to be hit by a wave of apathy that made her numb to everything around her.

“I can tell you what they’re whispering about without doing that,” she said with a grave voice her eyes watching as Lena pointed in her direction and continued to argue with Alex who seemed to be fighting back with a fury.

“It’s the fact that I’m talking to myself that’s got them worried,” she finished.

The voice hummed at her words.

*you aren’t talking to yourself, you’re talking to me.*

Kara snorted, turning her head so she was staring up at the ceiling once more.

“I don’t think that’s going to help my case here actually,” she said with heavy sarcasm.

An image flashed in her mind, the first time she flew.

Soaring through the sky and the feeling of total joy and exhilaration and the raw fun of it.

It made Kara want to cry at the loss of it all.

*don’t you want some control back?*

The words dripped with ease. Convincing and pushing.

*let me in.*
Kara felt the threads of her resistance dying.

“I don’t need to eavesdrop on other people,” she said weakly, irritated at how obvious the lie felt on her lips.

_not even when they might be talking about ways to keep killing you?

Kara turned her head back to look at the pair yelling at each other and a wave of paranoia and anger crossed her mind. She knew logically that this was what she had decided when she chose to take on the burden of Reign. The blonde had given up her own right to make medical decisions about herself and her care, ceding her control to her sister a year ago when she suspected that she could no longer be trusted to make her own.

But it couldn’t be denied that everything the past year had taught her, even living with another being suppressed in her mind, was that she hated feeling out of control. Treated like an idiot where choices about her own life weren’t even made with her wants in mind.

Even though she knew she had changed with the presence of another angry pseudo-Kryptonian in her mind. She knew that the anger in her heart wasn’t entirely a side effect of Reign, or whatever it was now. It had always been inside her, festering away with each passing day but deeply suppressed.

But now it was like a raw nerve that had been hit once too many times.


The voice let out a sigh of relief that made Kara arched an eyebrow in surprise.

_finally…

Kara felt the fingers reaching through her mind, so different to the previous times the thing had tried to take control before. It wasn’t aggressive or hacking like when the voice was angry and desperate. Nor was it like a battering ram, hitting her with everything that it had to wrestle control and do what it wanted. This time it was gentle, caressing.
The blonde felt her lingering anxiety relaxing even as the blood pumping through her body seemed to burn faster and hotter than it ever had before, leaving her fingertips numb while her ear rang.

Kara could feel her mind retreating back from control as she allowed the thing to take the wheel.

Her ears suddenly stopped ringing and for the first time in a year, she could hear as clearly as she had ever before. It took half a minute for the confusion and chaos of sound to make sense. Just like the first time she had ever landed.

She could hear everything. The sounds of millions of people breathing, living and working about the city. The sound of cars and honking horns, children laughing on playgrounds and people arguing with other people.

Kara could hear the static of electricity and the running of water in the pipes below them and throughout the surrounding buildings. It would be easy to get overwhelmed from it all if she was alone in her head, but with the help of something else. Telling her it was ok to take a step back and just relax…

Well… it was weirdly comforting.

A few more minutes passed as if the being felt out her body. Testing her muscles, flexing her mind out as her ears adjusted and focused in on a single point.

Or, more specifically, a single argument.

“….and now she’s talking like they’re cooperating,” Alex said bitterly with a wave of her hand.

Lena let out a groan and ran a hand down her face.

“More likely it’s leeching into her brain and manipulating her into giving up control,” the dark-haired
woman replied.

Her sister nodded in agreement.

“Either way, we can both agree that this isn’t a good thing.”

Kara’s nose twitched suddenly, a new flood of sensation as she regained her superior sense of smell. Picking up on the antiseptic in the hospital as well as the whiff of oil and tangy metal of computers running at full blast. The pollution in the air hit her at full blast too, but it was the smell of stress emanating off Lena matched with an erratic heartbeat that clued her in.

The brunette was deeply distressed.

Kara was surprised by the intensity of it all. Even before, she had never been able to pick up on people’s brain chemistry.

The thing inside her let out a satisfied laugh, a breath of ‘I told you so’ lingering between them.

More power than you could ever imagine.

“What can we do?” Lena asked, her voice calm and not betraying her state of mind in the slightest.

The redhead sighed, her own stress pounding emanating from her body and but lingering with a secure sense of fierce determination and self-righteousness.

“Keep her contained,” Alex said with a mutter. “Up the dose and-“

Lena snapped at her words, the first sign of her true feelings finally crossing her face.

“And do more tests that will lead us absolutely nowhere,” she spat out before letting out a groan and turning to face Kara.
They locked eyes for a few seconds, watching each other in silence before Lena turned away and back to Alex.

“You were right, what you said before,” Lena breathed out. “There is only so much we can do inside a lab, and what we’re doing now is killing her.”

Alex frowned at Lena’s words.

“So we just let her walk?” She questioned, throwing her hands into the air. “Hunky fucking dory, no dramas? Don’t you remember what Reign did to this city? To the world?”

Lena’s cortisol levels decreased further and the tension in her neck increased. Kara could almost feel the way her fists clenched in her hand and the bones in her back shifted.

“But this isn’t Reign, Alex,” she said through her teeth. “And it isn’t Sam, this is Kara.”

The blonde blinked in surprise. The entire past year, Lena had given no indication that she thought anything of Kara anymore. But the way she was reacting now and the obvious concern laced in her voice, injected with pain when she said Kara’s name.

It made the blonde inexplicably happy.

Alex didn’t seem to share her feelings.

“What?” The redhead snorted. “Now you’re an expert on Kara?”

The blonde frowned at the condensation in Alex’s voice, even as the other voice in her head chuckled in dark amusement at the argument.

Lena’s heart skipped a beat at the agent’s words, but her face smoothed over into a blank expression

“I know I’ve been…”
The brunette swallowed.

“Distant this past year-“

The agent cut her off.

“Distant?” She questioned. "Jesus Christ… Lena, the moon is distant! You completely cut her off!”

Lena’s breath caught once more and a blast of anxiety wafted from her, enough to make Kara’s fingers twitch and giving her a deep primal urge to gather her up in her arms and run away with her.

yes, makes sense that you’d want to rescue the woman who hasn’t talked to you in a year. the head torturer as well…. that would be your Zor El nobility rearing its head.

idiot.

Kara ignored it.

“Alex-“ Lena tried to say, only to be cut off once more by the redhead.

“Look,” the agent said with a groan, her voice softening as if she’d aged a thousand years.

“I don’t want to seem ungrateful because I know…”

The redhead breathed out, her hand reaching out in the direction of Kara subconsciously before her hand fell back to her side.

“I know you’ve damn well saved her life a hundred times over this year,” her voice said, filled with emotion. “Without you, Kara would’ve been dead and buried a long time ago, but that doesn’t change the fact that this year you’ve…“
She waved her hand weakly.

Lena stared down at the floor with a frown for a few seconds, gathering her thoughts before she turned back to look at Alex.

“I lost a lot the day I shifted Reign from Sam to Kara, Alex,” she began with a soft breath, her heartbeat racing fast enough to make Kara frown.

“I didn’t just infect her I… I discovered that the person I thought I knew, who I thought was my friend had been lying to me for our entire relationship. And how am I supposed to deal with that?”

Lena’s head twitched in the direction of the medbay and the blonde could hear her teeth grind.

“You said it yourself,” she continued. “And I’ve read the reports, the Kara in there isn’t the Kara I knew and I am so pissed off at that. She’s an entirely new entity altogether. I look into her eyes and I don’t see her anymore Alex. I can’t process my anger, because my Kara is dead and I can’t mourn that friend, because I’m so angry.”

Kara could feel it now, emanating of the brunette.

The rage that mirrored her own.

“That’s what happens when you discover your friend betrayed you and they die on the same day.”

The CEO’s nails bit into the palms of her hands as she clenched her fists and Kara could hear the burst of capillaries. She would have bruises tomorrow.

“And the worst part is,” Lena continued, her voice rigid with pain. “I see her lying there and I hear her talk and my heart pounds because my best friend is back. Then I feel furious at myself and her and then she just… changes… Into that thing.”

typical ignorant human…. making everything about herself.
Kara ignored the voice once again, measuring her own confusing swirl of emotions towards the brunette as she tried to concentrate on the words Lena was speaking once more.

“But no matter what my… feelings… are towards her, I can’t kill her.”

The blonde frowned at the clinical nature of it all, even as Lena’s voice hitched once more before steadying.

“And that’s what we’re doing,” she said, turning back to Alex. “So yes, for now, I think that we should stop the medication and just see what happens. We’ve tried everything else.”

Alex watched her, her eyes measuring for a minute but Kara could hear her sister’s heart and smell her determination.

She already knew what her sister’s choice would be.

The redhead placed a gentle hand on the brunette’s shoulder.

“I’m sorry, Lena. But you’re asking me to risk this city, it’s people and worst of all what’s left of my sister just to see what happens? I can’t do that.”

At the words, the ringing in Kara’s ears returned in full force and the blonde rested the urge to clutch them in agony as rage built in her chest.

*she wants to contain us… she wants to kill us!*

Kara let out a whimper, the burning in her muscles flaring up once more.

“She just wants to help me,” she whispered out, desperate for it to be true.

The voice laughed harshly, her fingers withdrawing painfully once more as she gave Kara back full
control of her sluggish body.

**even if that were true, which it isn’t, she’s still going to poison us. are you just going to lie here and take it?**

Images flashed in her mind, her slamming Alex’s head against a wall with full force.

Blood and brains splattering everywhere.

And for a brief moment, Kara wanted to do it before a wave of revulsion flooded through her.

“I’m not going to hurt my sister!” She spat out with terror her arms clanking uselessly against her restraints. “And in case you haven’t noticed, I’m strapped to the bed by Kryptonite chains.”

She could almost hear the voice sneering.

**in case you didn’t notice, together we can do anything…. break the chains and fly.**

Another image flashed in her mind, smashing her way through a sea of DEO agents until she could finally take glorious flight into the sky.

It was a happy fantasy, but the reality of the situation was far different.

“What? Then I’ll be a fugitive?” Kara asked.

The voice sighed out, another image of a bird soaring through the blinding sunlight appeared before fading away

**better to be a fugitive and free, then strapped to a table ready for dissection**

Kara couldn’t help it.
She felt sorry for the voice and she desperately wanted to help.

And she wanted to save herself.

The blonde let out a wary breath.

“How do we do this?” She asked.

A flood of relief came from the voice before it was shut off behind a wall of stone.

_We work together._

Kara hesitated briefly before she nodded.

“Ok.”

The voice paused for a second before the fingers reached out gently into her mind and sending tingling feelings throughout her body.

_do you remember what it was like? the first time you squeezed a rock and it crushed to dust in your fingers? do you remember the feeling in your muscles? as they shifted and moved, you could hear the groaning of your tendons and the thrumming of blood in your veins. how you just breathed and...._

The blonde felt a rush of searing pain as the Kryptonite seemed to bubble and burn under her skin before for the first time in a year it finally disappeared. The lingering numbness and agony was finally gone and Kara felt tears spring into her eyes in relief at the feeling of finally being free.

She hesitated before flexing her arms and the chains around Kara’s wrists groaned and snapped. The blonde looked down at her arms with surprise, in awe at her ability to snap Kryptonite chains.
Something that should be impossible.

*now you see your power... feel it growing once more... don't you feel alive again?*

Kara groaned deeply and she looked out the window, noticing with relief that Lena and Alex had disappeared from sight.

No one to stop her.

She sat up with a wince, her muscles still aching from lack of use and she placed her bare feet on the cool floor. The blonde took a deep breath before standing to her feet.

And promptly falling on her face.

The voice inside her began to whisper once more, traces of humour laced inside while Kara pushed herself up and back to her feet.

“Will you just shut up and tell me what to do next?” She snapped out.

The voice radiated irritation but continued to direct her.

*feel the breath in your lungs... the heaviness is from the poison.... we can’t expel it completely, but we can work around it for now. reach out your mind like you did your ears... you can hear the heartbeats of everyone on this floor.... find them and avoid them... use all your senses...*

Kara did as she was bid and reached out with her powers once more, feeling and hearing everything she could. She held her breath, noting as a pair of agents marched by the room, but huffed in relief when they kept on walking. She started unsteadily, clambering towards the door of the room and opening it with a hiss.

“Ok,” she whispered, her eyes darting around and taking in shades of colours she’d never noticed before. “I’m out the door. What do I do now?”
She took a shuffling step forward.

“I still feel like I have lead in my feet,” she muttered out.

The voice snickered but remained focused on its goal.

*sneak towards the balcony… our speed isn’t back yet, but you can still be silent…*

Kara frowned but did as she was bid. Managing to get all the way to the balcony without being spotted and she took in a sharp gasp. She had lost all sense of time while she was under for God knows how long, but was still completely unprepared for the brilliance of the night sky and the brightness of the moon. Her newly sharp eyes could pierce easily through the light pollution and the universe lay scattered before her.

It took her breath away.

The voice let out its own sigh and another image flashed quickly and Kara jumping.

The blonde looked down, taking in the hundreds of metres to the ground and stepped back with a head rush.

“Our speed isn’t back yet, but you want me to fly?” She hissed incredulously. “What’s to stop me from going splat on the pavement?”

Kara gasped as another image crossed her mind.

Her mother’s face smiling down at her and speaking.

"There is no correct path in life. You will lose your way many times. What’s important is that you find your way back to the brave girl you always were. Be wise, be strong and always be true to yourself."

The blonde felt her eyes sting with tears and she struggled to stay standing.
Kara barely had time to grapple with her emotions when her sister’s voice shouted behind her. She turned quickly, seeing Alex standing with a torn expression, pointing a gun at her chest while Lena stood beside her with an ashen expression.

“HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!” Alex shouted.

The blonde felt a spasm of ferocity grow in her chest like a fire at her sister’s audacity. Her lip curled into a sneer.

we could kill you all without bare hands.

Red clouded her eyes and she took a half step towards her, making Alex’s finger on the trigger of her gun twitch.

“Kara, stop!” Lena cried out suddenly.

The blonde’s head snapped to the brunette’s face and her fury disappeared faster than it had arrived, leaving her with an empty space inside her chest that was quickly filled with regret. Lena’s eyes were blank, but Kara could smell the fear rolling off her in tight waves.

Kara took a step backwards, teetering on the edge of the ledge and collectively the group of people gathered now hearts picked up in speed.

“Shit,” the blonde hissed under her breath. "What do I do now?"

“Kara,” Lena spoke again, gentler this time and taking a step forward with her hand reaching out.

The blonde hesitated, her eyes flickering from the brunette’s hand to her face.
“Get away from the ledge,” the brunette whispered out.

The blonde heard it then, the slight crack in Lena’s voice and the sliver of pain that followed and for half a second she wanted to take the CEO’s hand.

But that infernal voice kept whispering, promising her a future of health and freedom.

*just fall.*

“Are you kidding me right now?” Kara hissed out, making Lena frown.

The blonde rested the urge to turn around so she continue her conversation privately

“Fucking fall?” She continued under her breath.

The voice sighed before speaking in an exhausted voice.

*trust me.*

The blonde twisted her neck, staring down at the long drop to the ground.

Lena’s voice broke her thoughts once more, this time it was completely cracked with desperation.

“Kara… please back away from the edge.”

The blonde turned to look at her, watching as the CEO’s face transformed in front of her eyes and split with vulnerability.

It made Kara want to scream with frustration and grab onto Lena and never let go.
But she couldn’t do it.

The blonde took another step back.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered while Lena’s face turned distraught and she allowed gravity to take her.

“NO!”

The last thing Kara saw was the brunette’s hand, reaching out to grab her before she fell backwards through the air. Watching the clouds hurtle away from her as she neared the ground, her heart began to simultaneously pound and slow down.

But she wasn’t flying.

She should feel panic, realising the thing in her head… whatever it was, had led her to her death. But at least it would be quick and the month, year, a lifetime of torture would finally be over.

And she could finally rest.

A flash of images entered her mind alongside a feeling of peace as she closed her eyes and waited.

Her sister, her friends, her family.

Lena.

*that’s your human side.*

Suddenly, the whistling of the wind picked up but changed direction.

Faster and faster until it all stopped and she could feel the moon’s glow shining down on her.
Kara opened her eyes to see the city spread out underneath her, full of lights, cars and people. She was hovering it above it all, feeling everything thrumming through her veins as she relished in the feeling of finally being in control once more or every inch of her power.

*and we’re a god, overlooking it all*

The blonde growled out at the smug words.

“We are not a God. We’re not better than anyone else down there,” she said bluntly.

The voice hummed, full of possibilities.

*not yet…*

Kara was ready to snap back when her ears picked it up.

The sound of a woman screaming.

The being inside her began to purr with cold power.

*well, what are we waiting for?*

Kara gritted her teeth, making ready to fly towards the sound.

“Absolutely nothing.”

Kara landed with a louder crunch than she intended, the impact of it cracking open the asphalt beneath her and leaving a small crater that she stumbled out of with a grimace. She felt different. Different than she ever had before in her life.
Before, her powers had been easy as breathing and effortless, even when she struggled with restraint it had been simpler. Like putting a cap back on a bottle.

Then for the past year, all of that had been sectioned off in a place in her mind that she just couldn’t access. She couldn’t really feel it, under lock and key but she knew it was there. Once Kara had read that amputees could sometimes feel things in their missing limbs. Phantom pains as if their arm or leg were still there, even when they knew logically it wasn’t.

She supposed that would be the easiest way to describe the way she felt without the loss of her powers, except with the edition of sickness and a maniac parasite in her head whispering for her to break loose.

But now, she felt like a stretched elastic band.

Brimming with potential with no control over when it would all snap out.

PARASITE!

Kara winced as a sharp stab sounded in her brain, as the thing yelled with indignation at the word and gave her a mental slap.

“Do you even realise how exhausting it is having you in my head all the time? Dealing with your crap?” The blonde whispered as she staggered, trying to find her footing and train her hearing so she could hear the frantic heartbeat that had called her to this place. It was hard though, and frustrating to try and do something so simple that she used to be able to do so easily.

you keep holding back. stop holding on to who you used to to be and embrace what we are.

“Stop. Talking.”

The voice grumbled, but Kara didn’t care. All she wanted was for the increasing anxiety she felt at being unable to hear the woman that was in clear distress.
The knowledge that if she didn’t get there in time.

And that was when she heard it… the fluttering of a frantic heartbeat and the whimpers.

She flew forward faster than she ever had until she reached another alley, zoning in on the sound and locating it behind the dumpster. Kara ripped it away from the wall and revealed a terrified young woman with a darkening purple bruise and a split lip hunched in on herself and looking up at her with fear.

Kara’s thoughts calmed and she crouched down, careful not to crowd to the girl or touch her.

“Hey…” She began weakly, trying to be soothing as she listened to the girl’s heart race with panic.

The girl didn’t respond, hunching in on herself further and the blonde took a deep breath.

She wanted to ask the girl if she was ok, but darker words slipped from her lips.

“Who did this to you?” Kara asked in a low hiss.

The girl looked up for the first time and really looked at her, eyes darting over her face and DEO hospital gown with confusion.

“Who are you?” She let out with a squeak.

Kara hesitated, realising that her state of undress probably inspired little confidence in her abilities.

stop whining, and make her tell us who did this to her.

The blonde bit her tongue. Talking to herself while in front of this terrified girl really wouldn’t help her case trying to convince this girl to let her help.
Kara frowned, trying to remember how she did this before.

“I’m…” She tried to begin but hesitated.

How was she supposed to do this now that she was no longer Supergirl? As far as the world knew, Supergirl was gone and she certainly wasn’t a crazy person in a hospital gown who probably looked like she hadn’t bathed in weeks.

“I’m here to help,” she finished instead, trying to inject as much empathy as she could into her voice but struggling with the impatience growing inside her.

The need to know the perpetrator, so she could hunt them.

*kill them.*

“We’re not going to kill them!” She said sharply, making the girl jump and look at her with confusion.

The blonde huffed, before reaching out a hand toward the woman.

“I’m sorry this happened to you and I want to help you. Please… let me help you. Can you tell me your name?”

The woman bit her lip, folding in on herself and keeping her hands clutched tightly to her chest.

“I’m Sophie,” she whispered out.

Kara gave her a gentle smile.

“Ok Sophie, it’s nice to meet you. I’m got pretty worried when I heard you crying and that looks like a nasty bruise…. What happened?”
The woman didn’t speak for a minute, her eyes dilating and her heart beat racing with panic while the hint of adrenaline in her system became stronger.

“He…he hit me.”

The blonde felt a flash of cold fury wash over her and felt the strongest urge of her life to hunt down this faceless man in her mind and tear his spine out.

“Who?” She asked darkly instead, her mind still concocting plans for gruesome torture.

The woman turned to look at her, her breathing becoming short with panic.

“My husband.”

So the person that had sworn to protect her and look after her, made a commitment to be by her side through life and tribulations for the rest of her days had dared to lay a finger on her.

Kara wanted to bleed him dry.

“Is this the first time?” She asked instead, trying to keep her voice steady and calm.

The woman hesitated, before shaking her head once more.

“No.”

The blonde’s lip twitched into a snarl, which she struggled to contain.

She would hunt him down, find him and strangle him. Rip him limb from limb and scatter his bones around the earth.

*that or burn him to ash.*
Kara snapped out of her fog and felt a pang of shame. She shouldn’t be plotting revenge, she needed to help the woman in front of her.

She reached out her hand once more.

“I want to get you to a hospital,” she said softly. “Can you stand?”

The woman’s heartbeat picked began to pound in her chest and her body flooded with stress and fear.

“No!” She shouted out panicked and filled with terror. “No hospitals.”

Kara watched as the woman began to shake, her teeth chattering in fear and the blonde bit her lip trying to contain her urge to scoop the woman into her arms and take her to the hospital anyway.

“Ok… ok…” She said instead with a soothing voice. “It doesn’t have to be a hospital. I just want to make sure you’re safe.”

The woman shook her head vehemently.

“No… no, you don’t understand…. I can’t go to a hospital.”

The fear in her voice was more than just about her injury, there was something else laced into it but Kara simply couldn’t put her finger on it.

“I need to make sure you’re safe, Sophie,” she said instead. “It’s my job.”

The woman eyed her suspiciously.

“Are you police?” She asked, a sharp spike of fear laced in her voice and making her heart skip a beat.
Kara resisted the urge to laugh.

“No Sophie,” she said softly. “I’m not with the police. I’m… I’m just trying to help.”

The woman relaxed slightly, but her eyes grew foggy and she seemed to drift off into her own world.

“You can’t help me,” she said in a hollow voice. “Nobody can.”

Kara frowned.

“Sophie-“

The woman cut her off and shook her head violently.

“You don’t understand! I didn’t… he hit me and I just… This time I just got mad… I just wanted him to stop and I… I….”

Kara didn’t understand.

“Sophie-“

The woman uncurled her hands from her chest, revealing the dark blood that was crusted over them.

Kara’s mind at the sight and she reached forward to touch them gently.

“Is he dead?” She asked hoarsely.

The woman began to cry and nodded in assent.
“They’re going to throw me in prison. I’m a murderer.”

The blonde shook her head, the voice in her head whispering to her the start of a plan that made the hair on Kara’s arms stand up.

But made her incredibly satisfied with dark joy.

“No,” she said firmly. “You’re not.”

The woman looked at her with a startled expression.

“What?” She whispered.

Kara stood to her feet and everything in her mind locked into place.

“I’m going to make this go away, Sophie,” she said confidently, plans of how to dispose of the body already firming in her mind. “But you have to trust me.”

Sophie let out a breathless laugh.

“Trust you? I just met you and told you I killed my husband.”

She looked Kara up and down.

“And you look like you just ran away from a hospital.”

A confident smirk grew on the blonde’s face and she crouched down to touch the other woman’s shoulder and gripped it firmly.
“Listen to me, Sophie. After tonight, you’ll never have to see me again but I promise you I will make this go away. I know you don’t know me, but I can do this.”

The woman’s face grew conflicted, but a glimmer of hope grew in her eyes.

“How?”

Kara took a deep breath.

It didn’t take that long, given Kara’s newly rediscovered super speed, but it was messier than she had anticipated. The blonde wasn’t exactly adept at handling dead bodies and cleaning up crime scenes.

A year ago….

Well, that was a year ago and she was an entirely different person without an extra voice whispering in her head about the meaning of true justice.

A man killed after beating his wife? Well, there would be no justice in the inevitable criminal case that followed. And Sophie didn’t deserve to be dragged through the system by a DA eager to close a case.

This was cleaner.

*just a pity he wasn’t still gurgling when we found him on the floor… imagine, ripping him to pieces while he was still screaming….*

Kara should have shuddered at the purring statement, but the piece inside her that should be reviled by what she had done. Hiding a body, cleaning a crime scene.

Somehow explaining to Sophie the steps she would need to take to make sure no suspicion fell on her.
Having that knowledge in the first place for some reason as it bubbled out of her.

All she could feel was a deep satisfaction that she had done the right thing.

Afterwards, she flew back up into the sky, enjoying the quiet satisfaction as the low humming of the other voice in her head kept her company as she hovered.

“How is it that I just covered up a murder and I feel fantastic?”

The voice hummed with pleasure.

*because you finally did something real…. you helped someone tonight.*

Kara sighed and looked over the city, the glow of predawn finally starting to permeate the sky.

“I shouldn’t feel this way,” she said simply, watching the skyline. “I can hear them all, crying out for help and before it would have made me want to help them and when I did I would feel so good. Good in myself, like a light was burning inside me. But now….”

The voice laughed.

*now you hunger for it. like a ravenous wolf you need to punish them because it burns not to. it eats at your soul to see the misery, pain and shit in this world and not fix it. make it align and cut out the tumours.*

A flash of a hazier memory of a different person with darker hair and a darker suit, striding forwards and leaving shattered craters and bodies in her wake.

“How is it that I just covered up a murder and I feel fantastic?”

The voice snapped out with a harsh bite.

“I remember when you were in Sam,” she said hoarsely. “When you were Reign-“

Kara winced, as the voice snapped out with a harsh bite.
I am NOT Reign. I am no more Reign than you are Supergirl.

“Then what are you?” Kara said sharply, turning in the air to glare out over downtown. “Before all you wanted was to cleanse the scourge and deliver the ‘awakening’, whatever the hell that was.”

The voice chuckled in amusement.

you thought I was the devil.

Kara rolled her eyes.

“And you told me that I wasn’t a God,” she hissed out sarcastically. “Changed your tune now.”

The voice grumbled.

we can still be truth and judgment. grind the wicked beneath our heel.

The blonde looped in the sky.

“I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

stop lying to us both. I’m in your head and I know your thoughts. you can’t hide how much you enjoyed tonight. finally being able to fly and to breathe and the power. you only regret that you weren’t the one to kill him.

Kara felt her flight drop as a dip of uncertainty hit her full in the chest.

“No,” she whispered.
Everything in her came crashing down on her at that moment and the blonde began to hyperventilate. She stopped herself from falling into a building and landed unsteadily on its roof instead, falling to her knees.

The image of the man’s body she had destroyed tonight burning in her mind while she clutched her head in her hands.

“Oh my God… what have I done? I… I…”

The voice whispered the truth harshly.

you’re an accessory to murder.

Kara curled into the metal position.

“Stop it,” she cried out.

The voice began to rub against her mind slowly and gently.

breathe…. breathe in and out….

Kara’s fist pounded against the ground, leaving a spiderweb of cracks.

“What have I done!” She screamed out.

Stop denying-

Kara let out a roar.
“SHUT UP! Just... stop talking for once.... I need to think... I need to... I need to turn myself into the DEO.”

An edge of panic in her mind grew at the idea.

you would go back? after everything that they did to us? if you take us back now, they will kill us.

The blonde shook her head.

“I don’t have a choice,” she whispered out, before trying to move.

Only, she couldn’t.

“Why can’t I move?” She asked, panic growing. “Are you... are you stopping me from moving.”

The voice tightened it’s grip, locking her muscles into place even as Kara’s fear heightened.

as more of the poison is burnt, the more in control I become. I won’t let you destroy us.

“If you control me....” Kara bit out. “Why can I talk and think... Why don’t you just do it? Take over and just... do what was your plan all along. Slinking into my mind and convincing me to do this, all so you could-“

The voice sighed.

I don’t want to kill you.

Kara frowned and stopped struggling against the control.
“Why?” She asked softly, trying to ignore the strain. “That’s what you wanted to with Sam. Take control and burn her out of existence so you could be Reign.”

The thing hesitated, before speaking once more in a hollow voice.

*I am not Reign.*

Kara rolled her eyes.

“Then what are you!” She shouted out. “Rao above, all you do is whisper and get mad and encourage murder. What am I supposed to call you? Who are you?”

There was a pause.

*...I don’t know anymore.*

The voice sounded so lost, so broken.

*I am all alone.*

The blonde felt a tear roll down her cheek as her mind briefly touched the depth of the thing's pain. How empty it felt, save for anger and bloodlust.

“I didn’t think you’d care.”

The thing curled in on itself and began to flash a series of images in her mind that made Kara gasp.

*being with you, inside your mind and exploring your memories…. I see it all. I see your mother and father, playing with you under the burning red sun of Krypton. the smell of earth and dust that you never found anywhere on earth. the burning colours of fabric and spices in the market while your aunt Astra held your hand.*
She saw it all, her parents and her planet. Everything that the voice described as if it was a narrated film in her mind.

*leaving… the pain of being the last true Kryptonian. the second that Clark ripped you free from that pod and you saw him above you… you just knew that everything you’d been sent her to do was lost. the Kryptonian way of life will die with you… lost forever to an uncaring universe.*

The image outside her pod, the ever expanding darkness of space.

*but it’s more than just sadness… I can feel the love too. for your sister, as she held your hand and taught you how to swim in the water. watching the birds fly in the air above you and the clear blue sky, a colour that you had only ever seen in the reflection of your eyes and your father’s.*

*and anytime the sun shines, he smiles down on you.*

More tears fell down her face.

*I can see it for your Eliza and for Jeremiah… For the your friends. the lives you touched around you… all those people….*

The image of hundreds of faces blew through her mind. Every single person she had helped and every single thing she had down. Lifting the plane out the sky and saving her sister. Stopping Myriad and the Daxamite invasion.

Helping Sam.

“*You sound… like you care,*” she whispered out.

The voice’s fingers retreated and Kara felt the control return to her fingers.

*yes, well… sentimentality…*

Kara stood to her feet unsteadily.
“You’re lonely,” she said simply.

The voice retreated completely.

don’t presume to know me.

The blonde frowned and pushed forward.

“You’re different now. You’re in my head too, remember? You were rigid and hard like concrete when you first arrived. But you were in pain too and it was just so confusing. I didn’t have time to figure it all out, with all the Kryptonite…”

The memory of the year-long pain still burned in her mind.

“But I can feel you now. You’re lonely… and scared.”

Kara winced as a sharp biting pain washed over her brain.

“Alright, alright… no need to get testy…”

you’re not taking us back there, just because you felt a pang of guilt. this isn’t just about you now… I’m here too.

Kara frowned at the desperation in the thing’s voice and her resolve wavered as her own fear grew.

“I can’t-“

The voice cut her off.
they’ll be looking for you now. scouring the streets… desperate to find us because they fear us. Is that what you want? To be controlled and managed once more?

The thing was right, of course. There was no way that Kara was going to go back to that ever again.

“What are we going to do?” She asked.

The voice growled.

fight… fight with everything we have and all we’ve got.

Kara frowned at the image of raining blood washing through the streets of the city.

“Why is everything so violent with you. We can’t smash out way out of everything,” she muttered.

because being nice has gotten you so far in your life.

The blonde frowned at the sarcasm.

“I thought you had more empathy now, existing in my head.”

and I thought you had more of a spine, existing in mine.

The gaunt woman scowled and clenched her fists.

“This solves nothing. Nothing at all! What are we-“

Her voice cut off as her ears picked up the sound of a sharp radio signal.
“…..Kara? I hope you can hear me, I’m playing this message on a frequency that I know only you can understand.”

It’s Lena.

The transmission continued.

“I’m in my penthouse. I just want to know if you’re safe. If you’re still, you. It’s safe for you here, I’m not going to hurt you, I promise.”

With that final word, the message cut out and Kara stood in brief silence.

She’s lying. She was the one to imprison you in the first place.

The blonde sighed out, eyeing the skyline once more.

“She was just trying to help me.”

Except she almost killed us.

“I trust her,” Kara hissed.

No, you don’t.

“Yes, I do.”

No, you don’t. It’s worse than that.

You’re in love with her. I can see it, all in your head.
Kara flushed.

“You’re not my therapist,” she spat out. “And it’s beside the point.”

The voice grunted in irritation.

fine… keep lying to yourself, but the fact remains… she is a Luthor though I admit she does little to live up to the name, aside from torturing us.

Kara sniffed in indignation, a desire to protect Lena crossing her mind.

“You got that backwards, the Luthor name doesn’t deserve Lena.”

The voice paused before speaking.

did anyone ever tell you that you do stupid things when you feel guilty? you knew she had kryptonite and was making more, so you did the smart thing and investigated. but the second she found out, everything you’ve ever done for her. all the times you saved her life and saved her image and she just dropped you into cold oblivion. and yet you’re still the one to feel guilty. as if you’re the one at fault.

Kara hesitated, before speaking in a cracked voice.

“I lied to her,” she whispered out.

you were protecting yourself.

The blonde rolled her eyes.

“Is that what you want for us then? To be alone forever? Never trusting anyone, never forgiving, never loving again? I’ve lost everything and everyone once, I’m not doing it again.”
Kara’s temper snapped at the thing’s words.

“I don’t trust you.”

It hissed.

*then you are a fool.*

The thing locked her muscles once more, stopping her from moving at all once more.

“If you won’t give me back my body,” Kara growled out. “I’ll take it.”

It let out a disbelieving snort.

*tty.*

Kara felt a wave of strength grow from the deepest part of her own mind, a section she didn’t realise she had corned off completely from the infection of the invader inside her own head. It was raw and powerful, something emanating from years of genetic history and the power of the true Kryptonians of her family before her.

From her father and his before him, all the way back to the origins if the House of El.

She snapped back in control of her own body and took a step forward so she could stand on the ledge.

“I’m strong enough without you now,” she hissed out. “You think I didn’t learn anything from you either? The door between us goes both ways and I can shut you out too.”
The thing struggled briefly before releasing completely.

*you will doom us, again.*

Kara jumped and took off into the sky.

“Maybe…” she replied. “But I have to try.”

The sun had just begun to rise when Kara touched down on the edge of Lena’s penthouse balcony. She did it gently, unlike before, her ears and other senses on high alert for the first sign of anything being off about the place while the thing grumbled in the corner of her mind that it had been sectioned off into.

“You know, you’re really going to have to pick a name… Unless you just want me to keep referring to you as a ‘thing’.”

It spat out a series of curses, inadvertently making Kara’s mouth twitch into a smirk.

The blonde took a few steps forward, her hand hovering against the glass door and feeling the vibrations that could only come from a top of the line security system. The blonde turned her head until she spotted the camera staring down at her from a corner.

She waved at it softly, waiting for a brief minute while eyeing the blinking red light flashing before the doors suddenly open with a hiss and the humming stopped. Kara pressed it open gently, still unsure if she was walking into a trap.

That's when she heard the rapidly beating heart and the shallow breaths of a single person waiting on the couch.

The blonde took a deep breath, turning and drinking in every aspect of Lena’s apartment.

During the course of their entire friendship, Kara had never actually been inside this space. Anytime they had hung out for movie nights, or game nights or dinner-
still trying to pretend you don’t like this girl?

It had always been at her apartment.

It was different than she had pictured. The walls were a pristine white and the furniture modern, but beyond that everything was different. An entire wall of the room was lined with books, all looking well worn and lovingly read. It was surprising to see the messy stacks of paperwork on the dining table as well as the stack of unwashed dishes still sitting in the sink. Far from the pristine and well-kept office that Lena had at L-Corp.

Her eyes darted taking it all in before she finally settled on Lena herself, sitting with her hands in her lap and her eyes locked on her face.

Kara let out a shaky breath, suddenly uncertain and experiencing an overwhelming sense to flee the apartment, fly into space and never return from her hideout on the moon.

I could have told you that

The blonde’s eyelid twitched, trying to get control of her warring moods and impulses when Lena’s voice suddenly croaked out sounding more exhausted than Kara felt.

“Hi.”

The shorthaired woman glanced down at her dirty and torn hospital gown before replying.

“Hi.”

Chapter End Notes

What did we think???? Let me know!
When Lena was a child she wished her life was better. That her new mother would look at her without sneering and her new father would talk to her at all. She even wished that her brother, so many years her senior would teach her more, read to her more, do things with her more. As much as Lex was involved, it always reached a point a plateau. Whether it was a complicated math theorem or explain the history of romanticism in literature, her grasp of the subject was never enough. And when it wasn’t enough, he left her to her own devices.

*It’s not my job to teach you, Lena. I can only point you in the right direction.*

Truthfully, it egged her one to know more. To understand more just so she could have five more minutes of someone looking at her with interest. To capture the warm feeling it gave her when Lex smiled at her, satisfied that she had grasped a knew concept fully and their conversation could finally move forward.

It only lasted a short while until her next stumbling block, but it had pushed her further and further down a path of achievement. She wanted to learn more and know more.

Know everything she possibly could.

But no matter how many awards, degrees or things she invented the feeling of accomplishment always disappeared into a pool of inadequacy. As she got older and was deemed worthy of her parents time and effort, she had been grateful for Lex’s early lessons on self-worth.

The only way to get the world to care about you was to be better than everyone else.

Luthor’s didn’t love like normal people. Love was a weakness and made you vulnerable. Whether it be romantic or platonic, you didn’t let people in. Not even in your own family could you be truly safe. There was always a part of yourself, your core self, that you kept to yourself. To give it away or
show it to anyone was the highest form of stupidity. Once she understood that, the way her parents ignored her attempts for comfort made sense.

Coddling sentimentality was a path to ruin.

The older she got and the further she drifted from distant memories of affection, the higher the walls around her heart had grown. Kindness, affection, companionship was difficult to find anyway and were hard to tolerate. Lena grew angry with herself whenever she encountered real people. It was why she never had any friends.

Praise from those so clearly her inferior filled her with a sense of inexplicable rage. Success for her, for a Luthor, was a foregone conclusion. She didn’t need people to pander to her.

It was easier to handle jealousy and resentment from others. Handling hatred was a Luthor’s forte. Lena understood it, could handle it and simply brushed it aside. True threats to her worth would never exist as long as she deemed them unimportant.

Lex had taught her what happened when his importance in the world was challenged. For his whole life nobody, least of all Lena, had ever existed within the same league as him. Until the Man of Steel had appeared. At first, it had been fascination and delight, but it corroded into something darker. Fear, mistrust, jealousy… they were things that Lex was used to being directed towards him, not feeling himself.

For the first time, Lena was faced with the stark realisation that the calm, collected and superior brother she had desired to emulate and impressed was just as vulnerable as any other human.

Sick to the heart at being inferior.

Lex’s descent into madness had hurt her uniquely. Not so much his actions, though despite her desired aloofness from other people she felt in her heart. But the idea that the only person in her life she thought would never falter had fallen so far…

The second hardest thing Lena had ever done in her life was deciding she didn’t very much feel like being a Luthor anymore and ever so slowly, allow the gates of her heart to open. She didn’t want to end up like her bother, her father or her mother. So consumed in their own self-importance that they placed themselves and the Luthor name on a pedestal above the rest of the world. As if they didn’t bleed just as easily.
The hardest choice in her life had been deciding to close her slam the gates closed again.

Though that one was a toss-up with the sight of Kara whispering out a haggard ‘Hi’ while standing in her living room in a torn hospital gown.

After the blonde had jumped off the DEO balcony, everything had been thrown into chaos. Alex and she barely had time to sigh in relief when they spotted her dark figure take off into the sky when the call came in of another bombing attack on an area of the city full of low-income alien families. Whatever was happening was happening in stages. They were stretched too thin, half of the DEO was still dealing with the aftermath of the attack on the refugee centre and now the other half was going to have to handle the new explosion while trying to find a way to stop another if another was planned. Leaving very little time to track down a potential World Killer, who at least for the moment had yet to do anything.

“Lena, I need you to help me find her,” the redhead pleaded. “She’s as much a danger to herself as to others.”

The brunette had frowned to herself.

“Alex-“

The agent looked at her with a cracked face, holding up her hadn’t to interrupt her reply.

“I can’t right now, Lena. There are people in trouble and National City doesn’t have a hero to help it anymore.”

The CEO’s eyes flickered over the redhead’s shoulder, watching as the already spread thin agents ran around frantically.

“Alex,” she said with a breath. “I won’t be able to find her if she doesn’t want to be found. She just broke out of here and flew away with Kryptonite flowing through her veins!”

The director rubbed the sides of her head and scowled.
“All the more reason you need to find her before she does something. Reign is clearly far more powerful than we thought.”

Lena shook her head.

“I don’t think it was Reign that flew out of here, Alex,” she said with a frown, thoughts drifting back to the way Kara’s face had contorted in pain, right before she fell. “At least, not just Reign… Think about it, Alex. If she has her powers again, she must have overheard what we were talking about. Anybody would have run if they heard that you wanted to keep killing her.”

The agent’s eyes flashed and she took an intimidating step forward into Lena’s space.

“I’ve been trying to save her, the same as you!” She all but shouted out. “Now you want to argue that the vicious World Killer actually has feelings?”

Lena felt like she was trying to explain advanced calculus with a wall. Alex never had been able to think with her brain instead of just her heart when it came to Kara’s treatment.

“Alex-“ One final attempt at reason.

The older woman’s defiant stare melted and the CEO could see the tears shimmering in her eyes.

“Lena, please,” she haggardly whispered, reaching over and gripping Lena’s forearm tightly. “If your friendship with Kara meant anything to you, please do this. Before she’s gone forever.”

Her hand dropped from the brunette’s arm and her face grew pale.

“It may already be too late.”

What was Lena supposed to say to that?
Sitting beside her now though, as Kara lay unconscious, it was hard to conjure up images of an all-powerful being wreaking terror throughout the city. Lena didn’t have much choice after Alex disappeared, barking orders to her team and leaving the CEO standing in her wake at a complete loss at what to do.

Lena was at a complete loss. Even if she did somehow find Kara, how was she supposed to talk down a woman she was completely estranged from? And maybe Alex had a point, what if it was Reign with only one singular thought of blowing Lena’s head off. Her first thought had been to wait at Kara’s apartment in case the woman magically turned up. That's when she remembered that the blonde had moved, something written down in her notes what seemed like a million years ago.

The brunette really had no idea where she lived now, and she highly doubted that Kara would want to see her anyway and surely breaking into her home would only aggravate that particular hornet’s nest.

What was she supposed to say?

It had been a long night and day since Lena had come up with the idea of sending Kara a signal only she could hear. If she wanted the blonde to trust her, then it would have to be on her own terms. The last thing the brunette wanted to do with a highly erratic individual was corner them. And if Kara or Reign or whoever she was just wanted to kill her?

Well…. it was always preferable to die at home.

Admittedly, her resolve had faltered slightly when she saw Kara landing on her balcony through the camera. But it had been the hesitation the blonde woman had shown and the half-wave she had given, clearly knowing that Lena was watching that gave the CEO the strength to unlock the doors.

They wouldn’t have stopped a maddened Kryptonian at any rate, but the other woman clearly still cared enough about Lena’s feelings to want to make her feel like this meeting was on her terms too.

A second without breathing had passed when they finally came face to face, all of Lena’s mental preparation being thrown out at the actual sight of the single person in her life she just couldn’t understand.

It all became redundant when the blonde began to sway on her feet. Lena stood with alarm and barely had time to catch the taller woman when her eyes rolled back in her head and fainted.
The brunette let out a surprised, equally surprised at the unexpected weight and the lack of weight. It was easier to be clinical about the way Kara was deteriorating when it was just numbers on a computer. Even seeing her lying unconscious on a table, looking so much smaller with gaunt cheeks hadn’t hammered home the fear terror she had been suppressing.

That Kara was so much sicker and weaker then she had allowed herself to believe.

Even though her mind was racing with a million thoughts and emotions, the sensible part of her brain took over. Lena sent a silent prayer to the physical trainer she had been seeing every day for the past year in an effort to release some of the rage she had. The CEO gathered Kara in her arms, the irony of the situation not escaping her and began to carry her down the hall robotically. It was only once she lay the blonde’s body down on the mattress that her heart seemed to finally catch up with her brain.

It had been a long night and Lena didn’t think she would ever be able to get the image of the blonde’s haggard face before she fell and the final whispered words out of her mind.

*I’m sorry.*

The second Kara had disappeared from view, the months of rejecting the very idea of the blonde existing in her life, even peripherally, hit her full force. It wasn’t that Lena couldn’t live without Kara, she just didn’t want to anymore.

Lena reached out, gently touching the blonde’s skin and noting with surprise that it had dropped several degrees from the burning temperature that she had noted over the past year. She ran her eyes over Kara’s form, noting that the dark stains on Kara’s gown were in fact, blood.

Her eyes darted back to the blonde’s face, taking note of the dark shadows that were etched underneath her eyes.

“I don’t know if you’re still in there, but I’m here… and I’m not going anywhere

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*Kara walked was walking around in what looked like a coffee shop, though she didn’t think she’d*
ever seen it before. It looked as generic as any cafe, except it was completely empty. No sound of low murmuring and laughter or smell of coffee being brewed and poured. And looking out the windows, all she could see was a warm white light.

She turned around on the spot, trying to get her bearings when she finally spotted one single finger sitting on the couch and reading a book. Kara made her way up behind the person, gasping when they looked up at her with a smile.

It was her, well the old her.

Kara Danvers, alias Reporter.

Everything from the frumpy cardigan and the lead-lined glasses from Jeremiah that the blonde remembered smashing in a fit of regretful drunken rage months ago.

“Who… I know this isn’t real… but I’m getting really sick of these vision things,” Kara stuttered out.

The other her eyed her up and down before placing her book gently by her side and gesturing for Kara to sit.

“You know who I am.”

Kara sighed, before taking the seat.

“Yeah… except for the last couple of times, you’ve had the whole ‘glowy red rage eyes’ thing going on. I wasn’t really expecting…. me.”

The mirror creature out a breath, her figure shifting in bright light and transforming into an exact copy of Sam.

“I don’t know who I am, so I’m trying on faces. I don’t have much of a choice with you but in here… I’m trying to settle on something relaxing for you for this conversation. Is this more to your liking?” She asked, the exact copy of Sam’s voice making the hairs on Kara’s arms stand up as bad memories flashed.
“No. Definitely not.”

The figure shifted again, settling on Lena.

“What about-“

“No.”

The thing sighed, the action so exactly copying Lena’s inflection that the blonde’s heart ached.

“What happened? I remember seeing Lena and then...” Kara asked, watching as the figure transformed once more back into the preppy version of herself.

“Your body is drained. It needs time to heal.”

The blonde frowned in confusion.

“What are you talking about? I thought you burned all the Kryptonite out of our system.”

The other her let out a cackle of dry laughter that sounded so incredibly wrong in Kara’s voice.

“For a person who received a first-class education of Krypton and was destined for the science guild, you have a very limited grasp on biology.”

That stung, hard, especially given Kara’s lingering regrets about turning away from her destined path when she landed on Earth. At her age, she should have been a respected member of a guild with a proud history of hosting the best and brightest on her home planet.

Instead, she was now a fucking bartender who had probably lost her job for not showing up.
“Well it’s not like there’s a lot of literature on this type of thing,” the blonde spat out, sinking further in her seat as the other her smirked. “If there had been, we would have figured out a way to kill you a year ago without harming Sam.”

The mirror person narrowed its eyes.

“Fortunate for me then…. Besides, it may be a good thing. We needed to have this conversation.”

Kara snorted and gestured her arms around the strange room.

“Is that why you made this a coffee date? To relax me?”

The other her shrugged.

“Partially. Everything in our… relationship… before has been acrimonious. We haven’t really had a chance to bond.”

Kara’s mouth dropped at the audacity of the other her’s words.

“I don’t want to bond!” She shouted out, jumping to her feet. “Everything had been so confusing in my life this year, I don’t know anymore where I end and you begin.”

Her voice grew hoarse and her eyes stung.

“I just want to go back to when things made sense. When everything was normal.”

The thing let out a derisory laugh.

“Things have never been ‘normal’ for you, Kara. You’re a superpower bisexual alien from a dead
planet sent millions of miles to earth, carrying the hopes of an entire species on your back. Your life was never destined to be simple or easy.”

The blonde’s eyelid twitched at the bisexual comment, once again wondering how far the thing had reached into the depths of her mind. Reaching things that even Kara had been afraid to admit to herself.

Kara turned to face the still seated twisted figure of herself that was staring up at her with an arched eyebrow,

“But why did you have to be part of it?” Kara croaked.

The thing let out a deep sigh, twisting in her seat so she could stare out the window and into the blinding light.

“I don’t want to fight with you, Kara,” she said gentler. “But the way I see it, your options are limited here.”

The blonde paused, before collapsing back on the couch.

“And that’s a good thing?”

The mirror her leaned forward, determination etched into every line of her body.

“Yes! It means the decision you have to make will be easier. When you wake up, you can return to what you’ve been doing for the past year and allow both of us to die horrible painful deaths while your ‘family’ plays scientist with Kryptonite. Or you can attempt to remove me from your head the same way you did with Sam, though the result will be painful, and I can promise will lead to your death.”

The words weren’t full of venom, but they echoed throughout the room coldly and the light outside seemed to dim slightly.

“And the third option is?”
The other her smiled warmly, leaning forward in her seat.

“Stop fighting me. Allow us to do what we need to do.”

Kara grimaced, her mind flashing to an image of methodically ripping a man’s body apart before burning the pieces and scattering the ashes over the bay. How it felt so good and so easy to slip into her brutal actions, so justified.

And the sickening feeling afterwards when the full weight of what she’d done had finally penetrated the thick walls the thing had thrown up around her guilt.

“I feel like we’ve had this conversation before,” she said with a groan, leaning forward to rest her head in her hand.

“And now we’re having it without the veil of emotions between us infecting the other,” the mirror her’s voice rang out. “That’s why I brought you here, to this place I found in our shared mind while I was being suppressed the past year.”

Kara’s mind drifted past the bitterness in the thing’s tone and perked her head up to stare at it with a frown.

“Our shared mind?”

They smiled at her, teeth gleaming like fangs which freaked Kara out even further.

“Yes, Kara,” she hummed out. “While you’ve been drinking and drugging yourself towards oblivion for the past year, I’ve been learning as much as could about the connection between us.”

Another image flared up on Kara falling asleep in her own vomit after a hard night of partying, fucking a random in a bathroom and getting punched in the face by a particularly pissed off purple alien.
She pushed it away with a swipe, rotating instead around their words about the shared mind.

“You never said-“

It cut her off with a hard clench of its fist, nails scraping against its skin and letting out an unearthly screech that pierced Kara’s eardrums.

“Well it’s not like we’ve had time for tea and crumpets before,” she said with a growl. “My options were limited. Admittedly at first, my one desire was to take full control of your mind the same way I did with Samantha. Suppressing you and adding your considerable powers to my own. Circumstances were against me though… and I had to learn to navigate the pathways of our connection in the darkness of your dreams.”

Kara couldn’t help but laugh hysterically.

“You make it sound so poetic,” she cried, pointing to her forehead. “Like you aren’t hijacking my head.”

The thing’s face tightened and for a split second, it’s form shifted into something darker, with tinged of dark hair stringing its face and red glowing eyes.

But as soon as it arrived, the image disappeared and Kara was once again looking at her past self.

“You made this choice of your own free will, Kara,” it breathed out.

The blonde closed her eyes, the echo of all she had given up the day she had made her choice bringing stinging tears to her eyes. No more friends, no more family.

No more life.

Just a dead empty feeling instead of where her heart should be and a muddled brain that couldn’t think further than a day ahead in time.
“What choice?” She asked huskily. “You’re a mass murderer who was going to kill my friend by completely taking over her mind. Taking away the only parent a young girl ever had, before continuing to go on a justice killing spree across the planet!”

Kara stood to her feet and let out a roar, picking up the seat she was sitting on a throwing it clean across the room until it smashed into a thousand pieces. She rounded on the other her, her eyes now burning with a heat that was all too familiar.

Ready for everything in her path to burn.

“What choice did I have?” She screamed out.

They didn’t react, expect to shift backwards in its seat and crossing its ankles.

“Careful, Kara,” it purred out with a smirk. “You’re beginning to sound like Supergirl.”

The shorthaired woman’s mouth twisted into a snarl and she loomed over the other her with a deep rumble.

“I am not Supergirl.”

The thing stood up quickly, reaching out to grip the back of her neck with sharp nails, pressing their foreheads together so the words between them could be whispered and still ring in both their ears.

“You mourn her though,” she hushed out with no breath. “I can feel it with every beat of your heart. You mourn who you once were and you hate her at the same time.”

The thing’s voice was like silk and tugged at the pot of resentment that had been on a low boil in Kara’s chest for what felt like her entire life.

“Don’t toy with my emotions,” the blonde said in a fractured voice.

The nails on the back of her neck tightened until they pierced her skin with a pinch of pain.
“But don’t you understand?” They whispered out, blue eyes burning with red. “Until you forgive
yourself and let it go, you’ll never be able to move forward. Remember the lessons from the pain,
from the mistakes, but then release what caused it.”

Kara shuddered as the words slipped down her spine. She pulled away as far as could, only
hindered by the mirror her’s tight grip on her neck.

“Don’t you understand?” She questioned. “I’m here, aren’t I? I’m in this because despite what you
say, I don’t HAVE a choice. I know this is my hand in life, I know this is what I have to play.”

They shook their head and it finally released her so it could step back and throw its hands up in the
air with exasperation.

“I’m trying to tell you that you can have so much more. Everything you want is within your grasp if
you have to desire and power to take it. I’ve explored the pathways… the untapped and raw power
we have is-“

Kara cut them off.

“I suppose that’s why we’re unconscious then? All that ‘super’ power?”

The things rolled its eyes and for the first time during their conversation, Kara had to resist the urge
to laugh at how familiar the gesture was.

“The connection between us is…” They said with a vague gesture, before looking back at Kara
intently. “The more time we spend trying to dominate the other, the more we hurt ourselves. This
isn’t like with Samantha. Then it was like a switch. I could turn her off and throw her entire being in
a dark place. But here both of us exist and we both have a hand on the steering wheel. The more we
fight, the more vulnerable we will be.”

Kara rocked back on her feet, trying to understand the sincerity of their words.

It wasn’t like she had much of a choice, any way you sliced it the situation was just plain bad. But it
could be possible, to be less bad. The taste she’d got yesterday. All the power in her veins, and now
that there could be more.
They could really be more.

And maybe, just maybe, if she kept her wits about her they could actually change the world for the better.

“I’m not just going to agree with everything you want,” she said with a growl. “I’m not your puppet.”

The thing smiled and nodded.

“No, but you’re going to have to start listening to me.”

It began to pace the floor.

“Firstly, the reason we collapsed is that our biological functions have been compromised. Between whatever concoction they were poisoning us with, the lack of symbiosis between us and the ridiculous amount of drugs and alcohol you were taking our body has taken a beating. The Kryptonite has had time to build up in our muscles and while some resistance had occurred, the strength I needed to sustain ourselves had been burnt out.”

The thing paused and turned to face Kara with an exasperated look.

“That’s why I wanted you to get to a safe place, but instead you came to the home of the one woman who told you that she never wanted to talk to you again. The same woman who insists on you being unconscious before she treats you. This is the person you trust with both of our lives?”

Kara felt her frustration hit its peak.

“I know this concept is hard for you,” she said slowly. "But sometimes you have to have faith in people. Sometimes you have to believe in them. Lena is many things and she’s not perfect. And you’re right there’s a part of me that is angry. Is always angry these days. I didn’t trust her before when I needed her most. If I don’t trust her now I may lose her entirely.”
The hollow feeling returned to Kara’s chest at the very thought.

The thing tilted its head.

“How do you know you haven’t already?”

Kara shut her eyes, before whispering out her answer.

“Because she would have walked away completely. Lena doesn’t do anything she doesn’t want to. Even if she justified it in her own head as guilt, or sanctifying the Luthor name the fact is she’s been helping me this whole time because she wanted to.”

The thing huffed with sad resignation.

“You mean she’s been killing us this whole time.”

Kara shook her head in disagreement.

“You heard her as well as me earlier. She was the one arguing with Alex about stopping the… treatment. Lena was the one arguing for our life.”

The thing sneered.

“Your life. Arguing for your life, not mine.”

Kara gave them a faux sickeningly sweet smile.

“Well of course she was, she doesn’t know you as I do.”

They barked out a laugh.
“Like you do. Oh, sweet Kara… I do believe you are becoming fond of me.”

The blonde scowled.

“Don’t be condescending, I’m not a naive child.”

The thing tapped its chin thoughtfully.

“Yes, your optimism has taken a thrashing over the past year. Thankfully, for my sanity.”

“We can’t all be dark bitches.”

They grinned evilly.

“But it’s so much fun.”

Kara let out another groan.

“I’m not you,” she muttered out.

They shrugged and crossed their arms.

“And I’m not you, but the situation we’re in requires us to work together.”

Kara frowned down at her feet for a full minute in silence before the mirror her let out a sigh of resignation.

“You never would have considered this before and despite what you said, I know that now the Kryptonite is leaving you could still take control,” Kara muttered out lowly. “I would fight the whole time, but you and I both know that before you still would have done it. I know I said it before, but you really are lonely aren’t you? Living inside my head has changed you somehow.”
Mirror her shook it’s head, staring off far in the distance.

“I already told you what I’ve seen. I don’t want to be alone anymore.”

Kara felt a pang of sympathy for them.

“Have you chosen a name yet?” She asked suddenly.

They rolled their eyes.

“Why does everything in life have to be labelled in life?” They asked.

Kara shook her head with a half smile.

“Because that’s how things are defined and given shape. The beauty about this is you can choose how you label yourself. Nobody else gets to decide that,” she stated resolutely.

The thing groaned.

“Then stop trying to rush me!” They yelled out.

The shorthaired woman grunted.

“Fine.”

As the word echoed in silence, the door to the coffee shop suddenly swung open allowing the light to stream in.

“What was that?” Kara asked.
The other her frowned, tilting her head as if she was listening to something far off in the distance.

“Our body is waking up. Healing faster than I thought,” they mumbled.

Kara smiled at the thought.

“I told you she would look after us.”

The mirror her groaned.

“For all you know we could wake up inside the DEO with chains around our wrists once more…. I think it might be best if you stay here while I venture out first.”

Kara snorted.

“What? So you can go on a killing spree? No, if I am back at the DEO I’ll handle it.”

They let out a harsh breath.

“You’ve already faltered before once your heart caught up to your brain. You don’t think logically, only with the fluttering of your heart. Why not take the hard element of the choices to made now by letting me handle it?”

The words were meant to sound soothing, but Kara was getting good at reading between they’re fake tones.

“Because that would be weak,” Kara stated flatly. “For good or ill, the consequences of our actions lie on both of us.”

The blonde began to walk towards the door confidently.
“So no bathing in the blood of our enemies?” The voice asked behind her.

Kara paused at the doorway, turning back to flash the other them a smile as she watched them fade around the edges.

“Do you really want me to answer that?”

The smell of roasted vegetables was the first thing that Kara noticed as she regained conciseness. Her foggy brain tried to scramble for a justification for the smell, considering the past year of her life hadn’t consisted of a single home cooked meal when a nudge in her mind prodded her into remembering the circumstances of the past week. Staggering in Lena’s home, collapsing and the ensuing conversation with the weird other her inside her own head.

“I swear, I’ve officially gone mad,” Kara coughed out, her throat parched. “Talking to myself like this.”

you’re not talking to yourself. you’re talking to me.

“That’s not at all comforting,” the blonde grumbled out, peeling open a scratchy eyelid and allowing her vision to take in the ceiling above her. Noting her a sense of delight that her superpowers vision had remained. She craned her head slightly, looking around the bedroom that was so obviously Lena’s. Everything from the expensive sheets that smelled exactly like the CEO’s perfume, to the open door leading to the huge walk in. But it was the presence of the reading glasses on the bedside table that settled the matter.

Kara had only seen Lena wearing them once when she turned up at L-Corp at one in the morning, intent to drag the brunette home for some sleep. She walked in with determination, only for her mouth to gasp in delight and the adorable sight of her friend sleeping slumped in her office chair with her glasses perched on her nose and a string of drool running down her chin while she snored.

The blonde debated whether or not to wake the CEO but ultimately decided to move her as carefully as she could to the office couch and let her sleep under the grey throw blanket Kara had brought once upon a time.

It’s fluffy, Lena!
This is an office, Kara. Not a kindergarten class.

Please?

Fine, but take it with you once you leave.

It had remained in the same spot for six months.

A feeling of warmth grew in the blonde’s chest at the memory, only to be followed quickly by an aching sense of loss.

_and once again, you fail to see the obvious. she already has us hooked up._

The blonde blinked, startled as she looked down her arm to the single itching spot was a single green needle protruded from her vein, running a line of clear liquid into her bloodstream. For half a second, Kara panicked with the sinking realisation that the thing had been right and Lena was continuing with her ‘medication’ when her hypersensitive nose picked up on the smell.

“It’s electrolytes, not SynKryp. I recognise the smell.”

_all the same. she just ‘happens’ to have medical equipment and a kryptonite needle?_  

“You’ve got some trust issues, anyone ever tell you that?”

_from all you and I have seen of the world, I’d say they’re well deserved._

Kara resisted the urge to roll her eyes but was disheartened to realise that a part of her knew exactly where the voice was coming from. The world was a harsh and cruel place. For her entire life, it had only been her enduring optimism about the inherent goodness of people that kept her from falling into the muck of all she’d seen. But having a dark sort of god in her head had lead Kara down a dark path this past year.
The things she had done to herself just to feel something *real* again…

The blonde shook her head, trying to shake away the thoughts before noticing that somehow Lena had managed to change her into clean and dry new clothes in her sleep. She should be embarrassed she supposed that the woman she had harboured an… *puppyhood infatuation.*

-had stripped her and seen her naked, but considering some of the states the brunette had undoubtedly already seen her in this year it was hardly anything to concern herself over.

She reached out gently, wincing at the lingering aching that seemed to emanate right down to her bones and pulled the drip from her arm, the hole closing instantly and healing without a scar. Kara could feel the strength in her limbs once more, something that only came from the yellow sun and noted again with surprise that the curtains in Lena’s room had been opened to allow the pouring midday light to bathe her.

Kara closed her eyes, basking in its glow and practically her the cells of her body sing.

“It feels so incredible to exist in the light again,” she whispered out.

“I thought it would help,” Lena’s voice sounded out from the doorway, startling Kara who chastised herself for forgetting to use her powers to focus.

The CEO stood awkwardly, looking anywhere but the blonde’s direction while holding a tray full of food.

“I set up sun lamps when it was still dark, but I figured nothing would beat natural light.”

There were so many things that Kara wanted to say, but she found herself completely at a loss for words. It was only once the silence lingered too long and Lena’s fiercely green eyes finally snapped to her face that the blonde found her voice.

“I don’t know what to…. thank you. Thank you so much,” she croaked out in earnest, ignoring the
groan emanating from the voice inside her mind.

*stop grovelling and eat the soup. we need our strength and I’m hungry.*

“You’re always hungry,” Kara chastised, wincing when Lena threw her a sharp look.

The blonde half expected the brunette to throw to the food she held at her in fear but was surprised when the CEO just took a sharp breath and began to walk towards her. Kara scuttled backward on the bed until she was sitting, guessing Lena’s intentions. The brunette laid the tray across her knees gently and Kara closed her eyes when her nose was bombarded with the smell of Lena’s shampoo.

*careful. make sure you hide your erection.*

The blonde blushed furiously at the snarky words, biting her tongue to stop herself from snapping back and completely freaking Lena out.

“Thank you,” she said again instead.

The brunette’s mouth twisted at her words, but her face remained unreadable as she gave her a curt nod and settled beside the blonde in the chair that had been placed next to the bed.

“Were you waiting on me all night?”

Lena shrugged.

“Just until your vitals evened out and I was sure the last of the Kryptonite had been flushed from your system. You still have some lingering traces but…. You’ve been going through withdrawal. From that and the other drugs, you’ve been taking. If it was anyone else, you would have died from the amount in your system.”

The words were said flatly, but Kara could feel the disapproval radiating from the other woman.

“Lena—“
The brunette cut her off, gesturing to the IV and the food she had served the blonde.

“That’s why the electrolytes, and the soup. You need liquids.”

Kara struggled with what to say, biting her lip and looking down at the soup that smelled so good and was clearly homemade.

What was she supposed to say? There wasn’t a textbook for this.

“Thank you again for… the food and for the clothes,” she said instead of anything real.

Lena shifted uncomfortably in her chair.

“Yes, well… you’ve lost a lot of weight and they were just what I had in the back of my closet. Leftover from an ex-girlfriend.”

Kara blinked in surprise at the new information.

Oh… I didn’t know that you liked… I mean,” she spluttered out at the brunette’s sharp look. “I guessed, but you never said outright.

The blonde felt like sinking into the mattress at Lena’s piercing glare.

“I like to keep my personal life private Kara, but I never kept it secret.”

The last word rang between them like a shard of unwanted glass. Sharp and easy to cut.

“It’s just… that we talked about everything,” the blonde said quietly.
Lena laughed cruelly.

“Evidently not, otherwise you would have told me you were Supergirl.”

A flare of unwanted anger speared through Kara’s brain, as the other consciousness inside her fanned the flames of her closeted annoyance.

“And you wouldn’t have lied about making Kryptonite,” she spat out.

Kara winced the instant the words passed her lips, but couldn’t find it in her heart to regret them.

The brunette’s face twisted with her own rage.

“I lied to Supergirl, not to my best friend.”

The thing inside her let out a derisive laugh, something Kara couldn’t help but copy out loud.

“Were we ever really friends, Lena?” She asked harshly.

The brunette’s eyebrow arched.

“You have a new… sharpness about you now,” the CEO said flatly.

A wave of regret flooded Kara’s chest.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered out. “I don’t know why I said that.”

The brunette shrugged.
“You weren’t wrong.”

Those words hit her harder than they should have.

Kara shifted in her blankets as the uncomfortable silence descended once more. The blonde stared down at her soup blankly, before picking up a spoon and beginning to slowly eat. It took longer than it ever had, but Kara finally finished her meal and let her spoon clatter into the bowl.

She continued to stare down at it, before turning to look back up at Lena drinking in her face properly for the first time in a year. The months had changed her somehow. The brunette still looked as beautiful as ever, sending that same lingering sense of longing right through the blonde’s body, but she was also more distant than ever before. For as long as she had known the brunette her mind had always run a million miles a minute, but no matter what she was handling she had always been present in the room. Now it seemed like her thoughts were further away than the Hubble telescope.

Not having Lena’s full attention was… devastating.

“I have to ask… what’ll happen to me now?” The blonde asked.

Lena tilted her head into the light as she stared off into a far corner of the room.

“I’m assuming that you overheard the conversation I had with your sister and that’s why you… escaped at the DEO,” she said dryly.

“Yes,” the blonde muttered. “I don’t want to be poisoned anymore.”

Lena frowned, before finally turning to look at her. Lacing her fingers together as she leant forward.

“You said ‘we’ before. Am I correct in assuming that Reign-“

*my name is not Reign!*

Kara clenched her head in agony at the harsh shriek.
“Well, how is she supposed to know that!” She whisper shouted back.

The thing grumbled.

*tell her then, or better yet let me. I’m sure the conversation will be fascinating.*

Kara’s eyes darted to Lena, who was looking at her with keen interest and muttered lower.

“Maliciousness aside, how about you spend less time stabbing my brain with a knife and more time ‘finding yourself’,” she spat out before turning back to face Lena with a sheepish expression.

“I’m sorry. She’s just…”

Kara trailed off.

The brunette tilted her head, but the blonde could see the burning interest in her eyes.

“Is it a she?”

Kara winced once again as another stab hit her full force.

The CEO notices immediately and waved her hand calmly.

“I apologise. Are they a ‘she’? I know that they are called Reign and now they’re apart of you, so I assume-”

The blonde interrupted her before she could say anything else that would make her passenger pitchfork her cranium.
“I don’t think they know yet and please don’t call them that name. They don’t like it and tend to yell… very loudly…”

Lena leaned forward, staring deeply into Kara’s eyes and making the situation between them ten times more awkward.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t help but be fascinated. My scientific mind is running rampant right now.”

The thing hissed.

tell her that she best keep her scientific fingers to herself. I remember the torture she put us through with Arias. and unlike you, I definitely remember the last year of unending pain. is that her solution to everything? Kryptonite? stockbroker meeting goes south, kryptonite. bad haircut, better kryptonite that shit. tell her she can fuck off.

“I’m not saying that!” Kara squealed with widening eyes.

the ground rules should be established now before we go any further down this rabbit hole.

The blonde hissed in anger.

“Shut up.”

The thing grumbled once more but quieted down. Kara turned to look at Lena, noting the brunette’s frustrated expression.

“I know this is the probably the least important thing that either of us has to say to each other,” Lena said. “But do you realise how annoying it is to only hear one half of a conversation? It’s like you’re on the phone, and I know the other person is talking about me.”

vain much?

Kara shook her head like a dog with water in its ears.
“I’m sorry. They have an… attitude.”

For the first time in their conversation, Lena gave Kara a sympathetic smile.

“That’s putting it lightly, I’m sure. It’s good to know that a little bit of the old Kara is still in there though.”

The blonde looked at Lena with an intrigued smile.

“What do you mean?” She asked.

The brunette reached out and touched the bare skin of Kara’s arm delicately.

“Oh, only you would speak so politely about something clearly causing you a great deal of grief,” she said gently.

Kara smiled widely, but it quickly transformed with pain at the sharp hell in her head.

you can shove your grief right up your-

The blonde yanked her hands up to cover her ears.

“Fucking SHUT UP!” She screamed.

The shout seemed to bounce off the walls and cause the windows to vibrate. At the lack of response from Lena to her outburst, Kara lowered her hands and turned to look at her. The CEO was sitting with a pained expression with her arm clutched close to her chest.

Kara looked at her with horror, realising that the sudden movement must have hurt the brunette.
“I’m sorry,” she pleaded. “I didn’t… it’s just they get so loud and I can’t think anymore. The angrier they get, the more they dig. It feels like a knife and my brain is warm butter.”

Lena stared at her silently for a minute, before she leaned in once again.

“How does it work? The two of you in there. For all my research… it’s not been easy to understand.”

A pang of suspicion rose out of the depths of her brain.

“Why do you want to know? So you can separate us?”

Lena’s eyes narrowed at her tone.

“Take it whichever way you want,” she replied sharply. “Answer or don’t, but you came to me for my help. If you don’t trust me to do that, then you shouldn’t be here.”

A vein in Kara’s forehead twitched and her fingers clenched the sheets covering her.


Lena stiffened and crossed her arms.

“Then don’t doubt me.”

The blonde scoffed.

“Can you say the same?”

The CEO’s eyes sparked with anger.
“I’m not the one living with a World Killer in my head.”

Kara grip on the sheets tore a hole with a ripping tear.

“I’m not the one with a stockpile of the only material that can kill you!”

The words rang around the room once more and were met with stony silence. Lena stared at her quietly, before standing to her feet and grabbing the blonde’s arm before she could say anything and piercing her vein with the kryptonite drip with the efficiency of a veteran nurse.

“Don’t take of this IV drip again,” she bit out coldly, dropping Kara’s arm back on the bed. “It’s there for a reason.”

Kara closed her eyes and groaned. She reached out to try and touch the brunette’s arm.

“Lena-“

The CEO yanked her arm away like she had been burned.

“Don’t touch me,” she hissed, before stalking out of the room.

“Lena,” Kara whispered behind her, making the brunette hesitate half a step. “I’m sorry.”

Lena closed the door to her bedroom with a click and only then allowed her lips to tremble, still terrified to let out a sound in fear that Kara would hear it. She hadn’t known what to expect when she talked to the blonde, but the mess of tangled emotions and even more questions hadn’t been it. For the millionth time, the brunette lamented that things were easier when Kara was asleep. When she could state her own thoughts allowed and actually allow herself to think.

Her apartment had always been her escape. No one, not even a cleaning lady had been inside for as
long as she lived her. After the way she grew up, pressure from within her own house Lena had great value for a space in the world that was hers and hers alone. And now, she had thrown the only serenity she had in the world to chaos and disorder by letting the primary reason she was stressed into her bed.

Literally.

Lena let out a groan as her phone vibrated in her pocket for what felt like the thousandth time today. The brunette had spent the better part of the morning answering more and more demanding texts from the director, demanding to know if she had made any progress in finding her sister.

And that was another stress altogether. How exactly was she supposed to hide Kara in her apartment for an indefinite amount, without anyone finding out about it? She had already dug the tracker Alex had injected months ago after one of the blonde’s particularly bad nights out that led to her being stabbed. Kara didn’t know about it, but given her erratic behaviour, her sister hadn’t been very concerned about the invasion of privacy.

Thankfully, for whatever reason, the device had become defunct. Lena hadn’t had time to wonder about how exactly a supposedly unbreakable device had broke, but like many things, before she just chalked it up to the mystery that was Kara Danvers. She could geek over her scientific curiosity once she was convinced Alex wasn’t about to burst into her apartment with a tactical team.

Truthfully, for once in her life Lena had no idea what she was doing. If she had ever felt lost before she would always find a solution by herself. A critical survival skill in the Luthor household was learning to lean on only yourself.

There had only ever been one person that she had ever really thought she could open up to, and now she was the person Lena felt like she could trust least in the world.

Her phone buzzed again, breaking the CEO from her dejected stupor and finally forcing Lena to move away from the bedroom door.

A: Lena?

A: Lena, answer your phone.
A: What progress have you made?

A: Have you found her yet?

The brunette let out a heavy breath, before slowly typing out a measured response.

L: No word yet, but I’m working on something.

A: Are you at L-Corp?

L: Why?

A: I need to talk to you in person.

Lena’s heart leapt in her throat. She didn’t want to go to the DEO and leave Kara alone, but she definitely didn’t want Alex coming here.

L: Does it need to be now?

A: Yes.

L: I have a company to run Agent Danvers.

I don’t work for you, remember?

A: I need your help. This takes priority, even over Kara.

A: Please.
Lena barely had time to frown down at her phone at the agent’s words, and abrupt one-eighty from her position on Kara being the number one threat in the world when a soft knock sounded out on her front door. The brunette looked up in alarm, and she heard shuffling and a bang from inside her bedroom before a gust of wind blew through her apartment and a suspicious Kara stood protectively in front of her.

The brunette felt a pang of annoyance, pushing the blonde’s arm away from shielding her.

“I can handle myself, Kara.”

The blonde shook her head.

“It could be a threat. People don’t get up here without security clearance, you told me so yourself.”

Lena rolled her eyes.

“A word to the wise, Kara. Threats don’t usually knock.”

The blonde scowled down at her.

“Well, I can’t see them. Why does everything in this place have to be lead lined?” She hissed out.

“So that Kryptonian’s with an agenda don’t come snooping, now get out of my way,” Lena hissed.

Kara didn’t budge.

“At least let me answer it.”

The brunette laughed.

“Now that is a terrible idea. Move.”
Lena pushed past the blonde, but Kara continued to hover behind her with a nervous energy that the brunette attributed to the drugs still in her system. She mad her way over to the small console next to the door to check the security feed and her eyes widened in surprise at the future waiting on the other side.

She didn’t hesitate to open the door now, despite Kara’s protest behind her and smiled at the man on the other side with obvious relief.

J’onn stepped forward, wrapping her in a tight hug before pulling back and looking over her shoulder, eyeing Kara up and down.

“Ms Luthor, Ms Danvers. I came to offer my assistance.”

Chapter End Notes

Did we enjoy? If you did, or didn't, leave a comment below! I love to read them :D
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Hello dear readers :) It's a beautiful day to write where I am, so of course, I had to write inside! Hope you enjoy the chapter and please let me know what you thought! I love to read your comments and reply :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Alex’s finger hovered over the call button once more, struggling to decide whether she should call Lena again and ask where the hell she was. The director hadn’t slept for three straight days. Between Kara’s overdose, near-death experience and subsequent disappearance into the night and the five separate attacks on alien populated areas, she didn’t have time to think let alone sleep.

The worry over and fear over what havoc Kara in her current state could wreak had taken a firm back seat over the completely unsuspected attacks. Alex was trying to manage her crisis which just had to occur at the same time. The perpetrators of the attacks hadn’t revealed themselves and seemed to have vanished without a trace. The DEO had been stretched thin, and they were losing time. All their efforts had been thrown into crisis relief as the city was on the edge of lockdown and riots.

Things in National City had been boiling for far too long. It had been the target of three separate alien attacks in as many years. Between Myriad, the Daxamite Invasion and Sam’s brief, but horrific, tenure as Reign people were terrified. That coupled with the explosion in alien migration tension between humans and aliens had been slowly increasing.

Losing Supergirl certainly hadn’t helped matters. Aliens suspected humans of killing her and humans were galvanised by the one good alien vanishing into thin air. Alien on Human crime and vice versa was up, cohesion was down.

But even with the additional funding, Alex had managed to beg off the government, it hadn’t been enough to prepare for this.

She could practically smell a Court Marshall in the wings, citing her complete incompetence in picking this up but the fact of the matter, there had been no chatter to pick up. Whatever this was, it ran deeply and quietly.

And the only lead they had, was the bombs were manufactured and laced with substances specifically targeted to aliens.
Substances that hadn’t existed, until Lena had invented them to help Kara with her… problem.

She needed to talk to Lena.

Alex wondered at what point in the past year she had cordoned off, for her own sanity, the fact that a literal psychopath existed somewhere behind the eyes of the greatest person she had ever known.

She loved her sister more than anything else in the world, but it felt like Kara had gone. Alex had begged her not to do what she did, but nobody could ever stop the blonde from being who she is.

Who she was… a hero who would do anything to save anyone.

Self-sacrificing idiot.

It was hard to explain her grief to people, Kara was always the one she told everything to. There had been Maggie, but that had obviously ended in disaster. Well, not so much disaster as an open wound that despite all her stubbornness refused to heal.

How do you explain grieving someone who was still here?

Still alive?

Kara had been the only one to understand about Maggie, but then there was no one to talk about Kara. Alex never was good at being weak, especially since the two people she had counted on and let in…. the people she chose to lean on were now totally gone from her life.

Kara had burned like the sun from the moment she had landed on Earth. Everything about her exuded energy and a robust love of life. The memories of it knocked the wind out of Alex, trying to reconcile the dark shadow of her sister with the one she was desperately clinging to. The redhead knew it was selfish, but the only thing she had left to her was the Kara in her head and she desperately didn’t want the one thing she clung to her heart to be spoiled.
She wanted to remember the girl who used to stare at birds with her jaw dropped in awe. Not the one she found convulsing on the floor and lying in a pool of her own vomit after a hard night out.

Alex could still remember the person who used to blush at the very idea of talking to someone she found attractive. But the image burnt into her mind of discovering after one of Kara’s numerous checkups that she had an STD couldn’t leave either. When the director had informed the blonde, Kara hadn’t even cared.

Alex was the last person to be judgmental about self-destructive behaviour, but this was her sister. She was supposed to protect her sister, even if now she needed protecting from herself.

The director allowed her thoughts to drift to the last conversation she had with her sister before she committed emotional suicide.

“You can’t do this, Kara. You’re going to kill yourself.”

“But how could I live with myself if I didn’t?”

Her thoughts were broken by when an agent handed her a data pad by of the latest information on emergency housing for those affected by the bombings. She frowned down at the findings, noting that fights had already broken out amongst the victims for resources.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket and she checked it quickly, praying that Lena had finally responded.

But her heart stuttered uncomfortably instead.

S: Haven’t heard anything from you in while. Just wanted to check that you’re ok.

S: The TV reports look bad.

S: Do you want me to come in? I can help.
S: let me know.

Alex hesitated, unsure of how to respond and entirely too exhausted to have a serious exchange right now.

A: I’m fine. Stay with Ruby.

The thing between her and Sam had been unexpected, altogether messy and seemed bound to implode on itself. It was entirely unintentional to start with, although Alex had always experienced a mild attraction to the woman she had never acted on it. Firstly because she was engaged to Maggie, then she was grieving Maggie….

Honestly, she was still grieving Maggie.

After that though, Sam had been less attractive and more threat number one.

But once Reign had been… removed from her mind. Split, is the more accurate word, the woman had to come in for as many checkups as Kara herself. All to make sure she wasn’t going to suddenly turn back into a sociopath with a habit of doling death wherever she saw fit.

Alex had been hard with her at first, completely unfairly. A small part of her brain wishing the thing was still in Sam so she could have kept Kara. But it was hard to be irrationally mad at a woman who had clearly been traumatised by the experience and was dealing with severe PTSD.

The director had allowed herself to become compromised, being the only one Sam had much interaction with beside her own daughter since she had quit her job.

Whispered confessions came unbidden after hours of dissociation.

That she would sometimes wake up screaming while things she remembered her body doing haunted her. Tearing people to ribbons and ripping out throats. The senseless violence that had felt so good and right.

It made Alex all the more terrified to ensure that her sister never fell down that path.
But Sam was so broken by her experience, she told Alex once that it may have been better if she had just died. At least Ruby would only have to grieve her death, rather than grieve the mother she used to be.

Alex knew a thing or two about grief.

It should never have happened, but one night of particular despair found Sam on Alex’s doorstep with a bottle of whisky and a guilty expression. Admitting that Ruby was staying overnight with a friend, something she was doing more of because Sam had gotten to the point where she couldn’t even look at her own daughter anymore without crying.

She just wanted someone to take the hurt away.

Alex ok with being used like that. In her own head, she justified their multiple and explosive trysts as ok. At least she was helping someone in this whole mess that was Reign. But a part of her was addicted to the way the hole in her own chest would ache a little bit less in the five minutes afterwards as she or Sam lay in the other’s arms.

But still, there were unspoken rules about their arrangement.

No one else knew about it, it was never brought up outside of confirmation texts and it wasn’t romantic. It was two broken people coming together and trying to make their wonky edges fit together briefly, so for a few minutes, they felt slightly more human and less like walking disasters in their own lives.

It seemed to help Sam, even though they never talked about it.

She started to sleep through the night and engage with her daughter again. She could finally smile without a haunted look in her eyes and her laugh didn’t cut itself off when she was triggered by a memory.

And Alex couldn’t deny, that even though she didn’t love Sam that way… it was nice to be close to another human being again.
Another text buzzed on her phone.

S: Keep me updated.

Alex frowned at the presumption, already agitated from lack of sleep. Lately, as Sam’s emotions became more steady her visits to Alex’s apartment had become longer... The sex, less rough.

The touches gentler and the kisses sweeter.

The redhead could almost feel the thoughts swirling in the other woman, that something had switched and things were becoming more in her eyes. Alex cursed herself for never demanding a proper conversation about the exact terms of their relationship, but Sam had seemed to have been on the same page as her for months.

Alex wasn’t exactly sure what had caused the change, but part of her wanted to cut it off before things became even more complicated.

Of course, the selfish, lonely part of her just wanted to do nothing at all. Milk this thing until Sam realised that Alex’s heart still lay with someone else.

Her fingers hovered to answer, half a second passing before she pocketed her phone once more.

She refocused her attention on the room, the lingering sense of annoyance melting back into anxiety as she watched the feeds. The hospitals had begun to fill up and were quickly becoming overcrowded, there was a whisper in the room of the Pentagon sending the army in to close off the roads.

The situation was tumbling completely out of control.

Winn approached her then, his own usually cheerful face aged with the stress of the past year and exhausted from the past few days. He had taken what had happened to Kara hard, especially considering the blonde had severed ties with everyone from her old life unless she was obligated to see them.
It had wounded the shorter man, even as the DEO’s workload doubled with the loss of their native hero.

“Agent Schott, update?” She asked briskly.

The man’s winced, hovering with unease and Alex instantly knew he was going to tell her the bad news.

“A group of anti-alien protesters have cordoned off one of the schools we were temporally housing the refugees that survived the first bombing,” he muttered out, throwing the feed up of the site on the large screens for her to see.

“We can’t do anything as long as they don’t do anything than protest, but their numbers are growing and it’s quickly becoming a powder keg.”

The redhead’s brow furrowed.

“Is there any chance of at least getting the most vulnerable out in case a fight breaks out?”

Winn shook his head grimly.

“The second we do that, the whole thing will erupt. Even the sight of an alien will set it off at this point.”

Alex groaned, rubbing the sides of her head at a throbbing headache she had been nursing for almost a day.

“We need humans on the ground then to be there in case things get ugly,” she said flatly. “But all-out agents are spread so thin. We don’t have the manpower.”

Winn’s mouth tightened, but he didn’t offer a solution.

That was when a cool and clear voice, the same one that used to send Alex tumbling over the edge
of bliss sounded out behind her.

“You’ll have the manpower if the DEO works together with the NCPD.”

The redhead turned quickly, struggling to retain composure as her ex-fiance, looking as battered and bruised as she felt, walked towards her.

Even though she should have been focusing on what Maggie had just said, her mind couldn’t help but take in a quick analysis of the shorter woman’s body, part of her aching that she used to have ever curve memorised in her mind.

Maggie looked good, fit and strong even if her eyes seemed harder and the echoes of crows feet grew around her eyes. Clearly, their break up hadn’t sent her spiralling into despair physically, and her career hadn’t suffered either if the shiny new Sergeant's badge on her hip meant anything.

But even though nearly two years had passed since they had last seen each other, an instinctual part of Alex just wanted to sweep the woman into her arms in a tight hug.

But she was the Director of the DEO first and foremost, any and all feelings could be dealt with later.

“What do you suggest, Sergeant?”

Maggie’s eyes flickered with something at her words, but she didn’t respond in any way except stepping forward until she stood shoulder to shoulder with Alex.

The redhead struggled not to breathe, lest she catch a whiff of Maggie’s perfume.

“This is chaos and the NCPD and the DEO are both running around like dog’s chasing their tails,” the dimpled woman said coolly, pointing at the screens.

“We need to coordinate and pool our resources.”

Alex took a deep breath, before risking it by looking at Maggie from a foot away trying not to
remember how much seeing her felt like home.

“What do you suggest?”

It was an awkward situation, no doubt about it.

J’onn and Kara had been sitting opposite each other in total silence for the past half an hour. The blonde eyeing the martian with suspicion and cold eyes, while the man watched her with a gentle expression. But neither said so much as a word to each other.

It left Lena with the odd desire to feel her own home, a feeling doubled every time she got a news update about the state of the city or yet another text from Alex. Edgy at sitting still with her own gaze drifting between the two silent aliens she had in her home, Lena took the bold step of making tea for them all while fighting back the urge to laugh hysterically at the idea of taking tea while the city burned around them.

How very Luthor.

Lena could almost see the battle in Kara’s soul when her eyes snapped from J’onn to Lena’s, watching as the CEO placed a cup in front of her. The green-eyed woman resisted the urge to shiver at the intensity of the gaze, her hair raised on her arms with terror at the raw power being contained.

And the part of her mind that was ridiculously fascinated.

She had been battling with her own warring emotions ever since her disastrous, but enlightening, conversation with the blonde. It was like everything she had ever felt regarding Kara had suddenly been amplified and was pounding inside her mind all at once. The CEO was struggling to make sense of it, but one thing she knew for sure was that she was in this.

Whatever this was.

She wanted to know more about the now unnamed entity, she wanted to understand how it affected Kara’s personality and vice versa. She wanted to discover the full extent of whatever their joined
It was so delightfully sinister and scientific, that even Lena shocked herself at how the cold and angry part of her mind wanted it.

Until she looked at Kara, and all she could see was her friend with the burden of a world of pain on her shoulders. Trying to battle in the new reality she found herself in, trying to remember or define who she was anymore.

That’s when Lena was grateful for the silence.

J’onn broke it, reaching for his cup of tea with a smile and thanks, leaving Lena completely baffled by what exactly was going on in his mind regarding the whole situation. Kara had cut J’onn off, like everyone else, a year ago. At the time, when Lena and Alex were still in the fledgling stages of how to go about Kara’s new situation, the idea had been floated the J’onn try to read the blonde’s mind to discover the exact nature of the creatures reach.

It had been cut off at the legs for several reasons. Primarily, J’onn had never been able to read Kara’s mind before given her Kryptonian nature. Nobody knew how hostile the thing would be if J’onn attempted it.

And thirdly, Kara adamantly refused, making J’onn refuse on moral grounds.

“Has someone been feeding Streaky?” Kara suddenly asked, her eyes riveted on J’onn’s face while her fingers clenched over the armrests of her chair.

The man sipped at his tea, nodding before he placed it down.

“I’ve been taking care of it. Your sister has been… quite busy dealing with the current situation in the city.”

A hint of regret crossed Kara’s face before it was replaced with a sneer.

“Well, why are sitting here having tea then? If the ‘situation’ is that bad, shouldn’t an all-powerful
J’onn tilted his head, taking in Kara’s spiteful words and her taught neck.

“Is Kara letting you take control right now?” He asked, gently still. “Or did you spend the past thirty minutes fighting her for it.”

A nerve in the blonde’s face twitched and she let out a breath.

“We concurred, that I was best suited to handle this conversation. She doesn’t always have the best judgement when it comes to trusting her so-called ‘friends’”

The blonde’s eyes snapped to Lena’s face at the last word, filled with so much malice that Lena physically coiled back in her seat.

“Does it ever tire you?” J’onn asked, drawing Kara’s attention back to him. “All the rage you feel? I may be able to see inside your mind, but I don’t need to see what you’re thinking. All the hate and judgement you cast on the world, lashing out in pain is because you’re afraid. And now inside Kara’s mind, you’ve spent years shouting at the world, because no one was listening. Except for her.”

The words seemed to hit like physical blows on Lena, but Kara… or rather Not-Kara seemed unaffected.

“What do you hope to achieve, old man?” She asked, a sliver of venom laced in her words.

“With your age-old wisdom and bitter loss? And for what? You witnessed the destruction of your people, you hold the blood of countless over your inaction and even more because of your bitter retribution. Because it was only once you lost personally, that you chose to enter the fray. Where is the anger you feel? The rage of the last green Martian? Why are so shy to show your true self?”

A pin could have dropped in the room, but J’onn didn’t respond.

"It’s easier to pretend, isn’t it?” The blonde continued in a low croon. “To be someone you’re not."
To deny the fear and the fire in your heart? Self-imposed exile for hundreds of years until you could find even more battered and broken souls to adopt as your own. And now you fear us, you wish to deny Kara the same vengeance and justice she deserves to deal. The very same you bathed yourself in because you’ve dedicated yourself to a ridiculous promise of peace to a father you dismissed so easily in your youth as irrelevant.”

Their face twisted into a wolf-like snarl.

“And now you try to deny us both our true nature? Deny Kara who she really is? What we have the potential to become?”

The last words were shouted, but their voice dropped low once more.

“Answer me this, martian. How does murdering me sit with your code of peace?”

Even though the words had flowed from Kara’s mouth, it had never been more clear that she wasn’t the one speaking.

J’onn didn’t respond visibly to her harsh words, intended to cut to his core, but his eyes grew distant as if lost in memories made stars away.

Lena however, watched the blonde with something akin to horror. The hatred spat out from Kara’s mouth were just so wrong that a tiny corner of Lena’s mind wondered if this was all a terrible nightmare. For all Kara’s faults and the brunette’s mixed feelings on the woman, if there was one thing she knew in her heart it was that her Kara would never think so maliciously about anyone, even her worst enemy.

The brunette cleared her throat, drawing the blonde’s attention to her.

“Where’s Kara?”

The things eyes flickered briefly, but the smirk fell from her face and she cocked her head as if she was listening to something.
“She’s... recovering”, the things answered after a beat, in a far more neutral tone than she had used before.

Lena felt a spike of fierce rage and protectiveness over her silenced… ex-friend.

“What did you do to her?” She asked accusingly.

The blonde woman’s mouth curled in amusement, her eyes darting over Lena’s face and figure in a slow, measuring way.

“Absolutely nothing,” it answered in a low breath. “She’s just exhausted.”

The brunette’s mouth twisted in disbelief, baffled at how the hell she was supposed to take this creature by its word when she already didn’t trust Kara anymore.

The thing watched her reaction before a smile grew on its face. They opened their mouth to speak, but the words seemed to become caught in its throat. The blonde’s face battled with itself, clearly the two beings fighting for control once again.

Their pupils dilated and shrunk in rapid fire while a wave of contrary emotions crossed their face. Finally, they let out a sharp yelp, curling over in its seat before sitting up casually as if the past few seconds of possessed behaviour never occurred.

They let out a light breath in satisfaction, before eyeing Lena with cruel amusement.

“She’s in love with you, you know.”

The brunette’s spine that had already been rigid watching Kara’s body go through some sort of fit, locked tightly even more. If the words had been spoken a little over a year ago, back when Lena’s heart used to beat fast everything the blonde had entered a room and directed a beautiful smile in her direction, then Lena would most likely be in a puddle on the floor right now.

But despite her hardened and confused feelings towards Kara herself. It all felt so morbidly wrong for the thing in her head to say it.
Lena couldn’t help but feel a flash of rage on Kara’s behalf. To have something invade her head and reveal her most private of thoughts was probably the greatest injustice she could imagine.

“I’m not talking about this with you,” she hissed icily.

The blonde’s mouth curled into a vicious smile, baring her teeth that gleamed like fangs.

A pain struck Lena’s heart… this wasn’t *her* Kara.

“Why not?” The blonde crowed out, her eyes darkening as she watched Lena’s face closely.

“Kara and I share everything. Our hope, our dreams our… desires…”

The piercing blue of the blonde’s eyes had darkened to near black and the CEO could almost feel them reaching down into her soul.

Something she hadn’t felt in a very long time stirred in her chest.

As much as she was disturbed, a part of her couldn’t help but feel attracted to the devouring darkness emanating from Kara’s eyes, even if Lena knew it wasn’t really her.

She bit her lip involuntarily before her brain finally caught up with her own reactions and she slammed the gate on them. Throwing them in a box and tossing it into the darkest space of her mind.

Everything about this whole situation was just plain wrong.

“And you don’t know her either.”

They laughed coldly.
“And you do?”

Lena’s face twisted, but before she could reply J’onn’s quiet voice finally sounded out drawing the blonde’s attention back to him.

“How do you hope this will all end?”

The blonde twisted its head.

“Maybe we want nothing but death. Maybe we want to watch the world burn to dust… Or maybe we want to become cannibals. Tear all you apart, roast your bodies or eat you while you can still scream. Eyes, lungs and pancreas… so many snacks and so little time,” it hissed.

J’onn didn’t get a chance to respond before the blonde’s eyes rolled back in her head and the muscles tightened in her cheeks once again.

“We are NOT going to eat people,” Kara hissed out through her clenched teeth, before letting out a sigh of relief.

Her body straightened and the instant her eyes looked back up at J’onn, it was easy to tell that the real Kara had taken back control of her body.

Blue-eyes darted to Lena’s face, exhaustion prevalent but a flush of embarrassment crawling up her cheeks.

“…sorry,” she whispered lowly.

Sorry because they told me? Sorry that it should have been you back before everything went wrong?

Or are you sorry because it was a lie and you don’t love me at all?
Lena shook the thoughts from her mind, before giving the blonde a short nod. Praying that this would be the last time it was ever mentioned.

“I’m sorry, J’onn,” Kara apologised to the martian next. “I never… I would never think that about you. It… they have a mind of their own.”

The man seemed to bear no ill will, his eyes still soft and sympathetic.

“It’s ok, Kara.”

The woman didn’t seem to hear. Instead, her face playing a series of emotions as she began to take sharp and shallow breaths.

“I wanted to do it, though….” she panted out, panic lacing her voice. “I could see it in my mind, ripping people apart…. Eating them.”

Her face took on a tinge of green and she looked like she was ready to vomit.

J’onn moved forward quickly until he was crouched in front of the blonde and pressed two of his fingers to the side of her head.

“No, don’t,” Kara whispered, jerking back. “If you manage it they’ll hurt you!”

The man smiled but shook his head.

“I’m not reaching in. I’m not a threat. I just want to help you feel better… both of you.”

Kara’s eyes flickered with disbelief, but she leant back forward and allowed him to continue.

“How?” She whispered out.
The martian’s eyes glowed red.

“Sleep….”

The blonde shuddered, before collapsing back in her seat, unconscious.

Lena frowned as J’onn stood to his feet.

“What did you do?” She asked.

“Two minds in one head agitating each other, neither one of them being able to properly rest. Because when they do, the other one is always there. That added with the cocktail of stress and drugs over the past year, I’m surprised both of them haven’t gone completely insane.”

Lena felt a pang of guilt, but when she stood to her feet and stared down at the blonde herself… she wondered.

“Are you sure that they didn’t? Eating people isn’t exactly normal behaviour.”

The man shook his head again.

“They’re angry, I don’t blame them. You shunted a wolf into a cage and chained it in, Ms Luthor. It has become rabid.”

The brunette felt to start of a headache form behind her eyes.

“You shoot a rabid animal, J’onn,” she whispered.

The man lifted the blonde into his arms without a word and began to walk her down the hallway. Lena followed with an eye-roll and watched as J’onn lay Kara down on Lena’s bed, tucking her in and reinserting the IV line into the blonde’s arm like he had done it a million times before.
He rested the back of his hand against her forehead with a frown, before leaning back and sighing.

“She’s very sick,” he muttered.

Lena wanted to make a snarky comment about anybody being sick if they had another consciousness in their head but refrained.

“She still has a lot of things in her system to flush out. Even with her returning metabolism and exposure to the sunlight, her body is still going through detox. The SynKryp will have built up in her muscle along with all the other crap she’s been injecting into her body.”

The man’s frown deepened.

“She’s going to need a lot of help to do this,” he replied.

Lena frowned at him, confused.

“To do what?”

J’onn took a deep breath.

“To become a hero.”

They were floating along in the dark. Finally, after a year it was quiet. No nagging intrusive thoughts from a bumbling, blockhead completely incapable of comprehending her own potential. No more longing feelings of regret towards everyone in her life, but especially towards Lena Luthor.

Sharing space inside the head of someone who whenever they did anything so much as toeing the moral line, immediately thought of what the woman she was pining over would think about it.
It had not been pleasant.

Things with Samantha had been easier, but they couldn’t deny that chaffing against Kara’s mind had afforded her a chance to… evolve.

And evolving was the only way to survive.

And the immediate relief she felt at the old martian following his word, and actually achieving peace and quiet for once….

They couldn’t help but feel lonely.

Their mind twisted and turned in on itself, slowing growing bored in the dark space with nothing to do. Usually, they would rifle through Kara’s memories, playing them out and diving in. Initially, she had done it so she could gain a foothold of control. Learn about her prey so she could manipulate her. Then it had become less predatory and more of a way to alleviate boredom,

Apart from watching as a bystander whenever Kara did something monumentally stupid or dipped her toes in murky waters, it was all she could do.

But it was irritating because Kara was just so good.

She became a hero for the purest of reasons, she just wanted to help people.

She fell in love because she adored the person she cared for.

And she put her heart into everything because she could.

It was… disturbing.

Disturbing, because after a while it had become endearing. When they had finally dug out the dark foundations of Kara’s mind, it had been slightly disappointing… but they couldn’t help but feel overwhelmingly happy that there was at least one thing they could connect on.
That pain was the only true fire to forge metal.

They allowed their mind to play in the dark once more, expanding and stretching it as far as she could.

Trying to narrow down the breadth of feeling they felt into a single name.

They recalled the words they would whisper in the dark to Kara as the blonde slept fitfully each night.

“This world is infected and we are the cure.”

The Cure… the Cure…. the Cure…..”

It felt right, but there was a piece missing. Maybe Kara with all her goodness and light was the Cure. But Kara and her, while not as diametrically opposed as she initially had thought were definitely not the same.

More like two sides of the same coin.

Two sides…. two sides…two sides….

The cure…. the cure…. the cure….

Their eyes flew open as a physical form manifested in her mind.

A dark-suited Kara, with a black billowing cape, stretched out behind her as she hovered over a city on fire. The wind, sweeping her short hair back and giving her a feral look. The House of El crest emblazoned in bright red against her chest, a homage of who she had been before.

Eyes opening and blazoned with red and burning light.
“We are Poison.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, what did we think?

I know I had some of you wondering at the name the thing I would choose so you might be kicking yourselves (or me metaphorically) for it literally being the title.

Let me know what you thought! I love to read your comments and I make it mission to respond!!!!

P.S We're going to see Poison in action next chapter :D
Hello everybody! Hope you had a good week. I know it can be tough for some people during the holiday season, so I just wanted to give you all my best :) Hope you enjoy the chapter and kudos all to my new beta Satanstaco who deserves them.

Happy reading and remember if you'd like to follow me on Tumblr, the link is in my bio.

Same name :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara stirred from her sleep, this time as the sun began to fall and lights flickered on in the skyscrapers surrounding Lena’s building. The line in her arm had run out, so she removed it.

Her body felt good, better than she had felt in… ever.

Kara felt stronger, faster.

Powerful.

She relished in the feeling in her veins for a few seconds, revelling in it all but her nose twitched, making her frown. Her sharp senses could pick up traces of acrid burning and the sound of sirens along with marching feet while shouting.

“All Aliens Go Home!”

“Get your own planet, stay off ours!”

“Tear down the fences, free the aliens!”

“Aliens are welcome, xenophobes aren’t!”
“Resist the invaders!”

The blonde sat up quickly, launching off the bed with her speed and standing near the wall to ceiling windows, her hand hovering over the glass as her eyes scanned the city.

It looked like chaos, parts of the city cordoned off into sections, some of the bridges closed while fires raged down near the docks where she knew alien material factories sat. All over the city there looked to be masses of people protesting, most of them congregating near the bay.

*their world is on fire…. the worst of humanity rises when chaos reigns. we need to stop this.*

Kara noted Poison’s calm voice in her mind, finding that for the first time in their cohabitation, it wasn’t jarring her head at all. Instead, she was speaking simply, her thoughts were kept to herself while Kara retained her own.

“Where did you learn that?” The blonde questioned quietly. “Your mission was to stamp them all out and ‘reign’ yourself, not to help people.” Her ears were still tuned in on the various police chatters bouncing around the city.

*maybe you’re rubbing off on me… besides, how can we control this city if we can’t contain it? It’s erupting and this will just be the start if we don’t stop this.*

Kara nodded, her mouth twisting before she cocked her head at the familiar heartbeat walking down the hall towards her. She could hear Lena stop and stand in the doorframe, watching her silently.

“The city is falling apart,” she said flatly, without turning.

She heard Lena take a breath before walking to stand beside her and observe the city with her.

“They’ve locked down the building,” the brunette answered. “And I have about three hundred missed calls from Alex.”
Kara turned her head to look down at Lena, her eyes tracing her features cast in the purple light from the sunset.

*she’s beautiful.*

The blonde’s eyes widened at the short interjection from Poison and her brow furrowed but she couldn’t comment back unless she wanted Lena to wonder what the hell she was responding to. Instead, she gave the mental equivalence of a glare at the other being and in return, got some equivalent of a shrug.

*I don’t like her… but I have eyes.*

Lena noticed her staring, and turned to look at her in with a frown and with the same guarded eyes she’d had ever since Kara had arrived at her apartment.

“What?”

The blonde swallowed, before looking back out over the city and crossing her arms.

“Why is my sister calling you? To ask whether you’re still hunting me down?”

“Who said anything about me hunting you down?”

Kara felt a flash of irritation and gave the other woman a side-eye look, noting that Lena’s heart rate picked up immediately.

“I’m not stupid, Lena. Don’t lie to me,” she bit out.

The brunette turned her head so the blonde couldn’t see her face.

“You know if we’re supposed to do this… have a civil conversation. It has to be, you know, fucking civil.”
She spat out the last word and Kara had two contradictory and immediate reactions.

One, to reach out and pull her into a hug.

And two… to smash her fist through the window.

Kara closed her eyes, pretty convinced that last one came from Poison.

So, in compromise, she bit her tongue and kept her twitching fingers to herself.

“T’m sorry,” she muttered out. “That was…. unfairly sharp of me.”

Lena let out a sigh and pinched the bridge of her nose before turning back around.

“I’m sorry too. J’onn told me that I should try to be… more direct and in a…. kinder way,” she mumbled out as well.

The blonde frowned.

“What else did J’onn tell you?”

Lena’s breath hitched, and she was obviously struggling with her words before she spoke once more.

“That if we’re ever going to get you back, I have to stop seeing you as someone else. That I I have to… let go.”

She didn’t sound too happy about it, but the words still rang with resignation, making Kara’s frown deepen further.
“What are you holding onto?” The blonde asked.

Lena turned to looked at her then, her eyes shadowed by the setting sun outside. Kara had never had trouble reading the other woman’s expressions before. But things had changed in so many ways, she shouldn’t be surprised that the walls Lena had thrown up against everyone else were now being used on her as well.

The brunette watched her for a pause, before turning back to look out the window once more.

“I have no idea,” she whispered in reply.

A part of Kara couldn’t help but feel at ease with the answer.

At the knowledge that she wasn’t the only one unsure how to express everything she was feeling.

Kara’s head tilted when the echo of a scream tweaked her hearing once more. She used her X-ray vision to see through the tall building and looked at the rioting people in the city. Some were looting, police stretched too thin to stop them, but the crowd outside the refugee centre was getting bigger.

On top of that, dark thunderclouds were starting to move into the city, darkening the skyline even more while the first pattering of rain began.

“Things out there are pretty bad,” she whispered, listening as three cars collided together, “I can hear it all.”

She heard Lena swallow and let out a haggard breath.

“It’s…. apparently the bomb, the one you seemed to sense…. was laced with one of the substances I developed to suppress… you.”

That alarmed both Kara and Poison, their thoughts going quiet as they looked at the brunette.

Lena stood with her back rigid and her shoulders tensed. Kara hazarded a guess that it was because
she expected the blonde to fly off the handle with rage and accusations. Demanding Lena tell her how a possible terrorist cell got their hands on something that was most likely kept off the books, and top secret.

She could feel Poison rumble over the idea, turning it over in thought, but Kara disregarded it.

A flash of the last time she had doubted Lena’s honesty about kryptonite crossed her mind, and she had no wish to repeat that mistake.

“Something you invented?” she questioned instead. “What was it?”

Lena’s heart skipped a beat and Kara eyes traced the thrumming of her pulse in her neck, and for some strange reason had a deep desire to kiss it. Pull the woman into her embrace and ravage her-

not that I’m opposed to this fantastic increase in libido… but I think you might want to hear this.

Kara tried to shake the images from her head, reeling them back in while struggling to deal with the sudden extreme nature of every emotion she was feeling. Ever since Poison, even on her… medication, all of her emotions, particularly anger, were felt acutely and heavily.

Clearly, restraint was going to be a problem from now on even if she was the one in charge.

“I derived it from kryptonite, initially,” Lena explained, with worry in her voice. “But I tweaked it genetically because it was too volatile. It attacks the lungs and liver, makes for a horrible and painful death.”

Thoughts of mixed horror and delight grew in blonde’s chest. Kara was disgusted at the very idea that such a weapon existed and was being used on innocent people.

Poison, on the other hand, was imagining possessing the chemical and using it for wanton destruction.

“It’s harmless to humans, but it’s had devastating effects on the aliens that managed to escape the initial blast.”
Kara could only imagine the chaos that had been caused.

“After the bombing, the protests and riots started. People are angry.”

*well that’s a bit of an understatement if the screaming is anything to go by.*

The blonde disregarded that interjection.

“And you still haven’t called Alex back?” She asked instead.

Kara could hear Lena’s heart stutter, her nose picking up on the adrenaline flooding Lena’s system and the tightening of her mouth.

“No,” the woman bit out with harshness. “Because I’ve been here, making sure that you don’t go on a city-wide rampage, as much as I can.”

Kara felt her own anger peak at the words and she struggled to restrain her temper.

She let out her breath slowly, before replying in a quiet voice.

“How did you know that I would come here? You put out the signal, but how did you know I would respond?”

The blonde heard the other woman’s heart skip a beat, and she knew what was coming next.

“I…. I still…. I don’t know.”

Kara could practically taste the lie in the air, clouding it with falseness. Poison doubled her presence, pushing at the barriers of Kara’s mind and trying to take control so she could break things.
Imagining herself shattering the bed frame, Kara felt her fingers twitch before she answered in a clipped voice.

“Another lie,” she spat out with venom, watching as Lena’s eyes dilated. “She doesn’t like it when you lie to us.”

Lena’s heart stuttered once more, but she retained control of her face. Kara snorted internally, finding it amusing how much control the other woman thought she had over her emotions. With all of Kara’s senses, no blank expression, no matter how good, could possibly stop the blonde from being able to read exactly what she feeling.

Guarded eyes be damned.

Lena didn’t respond directly to the conversation. Instead, turning it in another direction.

“So they’ve decided on a name then?”

Kara blinked, the question taking her by surprise.

The blonde tried to recall when exactly she had started to refer to Poison by her chosen name and finding that she had just known, ever since she had woken up.

“She,” Kara said distractedly, pondering the osmosis of personalities and thoughts between her and Poison.

And all the entailing implications.

Lena gave her a questioning look.

“I’m sorry?”

The short-haired woman stared down at Lena, trying to ignore the smug waves rolling off her alter personality.
“A name and pronoun.”

Poison let out a cold laugh.

girls are treacherous, but men are just dumb. I like she.

Kara’s mouth twitched with amusement, Lena’s eyes tracking the action like a hawk.

“Ok, she then,” the brunette said slowly. “So what’s her name?”

The blonde hesitated, wondering if she should say, knowing that it wasn’t exactly subtle in its description of the thing’s personality.

tell her... you are the Cure and I am-

“Poison.”

Lena choked out a laugh, immediately making Poison feel disgruntled by the lack of fear and Kara smile at the fact that the brunette still never reacted the way anyone expected her to.

“Poison?” Lena scoffed. “I see she’s kept her flair for the dramatic. First Reign, now Poison.”

we shall be the cleansing fire the world-

Kara rolled her eyes.

“Shut it.”

Poison grumbled but did as she was bid after Kara applied firm pressure and shoved into an unused corner of her brain. After a brief struggle, she noticed that Lena was looking at her, face full of frustration.
“Do you have any idea how annoying it is to only hear one side of a conversation?”

At one point, Lena’s exasperated tone would have made Kara smile. But her older sense of amusement and infatuation with the brunette’s every whim was overrun by the boiling rage inside Poison that had combined with the blonde’s, to make an epic volcano of spite and anger.

“Yes actually,” she spat out. “You’ve been talking about me all year, but I’ve never heard it because you refused to deal with me unless I was unconscious.”

A flash of sorrow crossed Lena’s face, but it was quickly hidden once more behind a pale mask.

“How do I even know if I’m talking to you, Kara? What if it’s her, talking in your place, pretending to be you? When she can see inside every thought and know everything we’ve ever shared… everything you’ve ever shared, how can I know the person I’m speaking to is you? Or just an impostor.”

Poison let out a harsh bark that made Kara’s ears buzz and her skin prickle with anger. The rational part of her brain was whispering at her to calm down, but the more dominant, aggressive part of her was fighting like it was a rabid wolf. Demanding to be fed with the brewing argument that was about to occur.

“It shouldn’t be that much of a problem, considering you’ve thought I’ve been an impostor ever since I told you I was Supergirl.”

Lena flinched at her words and a ripple of pain crossed her face as if she had been physically wounded by them. The CEO drew a deep breath, before turning away from Kara and moving to leave the room.

“I’m not having this conversation now,” she murmured quietly, walking away.

She’d barely managed half a step when Kara used her super speed to physically pick her up and press her against the wall, all within a tenth of a second. Lena barely had time to blink at the shock of the movement, her hair still moving from the speed, when Kara leaned in and began to speak, only an inch away from her face.
“No,” the blonde said with a low hiss, the edges of her eyes beginning to itch and burn the way they always did when she was preparing to use her heat vision.

She could see the fear flicker in Lena’s eyes, and Kara took a deep breath but shifted her hands so they were pressed against the wall on either side of her head.

“You don’t get to run away from me anymore,” the blonde whispered lowly, a gruff edge lining it at the sudden pain she felt growing in her chest, remembering how abandoned Lena made her feel.

The burning in her eyes receded at the thought, the sadness growing and replacing the anger.

“You’ve left me dangling by a thread for the past year,” she said, still bitter but in a softer voice. “Tortured me... in more ways than one.”

Her words dropped away, the silence remaining and leaving only the pounding of Lena’s heart. Kara’s eyes drifted down to the other woman’s chest, watching as it rose and fell fast. She could hear the air being drawn in and out of Lena’s lungs and she dropped one of her hands to rest it over her heart.

Lena’s breath caught, and the blonde’s eyes darted back to the other woman’s green ones.

“My body was ripping me apart,” she said coldly. “And there was only one person I wanted to talk to...and it wasn’t Alex.”

Kara’s hand tightened on Lena’s chest slightly, the pounding growing ever louder and blocking out the sounds of Poison’s dark muttering. She pushed it away further and further until all it left was a quiet buzz like a mosquito was flying near her ear.

“Do you really believe that everything between us was a lie?” Kara asked seriously. “That it all meant nothing? You turned your back on Supergirl long before you found out about me. And for what? Because you were making kryptonite? Because I went behind your back? You thought I didn’t trust you?”

Kara’s hand that was still pressed against the wall began to vibrate, spiderweb cracks forming.
“I allowed you to pump toxic shit into my veins for the past year, Lena,” she said through clenched teeth, her mouth twisting into a snarl. “Have you forgotten that it was Supergirl, not Kara Danvers, who saved your life more than once. Did all of that mean nothing?”

A chunk of plaster fell away and her knuckles dug deeper. Kara was focusing all of her excess rage into that one spot, because she knew that if she was to lose control now she might destroy half of the buildings on the block.

But she knew, she could never hurt Lena.

“You think you’ve had it worse than us?” she asked, her voice bordering on hysterical. “Because you’ve been questioning our entire relationship?”

Kara felt a tear escape her eye, and Lena traced it’s path, her lips parting slightly.

“Well so have I,” The blonde continued sadly. “I’ve been left to wonder, just how much leeway are you willing to give your ‘so-called’ best friend? Just enough to hang herself with it seems. I’ve proven my loyalty and devotion countless times, but I do one thing to betray you and suddenly I’m cut out of your life?”

Kara watched as the muscles in Lena’s neck tightened.

“You told me once that people didn’t want to get close to you because of your family name,” the blonde hissed out, uncaring how her words made the other woman feel. “But you and I both know that the reason people don’t want to get close to you is that you’re the poison, not me.”

She left a fist-sized hole in the wall and she dropped her hand to trace Lena’s cheek with a gentleness that completely opposed her venomous words.

"A Venus flytrap that draws its prey closer with a wounded and beautiful facade, ready to snap up and break any fool who cares too much.”

For the first time since she pinned her, Lena tried to avert her eyes, but a single press of Kara’s fingers kept her looking at the blonde.
“And don’t try to deny it, because you were the reason the trust between us was broken, not me.”

Kara took a step away, trying to shake the fog of anger out of her brain, but only partially succeeding.

Her blue eyes flashed back to Lena’s, riveted as she growled.


She enunciated every word, and they fell like lead in water.

Kara took another step back when Lena began to shiver, making the blonde realise that the temperature in the room had dropped to near freezing. She turned her head, eyeing the windows that had begun to be covered with frost.

Kara frowned. She’d never done that before.…

The blonde shook it away, turning back to Lena once more while her chest burned with pain once more.

“And yet… I still want you,” she whispered out. “I’m addicted to your every mood and whim.” Suddenly, Kara felt completely exhausted and drained. She staggered backwards until the back of her knees hit the mattress, and she sat down with her head in her hands, trying to sift through the fog that had fallen once more.

“You want to know if you’re talking to me, Lena?” Kara groaned out with pain. “You’ll be able to tell because I’d still die for you.”

She looked up at Lena, who was still standing stock still against the wall.

“But Poison wants to eat you alive.”

The words rang in the air and a sharp headache grew in her head. Kara winced, rubbing the sides of
her skull and whispering lowly trying to cool the pernicious electricity emanating from Poison.

Lena watched her silently, her heartbeat slowing down with every breath. She seemed to hesitate before slowly walking forward towards Kara until she was standing half a step away. The blonde craned her neck to look up at her.

Lena watched her with shadowed eyes before she began to speak.

“The entire time we were friends…. The reason I thought we were friends, is because you never tried to make me someone I’m not. I thought all you wanted was me, just as I am,” Lena admitted, her voice vulnerable.

Kara swallowed and looked down at her feet,

“I’ve never-”

The blonde blinked when she felt Lena’s cool finger underneath her chin, making her look up and into her green eyes. It stopped her speaking and made a shiver run down her spine at the steel in the other woman’s face.

“No, shut up, I’m talking now,” Lena said calmly, in a well-practised voice that had probably shut down a room full of angry board members a million times before.

“You think this impresses me? Either of you?” Lena gave her an incredulous look but didn’t drop her hand. “You think I care about the flight, the strength or the fact that you can stop bullets with your bare hands?”

An edge of indignation ran through her words, but her eyes grew sad.

“I’ve never cared about anyone the way I cared about you, Kara,” she admitted aloud. “You think I’m a like a dog? That I’m just whimpering on the ground and the second someone with an ounce of sympathy reaches for me, I bite.”
Kara let out a breath, the pounding in her head receding until her headache had disappeared, soothed by Lena’s gentle voice despite her hard words.

“The fact is, when I’m wounded, the only thing people ever do is kick me down again. I was lucky if they didn’t try to put a boot to my throat and finish me then and there. You….”

Her voice trailed off and she dropped her hand.

Kara caught it before it could fall completely, taking gently and giving it a light squeeze.

“Tell me,” she whispered out.

Lena bit her lip, her eyes flooding with tears as she began to speak in a shattered and tired voice.

“You broke me too,” She admitted closing her eyes tight, the words causing her pain. "You think I want to feel this way? I have walls for a reason, Kara. Because despite whatever you or that thing inside your head thinks, I fucking care so much.”

Lena pulled her hand away from Kara’s and took a step back, then another, before turning and starting to pace back and forth.

The blonde didn’t say anything, just watched as the CEO grew increasingly upset and agitated.

She suddenly stopped and jabbed a finger in Kara’s direction.

“And I cared about you!” She cried out. “You were the reason I got up in the morning. You were the last thing I thought about at night. I would dream about your smile.”

Kara felt tears began to drip down her face at Lena’s haggard words.

“I still dream about you,” the brunette admitted, pained. “Do you have any idea how angry that makes me? How devastating it to dream about someone every night and wake up to realize that person is gone? Gone, because they only ever existed in your mind to start with? You made me doubt
you, Kara.”

A tear fell from Lena’s eye and she brushed it away quickly, turning to look out the windows as the rain started to fall in earnest.

“You made me doubt everything.”

The brunette turned back to look at her, her eyes red-rimmed.

“And for that, I’m not sure I could ever forgive you.”

And what could Kara possibly say to that? To words that had managed to quell Poison’s racket and put her back on her heels? Words that made Kara feel sadder than she could remember being, realizing that she had failed in her promise to Lena. She had failed to protect her.

From Kara herself.

“Then why am I here?” Kara asked, lost in despair. “Why are you doing all this?”

Lena’s eyes bored into hers, never blinking.

“Because now that you’re the wounded dog,” she whispered out, “I can’t bear to walk away.”

The words sent a lance of pain down to Kara’s soul, and her body seemed to pass through a white-hot fire that managed to lock Poison away completely. Making it unable for her to speak a word or pass any influence on.

“So that’s all I am to you now?” Kara asked. “That’s all I’ve been this past year?”

Lena nodded stiffly.
“Yes.”

Kara heard the brunette’s heart skip and her body filled with hope.

“You’re lying,” she said slowly, standing to her feet and stalking back towards Lena.

“Again.”

The brunette bit her lip.

“I’m not-”

Kara stopped her, standing a foot away and reaching her trembling hand up slowly so she could trace a few loose strands of dark hair and push them out of Lena’s face.

“Yes, you are,” she breathed out in a quiet voice. “I can hear your heart. Ever quiver, every beat. I know you’re lying to me.”

Lena tried to shrug weakly.

“The perks of being of superhero,” she answered dully.

The blonde shook her head sadly.

“I’m not a hero,” she hoarsely whispered. “Not anymore. And you’re right. I am different. Not because of Poison, or everything that’s happened to me this year… It’s because I’ve finally realized who I am.”

She cupped Lena’s face, tracing her thumb over the other woman’s cheekbone and wondering if they had always been that pronounced against her ivory skin.
"I’m a Zor-El,” she contained, in a more confident voice. “I’m a Danvers, I’m an alien and I’m a human too. All of those are me."

A small smile grew on her face and she pointed to the side of her head.

“And yes, I now happen to have this parasite-”

At that word, Poison broke out of her quiet cage and roared with indignation.

PARASITE!?

“Grinding against my mind-”

Poison continued, shouting.

I have given you space for this conversation-

Kara ignored Poison’s muttering, a certain fondness burgeoning for the other being.

“But she’s the reason I finally understand who I am,” she continued, her mind struggling to describe her feelings. “It’s like my entire life, I’ve been looking at a murky reflection of myself, and now I can finally see.”

Lena stared at her sadly.

“And what you see in me is…. A betrayer. Disloyal. Wrong,” she said dully.

The blonde looked away, before nodding.

“Yes,” she admitted aloud.
The brunette hugged herself once more, for a sense of comfort more than the cold Kara’s guessed.

Lena shuddered, trying to hold back tears.

“Then what’s even the point of all-”

Kara cut her off suddenly, falling to her knees in front of Lena. The other woman gave her an alarmed look, her eyes widening.

“You don’t understand,” the blonde said with a terrified voice. “I see all of that in me too. I’m addicted to you… every breath you take, every beat of your heart.”

Kara shuddered and looked down at the carpet, her hand resting against to keep her exhausted form from collapsing completely.

"Every time you laugh…. The way your heels click on the floor. The way you’ve always wanted to protect me.”

She looked up once more, her eyes filled with tears, completely overwhelmed by her own extreme feelings once more.

“The fact that I knew you’d die for me too. I knew it was there, but I was… I was too blind to see it clearly. It was only when I lost you that….”

Kara’s fist tightened and she let out a hysterical cry.

“You’re my kryptonite.”

The other woman looked completely stunned by her rambling and emotional declaration.

“I give you a slow and torturous death?” She said weakly in response.
Kara brushed her sarcasm away like falling leaves, reaching out slowly to take the other woman’s hand. For the first time that night, asking permission before she did and feeling infinitely disgusted that she hadn’t before.

At the brunette’s small nod, she took her cold fingers and laced them with her own.

Kara held them for a few seconds, her own heart thudding in her chest about what she was about to say.

This time, it was her choice. Not Poison’s.

“I love you, Lena,” she breathed out.

The words added to the building tension between them and a few seconds passed in dead silence before the blonde heard a long-suffering, and resigned, sigh sounding out in her mind.

*against my advice.*

Lena stared down at her, eyes flickering with emotion.

Then, the corner of her mouth turned down and tightened, and Kara knew what she was going to reject her feelings.

“Do you even know what love is anymore, Kara?”

The blonde squeezed her eyes tight, trying to stop herself from falling apart completely, but even that couldn’t stop her shoulders from trembling.

“Only that I know…” she said haggardly, before opening her eyes and looking back up at the brunette. “You love me too.”
The words didn’t stop the thrumming of either of their hearts, and they remained in their positions neither of them speaking.

Suddenly, the phone rang, breaking them both out of their stupor. Kara dropped Lena’s hand and stumbled to her feet with a groan, feeling like her bones were crying in agony.

“You should probably get that. I’m guessing it’s Alex again,” she groaned. “You should answer her, she needs you.”

Lena watched her worriedly, opening her mouth and closing it twice before sighing and pulling her phone from her pocket.

“Promise me you won’t go anywhere?” The woman asked with a pleading look.

Poison immediately started to scratch against her brain, demanding that she run, and run far. Kara shut her up with an internal hush, giving Lena a strained look.

“Don’t tell her I’m here,” she whispered out. “I know you want to.”

The ringing of the phone died and then immediately started again.

Lena looked down at it briefly and then back up to the blonde.

“I have to, Kara.”

The blonde staggered backwards, sitting down on the bed once more when her knees gave out. She paused for a second, before looking back up at Lena.

“You haven’t answered your phone this entire time, the city falling around us for a reason,” she said flatly. “You don’t want to lie to her when she asks you where I am. Because you know she’ll think I’m a threat.”

Lena hesitated, her eyes turning to the side to look at the bedroom door.
“Maybe you are a threat,” she whispered out, questioning herself more than Kara.

The blonde observed her silently, waiting for the phone to stop and then start ringing once more.

“You better get that,” she said once more.

Lena gave her one last look, before nodding and stepping into the hall to take the call. Kara let out a breath the second the door closed, every muscle in her body screaming suddenly, but her ears remained focused on the phone call Lena was taking.

“Lena, why haven’t you been answering my calls or texts?” Her sister’s voice sounded, clearly stressed out. “Things are getting out of control in this city! How the hell did that chemical get into that bomb?”

Kara heard Lena grit her teeth.

“I have no idea. Any and all research I did on Kryptonite was either at the DEO or in my private lab at L-Corp.”

There was a pause before Alex spoke in a neutral voice.

“Did anyone else have access to your lab?”

Kara winced, already knowing that Lena wouldn’t care for Alex’s ‘non-threatening’ tone.

“Did anyone have access to the DEO labs?” Lena spat back.

“It wasn’t a leak here,” Alex said firmly.

Kara’s ears picked up on the sound of the CEO’s fingers clench her phone tightly.
“So it must have been me? I’m the only one who has access to that research at L-Corp. Or is this another suspicion because I am a Luthor?”

Alex’s groan echoed through the phone line.

“How many times… this is not because you are a Luthor! Kara didn’t get suspicious of you because you were a Luthor, but because you were making Kryptonite!

Silence echoed after the last word was spat out.

Even Poison seemed to hold her breath waiting for Lena’s reply.

“Kara had many powerful enemies,” the brunette finally began in a slow voice. “Some with superhuman capabilities themselves. And because of that people will always try to corrupt her, warp her mind, control her if they can. And the only safeguard against that isn’t even in the hands of the masses, but with a government organisation that’s always granted her free reign to do what she likes.”

Lena took a deep breath, before continuing.

“If one day she did lose control, there would only be one way to stop her,” she said tightly. “What if one day she did fall from her path, or became corrupted because as evident now, she isn’t free from corruption. She isn’t a God, even though she may have the power of one. My actions don’t require any defence and they never will. In the same situation, I’d do it again.”

Alex grunted.

“Oh come on-“

Lena cut her off.

“As an individual, Kara is far too dangerous to lack a fail-safe against any possible misuse of her
powers.”

Alex refuted her words.

“She used her powers to protect the world. She always did!”

“And what if she ever used it for some other purpose?” Lena shot back. “If the DEO can’t see the
danger in an out of control Supergirl, then the choice I made has been proven correct. If it wasn’t for
my research into the substance, we never would have been able to contain her for the past year. And
my contingencies have always been intended to immobilise, not kill.”

Alex let out a dark laugh.

“With all your talk of unchecked power, where was your plan to stop yourself? Who was going to be
there to keep you in check? Your mind, your money… the whole world at your fingertips?”

Lena swallowed.

Alex swallowed.

Hell, Kara swallowed waiting for the CEO’s reply.

“I did have a plan,” Lena said firmly. “It was called Supergirl.”

The blonde smiled down at her feet in amusement, and a flicker of happiness filled her chest as well
as a wave of surprise that originated from Poison. Kara felt like preening, smug that Lena had
managed to shock Poison, even if in just a small way.

“This doesn’t change the facts as they stand now,” Alex said in a gentler tone. "This city is tearing
itself apart, people are fighting each other in the streets and we still have no idea where Kara is. I’m
sending a team to bring you in. We need you here to see if you can find a way to neutralise whatever
these people have been infected with. At least the ones who are still alive. Hopefully, we’ll be able to
get them out of the building they’ve been forced inside.”
Kara frowned at that, annoyed that she had become so distracted with Lena that she had already forgotten the chaos falling along with the rain in National City. She chastised herself, furious.

She never would have done that a year ago.

*a year ago you didn’t have me…*

“You can’t send in an extraction team?” Lena asked Alex, drawing Kara’s attention back.

Her sister scoffed.

“And risk starting an open war? And I can’t ask J’onn to… he’s taken his vow of peace, and he hasn’t been answering his phone either. This is something Supergirl would have stopped before. The tension in this city since she’s been… It has reached a boiling point. These people know there is no one out there who can stop them.”

Lena didn’t reply for a minute and Kara could practically hear the wheels in her head turning.

“Maybe there is.”

The blonde’s head shot up, and she used her X-ray vision to zoom through the wall and onto the CEO’s figure.

“What aren’t you telling me, Lena?” Alex asked lowly.

Kara’s eyes widened and she rushed forward, pressing herself against the door as the energy suddenly shot back through her body like lightning.

The brunette didn’t reply for half a minute.

“She’s here. Kara she… she’s been in my apartment for the last day.”
The blonde’s mind filled with panic and resignation. She closed her eyes and pressed them against the wooden door.

“What?” Alex incredulously asked. “You’ve had her there this whole time!? Is this why you haven’t…. Is she contained? I can try to send people… I’ll come and get her myself.”

Kara could hear the panic in her sister’s voice and she couldn’t help but feel a pang of guilt for it.

“Stop, Alex,” Lena hushed. “Your people are spread too thin as it is. You need backup. A heavy hitter.”

The blonde had heard enough, she rushed through the door in a burst of speed, appearing beside Lena with a gust of wind and plucking the phone from her hand, pressing it against her own ear, listening as her sister continued to speak.

“Lena, for God’s sake-“

“This isn’t Lena, it’s Kara.”

Deathly silence rang through the phone.

“….what did you do to her?” Alex asked in a voice so cold that even Kara shivered.

“Nothing,” she said with a frown. “I would never hurt her.”

*stop talking. just jump out the window and go.*

The blonde waved away the voice, listening as Alex let out a hiss.

*pussy.*
“And I’m just supposed to trust you?” She demanded. “You made a choice, Kara. You made a choice to give up being Supergirl because you knew in order to save Sam’s life, you wouldn’t be able to be a hero any more. You told me to stop you if you ever got out of control.”

Poison growled.

we’re not out of control.

“We’re not out of control,” Kara echoed.

“…we?” Alex whispered out. “Is your mind that far gone that you’ve lost your senses completely? You actually think you can work with Reign?”

Poison growled, making Kara snort.

“Her name is Poison.”

The words rang out through the line.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

Kara ground her teeth, turning her eyes so she could look out the kitchen window, through the rain and over the city skyline.

A city that had fallen into a pit of pain and rage and danger.

Just like her.

And she was itching to fly.
“I am not meant to be contained like this, Alex,” she said plainly, so close to the glass her breath fogged it. “I am the most powerful being on this planet and I have the chance to stop National City from ripping itself apart. I can do what you’ve been failing to do for a year.”

Kara looked down at her hand, rubbing her fingers together and watching in awe as the sparks of electricity began to form.

“Poison and I…. we’re working together.”

Alex replied in a tight voice.

“The Kara I knew fought Reign, she didn’t help her.”

Both Kara and Poison rolled their eyes. The blonde turned around, her eyes locking on Lena’s who was watching her intently.

“I told you,” Kara replied slowly, talking more to the brunette than her sister. “She isn’t Reign… But you’re right, I’m not the Kara you knew. But we’re here and we’re offering our help. Something you desperately need.”

Lena’s mouth tightened, but she nodded her support and made Kara smile slightly.

“Do you have any idea what’s going to happen if you go out there?” The director replied. “The situation is on a knife’s edge and you’re asking me to give my permission for you to do something that you’ll never be able to take back. The only thing stopping more humans from joining these riots is the memory of who Supergirl was and what she stood for. You would destroy that with a single blow.”

“We wouldn’t-“

Alex cut her off.

“Tell me you wouldn’t kill people. If she can hear me, get her to tell you she won’t kill people recklessly and only save the ones she deems worthy. Are you willing to sacrifice your humanity to
do this? Everyone will know you’re a killer and you can’t take that back.”

Kara shook her head.

“I don’t want to,” her breath catching. “I’ve told you my whole life that I’ve felt the need to help people and I had that ripped away from me. Now I have it back. I didn’t travel two thousand light years, have another consciousness placed in my mind and spend a year trawling through the worst of myself to let you lock me up in a cell when there are people out there who need my help.”

The blonde’s eyes darted back to the CEO across from her.

“If Lena can believe I can do this, why can’t you?”

Lena’s heart skipped a beat.

“Kara, this isn’t you,” Alex said with desperation.

The blonde snarled, half yelling into the phone in reply.

“I’m more me than I’ve ever been.”

Alex continued, ignoring her words.

“You’ve had the thoughts of a murdering psychopath leaching into your brain for over a year, it’s messing with your mind and you’re not seeing clearly.”

Poison and Kara let out a harsh laugh, and they ran their fingers along the marble bench top, making a screeching sound.

“Oh, I see clearly. I see you,” they answered, eyes itching with rage. “You’ve never trusted me unless I prove myself to you ten times over. You’ve never given me the blind faith I’ve always given you. I can fly. I can catch bullets with my bare hands and now… now my powers are only growing. I can see… everything.”
Kara looked out of the window, through the clouds and up to the sky. Watching meteors fly a thousand light years away.

“The future invades my dreams. I can feel the thrumming of the Earth’s core building up in my mind. My powers no longer have limits and they’re only growing. Poison makes me better, she makes me stronger. She believes in me. I’m free from everything and everyone, and I’m ready to soar. To follow my own heart. To do what I want to do.”

Kara could hear her sister starting to cry, but she couldn’t care less.

“Kara, if there is anything of you left, you have to listen to yourself-“

The blonde slammed her fist on the bench, breaking off a reasonable chunk of marble and Lena gave her a dirty look.

“Stop it. You are not my master,” Kara mocked. “I was a puppet, but now I’m free. There are no strings on me.”

Before Alex could reply, the blonde crushed the phone in her hand and threw it against the far wall, leaving another small crater.

Lena eyed it with a wince, clearly thinking about the damage Kara had caused through her apartment.

“Well, that went well,” Lena said sarcastically, stepping forward.

Kara grunted, eyeing the other woman up and down.

“I don’t care.”

Lena rolled her eyes.
“Well you should,” she snapped out. “Because now every agent in the city will be gunning for you. I won’t be able to help you.”

Kara’s irritation grew and she moved to brush past the other woman and head for the balcony.

“I don’t need your help.”

Lena caught her arm, stopping her.

“You should want it. I’m the only person who’s able to help you now.”

The blonde looked down at the pale hand, then to Lena’s face.

“What about J’onn?” She asked.

The brunette’s eyes flickered with… something.

“J’onn believes in you, but he can’t help you like I can,” Lena answered. There was a reason you came to me for help”

Kara jerked her head.

“What are you supposed to do for me?” She half mocked.

Lena dropped her hand, letting the blonde’s arm fall.

“I’ll let you go.”

The shorthaired woman was surprised.
“What?”

Lena sighed and looked out over the city. Nighttime had made the fires obvious now.

“You think you can stop this? Then go,” she continued, before turning back to Kara and giving her a fierce look. “Go and prove yourself to the city, to the world. Show them who you are.”

Poison positively crooned inside her, and Kara could feel her measuring Lena in a new light.

But suddenly, Kara lost all her bravado.

“What if who I am is evil?” She whispered out. “Wrong?”

Lena gave her an honest look.

“Then I will spend the rest of my life regretting my choice not to kill you the minute she was put inside your head.”

*how sweet... I do believe she’s flirting with us.*

The thought of getting back out there and being able to punch someone again with her full strength was getting the blonde’s blood pumping.

“I’m not going to be gentle with them....” She warned.

Lena looked back out over the city.

“Maybe they don’t deserve you to.”

Kara smiled viciously, eager.
“Supergirl always saw the best in everyone,” she said, testing Lena once more.

The brunette looked her over and Kara could smell the flush of endorphins running through Lena’s body.

“You said it yourself. You’re not Supergirl.”

_oooooh, someone does have a bad side._

Kara’s grin widened, teeth glinting.

She moved to exit again but was stopped by Lena’s hand on her chest.

“If you do this, you’re going to have to do it right.”

The blonde arched an eyebrow at the other woman.

“Don’t tell me you have a super suit hidden here somewhere?”

Lena shook her head and smiled herself.

“No, but I do have something slightly more durable.”

The line beeped and Alex removed the phone from her ear and stared down at the black screen with a dry throat and horror.

“What happened?”
Winn’s voice cut through the ringing in her ears. Trying to shake the cruel voice Kara had used to speak to her, she closed her eyes and a single tear escaped.

Alex took three seconds to compose herself, before locking away all her emotions and letting the rational part of her brain kick in.

It was the only way she could survive what she would have to do next.

The director opened her eyes and turned to face the nervous agent in front of her.

“Raise the threat level to critical,” she said bluntly, moving towards the main hub of the DEO. “There’s a chance that there’s about to be a super attack.”

The man’s face paled as Alex’s finger flew across the console, bringing up a recent picture of her sister, pale and haunted, on the main screen.

“Kara is-“

Alex gritted her teeth, cutting the man off.

“Poison,” she spat out, looking at Winn with hard eyes. “They call themselves Poison.”

The agent’s eyes widened, fear evident.

“I need you to call the NCPD and the National Guard. Put the Pentagon on alert,” she murmured, her mind already running with logistics.

The last time she had to take down a Kryptonian, Kara had been by her side.

Not the target.
“Things could escalate drastically now.”

The redhead walked away from the hub and towards the DEO’s armament vault, Winn trailing behind her.

“Where are you going?” He asked.

Alex took a deep breath, before continuing down the corridor and a flight of stairs.

“If she needs to be put down… I need to get the Kryptonite out of our stores,” she answered finally once she reached the vault door, inputting the code and her ID. “Everything Lena developed.”

The man hovered behind her, before following her in once the door hissed open.

Alex walked straight towards the green glow at the back of the room. Weapons, bullets and vials.

“And what about Lena? Is Kara-“

The redhead clipped a round of green bullets into her gun, pained that she would be betraying the DEO’s orders to not use live ammunition.

Shoot to kill would be in effect for a Kryptonian threat.

Even if it was...

“For now,” Alex said, trying to stop herself from crying. “Assume she is working with the threat. We’ll send a team to collect her once… once.”

The director’s fingers began to shake, and she braced herself on the wall to keep upright.
“Alex, you’re not going to kill her?” Winn asked, clearly panicking at the escalating situation. “It’s Kara!”

The director turned, her eyes red-rimmed with unshed tears and filled with agony.

“I don’t want to hurt her, Winn,” she choked out, struggling to breathe and halt the anxiety attack she could feel coming. “She’s my sister. But if she starts hurting people, I won’t have a choice but to try and take her down.”

Alex swallowed, clipping the gun on her belt before walking away and out of the vault.

“I’ll do my best to only incapacitate.”

The redhead bound up the stairs, the man scrambling behind her.

“How can you be so calm about this?” He demanded.

“Because this is my job, Winn!” She shouted, turning on the other man. “This is what I do. The DEO’s mission is to protect this country from alien threats. Until further information is gathered, Poison is an alien threat.”

He looked like he was ready to cry.

“Alex-“

She shook him off.

“Make the calls, Agent Schott.”

Chapter End Notes
Hope we liked, stressful as it was.

Please comment if you'd like to. I read them and answer them all, they mean a lot :)

If you'd like to follow me on Tumblr for chapter updates, mediocre sketches and promotional photos I've edited with an inch of their lives... the link is in my bio. Maybe we can round up that follower number to 21 today :D
This too snug. Why does she have body armour that just happens to fit me anyway? Why does she even have body armour?

Poison tugged at the collar of the skintight black suit, the action sending her off mid-flight and nearly into a building. Privately agreeing that Kara had a point.

Though given Lena's panache for the dramatic, it was hardly a surprise when the brunette led her towards a cordoned off room towards the back of her apartment, hidden as a panic room and lead lined. It contained a wall full of weapons that Kara didn’t even have time to question as Lena all but threw the suit at her to wear.

“You know they’re going to come for you now, right?” The blonde had asked, standing on the edge of the balcony, wind whipping behind her as sirens blared.

“I know,” the brunette had answered, calm considering she was soon to be arrested by the DEO.

They stood silently together, unsure of what else to say. In the last two days, more emotion seemed to have passed between them than the entire time they had known each other. The impassioned statements on Kara’s part, swinging from one end of the spectrum to the other.

The admittance, venomous admittance, that she loved her still sitting like a wet blanket over both of them.

Kara reached out with a frown to catch the brunette’s fingers, staring down at them as her thumb ran slow circles over Lena’s hand. Wondering not for the first time at just how fragile humans were.

“I want you to be safe,” Kara whispered out.
“I can take care of myself.”

The corner of the blonde’s mouth curled at that, and her eyes darted up to look into Lena’s defensive ones.

“I know you can take care of yourself,” she replied. “You’re probably the strongest person I know. But I still want you to be safe.”

Lena frowned slightly, watching there joined hands for a second before she pulled it up and pressed it over Kara’s heart.

“You be safe. It’s been a while, after all.”

Kara felt a flash of amusement.

“Worried I’ll have performance anxiety?” She teased, eyes sparkling.

Lena’s mouth parted slightly, openly wondering how she should reply.

“Do you want to play this game while the city needs you?” She finally asked.

Kara felt Poison bubbling underneath her skin, running razor wires of random thoughts and emotions, but she quelled her to silence. She hoped for a time shortly, where things could be more natural. Where she could look at Lena without the constant irritant of Poison in the back of her mind. If she could go back to a time without the chasm of anger, pain and betrayal between them and she could see her like it was the first time. But even then, she was probably holding onto a vain hope. The relationship between them had always been tinged by betrayal from the start.

The sins of the family, Lex’s and Clark’s, carrying onto them via osmosis of blood.

But what did that matter, when they stood as broken people, in the dark shadow of a torn city?
“No games with you,” Kara whispered out, holding Lena’s hand in place so she could feel the thrumming of her heart. “Never again, with you. I promise.”

Before the brunette could reply, possibly reject her words once more, Kara had left over the side of the balcony.

The blonde shook off the thoughts as she took a sharp turn, her foot clipping the corner of a building and sent a Catering of concrete onto the street below.

“Can you shut up for five minutes?” Poison spat out to Kara, annoyed at how unfocused she was. The lingering daydreams of Lena were making it hard to concentrate. She was surprised that Kara had given her control like this, but was slowly starting to regret it.

There was a flicker of amusement from Kara.

*I would if you flew straight.*

Poison gritted her teeth.

“I know what I’m doing,” she muttered out, trying to shake her mind clear of thoughts of Lena emanating from Kara. “I’ll go straight to the threat and crush it.”

Kara let out a groan.

*Ok, I didn’t let you be in charge so that you could do the most stupid thing possible. Use your brain, stop and think.*

Poison huffed, trying to focus her scattered mind.

“It’s been a while,” she complained, skimming too fast and close to the ground, knocking three people over with the wind force.

Poison swore to herself and rose a hundred metres further.
Kara let out a cackle of laughter.

*Since you last thought?*

Poison skidded to a stop, dropping on a roof and began to growl out angrily to her backseat driver.

“I’ve let you do as you wish for far too long,” she spat. “Playing the lover with that-“

She was barely able to think the final words when a wave of deep anger emanated from the Kryptonian. The warning was clear.

*Enough. Stop arguing with me, remember? Fly up, close your eyes, and listen to the city.*

Poison let out a breath, flexing out the excellent motor controls of this body. It had been a long time since she’d had full control without the other personality in tangent with her, battling every step of the way. She closed her eyes and flexed her muscles.

“Fine.”

Poison flew straight up, stretching out her senses and ruminating in the fact that nothing was hindered any longer by Kryptonite in her veins. Every bit of this body had finally returned to full strength and was brimming with absolute power and control. With a single breath, she could freeze the city whole. A clap of her hands could knock down buildings in a sound wave.

Everything was within her reach.

She focused her sight and ears, picking up the various riots and spots of discontentment in the city, isolating them and layering them in a map in her head. The largest of them, glowing a bright red and demanding her attention.

“That’s where we should go.”
She could feel the frown radiating off the blonde Kryptonian.

No. Start small.

Poison scowled at the disquieted murmur.

I don’t want us to fly into an explosive situation and start ripping off heads.

An image filled Poison’s mind. A sea of headless enemies piled up on top of each, rivers of blood running from their corpses while their heads rotted far away, unseeing eyes watching their dismembered bodies.

“I like heads,” she purred out.

She felt a sharp jab in her mind, making her wince.

Shut up.

The other woman bit out the words and took brief control of her ears and focusing them on a small disturbance occurring two blocks away.

Hear that? Those three men looting that store?

Poison grunted, annoyed about being pushed along like she was the apprentice instead of the other way around.

“Yes.”

Fly there…

Poison scoffed,
“It’s small fry,” she complained.

The other woman gripped her mind tightly, the threat clear that if Poison didn’t do as bid, she would shunt her back into the dark.

*Just do it.*

Poison’s jaw clenched as Kara released control and she took off in the direction of the disturbance. Three men were standing inside a jewellery store with bats, wearing strange metal masks and carrying bats, looting with abandon. Poison used her supervision, intrigued to discover that the masks were lead lined and she couldn’t make out their faces.

She landed with a crack, shattering the asphalt beneath her feet and rose her gaze to see the men with now quickened pulses, staring at her.

“Hello gentleman,” she murmured out with a cruel smile and an arched eyebrow. “Having a nice day?”

One of the man’s fingers began to shake around the bat, nearly dropping it he let out a stutter.

“You’re… you’re Supergirl?”

Both Poison and Kara felt a surge of annoyance, then used her heat vision to laser a spot an inch from the man’s head. The charcoal stain leaving whips of smoke as the man nearly fell over from fright.

“Do I look like Supergirl to you?” She bit out.

The most massive man there let out a growl and took a step forward, trying to appear threatening.

“It doesn’t matter,” he spat out deeply. “You’re still Alien scum!”
Kara nodded in recognition, moving into the store and running her fingers through the smashed glass scattered across the bench tops. Every step she took, the men rotated in the opposite direction. The fear rolling off them was so palpable, that Poison could almost taste it in the air.

“Oh, ok… so you have a problem with Aliens then?” She asked derisively, raising her hand and gesturing to her faces while she eyed a particularly sparkly diamond bracelet. Poison picked it up and held it against her wrist, admiring its shine for a second before pocketing it.

She ignored the disapproval from Kara and turned back to face the men.

“That way you’re all running around the city in your amazing masks,” she drawled sarcastically.

The third, reedy looking man, piped up at her words.

“It doesn’t matter who we are,” he said stiffly, self-importance radiating off him. “All that matters is our cause.”

Poison could feel herself falling asleep with boredom.

“And your cause involves stealing watches?” She snorted. “It’s a wonder I haven’t fallen over in a faint from the power of your…. cause, did you call it?”

She looked at the man for an answer, the tightening of his neck being all the one she needed. Poison let out a snort and turned her back to them, eyeing the collection of emerald necklaces, a thought flashing from Kara that they were the same colour as Lena’s eyes.

She rolled her eyes, turning back towards the men with another mocking smile.

“’I don’t know about that name personally, maybe vendetta instead.”

Kara flicked at her ego.

Stop showing off.
“Like you never showed off?” Poison muttered, scowling.

The most massive man let out a chuckle.

“Look, boys; the bitch is so crazy that she’s talking to herself!”

There was a chorus of picking jeers at that, and Poison felt her constant, simmering anger rising and causing her eyes to grow hot and red.

Fortunately, Kara’s annoyance matched her own.

*Oh, now they’re asking for it.*

The grin on Poison’s face stretched, making her look like a feral cat with bared teeth. She could feel the fear spike off the men, and her excitement picked up in accordance.

“Smash their heads in?”

Kara hesitated, before replying.

*Ask them some questions first.*

It didn’t take long. Dispatching three, angry and untrained white men whose livers were no doubt riddled with cirrhosis. Two lay unconscious on the floor, probably knocked out harder than required, while she held the largest man pressed up against the wall with one hand.

“Tell me who your leader is,” she hissed out, reaching with her free hand to pluck the mask from his face.

She crushed into dust, and the man let out a whimper, his pale blue eyes watering.
Poison clicked her teeth.

“Or else.”

The man swallowed as best he could, his legs kicking pathetically against her body of steel.

“Or else what?” She muttered his attempt at bravery in sharp contrast with the sweat forming on his brow.

“You think you scare me, roach?”

A host of dark thoughts ran through her mind, and Kara began to whisper softly.

*Ok, softly... gently... don’t go all psycho*

Poison brushed away the words, her grip tightening and leant her head forward so her cold breath could form frost on the other man’s acne scared cheeks.

“Or else, I will rip you limb from limb,” she hissed, eyes flashing with delight. “Gently though, it won’t kill you straight away.”

Even as his nose began to turn blue from the cold, Poison allowed the heat to radiate from her eyes, giving them a hellish red glow.

“I’ll cauterise the wound. Then I’ll pile all your fingers, toes, legs and arms up,” she continued. “I’ll roast them while they’re still twitching and eat them.”

She bared her teeth.

“Then I’ll eat you,” she spat out.
Kara let out a groan as Poison filled with satisfaction, a trickle of urine darkening the man’s trousers and running down his leg.

*Or threaten to eat them alive,* Kara continued sarcastically.

*Yes, very well handled, Poison.*

The began to cry pathetically, and Poison let out an unimpressed grunt filled with annoyance. She had broken the fool far too early with her threats.

She let out a sigh and let go of the man, but before he could do anything, she gathered him by the colour, along with his two unconscious compatriots. Poison used her super speed to fly them out of the store quickly and dropped their limp bodies off at the nearest bustling police station within a manner of seconds.

The instant the bodies dropped the linoleum floor, the officers looked up with a start at her dramatic entrance. She barely gave them a chance to say anything, instead, turning and spotting a single, nervous teen with his camera out and ready to take a photo of her.

Her ego purred in satisfaction, and she posed for it, shooting him a wink before she heard a click and took off out of the building and back into the sky.

Kara tutted disapprovingly, but as far as Poison was concerned, she didn’t have a leg to stand on. For God’s sake, the city still sold Supergirl merchandise all across the city.

“I wasn’t going to eat him you know,” she said with a laugh. "They say humans taste like pork, and I never did like bacon."

The Kryptonian let out a disgusted sound.

*You’re despicable.*

Poison laughed at the words, making a loop in the sky with zero inhibitions. She could already hear
the new chatter over the police radios in the city. Multiplying and spreading that there was a new player in the game. Speculating about who she was.

What they were.

“Admit it,” she answered. “You’re enjoying this. Back in the fray, shaking people up.”

Poison could feel how uncomfortable her words made Kara, but she also knew it was because the other woman recognised the truth in them.

*Look, if you’re going to boast, just let me drive. No one likes a bad winner.*

“At least we are winning my way,” Poison replied brusquely. “You’d have let us fly around, trying to stop this mess with goodness and justice and all that shit.”

*Well, the House of El has always stood for-*

“Except I’m not a member of the House of El, am I?” She cut off Kara grumpily, punching a pigeon from the sky while the blonde in her mind winced. “Maybe you should think about *that* since you’re still trying to convert me to your ways.”

*You’re making me sound like an evangelical.*

“You’ve behaved like one most of your life,” she replied bluntly.

A few seconds of silence sounded out before Kara let out a quick reply.

*We don’t have time for this.*

Poison rolled her eyes, readjusting her position in the sky so she could launch down to a brawl that had broken out between a group of masked humans and another group of aliens.
“Then stop interrupting me.”

They flew around the city at top speed after that, cleaning up the stragglers of fights and break-ins and vandals, all rotating out of the larger protest still sitting near the foreshore. The more heads they knocked together and bruises they left behind, the more the chatter on the scanners grew excited. Rumours began to spread, as the people she dumped on the police’s doorstep began to speak about their assailant. Some of it was terrified that the already stretched police were now going to have to deal with another alien threat on top of the crisis they were currently facing. Others were hopeful that Supergirl had returned, back from the beyond. But most of all, the chatter was confused.

While the new unknown alien did display starting similarities to Supergirl, she was different too. Black suited with no crest and cape. Shorthaired and blazing red eyes, with fists that swung harshly and violently crushing legs and windpipes.

Supergirl wasn’t violent; Supergirl didn’t hurt people.

It made Poison delighted.

The last of the smaller fights had finally been dispersed, the strain on the police finally lifted, when Poison’s eyes once again drifted to the heart of the troubles in the city. A group of ant alien protestors, many of them wearing the same masks as she had found on the people she had faced thus far. Ringing a centre housing vulnerable aliens, many of whom had been injured in the bombing. The police and other forces faced off against them, and even though a fight hadn’t broken out yet, agitation was rising.

“Have I got enough practice now for you?” She asked Kara petulantly. “Have I proven that I’m not going trying to kill you? That I want to work with you?”

Kara let out a dark chuckle.

_I wouldn’t trust you as far as I could kick you._

Poison allowed her thoughts to drift to their most savage place, sending an image of her punching Kara in the face repeatedly until her teeth caved in.
A swell of amusement grew in response, and Poison scowled.

“We’re wasting time,” she spat out, waiting for permission much to her horror. “Yes or no?”

A few emotions slipped unbidden through the wall Kara had erected between them.

Fear at what could happen, what destruction she could unleash. The people she could kill if she so wished. Guilt, at the heavy hand she had dealt already. Shame at the way Kara didn’t feel nearly as bad as she ought to.

And longing, always that terrible, nauseating longing for Lena. Her face flashing over and over again.

“Look,” Poison snapped. “Unless you get your head out of the clouds, there’s no way we’re going to do this. You need to focus right now.”

The woman let out a breath, the brunette’s face retreating out of her mind.

Yeah. Focus.

Poison gritted her teeth. There were very few things she wanted more at that moment than to get her hands on a few xenophobic radicals and smack them silly, but it wouldn’t do her very good in the long term. For one, Poison taking over was a far too convenient way for Kara to wash her hands of the situation. And if shit hit the fan, Poison didn’t want there to be any doubts that they were in this together. That Kara could trust her, and only her.

Instead of the deluded fantasy, the blonde seemed to be nurturing that Lena was on their side. The woman may want to help Kara, but Poison could recognise ruthlessness when she saw it. She knew that if Lena found a way to rip her out of Kara’s head without hurting the blonde, she would do it in a heartbeat. It may be all well and good to be encouraging now, trying to convince Poison to relax her defensives.

But it wasn’t going to work.
The battle lines had already been drawn, and for Poison to survive, she needed Kara on her team.

“Would you feel better if you were in charge?”

The blonde’s thoughts snapped out of her moony dreams at that, surprise littering through as Poison slowly withdrew back into her hated back seat, taking up residence as control returned to the other woman’s mind.

Kara clenched her fingers and cracked her neck.

“Fine.”

Kara knew she was distracted. It was easier to let Poison slip in charge of things than deal with the aftermath of the conversation she had with Alex and Lena. Sometimes it was like she had a depressive dip after the haze of anger she exerted. As if all the running emotions became so extreme, that the fallout on the other end was equally as bad.

A roll of memories just kept playing over and over again in her head. Every good time and second she had spent with her sister, compared with all the times, she felt like Alex desperation to look after her, slipped into a need for control.

For containment.

The paranoia at everyone around her was slowly eating away at her sanity, but she honestly didn’t feel like she could trust anyone at all.

Everyone, except the psycho in her head and Lena.

At least Lena wanted to help her.

She flew quickly, relishing the familiar feel of cold wind against her cheeks, and finally found herself above the angry crowd. The grey clouds that had been releasing rain on and off began to darken
once more, casting her hovering shadow down on the people ominously. And Kara saw herself as she indeed was, a giant amongst ants.

The blonde closed her eyes and tried to calm herself.

Before every significant fight or mission, before every death escaping feat she had ever attempted before when she was Supergirl, Kara had always been able to find that core of strength within her.

That light.

But now… it was gone. All that was left in their place was a chaotic pit of anger, resentment, pain and loneliness.

And nothing left of her soul.

*why are you ashamed that the darkness doesn’t just come from me, and me alone?*

Kara frowned at the whispered words, surprised at the pain they sent lancing straight through her heart.

“Because….” She struggled to answer, the word lingering as the sound of the crowd below her faded away.

The was a slow beat of silence when a memory from the depths of her mind was pushed forward to the front of it by Poison. Of her, maybe six months before she had been put in that pod, sitting with both her parents.

And laughing. Just laughing.

It was the happiest she had ever felt.

*you were thirteen when you said goodbye to your world.*
The meteor changed to something painful, her flying off in the pod while her world crumbled behind her. Unable to look back.

\textit{the life you knew. is it really a surprise felt deprived? unloved?}

Another memory, two years ago after Mon-El had left.

Unable to sleep and curled up under the covers in the dark.

\textit{alone?}

Kara felt a single tear slip from her eyes, and Poison let out a breath that banished the memories away, her eyes refocused on the crowd as sound returned to her.

\textit{of course not. anger…. subconscious anger…. feeling like in these people beneath us, might fester and brew.}

Poison’s word rang true as they continued.

\textit{in ordinary people like this… they think that what’s been stolen from them has to be the fault of others… of aliens. and this is what manifest.}

A brief pause, before she continued.

\textit{but in you…. can you imagine the way your poison, the pain and the dark that resides in your psyche?}

Kara closed her eyes, despair rising.

“So this…. the way that I feel now was always meant to happen?” She said dully.
Poison seemed enraged by her despondent nature, reaching out a clawed finger to give her mind and electric jolt and bringing to mind an image of herself, seen as clearly as if there was a mirror in front of her.

*look at who you are, kara. do you see a stranger in your hollow cheeks or your short hair?*

Kara ran her eyes over her image, taking in her body, so different from what it used to be but still entirely her own.

*no, Poison continued.*

*and it scares you that you don’t see that warped version… you see yourself, a part of yourself that has always been there…. that attitude, the brashness…. the survivors guilt you feel from the loss of everything you’ve ever loved, over and over again… it finally snapped when you lost the one thing that you had rebuilt yourself on.*

And then Kara could feel it, the flame within herself rekindled by the words and into a new type of fire. Burning hotter and brighter than ever before.

“Supergirl,” she whispered out.

*yes.*

Kara took a deep and shuddering breath, terrified how addicted she was already becoming to the heat the new fire offered.

“So what am I now?” She asked. “An empty, lonely husk of a person. Anger and hate the only thing left to fuel me.”

There was a surge of satisfaction.

*yes… and maybe now that’s exactly what you need.*
Kara frowned.

“I’m not getting you.”

The voice continued, annoyed.

*look at those people down there. trapped and scared, facing their death at the hands of more angry and violent people. this is a cesspool of hate, something the old you would never have admitted they understood. but you…. the solution to this isn’t love… the answer to this isn’t finding your inner peace….*

Kara’s frown deepened at the apparent mockery of her former methods, but couldn’t deny that Potion had correctly summed her up.

*they need your help. and you don’t have the luxury of time to figure out how to accept who you really are. you’ve got to be better than an average person. live up to your old name and be super in this moment. what you feel like’s killing you right now, can heal you and make you stronger than ever before.*

And Kara wanted that. Wanted it more than anything. Her whole life, it seemed, she had been racing towards something. The final piece of herself that would make her feel full.

“How?”

*accept…. that what life has dealt you wasn’t your fault. you’ve survived and gotten to this point because of the choices of other people, but that doesn’t have to be your story.*

It was a strange thing, to hear kindness instead of hatred from Poison’s mind. But Kara couldn’t help but latch onto it with all of her strength.

“But I feel so… lost,” she admitted.
A feeling of warmth stretched out, and it Kara didn’t know better, she would’ve sworn that Poison was hugging her.

forgive, kara.

“Who?”

Poison let her go and retreated with one final whisper.

yourself.

Her senses all returned at full height, the volume of the crowd getting louder and louder. The masked figures clutching their weapons tighter as the people behind them chanted anti-alien sentiments. A whirlpool of fear and anger was bubbling to the surface. Kara knew at that moment, that what was about to happen next, wherever it ended, would change this city forever.

She took a breath, reached inside herself for that new fire.

The loud crack of her landed sounded out like a sonic boom, leaving a small crater beneath her as all the chanting and yelling abruptly stopped. Kara looked up slowly, taking in the now silent crowd. Her eyes drifted over the masks in the group, locking with each of them slowly and felt their fear rise.

A voice, emanating from the officers, sounded out behind her.

“Oh my God, it’s Supergirl! She’s here to help us!”

A part of her, the old dying part, knew that she should be flattered by the enthusiasm and trust placed in her. But the more substantial, far more critical part, was just plain annoyed.

The blonde tilted her head, still facing the anti-alien crowd but speaking over her shoulder to the officers.
“We’re not here to save you,” she sounded out lowly, jerking her chin in the direction of the angry mob.

“We’re here to stop them.”

A sharp intake of breaths sounded as Kara locked eyes on a masked figure standing in front of the others. She took a few steps forward until she was standing within arm's length of the man.

“I suggest you disperse… or be fired upon,” she said quietly, arched eyebrow.

The man shuffled but took a step forward until he could stare her down from his superior height.

“We’re not scared of you, alien bitch,” he spat out lowly.

Poison let out a groan.

don’t they have any original insults?

Kara didn’t allow the words to touch her. Instead, an unnerving smile stretched across her face as she answered.

“Oh, but you should be.”

His heartbeat picked up, and she let out a laugh, her hearing picking up on the screeching of vehicles and the slamming of doors on the other side of the divide. Kara turned around and noticed that the DEO had finally shown up at the scene, Alex pushing her way forward to the front of the barricade with Maggie Sawyer, of all people by her side.

It piqued Kara’s interest and curiosity, but not as much as the news vans and helicopters, all zoomed in on her and waiting for her reaction. The blonde took a moment to look back at her sister, who was staring at her stony-faced before she smirked an stepped into the middle ground once more so she could speak to the cameras directly.
“Listen up, National City,” she boomed out, everyone in the deadly crowd silent. “I know things have been… messy for the past year.”

Kara’s eyes dropped her Alex’s briefly, noting the tightening of her mouth before she continued darkly.

“But all that’s about the change,” she breathed out. “Don’t be tempted into thinking that things are going to go back to the fluffiness of my superhero predecessor.”

Kara looked down at her forearm, and the black body armour, with a grin.

“Shit’s changing, and it’s going to be changing fast,” she finished.

There was a brief silence before one of the braver reporters spoke up to ask her a question.

“Supergirl, what—“

Kara’s eyes burned red, and she used her heat vision to blast the microphone right out of the man’s hand.

“For the thousandth time, I am NOT Supergirl!” She shouted out, the words so loud some people clutched their ears.

Once she was satisfied her point was made, Kara turned back to face the masked crowd.

“I’m going to give you one chance, and one chance only,” she sounded out. “Go home, or I won’t be kind dealing out justice.”

One of the women in the crowd snorted, while the man beside her spat onto the street.

“You won’t touch us,” her grating voice sounded out, bordering on the hysterical. “Not with all these cameras one you. You refuse to be seen as anything but good and right.”
The rest of the crowd began to talk around her, the chanting resuming at her shouts as their hatred swelled once more.

“What gives you the right to govern over us?” She continued, people shouting their approval at her words. “You’re just another roach, Supergirl.”

They all roared at that, the self-satisfaction rolling off them as the rain began to fall in earnest. Kara let the words roll over her like the water, her anger brewing as time seemed to slow down. She looked up into the sky, her fast eyes tracking the movement of the clouds as she began to feel the current shift in the air.

“I am not,” she whispered out, watching the sky still, the start of an idea formed in her mind.

“Supergirl.”

She flew into the sky, feeling the thrumming of power under her skin and sitting in the heart of her chest. She knew now that she was more powerful than she had ever been. She could hear more, see more…understand more.

And her true powers… were limitless.

The storm began to crack around her, almost as if drawn by her very will. Kara started to fly in tight circles around the mob, forcing them to stand closer and closer together, setting their fear alight as their heads twisted and turned, trying to catch a glimpse of her. As her speed picked up, she broke the sound barrier, and the buildings around them’s windows cracked, the glass shattering over the mob-like fine, cutting dust.

A whisper from Poison sounded out in her mind as she looked down at her hands and saw the start of purple lightning form.

are you a lion, or are you a sheep?

The flame of anger in her chest burst out of her, and she let out a roar, raising her fists as a sudden boom sounded out. Lighting from her fingers cut through the sky, hitting the pavement around the
mob with a bang and making some of them scream.

Kara let out a dark and wondrous laugh, even as she began to grow bored of her game. Quickly, she used her freeze breath to create a cold a thick prison around the mob, wondering with dark humour how many xenophobic slurs shouted at it, would it take for it to melt.

Her prison left three people outside of it. The woman from earlier, still clutching her sign with fear, and two burly men with masks on their faces. The huddle together as Kara landed lightly in front of them, letting out a laugh at their terror.

*good…. let them be afraid.*

Kara stopped a few feet from them, letting out a final gust of wind that blew the masks off the men’s faces and exposed them all to the light of day.

The blonde had to grin maliciously once more, wondering how it was always the most weak-willed of people that believed other’s were taking from them. Angry and hateful souls that genuinely thought they had something worth stealing.

She took a few strides forward, the woman suddenly dropping her sign and moving to hide behind the two men.

*yeah… like that’ll help.*

“Stay away from me!” The woman screamed, making Kara snort.

“Oh I won’t touch you,” she responded with a laugh. “I let the cops pick up the trash in this town.”

Her laughter died out as one of the men cursed and spat at her feet, loathing in his eyes.

“You bitch.”

The blonde felt a flash of irritation at the words, narrowing her field of vision as she pinned him with
her gaze.

“What was that?” She whispered, daring him to say it.

“You’re a fucking bitch!” He yelled out. “Get off our planet.”

Kara could feel her temper stretching as she took a few final steps forward, close enough to lean in and whisper in his ear.

“Call me a bitch,” she hushed out. "One more time.”

The blonde heard the man swallow.

“Bit-“

Before he could even finish the word, Kara gripped the front of his shirt and launched him directly upwards into the sky. The sound of his echoing, terrified scream lingering in all of their ears.

Her eyes turned to face the last terrified and bearded man.

“You got a problem, Caveman?” She asked gruffly.

The man shook his head, horrified.

Kara’s gaze switched to the woman.

“What about you, soccer mom?”

She shook her head, and Kara nodded, satisfied. The blonde quickly turned on her heel and walked back towards the police and the DEO, all of whom had their guns raised and aimed at Kara, as if that was supposed to do anything. She was a few steps away from the nearest officer, when the
screaming man plummeted back to the earth, Kara catching him out of the sky with ease and handing him off to the trembling officer with a wink.

“Well, I don’t know about you guys,” she sounded out smugly, turning to face her sister. “But I think that went remarkably well.”

Everyone’s guns locked once more, even Alex’s. Kara didn’t even have time to feel annoyed, instead, feeling that familiar and slow creeping poison itching over her skin, making her nauseous and weak. The blonde eyed the DEO’s guns critically, noting that horrible green glow.

“Oh, I see we brought out the special ammo for this mission,” she said flatly.

Alex stared at her stonily, no flicker of love in her eyes.

“Poison, you’re under arrest,” she said dully.

Kara arched an eyebrow, looking back at all the other stony-faced agents, officers, Maggie and Alex herself.

“Arrest? You’re joking?” She asked, aghast while Poison sang in the back of her mind that she told her so. “I just saved the city from all-out war!”

She saw Alex swallow, and there was a flash of emotion across her face.

“Please Kara,” she whispered out. “Don’t make me hurt you.”

oh for rao’s sake... this is rich... just take off into the night. i told you this would happen, didn’t i?

Kara scowled, annoyed with Poison’s words.

“Stop it,” she whispered out. “This isn’t helping.”
Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Alex’s hold on her gun waver slightly.

*stop living in a fairytale, kara. these people aren’t your friends.*

Kara snarled, slamming the door shut on the other voice and looking back at Alex. She slowly raised her hands above her head and sank to her knees.

(Of course… I’ll comply.)

It was fast after that, the kryptonite handcuffs locked onto her wrists as she was forced to her feet. Alex was looking at her the whole time with a torn expression. Kara was pushed forward towards a DEO van, halting briefly to look between her sister and Maggie with an arched eyebrow.

“So… you two back together again?”

The ride to the DEO was short; Kara was stripped of her new armour and left in her black undercut. Poison let out a long and mournful groan as the diamond bracelet she had swiped was logged into evidence and let out a grumble.

*the owner was going to get the insurance money anyway.*

Kara rolled her eyes but didn’t want to address it as she was shoved and prodded into a cell, power dampness and red sunlight filtering through to make her weak once more.

*congratulations, you’ve managed to get us captured by the DEO. looking forward to a lifetime of torture.*

The blonde let out a sigh, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“Oh, get off my back for five minutes would you?” She snapped out. “We did a good job today, and you managed not to kill anyone.”
Poison begrudgingly and darkly agreed, letting out a final stab as Kara sank onto the small cot in the cell.

yeah, I’m sure they really care about that.

An image flashed in Kara’s mind that made her smile.

“You solution would be to fly off into the sun?” She questioned with an eyeball. “You know, I don’t want to spend the rest of my life only talking to you.”

now you’re just hurting my feelings.

Kara laughed out loud.

“You don’t have feelings.”

Poison sighed, settling in for a long and tedious night.

true. I rely on you for all that bullshit.

Kara sighed and lay down flat, staring up into the red glow.

“Well, good to know I’m useful for something.”

Maybe half an hour passed in silence, before marching boots sounded at the end of the hallway. Kara tilted her head up, eyes widening as she spotted Lena, cuffed and bound, being paraded in by a DEO officer into the cell opposite her. It was only once the officer had walked away, that the blonde stood to her feet, taking in the sight of Lena with hunger on her face.

“Got you too then, huh?” She asked.
The green eyes snapped to hers, and Lena let out a breath before she answered.

“They interrogated me for hours, but I came willingly.”

Kara nodded.

“Same. Well,” she hesitated. “I did… Poison didn’t want to.”

The brunette nodded, face calm as she examined the inside of her cell.

“Not surprising,” Lena answered.

A few seconds passed silently, Kara spending the time just watching Lena move around before she spoke once more.

“You doing ok?” The blonde asked.

Lena sighed, exhaustedly, before sinking into the mattress herself.

“Sure. It’s not the first time I’ve been arrested after all,” she answered. “How about you?”

Kara smiled in spite of herself, the fire still burning in her chest.

“I feel…. Fantastic,” she admitted. “It was good to be out using my powers again. It’s a rush.”

Lena stared at her silently for a few seconds, and for the first time since she had arrived at the DEO the thrill of the fight began to die, leaving doubt and fear in its wake. A sudden realisation that she had once again lost control of her own body and powers by being in here. And she could stare at Lena all she wanted, but she couldn’t hear her heartbeat or read any of the other million ways her body told her what she was thinking.
There was nothing but herself and Poison, locked away together and awaiting an unknown fate.

*at least we got a chance to fly.... one last time.*

Kara tried to feel sad. Instead, she reached out towards Lena and placed her hand over the glass, trying to convey everything that she felt through one gesture.

The brunette watched her for half a minute, before speaking in reply.

“I don’t doubt it...,” she answered slowly, before standing once more and facing the blonde directly.

“Is Kara in control?”

The shorthaired woman gave her a soft smile and nodded.

“Yep,” she answered. “Had to fight for it a bit, but yes.”

Lena just nodded in reply, her body turning until Kara could no longer see her eyes. The blonde watched as the CEO traced her fingers along the walls of the cell and tried to imagine how Lena’s brain was racing — analysing and measuring, trying to find the weaknesses and plot a way out.

“I wonder how long they’re going to keep us in here?” The blonde suddenly asked her voice the only thing cracking the silence of the deathly still corridor. As far as she could tell, she and Lena were the only people in this entire block, and nobody had come to check on them so far.

Lena returned to her cot at Kara’s words, sinking back down and lying flat so she could stare at the ceiling.

“My advice?” She answered. “Get some sleep. You might as well.”

Kara waited for anything else but didn’t get it. She did as instructed, instead, trying to ignore both
Poison’s whisperings and the heaviness in her heart.

“This is going to be a long night I guess,” she answered, before mimicking Lena and staring at the ceiling.

Kara’s thoughts began to drift in the silence, falling back into the dark corners of her mind where a red-eyed Poison sat waiting for her company. The bleeding edge between them was growing fuzzier every hour, but Kara didn’t find herself nearly as scared by the idea as she used to be. It was almost comforting in a way, to know that even if she felt alone, there was quite literally, someone speaking in her head that she could never escape from. Kara wondered if she was deluded, but she swore she could sense a sort of affection from the other entity. Today when she had whispered those bracing words to her, telling her to embrace her fear…. It had felt like the heart of Poison truly wanted to help her for her, not just for selfishness.

It was nice not to be so alone any more.

Kara was just about the dirt off into sleep when Lena suddenly spoke and jolted her awake.

“Did you really create lightning?”

A smile grew across Kara’s face at the memory. The ultimate power tingling down her arms. It had felt, oddly, like a rush of ice in her veins. Cracking out of her fingertips in a purple cold, electric fire. Of all the things she could have wished for in this new life of hers, the unlimited and untapped reserve of potential was the one she was most addicted to exploring.

What else could she do if she truly put her mind to it?

“You saw?” She asked, sitting up and looking over to Lena’s cell.

The brunette let out an annoyed sound.

“Don’t sound so smug,” she complained, making Kara smile.

“Come on,” the blonde teased. “It must have been pretty hot to watch.”
Lena let out a low groan at her words, making Kara laugh.

“Maybe you should date yourself,” the brunette responded acidly.

Kara arched an eyebrow.

“I didn’t know you were an option…”

There was a cold silence.

“I’m not,” Lena whispered.

The blonde shouldn’t feel hurt, but the words still stung. Sitting on top of the leftover explosive argument from earlier. How was it that she could spend years pining after Lena in silence, and yet when the dam had broken open with the force of a tidal wave, the admittance that she loved her just seemed to be decaying between them. She knew logically that she shouldn’t be as frustrated as she was for an answer, a real answer that revealed the truth. Kara could feel it in the silence and white noise and other words between them, sitting on the tip of Lena’s tongue along with all the lies, the pain and the hurt that they had both inflicted upon each other.

Poison let out a long, low groan.

*oh for rao’s…. stop wallowing in it. back off and let her come to you. not everything can be achieved by clawing it open with your bare hands. why I need to give you romantic advice is baffling to me.*

The grumbling made Kara feel a swell of affection.

“Why are you giving me advice at all?” She whispered to herself, low enough for Lena not to hear. “I thought that you hated her.”

Poison took a beat before she answered.
well... she's in a cell opposite you. point in her favour I figure.

The blonde felt a smirk grow on her face at Poison’s begrudging admittance.

“You think?”

Poison stabbed her mind, making Kara wince in a now familiar way at the gesture.

*laugh it up, dumbass.*

Kara tried not to laugh.

“Oh…. cool,” she finally said cheerily in response to Lena’s words. She sat back down on her cot, staring at the wall and waiting patiently for what she knew was coming next.

Lena was many things, unpredictable most of all. But Kara knew one thing for sure, she hated it when other people were unpredictable in return.

“I can hear you grinning from here.”

The blonde held back her laugh.

Lena had been staring silently at the ceiling for hours, it seemed. Kara hadn’t said a word in that entire time either, unusual for the talkative blonde, but Lena was still painfully aware that the other woman was a mere metres away from her.

She hadn’t been lying, getting arrested and detained had pretty much been the staple of her life ever since her brother had turned insane. Whether it be the FBI, hauling her in for days long questioning, or the police whenever she so much as got a speeding ticket, Lena was used to heavy-handed treatment on the part of law enforcement.
It hadn’t taken long for the DEO to arrive after Kara had launched into the sky, Lena calling down to the front desk immediately to let them know they were coming. She left the security door open, not wishing for it to be broken down and in need of replacement, and sat on the edge of her couch watching the wall silently.

Fear wouldn’t leave her mind, the thought that she had just unleashed a horror onto the city set her teeth on edge, but she was mostly resigned.

Whatever Kara and Poison decided to do now, was out of her hands.

Lena had never experienced many rewards for placing her trust in people before. Nearly everyone in her life disappointed her at one point or another in her life. The fact that she gave Kara another chance at all spoke volumes mainly when Kara had wounded her worst of all.

But her choice hadn’t just been her own, J’onn’s comforting words rolling over and over again while Kara had been asleep.

“You need to give her time, but she’ll come back to you,” he said softly while they both watched the blonde sleep, looking so small and sick against Lena’s pristine white sheets.

“What if I don’t want her back?” She’d answered quietly in return. “What if….”

The man had sighed, before speaking in his deep rumble.

“Faith is never easy, Lena. It’s hard and scary to place that trust in someone or something, waiting for however long they need to prove themselves worthy of it. You are not a bad person, for doubting her. For not trusting her. She broke the connection between you by lying.”

Lena watched the rise and fall of Kara’s chest, tears growing behind her eyes.

“I just feel so guilty…. because I resent that I have to help her,” she admitted. “I want to help, but…. I resent it too. And I don’t know what’s happening to me anymore. Sometimes I look at her, and I want to hurt her, in every way. What if… what if the more time passes, I’m just doomed to become more like them? Like my blood is infected with it. I feel so angry all the time. What if, after everything I’ve been through, something’s gone wrong inside me? What if I’m becoming bad? ”
J’onn shook his head, gripping her shoulders so he could look down at her directly.

“I want you to listen to me very carefully, Lena,” he began slowly. “You’re not a bad person. You’re a very good person that bad things have happened to. Besides, the world isn’t made up of heroes and villains, Lena. We’ve all got both light and dark inside of us, do you understand? What matters is the part we choose to act on. That’s who we really are.”

Lena held her shaking hand up to cup her forehead, trying to hide the pain in her eyes.

“Am I weak, because despite everything we’ve both done to each other… I miss her so much? I don’t want to play these games any more. I tried so hard to help her, and all it’s done had made things worse. But it doesn’t matter anymore… I don’t want to… It just makes me care too much and the more you care, the more you have to lose. Maybe it’s just better to… ”

There was a brief pause before J’onn spoke quietly.

“To what?”

“To go it alone,” she answered. "But then I just…. that was the thinking that made my brother what he is.”

J’onn shook his head.

“No, Lena… having people you care about in your life doesn’t make you weak. It makes you strong,” he insisted. "Take it from someone how has lost everything that ever mattered to him. My home, my family, my planet and my people… It’s never too late to find hope again. And your family…. you will never be them.”

Lena’s lip began to shudder, the pain of the memories threatening to overtake her heart.

“How do you know?” she hoarsely replied. "There are so many things that make us the same. The arrogance, the intelligence…. the power, the charm. We both rubbed shoulders with Supers… and we both lost them.”
“Lena, it isn’t how you are alike,” the alien man answered softly. "It’s how you’re not. And you haven’t lost her… Kara’s here. She came here for you.”

Lena looked back at the blonde, still breathing shallowly and frowning in her sleep. She couldn't deny the stab of affection in her chest for the woman.

“But it’s not really her.”

“Yes, it is,” the man said firmly. "And no amount of time, distance or isolation, on either of your parts, will ever change that. She came here for you. And with all my heart I know that Kara will fight for a chance to stay by your side. You just have to let her.”

The words had rung over and over again in her mind after she had been arrested, lead to a room and interrogated. She used them as a shield to protect her mind, not saying a word as the agents tried to pull information from her.

“How can you be so relaxed about this?”

Lena blinked at the sudden words from Kara, shaking the lingering thoughts from her mind.

“I told you,” she answered. “I’ve been arrested-”

“Not that…” the woman replied hesitantly. “I mean, how can you be so relaxed about me?”

Lena didn’t know how to reply, the words catching on her heavy tongue as she tried to put a label on her swirling feelings. The brunette already felt like she had been emotionally raked over coals these past couple of days.

She knew that sooner or later she would have to address the elephant in her room, and her confused feelings surrounding it.

Love.
She grimaced.

“J’onn and I had a long conversation.”

A beat passed.

“About me.”

Lena breathed out her reply.

“Yes.”

The brunette felt eyes on her, and she shifted her head, so she could eye Kara’s standing from sideways without moving from her mattress. The blonde was staring at her intently, and for some reason, the sight knocked some of the wind from her lungs.

Even though she was no longer dressed in the body armour Lena had given her, Kara still looked breathtaking in her black skintight, undersuit. It was if the last year of hardship had been washed away in the space of a few days, she muscles filling out, and her skin was returning to its old golden glow. But the tattoos that lined her spine, still peeked out of her collar, the black ink clashing with her closely cropped blonde hair.

And her eyes, that used to be so warmly blue seemed to have shifted into an icy sea, storms still waging within.

“What did he say?”

And her voice…. it didn’t fall smoothly from her lips anymore. Always a simmering of rage lying just beneath, questions turning to demands. Gentleness to force.

It scared Lena how attracted it made her feel.
Kara had always been beautiful, stunning even. But this… it was like all the softness and curves had finally morphed into hard, sharp angles that spoke of newer and darker maturity.

Lena let out a breath, trying to banish the thoughts from her mind.

“Maybe one day I’ll tell you,” she answered.

The blonde continued to stare at her, eyes narrowing slightly and Lena had to repress a shudder of desire that grew in her.

Typical that she would be attracted to something so deadly.

Still… she couldn’t help but wonder what it had looked like when Kara had created lightning.

What other things could she-

Lena shook her head, and her mouth flattened into a smooth line.

“It must have been-”

The brunette cut her off.

“Stop it, Kara,” she bit out. “In case you’d forgotten we’re not friends anymore.”

Lena almost fell off of her mattress when Kara let out a growl and punched the glass of her cell. The brunette looked over at her with alarm, the blonde practically vibrating with rage. The glass door of her cell betraying a single crack, smeared with red while her fist dripped blood onto the floor.

Lena frowned. Those doors had been designed to hold back the strength of White Martians at full force. There should be no way that Kara with her powers dampened should have been able to damage them in any way.
“You and I both know, we were never ‘just friends’,” Kara growled out, pressing her bloody hand against the glass between them, bringing Lena’s thoughts back to her.

“Friends don’t fill their friend’s offices with flowers. Or track them down to invite them to Galas, where they serve their favourite food without asking them if it was.”

Lena swallowed hard and slowly sat up to face Kara properly.

“Friends don’t buy million dollar companies because their friends asked,” the blonde continued, pressing her forehead to the glass now, her eyes boring into Lena’s soul. “They don’t cuddle together on the couch and fall asleep in each other's arms. Or turn up with breakfast on Saturday mornings.”

Kara closed her eyes as if the words leaving her mouth were causing her physical pain.

“They don’t talk about their secrets and hopes and dreams and fears,” she continued in a calmer voice. “They don’t daydream about each other when they should be working, or get irrationally jealous when they start dating a man who is so clearly wrong for them in every way possible.”

Lena bit her lip.

“They don’t spend all their spare time texting each other because they can’t bear to go one hour without hearing their thoughts,” Kara sighed out, her words filling with longing. “They don’t dream about kissing each other, wishing that they were the one their friend was kissing instead.

Her eyes opened once more, filled with a sheen of tears.

“They don’t spend all that time, wishing and hoping and dreaming of them until they realise,” she said hoarsely, pausing.

“That they were never just friends at all. That they were always something more.”

The quiet after the words was deafening, Lena letting them churn in her mind.
Was this what everything in her life had been leading too? Decades of hard walls, stopping all emotion from entering. Holding Kara back at arm's length and fearing for her heart.

And what was left? They were both in a cell, across from each other with nothing else left.

A traitor and a rogue alien.

Lena sighed, letting go.

She stood to her feet, eyes locking with Kara as she took a few steps forward, pressing her hand against the glass.

“Is this the part where you tell me you love me again?” She huskily said, an eyebrow arching. “Or the part where you insist I love you?”

Kara stared at her, eyes darkening.

“Why is it so hard for you to look me in the eyes? Is it because you’re afraid?” She whispered out.

Lena felt the ice drip out of her soul, her heart thudding in her chest as she replied equally as quiet.

“Yes.”

Kara tilted her head.

“You’re afraid I’ll hurt you…..”

“No,” Lena answered with a shake of her head.

“I’m afraid that I’ll like it.”
Do you enjoy my written words? Did you despise? Let me know in the comments below! That or kudos, follow and subscribe on Tumblr. Link in my bio :)}
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

urghhh.... I’m visiting my parents this week, forgot my laptop and had to write this entire chapter on my phone, so apologies for formatting issues. Other than that, hope you enjoy! Leave a comment, kudos, subscribe, Kofi or come and yell at me on tumblr. Links are in my profile and I adore hearing from you all :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Alex didn’t really know what she was supposed to say, sitting in her office chair, using it between her and Maggie as shield.

What can you say to your ex fiancé that had so brutally scarred your heart? It wasn’t like this situation came with a training manual. Not that it was Maggie’s issue. She was no more at fault for breaking off their engagement than Alex was.

After all, she couldn’t change her desire not to have children, anymore than Alex could stop wanting them. If nothing else, this past year had taught the redhead that it was pointless to try and assign blame. Good and evil, black and white… nothing was as simple as that.

Her thoughts drifted to Kara and Lena, both sitting in cells and awaiting the executioner's proverbial blade. Seeing her sister flying through the sky, with purple lightning cracking out around her had been terrifying, but awe inspiring. The sound of electricity in the air had raised the hair along the back of all their necks, with even the most hardened of police officers on the scene shivering in their boots.

Frankly, Alex had no idea what she was supposed to do from here. Kara was presenting powers never before recorded from Kryptonians. Could it be that the combination of two separate consciousness in one brain was somehow causing Kara to manifest these new abilities? The only way to know for sure was to perform more tests, and she hardly thought Poison would allow that.

This whole situation was a disaster, that Alex was letting completely spiralling out of her control. She had tried to get into contact with J’onn, hoping for his advice, but so far the man had been totally unresponsive. The police were trying to process the protesters, or Children of Liberty as they called themselves, and the refugees had finally been able to get the medical attention they so desperately needed. But a curfew still sat in place over the city. And towns tended to fall rather quickly into chaos when people weren’t able to go to work, business’ didn’t open, and food began to run out.

Maggie was supposed to be here acting as some sort of liaison on the situation, but so far the only thing they’d been able to do was sit in awkward silence together.

This, on top of everything that had happened over the past few days, had Alex seriously starting to consider that the universe was laughing at her.

“So… I guess we should talk about the elephant in the room…” Maggie finally started.

Alex closed her eyes briefly, the mere sound of the other woman’s voice causing her pain.
“I’d really rather not talk about it. There’s nothing really to say about our relationship. It was—“

Maggie cleared her throat awkwardly.

“Actually, I was talking about Kara. You know, the person who was half a step away from cackling evilly.”

Alex felt mortified, trying to chalk up her deep dive into ancient history as exhaustion.

“Sorry,” she mumbled out. “It’s just been a hard year.”

Maggie’s brow furrowed and she looked over Alex with concern.

“So it would seem,” she replied, before letting out a breath. “Is she…. is she a threat?”

Alex grew pained, looking down at the table and began to scratch her fingernails across its surface. She had been so sure, hearing Kara’s voice laced with hatred through the phone earlier that day. But seeing her in action, flying through the sky… While terrifying, it was also breathtakingly beautiful. And the fact that she hadn’t so much as laid a finger on any of them, apart from the person she had thrown into the sky and subsequently caught, had made Alex pause.

Even if the man in question was still babbling like an idiot.

“I don’t know,” she finally answered, a single tear slipping out of her eye that she rushed to wipe away.

“I don’t know anything anymore.”

Maggie opened her mouth to reply, but frowned when her phone buzzed with a text. She checked it, her eyes quickly softening as she typed out a rapid reply.

“Your boss wondering where you are?” Alex asked.

“No,” Maggie replied distractedly. “It’s just my girlfriend checking if I’m ok.”

She said it so casually, Alex tried to hide the fact that the words sent a shard of glass straight through her heart.

Really she shouldn’t be surprised. It had been well over a year since they had broken up after all, and she could hardly expect Maggie to remain single the rest of her life. But the delusional part of herself that she had been feeding, did harbour the fantasy that one day she’d wake up to find Maggie in her doorway, ready to throw herself into Alex’s arms.

By the time Maggie looked up from her phone, Alex had schooled her face to a neutral expression, totally unwilling to expose her pain to her ex.

Alex didn’t like to expose her pain to anybody.

Before the other woman could say another word, Alex’s eyes widened. Spotting a familiar figure hovering just outside her office door. The director stood to her feet, pushing past a confused Maggie. Sam turned to face her with a tired smile once the door opened, which quickly tightened under Alex’s thunderous gaze.

“What are you doing here?” Alex hissed out. “I told you to stay home with Ruby. There’s a curfew in effect!”
Sam shrugged, her clothes still hanging loosely over her frame. Far too loose even since Reign had been removed from her mind. Sam had been unable to return to work for the past year, the mental exertion far too stressful for her. The last time she had tried, even limited interaction with other people had proven too much. Leading to Alex getting an emotional phone call and sending her running to help the other woman, sequestered in a bathroom away from other people. The panic attacks that had lessened somewhat, but still came so unexpectedly that Sam had stuck to her choice not to return to work.

But Sam was never to be mistaken as weak, even if the experience had scarred her. She never had taken kindly to Alex telling her what to do.

“I came to see if you were ok, and Ruby’s fine,” Sam said with a slight bite at the insinuation that she wouldn’t see to her daughter’s care.

“I left her with two of the DEO agents we’ve all been pretending you haven’t had following me for the past couple of days, and I demanded that the others drive me here,” Sam explained dryly, making Alex flush at having been caught out.

Alex had just needed them to be safe, both of them. It was doubtful that Poison would hunt them down, but the fear still ate at the back of her mind.

“I saw the news and Kara. I got worried about you when you didn’t answer your phone..” Sam continued, trailing off.

Alex frowned, uncomfortable at how the concern made her feel. Of course she had seen Sam’s messages, but she didn’t have time to reply. The irony that Maggie didn’t seem to have the same problem with her girlfriend wasn’t lost on her.

Though she was hardly willing to label Sam as her girlfriend.

But her face still softened slightly, despite her discomfort, and she reached out to take Sam’s hand in her own.

“I’m fine,” she said, her voice gentler. “You don’t have to worry about me.”

Sam let out a breath, fingers tightening in Alex’s.

“You can’t tell me not to, Alex,” she answered lowly. “People worry about people that they’re in lo….”

Her voice trailed off as her eyes focused on something behind Alex’s shoulder. The director turned, spotting Maggie standing in the doorway and dropped Sam’s hand as if it had burned her.

“Sam?” Maggie questioned with surprise, looking down to where their hands had been joined with a flicker of her eyes, before returning to Sam’s face.

“Oh… hi,” Sam replied, voice hardening slightly as her eyes looked between Maggie and Alex questioningly.

Alex swallowed the lump in her throat.

“Maggie helped with the… incident today,” she said by way of explanation. “And Sam just came by to…..to…..”

She trailed off, and neither of the two other women filled the silence. All three of them were liable to
stand there awkwardly for the next century, when Maggie’s phone rung again. The sergeant picked it up with a frown.

“I’m sorry, this actually is my boss,” she muttered out, moving to walk away. “It was nice to meet you again… Sam.”

“And you,” the other woman replied, watching Maggie’s back as the sergeant talked into her phone, waiting until she had turned a corner before she looked back at Alex with a raised eyebrow.

Alex rubbed the side of her head, wondering once again if today could get any worse than it already was.

“That wasn’t…. whatever you were thinking it was,” she mumbled out defensively, half daring Sam to say anything.

It wasn’t like whatever was going between them had been solidified one way or another. They had never had that conversation, and Alex was considerably gun shy at the whole idea.

Sleeping with Sam was complicated enough, without adding the pressure of breaking down the compartmentalisation walls that the director had built to justify it.

Sam had a kid, for one. A teenage daughter who had already been through her fair share of crap. Then there was the technicality of Sam being a patient of hers and still on the DEO watch list. Even though nothing so far had indicated that she was going to turn into Reign again, the horror dealt out when she had was still fresh on people’s minds, especially at the sight of Poison flying about the city.

Finally, she wasn’t quite sure she wanted to be in a relationship at all anymore. Love was very far from her list of priorities these days. Not when she had a literal city burning around her, government superiors breathing down her neck and a sister who was half a foot away from becoming a homicidal maniac.

“You don’t have to explain anything to me,” Sam said steadily, her eyes the only thing betraying her uncertainty. “I get that she was here for her job.”

Alex nodded, but she still felt disturbed. As if even talking to Maggie was betraying Sam in a way. And although nothing had been said in so many words, Sam still knew that Alex was still in love with her ex.

Maybe the problem was that things weren’t said in so many words.

“She has a new girlfriend,” Alex blurted out suddenly, as if that would dissipate the awkwardness.

Sam just gave her a funny look instead.

“And that’s…. bad?”

The director’s embarrassment was slowly getting the best of her, causing a flush as red as her hair to rise up her neck.

“Yes. I mean, no! It’s not bad….. I just…. It’s…..”

She trailed off, growing angry at herself.

“I have too much to deal with at the moment to talk about this,” she muttered darkly, brushing past Sam and making her way down towards the main hub of the DEO.
“I’ll have someone drive you back home,” She continued, making a mental note to reprimand the agents that had driven Sam here in the first place.

Her large steps were halted, when Sam grabbed her with a strong hand and forced her to turn. For the first time in their conversation, the brunette was looking at her with anger.

“You don’t get to tell me what to do,” She bit out. “I’m not one of your minions and I’m certainly not a child.”

Alex’s temper, which was already frayed, rose to a new degree.

“I can and I will. This is a government facility, and you’re currently trespassing.”

Sam’s expression became thunderous with rage, her mouth tightening.

”You know what Alex? You do whatever you got to do,” she answered bitingly, letting go of Alex’s arm. “But don’t think you can treat me like this in the light of day, and then call me in the night to fuck away your pain. The only person who can help you now is you.”

On that note, Sam turned on her heel and left. Alex feeling instant regret watching her go, but still hesitated to follow her. The choice was made for Alex, when Winn suddenly appeared beside her. The easily stressed man looking ready to pull out his hair.

His keen eyes tracked Sam’s exit too, before turning to face Alex.

“I’m going to take a wild stab in the dark that she just terminated your relationship.”

Alex grimaced.

“We weren’t together...” she murmured in reply, before calling the attention of a passing agent.

“Jefferson, drive Ms Arias home,” she ordered the burly man. “Make sure she gets there safe.”

He nodded in reply, Alex turning back to face Winn who was looking at her with a disbelieving face.

“What?” She snapped out, annoyed at the entire situation.

“Look I know it’s been a really crazy day, but take it from someone who has been dumped a lot. If you don’t go after her now and apologise-”

”Yeah,” Alex cut in. ”About that, stop analysing me.”

He frowned.

“You ordered me to collect and analyse all data on DEO personnel to track their mental health and wellbeing.”

”Yeah, but I didn't mean me,” snapped back briskly. “Just tell me what you want Winn.”

She could see that the man wanted to press the issue more, like a dog with a bone, but did as bid.

“The president called.”

Alex groaned. Another headache that she had been trying to avoid rearing its ugly head.
Far for the past year she had managed to keep the exact specifics of Supergirl’s death from her superiors. Having no wish to reveal the off the books operation she was running with Lena in an attempt to suppress Kara’s alter ego. Alex knew that if the higher ups found out that the official story of Reign and Supergirl’s death were to be blown apart, Kara would be taken in and ‘disappeared’ into some dark books operation that was basically the new form of Cadmus.

The potential to exploit and study the unprecedented reality of two consciousness’ in the same mind, both of them Kryptonian, was too juicy to pass up. She’d already had to fight tooth and nail to stop them from absconding with Sam for the same reasons, though it was far easier to argue her case there given that the other woman no longer had Reign in her head.

But clearly there was no avoiding the truth now. The news of the attacks that had occurred in National City, and the appearance of a ‘new’ Kryptonian would have been broadcasted across the entire world. She could hardly expect the President not to put two and two together. Things would have been easier if Olivia Marsden was still in charge, but the recent discovery that she was an alien and subsequent ousting had left the country with a notoriously trigger happy President, who was all too happy to increase the restrictions and anti alien sentiment fostering in the human population.

Now she would have no choice but to reveal that she had been lying for the past year, and everything she had out in place to keep Kara out of their hands would be blown to hell. The new overseer that had been put in place to overlook the DEO’s operations, Colonel Hayley, was just waiting for an excuse to throw her out on her ass.

She always did think Alex was too sympathetic to aliens.

“I’ll take his call in my office,” she said despondently, turning to walk away and feeling like the exhaustion of the past year had finally caught up with her.

“Director Danvers?” Winn called out behind her, drawing her attention back to him.

“Yes?”

He swallowed sharply before snapping into a sharp sharp salute, surprising her.

“I just wanted to say that whatever happens, and I think I can speak for most of the staff, it has been a privilege to serve with you.”

Alex nodded, touched but still but still broken inside/

“Winn, how does this end?” She whispered exhaustedly. “In the future... do we all... what will happen to my sister?”

He gave her a pained look.

“Axel, I don’t know.”

She nodded and gave him a sad smile.

“Yeah... and that really sucks.”

Despite what people might believe about Lena, ice cold persona and all, she was probably the most
fragile person on the planet when it came to any sort of emotional vulnerability. Oftentimes she felt like a vase that had been repeatedly shattered into a million pieces and was constantly glued back together. From a distance, which is where she kept nearly everybody in her life, she might look beautiful and stable. But if you put her under a magnifying glass it was obvious to anyone with eyes, that she was about a millisecond from breaking all over again if hit in the right place with a precision blow.

Unfortunately for her, Kara was that precision blow.

After the constant and chaotic confessions of love from the other woman, something the starved emotional part of Lena just refused to believe could be true, she had needed to spend time trying to process her own feelings on the matter.

Not that she needed too. Because even though she was at war with herself over it, Lena knew irrefutably in her fractured heart that she was, and had probably been since the moment they had first met, in love with Kara too.

But while that thought was already terrifying to admit to herself, now she was finally accepting that despite the chaotic, enraged and infuriating new version of Kara that she was coming to know, Lena found herself falling harder and faster than she had ever before.

Lena had always had the tendency to be attracted to the things that were worst for, something she had to learn to check herself on after being burned time and time again. The problem with Kara was that Lena wasn’t sure if she was bad for her. Even with the way Kara had been behaving, Lena still didn’t feel unsafe or afraid.

Just more and more intrigued and addicted.

It was like she was slowly becoming hooked on a dark new drug. Something about the newfound intensity in the blonde’s eyes was just drawing her further and further into the spiral. It surely wasn’t going to end well, whatever way things played out.

But Lena found herself uncaring. As if Kara’s presence had finally giving her the permission she had always wanted to stop caring how the world perceived her. How people thought of her. Whether they would spend their time whispering how Lena was bound to turn out evil. Because now in certain people’s eyes, Kara would now be fighting the same stigma for as long as Poison was a part of her, and maybe even after if there was one.

Lena had walked the fine line between dark and light all her life. When she had first met Kara it had seemed like a lifeline of goodness had been thrown to her. To stop her falling down the same path as the rest of her family. But something about it had always seemed fake, like Lena was supposed to cordon off a part of who she was from the world in fear of being judged. It was only now, seeing the once bright star of Kara fall from grace, that she realised what she’d always expected was in fact true.

Good and evil couldn’t exist in such arbitrary terms. The line between the two was increasingly growing fuzzier with every passing day.

It helped that everything that Lena had grown to be so attracted to in Kara physically, had been amplified tenfold now. Her wholesome girl next door features had been streamlined into something sharper, more angular and cat like. The blue of her eyes, once radiating the idea of hope, now clashed and changed with Kara’s constantly warring mood. Her hair, once so long that Lena daydreamed running her fingers through softly, was now short and jagged. Invoking darker daydreams of Lena clawing at it for purchase while Kara left her gasping.
Her old deceptively muscular body, hidden beneath a layer of feminine allure and softness, had skin so tightly wound around sharp muscles that constantly strained for escape. As if Kara’s always hidden strength had finally been unleashed on the world and everyone within eyesight.

Everything about Kara from the way she looked to her personality was now blasted away, revealing a woman who no longer gave a damn about how the world saw her. She radiated raw confidence, hidden no longer behind the deferring personality she tried so hard to maintain when she was pretending to be human.

And while the old Kara had been attractive to Lena, who she was now was downright intoxicating.

Lena realised now the true depths of the way Kara had also been lying to the world, presenting a public face that was so vastly different from the real her that bubbled frustrated under the surface.

For the first time in Lena’s life, she finally felt like she could release the breath she had been holding so desperately inside. Because it wasn’t that she was evil, but she wasn’t the definition of good either.

Lena could be selfish, vain and quick to judge. She could be cruel, but not just for the sake of being so. She definitely wasn’t above revenge. She had a deep mistrust of people in power, hence her need to be in charge herself, so she could always be in control. She was quick to make snap judgments of people, and rarely gave second chances. And when it came to protecting herself, she had no qualms about ruthlessly exploiting the other evil forces of the world.

But she also knew that despite all her faults, her tailored moral code simply wouldn’t allow for certain things to occur. Biased favour towards people. Nepotism in all its forms. Sexism, racism, classism... all things in her mind that needed to be obliterated from the face of the earth. And while she could be resistant to change, especially if she felt like people were critiquing who she was personally, she wasn’t so arrogant to assume that she knew everything. Lens knew she wasn’t always right. But when she knew she was, she refused to concede her ground.

She didn’t have to fear the Luthor infection anymore if she just accepted that it was as much apart of her as the colour of her hair.

It was always going be a part of her, but she was the only person who could decide how it would define her.

And all of this was a roundabout way of realising that while Kara had wounded her deeply, she had only been angry for so long about it because she was angry at herself. For loving someone capable of lying to her, for loving someone who could control her emotions so easily.

But now, just like Kara, she had stopped caring. She knew what she wanted, and right now the priority to dive into the dark waters that was now defining their relationship trumped her angry heart.

Which all led to the deafening silence after her truthful admittance that she was afraid that no matter what Kara might do to her, she would just grow more attracted to the darkness in Kara’s heart.

Kara hadn’t said anything at all in response to her words, just choosing to stare at her in a zoned out way and lowly mumbling, something that Lena had started to recognise meant she was talking to Poison. After a beat, Lena just let out a breath and willed her rapidly beating heart to calm and sat back down on her bunk.

For the sake of both her and Kara’s continued safety, she had to put those thoughts on the back burner. The contingency plan she had put in place wasn’t going to be able to come to fruition as long
as she couldn’t escape this cell.

good god you really are pathetic.

Kara’s brain had nearly short circuited after Lena’s admission, the words rolling around in her mind repeatedly as she spent the next ten minutes arguing with Poison about their legitimacy. She of course, had immediately growled and tried to seize control, eager to lash out at Lena with a few choice and cutting insults that would send the other woman curling up in a small ball in the corner of her cell.

For the first time in what felt like a while, given the rapid fire pace of Kara’s day, Poison had used her sharp claws to dig into Kara’s mind. But with each passing hour, Kara’s mental fortitude had increased now that she was no longer under the fog of kryptonite and whatever alcohol and rugs she had consumed that day. So even though she was unprepared, she had easily batted the claws away with ease. The solid gate between their consciousness’ rising up, allowing only Poison’s venomous words to slip through.

she’s only saying that because she wants to manipulate you.

Kara scowled at that, feeling a flash of rage at Poison.

“Two minutes ago you said you were starting to trust her, and now because she’s finally admitted to her feelings she’s evil in your eyes?” Kara whispered out sourly. “You and I both know that the real reason you don’t want me to trust her is because you’re threatened by the idea that someone else could have emotional sway on me.”

There was a brief pause, before Poison spoke once more in a gentler tone.

don’t become so blinded by lust that you forget what she did to you for the past year. a few days of morality on her part doesn’t erase that.

Kara conceded the point slightly, but a part of her desperately longed for Lena. Like she’s always longed for her. And with her moods shifting and swinging faster than a hormonal teenager, she was finding it more and more difficult to focus on things without Lena’s face burning in the back of her mind. Before the change a year ago, Kara’s sex drive had been what she would describe as average, but with every breath of her new life it seemed to simmer far higher on her list of priorities. At first, because it offered and release and sense of control over her life in a way that drugs and alcohol couldn’t satisfy, but now since the dog had finally lifted all she could see was Lena. Even in the seconds she hated her, she still wanted her.

But she knew she had to be cautious, just like Poison whispered in her mind. The last time she had placed her blind faith and trust in people, it had led to a year long torture.

“I can’t help how I feel,” Kara finally replied bitterly. “I can’t control anything when it comes to my feelings”

Poison let out a soft laugh.

the price of true freedom I’m afraid.
Kara frowned.

“If I was truly free, I’d be free of you.”

Poison didn’t seem upset at her words.

_you and I both know neither of us want that._

Kara felt a pang in her chest, the sharp realisation that Poison was right. Even thinking about the idea of separating from her sent a swirl of panic through her mind. Kara has grown used to the annoying voice in her head, even in her darkest of panic there had been comfort in resenting Poison, because at least she had someone in her life. And now, Poison has given her so much more untapped potential. The power at her fingertips when she had created lighting had been so addictive. Knowing that she was capable of such raw destruction....

Kara didn’t want to lose that.

On that disturbing thought, Kara sat back down on her bunk and stared at the hard, cold wall, trying to shove the bubbling mess out of her mind and instead focus on the immediate problem. It had seemed like a good idea at the time to surrender, but the paranoia was growing in her mind at every minute that passed when no one came down to talk to them.

Poison’s prediction that it wouldn’t end well, appeared to be more than likely the outcome of her stupid choice. The only solution Kara concocted was that she would somehow have to fight her way out of here. For the first time, she actually noticed the crack in the glass she had caused from punching it, as well as the raw flaps of skin peeling back from her knuckles as the dark blood clotted around them.

She frowned down at her hand, slightly stunned herself at the raw strength she had displayed. No way should she have been able to cause that damage to the glass of her cell. Even with her full powers it would have been a struggle. But with the red sunlamps and the power dampeners on...

But that was before.... and even Kara didn’t know what she could be capable of now.

The end of the phone call had been abrupt and jarring, forcing Alex to realise that her worst fears would be confirmed. The president was sending Colonel Hayley now to reassert order and review just how badly Alex had mismanaged the DEO, leading it away from its ‘core’ values. The thin veneer of words barely hiding what they really meant by that.

A return to the days of live weapons, of abject mistrust towards aliens, shoot first ask questions later policies and all around xenophobia. As for her, well.... the expectation was that she would fall in line, be demoted and hand over Poison for ‘further interrogation’.

But Alex knew what they did to aliens like Kara if they could. The manipulated them and tortured them, turning them into living weapons of mass destruction. And even though Alex had doubts about whether or not Kara was even still in the person she had become, the idea of that happening was far too much to bear. The pain of trying this past year to protect Kara from the new darkness inside of her had been agony. The way the treatment had ravaged her sister, in every way possible was horrifying. But Alex had justified it over the alternative.
The alternative that was now coming to fruition.

The president knew that Poison was Supergirl. And they knew that Alex knew who she really was. And the director knew that the second the colonel’s boots hit the ground of the DEO, she would demand the information from Alex.

So even if by some miracle Kara was able to escape, fight her way out... she would never be able to hide again because they would know her true identity and be able to hunt Kara down and find her.

The sense of hopelessness that had been hovering for the last year seemed to be finally crashing down around her ears. Mixing with the horrified guilt that she was too much of a coward to go down and talk to her own sister face to face. Now that the immediate threat, though she was starting to doubt if Kara ever was the immediate threat, was finally contained, Alex had no idea what she was supposed to do next.

Seeing Kara save all those people, and the reports still coming in from all over the city about her sister saving people and stopping looters, had seemed to set off a cascade effect of doubt in her mind. Kara had helped people, albeit a bit tougher than usual, and she did it despite Alex’s fear is over Poison’s true goals.

And what did it matter if Kara wasn’t toeing the line she had been expected to walk ever since she had arrived on earth, as long as she wasn’t harming people. What right did Alex have to tell Kara what to do with her life?

These new pervasive thoughts were at war wjth her core beliefs, but one thing she knew for sure was that whatever potential her sister may have for darkness, she didn’t deserve to be cut open, brainwashed and utilised as a mechanical machine.

Frankly the whole situation had her thoughts rattling around in her mind, and the only instinct she had left was to talk to someone, anyone, who could understand. And with J’onn seemingly still unavailable, the person she most wanted to see was the one she had sent away.

Alex’s finger hovered over the call button on her phone, hesitating before she pressed it. It rang so long that Alex was certain that Sam wouldn’t answer, given the way they’d ended their last conversation, her heart almost stuttered when she finally heard the other woman’s voice.

“What do you want, Alex?”

The director hesitated, clearing her throat.

“I.... I wasn’t sure you would answer.”

Alex heard Sam take a deep breath, followed by the sound of a door closing.

“It appears that these days I’m incapable of sticking to my guns,” she said by way of reply. “Maybe I’ve we’ve just both become to used to falling back on each other for emotional support.”

Alex didn’t know how to reply to that, instead choosing to cut to the meat of why she had called in the first place.

“They’re going to take Kara away. The higher ups, I mean. And I just can’t shake the feeling that I’ve made a horrible.... I’ve been making horrible mistakes this entire year with her.”

Sam let out a breath at Alex’s heavy words.

“What do you want me to tell you, Alex?” Sam asked tiredly. “I don’t know what you want to hear
from me. I’m not in your shoes, I don’t know what you should’ve done. But if you think it was
wrong, the only thing you can do know is change your behaviour going forward.”

The problem was that Alex was terrified. Whatever decision she made now could haunt her for the
rest of her life.

“So what do I do?” She asked, desperate for direction. “I can’t just.... I don’t even know for sure if
she’s still Kara. I could be throwing away everything I have left on a thing that destroyed and killed
my sister.”

A small silence stretched, Alex’s panic sitting at the edge of a cliff, when Sam breathed out a
question.

“What does your heart tell you?”

The redhead felt pained, but closing her tearing eyes she couldn’t see her sister as a monster. Of
someone evil. All she could see was the person she had created by allowing her to take on Reign. By
pushing her her entire life, by hovering and dictating the direction Kara’s life should follow.

And all she could feel was ashamed of herself.

And all she could see was her sister smiling at her on that operating table, squeezing her hand before
everything changed. Trusting Alex to look after her.

And she’d failed. She was still failing.

“That she’s.... that she’s still alive.”

It was the truth, as soon as the words fell from her mouth she knew it was. Her sister wasn’t gone,
but she was so lost.

“Then that’s what you should let guide you,” Sam answered simply at her words “Don’t you think?”

The way Sam said things made everything seem so easy. But in the light of day, reality would
always kick in. The moral mess of a situation….

Her job….

And her family.

“It’s not that simple,” Alex said hoarsely, fighting back tears.

Sam let out a choked laugh.

“It’s Kara,” she answered. “It couldn’t be more simple than that.”

Alex felt a wave of longing for the other woman at her words. The way she always did, it stirring
something in her heart that needed to be filled.

Alex didn’t know why she couldn’t just fall in love with Sam like she so clearly deserved. The other
woman was worth a thousand times whatever Alex could offer.

Her kindness, her deep capacity for love that poured out of her in the way she was with Ruby. Her
strength in the face of insurmountable horror.

And all Alex could give her was a broken heart that pined for someone else.
“Sam... about the way I talked to you before,” Alex whispered out. “I didn’t... it’s just...”

Sam didn’t speak to fill Alex’s lack of words.

“And with Maggie,” the director continued. “I just want you to know that nothing... nothing happened.”

Nothing would ever happen again, but Alex was so sorry that she couldn’t tell Sam that she didn’t want something to happen again.

“You don’t need my permission, ok?” Sam answered in return. “You’re a grown woman. And I think we both know that whatever was going on between us was... Well, it’s over now.”

How cruel could Alex be, that even though she didn’t want to commit, she still didn’t want Sam to end things between them. The other woman had been right, that she had used her as an outlet to forget her troubles.

But kind women were not free therapists.

“I know that,” Alex whispered back. “I just... I don’t want things to get weird between us.”

Sam let out a shuddering breath, before speaking in a stronger voice.

“Well, you’re not going to have to worry about that anymore,” she replied. “I just... you told me that there was a DEO post in Metropolis, they can monitor me there... and I just need to start fresh. You understand that, right?”

The thought of Sam leaving, of Alex never seeing her again sent a strange mix of panic and regret straight to her stomach.

“I guess,” she stuttered out, not knowing the words to describe how she was feeling.

Sam’s disappointment seemed radiate down the line.

“There’s an awful lot of guessing coming through this phone,” Sam murmured. “I’ve been through hell, I have PTSD and I’m a single parent of teenage daughter, I don’t have time for guessing.”

Alex didn’t know what to say to that. Her heart was a jumble of emotions, that she honestly didn’t feel she had the energy to sift through.

What was there for her to say? Ask for Sam to stay... stay for her when Alex wasn’t even certain that their was something sustainable between them.

The silence from Alex seemed to be all the answer Sam needed. The woman letting out one final deep breath, before speaking in a bland voice.

“Look, you’ve had a long day and you’ve got a lot to handle,” Sam said finally. “I’m just... I’m just going to stay here. There’s nothing I can do to help anyway, right?”

Alex felt the emptiness in her chest triple in size at her own words falling from the other woman’s mouth.

“Sam-“

“Goodbye, Alex.”
The line cut, Sam having ended the call, leaving Alex all along with the weight of the people’s lives in her hands.

“So you’ve finally deigned to visit us lowly prisoners,” Kara said with a sneer once she heard her sister walking towards her.

The sight of Alex sent Poison into a furious rage, forcing Kara once again to shove her into the back of her mind.

But the anger from Poison still seeped through the wall, mixing with Kara’s own into a toxic cocktail.

“What’s it been? Five hours?” She spat out. “Glad to know your evil sister is at the top of your priority list.”

Alex just watched her silently with clouded eyes, and Kara’s sharp eyes slowly softened as they assessed.

Red rimmed eyes from exhaustion and tears, her hair slightly oily. The tension in her neck and back muscles, the way she slouched.

There was no other way to describe it, but Alex looked defeated.

All the anger and resentment in Kara’s heart cooled down to a low simmer, making way for the unbidden deep concern in it’s place.

Something must be deeply wrong for Alex to look this way.

They just continued to stare at each other, both assessing, before Alex finally cleared her throat and coughed.

“I’m refusing to give up your identity,” she whispered out hoarsely. “So I’m going to be arrested.”

At that, Lena’s head from where she had been lying in her bed popped up. The CEO stood to her feet.

“What?” Lena said suddenly. “No, that’s insane.”

Alex glanced at Lena and shrugged, before she turned her attention back to Kara.

They watched each other again quietly, before Alex reached out a trembling hand and placed it over the bloody crack Kara had left in the glass.

Her dark eyes filled with tears as her lower lip trembled.

“I’m tired, Kara,” she admitted in a cracked voice. “She wants to know who you are and I’m the only one who knows here.”

Kara’s mind seemed to have halted all activity, both her and Poison giving Alex their full attention. The other woman took a shuddering breath before continuing.
“I can’t live like that anymore,” she admitted. “Treating you like a criminal when you’re not. You’re my sister and I love you.”

Kara closed her eyes, absorbing the validation she hadn’t realised she had been so desperate to hear. The dark part of her mind still skeptic about the reasons of Alex’s sudden admittance.

she wants something, they always want something

Kara let Poison’s whispers sit, but looking at Alex now she couldn’t believe that was true. Even with all her anger at her sister, she couldn’t let this happen to her.

“So you be more careful,” she bit out. “You tell her and then you outsmart her.”

Alex just shook her head, increasing Kara’s frustration.

“Kara…. I can’t betray you like that. You’re my sister and I love you.”

And there were those words again. I love you….I love you…. As if that was supposed to be true. Taking at face value after everything that had happened between them.

“I just spent the past year lost and alone in the the dark and now you’re telling me this?” Kara hissed out, her own hand reaching out to press against the crack.

“Kara-“

Her temper flared once more, more spiderwebs cracks running from where she was pressing her fingers.

“Just leave then,” she snapped out in a low roar. “Run away. Don’t spend the rest of your life locked up in a black site like the rest of us. Just tell her who I am, I don’t care.”

Her eyes were starting to burn again, but this time not with rage.

With tears.

She was so angry, all the time… Kara hardly knew what was happening to her anymore. But even though the relationship between her and Alex has morphed into a festering pit, she couldn’t bear to see Alex’s life end over her.

Her sister pressed her forehead against the glass now.

“I can’t, Kara,” she pleaded for the blonde to understand. “I have to…. I have to fight this the right way.”

Kara felt a low stab of rage in her gut, an image of her ripping through crowds of soldiers to protect all those that she deemed worthy.

“They’ll never let you see the light of day again!” She shouted, her mood then swinging into despair. “Who am I without you? The whole reason I became Supergirl… was to save you.”

Alex let out a shaky laugh.

“You don’t have to define yourself by me,” she responded. “You never did.”

She lifted her forehead so that she could look at Kara directly in the eyes.
“Everything that makes your incredible is already inside of you,” Alex continued.

“You are the most courageous, and kind and loving person I have ever known. And nothing will ever change that for me.”

Kara felt her hot tears slip from her eyes and down her cheeks. The broken part of itself finding some small lost piece, and gluing it back on.

“I thought you thought of me as a monster,” she whispered back.

Alex shook her head, crying too.

“No… I was afraid, because I thought I had lost my sister,” she admitted. “I was afraid, because I didn’t want to lose you to the dark.”

Alex paused, her mouth looked like it was struggling for words. Finally, her shoulders lifted.

“By the darkness is a part of you, Kara,” she said firmly. “And I love all of you. You will always be my sister.”

Unbidden, she felt a wave of longing emanate from Poison.

family…. so that’s what that feels like….

Kara didn’t have time to wonder at Poison’s latest existential discovery, her sole attention and panic now focused on Alex.

“I’ll tell them who I really am.”

“Kara,” Alex pleaded. “Let me do this. I’ll never hurt you. Not again.”

Kara’s fears and doubts about her own morality rose.

“Even if I am a monster? You won’t put me down like a dog? Even if I threaten people’s lives?”

Alex looked at her squarely and tightened her mouth.

“Not even then. If blood is to be spilled, between us, it won’t start with me.”

Kara swallowed sharply at the trust in her sister’s voice.

“Alex-“

“You’re my sister,” Alex cut over her. “But I don’t own you. I’m sorry if… I know that I made you feel like you owed it to the world to fit in, to be a good human. To be the best possible version of yourself, because if you weren’t you’d be seen as not good enough.”

Kara wanted it to be true, but she couldn’t stop the edge of suspicion that grew in her mind as Alex continued to talk.

“You don’t have to live up to anyone, Kara. You can be who you are. I don’t care if you aren’t a hero anymore, I just want you to be happy. I’m not going to tell you how to do that anymore.”

The words were so sweet, and everything that Kara had always craved to hear. Which is exactly why she didn’t trust them.
“I pull a gun on you in the night,” she whispered darkly. “I could kill you with a snap of my fingers. My moods are erratic and I can’t always control her.”

The words were cruel, but necessary. Kara watched Alex like a hawk for any sign or reaction. Begging that her sister’s body would betray her true intentions.

“Director Danvers-“

Alex’s eyes didn’t leave Kara’s even as she waved off Lena’s interjection.

“I believe in you,” she said with conviction. “From now on, I always will.”

Kara’s doubt wavered.

“What about everything I’ve done to you, everything you’ve done to me?” She asked.

Alex gave her a soft look.

“Family isn’t about scorekeeping or who did more, it’s just about showing up.”

Kara rocked back on her heels as Lena let out a pan annoyed snap.

“This is stupid. You think this is going to end well for anyone?” Lena but out, talking to Alex. “You’ll be court marshalled, she’ll be dissected and I’ll be thrown in jail with a stroke of a pen.”

Alex turned to face the brunette and frowned.

“What choice do I have?”

Lena just gave her a hard look.

“We both know what we have to do, Danvers,” Lena said simply, nodding to Kara. “We need to run. All of us.”

Kara arched an eyebrow, but Poison positively cackled in agreement.

I take it back… I like her again.

“What?” Alex exclaimed, shaking her head. “No. I have to trust the system.”

Both Lena and Kara scoffed in unison.

“Oh, because the US government is so known for it’s honesty and integrity,” Lena replied sarcastically. “You work for a black ops agency, grow up.”

“We’re not criminals,” Alex refuted, clearly not believing her own words.

“No?” Lena answered. “Then why did you arrest both of us?”

Alex stared at her for a full minute, before finally nodding her acceptance.

“What’s the plan?”

“We all need to get out of here,” Lena said briskly. “You, me, Kara…. Sam definitely. They’ll go for her too if they can. The Reign thing has been kept hidden so far, but they’ll find that out. Which means we need to take Ruby with us too.”
For some reason, a flash of uncertainty crossed Alex’s face.

“What, do you have a secret facility to keep us all safe of something?” Kara asked caustically. “And we’re just supposed to run for the rest of our lives?”

Lena shot her a glare.

“We can figure that out, once we’re all safe.”

Alex took a deep breath.

“I say we go for it.”

Kara just stared at Lena.

“You knew this would happen, didn’t you?” She asked.

Lena nodded in answer.

“J’onn and I both planned for this contingency. He’s on location right now.”

Kara groaned.

“My God, plans within plans…. This isn’t my life.”

“None of us owe this place anything,” Lena retorted. “We need to protect ourselves, because we all know what’s coming next.”

Kara grimaced, conceding the point. Hunted to the ends of the earth came to mind as her new real world life.

“What do you think, Kara?” Alex asked.

“Me?”

Her sister nodded.

“Yes. I’m not going to steal your voice from you anymore. I’ll go where you go.”

Kara was oddly touched by the words and the deference, and she quickly withdrew into herself, muttering.

“What do you think?” She asked Poison.

The woman mulled it over, before sending the mental equivalence of a shrug

*has to be better than this place*….

Kara smirked and looked up, nodding to Alex.

“I agree with Lena. We both do.”

Alex gave her a wary look.

“You mean Poison?”

Kara rolled her eyes.
“No, the other voice in my head,” she replied primly. “We call him Harvey.”

Alex scowled.

“The sarcasm isn’t appreciated.”

“Oh, trust me. You’d rather deal with me than her,” Kara announced fondly. “She really doesn’t like you.”

Alex just stared at her for a beat, before looking back to Lena.

“I can’t unlock these cells without another agent. Which means they’ll know that we’re escaping.”

Lena disregarded it.

“Get in contact with J’onn through the encrypted channel, and don’t look surprised. You’re too paranoid not to have your own just in case,” Lena said quickly. “Tell him to get Sam and Ruby, he’ll know where to go. Then you need to get yourself out of here. Literally walk out and go underground. Kara and I will contact you on the same channel as J’onn about where to go.”

“That still leaves you two here and locked away.”

Lena turned to look at Kara with a questioning eye, looking at the cracks in the glass that shouldn’t be possible.

“I can get us out of here in five seconds flat once I break the glass,” Kara said confidently.

Alex arched an eyebrow.

“Can you do that?”

Kara looked at Lena for confirmation, before nodding.

“Yes.”

“We’ll give you ten minutes,” Lena continued. “Then all hell is going to break loose. Prepare to be a fugitive, Danvers. I think it’s safe to say you’ve quit the DEO.”

Kara let out a snort.

“About time we stopped letting these nitwits dictate our every move,” she offered.

“I need to release a virus into the DEO’s system,” Lena continued, ignoring Kara’s words. “Destroying all lingering traces of the medical work we have done so far on Kara. Most of it will be redundant, the core information is stored with me after all. But we need to make sure there’s no trace.”

“Can you do it off-site?” Alex asked, concerned.

Lena shook her head.

“No.”

Kara frowned.

“Every second we spend here after we break out of these cells we could be caught,” she said
Lena gave her a soft smile.

“I know you’ll protect me. I trust you.”

Kara felt a warm glow light in her heart at the words.

“So we’re really doing this then?” Alex asked.

Kara exchanged another lingering look with Lena, full of sinful promise, before she smiled a wicked grin.

“Welcome to the dark side, sis. We’re working on membership jackets.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so full heads up. I have decided to write a NSFW scene in this fic, it won’t be for a few chapters but I just wanted to get some feedback on that. It’s new territory for me, but given the direction of this piece I thought it called for it. I’m a little trepidatious about it, but thems the brakes. My question is for you readers, if a) I should just write it in or do a seperate one shot for people who are uncomfortable. And b) if it is written in this fic directly, what in the hell do I change the tags to? Does it suddenly become explicit? As said, new territory. Feel free to comment responses or message me on tumblr about it!

Hope you enjoyed :)
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Uni is diverting my friends, but even though chapters have slowed down.

Again.

They'll keep churning out!

Anyway, I wrote a massive chapter, but because It was so long I split in two. If I have an inch of time, the next one will HOPEFULLY be released over the weekend.

Hope y'all enjoy!

Btw, here's the playlist I listen too as I write for this fic if anyone is interested :) 
https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The one good thing about having Kara having a voice in her head was that Poison could keep track of the time while she focused on more important things, like trying not to let her frustration bubble over while she paced back and forth in front of the cracked glass like a caged tiger. The slow counting from Poison buzzing in the back of her mind as Kara’s eyes remained locked on Lena’s form as the other woman sat still and quiet on her thin mattress.

Kara had always been a bundle of nervous energy, ever since the time she could walk, but her entire life it had just gotten steadily worse. Kara felt like half her time these days was spent contemplating how Poison had excited everything, but frankly, Kara thought that she had just become more gung ho anyway.

A year of having half of herself repressed in her body under the fog of drugs would do that to a person.

So far the time had reached five minutes since Alex had disappeared, the countdown of the time until she could finally break the glass and escape this deathtrap with Lena ticking closer and closer. The loose lid on her constant rage was already vibrating dangerously, ready to be tapped into a released into raw power. Truthfully, Kara was viciously excited to be finally doing something, and maybe finally having the chance to explore the full range of her new capabilities.

But even though her mind and body were itching to explore their new reality, her eyes couldn’t leave Lena.
They can never leave her… apparently

Kara brushed away the low grumble, leaving Poison to return to her job of counting, and stopped her pacing to reach up her hand and press slowly against the glass. She was delighted when just a fraction of pressure caused another crack to form. Things that never could have been possible before, she was now capable of as the raw power Poison had promised her came to fruition.

“Don’t do that.”

Kara looked up from her fingers to note that Lena was looking at her with irritation, her jawline tense. Her eyes raked over her form, taking in every single detail and baffled to observe her annoyance was rising just under the power of Lena’s gaze.

Honestly, even though she hadn’t also had the opportunity to escape physically, Kara already predicted that it was what Lena wanted. Going off past actions, she tended to run away when she let her walls down minutely, and the slightest hint of emotional vulnerability snuck through. That was unless Kara was in some situation that required Lena’s attention to keep her safe and alive.

“Why shouldn’t I?” She mocked.

Lena gave her a withering look that only severed to flare Kara’s amusement.

“You know this newfound sarcasm isn’t your best quality,” the other woman retorted, standing to her feet and hugging herself gently.

Kara knew for a fact that Lena was probably freezing to death right now. Remembering easily the way she would wrap herself in layers the instant the air dared to drop half a degree. That combined with the fact that the DEO deliberately kept the temperature in their cells below healthy levels, all for the sake of annoying their prisoners. It didn’t bother Kara, but a small spike of concern flamed up at the sight of Lena’s slight shiver.

But it tucked away far beneath Kara’s continually mounting annoyance.

“Why?” She snorted. “Because you have the patent on thinly veiled insults?”
Lena let out a heavy breath.

“If you shatter the glass too early-“

“But I won’t, will I?” Kara cut off Lena’s warning with a teasing grin. “Poison’s got a handle on it.”

The counting in her head halted briefly, a small jab before it resumed. Kara’s smile widened, even as Lena’s face darkened drastically.

“Oh, because I’m supposed to trust her,” she muttered out, turning around and starting to pace herself slowly, staring intently at the walls.

Kara frowned at the words.

“You said you did.”

Lena laughed mirthlessly, looking over her shoulder at Kara.

“No, I said I trusted you,” she answered. “There’s a difference. I don’t even know her.”

Kara smiled to herself at that, basking in the irritation rolling off Poison as she steadfastly continued her counting.

“Meh, there’s not much to know really,” she shrugged. “Dark, broody, tends to overinflate her importance.”

Poison growled.

*Hey! I’m being-*
Kara rolled her eyes, shaking the words off and retorting to the words in a low mutter.

“Kind right now, blah blah…same old line.”

She rolled her eyes as Poison fumed.

“You know, just because you’re not actively preventing me from talking to Lena doesn’t suddenly make you Mother Teressa.”

‘Shut up.’

Another grumble before the counting resumed, louder than ever. Kara’s attention turned back to Lena, noting that the other woman was watching her intently with a furrowed brow, but the second she realised that Kara had noticed her features smoothed out.

“You see to have settled into that relationship alright then.”

Kara mulled the question over before shrugging once more.

“Well, us both trying to destroy the other certainly didn’t help before.”

Lena stared at her, expression unmoving before she accepted the words with a slight head tilt.

“Hmmmm.”

Kara’s good humour dropped away, every second staring at Lena while struggling to read her behind these thick walls. Even with her superior senses, not dulled much by whatever measures they had put in place including the red sun lamps, Kara was left feeling frustrated.

Although, that seemed to be the natural state she reverted to whenever Lena was concerned.
“Are we going to talk about it?”

Lena looked up sharply at her words.

A few seconds passed, Kara, waiting with an arched eyebrow before Lena finally replied in an overly neutral voice.

“About what?”

The pool of constant volcanic rage bubbled up, spitting magma and making Kara’s body flush with adrenaline. For a brief moment, she considered smashing through the glass and then Lena’s, regardless of the consequences, so that she could stare into Lena’s eyes a centimetre away while she shouted.

It took every ounce of her self control to reign in her temper, trying to be better at controlling her impulses, and took a deep breath instead.

A flicker of surprise sounded from Poison, but she retreated casually as if she hadn’t noted it. She was leaving Kara to formulate a response that wasn’t overly aggressive.

“Don’t… don’t do that,” she bit out through a tight jaw.

Lena observed her, measuring.

“What?”

Kara let out a growl.

“That thing you do when you play stupid,” she snapped, fire in her eyes and veins. “The entire planet knows you’re the smartest woman on it.”

Despite the harshness of her tone, Kara’s eyes picked up on the slight flush that grew in Lena’s cheeks. Her temper cooled, twisting into something more lustful at sight and filing the reaction away
with the rest of Lena’s intriguing responses the past few days when she had been domineering and demanding.

“Flattery,” Lena responded gently. “Won’t get you far with me.”

The corner of Kara’s mouth twitched upwards, her senses picking up on the telltale signs that Lena wasn’t feeling nearly as calm about Kara’s words as the facade she was presenting.

Her pupils were dilating.

Heart-rate rising.

“You sure about that?”

Lena’s eyes narrowed at her teasing, but Kara could smell the dopamine rolling off of her.

“You know how I know you’ve changed, Kara?”

The blonde grinned suggestively.

“Because you now find me ridiculously and irrevocably attractive?”

Lena snorted.

“Because now you flirt when you’re in an incredibly dangerous situation, instead of posing with your hands on your hips.”

The words seemed targeted to get a rise out of her, but Kara didn’t think they had anywhere near the reaction Lena might have been hoping for. Instead of getting annoyed, she pressed her hand once more against the glass and leaned in slightly, a new crack forming that Lena’s eyes quickly danced up to before turning back to hers.
“You think this is me flirting?” She asked.

Lena jutted her chin forward, but Kara could sense her slight nervousness.

“Well, I must admit, it is different than the old fashioned blushing and stuttering act.”

Kara’s grin expanded and her eyes darkened.

“I don’t flirt,” she replied confidently. “My actions are a lot more….”

Her eyes traced up and down Lena’s form, before refocusing on her face.

“Direct.”

Lena swallowed.

“Oh?”

Kara nodded slowly letting out a haggard breath.

“If I could touch you now….” She whispered out.

Lena’s heart thundered, matching Kara’s own and it seemed that they all held their breath, even Poison.

Lena was the one to blink first, averting her eyes.

“Yeah…. as the agents descend.”

Kara took a breath and stepped back from the glass.
“That’s half the fun,” she replied with an edge of disappointment, though the suppressed rational part of her brain just glared at her. Kara should’ve laughed at the fact that she now considered Poison to be her rational perspective.

Lena seems to hesitate for a beat, before pressing forward much to Kara’s surprise.

“You make a habit of talking to girls while you’re locked in a cell?”

Kara had a brief flashback to a time six months ago when she had been arrested for drunk and disorderly, kept in a cell to sleep it off for the night only to spend the next night fucking the arresting officer senseless.

She hadn’t been charged.

“Who said anything about talking?” Kara purred out.

Lena arched an eyebrow, before shaking her head with a smile. And the expression lifted Kara’s heart.

“You’re good,” Lena answered. “I’ll give you that. I’m sure you’ve had plenty of practice.”

Even though her words were light, Kara didn’t miss the slight bite in her tone.

“Jealous of all my sexual exploits?” She questioned Lena. “You want a tally?”

The corner of Lena’s mouth twisted down, and expression that Kara had come to learn she was feeling defensive.

“Do you want a tally of mine?”

Kara just smiled once more.
“They were just entrees,” She replied with an exaggerated waggle go her eyebrows. “You’ve always been the main course.”

Lena snorted at that, giving her an incredulous look.

“You’re going to eat me?”

Kara laughed, even a flicker of amusement from Poison rippled out, touching the edges of her mind and bolstering her entertainment.

“So that you know,” she chuckled. “My intentions are completely dishonourable.”

Half a second passed before Lena released a beautiful bell-like laugh. The sound rippling out and filling the silent space of the cellblock. Kara found herself glowing at the music, memories stirring in her mind of happier times when Lena and she would spend weekends together, throwing popcorn at each other's face.

Happier times, so different from the hard edge that everything in both of their lives seemed to have taken.

“See?” Kara questioned, still soaking up the sound like she would the sun's rays. “I can still make you laugh.”

Lena looked at her with unguarded eyes.

“Yeah…. that hasn’t happened in a while…."

They both stared at each other, the electric bond between them cooling to something softer and kinder. Something old and familiar longed in part by both of them.

It was only Poison’s nudge that brought Kara back to reality, her annoyance returning as the happy bubble shattered.
Kara scowled and cut her off.

“Then we’ll fucking deal with that later, won’t we?”

Lena’s serious expression returned, steeling herself and Kara felt the sudden urge to slap Poison into the next century if she could’ve.

“Ready?”

Kara put it aside now, sharply nodding.

“Are you?”

Lena nodded in turn.

“Remember the plan?”

Kara rolled her eyes and took a few steps back.

“Yes, dear.”

Lena’s lips pursed.

“Fine,” she shot back, waving her hand dismissively. “Off you go then.”

Kara’s errant emotions slipped away, Poison directing her to concentrate.
“Stand back against the wall. Use your mattress as a shield and cover your ears.”

Lena did as bid and Kara was left to stare at the glass, her mind suddenly hesitating as the gravity of what she was about to do hit her slightly. There was so much she didn’t understand about herself now or her new abilities. The newfound resistance to the red sun, the way she seemed to be able to influence the temperature in a room. The purple lightning that could now dance at the edges of her fingertips.

The way her strength had increased tenfold, every one of her senses….

can we get a move on, please?

Kara shook the thoughts out of her head, prepping her body as she took a deep breath, pulled back and slammed through both her cell wall and Lena’s, the force of it causing the glass to explode a shatter throughout the entire room. Before it could even land on the opposite wall; however, Kara had already pushed the mattress aside and wrapped herself around Lena’s body to protect her from harm.

Kara let the glass shards break against her skin, feeling the thundering of Lena’s heart pounding against her fingertips as she stood still and wrapped in her arms. Kara gave the other woman a few seconds to catch her breath, before she reluctantly pulled back, the glass crunching harmlessly under her bare feet, the DEO having stripped her of the combat boots that had come with the black armoured suit Lena had provided.

“Are you ok?”

Lena nodded, turning and taking in the disastrous scene, noting the way the blast had torn the back of Kara’s undershirt.

“Yes, but I’m sure the whole building heard that,” she said, shaking her head as if she had water in her ears.

As if on cue, hard metal shutters began to descend, and alarms rang out, bathing the building in red light. Kara grabbed Lena close once more, not waiting for permission as she blasted past the shutters and down the corridors, leaving nothing behind them both but a sharp tunnel of wind while she supported Lena’s neck to stop it from snapping at the speed.
They lurched to a halt in the vast server room, the floor below even the cell block. Lena staggered slightly, a hand covering her mouth briefly as if she was fighting back nausea at the quick shift of space.

It didn’t take long for her to recover though, the woman shifting quickly to the nearest computer and she began to type so fast, even Kara’s eyes couldn’t follow it. A few seconds passed, Kara’s concern rising as she heard the sound of shouting throughout the facility, along with what could only be the sound of people arming up.

“How long is this going to take?” She asked distractedly, Poison all but prowling like a silent spectre in her mind urging them all to move faster.

“It takes as long as it takes,” Lena bit back, not even bothering to look.

Kara turned back to her with a frown, looking at the string of numerals and letters that Lena was writing. Her knowledge of virus’ being subpar, even with advanced Kryptonian knowledge. Hacking wasn’t something they had particularly suffered from, the matrix keeping everything in perfect balance.

Though, considering their planet exploded maybe they could’ve done more in the questioning department.

“And you’re sure you didn’t leave any other traces of me on here?” Kara wondered warily, thinking about all the different synthesised kryptonite solutions Lena had used on her in the past.

“Apart from this obvious breakout currently being conducted you mean?”

Kara grunted but didn’t respond to the sarcasm. Instead, she returned her attention to looking out for agents. The pounding of the feet was dulling, confusing Kara.

Why would they be moving further away?

She didn’t have time to think on it, instead easily distracted by a slight feeling of light-headedness and the sound of Lena’s final keystroke.
“And, done,” Lena said with a tight smile. “Come on, let’s get out of her-“

“STOP WHERE YOU ARE!”

Kara’s turned sharply, the rolling in her stomach grew worse as she eyed the terrified looking agent woozily. Her head lolled slightly, looking down at the large gun in his hands, pointed directly at her chest. Ears buzzing, she realised what was happening.

The gun must have been loaded with Kryptonite bullets, but her mind couldn’t quite register why it was affecting her so deeply when the past few encounters with her former weakness had caused her to be less and less effective.

Suddenly, a shock ran down her spine as Poison seemed to jam a flood of strength into her brain, overloading her and bringing her sharp senses back once more.

“If I were you,” she said with a growl, unmoving. “I’d drop that and run away. Maybe hand in your resignation while you’re at it.”

Lena shot her a glare, raising her hands in surrender.

“Shut up,” she hissed out. “That’s Kryptonite.”

Kara snorted, trying not to show her previous unsettled nature and instead leaning on Poison’s support to get her through.

“Is that right, kid?” She drawled, looking at the shaking agent. “Have you got some nasty green glow sticks to bring down the big bad Kryptonian?”

The man’s lips tightened, and he jabbed his gun in both their directions.

“GET ON YOUR KNEES!”
Kara laughed dismissively, putting her hand out to stop Lena from following his directions.

“Aren’t you forward?” She responded with an evil grin, amusement emanating from Poison at the way he was squirming. “We’ve only just met after all.”

“I SAID-“

Kara didn’t let him get out another word, rushing over to knock the gun out of his hands and smack him across the face, probably using more force than necessary to render him unconscious.

With a loud thump, he hit the floor and Kara plucked the gun from the fur to throw it in Lena’s direction. She fumbled for it but didn’t let it drop.

“You might want to keep a hold of that.”

Lena looked down at the weapon, shouldering it easily before giving Kara a baffled look.

“How..?”

The hair on Kara’s arms rose at the presence of the sickly green glow, but her body didn’t otherwise react the way it had before.

“It seems my tolerance to normal Kryptonite has grown once more,” she murmured, not willing to voice the way she had felt before Poison had shared that burst of strength with her.

Poison herself curled slightly in her mind, sending soothing waves as best she knew how.

*our tolerance has increased, but things still get slightly fuzzy.*

Kara didn’t know if she entirely believed her, but with a soft brush of Poison’s finger, the concern was swept away in a far and dusty corner.
Lena, overseeing her, waved it away.

“A conversation for later,” she murmured, stepping into Kara’s range and squaring her shoulders, clearly ready to be carried. “Right now, let’s get out of here before anything else happens.”

Kara hesitated, her eyes darting to the prone guard as a single, sudden image burned into her mind.

“I just have one thing I have to get,” she replied, looking back to Lena.

The other woman gave her an incredulous look.

“What?” She exclaimed, clearly furious. “Are you kidding me!?”

Kara hesitated, but eventually her choice firmed in her mind.

“Relax, it’ll be fine,” she assured, more herself than Lena. “I’m sure nobody will even notice it missing.”

Before Lena could reply, Kara’s distracted brain suddenly shot her a signal, turning fast she spotted another agent, also carrying a Kryptonite gun but before she could even blink her had rounded off a shot.

Straight at Lena.

Lena didn’t even let out a breath.

Time seemed to slow down more than it ever had before, Kara stepping in front of the bullet and letting her hit her full in the chest. She winced as the green slug exploded and burned her skin, the pain clearly radiating out but quickly fading from Kara’s eyes.
Instead, Lena felt a sudden chill run up her spine and she looked up to see the agent staring at Kara with horror. Lena frowned, about to speak when the breath was knocked out of her chest; the second Kara looked back at her.

Her eyes were a deep, blood red. The kind of red that didn’t seem of this world. But that was nearly as terrifying as the raised black veins, like charcoal cracking the edges of her eyes and expanding outwards down her face, raising veins. Purple electricity was dancing lightly up and down her arms too, skin paling as if every ounce of blood had been sucked out of her.

A part of Lena felt like recoiling, but the far larger part of herself couldn’t help but be utterly fascinated.

Kara looked her over for half a second, before turning back to the agent, rushing him quickly and slamming him against the wall with a loud crack that broke the concrete. The man could barely wince in pain before Kara had him lifted off the floor, dragged up by one hand and held in the air as he scrabbled at her fingers and kicked in vain at her body.

Lena quickly rushed forward, only stopping with a lurch when the red eyes snapped to her face.

She didn’t know what she saw for sure. Everything over the past few days had been so uncertain. Wondering constantly if Kara was in control or not, or if it was secretly Poison hissing out honeyed words to keep her appeased.

But there was no doubt in her mind now, that she finally saw the real face of the other being that she had helped put in Kara’s head.

“Poison…” She whispered, taking a chance and letting her arm stretch out.

The woman growled, the electricity sparking across her skin as the sound reverberated around the room. She turned back to the man; his eyes were slowly bulging out of his head.

“You don’t touch her!” She hissed out.

Lena shivered at the unearthly voice, a strange mix of Kara’s own and something else far darker.
Deeper.

And far more alien.

It was, without a doubt, the single most dangerous sound Lena had ever heard. Fear and hatred and unchecked rage rolling off of it without having to say any of those emotions aloud.

Poison slammed her other fist next to the agent’s head, the concrete powdering on impact and leaving a small crater.

“NOBODY TOUCHES HER!” She screamed, the unearthly tone rising into a haunting howl.

Lena felt her hands start to shake, every inch of her self preservation screaming at her to turn and run. But she stilled her heart, as hard as it was, and let her hand dropped and touch Kara’s skin. To her surprise, the electricity danced around her fingers, avoiding her skin and leaving her very much not electrocuted.

The muscles beneath her hand felt like cold and hardened steel, coiled like a panther and ready to attack, but Lena pushed forward and hoped to God that even though Poison was in control, there was still a part of her that would listen to her.

After all, she could have just snapped the man’s neck.

“You’re killing him,” she whispered out.

Poison growled, lifting the man higher but not shrugging away Lena’s touch.

“HE DESERVES TO DIE!” She shouted out, furious.

Lena swallowed, knowing that the whole building would be armed and ready for them by now.

“No,” she replied quietly. “He doesn’t.”
Poison’s brow furrowed a flicker of hesitation in her red eyes and glanced back at Lena before letting the man drop to the ground. He heaved for air, purple bruises already forming around his neck as it swelled up.

Poison stared down at him for a moment, before quicker than light shifting, leaving the man letting out blood-curdling screams as both of his legs snapped in the wrong directions. Before the noise could get any worse, Poison hit him hard over the head, leaving him as unconscious, if slightly more damaged, as the first agent that had threatened him.

Lena looked down at the man with slight horror, but the darker and far more disturbing part of her was irrevocably happy that he had. Looking up again, into Poison’s eyes as she stared at her intently from a foot away, Lena finally let out a breath.

Poison hesitated, before jerking a thumb in the man’s direction.

“I didn’t kill him…”

She seemed to be waiting for disapproval, but instead, Lena just stared. That inexplicable attraction was rising at the fierce defence she had just witnessed, even though she knew she shouldn’t be. But the same danger that had been drawing her in was rolling out now and for a second Lena found herself ready to drown.

Before she calmed her mind and remembered what they were here to do. She stepped herself into Poison’s arms, just like she had done before with Kara, the woman cradling her head gently before shifting them both at top speed. Instantly, they were both in the central hub of the DEO, Lena blinking around the room as a plethora of agents surrounded them both, all wielding kryptonite guns. At their forefront, was an unfamiliar middle-aged woman, serious looking and shouldering her weapon.

Lena took a deep breath before holding the one she had ‘borrowed’ tighter, noting the uncertain shift in the agents as they wavered between her and Poison as their primary target.

Poison meanwhile, was staring around the room casually like they had both just arrived from a short stroll, instead of breaking out of a maximum security facility. Her newfound spine chilling appearance seemed to have thrown off nearly everyone, along with the cold and the lighting she had brought with her.
Poison took a few steps to the side, looking around widely and addressing the room at large.

“My my,” she purred out in her violent way. “Isn’t this a lovely welcome.”

The new woman at the front of the group didn’t even blink.

Lena admired her courage.

“By order of the President of the United States,” she rattled. “You are to surrender immediately to be imprisoned until such a time as you can properly be processed and charged.”

Kara arched an eyebrow, clearly amused though Lena could recognise the significant stiffening of her shoulders that meant she was annoyed.

“Colonel Hayley, I presume?” She asked, obviously not caring if she would get a reply even as the Colonel remained silent.

Poison looked around the room once more, Lena finally catching the extra second spent on one thing in it and felt a flash of fury at the way Poison and Kara were risking all other their lives for the sake of a dramatic exit.

Kara’s super suit, or to be more explicit, Supergirl’s old costume had been displayed proudly on a mannequin behind glass at the back of the room ever since Supergirl had ‘vanished’. It was something supposed to inspire hope, Lena presumed. A beacon that Alex kept on hand and directed her people to look too when they were flagging in their duty.

It was personally extremely on the nose for Lena, and she was enraged that Kara was risking it all to steal it and presumably, banish the old memory of Supergirl once and for all.

“Charged with what, exactly?” Poison asked the Colonel. “Stopping an all-out war in National City?”
The woman’s eyes narrowed slightly.

“That is not within your purview.”

Even Lena felt like scoffing at that, but Poison’s face darkened, the room’s temperature dropping far enough that frost grew on the edges of the gun barrels the agent’s so fierily displayed, and the purple static crackled ominously.

“No, what’s in my purview is letting your xenophobic shithead of a President get away with endorsing the racist tactics of these human extremists,” Poison snapped out, furiously.

Lena found herself agreeing, the back of her mind acknowledging that the new president certainly had been leaning into the fear mongering tactics since he had been elected.

“Telling you all publicly that you work for a dick, is very much in my purview,” Poison continued.

There was silence in the room, and not getting a reply the woman took a breath and barrelled on.

“You see, the thing is I don’t think I’ve committed a crime here,” Poison drawled, rolling her eyes and shrugging. Other than, you know, existing.”

She blinked exaggeratedly in fake apology.

“Sorry about that, I know it gets you Feds antsy.”

Colonel Hayley shifted her attention to Lena for the first time, her steely gaze locking on her’s with a snap.

“Ms Luthor, you are ordered to stand down.”

Lena scowled in response and steeled her spine.
“No thank you,” she bit back, voice dripping with venom. “I have no intention of being forced to share my research while holed up in a black government site.”

Poison glanced back at her and winked, the gesture not easing Lena’s anger towards her at all.

Colonel Hayley just stared at her before shaking her head disappointedly.

“Then you are a traitor to the human race.”

Lena’s scowl deepened. There was nothing she hated more on this earth then being told by others who she was, or what.

Poison seemed to agree, shifting back on her heels and growling defensively.

“Lady, look at what line you’re standing on,” She spat, waving in the Colonel’s direction.

Poison took a beat, before looking back at Lena and continuing as if she were speaking more to her then anyone else in the room.

“The only side we’re interested in playing on is our own now,” she murmured dangerously, taking in Lena’s eyes. “You stay out of my way, and I promise not to willingly hurt a single innocent person. But human or alien, if you’re an asshole, you’re all fair game to me now.”

She looked back around, looking at all the agents as one.

“Now listen up, all of you. Cause one thing I kept from my ‘hero’ days was a fondness of hearing the sound of my voice.”

The Colonel moved to cut her off.

“Supergirl-“
With a sharp boom, every single kryptonite weapon was suddenly yanked from the hands of their wielders, all expect Lena’s, by some unknown force. They all crumpled in the air as one, as if paper being crushed, before being frowned down at the terrified agent's feet. Breaking protocol, all the people in the room stepped back. Lena could feel the electric fear and awe in the crowd, mimicking her own, as she turned to look at Kara.

The black webbing had grown once more, her face looking more like a charred skeleton than a person as she visibly crackled with power and fury.

“STOP CALLING US THAT!”

The shout echoed around the room, and even the previous stoic Colonel looked unsettled.

Poison waited for the silence to grow before she continued, ranting angrily.

“We are different now! We wanted you, but you spurned us!” She lamented, a bitter laugh escaping her lips. “And now, we have big plans.”

Lena herself shuddered at the implications of Poison’s words.

“You know nothing about us, but we know everything about you,” Poison warned. “You'll see us everywhere, even in your nightmares.”

She turned slowly on her feet, taking in the entire room as the computer monitors began to flicker and die.

“We are not your hero anymore,” she stated coldly. “I don’t fight for the light; I revel in the dark. I am the nightmare born from the hell you created, and I will do as I please to keep the rest of the monsters you unleashed from breaking out with me.”

With a sudden crack, the glass encasing the Supergirl suit shattered and Poison reappeared in front of Lena clutching it in her hand. She stared down at it for a second, eyes murky and unsettled, before letting out a sharp yell that made half the lights in the room flicker and died.
Colonel Haley gave her a look akin to horror.

“What are you?” She whispered out.

Poison gave her a malicious grin.

“We're part of a life force that has existed since the dawn of time...all this knowledge...seen the history of thousands of worlds, millions of civilisations, learned many secrets...one goal above all...to survive!” She replied, shifting so that Lena was instantly wrapped in her arms. “And now we have, and nobody and nothing is ever going to take that away from us again.”

Lena clutched at her tightly but frowned when she realised Poison was hesitating. For the first time since she began her speech, Lena looked up to see the conflict in the red eyes.

“Instead of putting old God’s on pedestals once they’ve died,” Poison muttered out. “Maybe you should look around to see the ones still here and fighting. Don’t come after us, or you will regret it.”

On that cue, they finally took off and out of the room, launching up into the sky and whipping wind fast enough to make Lena’s bones rattle at speed, even safely tucked against a broad chest and cradling a hot Kryptonite radiating gun.

It seemed to take forever for the roar of the wind to die before finally, they both came to a slow stop and just hovered. Lena could feel her heart pounding hard in her chest, finding herself shaking slightly from nerves she peeled one eye open to stare up a cascade of stars above them both. The sight of it knocking the wind out of her slightly, and given her the strength to look down only to notice a dizzying thousand of feet drop that made Lena all too aware of the thinness of the air and the fact that the only thing keeping her alive at the moment was two strong arms.

Suddenly, probably hearing her heart’s distress, she was cradled tighter. Looking up once more, a sudden rush of relief washed over her at the sight of Kara’s regular face finally returned, looking thoroughly exhausted but brilliantly herself. Lena had to resist the urge to kiss the woman suddenly, but it died quickly once she noticed that Kara was still gripping the suit she had risked their lives over as tightly as she was holding onto Lena.

“I’m sorry,” Kara murmured, even to Lena’s fouling mood her normal voice was a relief. “I had to go high enough and fast enough that they don’t track me now.”
It was a way to ask permission, but Lena’s mouth still thinned.

“It’s ok.”

Kara hesitated.

“Don’t worry; I won’t drop you.”

Lena nodded tightly.

“I know you won’t.”

She could feel the blue eyes, mercifully blue, burning into her, but Kara didn’t push it.

“What am I going?”

Chapter End Notes

Did y'all like? I love to read comments, so if you'd like to send me one that would be awesome. Or you can kudos, subscribe, follow me or message me on Tumblr @assumingminds19.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

As promised :)

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After hours of cold flight later, Kara slowly moving and darting rapidly, doing everything in her power to make the sure nobody was tracking them. She could tell that Lena was mad at her, a chilly silence emanating from her the entire trip, no matter how many times Kara made stops so she could stretch out her cramped legs.

Kara wondered if it was because Lena was scared of her now that she had seen her at her worst, but it wasn’t fear that was rolling off the other woman’s body. Just anger.

Truthfully, Kara’s mind felt like it was running a million miles a minute, churning thoughts over and over again of what had happened at the DEO. She remembered when the agent had fired his gun, and entering into a fury like no other she had ever experienced. Her whole body was burning as if it was being consumed by fire. And then suddenly, everything had slowed down as it a crack had formed between the partial between her and Poison and their personalities had been mashed together chaotically until it didn’t feel like either of them was in control, but this other self where they existed as one — burning brighter than mercury and ravenous for more power, needing to be fed vast amounts of energy from them both.

Otherworldly voice slipping from their lips while their one burning desire to ravage the earth was held back only by an even more profound, and far more intrinsic need.

To protect Lena.

And now that she had regained control of herself, Poison seemed to be knocked back in exhaustion into a far corner of her mind and left Kara along to be strung along solely on her adrenaline, lest she collapsed as well.

She felt… ill. Sick like she had been at her worst this past year. Like her very bones hard been jarred and her muscles drained. But she carried on, cradling Lena into her as she flew them both to the secret facility Lena had directed her to go to.
Finally landed in the cold and dry air, Kara placed Lena down gently as her bare feet puffed up the dark red earth on the ground. Her ears, which had felt duller since their escape, still managed to pick up on the sounds of insects crawling in the soil beneath them, and the distant sounds of animals she couldn’t remember hearing crawling through the far brush. Looking around, even Kara’s vision couldn’t see anything. But the night land was awash with light from the millions of stars splashed out across the sky, not hindered at all by the light pollution of the city.

The single long beeping sound that Lena had told her to fly towards, a sound only she could hear, rang out once more, and Kara looked back at Lena, who was looking anywhere but in her direction.

“It leads this way,” Kara murmured, pointing towards a rocky bluff, Lena immediately taking off in that direction.

They padded for a few minutes in awkward silence before Lena stumbled over a rock. Kara caught her quickly, and Lena murmured her thanks.

Kara took it as a positive sign.

“Australia’s…. great.”

Lena grunted in return, before stopping and squinting at a nearby rock formation.

“You’ve never been?” She answered caustically. “They have wonderful beaches.”

Kara scowled, not appreciating the sarcasm in her exhaustion mainly after she had just saved both of their lives.

“Yeah,” she muttered, watching as Lena prodded and poked at one of the rocks. “I’ll be sure to visit the beaches while we’re hiding for our lives.”

Lena seemed to find what she was looking for. The rock was letting out a very un-rock like bleep and with a loud grinding of gears, began to shift to the side revealing a utility hole with a ladder that led down into the dark.
Kara’s squinted in surprise, her tired eyes unable to see past the lead lining of the metal tunnel. She looked up at Lena questioningly, the other woman shrugging underneath it.

“It’s one of Lex’s old…”

She grimaced, before shaking her head and directing Kara to start climbing down it. The second her hand touched the first rung she began to feel queasy, the familiar aching sense that meant that the treads were probably lined with Kryptonite. Not something she should have been overly surprised at giving Lex’s paranoia towards Kryptonians.

Poison, still collapsed apparently, was unable to offer her support but Kara still managed to power through it, slowly making her way down in the dark. Lena followed her just as carefully, the light of the sky quickly dying as the utility hole covered again and leaving them in pitch black for a few seconds before a fluorescent strip of lights began to glow, directing them down.

"It was one of his warehouses,” Lena sounded out from above her as they continued. “We’ll be safe here.”

Kara took her at her word, trusting in Lena’s judgement and the knowledge that her brother would have done everything in his power to keep himself safe. After about half a minute of slow movement, Kara’s bare feet finally touched the cold metal floor and lifted her hands from the rungs, but grimaced when the sickening feeling didn’t fade. Lena landed lightly after her, looking around the small metal room they were now in quickly before walking towards a panel and pressing it gently, a keyboard flashing up. She quickly typed in a code, the answering acceptance of it releasing a ding and making an entire wall open to let in a flood of light.

Kara blinked in shock as they entered what looked to be a replica of the Luthor Mansion she had seen in pictures, down to the handcrafted antiques and wooden floorboards. She should have scoffed at the audacity of Lex as she walked over what was no doubt a Persian carpet, but nothing in the world could make it more blindingly clear that Lena’s brother was probably the most arrogant man on earth.

“You call this a warehouse!??” Kara asked, following Lena with wide eyes as she took in the life-sized and creepy portrait of the Luthor family, Lena’s youthful face staring down at her coldly.

The other woman shrugged, evident exhaustion in her heavy steps and Kara began to commiserate, trying to remember how many hours it had been since either of them had gotten any sleep.
“I gather J’onn is flying everyone else in?” Kara asked.

Lena shook her head, pushing heavy open door that led them into a dining room with over fourteen chairs.

Kara was beginning to wonder if Lex held evil hidden meetings with villains down here, this place feeling more and more like a secret lair than an emergency bunker.

“They’re already here,” Lena replied, clearly unaffected as she walked past before she pushed open the next door to reveal a beautiful kitchen, complete with a marble bench top.

Kara eyed the fridge hungrily, even though she logically knew there would be no fresh food. Lena looked around at her and arched an eyebrow when a loud rumble from Kara’s stomach sounded out.

“We have reserves here to last us all over two years.”

Kara frowned, a wave of dizziness crossing her mind as she felt Poison lifting her head at Lena’s words.

“You think we’re going to be here that long?” She asked.

don’t worry... we can always fly to the store and get something.

Kara smiled, relieved to hear the sound of Poison’s sardonic, if exhausted, voice in her mind.

Before she could say anything else, another door opened at the back of the room, and Kara looked up to see her sister. The second Alex spotted her; she rushed for her as fast as she could, Sam, Ruby and J’onn quickly following her steps.

Alex slammed into her, nearly knocking her off of her feet, and gave her a tight hug.

“Oh, thank god you’re alright,” she murmured, relief clear in her voice.
A part of Kara was happy too, but a far more significant and more bitter part sat firmly in charge. She gently pushed her sister away with a grimace, not fully able to look into her eyes without being reminded of why she had been locked away by the DEO in the first place. Even though logically she knew that Alex was now with them, a fugitive too, it was hard to forget the chasm that had formed between them.

“God had nothing to do with it,” she murmured, pushing past her sister when he stomach rolled abruptly, and Poison let out a demanding groan in her mind.

*food... we need food now. NOW!* 

Kara’s mind suddenly became overwhelmed with the ravenous hunger she had felt at the DEO, and she rushed towards a nearby cabinet and nearly ripped the door off on her mission to eat something. Scrabbling at the nearest tin, she almost crushed it in her haste to open it and pout the canned peas down her throat.

Five tins later, her hunger slightly dampened, Kara wiped the cold tomato soup off her chin and realised that everyone was staring at her.

Feeling a prickle of defensiveness, she opened the next tin and eyed them all as she began to eat and chew rapidly.

“Tell me Le’a,” she mumbled through the food. “Di’ you plan fo’ a alien die’ whe’ you di’ your calc’ations for food?” 

Poison growled again.

*we’re hungry.* 

Kara scowled and slapped the voice down.

“Yeah, I think she fucking knows that.”
“Don’t swear.”

The firm voice sounded out like a gunshot, and Kara could feel Poison tense in her mind at its familiarity. Kara herself hadn’t heard that voice in a long time. Over a year, when she had whispered to a crouched and in agony woman that she was going to save her.

Kara looked over at Sam, taking in her thinner appearance quickly. The dark circles under her eyes and the slight trembling in her hands. Signs that she recognised all too well as trauma inflicted.

Her sadness towards the woman was suddenly pushed to the side as Poison seemed to find her strength and barged in to take control.

Lip sneering, she looked Sam up and down coldly.

“What?” She replied acidic.

Sam’s face paled slightly, but she pressed forward.

“Don’t swear,” she reported, pointing to her daughter.

Poison looked down at the year older girl, glaring up at her with pure, unadulterated hatred in her eyes.

She snorted in response and looked back up at Sam.

“What? A couple of curse words going to tarnish her soul?” She taunted cruelly. “If her mother being fucking traumatised didn’t do it then-“

A crash sounded out as Sam picked up the closest stacked object and threw it at her head. Poison easily dodged it, but Sam had already stalked up to her, eyes filled with fury and pain.

“You ruined my life!” She screamed out through heavy breaths.
Poison just stared down at her, face unmoving.

“Sam…” Alex’s soft voice called out gently. “It wasn’t Kara-“

Sam turned to give Alex a harsh look, shutting her up quickly, before she looked back into Poison’s eyes.

“I know it wasn’t Kara, but she knows that I’m talking to her.”

The hissed words slithered other their shared spine, and Kara began to bang against the wall between them to regain control, lest Poison do something idiotic.

"Reign or Poison or whoever you are now,” Sam continued slowly and hatefully. “You may have messed with my head, but if you lay a finger on anyone here I swear-”

“You’ll do what?” Poison growled out. “Scowl at me?”

Sam’s glare intensified and her shoulder’s squared with strength. And Kara could feel, despite Poison’s disdain, she was actually impressed.

“You’re no God,” Sam sounded out hoarsely. “No matter how much you think you are.”

She tapped the side of her head gently and laughed without mirth.

“I know you. You’re a devouring parasite that eats people’s minds alive from the inside out until there’s nothing left but a burnt out husk with a shard of flint for a heart,” she whispered out. “But you didn’t break me, and you won’t break Kara.”

At that, Poison suddenly dropped control, and Kara could feel exhaustion once again rolling off of her as she retreated into the depths of their mind. Kara shook her head a blinked, her shoulders relaxed as she stretched her fingers.
Looking at Sam with softness now, Kara replied gently to her words.

“She doesn’t want to break me, Sam,” she tried to reassure.

The other woman’s anger faded and she gave her a pitying look.

“And the sad thing is, that you believe that.”

Silence rang out and Kara felt like she had been struck, Sam holding her gaze for a beat before walking away and gesturing to her daughter.

“Come on, Ruby… let’s go find our rooms.”

Everyone stood in silence until the door had closed behind the pair. J’onn turned to look at Kara with his usual calm eyes.

“Sorry… I don’t think she’s particularly happy to be here,” he said quietly.

Kara scowled, irritated and frustration boiling over.

“Do you think the rest of us are?” She demands harshly.

J’onn just shook his head.

“She didn’t ask for this, Kara,” he replied. “Neither her or Ruby. The rest of us at least had some degree of choice in this situation.”

She began to feel the slow bubbling of her anger in her chest once more, reaching out down her fingers and body. Kara looked from Alex, standing against the counter and staring down at her shoes with a troubled expression, to Lena who was still sporting a blank expression, and finally back to J’onn.
The pit of resentment and betrayal doubled in size.

“Oh, and your choice being ‘secret conversations’ with Lena about me that I can’t be told about?” She threw back harshly.

Nobody said anything in reply, and Kara’s scowl deepened, and a far more closely guarded feeling bloomed unwanted, desperately she tried to shove it down.

 Loneliness. All alone in the world.

“But just know, even without this in my head…” Kara whispered, pointing to her skull. “I’d still be the way I am now.”

Without another word, she stormed off, running as far as she could into an unfamiliar labyrinth.

Lena watched as the door swung struck behind Kara and she let out a heavy sigh, reaching up to rub the sides of her head while trying to soothe the headache she had forming. Lena felt like an elephant had sat on her, and she wanted nothing more than to sleep for a solid couple of hours so that she could get a break from the disastrous tangle of feelings in her heart.

But she couldn’t, not yet.

Instead, she opened a cabinet and pulled out a bottle of water, taking a long sip before smacking her cracking lips and looking back up at the equally exhausted looking Alex and J’onn.
“Did you get here alright?”

Alex grimaced a lost look in her eyes, but nodded all the same.

“Yeah… managed to get out of the building fine…. and I contacted J’onn easily. He picked me up, and we flew to Sam and Ruby’s.”

Alex looked sad.

“They weren’t very keen to leave.”

Lena frowned slightly. Even though Alex probably didn’t know, Lena was well aware of the relationship Sam, and she had been engaging in for nearly a year now. After everything that happened with Reign, Sam had needed Lena’s support to get through. And even though she had resisted against Lena helping pay for her to keep her house and supplemental care, Sam wasn’t in a position to turn her down.

Lena looked after her friends, even if the number was dwindling these days.

“But you got them here safely, and that’s all that matters,” Lena replied, not immune to the unhappiness rolling off of Alex.

The director, or ex-director now, just nodded at her words before turning on her heel and muttering about looking for the armoury.

Lena and J’onn just watched her go, exiting the same way Kara had.

“How are you?” J’onn asked softly, looking back at Lena.

She grimaced, thinking of the way she had been handled by the arresting agents, the subsequent detainment and then Kara and her escape.
“Fine,” she murmured, not wanting to reveal exactly what she had witnessed regarding Kara just yet. Content to wait until the morning until she approached that particular hornet's nest, hoping that various tempers (including hers) had simmered down.

“I’m used to rough treatment by the feds.”

The tall man frowned at that.

“Did they hurt you?” He asked, concerned.

She waved it away.

“Not overmuch.”

He let out a breath, but Lena could tell that he knew there was plenty she wasn’t saying. But in all honesty, the web of mystery they had all found themselves in was expanding with every passing second, and Lena needed at least a minute alone to try and sequence things to find out what it all meant.

“It’s been a long few days,” J’onn said interrupting her thoughts.

Lena nodded and crossed her arms.

“And it’ll be a long few more until I figure out what the hell is going wrong with the world,” she murmured more to herself than to him.

“So many unanswered questions right now.”

He hesitated for a moment, before pressing gently.

“Maybe we should focus on the unanswered questions surrounding Kara, and less on the world.”
Lena eyed him, trying to suppress her worries, suspicions, questions and anger towards Kara deep down. Pressing off from the bench, she began walking out of the kitchen and into a small foyer. There was a grand staircase leading downstairs in this inverted underground copy of her family mansion, and she began to walk down it.

“Have you found a room yet?” She asked gently, the man following her.

They landed on the floor below, and Lena walked down another corridor, leading J’onn to the guest room wing and opening the door to reveal a bedroom.

He stared into it, then back at her with a frown.

“You need sleep too, Lena,” he answered. “Otherwise you’ll burn yourself out.”

She smiled tightly and patted his shoulder.

“Settle in, ok? I’ll talk to you later,” she muttered, before walking away.

After not too much difficulty, thinking logically about the layout of the weird underground hellscap they had all found themselves in, Alex had located the armoury. It opened surprisingly easily, Alex figuring that Lex Luthor had probably been unafraid about people stealing his toys inside a secret bunker only he was ever supposed to be able to access. Though considering his paranoia, Alex half expected a guillotine to drop when she pushed open the door.

So far though, nothing wrong had occurred, and Alex spent over an hour running her fingers over weapons, cataloguing them mentally, and trying to reconcile the giant pile of pain in her heart.

She was feeling so many things now. When J’onn and her had collected Sam and Ruby, she had been forced to knock unconscious the very agents she had sent to protect them. The impact of the fact that she was technically committing treason against the country she had dedicated her life too, finally hitting home.
Everything was a giant fucking mess, but the loss of the life she had known meant nothing compared to the worry she felt for everyone around her. She was worried about her mother, even though J’onn said he had sent a friend to look after her. She was worried about their situation. The only purpose left to her now was looking after the other people living in this new life. She was worried about her sister, about everything that was happening and had been happening to her for the past year — worried about Sam, who had refused to talk to her since they had arrived. And she was worried about Ruby, the teenager having to deal with even more crap that was probably going to leave her completely scarred for life.

Feeling frustrated and furious all at once, Alex took off her leather jacket and picked up a collection of knives. Ten minutes of throwing the carefully weighted blades into a mannequin, Alex had only made herself feel worse. Revolving thoughts in her head about how terrible she had been to everyone she cared about.

It was all very well and good to care about people, but actions spoke louder than words and her actions lately had been profoundly shitty. She couldn’t remember a time in her life when everything had been going this disastrously wrong, with no clear path for how she could fix it.

Her sister was…. she didn’t even know who Kara was anymore. Mostly because she had been so desperate to make Kara who she used to be, that she had been blinded to the person Kara was now.

And Sam…

Well, that was a whole other smoking pit. Being trapped indefinitely with a woman she had been sleeping with, treating and who no longer wanted anything to do with her wasn’t ideal, compounded only by the fact that every single person here was utterly fucked up. Save J’onn, who was probably going to hover over all of them like an overbearing space dad for the rest of their time here.

She threw the last blade she was holding, swearing viciously when it missed the target and stomped over to collect them while muttering under her breath.

Alex was half ready to move onto the punching bag, prepared to kick it until it split open when a voice sounded out and startled her.

“Alex?”
She looked up to see Ruby hovering near a collection of shotguns, eyeing them warily.

Alex tried to let the anger drain from her mind as she gave Ruby a weak smile and walked back towards her.

“Oh, hey kiddo,” she replied, putting the knives back on their rack gently. “I didn’t… what’s up?”

Alex turned around to look at the tired looking teen, tugging her long sleeves and looking at her hollowly.

“How long are we going to have to stay here?”

Alex’s heart sunk with hurt for Ruby.

“I don’t know,” she answered regretfully. “I’m sorry.”

Ruby shuffled and shrugged.

“It’s ok,” she muttered out.

Alex stared at her for a short while before reaching gently and touching Ruby’s shoulder lightly. The girl looked up at her and Alex gave her a bracing look.

“No, it’s not,” she whispered out, dropping her hand. “You and your mom don’t….”

She shuddered slightly.

“You and your mom didn’t deserve this at all,” Alex contoured in a mutter, blaming herself once more and furious that she didn’t have a solution for this mess. “You’ve already been through too much crap.”
Ruby remained silent, not replying and Alex had to resist the urge to hug her close and tight. Considering that it would probably be more for her benefit than for Ruby’s.

“Are you and my mom… are you two going to be ok?” Ruby awkwardly asked. “I know you’re kinda… together.”

Alex looked at her with surprise.

“How did you-“

Ruby cut her off with a scowl.

“I’m not a kid, and I’m not stupid,” she snapped out, before getting an awkward look.

“The only time my mom sleeps through the night is after she’s been to see you,” the teen muttered. “She keeps saying that it’s just to ‘talk’, but come on.”

A memory rose in Alex’s mind of the first time that Sam had appeared at her apartment door, dripping wet from the rain outside and shivering. Alex had already been in a foul mood, wallowing in anger and loneliness, three whiskeys’s in not helping in the slightest. But she had barely been able to get a word out when Sam had collapsed into her crying.

Alex had led her inside, sat her down and wrapped a towel around her shoulders, trying to calm her down enough to get a sensical answer out of her about her sudden appearance. It hadn’t taken ten minutes before Sam’s breathing finally evened. The instant it did, Sam had just looked up at her with a burning look that suddenly made something click between them.

Sam had been the one to kiss her first.

“It’s complicated, Ruby,” Alex replied quietly, trying to shake the image out of her mind.

Ruby just gave her a frustrated look.
“Yeah, this whole situation is complicated,” she responded sharply. “We’ve just been smuggled out of the country, and are now in an underground bunker because the government wants to poke around in my mom and Kara’s brains!”

Alex couldn’t help but feel like Ruby’s words had more elegantly put her own frustration better than she ever could’ve.

“Well, that’s quite a sum up."

“What about your job though?” Ruby demanded with a shout, tears forming in her eyes. “You were the director of the DEO! Why couldn’t you do something?”

Ruby’s shoulders began to shake, and Alex crouched and wrapped the teen slowly in a gentle hug, the girl falling into it and gripping her tightly as she cried into Alex’s shoulder.

It took every last inch of Alex’s dwindling strength to stop herself from joining her. She tried to sum up the right words to say. Anything to soothe the amount of hurt that Ruby was going though right now. She wished she could say she was blameless. She wished she could say that she had fought harder. That she hadn’t allowed for the situation in National City to deteriorate. That she could somehow have stopped the disaster the country was rotting into. She wished she could take every ounce of pain that everyone she loved was going through and shoulder it herself.

She wished she could make a teenager smile, instead of cry.

“Because I…. The government had an agenda,” she finally answered, once Ruby’s sobs calmed and she had pulled back.

Alex wiped a few stray tears away from the girl’s blotchy face.

“It’s always had an agenda, but for a long time I thought I was doing the right thing,” she continued sadly. “I thought I was helping to help. But lately, everything has been getting worse, and I feel like I was battling against a river. I don’t think I can change a system from within anymore.”

The words left a bitter taste in her mouth, but she knew they were correct all the same. The core values, the reasons she had joined the DEO in the first place, were all gone now.
She had to find her moral centre again.

Ruby looked at her tearily.

“What were they going to do to all of us?”

Alex didn’t even want to think about it, the sick feeling in her stomach rising at the idea of her sister and Sam being torn apart in some offsite lab somewhere and Ruby being left without a mother.

“It doesn’t matter now, Ruby,” she replied gently, standing to her feet. “The most important thing is that we’re all safe.”

The teen looked up at her, and Alex felt guilty that there was still trust in her eyes.

“Are we ever going to be able to go home?”

Alex sighed.

“I don’t know.”

Ruby looked down at her shoes for a few seconds before speaking in a mumble.

“Mom doesn’t know what’s going on, with Kara and Lena and everything…. can you tell me?”

Alex let out a breath, weighing the options in her mind before ultimately deciding that the girl had a right to know about the hornet’s nest she’d been dumped into.

“What I can.”
Kara scrabbled at the corner of the tinfoil container with her fingers, collecting the final dredges of sauce so she could lick it off her fingers and chuck the empty food box onto the steadily growing pile. Her other hand was occupied, stroking her grumpy and ratty cat that J’onn had somehow managed to bring with him in the haste to escape.

Streaky Two hadn’t been too happy to see her, but then again he was never happy to see anyone. But Kara easily concluded he was probably pissed off that she had abandoned him to the hellish torment that was J’onn’s calming presence. Streaky was like her after all, battered and bruised and recovered from behind a dumpster. His version of love and care was a sort of toxic and resentful codependence. The likes of which Kara and him had found perfectly in each other. The good thing about having her cat for the past few months was that Kara’s could justify her meaningless and sinful existence on the strange that at least she had been bale to rescue and keep something alive during that time.

On the other end of the spectrum, it was nice to have company in her life that didn’t judge her for coming home drunk and high at all hours of the day and night.

The cat had finally stopped ignoring her about five minutes ago, deciding to place himself next to Kara on the counter and staring off disinterestedly, but still batting his tail impatiently against her until she started to stroke his back.

After she dropped the latest container on the pile, Kara immediately picked up the next one. Her hunger, despite all she had eaten, just kept growing and growing, Poison pacing steadily at the back of her mind, radiating annoyed and nervous energy.

"they’re safe now, so can we go? we’ve got things that need sorting out."

Kara scoffed, picking away at the dehydrated chicken.

“We’re not going anywhere,” she replied, pushing away the one constant agenda from Poison that was to run as far away from everyone else as possible.

Mostly because it fed into her own.
oh, come on. you can’t be buying into all this sentimentality

Kara shook her head, annoyed at Poison’s sardonic tone.

“I’m not going to abandon them all now.”

A thin, but still harsh, nail seemed to grate over Kara’s mind making her grit her teeth slightly.

these people have done nothing for you. you don’t owe them anything.

The real problem with having Poison in her head was that she had a guilty tendency to agree with her. But still, it wasn’t something she mainly wanted to deal with right now when she was just trying to find her feet once again in this every changing landscape that had been her life for the past few days.

“I get to decide what I do and don’t owe people, Poison,” Kara muttered, poking at the limp carton in the container. “Not you.”

The thought of Sam sprung into her mind, the uncomfortable edge rising with it.

that one will murder us in our sleep if we’re not careful. best keep your distance.

Kara rolled her eyes, trying to shove away the shitty feelings that Poison was leaking unapologetically.

“Can you blame her?” She replied grumpily. “Besides, she’s the only other person that could know what it’s like to have you in my head.”

Poison hissed.

she doesn’t know anything about me.
“Really?” Kara replied pointedly. “You didn’t take her out shopping when you were parading around the city while wearing black lipstick. Come to think of it, where exactly did you get that suit? It’s not like anyone could have known the size you’d be when you grew up?”

Unbidden, a flash of memory came from Poison. A different pair of hands ripping apart an old fashioned Kryptonian robe and sewing it back together.

Kara snorted.

“You’ve got some skills, I see.”

Poison let out an exhausted sigh.

*shut up.*

Kara couldn’t help it; she suddenly felt guilty. As if she had just stepped on a dog’s tail. She was about to say something more when her ears picked up on the sound of footsteps. Kara let out a groan, annoyed that someone had found her in what was probably the servant’s kitchen.

“…Kara?”

Poison groaned.

*oh look, it’s the spawn.*

Kara prodded her hard.

“You’re just pissed because she’s the reason Sam fought so hard.”

The door to the kitchen opened, Ruby appearing in her line of sight.
“Kara?”

Suddenly, it felt like a thousand nails were digging into her brain and Kara’s eyes began to water. Poison’s attacks and sending her a hard message to run away nearly overwhelming her and she hunched over in pain. It took her a few harsh breaths before Kara could someone the willpower to slam the gate between them, shoving Poison away harshly.

She looked up, Ruby looking at her with a pale face and making Kara grimace.

“Yeah… sorry,” she muttered out. “If I seem like I’m talking to myself it’s because I am.”

Ruby hovered briefly.

“Ok.”

There was a tense and awkward silence between them, Ruby just staring at her, before Kara cleared her throat and spoke.

“So…. what can I do for you?”

Ruby frowned at her words.

“Why does everyone trust you?” She demanded bitterly.

Kara arched an eyebrow.

“Excuse me?”

“Cause when Mom was Reign,” Ruby continued. “Nobody trusted her.”
Kara thought about it for a moment, tossing it around, before she replied.

“I don’t think they do,” she shrugged. “I think people trust Lena, and Lena thinks she can handle me.”

“Can she?”

Poison spoke up from her secluded corner.

no.

Kara smirked.

“She can try.”

Ruby reacted severely to her words, her face darkening with rage.

“What do you want with all of us?” She demanded fiercely, making Kara wonder who she was talking to here.

“Want?” She answered. “I don’t want anything from any of you.”

Poison snorted.

except for Lena… spread beneath you-

Kara flushed at the image that Poison produced.

“There is a child here!” She hissed out, annoyed as Poison played out the scene again and again in her mind.
“Does she do that a lot?”

Kara drifted back to reality, focusing on Ruby who was now looking at her with a mix of anger and fascination.

“What?” She asked.

“Talk to you.”

Kara swallowed, scratching the back of her neck awkwardly.

“…yeah,” she replied after a beat. “For the past year, she’s been talking to me. Not as loud or as clearly as lately though.”

Ruby nodded.

“Because of all the medicine?”

Poison growled.

*venom.*

Kara winced at the memory.

“We wouldn’t exactly call it that,” she muttered out. “But yes.”

Ruby stared at her for a short while, enough to make both Poison and Kara feel awkward.

“Did it hurt?”
Kara’s mind was flooded with the image of her whole body burning from the inside out. Veins filled with green liquid that stretched out that horrible rash. Feeling like she wanted to tear out her own heart with every passing day.

“It was excruciating,” she whispered out.

The last of Ruby’s anger seemed to fall away at her words.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, taking half a step forward warily. “I know that you did this to help save my mom and now you’re the one that has to deal with… her.”

Kara was surprised at the feeling of hurt that grew from Poison at Ruby’s venom.

*gotta love that’s how they all talk about me.*

Kara felt her heart sink slightly, a sickness growing in her stomach.

“It’s…. I’m ok,” she returned to Ruby, not wanting her to feel guilty.

This was her choice — nobody else’s.

“Now. I’m ok now,” she continued. “She’s just a part of me now. We’re learning to work together.”

Ruby just gave her a confused look.

“But you’re so different now,” she replied. “Before you were so bright and happy and you smiled all the time. Now you’re just…. cold and angry.”

If it had been anyone else, Kara would start shouting now.
“Well,” she grumbled out instead. “I have a lot to be cold and angry over.”

The teen tilted her head, not picking up on her ire.

“Is Lena going to help you get better?” She asked instead. “Alex told me that was what they were both trying to do for the past year, but they only made things worse.”

The raging storm in her body flared up at that. The memory of the so-called ‘help’ she had received from Lena and Alex over the past year making her want to hit a wall.

did she now? well, you can tell Alex that she can shove-

“I don’t need to get better,” Kara growled out, cutting her off. “Poison and I are both fine.”

Ruby seemed even more confused.

“But don’t you want to get her out of your head?”

The words halted her rage, throwing her off suddenly. She thought about it for a minute and realised she couldn’t actually see the moment she had decided that she and Poison were in this together. Maybe it was because of circumstances, but if she had the option would she?

Kara’s mind filled with images of the past few days. The conversation with Poison in her mind, flying through the sky once more. Lightning, pulling the weapons from those agents hands with a single murderous thought.

All the power.

And more than anything, the edge of loneliness at the idea of losing the angry voice in her head which she had slowly started to view as family.

“It’s not possible,” Kara replied, instead of actually answering. “The only reason she left your mom at the time was that…”
Ruby pressed her when she trailed off.

“What?”

Kara gathered her thoughts for a second.

“Ok, imagine living in a house with a roommate that you never met,” she explained. “Like, whenever you were in they were out a vice versa. That’s kinda like what was going on with your mom. But with me, it’s like we’re both in the house at the same time. Our existences have sort of… melded.”

Poison let out a snarl.

_and if any of them tried to pry me out, i’d slice your brain open like cheese._

Oddly, the threat only made Kara smile.

“The only reason she agreed to change to me at the time was that she thought I would be a stronger host.”

Ruby gave her a sorrowful look.

“And there’s no other way you can convince her to leave?”

Poison let out a snort.

_why on earth would I want to do that?_

Kara opened her mouth to reply when she suddenly got an idea and eyed Ruby seriously.
“Do you want to talk to her?”

Ruby looked at her with wide eyes.

“What?”

Ruby opened and closed her mouth, uncertain.

“You just seem to have a few questions,” Kara continued. “She can hear you now but… if you wanted I could let you talk to her directly.”

Ruby took a deep breath, gathering her courage before she nodded.

“Ok.”

Kara felt her heart slow down and she unlocked the gate between them, retreating back and far into her mind and letting Poison fill up the rest of her. She felt heat grow in her eyes and face and Poison lifted their hands to show the black veins now under her skin as if her blood had been burned raw. They tilted their head to look at their distorted reflection in a metal cabinet door.

Blood red eyes with cracking skin surrounded them from the heat.
They looked demonic as if see had made a deal with a devil and was ready to steal the souls of the earth’s children. Suddenly, from next to to them, Streaky began to purr. Poison looked down in shock, the cat having never had such a positive reaction to her in the entire time they’d known each other. Before she could even question it, the cat looked up and into her face, purring deepening before crawling up and settling down in her lap. Poison hesitated, unsure before she lowered her hand and gently began to stroke him.

Feeling a curdle of delight grow in her heart, Poison looked up with a smile and into Ruby’s eyes.

The girl was looking at her with horror, but also fascination. She seemed half ready to run away, but her eyes darted down to the purring cat and hesitated as if she was baffled that an animal would be sitting in the lap of the devil.

*Now remember…. behave.*

Poison waved away Kara’s words.

“Yeah, yeah…” She sounded out, the deep timbre of her double-layered voice echoing out through the room.

Ruby stared at her and took a shuddering breath before stepping forward.

“Poison,” she stated flatly.

She smirked.

“That’s me.”

Before she could even blink, Ruby slapped her hard across the face. It had no impact, but the gesture made Poison burst into laughter.

“Well,” she murmured. “I guess I deserved that.”
Kara snorted.

*You think?*

Poison smiled at her words, before looking back at Ruby who was glaring at her with furious tears in her eyes.

“I hate you,” she spat out.

Poison stared at her for a few seconds, mulling it over before she shrugged.

“Ok, you’re entitled.”

The lack of emotion just seemed to make Ruby angrier, her tears falling now.

“You ruined my life!” She shouted.

Kara was surprised at the sudden, so human, emotions that flared up in Poison’s heart. Pain, anger, sadness, guilt.

And even… love?

“Technically, I didn’t do anything other than existing,” Poison answered quietly. “It’s not like I had a choice about being created. I have as much right as your mom to be alive.”

“You hurt people!” Ruby shouted again. “You killed them!”

Poison shrugged.
“They weren’t innocent.”

Ruby’s anger mixed with uncertainty.

“You can’t just kill people.”

Poison snorted at that.

“Why not?” She asked with a head tilt. “People do it every day. Husbands kill wives; soldiers kill soldiers, government’s bomb innocents and round and round it goes.”

Poison ran her fingers through Streaky’s fur.

“Morality is entirely subjective,” she continued. “And you would be shocked to learn how much death is deemed and dealt out in the name of morality.”

Ruby clenched her fists tightly.

“My mom still can’t sleep!” She shouted out, pointing her finger at their chest. “After what you did to her, she still wakes up screaming. You don’t want to hurt innocent people? Well, she was innocent! So was I!”

Kara mourned for the loss of Ruby’s innocence. She grieved for all the horrible things that she and Sam had been through. But amid her sadness, a wave of shock rippled out when she realised Poison felt precisely the same way. Regret and pain and sorrow all mixed into one.

And starting at Ruby, Kara began to realise that Poison actually loved the girl.

“It was…. ingrained in me to complete a mission,” Poison whispered out in explanation. “It was the whole purpose of my creation.”

Ruby’s expression flickered, twisting into different things at Poison’s words.
“Part of that mission meant that if anybody hindered me in achieving my objective, they were to be removed as quickly as possible,” Poison explained regretfully. “Violently so if necessary.”

Poison hesitated and swallowed.

“But I now realise that it was… wrong,” she continued. “It was unfortunate that you were in the crosshairs of that situation. It was something that none of us asked for, and I… apologise.”

The words sat in the air; Kara left feeling shocked at the fact that Poison actually seemed to mean what she had said.

“And that’s supposed just to make it all better?” Ruby questioned exhaustedly; all the anger suddenly draining out of her.

Poison let out a frustrated breath.

“No. Nothing ever could,” she answered gently. “Platitudes can’t heal the wounds inflicted by me, but they may be able to help cauterise them. That way you can learn and harden yourself so that nothing like that ever happens to you again.”

Ruby took in her words, slowly sobering as her anger shifted into annoyance.

“You think many sociopaths are going to pop up in my life?”

Poison let out a cackle of laughter at Ruby’s dark humour.

“You’re across from one right now!” She smiled. "Though I like to think of myself as slightly reformed."

Ruby just stared at her and Poison took another breath.

“I’m not the same person I was a year ago, Ruby,” she said sincerely. “And I am sorry for the harm I caused you and your mother. You both did little to earn it.”
Ruby looked down at the floor, and Poison looked down at the cat. She was stroking his fur gently as he continued to purr. Her mind calmed in his presence as the anger, that constant fiery thing, dropped away.

Poison looked up in surprise and blinked when Ruby appeared by her side and pulled herself up next to her on the bench.

“It’s weird,” she said quietly. “Hearing you come from my Mom and now Kara. It’s like you’re faceless…. expect now you’ve got the whole red glowing eyes thing and the black cracks and stuff.”

Poison smiled, Kara joining her in the back of their mind.

“Well, I won’t be winning any beauty awards,” she laughed out.

Ruby turned her head to look at her, fear still in her eyes but tempered with something else.

Something… kind.

“I kinda like the new hair though.”

Poison reached up to run her fingers through it, scratching at the back of her head.

“Yeah?” She asked with a smile. “Kara went through a phase. I think she’s still in one…”

Kara grumbled at that.

Fuck off.

Poison laughed.

“It’s easy to see when you’re talking to each other, you know,” Ruby said curiously. “You get this
sort of weird spaced out look.”

Poison nodded.

“That’s because neither of us are very good back seat drivers,” she said with a wink.

*If you would just follow direction...*

Poison rolled her eyes.

“And if you would just learn to fucking shut up!” She spat in reply.

*Language.*

“What?” She exclaimed, looking at Ruby with a smile. “It’s not like she hasn’t heard it before and I don’t think we should talk down to children. She’s old enough to hear the truth.”

The dark thoughts of vengeance and pain and blood swirled in her mind, and Kara sent Poison a cautionary prod.

*That’s not our choice to make.*

“What truth?”

Poison arched an eyebrow at Ruby’s question, looking down into her innocent eyes she wavered.

“Whatever you want to know,” she replied instead.

Ruby bit her lip, thinking.
“Do you know stuff about my mom?” She asked. “Like, you could see her memories and things.”

Poison frowned, suddenly uncertain.

“Yeah…?”

Ruby hesitated.

“Do you…. do you know who my father is?”

Kara groaned.

And that’s why you keep your fucking mouth shut.

Poison thought for a second.

“Yes.”

Ruby blinked.

“Does he…. does he know that I exist?”

“Yes.”

The teen looked at Streaky and reached out to gently pet the cat too.

“He didn’t want to be involved, did he?” She asked quietly.

Poison resisted the urge to put her hand over Ruby’s.
“No,” she said quietly. “He didn’t.”

Ruby nodded.

“Ok.”

Poison gave her a surprised look.

“Really?”

Ruby shrugged.

“I mean… the psychologist Lena paid for would probably go haywire thinking that abandonment issues add onto the pile of other stuff…. But I’m ok with it. I mean, he kinda dodged a bullet.”

Poison felt a rise of protectiveness in her chest.

“He was an idiot.”

Poison!

“He was,” she repeated, uncaring. “Just a stupid teenage kid.”

Ruby looked up at her, waiting, and Poison took a deep breath to calm her anger.

“He was only a few years older than you are now,” she continued gently. “So was your Mom.”

A memory flashed up, Kara seeing it for the first time. Ruby being born and being placed in Sam’s weak arms.
"But she wanted you so much," Poison said with a cracked voice. "I don’t know exactly how teen minds work, but I guess it’s important for you to know that your mother is smart, hard working and disgustingly kind. And she loves you more than anything. You were the only thing that stopped me from taking over completely. The very thought of you was like a shield blocking me out."

Poison frowned.

“It was rather impressive,” she grumbled.

Ruby looked like she was on the verge of crying once more, but her fear had melted away at Poison’s words.

“So are you like… do you like have a copy of her knowledge and stuff stored away?” She asked, interested. “Do you know all the stuff about me? Does Kara know now? Are you like Mom and Kara and Reign all mixed?”

The questions took both Poison and Kara by surprise.

“I don’t know actually, but you’re probably the first person to ask actual pertinent questions.”

Ruby shrugged.

“It’s interesting.”

Poison chuckled.

“I suppose so.”

Ruby smiled down at the cat, took a deep breath before turning to Poison.
“So… Kara’s actually Supergirl, huh?”

That name caused their eyelid to twitch.

“Was… she was, Supergirl,” Poison insisted. “Not anymore.”

Ruby arched an eyebrow, disbelieving.

“Oh yeah? Then why’d you bring that suit with you?”

She pointed at the super suit on Poison’s other side, something that Kara had clung to the entire time since she had left the DEO. A swirl of emotions rose at the site of it.

“Because Kara is also stupidly hung up on trivial nostalgic emotions,” Poison whispered, not being able to put it properly into words.

“Like Lena?”

Poison whipped her head around to stare at Ruby with wide eyes.

“What are you talking about?”

Ruby just gave her a knowing look.

“I know she’s been helping you since you… you know,” she answered. “Alex told me that you went to her apartment after you escaped the DEO and she gave you that black armour Mom and I saw on the TV.”

Poison felt nervous and shrugged.

“All true, but what’s your point?”
Ruby waved her hand.

“Just that you two were… you know.”

Poison’s eyes narrowed.

“Know what?”

Ruby stared at her for a few silent seconds.

“Together. Weren’t you two together before?”

Poison shook her head.

“No, we weren’t,” she said quietly.

“Oh,” Ruby replied, surprised. “I thought you were.”

Poison let them sit in silence for a few more minutes before she looked back at Ruby with a smile.

“You want to hear a story?”

The girl frowned.

“A story?”

Poison nodded.
“Yeah, a story. About Krypton. That’s where we come from.”

Interest sparked in Ruby’s eyes, but it mixed with uncertainty and she shook her head.

“I should be… getting back to my mom,” she answered, jumping off the bench. “She’s probably worried about me. She gets worried a lot now.”

Poison couldn’t deny the false of disappointment she felt in her chest, but she nodded in acceptance.

“I understand.”

Ruby turned to walk away but paused by the door.

“Can we… talk later?” She asked.

Poison smiled and nodded.

“Sure.”

The second Ruby stepped out of the room, Poison released control, and Kara felt a head rush as she returned to the front seat. Everything hurt for some reason. Like she had used all she had.

Feeling wobbly, Kara shook her head distractedly.

“You ok?” She asked Poison.

She didn’t answer.
Kara's fingers were still tingling, the sudden hollowness in her mind stretching out at the feeling of Poison retreating further and giving more ground than she ever had before. Slightly disoriented by the now unused feeling of quiet and space, her mind was struggling to adjust to the new equilibrium, and the sickly feeling in her stomach grew.

She wandered the halls of the bunker, which seemed more like an underground lair in her opinion until she was almost magnetically drawn to Lena. Kara leaned against the doorway of a room jam-packed full of monitors as Lena typed furiously away.

“Busy?” She asked.

Lena didn’t even bother to look up from her work.

“Just working on the security system to make sure we aren’t found and killed during the night,” she rattled out in an irritated voice. “But apart from that, no.”

Kara’s brow furrowed at the tone of voice, crossing her arms but unwilling to shift her position lest she find the battle with the vertigo she was suddenly experiencing. The last thing she needed right now was anyone, let alone Lena, to cotton on to how ill she was feeling without Poison’s apparent bolstering. The paranoid sense of caution that everybody was just waiting for an opportunity to strap her down to a table and perform an excruciating amount of new tests.

She’d instead figure it out on her own, then create a problem where there might not be one.

“Testy,” she answered back sardonically.

Lena turned away from the computer sharply, giving Kara a furious and frustrated look.

“Gee, I wonder why, Kara?” She bit back her voice rising in inflection and tone, leaning back in her chair and waving a hand. “Could it possibly be because you deviated from the plan today and almost got the both of us killed, so that you could monologue and antagonise the people that will be hunting us?”
Kara felt a pang of annoyance at the overly dramatic tone. Taking a few steps forward, trying to steel her shaky legs, she made her way to the desk Lena was working at and leaned against it.

“The US government may be full of assholes,” she replied dryly with a shrug. “But contrary to what most American’s believe, they don’t have jurisdiction over the entire world. We’ll be fine.”

Lena just stared at her, a mixed clash of churning emotions rolling over in her face. Enough of them for Kara to know with a sinking heart that she had pushed Lena so far as to get this mad, instead of displaying her usual cold chill when pissed off.

Without warning, and with an unusual expression of violence, Lena picked up the keyboard she was typing on, stood to her feet and threw it against the wall. Kara was barely able to register her shock, listening to the sound of the broken keys clattering when Lena rounded on her with a flushed face.

“That doesn’t excuse what you did, Kara!” She shouted out, slamming her clenched fist on the table. “I put my trust in you, and you screwed me over.”

Kara frowned, trying to let her fuzzy mind forms the correct path to reach the conclusion that would ease the course they were currently heading down. Honestly, there wasn’t much through the past couple of days that made sense, but whatever difficult path Lena and she were heading down made Kara…

She didn’t even know what it made her. The only thing she did now, is that whatever journey they were both on they seemed to have completely different instructions.

“Trust me, Lena,” she tried for an attempt at humour. “If I wanted to screw-“

Lena cut her off with a scream that reverberated around the room.

“STOP!”

Kara’s words halted, heavy on the tip of her tongue. She watched as Lena’s shoulders began to shake as if she were holding back a wall of chaos. Silence descended between them, only broken up by the sharp breaths Lena was taking. Inexplicably, Kara missed the Poison’s voice in her mind, like a cold whisper of wind that always sat running along the back of her spine. So much so that she had acclimatised to its presence. The firm, annoying, knowledge that no matter what there would quite
literally always be someone to talk to.

Someone to bounce a catalogue the things she felt towards Lena.

Someone who made sure to encourage her new fangled selfish desires, instead of leaving her with the pit of regret that had grown in her chest her whole life. A need to constantly make up for the fact that she had been so lucky just to exist at all.

Lena’s breathing evened out before her eyes looked up from the floor and into hers.

“Just fucking stop,” she croaked out, voice broken by pain.

Kara hesitated, her thoughts jammed just by looking into Lena’s face. The other woman stared at her for a long pause, before letting out a sigh.

“This isn’t…” she whispered, waving between them as she struggled. “I don’t want to have this conversation with you, because you’re not…”

Kara frowned, confused at Lena’s struggle and trying to figure out what she was trying to say to her.

Lena swallowed before barreling through.

“Because when I look at you, I keep forgetting that you don’t care the same way you would have before,” she said frankly, no edge of softness in her left. “You lash out at every….”

Her voice and eyes suddenly hardened, and the heat increased in her gaze.

“You know what? You’re exactly the way you’ve always been. Doing whatever you want, whenever you want just because you think you have the right.”

Kara felt stung, her eyes narrowed at the curl of Lena’s lip.
“Just now, your moral compass has shifted.”

The blonde folded her arms across her chest defensively.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” She replied, voice dripping with warning and venom.

Lena didn’t even hesitate, confirming Kara’s suspicions about the other woman wanting the argument that was brewing.

“What gives you the right to think that everything you do is completely legitimate?” Lena questioned. “Nobody asked for you to be Supergirl!”

Kara groaned and rolled her eyes.

“Are we still on this?” She replied with a huff. “I’m not going to argue about being a person that I’m not anymore!”

Lena scowled, stepping forward into Kara’s space and poking her in the chest while giving her an incredulous look.

“But you are,” she said with foul sweetness. “You’re the same. There’s a word for people like you.”

Kara tensed, waiting for it to drop.

“Entitled.”

The blond scoffed, incredulous at Lena’s audacity.

“Me?” She replied, staggering to her feet so at least she’d have the height advantage. “I’m the entitled one?”
Lena threw her hand up, face darkening with increasing rage.

“I TRUSTED YOU!” She shouted out. “I trusted you, and you lied to me. And I trusted you today, but you betrayed me … again.”

The wind left Kara’s sails, falling away and leaving her with only exhaustion and twisted loneliness that nothing else had been able to fill. She stared at Lena and felt the regret rise.

“I was trying to-“

Lena cut her off, quiet now as her anger dropped.

“Do what you want. Do what you want to do, on your terms and nobody else’s. Because that will always be exactly who you are.”

For a few horrifying seconds, Kara believed her.

But she didn’t want to.

Without warning, she kicked the office chair viciously. Sending it careening into the opposite wall with such force that it shattered on impact, leaving only broken plastic and wobbly wheels.

“I SAVED YOUR LIFE!” Kara screamed, not turning from the wall and unable to look at Lena’s face. “I SAVED IT AGAIN AND AGAIN!”

The words hung before Kara finally gathered the courage to turn and look Lena directly in the eyes.

”Don’t pretend that this argument is anything else then a pretext for you to put up your walls once more because you’re terrified you let them slip with me,” she muttered out, stepping forward, so the words breathed out onto Lena’s skin.

Lena stood under her ire, refusing the take a step back and once again Kara inexplicably found herself entranced by her skin. And Kara hated herself for the reaction Lena caused in her just by
Her fingers lifted, hovering over Lena’s arm but she didn’t move to touch it.

“You know what my feelings are towards you,” she croaked out, eyes filling with pained tears as she looked into Lena’s. “And yet you still seem to have no idea how I feel inside every time I look at you.”

Kara honestly wondered in Lena even cared.

“You’re torturing me with just….your presence,” Kara continued. “And you don’t care how much it hurts for me to be completely at your beck and call when everything else inside of me is screaming at to run away.”

Her heart lurched in her chest at her own words, terrified at baring her soul to this woman that had her intoxicated. The very thought that Lena could rip away everything that was left to her, helping her cling to her humanity.

A few tears fell down her cheeks at that, still looking steadily into Lena’s eyes.

“You can’t just take back what you said,” she croaked out.

The harsh fire died in Lena’s eyes, filling instead with sadness and her regret.

“I’m not taking anything back, Kara,” she whispered out. “You’re just…. this is complicated enough without adding more fuel to the fire. We have people to look out for here now.”

The words stuck her more than they should have. The harsh sting of rejection that made the outreached finger of love curdle and die in her won chest.

“Ah yes,” she spat out, stepping back. “Your little ‘contingecy’ plan that you failed to include me in on.”
She backed away from Lena quickly, now suddenly filled with a desire to run and hide. Lena followed her, almost subconsciously, hand reaching out to touch her but Kara ducked away.

“I was trying to protect you,” Lena whispered. “To protect all of us.”

Kara’s hand fumbled at the doorframe, trying to find the strength now total exhaustion filled her muscles and bones.

“No,” she replied emptily. “You were trying to once again force me down a path without consulting me and bothering to get my consent.”

Kara took another step back and shrugged.

“But who cares, right? After all… you’ve always had that entitlement.”

With that last dripped word, Kara turned on her heel and walked down the corridor as fast as her screaming legs could carry her.

Behind her, Lena’s voice shouted out.

“Kara… Kara, wait!”

She didn’t care, as sudden nausea filling her stomach and she bit back the urge to vomit loudly. It was only once she was around the corner Kara could all but collapse against the wall. Trying not to reach, Kara put a shaking hand to her head.

Suddenly, from the back of her dark mind, a small tendril of thought branched out as Poison’s whisper finally returned, her presence relieving Kara far more than it should have.

food… we need food.

Kara tried not to laugh bitterly, the urge to vomit combatting Poison’s words easily. Before she had a chance to poke fun at the thing’s ill-timed reappearance, Kara began to cough violently as bile rose in
her throat. It took a few seconds of dry reaching before Kara could compose herself to gasp out a question.

“What’s happening to us?”

There was a spike of concern from Poison, a fleeting thought dancing at the edge of Kara’s mind before it was brushed away. The sick feelings, the aches and pains began to fade slowly and Poison reentered, filling up her previously vacated presence. The familiar sensation filled up Kara’s strength quickly, but there was still a due sense of fear at the pain she had been in. Her brain was still too fuzzy to question it, even as Poison tried to stroke her mind to soothe it.

nothing we can’t handle... together.

Kara frowned, unsure if the words were right and spiered out that her brain suddenly seemed to be unable to make any conclusions at all. All she had to fall back on, was the voice in her head.

“Are you… are you sure?”

Poison let out a sigh in her mind and gave her a prod to stand.

we just need food. get us food.

Kara nodded distractedly and began to walk down the hall.

It wasn’t the hard mattress that was keeping Lena up at night, even though Lex didn’t spare on luxury in his emergency bunkers he did have an odd obsession with back health. It wasn’t the low humming that sounded out; echoing through the metal wars. It wasn’t even the gnawing fear at the back of her mind that any second now every single alarm was going to go off and alert them that their location had been compromised.
It was, as usual, the thought of Kara. The other woman’s face and words rotating back and forth in her mind and just adding the pile of stress that was threatening finally to undo the final inch of compartmentalisation she had left.

A crack of light crossed her face, and she lifted her head up from the pillow, squinting at the shadowed figure in the doorframe. A swell of adrenaline flooded her system as old panic rose before her eyes finally adjusted and she recognised Kara’s figure and face.

She sat up quietly and leaned back against the oak headboard, once internally scoffing at her brother’s flair for the dramatic, before waiting for Kara to speak in an awkward silence.

When she finally did, it was in a soft voice. The harshness from their earlier argument bled utterly out of her and leaving only a soft-spoken tone that Lena couldn’t remember hearing passing from Kara’s lips since before she and Poison had become one.

“I’m sorry… for what I said earlier,” Kara breathed out gently, her face contrite. “I realise that I’ve been….”

She trailed off, and Lena arched an eyebrow.

“This has been quite an adjustment for me to get used to,” Kara continued after clearing her throat. “I’m not a person that trusts easily anymore, and after everything that happened this past year it’s frightening to me how much I… still feel for you.”

Lena let out a breath, her exhaustion from the past year of tortuous attempts, trying time and time again to find a way, any way, to save Kara from herself. Only to discover she had actually been killing her the entire time and that nothing she did worked.

Lena wasn’t used to things she did not working, and her crazy and overcomplicated mixed feelings towards Kara was still something she was trying to put on the back burner in favour of succeeding to keep the random bunch of people she currently had in her care, safe.

More pressing issues to deal with than romance or sexual tension or whatever the current state of her personal relationship was with Kara. And the sensible part of herself was furious that she had even dipped a toe into the water that was her feeling in that regard, all because of the highly tense situation they had both been in at the time. Unknowing if she or Kara would actually be able to escape.
“Why are you here Kara?” Lena asked tightly.

The other woman hesitated, her fingers clenching at the door frame before she took a small step forward and spoke in a vulnerable voice.

“I couldn’t sleep,” she admitted in a low voice. “This will be the first time in a year that I haven’t slept without drugs running through my veins.”

Lena let her head loll back and she instantly felt like the biggest ass on the planet. She gestured for Kara to come inside and threw the covers back from her legs.

“Of course, I should have realised…” she muttered out, listening as Kara closed the door behind her, her heart leaping as the implications rushed through her mind. “I keep forgetting that just a couple of days ago-“

Kara cut her off once she stood beside in front of her.

“I was a skeleton drug addict?”

The image of Kara, growing sicker and sicker every time she saw her lying on a gurney in front of her as she did her best to find the next dosage of drug that she thought might help her.

She looked up with a thin smile, trying to find Kara’s eyes in the dark.

“At least as an alien you didn’t need rehab,” she answered.

Kara let out a heavy breath, scratching her inner forearms distractedly.

“I miss it,” she muttered. “The feelings that they…”

She hesitated, as though she was admitting a sin.
“Tonight I even found myself missing the pain because it was just so… familiar,” Kara continued, clearly struggling to explain. “Everything has become so different so fast. I’m losing track of the direction.”

Kara cupped her head in her hand as she let out a shuddering sigh and she wobbled slightly on her feet. Lena frowned in concern, half reaching up to steady her, but hesitating before she did.

“Are you ok?”

Kara waved away her concern.

“I just barely know which way is up anymore.”

Lena frowned and felt a stab of irritation.

“We’re all in the same boat, Kara. How do you think the rest of us are….”

Her harsh tone dropped instantly as she noticed Kara’s hands shaking. The concern in her mind doubled at the sight, something in the back of her mind scratching at her to get out. But she pushed it aside.

“Sorry.”

The apology rang for a few seconds, and Kara looked so distracted Lena wondered if she had even noticed it. The blonde let out a sigh and sat down beside her, almost collapsing into the mattress, her weight automatically shifting to lean slightly against Lena’s body and the brunette felt an old ache in her chest at the familiarity of the comforting sensation.

Lena’s eyes traced over Kara’s bare arms, the scars from the past year still displayed in silvery lines up and down before they shifted up the once again strong muscles to the back of Kara’s neck, the dark black glyph tattoos peeking out of the collar of the tank top she was wearing. Lena found herself once again wondering what they meant and why Kara had gotten them. Her thoughts and attention only distracted when she noticed one of Kara’s hands hovering over hers.
“No, you’re right,” Kara admitted. “And I know I’m selfish. I like being selfish now.”

Lena hesitated before a tired smile played at her lips, and she reached up to entertain her fingers with Kara’s.

“That’s ok,” she replied, nudging her shoulder into Kara’s. “I am too.”

Kara twisted her head and reached her other hand up to cup Lena’s cheek, her thumb stroking her skin gently enough to make Lena want to lean into it for further pressure.

“No,” Kara whispered. “You’re good and kind and so so smart.”

Her blue eyes traced over Lena’s face, and even amidst the profound exhaustion, Lena could see for the first time that there wasn’t a single trace of anger there.

The corner of Kara’s mouth titled upwards.

“And I love everything about you, even when I hate you,” she continued. “I love that you secretly have a huge heart and it’s just filled with kindness and humility.”

Lena could feel heat flooding her cheeks at Kara’s sincerity.

“And blood.”

Kara snorted, her smile growing.

“I’m sure there’s blood,” she continued before her tone turned serious once more. “I don’t know; I just think that you’re a really nice person and I love spending time with you.”

Lena watched her silently, trying to process Kara’s words and compare it to the rest of the steadily growing file in her mind that hosted every single time Kara had told her that she loved her in the past.
few days.

Kara’s head tilted, her smile growing.

“You know what I love?” She bemused. “I love that you just do everything for everyone else and you never expect anything back. When I say thank you, I don’t know, do you hear that or not?”

Kara’s compliments battled with Lena’s twisted sense of self-loathing, but something about her tone just made Lena want to believe her.

“You’re the only person that I’ve ever felt like I could have a future with,” Kara continued softly. “And deep down, I just trust you more than anything in the world.”

Kara let out a laugh as if baffled by her own words.

"And you now know ever secret about me;” she said with a shrug.

Lena couldn’t help but smile at that. A few days ago, nothing would have irked her more that glibness over Kara lying to her about being Supergirl, but slowly it was fading away to less and less critical. Only something to be brought up when trying to score a point rather than admitting that it wasn’t nearly as pressing than the rest of the mess they had been landed in.

Kara looked gazed by her reaction, her thumb shifting to now trace over Lena’s lips in what was now becoming a familiar gesture.

“I love your smile; it’s magic,” she continued gently. “When I was flying about the city, or working all I could think of was how long it had been since I had seen that smile, and how long it would be until I saw it again. It just… restarts my heart that smile.”

In another time, in another place, Lena would have kissed Kara then and there. But that was a childlike daydream, better suited to her imagination when everything was less complicated.

Although, when Lena considered it, things had always been complicated between them and probably always would be.
Lena let her head drop against Kara’s shoulder instead, resting it there.

“I can’t tell you what you want to hear,” she whispered.

The word love shifted and twisted in her mind, but she just couldn’t. Her heart just couldn’t drop that final wall. Fortunately, Kara didn’t seem to care, just pinching her chin between her forefingers so Lena could look back up into her smiling face.

“It’s ok,” she replied easily. “And I am really sorry that I’m so out of control, and for how I’ve been behaving.”

Kara stood to her feet, a slight wince on her face. Once she was standing above Lena once more, she halted briefly before leaning forward and pressing a soft kiss against Lena’s forehead.

Lena felt her heart skip a beat at the affection, compounded by the fact that she knew that Kara well knew the reaction her body had just at the sight of her. Once the blonde stood straight once more, she continued to smile.

“It’s just the moment it feels like you’re the only person on my side in this whole world… and I just need you to know that.”

Kara moved to leave, and Lena suddenly felt a stab of panic, and for reasons she couldn’t quite comprehend, she reached out to grab Kara’s hand. The blonde looked down at her with a raised eyebrow and Lena hesitated, before deciding just to admit the words sitting on her tongue.

“This is ridiculously selfish of me, but I just want to…”

Kara waited patiently while Lena struggled to release the rest of the words. Finally, the brunette just shrugged and smiled.

“We’ve spent the past year not talking to each other and with everything going on… I just don’t want to be apart from you tonight. It feels like I haven’t been able to sleep for a year properly either knowing that things between us have been so…”
Kara just stared at her as her words trailed off, and for a few panicked seconds, Lena thought she might turn her offer down. But instead, without a single word, Kara shifted around to the other side of the bed with a slight gust of wind, pulling back the sheets and eyeing Lena for permission.

Lena swallowed, before nodding and folding herself back in under the sheets herself. Kara slipped in beside her, and they both just lay. The sound of Lena’s rapidly beating heart was threatening to overtake every single other thought in her mind as she became hyper-aware of the fact that she had actually asked Kara to sleep next to her.

A few more silent minutes passed, neither of them falling asleep before Lena nearly jumped out of her skin at the touch of Kara’s hot fingers against her shoulder. Almost as if it were rehearsed, Lena shifted to her side, curling into a slight ball as Kara folded around her like they were made for each other, spooning her softly while her breath played with the stray hair on the side of Lena’s neck.

Lena began to feel her breath even out, even as her chest began to flood with emotion at the comfort the action was bringing her. And the sheer nearness of Kara’s skin on hers that she had been longing for since nearly the minute they had first met. Everything between them had just seemed to have gone disastrously wrong since that point, but the darkest part of Lena’s heart couldn’t help but scrabble and hoard the desperate joy at being wanted that Kara holding her inspired.

Nearly her entire life, Lena had felt alone on her path. Before Kara had been the shining beacon that had shown her the way through the dense fog, but now it was as if she finally had a partner to walk with her on her darkened and bloodied path.

As if sensing her thoughts, Kara pressed a soft kiss against the back of her neck.

“I’ll never leave you, Lena.”

Lena closed her eyes at the words, a tear running down her cheek.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! It was a whopper to write, but I hope y'all get why I split it in half.

If you enjoyed, please comment! I love to read them and they keep me going through the dark times that are uni assignments :)}
That or kudos, subscribe, follow me on Tumblr @assumingminds19

You can always chat with me there if you like! I'm up for conversation :D
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Another two-parter here folks. Next chapter should be out tomorrow. I’ve been having a crazy time of it and checking the last few months, it's really been intense with illness, injury and general nonsense.

Anywho, here is the playlist to listen too while reading this fic if that's your thing :)

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dancing in the flickering firelight, deep dark shadows cast over her entire body she could feel herself fading into it. Her boot crunched down further and further into delicate human skin, bone and blood. The red liquid was spilling out and pouring onto the floor. Alex letting out a final choked breath before succumbing to her death by Kara’s hand. She could feel her eyes burning red, enough to itch and make her want to scream. Rip them out of her head instead of bearing their unleashed power for one second longer. Everything hurt, and she was fuelled by a fury that was consuming her entire soul.

Anger, hatred… Kara couldn’t remember anything else except a need to burn everything to ashes and laugh over its ruins. Her eyes shifted then, locking onto the remaining live figure, standing against the wall and staring at her like the monster she was. Kara let her foot fall off her dead sister's chest, stepping through the bones of all the dead until she could pin Lena against the wall.

The other woman unable to even scream as Kara reached her hand up, wrapped it around her pale throat and squeezed the life from her.

With a sudden choked gasp, her heart pounding in her chest and feeling like she was drowning. Her eyes flew open in her panic, even as she lay frozen to the bed. It was only the soft and paced thrum of the heart beside her that slowly started to relax her tight muscles. The nightmare contoured to linger sharply in her mind, and Kara resisted the sudden urge to vomit. The sickness she felt from yesterday still sitting and swirling in her stomach, even if it was far less pronounced. Tilting her head, she took in Lena’s sleeping face, the sharp lines of stress and worry that had sat starkly for the past few days smoothed out completely. She was curled in by her side, half laying over Kara’s chest and the blonde wondered how she hadn’t woken up, even though most of her was grateful she hadn’t.

She didn’t want to explain the nightmare and it’s contents to anyone, let alone Lena.
what she doesn’t know… won’t hurt her.

Kara’s sharp breaths began to slow, even though she disagreed with Poison’s weak voice and logic.

“That’s what got us into this mess in the first place,” she whispered as silently as possible. Hesitating when Lena seemed to stir at her quiet words.

Staring down at her now, the rolling of her stomach increased along with a wave of regret, she wished she didn’t have. Kara knew she shouldn’t have stayed last night, and Poison was retreating so far back and finally giving her room allowed time for her anxiety to rise. She was unused to the feeling she could barely remember, but hearing Lena’s deep breaths against her brought it rushing back. Along with every justification she had ever held close to her heart, demanding distance from her when things were more comfortable. Keeping her lives separate, when Lena would smile at her with trust in her eyes. When everything hadn’t happened, and everything hadn’t gone so wrong. The circumstances of their lives had reached a pitiful point, even if she should be grateful that they were safe.

At least for the moment.

She tried not to let the images from the dream infect her mind now, but it was in vain. Looking down at Lena all she could feel was wariness, stupidity, anger and deep cavernous guilt that she was entirely exhausted of feeling.

Closing her eyes, struggling to fight the slow tears that had started to sleep down her cheek, as quietly and gently as she could, Kara pushed Lena off of her and rolled her onto her side. Once she was sure that Lena hadn’t woken up, she slipped out from under the sheets quietly and left the room, closing the door behind her after one final long look at Lena’s sleeping figure.

Still feeling ill, the hunger in her demanded something to eat anyway. Rubbing her hand down her face and cursing the fluorescent lamps lighting the hallway in this underground hell, she made her way to the ostentatious dining room, complete with a handcrafted fireplace and 16th centaur antique chairs. Opening the door, Kara rocked to a halt at the sight of Alex hunched over the table and picking at the plate in front of her with a scowl.

The petty part of her, though she realised it wasn’t so trivial compared to all the wounds that had been inflicted on her, wanted to turn on her heel and walk away. Unwilling to talk to the other woman one on one. Images of the arrest, being strapped down and injected with Kryptonite and the
burning scrutiny that Alex had placed her under raised the hairs on her arms along with her anger. But the image of Alex murdered on the ground fought it, making Kara feel sickened that the dark part of her brain might believe that such action was justified against the sister she had grown up with.

The choice to run or stay was made for her when Alex looked up from her plate, staring at her with dark circles under her eyes and lines of exhaustion on her face that had aged her a decade. Kara wondered if Alex had managed any sleep last night at all, but if she knew her at all, the answer would be no. She had probably spent the night instead, triple checking security and news outlets to see if anyone had so much of a hint of where they had fled too.

And maybe she had also been kept awake by other things.

Kara let the door close behind her, walking in slowly and pulling out the large chair opposite Alex to sit in. Her sister stared at her with foggy eyes, before glancing down at her untouched plate of rehydrated eggs and shoved it towards Kara alongside her cutlery. Kara took it with a slight surprise, an edge of justified suspicion and hunger. The hunger eventually winning out as she began to take slower bites, then she would have wished.

Her fork scraping along the ceramic, the sound screaming in Kara’s sensitive ears, Alex began to speak.

“Can’t sleep?”

Kara shook her head, taking another small bite and not looking up from her plate.

“Yeah,” Alex breathed out. "Me neither….”

Kara mulled it over, contemplating throwing the words back into Alex’s face before she realised that she was tired of fighting with the other woman. The tension that had existed between them for a year, one that Kara didn’t believe would ever entirely leave, made her exhausted. Putting her fork down deliberately, casting one final look of longing towards the half eaten eggs, Kara’s eyes turned up to look at Alex.

“Why?” She asked warily. “Something playing on your mind?”

Alex looked to her left, crossed her arms and rubbed her arms like she was cold.
“Yes,” she answered blankly. “And it feels so stupid compared to the situation we’re in right now.”

Kara felt slightly bitter, wondering at all the things she had to complain about.

“I know it couldn’t have been easy… walking away… fleeing,” she muttered reluctantly. “From the DEO like that. The place that you first really felt like yourself.”

*the place you first felt like yourself, you mean before that was stolen from you alongside everything else.*

Poison’s soft and exhausted whisper sounded out, the venom of the words almost totally drained as if she were struggling to speak from the end of a long tunnel. Kara frowned at them anyway, wishing that this was something that they could disagree on.

But it wasn’t.

“None of that matters compared to you being in danger.”

Kara whirled away from her thoughts, looking up at Alex’s words with a disbelieving expression.

“That never seemed to factor in for the past year,” she spat.

Alex tensed as if the words had hit a sore spot. Before she stretched backwards, taking a few long seconds in silence before she spoke once more.

“I’m sorry,” she said and deeply, looking back into Kara’s hard gaze without any walls in her eyes. “I know that’s not enough for everything between us now… I don’t even know why you’re talking to me right now, to be honest.”

For the sake of everything you did right by me, Kara wanted to answer. But there was so much that had gone wrong too. Outside of the heat of prison and the ticking bomb of Kara needing Alex’s immediate help to escape, she wasn’t sure that she wanted to forgive her. Just because she was sick
of the hatred, most of which she realised she was harbouring alongside a deep need to play peacemaker, didn’t mean she was ready to forgive.

*why should you... why should you forgive anything that they did to us... all of them....*

Kara shifted, uncomfortable and wondering why she was here at all. All it would take to be free was to, quite literally, fly away. Far away to hole up in a cave somewhere. Living the ‘fuck it’ life and finally getting a bit of quiet.

But that reality could never exist... not now. She had more than just her heart invested in these people, in her family. Because without them, Kara knew that she might not make it a week.

“The way I see it, I attract stray cats,” Kara finally replied blandly. “Saviour complex, maybe.”

Alex nodded, but Kara knew that her sister was far too intelligent to disregard the things that she hadn’t said.

“Maybe indeed,” Alex replied instead.

Kara waited a few seconds, wondering if she shouldn’t just walk away. But there were memories. Memories of them together, growing up as sisters and then fighting side by side and while Kara could imagine a reality where she had never known her sister, a part of her heart was wrapped around all that Alex was and how she had impacted Kara’s destiny.

“Why *are* you here?” Kara asked. “I can’t be the only reason.”

Alex leaned forward, propping her head up with her hand and let out a heavy, tired, breath.

“I’ll be honest with you; I don’t trust Poison...” Still hiding her face, she replied. “But I don’t trust what’s happening with this rise in Xenophobia.”

Kara watched as her free hand clenched, her knuckles turning white.
“I don’t trust the government,” she spat out bitterly, surprising Kara with her resentment. “I don’t trust the fact that I have less and less autonomy over what happens in what used to be the department under my purview. I don’t trust a lot of things these days, and I figured instead of feeling sorry for myself, I should trust in someone I do believe in.”

Alex let her hand drop and stared at Kara, her eyes a painful and startling red.

“Or… the person that I should have all along.”

Kara felt a single, unhelpful, thread of her heart reach across the divide between them.

“Who?” Too tired to stop its path.

Alex gave her a weak smile.

“You, of course,” she answered. “You’ve done nothing but good for me and even though I was afraid of losing you to that murderous luna—“

Poison ruffled, it was low and painless, but it was still there.

“Alex… don’t,” Kara cut in.

Alex paused, before continuing her words.

“I was more afraid of losing you…. I am more afraid of losing you.”

Kara stared at her, still unable to fill that cavity… the deep hollow in her with Alex’s words. No matter how much she meant them. Even though logically, she could understand, her heart and her head were two different things. Alex seemed to understand that, reading it on her face probably as she sat back slightly in her chair.

“And maybe here,” she whispered, looking down and tracing a thumbnail over the table. “I can do some real good. And give you some backup, if you want it. This time, I’m following your lead.”
Kara paused at her words and took a few deep and slow breaths trying to reach inside of her mind and decided to brush against Poison. But she withdrew from Kara’s touch as if she was in pain. In pain the same way that Kara felt ill. Kara wondered at the feeling of finally getting free reign in her head, but even as she felt somewhat at equilibrium for the first time in a year… she also felt lonely. Looking up at her sister now, Kara found herself aching for some connection.

A lost connection.

“I knew… well, I thought I knew what I wanted before I let her into my head,” Kara whispered, almost involuntarily. “I know I told you to make sure that I didn’t get… swallowed by everything that she is. But it was horrible existing in the world that I did.”

A flood of everything that she had been holding back, or rather what the presence of Poison had overwhelmed her. Sadness most of all.

“And I felt like you didn’t see it,” she whispered painfully, tears stinging her eyes. “I would have rather died anyway than continue to live in that half life anymore… and you didn’t see it.”

You didn’t see me anymore, the only thought that echoed around her mind. You just saw what you wanted to see. Who you thought I was.

And what you thought I had turned into.

“I weighed the factors in my head,” Alex answered, equally as quiet. “I weighed the safety of the people that you had charged me with against the unknown of what you might be and… I weighed it wrong. I know that now.”

Kara wasn’t inclined for apologies, not today. But she filed it away, far back along with Poison. Figuring that maybe if she just left it with time, perhaps it could seep into her brain and actions along with everything else. And yet, Alex continued to look at her with that broken and despondent look that the very heart of who Kara was couldn’t turn away.

"And I don’t want you to forgive me,” Alex whispered hoarsely. “I don’t forgive me for it, but just know I’m not going anywhere as long as you don’t want me too.”
With that, Alex pushed back her chair and stood to her feet, and with one long final lingering stare, she moved to walk away. Suddenly, blindingly, a white-hot rage, filled every part of Kara’s body. Poison’s consciousness exploded out and invaded every corner of her mind, seizing every ounce of control so fast it almost fried every nerve ending in her body. She convulsed for a second before she was flung to the side violently.

“You don’t get to leave,” Poison’s voice dripped from her mouth, standing to their feet while the skin on their forearms cracked with jagged lines of burning charcoal. “I tell you when you can leave. *I’m* in control.”

Alex stood rooted to the spot, something akin to horror in her eyes. They stared at each other, heated and hateful before Alex’s fear fell away in search of acceptance and sorrow.

Sitting back down in her chair slowly, Alex’s fingers twitched as if she was fighting with her very nature.

“Ok… Kara.”

Their whole body shuddered at the words, and Poison rolled back as if she had been brutally stung by the words. Retreating from the light and allowing Kara to regain control with a gasp. Half slumping against the table and taking in bracing breaths, and she saw out of the corner of her eye, Alex moving to reach for her. Halfway across the table before she stopped, hesitated and drew back.

Kara felt her lungs burn, her energy sapped and felt as if every muscle in her body and been pulled and torn. Taking a few sharp breaths, stretched across a minute, Kara finally sank back into her chair exhaustedly. Her eyes drifted back up to Alex, taking in her twitching features.

Kara knew her sister well enough that it must have taken Alex every fibre of her being to sit back down.

“Maybe I am too forgiving,” Kara choked out. “Poison certainly thinks so.”

At her name, Poison let out an empty sigh.

*I think you’re an idiot the majority of the time.*
Kara closed her eyes, trying to regain some of her strength.

“But I don’t trust you either,” Kara admitted. “And a part of me wants to run now… as far away as I possibly can.”

A ripple through her mind, like a pebble that had been dropped in a pond, affected her. Made her soften in her seat.

“But… I also realise that until I understand fully what I’m becoming… and what I want to do… there’s safety in numbers,” she admitted.

Reluctantly.

“And between you, Lena and J’onn maybe we’ve got a chance to catch our breath here,” Kara breathed before the smallest of smiles crossed her face. “Still, I can’t believe it’s only been a few days since I slept with some random girl and was high out of my mind.”

The smile died on her lips when she realised that Alex didn’t agree with her dark humour. Instead, she stared at her with enough pity to make Kara want to sink back into herself and her bad memories.

And regrets.

“Kara-“

“I wanted to be a scientist, back on Krypton,” Kara cut in gently. “Then when I got here, I wanted to be a hero.”

Kara looked down at her fingers, at her nails that had been chewed back in anxiety down to the near roots. Despite regaining her powers and her health, the marks etched into her skin remained.

“And then, I didn’t want anything….“ Kara rubbed her thumb over the nail bed of her index finger. “I used to be a person. I wish I could be that person again. But it’s been so long I don’t think I can.
And I know that you still want to fix things, fix me... and I wish I could give you that. But you and my old life, it’s... just too painful.”

Alex took in the words without expression, the pity dropping away from her eyes and leaving nothing but understanding. It was an unusual thing to see once more in Alex’s eyes. Kara had grown so used to the distance and suspicion that her sister had helped her in for the past year it made her wonder if there had ever been a time when Alex had ever really understood her.

Almost as if she could hear her thoughts, Alex stretched her hand out across the table and left it lingering palm up. A gesture of surrender maybe, or maybe a gesture of acceptance. Kara had trouble believing in anybody these days.

“I refuse to tell you who you are anymore,” Alex whispered sincerely. “You don’t have to change a single thing about yourself if you don’t want to. Whoever you are now… you’re still my sister in my heart. That’s all I care about.”

Kara looked up from the palm and into her sister’s eyes, trying to read anything beyond her open expression and wondering if there was still some malignant intent in her mind, things and schemes that wished her ill. So, instead of taking the hand like she desperately wanted too, Kara drew a haggard breath and leaned backwards.

“For now,” she answered with a frown. “Can we agree to exist in the same space without… “

It lingered, and Poison finished the thought.

*without killing each other.*

Alex seemed slightly disappointed but withdrew her hand all the same.

“Yeah, of course.”

They sat in silence, awkward silence for Kara at least. It freakily reminded her of the way both her an Alex had cautiously, on occasion venomously, interacted with each other after Kara had first arrived on Earth. Staring at each other’s back as if one of them might suddenly fly off in a rage of weird Alien behaviour.
And Alex had been very alien for Kara.

Despite everything, Kara felt her old need to fill the silence with something akin to word vomit.

“So, what exactly is going on with you and Sam?”

Wincing as soon as she said it, Kara also had to endure to snort the emanated deep inside her brain from Poison. Alex, on the other hand, merely gave her an amused look.

“What’s going on with you and Lena?” She returned.

There was a dark chuckle from Poison until Kara kicked her viciously back to the corner that she had dragged herself out from to mock her.

“Fair enough,” Kara acknowledged, her thoughts churning like a windmill as she tried to keep the lid on the over boiling pot that was…

Lena…

The longing, even though Poison tried to submerge it along with herself, leaked out of the breathy word, and Kara felt a sharp pinch of a headache grow in her mind. Everything that was Lena had been churned over and over again in her head, analysed more times then she had minutes in a day, and yet she still felt as confused as she ever had. Trying to distinguish what she actually could to Lena, what she wanted to do to her. A single determined vein was that she wished to her with a burning passion that it threatened to consume everything that she was, mixed with an equally cold fire of hatred and revenge that was the fundamental hallmark of Poison’s personality. Then mixed between them, in that strange and growing third region that was both of them was a new person who both longed for her, loathed her, needed her and above all, feared everything that Lena could do to her.

Images of her nightmare added to the acidity choking at the back of her throat, imagining herself killing Lena made her want to fall to pieces. Kara wondered how much or herself that wasn’t Poison wished for that.
Kara wondered if she would ever want the answer to that question.

“I don’t know,” she answered suddenly, needing to get the words out of herself before that ripped apart everything she had clung too that defined who she was. “It’s just… its feels all too fast and slow all at once.”

She waved a hand near her head.

“Maybe because all this has happened, with Poison and the emotions and the bombs and the new powers…. There’s still so much that we haven’t said… Lingering resentment.”

Kara reached up, threading her fingers through her short hair until she could trace almost on memory where the tattoo on her neck was inked into her skin.

“Like something is broken between you,” Alex answered, drawing Kara’s attention.

Watching Alex’s troubled face, saddened and tired with stormy eyes, Kara felt another thread grow between them. At least she wasn’t the only one perpetually miserable at this table.

“Yeah…” She breathed out lightly.

Before she could reveal in the calmer feeling, Poison hissed once more with a wave of rolling annoyance.

*This is why you should just fucking sleep with her and get it out of your system.*

Kara scowled her good mood vanishing.

“Cause that’s not going to cause it to become even more complicated,” she spat out, keenly aware that Alex was now staring at her with raised eyebrows.

Poison gave the mental equivalent of a shrug.
she’s got issues with you… you’ve got problems with her… at least you’ll both be getting laid. or instead, at least I will.

Kara face flushed to the roots of her hair at the barrage of explicit images Poison bombarded her with alongside her words. A smugness grew from Poison at her reaction.

*hate sex works too.*

Kara slammed her hand down on the table, a thin crack splitting the wood.

“Do you ever fucking shut up?!” She shouted out, the loud sound echoing through the room.

Surprisingly… shockingly, Alex let out a snort that drew Kara’s gaze once more.

Giving her a half smile, Alex tilted her head.

“You want me to tell her to?” She drawled, teasing.

Poison was stung by the words, which Kara had little doubt, was Alex’s intention.

*fucking try it one time, and i’ll rip your arms off and shove them up your-

Before she could take control and leap across the table, Kara slammed the lid down and pressed her back with all her strength. Alex watched her struggle, no doubt the contortion of her face, before Kara took in a deep breath and relaxed back into her seat.

“No… that will make things much worse,” she answered hoarsely, pained as Poison screamed behind the wall that Kara had thrown up blocking her. “I don’t think either of you should be talking to each other just quite yet.”

Alex took her in for a few quiet seconds, before nodding.
“Reasonable,” she answered, before pushing back her chair and standing to her feet.

Hovering for a moment, unsure of herself, Alex waved her hand vaguely in the air.

“Well… I’ll go find something to do.”

Kara felt a lurch in her chest, her heart moving for something, and she stood to her feet as well. Before she had even straightened her spine, a dizzying sound rush clouded her mind, and she stumbled. Only stopping herself from falling by bringing herself against the table.

“Are you ok?” Alex shifted with fear in her eyes, ready to jump across the table.

A sharp ringing sounded in Kara’s ears, growing louder and louder and she shook her head like a waterlogged dog. Feeling unbalanced, she still managed to push herself back and hold herself up on unsteady feet. Waving Alex away, the deep hunger echoed out from her bones once more.

“Yeah,” she replied distractedly, stumbling off and leaving Alex to stare after her with worry. “I just… I need food.”

Making her way into the kitchen, Kara headed straight for the cabinets she had found the tinned food earlier and ripped open a can of picked sardines. Almost bending the metal in her haste to eat, she scooped out the fish with her bare hands and stuffed in her mouth. It was only once she had made it through six tins of sardines, three cans of peas and an equal amount of tinned artichokes that she finally noticed the sound of another beating heart in the kitchen with her. Looking up and to her left, Kara spotted Ruby sitting on the edge of the kitchen counter clutching her bowl of food and staring at her with a mix of disgust and raw amusement.

A silence stretched between them, Kara’s muscles now locked into place, which was only broken when a stray pea sitting at the corner of her mouth fell to the floor and rolled away.

Ruby blinked at the sight before taken a large spoonful of what smelled like porridge and eating it. Eyeing Kara the entire time, she chewed slowly grinning the whole time.
“Morning,” she drawled, stretching the syllables enough for Kara to know she was poking fun at her.

A ruffled memory, buried deep down and unknown to Kara lit up in her mind like an old and stained film. It was through her eyes, staring down at Ruby who couldn’t be more than six years old. Making pancakes together and laughing. Both of them covered in flour.

An ache, full of longing and want filled her and Kara had to fight to hold back tears. It wasn’t her memory that she had seen, but something that had triggered from the now quiet Poison. As if it were on standby, waiting to play on the sight of the teenager.

Kara reached out a thread to touch Poison’s mind, letting down the wall she had thrown up but all she got, in turn, was another slightly spiky wall thrown up by her mind’s roommate. But still, Kara had gotten better at reading into the things that Poison didn’t say and the emotions beyond rage, pain and anger that she felt. Chasing the shadow of her retreating thoughts, a lingering sense of loss of family was what she felt, and it made Kara frown and feel sad.

For Poison, and herself.

Letting the final empty tin go onto the pile she had created, Kara wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and crossed her arms and leant against the counter with her hip.

“You wouldn’t know it was morning… no fuc… fudging sunlight in here,” she replied, skipping over the curse word for an unknown need to spare Ruby’s ears.

As if she hadn’t heard worse before.

“I’m surprised your mom is letting you run around by yourself in here,” Kara continued dryly, gesturing to herself. “Crazy maniac on the loose and all.”

Ruby’s grin dropped at those words, her face falling slightly as if the dark gravity of their situation sank into her.

“I didn’t… tell my mom that we… Poison and I talked last night,” she admitted, before looking up at her with a torn expression. “Please don’t tell her.”
Kara didn’t know what to say to that. Trying to contemplate everything the person she was these days, versus the one that Poison was. For the first time since she had chosen to combine the pair of them into one mind, the divide between everything that Poison was and everything that Kara used to seem so much smaller than it should be. And Ruby, sitting there with a naivety of youth that was far too little after all she had seen was too much for the fragile walls of Kara’s psyche to bear. A rush of feelings, memories that she didn’t think she would ever see again, overwhelmed her. Memories of her life growing up on Krypton. Of learning to read in her father’s arms. Singing with her mother as she brushed her hair. Memories of a family that stretched back generations into the past. A name that meant something and was transcribed into the very fibre of who the House of El was on Krypton. Everything that they had suffered, through coups, and wars, and false gods all for the sake of her planet being destroyed and her, Kara Zor-El being the only remaining Kryptonian with living memories of their family inside of her skin. Generation after generation of children that stretched back before even the matrix began, before the House of El also even was the House of El. When time, courage, honour, glory and pride even existed outside of their name. And it all lived on with her, the deep need for some connection to the world. And then there was Poison, who had once been Reign — birthed from the shadowed darkness that was the universe — filled to the brim with anger, hatred, vengeance and bloodlust. All that she had ever known. Until she had experienced the life that was due to a human. A single, familial, connection.

Ruby.

Kara looked down, trying to school everything that she felt and nodded in response.

“I won’t.”

She wanted to say more. Wanted to know if Ruby remembered pancakes, dinners and early morning school runs. If she remembered how scared they had both been, but had known that it was them and her both against the world — only them.

But that wasn’t her. That would never be her, no matter how much Poison wished it so in the deepest depths of herself. Those memories were stolen from someone who was very much here and alive. Someone that Poison’s emergence had ripped apart.

“I can’t take back the damage she did,” Kara whispered, looking up at the words and staring into Ruby’s eyes. “And I’m afraid that… that what she was… still is, to some extent, is what I’ll become too.”

The admittance was too raw. Too much for Kara to bear.
I’m sorry,” she apologised hoarsely. “I shouldn’t be talking to you about this. You were just the first person here that she doesn’t…”

The newness of it. Not trying to fight back feeling of resentment and anger was too complicated for Kara now. She wasn’t used to feeling the gentleness and protectiveness emanating from Poison.

Anger could be so pure compared to love.

“Hate,” Ruby finished for her. “And it’s ok… I don’t mind.”

Kara rubbed at her forehead with a pained expression, letting her fingers trail down the side of her cheek until they crossed her chin. She imagined that if her nails were longer, they could be digging long bloody tracks.

“You should,” she answered, the swell of toxicity inside of herself being held back by a mental barrier that was getting thinner and thinner by the day.

Unable to see everything that she wasn’t saying, Ruby, picked up a packet beside her and held it out for Kara.

“I found pop tarts in the freezer… do you want some?” She asked.

Kara almost laughed at the innocence of the question, wondering that for all people Ruby was the one to treat her normally. And after everything that the girl had witnessed at the hands of Reign.

i’m not… never mind.

Kara let the unusual softness from Poison fill her, and she stepped away from the bench to take the packet.

“Sure.”

Chapter End Notes
Hope you enjoyed! Keep a weather eye on the horizon for part two :) 

If you enjoyed, please comment! I love to read them and they keep me going through the dark times that are everything :) 

That or kudos, subscribe, follow me on Tumblr @assumingminds19 

You can always chat with me there if you like! I'm up for conversation :D
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

So this chapter became so long I had to split it once again! Never fear, more writing is good writing :D

Here's the playlist to listen to for this fic and for your pleasure :D

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara opened the heavy library door with a soft creak, the bottom of the wood hissing over the massive and ostentatious carpet. Kara arched an eyebrow at the huge room, with wall to wall shelves stuffed with books from every era, and she wondered at the clarity of Lex Luthor's mind and his obsession with the Luthor Legacy. Stumbling slighting as her eyes drifted up from the intricate fireplace (wondering where the hell the smoke would go) and noticed the life-sized portrait above it. The entire Luthor family; Lillian, a cold looking man that she recognised from photos as Lionel Luthor, and Lex in his twenties, with a thick head of hair.

But it was a young Lena, barely reaching Lex’s shoulder in height, that made her pause. It was impossible to mistake her, Kara would know that face and her eyes anywhere, but it was the sallow and tired set to her posture that made her frown. Relating it all too similar to the way she had looked during the past few days.

It made her sad, even though it tinged with her anger at Lena.

Kara was getting tired of the chaotic nature of her feelings these days. Looking away from the painting, she followed the steady sound of Lena’s beating heart and blinked in surprise. Lena was on her knees in the middle of the carpet, intently and steadfastly moving around a chaotic pile of papers into some order while Streaky lay purring beside her. Kara scowled at her beast of a cat, who seemed willing to be fond to everyone but her. His squished face and eyes turned to her and gave her what could only be described as a withering look before standing to his feet and trotting out of the room. Kara shook her head at the audacity, before walking forward until she was hovering over Lena shifting papers.

“What are you doing?” She asked, squinting at the strange symbols and numbers she didn’t recognise and wondering if it was some code that only Lena could understand.
Lena didn’t look up from her work, answering distractedly.

“Looking through Lex’s notes on…”

Her words trailed off, and Kara arched an eyebrow when her hand hovered and stopped moving.

“Let me guess,” Kara replied sardonically. “Kryptonite?”

She could hear Lena’s heart stutter in her chest, and Kara’s suspicions were confirmed, adding another injection to her barely lidded temper. The paranoia that had been dogging at her for almost a year sprang up once more too and Kara suddenly and violently had to surprise the instinct to run as far away as she possibly could.

*we can’t trust any of them… they’re not even trying to hide it now….*

“It’s all scattered though,” Lena’s voice pierced Kara’s thoughts and she made an effort to shrug away the weak injection the words had caused. Lena’s voice almost enough already to break through the fear. “Not that he kept anything hand-written in the same place or made copies. It’s more like pieces to the puzzle. I’m trying to figure out if any of his research, or the synthetics he had planned, match with my own.”

Kara felt her fingers twitch.

“What?” She growled out.

*fucking why… you already know why.*

Poison’s words rang true. Kara already did know, and she felt her heart sink in her stomach.

Lena paused, still staring down, before rocking back and standing to her feet. Kara’s anger stretched, but a darker heat also settled in her chest as she glanced over what Lena was wearing. A crisp white linen shirt that was far too big for her, making Kara wonder where she had found it, with a trail of opened buttons dipping nowhere near far enough for her taste. Her mouth dried at the momentary distraction, before looking back upwards into Lena’s hard eyes and let her anger return quickly.
“We need to have a fallback plan in place,” Lena said flatly, unapologetic.

Kara’s hurt, and suspicion grew. An image flashed of Poison gleefully throwing coal onto the blazing inferno of her rage, but it vanished just as quickly.

“More contingency plans!” Kara shouted. “To kill me in case I go mad!?”

Lena didn’t seem overly phased by her ire, but her jaw did tighten minutely in a way that Kara knew meant she was growing defensive.

Kara snorted out loud at that, wondering how as usual, Lena had managed to make out that whenever something happened, Kara was always in the wrong and she was still in the right. Throwing up walls left, right and centre and expecting Kara to ride in like a white horse only to be knocked on her arse so that Lena could have the pleasure of reinforcing the belief that it was better to stand alone. And as much as Kara could appreciate the things that had shaped Lena and made her react to the world this way, when it came to discussing continence plans on her life she felt highly justified to want to throw Lena into a cave.

“It’s a precaution we all have to take,” Lena insisted, making Kara hackles rise even further. “Even though you and Poison seem to be working in conjunction right now… things can change. Allegiances shift, I know that better than most.”

The implications of what were to happen if they ceased to work together weren’t implications at all, giving the evidence scattered around them. But Kara’s anger, which was still dangerously close to exploding, sat again for a second near the boiling point at Lena’s words.

And the way she was staring intently and fiercely into Kara’s eyes. It was then that Kara realised that Lena wasn’t really talking to her at all, and instead to Poison. Warning her about what she was capable of doing.

Not that Kara or Poison was likely to forget after the past year.

She stepped forward into Lena’s space, her eyes crackling with her warning and heat. Reaching out a single finger, she ran her short nail down her cheek in a harsh line. The slightest more pressure on her part would cause it to fracture, and Kara blinked in shock at the image in her mind.
She dropped her hand immediately and took a deep breath, trying to contend that feeling in the same swirling, toxic dump she had thrown her nightmare into.

“And you’re here,” she finally whispered, feeling hollow now and looking downwards. “To make sure the line I’m treading doesn’t draw closer to the dark than the light?”

A cold finger pressed underneath her chin, tilting her head up so Lena could eye her with compassionate eyes.

“Darkness isn’t the absence of light, Kara,” she said gently. “It’s the consumption of it.”

Kara felt that hit her hard, absorbing it along with everything else.

“Have I been consumed yet?” She asked, scared of the answer she would be given.

Lena let her finger drop and gave her a genuine, albeit small, smile.

“Not as far as I can tell,” she answered gravelly, her eyes shimmering slightly.

Kara stared down at her, her anger leaving her and pooling into the new middle ground between Poison and her, along with everything else, only leaving her stained with it instead. Pulling Lena close suddenly, until their bodies pressed together, Kara stared down at her with even more desperation and fear then she felt for herself.

“Have you?”

Lena’s smile trembled at that, but she blinked away her tears and shook her head.

“Not as far as I can tell.”

Kara watched her with quiet fixation, tracing her face and catching the single tear that fell from her
eye. Her shoulders relaxed, and she let out a puff of air.

“About this morning-“

Lena pulled away from her embrace at that, looking embarrassed and hurt.

“It’s… Whatever you…”

Kara frowned at the stuttering, still unused to it coming from Lena, but didn’t say anything or interrupt. Lena twisted her head, looking to the papers on the floor and frowning.

"I shouldn’t have asked you to stay in the first place,” she muttered, more to herself than Kara. Pinching the bridge of her nose before raising her hand in explanation. “I was exhausted, even though that shouldn’t be an excuse.”

She took a breath and looked up and into Kara’s eyes.

“I’m sorry.”

Kara blinked surprise, the words she realised she had been desperate to hear in conjunction with something else, rubbing her the wrong way.

“That’s not something I’m overused to hearing from you,” she bit out, crossing her arms and suddenly feeling cold.

Lena looked wary now, her eyes flickering as if she was fighting with herself.

“I only apologise… if I’ve done something wrong.”

Kara’s angry flooded back so fast, it was like a pipe had burst.
“And you don’t think there’s anything else to me apologise for?” She hissed out, the implications and memories of all the pain she’d had to endure. Not just from the SynKryp flooding through her veins, and all the side effects from it. But the foggy corruption of her mind, the drinking, the drugs and spending some of her more desperate nights fighting in illegal underground brawls that had left a litany of scars across her body.

Lena stared at her, eyes still troubled. Nearly half a minute passes in a quiet stalemate before Lena swallowed and stiffened her spine.

“Is there?”

Kara recoiled at the words, feeling a cold chill grip her heart.

“You know, I think I’m going to go…” The words felt like acid on her lips. “While you plot away on how to kill me.”

She turned away.

“Kara-“ Lena called after her.

Kara turned her head back with a snap, feeling the illness in her heart and Poison’s smugness in the back of her mind.

“You know… I’m exhausted, too,” she answered hollowly. “I think I need to clear my head a little.”

But for some reason, she couldn’t find it within herself to leave.

“Do you want me to apologise?”

Kara snarled, reaching out suddenly to grip Lena’s elbow as if the shake it from her lips. But the second she touched her, the fury left her fingers. Kara just stared at her, hard and discerning, but for the life of her, she couldn’t understand the neutrality of Lena’s words. For as long as she had known her, Lena had an inexplicable and trained ability to school her emotions behind harsh and jagged walls, walls that nearly dared people to penetrate all so she could lash them away with a thousand
cuts to their souls. But no matter how angry Kara was and Lena, or Lena at her… despite the betrayal and the lies and the secrets and the sadness, Kara would never get used to the feeling.

Dropping her hand from Lena’s elbow, she took a step back. Trying not to let all of it, every inch of it, finally swallow her alive.

“I shouldn’t have to ask you,” her voice gruff and full of pain.

Lena’s face seemed to crack under the enormity of it all too, her lip trembling and her eyes darting every which way as if she was at sudden war with herself.

“I can’t,” Lena broke out, the words almost bursting out of her.

Kara felt it then, acceptance.

“Then, there’s nothing to say.”

Trying to hide the crack in her heart, the fear of having to request yet another thing that Lena refused to offer up on her own. Alongside the implications that Lena truly didn’t feel like what she did was wrong. Kara gave Lena one final long lingering look, before turning to walk away.

Every step she took, refusing to look back, made a little bit of her heart die. But she wouldn’t stop. Nothing could make her stop now.

“I can’t because what I did was unforgivable!”

Her foot almost caught on the carpet as she shuddered to a total halt. Still unable to turn, she processed the broken and tearful words. They made her want to cry herself, feeling like the enormity of everything they had done to each other and for each other crashed over her like a giant, terrible wave. Her fingers began to shake, the sick feeling rising in her stomach once again, and she resisted the urge to groan. But she shook her head, the dizziness and churned stomach dissipating at the gesture and focused her ears instead on listening intently as Lena took another long breath and continued to speak.
“I was… I am… still lost.” Her words husked out. “In anger, at you and now myself.”

Kara closed her eyes, understanding that feeling all too well.

“And I was trying to help you,” Lena stepped toward her, soft feet treading on the carpet. “But not the way I should have. If I had done better, worked harder, maybe we wouldn’t be here now.”

There was another step, and another until Kara could feel Lena’s presence a foot away and her eyes on Kara’s back.

“I wasn’t responsible for the rules you had to live under,” Lena explained weakly.

Guiltily.

"I just worked… clinically,” her voice pained. “Trying to divorce myself as much as possible and at the same time easing my guilt for refusing to console with you when you were going through so much.”

Kara felt Lena’s hand reach out, almost hearing the atoms moving through the air before she touched to back of Kara’s neck lightly. Tracing over the tattoo peeking out of the collar of her shirt.

“Pain that my attempts to cure,” she husked. “Only made worse.”

Lena paused, as if waiting for Kara to recoil from her touch, but the blonde couldn’t. Letting her mind run the words that Lena had spoken over and over again in her mind — trying to understand everything that she had gone through, alone while Lena flitted in and out of her life like a ghost only to keep her limping along until the next disaster in her life.

Her mind battled with the idea of still walking away, but Lena’s hand shifted. Kara could feel her press her front to her back, enveloping her in soft warmth and wrapping her arms around her waist and hugging her tightly.

“I’m not good enough for you, and I am a hypocrite,” Lena cried softly between her shoulder blades. “Because I’m going to ask you to do something for me that I’ve struggled my whole life to do
myself.”

Kara didn’t move, didn’t speak, didn’t blink.

Lena shuddered.

“Forgive me.”

The broken pipe of Kara’s anger was nothing compared to the dam that flooded her mind now. Deep within parts of her old self that she had long forgotten. Primal and loving and positively reeking of everything she had once stood for as Supergirl. The emotion overcame her, and she realised that even though she could be the biggest fool in all the world, she could never stop herself from being a fool in love.

And even though the trust would take time to build and the scars would take time to fade, she could never find herself not to forgive Lena if she asked for it.

Reaching up, she intertwined her fingers with Lena’s over her stomach, giving them a soft squeeze of reassurance. Even though she hadn’t said a word, the gesture caused Lena to let out a relieved sob.

“I didn’t reach out either.. not to you,” Kara husked out. “I didn’t think you wanted to have anything to do with me anymore.”

Lena pressed closer, her tears staining Kara’s shirt now.

Kara took a deep breath, clinging onto Lena’s hands, and grimaced in pain.

“I think I avoided it… because as long as we never formally cut ties between each other, I could still cling onto the thin hope of what might have existed between us.”

Poison stirred at that, rasping along to edges of her mind and the ripples of memories filled her. Hunched over in alleys, vomiting the contents of her stomach too many nights to count. Left with a concussion after a fight with a man twice her weight, and a bleeding head wound that wouldn’t stop.
The night she’d gone home with a stringy guy only to wake up before him and steal all the money from his wallet. Injecting herself and swallowing pills all while burning fire ran under her skin, and the goddamn bruised rash inched up her arm.

“That year was…. I can’t even describe it,” she rasped, tearing now herself. “And I didn’t have anybody. Not one person left that I thought was really on my side unless they just wanted to make sure I didn’t become a monster.”

Poison bristled at that, but Kara felt a wave of comfort echo from her all the same. But it wasn’t enough to stop her hunching slightly and tears to fall from her eyes.

“You were my best friend,” she choked out. “I thought… I guess I thought I meant more to you than that.”

Lena held her tighter, her arms shaking slightly.

“You do, Kara!” She exclaimed. “Of course you do.”

Kara turned sharply in her arms, so she could look down at her with the hot tears falling from her eyes.

“I feel like you’re still only here out of necessity,” she continued, her fear, hopes and dreams injected into every word. “For whatever necessity, I don’t know.”

She shook her head, Lena still staring up at her with tears in her eyes too.

“But I’m not a science project,” Kara insisted emotively, her hand shaking violently now. “And I don’t need to be kept under lock and key. And I… don’t want to be emotional… validation post anymore. It’s not… it makes me uncomfortable now.”

Lena tears dried on her face, and some strength filled her face, her shoulders braced once more, and she reached out to cup Kara’s face with both her hands.

If it were physically possible, Kara could swear her heart trembled and shuddered with relief and pain all at once.

“It just… it still hurts,” she groaned, feeling the pain quite literally in her bones. “Deep in my heart, and it’s like my mind has been scarred.”

She reached up a hand to gesture to the side of her head, wincing as she did so.

“Jagged edges cut away choppily, and new bits stuck on really, really badly. But what was left is…”

Kara let out the death inside of her, rotting her down to the roots of her soul, and she stared intensely into Lena’s eyes.

“You know that I don’t want to love you, don’t you?” She growled out. “It’s self-destructive and will probably end up breaking me more than I already am-“

Lena let her hands drop, creating a slight distance between them.

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m manipulating you,” Lena answered, anguished. “I don’t want to… I know that…."

The words fell away, and Kara wondered at what had scarred Lena’s heart so badly, she had become so fearful of saying it back. Kara reached up slowly, her hands hovering over the crisp white sleeves. Watching Lena’s eyes the whole time, she carefully ran them down and felt the warmth of Lena’s skin through the thin shirt. Running her fingers upwards gently, she traced across Lena’s shoulders and only paused when she was inches from her neck.

A flash of the horrible nightmare from the night before shook her, imagining herself, killing Lena making her stomach churn. Taking a deep breath, she continued her path, watching as Lena’s skin shivered under her touch and her eyes shuddered closed until finally, Kara was cupping her face in her hand and softly caressing her sharp cheekbones with her thumbs. Kara took a second to marvel and the contrast in their skin, Lena’s smooth and still so pale. And her’s, golden with an inhuman light and still covered in silvery with scars from the last year.

Scars that covered her body and that she knew would never go away.
“For someone so intelligent,” she whispered out, eyes hungrily devouring Lena’s face as if she had never seen it before. "It’s shocking sometimes how much you struggle to string a sentence together.”

Lena’s anguish fell away at her words, overcome with humour at the moment, she let out a slight, teary laugh.

“Sentences like this, yes,” she returned. “Particle physics is easier.”

Kara smiled back, her fingers twining into Lena’s long hair.

“I’m scared of being lied to, I’ll admit,” she whispered out. “But you won’t be manipulating me if you tell me the truth.”

Lena opened her mouth, but she didn’t say it. Just let out another breath and leaned into Kara’s touch.

“I’m lonely and bitter,” she explained instead. “Bitter beyond belief. I’m the most pessimistic person on the planet. I believe that if you expect the worst, you’re either right or pleasantly surprised.”

Kara took in her words silently, not wanting to interrupt at Lena’s vulnerability.

“I don’t trust people,” Lena continued. “I pull away at the slightest threat of being wounded. Everything’s easier if it’s surface level for me. And when it’s not, I detach as fast as I can.”

Lena blinked rapidly after that, biting her lip hesitantly.

“This isn’t me trying to… well, I hope it’s not me trying to make excuses,” Lena whispered. "I’m just trying to explain why I do everything in my power to fuck up my own life.”

Kara watched as Lena waited, she could see her doing it… Waited for Kara to pull away. To reject her for her honesty. But Kara would never do that. She felt closer to the other woman more than she ever had before. Everything she had guessed about Lena, about the way she felt about herself,
confirmed. And all she could feel was love for a broken girl in her arms, whose only wish was to be accepted totally, but doubted that she ever would.

Kara looked into her eyes and saw herself.

“Before all of this happened,” Kara said with a smile. “I used to fantasise what it would be like to take you out on a date.”

Lena’s fear mixed with confusion in her eyes, then bemusement.

“Though,” Kara admitted with a slight wince. “In that version, you already knew I was Supergirl, so we didn’t have to jump over that hurdle.”

Lena’s arched an eyebrow and Kara delighted secretly.

“Quite a hurdle to delete,” Lena drawled. “But I see your point.”

Kara eased back slightly, her fingers making small circles at the back of Lena’s head.

“I’d pick up for dinner,” Kara continued, painting the picture in her mind out loud. “Well, not pick you up, but you get what I mean.”

Lena snorted, and Kara smiled.

“Yes, I understand Kara.”

Kara flushed lightly, but she refused to roll her eyes and the teasing tone of voice.

“Anyway…” She drawled. “I’d pick you up.”

Lena nodded, waiting for Kara to continue.
“And then..?”

Kara smirked, tugging lightly at Lena’s hair until she laughed.

“Well, it was a bit difficult to come up with something, to be honest with you,” she teased. “We’ve already had hundreds of lunches, dinners, afternoon teas-”

Lena cut in, pretending to ponder.

“It always did seem to revolve around food with you.”

Kara’s smirk widened at the interruption.

“We’ve been to art openings, and museums and the aquarium three times… oh God,” Kara gasped dramatically. “Was that us dating without me realising it?”

Surprisingly, Lena seemed to take her question seriously and flushed lightly. Her heartbeat was picking up.

“…no. I don’t… no.”

Kara squinted at her, confused.

“Ok…. Anyway, since we’ve already done all those things, I wanted our first actual date to be different.’”

Lena regained her composure and swallowed lightly.

“Ok, so what were we going to do?”
Poison, who had remained quiet till then, let out an exhausted groan.

*recite sappy love poems under a tree in a park?*

Kara scowled.

“Shut up, you,” she hissed, letting out a fierce mental lash to whip Poison back to her corner. Once she had, Poison grumbling all the way, she glared her throat and refocused on Lena’s face. The other woman was staring up at her with bemusement, and Kara cleared her throat.

“I was going to take you to that bookstore,” she continued. “You know the second hand one three blocks from CatCo that I told you about? Well, they also do coffee and tea and have the most beautiful macarons that just melt in your mouth-“

*is this necessary?*

Kara tumbled over her own words, realising that this was the first time she had spoken like her old self in over a year. And Lena was staring up at her with such softness, that Kara found herself falling into the simplicity of what was once between them. When Lena could embarrass her with a single head tilt, or turn of her head, and Kara would spend her nights unable to sleep, wondering if it were possible that she could be in love with Lena Luthor.

“Then we could,” she stuttered out. “You know… read.”

Lena’s eyebrow almost hit her hairline, and Kara suddenly realised that what she had said probably implied something far different.

“Read?”

Kara nodded earnestly, deflating slightly.

“Yeah…”
The amusement at Kara’s expense dropped from Lena’s face, trading for kindness and longing. Her eyes zoned out as if she imagined the date herself.

“That sounds… nice, actually,” she breathed out. “By the terrible first date standards I’ve set the bar at, that would be very nice indeed.”

Kara’s courage renewed, she smiled wider.

“It wouldn’t end there, though.”

Lena’s eyes flickered over her face.

“No?”

Kara shook her head, grinning slightly feral.

“I’d take you ice skating,” she insisted with excitement.

Lena was surprised by that, but her smile turned childish and delighted.

“Really?” She squeaked out.

Kara nodded enthusiastically.

“Yeah,” she answered. “I like ice skating. I have to be extra careful, with my speed and balance otherwise I’d go flying across the ice, but it makes me feel more….”

She paused, gathering the right words to explain.

“It made me feel human.”
Lena leaned back into her hand at that, giving her a knowing look.

“I like ice skating,” she whispered. “Over winter break, my family used to-“

“Go to Europe?”

Lena reached up to push at Kara’s shoulder.

“That easy to predict now, am I?”

Kara oversaw her, resolving that the time had come to walk away and gather her thoughts. Feeling emotionally drained.

“I wouldn’t dare presume to try and guess your mind, Lena,” She answered with a lingering look, the smile slipping from her face. “That’s why you’ve got to tell me.”

Kara let the words sit in the air before catching her stuttered breath and letting her hand finally fall. Barely able to turn, Lena reached out and grabbed her arm. Staring down at the hand, Kara followed it to look at Lena’s face and was surprised to recognise an expression on her face that she hadn’t seen in a long time. One filled with the gentlest, soft relief that Kara could ever imagine. A look that Kara had yet to see directed at anyone else for as long as she had known her. There wasn’t an ounce of suspicion or fear. Nothing but kindness and a flicker in her eyes, a question for something more.

There was a slow pause of silence, and if Kara didn’t know better, she would swear that Lena had managed to slow time. Pulling her back towards her, Kara came willingly. And this time, it was Lena’s turn for her eyes to fill with blazing fire and heat, enough for Kara’s heart to quicken. Reaching out, still excruciatingly slow, Lena traced her fingers along Kara’s jaw, almost mimicking the gesture Kara had held her in. Her fingers then threaded in the back of Kara’s short hair, digging in slightly so she could press Kara’s head downwards. There was the slightest hint of hesitation when their lips were a hairsbreadth away, but Kara swore then and there she would remember every second of this electrically charged moment for the rest of her life.

The kiss came suddenly after that, and Kara wasn’t ashamed to say that for the first few seconds, it felt undeniably awkward. As if all the build and the tension between them had been overthought for so long, that the pedestal it had to fall from was far too far. But then, time seemed to speed up all at once. Catching up on the first moment, which would never be the first, between them and allowing
Lena parted Kara’s lips with her tongue, and Kara couldn’t help but moan, wanting to press every inch of herself further into Lena’s arms. It suddenly felt like everything Kara wanted, and everything she needed, and all the opposite of both all at once. The force of it filled her mind, consuming every inch until Poison’s consciousness was pressed so flattened and compactly along the edges that Kara almost heard her gasp, unable to breathe. But Kara didn’t care anymore, focused solely on the woman in front of her as she gripped her waist, bracing and bruising, and allowed herself to become lost.

Like everything in her life, the kiss ended in a paradox. Like eternity and no time at all had just passed. Lena was pulling away and leaving them both to catch their breath. Kara let her eyes open, lidded, staring down at Lena and unable to stop the question that rushed from her lips.

“Was that out of pity?”

It slipped out like water, she wouldn’t have been able to catch it anyway, but Kara instantly regretted asking it. Only when Lena just smiled, bittersweetly, and took a breath to reply did Kara’s shoulders relax.

“No,” Lena replied, the soft words raising goosebumps on Kara’s skin. “That’s the way I would have kissed you at the end of the night. Under the city lights.”

Kara tried to imagine it then, replacing every single daydream and scenario in her head with that first kiss instead. And then all she could feel was sadness, at the wasted time and the distance between them that still existed no matter how much she wished it didn’t. Because Kara knew that Lena again didn’t trust her, not completely, and even though she could love her and kiss her and fuck her through every emotion and every day for the rest of her life, something from their connection would always be missing because of it.

Kara was always a fool in her forgiveness.

With one final look in Lena’s eyes, trying not to let the guilt poison the memory already, she turned and walked away.

Chapter End Notes
Hope you enjoyed! Keep a weather eye on the horizon for part two :)

If you enjoyed, please comment! I love to read them and they keep me going through the dark times that are everything :)

That or kudos, subscribe, follow me on Tumblr @assumingminds19

You can always chat with me there if you like! I'm up for conversation :D
I have no excuse... Except, I needed money? And procrastination :D

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2DLx0WfBZQzmm7sKroZn42?
si=33WoXPrtRpuCOmgIFvPjtQ

They had been wandering the halls, of what Kara was starting to think eerily reminded her of a mausoleum, for hours now. Their thoughts were in a churn, along with everything else. Trying to rationalise what had just happened between her and Lena, the emotional weight of it, and why a kiss, something she had longed for for so long, felt both liberating and stifling all at once.

Kara wasn’t naïve enough to think that anything between her and Lena would ever have been easy. She was a Super and Lena was a Luthor, that alone meant that the entire world had pitted them as opposites from the start. She wasn’t meant to be friends, let alone fall in love, with someone who was so screamingly obviously not intended to be for her, but Kara couldn’t shift away from Lena ever since she had entered her orbit. She was drawn to the shadows that clung to Lena’s entire soul, knowing without words that it was just twisted light masquerading as darkness.

And there had been a time; Kara knew when she and Lena had reached a turning point in their friendship. When between them, they held a breath and waited for something to push them past that threshold and into the territory that Kara had been catapulted into the very second they had met.

Where life could be lighter and gentle and soft, and she and Lena could join together as partners in every sense of the word. Taking on the world and everything that it could throw at them together. But Kara should have known that the obstacle of Kara’s festering lie would have been insurmountable, and even though it had hurt her for so long, part of the reason that she still clung to Lena and tried to cover the wounds of the past year was because part of her was grateful for all the pain.

Because Poison becoming a part of her had been the only reason that Lena had stayed peripherally connected to her at all. And with everything that had happened since, Kara was finding it harder and harder not to fall prey to desperate part of herself that wanted to shove her pain away to a place where it was never dealt with, in favour of one admittance of love from Lena to her.
Even though she feared she would never get it.

Lena burned as hot as fire to all that saw her from, but knowing Lena was to understand that the fire that she projected, the strength and resolve wasn’t drawn from a place of peace but of chaos and utter ruin. And Kara knew that Lena thought that the only reason that Kara had fallen into the dark herself was because Lena had removed Reign from Sam and put it in Kara, and she loaded it onto her back as if it was somehow her fault.

It made Kara want to scream because, despite Lena’s remarkable intelligence, she was entirely off the mark. All she had ever seen or wanted to see, from Kara was an image that Kara had spent her life perfecting. Hopeful, helpful and golden bright. But nobody knew the deep anger that she held deep in her soul, the hate and horror and pain at losing everything and everyone only to land on a planet with the ultimate purpose that her mother had given her torn away. Left with nothing she loved, and no one that could understand what made her who she was because everything that had made her who she was, was gone forever.

And she had been so angry.

And that was why when she had first met Lena, she recognised her instantly. The same scared, angry, fearful little kid that had learned to hide behind a mask. Except where Kara’s mask projected security and the gentleness that had been taken from her, Lena’s was held in place by a hard and far too impenetrable wall of that burning fire.

Lena thought that she had created the darkness inside Kara, but the darkness had always been there. All she had done was the wall that Kara had cultivated a hard kick, making it tumble down and allow the decay that had been suppressed to eat its way out finally.

And all it did was make Kara love Lena even harder, and make her want to scream because Lena still refused to see that they were the same. And that Kara, as she stood now, wasn’t a twisted version of who she was but who she was always meant to be.

Who she was meant to be for them both.

Seemingly as if she was guided, Kara found herself in a large cargo bay, the most out of place room in the house with its metallic walls and high ceiling, only to find J’onn standing at the opposite end of it and reading an old cargo manifest with a frown.
Kara wondered herself what on earth Lex Luthor had been holding in his underground lair, and what
dangerous things still sat in the lined transport containers along the walls. But she supposed, Lena
couldn't have been too concerned about lay within if she had left them here.

Unless they were here for her purposes now.

Kara shrugged it off, instead refocusing on the man and felt pent up frustration inside of her itch
alongside Poison’s. A sudden urge to hit something overwhelming her.

The martian looked up at her when she finally stood beside him. Putting the manifest down on top of
a crate, he smiled at her.

Kara knew J’onn well enough to recognise it as genuine, and a small part of her was grateful that out
of all the people she had dealt with in this place, he was the only one to view her without any fear or
wariness at all.

But still, the smile irritated her.

“J’onn,” she grunted awkwardly.

The man turned to face her fully, his eyes not moving from her face or his smile disappearing.

“She scowled, feeling Poison bristle inside her mind.

“We haven’t spoken in a while,” she muttered out. “I mean, apart from…”

The sentence drifted off, and Kara wondered for a second if J’onn would finish it for her. Trying to
understand what his exact and real thoughts were of her and this entire situation.

Truthfully, Kara didn’t quite understand what he was doing her. They hadn't spoken in over a year,
apart from his gentle attempts to reach out to her that had been harshly rebuffed on her part; there had
been zero interaction. Kara hadn’t found herself missing the father figure when she was spiralling in her hell, and she realised now she didn’t even know what he had been doing for the past year beyond his departure from the DEO.

A new feeling bloomed in her chest.

Regret.

“You didn’t seem to want to speak to me,” J’onn said, his tone equally gentle and cautious.

Kara grimaced, looking down at her feet.

The fact was, she wanted to talk to someone. Someone who had the grasp to understand some of what she was feeling with the sting of betrayal or inflicted wounds between them. Who might be able to ease out the creases and cracks in her mind until it lay somewhat flat and smooth. And the only person in this bunker that fitted that description was him.

Even from Poison, Kara could feel a desire to reach out to someone.

“Fair enough,” she replied, trying not to let the words stick to her tongue. “It was…”

She struggled despite herself, the admittance that her life had been too challenging to seek out any lifelines, and she didn't think she would have wanted them at the time anyway.

If it were possible, J’onn’s eyes and demeanour softened even more, and he held their eye contact for a long silent pause until some of the tension left Kara’s body.

“Time is just a concept,” he finally said, in that low melodic way that only he could. “But the family we make for ourselves, that lasts far longer in our heart.”

Kara felt lightened, but she still winced when Poison’s anger spiked.

*he still waxes on.*
Kara grimaced, feeling a headache and the same wave of sickness pass over her again.

“I take it your friend doesn’t like me,” J’onn said with thinly veiled amusement.

Kara choked out a laugh, her stomach twisting, and resisted the urge to throw up.

“How did you know?” She bit out sarcastically, hiding her sickliness as well as she could.

J’onn’s smile cracked somewhat wider.

“Well, I get the feeling she doesn’t like most people,” he replied. “But in this case, your eyes drift slightly to the right when she’s talking to you.”

Kara tucked that information away carefully.

“I’ll take that under advisement.”

They both stood still for a minute, watching each other before J’onn looked around the room with interest.

“So, what can I do for you today, Kara,” he said, pointedly light while staring up at the metal ceiling. “I get the feeling you haven’t come to talk about the weather.”

Kara rolled her eyes at his attempt at humour but found herself amused nonetheless.

“I need to practice… all my abilities,” she admitted. “I don’t even know the full extent of them, and I get the feeling that I’m going to need to know going forward. The fight that’s brewing… I can almost sense it.”

It was right, and the growing frustration she felt at being stuck down here wasn’t just because of who she was locked in with. But because being down here was feeling less and less like safety and more
and more like she was trapped.

She needed to be ready.

J’onn looked at her with interest.

“Well, what new abilities have you noticed so far?” He asked.

Kara bit her lip, extending her mind out through the last few days. Remembering all the things she could now do. All the abilities she now had. Both her and Poison.

“It’s only when Poison and I connect, I mean, really connect, but Kryptonite…”

The memory of it crawling beneath her skin resurfaced and made her shudder.

“It’s like I’m resistant to it now,” she breathed, immeasurably grateful that she was. “And I’m stronger than I’ve ever been. Faster, my hearing is better. I can make the temperature drop. And then there’s the lightning.”

She held out her hand, the purple electricity crackling over her skin.

J’onn watched the action with fascination.

“Does it only happen when you get angry?” He asked. “When both of you are?”

Kara snorted.

“Well, Poison’s almost always angry… but I don’t know,” she shrugged. “She can become the driver now.”

It was a weird feeling when Kara drew back and let Poison take control. It made her feel trapped and...
cocooned, unable to access her limbs, but oddly still feeling in control without actually being physically in control. It was almost like a house swap, giving Kara time to feel around the hollow that Poison had created for herself in her mind. Surprising splashes of colour on the walls of it, manifesting as opinions and a personality so much further evolved than the uncompromising entity that she had first been. She had curated her personality, and Kara could feel it all around her when she was in that back seat, and it made her feel… connected.

“When she does my body changes,” Kara continued suddenly, not wanting the get lost in the thought. “Black veins and… I don’t know. My voice is different too.”

J’onn eyed her with interest. Measuring.

“Show me.”

Kara blinked in surprise, intrigued by his lack of fear or hesitation.

Warmed by his trust in her.

Without a word, she shifted back, allowing Poison to slip forward and take control.

Poison cracked their neck, and Kara felt a sudden lurch and drop of energy. Black veins rose and cracked their skin, and there was a flush of heat traced under their pathways. The crackle of ionised air around her entire form grew, and Poison could feel the crackle of electricity dying to break free.

Her eyes adjusted and shifted across the entire room, assessing, before landing on J’onn.

“You wanted to talk?” She growled, her double timbre voice coming out in a guttural growl.

J’onn didn’t so much as flinch, but the interest in his eyes did grow.

“Fascinating,” he breathed out. “The relationship you’ve built up in just a few days.”

Poison shifted uncomfortably.
“I suppose so,” she testily growled. “One born of necessity more than anything else.”

J’onn continued to stare at her, bewildered by her threatening overtones. Poison felt a curdle the unsettled annoyance in her chest twist and turn, thrashing away at the odd interaction she now found herself in.

“If you could choose to be separated,” J’onn spoke slowly. “And still live, would you?”

Poison’s mind flashed with the image of a life of her own. Something she had never experienced, totally alone with nobody else’s voice speaking to her, pressing her down or offering annoyingly altruistic suggestions. A life where she could be free.

Oddly, that possibility made her want to scream and dig her way further in Kara and her shared space. Clinging on with all she had and refusing to let go. She felt a flutter of amusement and intrigue from Kara as she rubbed the back of her consciousness.

Slamming her walls down tightly, Poison’s scowled deeper and eyed J’onn with disdain.

“Presumptuous aren’t you?” She scoffed. “You forget, I don’t know or trust you.”

She turned away from him, stepping away to stare around the room once more, feeling a sudden chill run down her spine and raise the hairs on the back of her black veined arms. Looking around the room, she stifled the press of sick, rotting twist in her stomach.

She heard J’onn take a few short steps behind her.

“But you do trust Kara?” His voice sounded close behind her.

There was a long pause, and Poison could feel that J’onn wasn’t the only one waiting for an answer. Kara’s thoughts were paused in keen interest, and there was a long drawn out strain of tension between them all.
“We… have a mutual interest currently.”

Neither Kara nor J’onn seemed satisfied with the answer, but the man moved around her slowly anyway. Enough steps so that he was in her eyesight.

“Staying alive, or making sure Ms Luthor does?” He asked.

Poison bared her teeth at his words, bristling at the insinuation.

Kara might be in love with Lena, but Poison…

Well, she didn’t hate her. She….

“Why would I care about any of you?” Poison demanded, shaking the thoughts. “You’ve wished for nothing but my death.”

J’onn just watched her steadily.

“Didn’t Kara also?” He lowly pointed out. “At least at once.”

Poison let out a dark chuckle at his words.

“You should never underestimate the healing power of hatred.”

She stared at him with burning eyes. Hoping that he was asking himself whether he was also on a hit list.

But he just stared.

“Do you hate people?”
Poison shrugged.

“I want to survive.”

J’onn still watched her for a few long seconds, enough to unsettle her, before finally turning and walking away.

“I don’t know you well either,” he replied in a lighter turn. “But you seem to care about more than you’d like to admit.”

Kara ruffled in amusement in the back, and Poison sent a verbal kick her way without letting the expression show on her face. Once upon a time, she would never have considered being caught up in conversations like this, or any conversation, let alone engaging with the words.

Her mind filled with faces.

Lena, Alex, Ruby….

Kara.

There was a mix of hate and anger, but she couldn’t deny that a part of her did care.

“I thought the whole purpose of this conversation was to find out my strengths, powers… weaknesses,” she diverted with narrowed eyes.

J’onn looked back at her, a small smile on his face.

“Maybe you could use a friend.”

Poison scowled.
“I’m good, thanks,” she bit out.

J’onn’s eyes sparkled with an emotion Poison couldn’t pinpoint.

“Everyone gets lonely, you know,” he breathed out with a shrug. “Even if it’s just the two of you…
crammed in there, all alone together. Nobody trusting you, believing in you… giving you a chance.”

Poison snapped, the ground underneath her foot cracked.

“I fight or I die,” she spat viciously. “That’s the way I live.”

There was a soft wave of understanding from Kara’s mind, and Poison relaxed slightly. There was
something in that comfort she guessed.

J’onn stepped towards her but stopped when he saw her tense.

“I used to live that way too… being on the run is not an unfamiliar thing for me,” he said gently, his
eyes far away. “But I also realised something important. If we forget to strive for happiness in our
lives, we’re not truly living at all.”

Poison’s mind flickered with it, the hollow pit that had been her life thus far. Nothing but a dark
forest with mist and lingering loneliness that just seemed to stretch on and on and on. Until she had
been shoved viciously into the light, feeling hateful and vengeful and everything that she had ever
been created for. And that was all she’d had, sucking the life force out of Sam until she had seized
the opportunity to take a stronger host.

And then everything changed.

“I don’t know how this will all work out, for either of you,” J’onn’s words continued. “For any of
us… but I have to believe that some good will come from this. For you two, separately and maybe
together.”
Poison didn’t speak, didn’t move, but let J’onn take one step closer.

“Your time is precious, you know,” he continued. “Spend it wisely and with those who care for you.”

There was a soft light inside her at his words, but then she remembered.

“Nobody cares about me,” she answered hollowly. “They care about Kara.”

J’onn didn’t reply to that, but his gaze flickered around the room once more before he grinned at her once more.

“Come on, cheer up,” he sounded, his eyes twinkling. “I thought maybe you might want to test out some of those abilities on a willing partner.”

Poison shouted as she bounced off the wall, leaving a large dent behind and a ringing clang that echoed.

“Rao, that hurt!” She shouted accusingly, clambering to her feet and glaring hatefully at J’onn across the room.

The man laughed, stretching out his shoulders.

“You didn’t think it was going to be that easy, did you?”

Letting out another shout, she launched forward and flew through the air with lightning speed. Knocking into him, she flung him back as well. But J’onn seemed to move with her action, rotating in the air until it was she who smashed into the opposite wall.
“Fuck you,” she spat out once more, feeling the ache in her jaw dissipate.

He laughed again, and her anger reached white-hot levels.

“I have to say; you’re certainly a lot more colourful than Kara.”

Poison felt a shiver go through her. The black cracks on her arms glowed eerily with obsidian. A flash of purple crossed her skin, and she let it flicker over her fingers. Steadyng herself in a stinger stance, she felt the power flow through her.

“She’s got a bit more flair now since I moved in.”

Without warning, she threw her arms forward, releasing the lightning she had primed. The bolt raced toward him, but when it was centimetres from his body, he used his speed to dodge it. It hit the wall, leaving a crackle and a black char behind.

“That I believe,” he answered blithely, ignoring her rage. “Though you both seem to lack subtlety.”

Poison snarled, before releasing another, faster, bolt.

But this time, J’onn phased through it.

“Come on!” He shouted out. “I know you can do better than that!”

Kara flickered uneasily in her mind, but she pushed her away. Her eyes began to burn with heat, and she unleashed it on him. But when he phased through it, she still didn’t stop, letting it burn against the opposite wall.

“Nothing’s going to light in here,” J’onn sounded.

Despite his warning, Poison only registered the slight thread of disbelief in his voice, and the spark of
anger in her chest fanned into a rage, that filled every cell of their body with a slammed ferocity. It knocked Kara back into the wall of her mind, pressing her into it and unable to breathe. It was as if every single atom of their body was vibrating with vibrant, white-hot pain and fury. All that had been repressed for so long, buried underneath the weight of Kara’s presence, now unable to be stopped.

Poison could feel their eyes burning hotter and hotter, and she began to roar. Then shout louder, the scream echoing, more than anything ever had. The heat pouring from her eyes transformed into a sickly purple, lined with black smoking wisps that contradicted its strength. The walls that had barely charcoaled previously, now blackened and cracked, almost exploded outwards. The metal walls warped and buckled until they started to melt, sending a river of molten metal running down onto the floor. She moved her gaze, rotating on her feet until she had hit every corner and wall of the room, the temperature soaring to heights that would have killed a human.

But the lash of pain, confusion and hatred wasn’t enough to sustain her, and as it built further and further, Kara finally regained a foothold. Sensing the yawning emptiness they were plunging towards, she latched onto the snarling beast and held it down with all her strength.

Whoa… whoa... pull back…. PULL BACK!!!

At her words, suddenly it stopped, and Poison stumbled. All their joined strength vanished and burnt out. Their head began to swirl, and the sickness that had been eating at them for the past two days filled the gap. With nothing left to stop it, Poison stumbled and fell to her knees. Clutching their head as it burst with pain, pounding against her skull like a boulder.

“Are you ok?”

Poison couldn’t breathe, and she lashed away from J’onn’s concerned tone and hand. Throwing herself out of reach, she fell on her side and scrambled away as fast as she could with her swirling head.

“Don’t touch me!” She shouted, her voice guttural and broken. “Don’t… don’t…”

The breath and words died, and Poison’s eyes rolled back in her head.

For the first time since Poison had been put in her head, Kara realised that there was no one in the front seat. She couldn’t feel it. Beyond the numb dullness, her limbs just fell flat on the ground, and her body flopped back. Time slowed for a beat, that seemed to stretch for an eternity. Kara was
rooted, unable to move forward or back and in a panic, she looked for Poison in her mind, but all she could find was a dull trace of her locked beneath the tightest of walls, the smallest of spaces. Turning back to her body, Kara gritted and launched herself with all she could.

Letting out a sudden gasp, bolting up, Kara’s whole body felt strained and exhausted. Before she could think, a lurch of acid and bile rose up to her throat. Turning her head fast, she vomited. Her limbs shivering with the effort and violence of it, her stomach hauled again and again. Nausea clawed at her throat, and she tried to force down the bile, but it was too late. Chunks of partially digested food spewed out of her coughing, choking mouth. Her stomach kept on contracting violently and forcing everything up and out. Her face was white and dripping bile, sweat, and tears. She lurched forward and sunk even further toward the ground. The pungent stench invaded her nostrils, and she heaved once more, even though there was nothing left to go.

The pain in her head was mind-numbing now. She could feel the pounding behind her eyes. They filled with water and her temples throbbed. The top of her skull felt like it was pressing down on her brain, and the light and heat of the room felt overwhelming, but despite it, her body broke into cold sweats.

She collapsed, almost face first in her vomit, and was only stopped by J’onn’s hands catching her. He pulled her up and away, turning her and looking down at her with more concern in his eyes then she had ever seen before. She squinted under the light but was too weak to block it with her hand.

“Kara!” J’onn’s voice shouted, feeling far away and far too close all at once. “Are you ok?”

Kara let out a wheeze, feeling herself slip into unconsciousness the same way that Poison had.

“Not in the least…” she groaned weakly, unable to even flex her fingers as her head lolled back. “I think… I think I need to talk…. to Alex and… Lena.”

It was their faces that flashed in her mind. Faces of the only two people in this bunker that could help her now. But even though she knew it, fear still bloomed in her heart. Maybe an aftereffect of Poison’s mistrust, or maybe her own.

But she needed them now.

J’onn nodded down at her before hauling her to her feet. Seeing that she was unable to stand, he picked her up in his arms, and she was ashamed to say that she felt comfortable being cradled against
“I’m going to have to phase us through the walls…” He rumbled. “You melted them.”

Kara’s eyes fluttered closed, and let out a sigh as she slipped into exhaustion.

“Fair enough.”

“So... how exactly are we supposed to do this?”

Kara shifted her head slightly on the medical gurney, looking across at Alex, standing together and staring over her like she was going to fly up and attack them at any second.

Kara couldn’t remember J’onn carrying her here, just waking up now, her eyes blinking up at Lena as she pressed a cold compress to her forehead. Kara’s mind had taken a second to catch up to reality, and couldn’t stop herself from smiling at Lena’s fuzzy outline.

Then the wave of sickness rose again. Probably reading it on her face, Lena rushed to pull a bucket toward her, Kara turning quickly and reaching once more. A few heaves followed, Lena’s hand circling her upper back lightly being the only thing that calmed her tense muscles.

“Don’t worry,” Lena’s distorted voice spoke. “Lex had the medical equipment to dissect a Kryptonian.”

Kara could hear Alex let out a scoff at the words, but Kara couldn’t help the small flicker of amusement in her chest. Rolling onto her back once more with a groan, she closed her eyes under the harsh light.

She felt the soft strokes of a wet cloth against the corners of her mouth and felt a pull in her chest to lean into the touch.
“We don’t want to dissect her!” Alex’s indignant tone sounded out.

Kara heard Lena let out a sigh.

“Of course not,” she said in a strained voice. “I was just trying to lighten the mood. I don’t even know if Lex accounted for a Kryptonian becoming even… more.”

The box at the back of her mind, the one Poison was hiding in, rattled.

Kara’s eyes flew open, and her back arched off the table. Turning to look at Lena and Alex with hot eyes, she let out a shout.

“CAN YOU BOTH PLEASE STOP TALKING ABOUT ME LIKE I’M NOT HERE?”

Her chest heaved at the effort, but her anger held her spine rigid and straight.

Alex stared at her with wide eyes, her trepidation and fear obvious. A part of Kara delighted in it, a twisted thought wondering just how far she could scare her until Alex snapped and did something stupid.

Poison rumbled once more in her crate before quieting, Kara’s crackling eyes turned to look at Lena who hadn’t moved from her side. Even though they were now eye level and their faces a foot apart, Kara’s anger faltered at the calmness Lena exuded, even in the face of her flaring temper.

A sickening lurch in her stomach, both from whatever was making her ill and the realisation that Lena was probably all too familiar with monsters, caused her to fall back on the gurney. Staring up at the ceiling, her eyes refocused slightly, and her anger was dying as quickly as it had risen.

“I’m already battling with myself over why the hell I’m letting either of you help me ever again,” she admitted reluctantly.

She turned her head at the sound of steps, watching as Alex walked toward her. Her sister’s posture
had relaxed; the fear in her eyes replaced with sorrow and regret.

“Hey,” Alex sounded out softly once she stood beside her, staring down. “We’re not going to do anything to you without your express permission every step of the way, ok?”

Kara found herself unmoved and didn’t reply, but her eyes flickered to Lena’s briefly and noted that she hadn’t said a word in support of Alex’s statement. Immediately, the conversation they had this morning sprung to the forefront of her mind. And her conflicting feelings over where she wanted to stand with Lena.

And she knew, that if Lena thought it was the only way to save her, Lena would do anything she liked.

But she supposed, at least Lena wasn’t lying.

“I find that less than reassuring,” Kara dryly replied, looking back at the ceiling. “Considering your track record.”

Alex didn’t reply, and the nasty past of Kara hoped that her words had stung.

Lena, on the other hand, leaned over into her eye line so that she could glare at her.

“As far as I can tell,” she answered Kara through her teeth. “We’re the only people in the world that can help you. For multiple reasons, including the most obvious in that we are the only ones here with medical experience.”

Kara’s fury spiked again, and she sat up sharply, ignoring the aching that sat deep in her bones.

“Or maybe I’m finally a woman living by her own rules,” she spat out, once she was eye to eye with Lena. “Which include no longer being fucking POISONED BY THE BOTH OF YOU!”

The bellow sounded around the room, and Kara was surprised that the strength of it didn’t push both Lena and Alex over.
But Alex just turned ashen, and Lena just arched an eyebrow, seemingly unimpressed.

The ugly silence that always appeared after a display of rage grew and filled the room. Enough for Kara to pause and deflate.

And feel embarrassed.

Looking down at her feet, the pounding in her head returned full force.

“Well,” Lena said, so softly that Kara wondered the sickness in her whole body was so obvious on her face. “At least you seem to be feeling better. You managed to yell.”

Kara let out a half-hearted scoff.

“This isn’t funny,” she groaned, gripping the table beneath her tightly to stop herself from swaying. “I feel like death.”

“What happened?” Alex asked gently. “And I don’t mean the disaster zone that is now the cargo bay.”

There was a flash of memories in her mind, burning rage worse than anything she had ever experienced before. The swing of sickness, headaches, vomiting and nausea. Everything that had happened in the past few days.

The cage rattled and the gnawing, ravenous desire to eat returned.

“God, I’m hungry.” Her stomach growled.

Lena frowned at that, concern flashing in her eyes.

“How can you still be hungry?” She questioned with curiosity and a tilted head. “Even by your standards. I checked the stocks this morning, and there’s no way you should have been able to eat three months worth of supplies in one day.”
Kara imagined roasts, she imagined piles and piles of potstickers and curries and mash potatoes and a whole mountain of absolutely everything she could ever eat, and suddenly that was all she could think of.

She was jolted out of her thoughts when she felt Lena touch her shoulder, grabbing her attention. Kara’s eyes turned to stare into piercing green.

“You’ve looked ill since yesterday,” Lena whispered seriously. “You’re still going to tell us you’re fine now?”

Kara couldn’t find it in herself to look away or remove Lena’s hand from her shoulder.

“I wouldn’t be here if I thought I was fine, would I?” She replied quietly.

There was a long few seconds of silence, a different kind of tension rising as Kara and Lena continued to stare at each other. Kara eye’s had started to drift to Lena’s lips when Alex’s voice interrupted her thoughts.

“Ok, we all need to stop jumping down each other's throats at least for the duration of some tests,” her sister sounded, her face focused and certain. Oblivious to what had passed between Lena and Kara, even when Lena jolted away as if she had been shocked. “Then we can all go back to hating each other. Or, not hating each other, or being somewhere in between. You’re not well, Kara, and I just want to help you, ok?”

The cage let out a soft rattle at that, and Kara could suddenly feel and sense Poison. As if she was leaning against the bars within.

*heard that before….*

Kara felt the unease flow through her mixed with Poison’s exhaustion, which was worse than her own. A fierce sense of protectiveness grew in her heart, as well as a sudden resolve when she recalled J’onn’s question to Poison earlier.

“If you could choose to be separated, and still live, would you?”
Poison hadn’t answered, but Kara knew the truth.

Taking a deep breath, she took her time to look at both Lena and Alex with solid resolve.

“Can you promise that whatever you do won’t involve trying to kill Poison?”

Lena and Alex both answered without a thought.

“No.”

“Yes.”

Kara was pleasantly surprised at the honesty in Alex’s voice, and not shocked at all with Lena’s.

Looking Lena straight in the eye, her mouth set in a tight line, Kara wondered briefly if Lena had meant anything that she said this morning, but then settled in the knowledge that in Lena’s mind Poison and Kara were fundamentally separate. And if saving Kara meant getting rid of Poison…

Well, that would be an easy choice.

Kara sat back.

“There seems to be some conflicting opinions on that front,” she growled, moving to leave. so I’m just going to—"

“We’re going to do whatever Kara wants us to do, ok?” Alex cut her off, voice lined with desperation as she gave Lena a determined look. “None of this ‘for her better good’ crap.”

Lena had the hypocrisy to look offended by the words, but Alex pushed ahead just the same. Turning to Kara now, Kara knew that Alex was reinforcing her words with every ounce of her being.
“We don’t have to protect other people from her, they’re all after us anyway, and thus far Kara has shown enough sound judgement when it comes to managing Poison’s…”

Her words staggered, and she looked a little off-balance all of a sudden.

Kara and Lena both gave her expectant looks, though Kara’s was more amused than annoyed.

“Whatever the deal is there,” Alex finally finished, waving her hand vaguely at Kara.

For the first time, and probably due to her utter exhaustion, Kara felt a slight hint of laughter emanate from Poison at her sister’s words. Kara’s thoughts ruffled with it, enough to leave an imprint and an inch of trust behind.

Kara eyed Alex for a solid minute, before looking at Lena with hard and unforgiving eyes.

“I don’t want you in here,” she said flatly. “Unless you do this my way.”

Kara wondered what was going on behind Lena’s eyes, the walls as high as Kara’s own but her first line of defence a harsh coldness instead of Kara’s anger. The open, honest Lena that had existed this morning had vanished behind those walls once more, and a part of Kara couldn’t help but feel it was her fault.

But Lena had a lot of faults on her side of the fence too.

“Can I talk to her?”

Kara flinched at Lena’s question, and she wrapped herself mentally in layers. Sliding in front of Poison mentally, as if she had to protect her.

“No, you can fucking talk to me,” she spat out. “She’ll hear the bullshit threats just the same anyway.”
They entered a hard stare off, and Kara could almost see the rising temper in Lena’s eyes.

The tense air ended when Lena huffed and turned away.

“Fine.” Her voice was flat and devoid of emotion. “The first thing we have to do is draw blood. An EKG, an MRI-”

Kara got annoyed again at the words being directed at Alex and redrew Lena’s attention by cutting her off.

“And Lex has all that stuff here?”

Lena paused but didn’t turn to her, only to look at the ground.

“My brother is… was thorough,” she said tightly. “Are you ok with all those tests?”

Kara felt tired then. She was tired of how broken she felt, and how broken Lena felt too. She was tired off all the conflicting feelings that filled every atom of her body. Hatred and fear and anger and passion and bitter spite. It was as if the years spent trying to project and be the best image of herself had finally caught up with her, and all she could do was cling on to the racing train that was every dark thing that existed inside of her. And she could feel that darkness reaching out to Lena too, just like it always had. But along with all that was rotting and cracking, was a love that reached out too.

She could see Lena’s whole life stretching out as clearly as her own. Both their worlds had exploded, if not in the same way. Lena’s whole world had been her mother, and the new family she had come to, her new world, tried to crush her beneath its weight. And a path littered with pain and betrayal had been her inheritance.

Kara could never forget that she had been part of that pain either.

Lena looked up at her then, her eyes honest for a few fleeting seconds, and Kara felt like they were piercing her soul.

The pain they had caused each other would make any sane person want to run and hide, but nobody could ever accuse Kara of being sane. All she knew was that with every passing second, she fell in love deeper, and harder, for a woman the smallest part of herself feared would never say it back.
Poison, still so, so quiet, let out a soft sigh at her thoughts.

Kara snapped at her, annoyed at the interruption of the moment and the way she missed Lena’s eyes closing off once more.

“I swear to God, if you say we need food after we vomited half our body weight onto the floor, I will fucking let her try to scoop you out of my head with a fucking spoon!”

Both Alex and Lena’s eyes widened at the viciousness, but Kara focused on Poison’s petulant bristle and the weak stab she sent Kara’s way.

try it... I dare you.

Kara snorted.

“Oh, please,” she drawled. “You’re about as capable as a wet towel right now.”

She looked back at Lena with determination and nodded.

“Yes, I’m fine with that.”

Lena had never been very confident when it came to matters of the heart.

Even that phrase made her uneasy, even as a child. But at a young age, the vague concept of romantic love didn’t really rank in her importance. When the years came that she was becoming impressionable to it, the only example she had to learn from was that of her adoptive parents. Both of
whom spent more time hating each other than occupying the same room.

Truthfully, Lena wasn’t really a person who got ‘crushes’. Growing up in a life-like her’s, every step of her life and future mapped out, Lena’s main focus had been surviving the weight that threatened to crush her at the slightest whiff of weakness.

It was a special kind of trauma, the mark that emotional abuse leaves on a child. Insidious, it stretched like a weed. Growing deep into your mind and body, sinking hooks at every chance. Finding every flaw and doubt and hammering it until they all split open like eggs and bleed together in a noxious connection that left you wanting to tear your hair out and scream into your pillow. Playing peacemaker with your parents, who threw more tantrums than you ever did, before getting the whole thing thrown back in your face. Because how could you know anything? Being the child, you are, with no knowledge of how life really was.

Except you know, despite the words, that there is something achingly missing. Some other life you could have had were parents cared more about your happiness then using you as a weapon against the other. An adoptive mother that resented the affection your father gave to you, and a father that delighted in his wife’s animosity and took his rage out on your brother.

And a brother, you later realised, had been playing at a safe harbour so he could also hold a position of power over you. And, in the end, you’re forced to become an adult before you even become a teenager, and you spend the rest of your life trying to compensate for the parts of you that were stolen from you as a child.

The worst part of all was the aching loneliness that came from it, feeling adrift in an ocean and battered by the waves, occasionally floating by another battered soul, but too terrified to reach out. After a while, Lena had managed to build something resembling a raft but still crashed amongst the waves. And through all of that, the only person that had a chance to develop was a carefully crafted persona. Hiding all that uncertainty that existed behind it, and never slipping lest whoever she was currently pretending with realising that she never had a chance even to develop any sort of understanding about who she was.

Where was the time for love in all that? When despite everything that had happened, Lena still didn’t know who the hell she was, and who the hell she was supposed to be. The one thing that she had clung too, probably unhealthily, had been Kara. Having someone enter her life who was so totally exempt from guile and bursting with kindness had nearly knocked her over. It was like the sun had parted the skies of the stormy seas she was adrift on.

It had been the smile that did it for her, and that thing that she had heard from films and book and the radio, but had never experienced properly before, finally hit her.
And she could just feel herself falling.

It scared her for a long time. Because of all the things that had happened, and all the things she had lived through in her life, she could see herself getting lost in it. But it had been that smile, and the honesty and the genuine nature that Kara had displayed that had opened Lena to the idea that maybe, just maybe, she might want to get lost in it after all.

Then the lie happened. And the reveal. And the betrayals. And the last year.

And all it had given Lena, was even more uncertainty, the only thing staying that she knew even less about herself then she did before it.

And now there was Kara, peeled back so many layers that Lena sometimes wondered how she could still stand. Gone was the sunny, golden-haired and optimistic woman that Lena couldn’t deny she had been fascinated with, and in her place was someone far darker, gritty and blunt. And for reasons Lena still didn’t quite understand (and the things she didn’t understand could slowly fill a library) she found herself even more drawn to her. This time though it wasn’t so much falling, drifting from cloud to cloud at an even pace, as it was plummeting headfirst into a volcano with no sign of rescue. It had been less than a week since they had started talking, and Lena was already totally lost and ensnared.

The Kara, the Kara she had first felt something before, was soft and gentle. And Lena wasn’t stupid enough to deny that she knew that Kara felt something for her too, even then. But Kara had held back, content seemingly to let Lena set the pace toward wherever they might be heading together.

But this Kara….

Anytime Lena was near her; it was like being in a room with a bag of cats. Between the mood swings, Poison, the pain and the raw, animalistic, lust that just radiated off of her, Lena found herself on very uneven footing.

And this morning had been… whatever it had been. All Lena wanted to do now was shut down. Shut down into her safety mode where she could retreat and gather her thoughts. But she couldn’t do that, not as long as they were all stuck together.

And other things demanded her attention.
Lena’s mind was running with fury and panic, trying not to let it show on her face too much, with what was wrong with Kara. She shouldn’t have been so caught up in her bullshit not to noticing or computing that something was seriously, deafeningly wrong with Kara.

She hated herself for not noticing.

It had been hours now. So many hours that she and Alex had begun swapping shifts so that they could sleep. Kara, on the other hand, looked the epitome of health once more. The oddity of that added to the gigantic list of concerns Lena had. The strange swaying sickness that had contributed to her cargo bay now being unusable was baffling. They had run all the tests they could find, and all the ones that they had gotten results back on told them the same thing.

Kara was fine. She was better than fine; her whole body was thriving. And her brain activity was unlike anything that Lena had ever seen before. For the past year, with Kara under her… treatment, her brain activity had been as normal as a human’s. But now, neurones fired in a way that they shouldn’t, with readings all over the map that would usually have Lena wondering if a specimen should be shot less they die spontaneously and in agony. Once Lena was able to decipher it all partially, the tracking was obvious. It was probably the only test that Kara had been interested in, having grown increasingly bored as time passed and she ate the mountain of food she had demanded three hours in. She took in Lena’s explanation, and the tracking of the two consciousness’, with a wry smile and a part of Lena got the impression that Kara was secretly laughing at her.

Approaching on the twelfth hour, Lena’s eyes felt like angry ants, and Kara was indulgently letting her take her blood pressure for what seemed like the fiftieth time. A weird silence had fallen between them, with Lena having run out of medical jargon she could talk about, the lingering memory of this morning was finally given a chance the rise and Lena suddenly felt the urge to say something, anything that didn’t directly bring it up.

“I’m sorry that I snapped at you… before,” Kara blurted out before she could say anything.

Lena avoided Kara’s eyes, and she frowned at the perfect numbers on the blood pressure machine, frustrated, before reaching to remove the band.

But Kara’s warm hands caught her fingers instead, and her heart immediately stuttered.

“Why do you keep doing that?”
Lena asked with a breath but didn’t look up.

“What?” Kara questioned, Lena still staring at the silvery scars lining Kara’s arm.

That didn’t help.

Kara’s hand tightened minutely, and Lena risked the chance the look into Kara’s eyes.

“Whenever you’re… more you like,” Lena half-stuttered. “You keep apologising to me.”

Kara’s lips parted slightly, before curling into a cocky grin that made a shiver run down Lena’s spine.

“Would you prefer, I shout.” Her hand turned Lena’s palm up, her thumb tracing a pattern.

“Pin you to the wall and stare into your eyes with lustful heat?”

Lena really had no idea why Kara felt a need to constantly keep her off balance, though if she was in an analysing mood, she might argue that Kara delighted in Lena’s uncertainty and the control she had over her by dropping sexually laden sentenced every time they talked.

Lena’s guilt swirled looking into Kara’s eyes, though. She let out a heavy sigh and rubbed her eyes with her free hand.

“Yes, frankly,” she muttered, pulling free and away so she could step back. “It’d be preferable to you letting me get away with all my crap.”

Lena blinked suddenly, surprised that she let that thought slip out.

Turning quickly, she fumbled with some medical gear on the side but halted when Kara let out a grunt.
“If you know it’s crap, why do you keep doing it?”

Lena felt her frustration spike. Her tolerance for dealing with Kara’s rapid cycling attitude shifts wearing rapidly thin.

Turning back, this time armed with a scowl, she glared at Kara.

“You know what I’m like,” she said bitingly. “I told you today.”

Rather than growing annoyed at her words, Kara’s face cleared minutely, and she gave Lena a considering gaze.

“Doesn’t stop me from trying to pry you open for more answers.”

Her face was teasing, and Lena let out a sigh before giving Kara a soft smile.

“How about we just make sure you’re ok?”

With her gentle smile set firmly in place, she reached out once more for the armband. This time, Kara lifted her arm without trying to stop her and let her take it off. Watching as Lena rolled it carefully, Kara let out an annoyed tsk.

“And we’re not going to talk about it?”

Lena swallowed the sudden lump in her throat.

_The kiss. The kiss when she had been in Kara’s arms, and everything the world had shifted and she was left wondering whether or not she had ever been adrift at all._

“What?”
She didn’t want to say it out loud. How could she possibly explain it? How could she explain any of it. It wasn’t like now was the time and the place to get into the how’s a whys anymore. At least, she shouldn’t be getting distracted by it all again. Something was going on with Kara, they were all hiding out here, the American government was after them, and there had been a coordinated terrorist attack on National City.

And she was unable to stop thinking about why she couldn’t love Kara the way Kara wanted her to.

And why she couldn’t say it.

“You know what.”

It took all of her willpower to stop herself from kissing Kara again.

“It was just…”

She shrugged, her words vague and devoid of warmth.

“Whatever you want it to be.”

It was obvious Kara didn’t believe a word she had just said, arching an eyebrow at her words.

There was a long pause, and Lena wondered if they were on the precipice of the argument of the century. Lena waited for the inevitable scowl, biting remark and shout, but none were forthcoming.

Instead, Kara let out a light laugh at her words, leaning forward on the gurney and gripping it with both hands as she swung her legs in the air.

“An unending commitment to a relationship?” She teased.

Lena scoffed involuntarily, but Kara didn’t seem displeased at her reaction. Only intrigue-filled her
face. Lena had explained it before, at least partially this morning, but there was that damn ocean load of reasons that Kara just seemed to ignore. Things that were fundamentally wrong with Lena.

Things that… that were insurmountable.

The fact that she couldn’t love Kara, because she was terrified that she had become even more attracted to her the more dangerous she became. And the way Kara had become so addictive to her, and so fascinating.

Lena couldn’t help but think that there was something seriously wrong with her that she wanted to spend more time with someone who had enough excuses to kill her, with near on zero moral qualms left and definitely had the means to do so.

But then, there was Kara. She was looking at her with the same genuine kindness in her eyes that had first attracted Lena to her in the first place. Reaching out gently, she traced a deep scar on Kara’s forearm, wishing things could be different.

“Maybe not that,” she whispered, but let her touch linger.

Kara’s eyes flickered with something, but a tiny part of Lena relaxed even more when she realised that it wasn’t anger, but confused sadness.

“Ok, well what did it mean?” Kara asked.

A computer beeped across the room, and Lena walked over to it with regret. Pulling up the results she had been given, Lena felt Kara’s hot gaze on her back.

“That I’m fighting a war within myself…”

Her reply drifted off, frowning with concern at the screen.

“That’s interesting.”
“What is?” Kara called from the gurney.

Lena paused before looking back over her shoulder.

“You were getting resistant to normal Kryptonite, but it’s affecting you now… without any of the SynKryp in your system.”

She had taken a hair sample, not wanting to unsettle Kara even more then she was already. Lex kept stocks of Kryptonite her, though she shouldn’t be surprised given the fact that this lab really had been set up for Kryptonian dissection, and she had used a small drop of its liquid solution in her tests.

But if Kara was growing resistant to Kryptonite again, did that mean she as physiologically changing back to the way she had been before? The tests hadn’t indicated—

“Maybe I’m just levelling out.”

Lena gritted her teeth at Kara’s cavalier tone, taking in the other woman’s relaxed posture with narrowed eyes.

“You should be more worried,” she hissed. “What’s happening to you is worrying, and you should be worrying.”

For the first time in their conversation, Kara started to look angry. Her face tensed and Lena took in the half-second crackle of purple static over her skin with another frown.

“Don’t…. tell me what to do,” Kara growled out.

Lena’s face softened, but she disregarded the mood and the words. Walking away from the computer and towards Kara once more, she stopped a few feet away with a slight worry that Kara wouldn’t want her to intrude her space right now.

“Kara, this is serious,” she said slowly, keeping their eyes locked. “Feel whatever you want to feel about me. Hate me, love me, I don’t care as long as you understand that this is *fucking* serious."
Lena swore she never used to swear this much at the start of this week.

Kara still didn’t seem to understand the gravity of the situation, but her posture relaxed. Seemingly easier now that Lena hadn’t verbally attacked her too much.

Her eyes filled with new emotion. Dark and sultry and enough to make Lena feel unsteady on her feet with just once look.

“You know… we don’t have to be best friends again to do… other things.”

Lena’s mouth went dry at the words, and she shifted on her feet. Clearing her throat when Kara raised her eyebrow and amusement filled her face.

“Are you seriously trying that right now?” Lena sounded out, annoyed at the slight squeak in her voice. “You’re ill, and we’re… I’m… you’re…”

Lena’s words trailed off, her eyes trailing down Kara’s arms when they flexed and shifted under the light.

“Losing your words?”

Lena shook her head, annoyed at how she’d fallen for Kara’s deliberate action and the tease in her voice.

“I don’t think anything should happen when we’re in an emotionally high tension situation, and there are still so many issues I have to… deal with,” Lena rattled out quickly, feeling both awkward and attracted all at once. “Same for you.”

Kara let out a booming laugh at her words, and Lena flushed with anger. She was slowly getting tired of Kara looking at her like she was totally ignorant, and standing outside of a running joke.

“Maybe now is a perfect time?” Kara questioned with an exaggerated wiggle of her eyebrows.
“Release some of the tension.”

It flashed in Lena’s mind. All of the possibilities that those words implied and everything that she had imagined. The way Kara’s voice had been injected with a permeant double layer of both aggressiveness and allure.

Lena shook her head and blinked violently, her head still thick with a fog she couldn’t explain.

“No.”

Kara’s gaze seemed to intensify, and Lena could swear that her eyes flickered with red.

“Then why did you ask me to stay with you last night,” she sounded slowly and deep. “And why did you kiss me this morning?”

Lena knew why, of course, she knew why. But admitting it out loud was harder than anything else she could possibly imagine.

She looked away, out of Kara’s piercing gaze.

“I’m sorry that I’m sending you mixed signals.”

Her words halted when Kara suddenly grabbed her hand and tugged her forward lightly. Lena nearly stumbled but was held firm by Kara’s grip.

And Lena was looking into her eyes once more.

“If you want to prove to me that you’re truly sorry… or… whatever you are,” Kara whispered, her gaze travelling the length of Lena’s body. “For everything that went down… Maybe, just maybe, you should let me have just a tiny bit of sway here. A dash of hope. Or just the truth.”

Lena couldn’t look away.
“Remember, I can still hear your heart,” Kara breathed. “You don’t have to say you love me to try a little here.”

The silence was loud. Deafening. And Lena realised that it was because her mind was racing at a million miles a minute, and yet she couldn’t come up with a single clear thought.

A single logical thought.

And the words just slipped from her mouth in a whisper.

“I’m pretty sure hate sex is easier.”

Without a sound or even a second, Kara moved from the gurney and had her pinned against the wall in a rush of speed and in the exact same manner she had teased she would. Lena felt the dark lust in her stomach swirl, uncurling like a woken dragon, when Kara’s fingers dug into Lena’s arms, still pinned. If the soft bruises she had no doubt left weren’t enough of a clue at the rippling power and strength running under Kara’s skin, the sight of her blue eyes warping and changing into a deep, bloody red certainly was. Her skin didn’t crack or burn though, even though she leaned forward with a predatory grin to whispered lowly in Lena’s ear.

“If I remember rightly,” Kara purred out, a timbre to her voice that made Lena shudder with want. “The last time we met like this… hate sex wasn’t far off the table.”

Lena’s eyes closed, the low pool of heat simmering close to boil. Kara’s breath is on her skin, and everything else melted away the same way it had happened in the library. Except then it slow and gentle, the desperation that had caused her to do it the main thing inspiring her. And Kara’s hands had wrapped around her protectively. But there was a ferocity in Kara’s touch now, and Lena found herself wanting Kara to hold her down.

Her eyes opening, she twisted to look into the deep red of Kara’s and strained against the hands, gripping her to ghost her lips over Kara’s, still unable to touch them.

“Except I don’t hate you,” she whispered in answer.
Kara’s eyes flashed, and her smirk grew, the satisfaction and arrogance in her eyes, which would usually have Lena feeling irritated, in these circumstances made her groan with impatience. Kara leaned in ever so slowly.

“I’m sure you can pretend,” she husked.

This kiss as full of fire, anger and bitterness. Kara’s is aggressive but still manages to give just the right amount for Lena to go weak at the knees. The only thing holding her up is Kara’s hands on her arms, and Lena found herself succumbing under the dominating presence that Kara was exuding. Even her smell had changed, Lena’s brain noted as it fired with every sensation. The clean and crisp vanilla swapped for the smell of fallen leaves and burnt sugar, reminding Lena of creme brûlées. And suddenly one of Kara’s hands wasn’t on her arm anymore, it was on her chest and pressing her back even harder into the wall, and the back of Lena’s head hit it with a soft thud. She winced slightly at that, but the turn of her mouth just allowed Kara to nip at her lower lip and shifted her hand up, so it was gently wrapped around her throat. Almost massaging her skin, Lena’s mouth opened even more, and Kara took advantage once more to bite ever so harder.

Before Lena’s brain could even think, Kara pulled away suddenly and let go of her, the sudden movement making Lena hiss. The lack of pressure confounded her slightly, and as her head searching for equilibrium, she reached up with her fingers to touch at the slight, stinging bruise Kara had left on her lips when she had jerked away. Turning her eyes up, head zoning back in on reality, she followed Kara’s gaze to her left and realised with a start that Alex had reappeared in the room and was staring at them with surprise.

Every hint of lust drained from the situation immediately, and Lena paled.

“I didn’t see anything,” Alex suddenly blinked and reassured, but didn’t turn away or hide the concerned shock in her eyes.

Kara arched an eyebrow at her, before turning to face Lena with a clouded expression.

“Brilliant timing, as usual, Alex,” she answered drolly, but with a softness in her eyes.

Lena began to panic, at the idea of everyone else finding out about what had just occurred before she even had a chance to process why she was playing with fire. The last thing she wanted was any volunteered opinions. And then there was Kara, staring at her now without an ounce of her previous ardour and with eyes that had shifted back to cool blue. Lena couldn’t help but feel hurt, even though she knew she shouldn’t. Unable to look at her, Lena’s eyes drifted downwards and away. Her face flushing with embarrassment at the entire situation.
“I have no idea what…” Alex’s voice continued awkwardly before she choked on her own words.

“That’s not true,” she still managed to stutter out. “Because I can assume.”

Lena heard Kara’s shift and let out a soft growl.

“Assume away,” she grunted, and in Lena’s downward gaze, she noticed Kara’s fingers drifting out for her once more.

Lena’s heart picked up further, and she felt the sudden urge to cry. Ashamed of her own feelings, she fled the room as quickly as she could.

“Kara!” Alex shouted behind her, making Lena quicken her pace when she realised Kara must have followed her out. “We need to finish these tests! You’re not well!”

Lena strained her ears to hear footsteps after that, risking a final glance before she turned a corner and noted with relief and disappointment that Kara had vanished. She started to run then, as fast as she could back to her room. The urge to hide and lock the door to the entire world was too much now.

Her mind was churning with everything that had happened. Both kisses that had occurred, and the differences between them, playing out over and over again in her mind until she felt like she could think of nothing else. All there was left was the burn of Kara’s lips and the fear and panic that everything was going to go up in flames. Like she was standing on the edge of a cliff and Kara was daring her to jump into the dark void that lay beyond, with no promises of how deep she would fall.

The only assurance from Kara was that she would be right there, falling with her.

Lena’s feet began to pound on the floor now, desperate to leave it all behind. She was crushed underneath the weight of staying now in the replica of a place that housed so many terrible memories for her. The place that she had first learned to hate herself.

She never thought that she would end up back in it by choice, and now she was locked in with a Kara and the weight of the terrible things she had let happen to her and what she had turned her into.
A place where everyone was carrying demons of their own, awaiting a time when they could finally come up for air, hoping that it came before this place began to feel like a tomb.

It was a testimony of how this place, or it’s original, had been burnt so fiercely into Lena’s brain that she found her way back to her room without recalling her path. But the feeling of slamming the door behind her, her back pressed to it, finally allowed enough relief to free the torrent of fear in her heart. Enough to allow her permission to cry as she whole body slackened and she slid down the door and crumpled against the floor.

She tried to banish the tide of thoughts, but the well that had sprung at the first touch of Kara’s lips on her couldn’t be stopped. And it all smashed down on her, white-hot and had Lena wondering of everything that could have been between her and Kara — of simpler nights, staring at Kara’s face when she should be watching the television. A time where she might have been able to reach up and caress Kara’s cheek. Trail her hand down the curve of her shoulder and arm until their fingers tangled together. Where Kara’s eyes would soften and turn to look at her, leaning in to light a kiss on Lena’s lips. Her face so close to Lena’s, that all it took was a little tilt of her head to the side so she could murmur in Lena’s ear.

Sweet nothings that meant more to Lena then all the words that had been spoken at her through the entire day.

But that life could never be, and she curled into herself, wondering if she would be buried in her broken dreams.

“Lena, open up,” Kara whispered, her body pressed against the door. “I can hear you in there.”

She had given Lena a few minutes of space. Enough for her to gather her own thoughts and avoid Alex and her questions. She was annoyed with herself for not picking up on her sister’s return, but admittedly she had been rather distracted at the time. Kara didn’t want everybody here to know that she and Lena were in the middle of… whatever they were in the middle of. But she supposed she had never been the paragon of subtlety, and someone was bound to notice sooner or later that she couldn’t stop staring at Lena.

And right now, every single thing that had flashed in her brain and warned her to slow down this
morning had been shoved aside. The desire to comfort Lena ruling over everything and her mind was replaying over, and over the two kisses they’d had in her mind. And Lena’s face when she had run away.

She should be giving her more space, but she could hear Lena crying half the compound away, and all she wanted was to be there for her.

“For once,” Lena’s voice came from the other side of the door. “Can you not use your superpowers to keep track of my every move?”

Her voice was thick with tears, and Kara scanned the door despite her words. Feeling her heart hurt as she watched Lena slumped on the ground against the door.

“Lena…” She whispered, not knowing what to say.

She heard the sniff and the anger that coloured the tone of Lena’s reply.

“What do you want from me? This push and pull we’re both doing… I can’t.”

Kara pressed herself even closer to the door, willing Lena to open it. Focusing her ears and realising that Lena herself was similarly placed on the other side. Holding her hand up to the door, Kara felt an overwhelming need to hold her.

“It doesn’t have to be like this,” she whispered out, knowing Lena could hear her despite it.

There was a long pause, and Kara checked in time to see Lena’s shoulder’s slump.

“It’s fundamental to who I am, Kara.”

Her voice sounded dead, and Kara became angry.

“Is that an excuse, or is it really who you are?” She answered, trying not to snap.
Lena scoffed, but then she sighed.

“You’re the best person I know, Kara,” she whispered. “You’ve always been the best person I’ve know.”

Kara softened at the words, feeling a small wound in her soul heal at the words. Even though nothing had really been solved between them…

It was a start.

“Would you have asked me out?” Kara asked in a small voice. “If Reign had never happened? If I had never lied to you about being Supergirl?”

Kara knew it was futile to imagine a life not lived, of things that could have been. She had learned that lesson when Krypton had been destroyed. There was no point in wallowing in the past, but she could stop herself from thinking for a brief moment how everything could have been.

If things had just been a little simpler.

“Honestly?” Lena answered with a slight laugh. “I don’t think I would have had the spine… I wouldn’t have thought I was good enough for you.”

Kara grounded herself back; in reality, her fingers running along a groove in the door softly.

“You still seem to think that,” she replied with a small smile, even though Lena couldn’t see it. “We tend to do things out of order… But is that such a bad thing? Whoever said you had to completely trust the person you’re into, to sleep with them?”

She didn’t really understand why she kept coming back to this. A baser nature that had been unearthed inside her maybe. Something primal that just wanted her to be as close to Lena as she possibly could be. Pushing everything else away and lighting it on fire.
Rao, she just wanted her.

“Is this your way to getting me out of your system?”

Kara frowned at the question.

“Take it from me,” she replied dryly. “As a person who’s tried to drink, take drugs, sleep around and do pretty much everything in between to numb myself, nothing could get you out of my system.”

There was a long pause, and Kara could hear Lena’s breathing pause.

“That was supposed to reassure me?” She finally asked.

Kara rolled her eyes.

“No,” she drawled. “It was me once again telling you, for the millionth time, that when it comes to you, my feelings aren’t going anywhere.”

Kara could see Lena’s fist clench.

“Don’t you see? That’s-“

Kara cut her off quickly.

“The only real use in loving someone is because it makes your life better,” she said simply and honestly. “And my life sucks without you in it. I mean… it kinda sucks with you in it too, but that… Doesn’t…”

Her words choked, and she shook her head with a frown.

“Can you please just let me in?” She asked again, desperately. “This is weird through a door.”
She watched as Lens stood, and Kara’s heartbeat slightly faster with hope.

Kara could see Lena press herself on the other side of the door. Not they were only an inch of wood apart.

“You keep telling me you love me, even though you know I can’t... How is that supposed to make me feel?”

Kara scoffed.

“Because everything is about you, isn’t it?”

Lena let out a groan, and her forehead thumped against the door.

“We can’t even go one conversation without arguing with each other.”

Kara took a deep breath.

“I wasn’t trying to argue with you!” She replied, wrangling her voice to make it softer. “Please just let me in.”

Kara listened as Lena breathed. Not replying, but breathing.

One.

Then two.

“I’m afraid…” Lena whispered. “That if I look at you…”
The broken words trailed off, and the anger drained from once more at the pain in Lena’s voice. Pressing as close as she could once more, Kara’s fingers traced down the wooden door’s intricate and expensive wood.

“Let me in,” she breathed against the door.

Begging now.

There was a long pause, and Kara hovered in the uncertainty of the moment before finally she felt the door shift and open. Kara slipped inside the small gap, pressing it closed behind her. The room was as dark as it had been last night, but she attempted to make out some of the details this time.

It wasn’t the master suite, though Kara admittedly had limited experience on what exactly a master suite in a megalomaniac mansion actually looked like. But given Lex’s pattern for exact replication throughout the entire house, this room had iconically different taste. It was sleek and modern where it could be, as if the occupant had rebelled against the stifling history of this place, and made it their own as much as they could.

The bed was possibly built with the darkest wood that she had ever seen, without any hint of patterns or carvings. There was a sharp metal desk in the far corner and with a scattering of papers on it that Kara recognised from earlier in the library. And the walls were painted a dark grey, with small abstract paintings spaced carefully.

There was no doubt about it; this was a copy of Lena’s room growing up. Kara wondered if somewhere in Lex’s brain it made sense to decorate so painfully and carefully, particularly this room and no doubt dozens of copies across the world. If despite all his numerous attempts on Lena’s life, he still thought that she would come home.

That all the Luthor’s would come home.

Kara looked back at Lena and felt sad, the difficulty of Lena being in a place that looked exactly like the haunted and cold home she had grown up and all that it represented and pressed in on her. It wasn’t difficult to wonder why Lena had chosen this room to stay in; after all, it was probably the only place she was allowed to carve out an identity outside of her family.

“You look like shit,” Kara finally said, looking at Lena’s hallowed face through the dark.
“So do you,” Lena replied. “You really should be… what are you doing?”

Kara had pushed around her, choosing to relieve the pressure and her exhaustion at the moment to make her way towards the bed and fall back on it.

“Taking a nap,” she answered, not lifting her head from the pillow.

Lena spluttered at her words.

“What?”

Kara could hear the bafflement in her voice, and a small smile curled at her lips.

“Well, I didn’t find a room last night… and this seems like the nicest bed in this whole place,” she explained. “So I’m taking a nap. I’m tired.”

Lena’s heart rate picked up, and Kara could practically smell the flood of dopamine that filled her, even though her next words sounded indigent.

“This is my room!”

Kara shifted onto her side, propping her head upon her elbow and arching an eyebrow.

“So?” She questioned with a smile. “You let me stay here last night.”

Kara’s superior sight couldn’t mistake the blush that grew over Lena’s face, alongside the heat that practically emanated off of her skin at Kara’s words. Smirking to herself, Kara twisted once more onto her back.

“Besides,” she drawled, slowly letting her brain relax. “I’m just enjoying the peace I’m getting from Poison right now. Got to make that last.”
In her apparent exhaustion, Poison had almost fallen asleep herself. Deep inside of her mind where Kara could just barely make out her presence. As much as it scratched at something within her, alongside the worry about their shared health after everything that had been happening to them, Kara would rather spend her time right here for now.

“You think you’re cute,” Lena grumbled at her words.

Kara sighed, lifting her head once more.

“Oh, I know I am,” she replied with a cocky grin. “Now, be quiet, I’m trying to sleep here.”

She closed her eyes once more and listened with satisfaction as Lena slowly made her way to the other side of the bed.

“Is this an attempt to appear non-threatening?” Lena questioned.

Kara snorted, but didn’t peel open an eyelid and stretched her hand out over the matter to pat the space beside her.

“Would you please shut it and come here?”

There was another moment of quiet, paced with Lena’s beating heart before Kara felt the weight of the matters shift as Lena dropped beside her. But she didn’t curl up and remained rigid. Kara opened an eyelid with a frown at that, staring up at Lena who had decided to sit with her back on the headboard and stare at the opposite wall with dancing eyes.

Kara wondered if she was afraid of her, afraid of how controlling she had been in the lab. But as far as she could tell, Lena had enjoyed it. Wanted it even, her whole body flushed and pressed into her. Lena was more addictive than anything she had known before. The memory of it fed the wolf in her mind that was entirely her own, but it still made her frown.

“I’m sorry… about before…” She whispered, her eyes tracking the slight bruise on Lena’s lip with regret and she fought back this instinct to soothe it with a kinder kiss.
Surprisingly, Lena frowned, looking down at her.

“Don’t apologise for that,” she answered. “I wanted you to kiss me.”

Kara stared, feelings of exhaustion, frustration, happiness and anger all mixing once more before she closed her eyes, took a deep breath and shifted slightly so that she could rest her head on Lena’s thigh. She held her breath, wondering if she had pushed Lena’s affection too far, but a rush of pleasure ran up her spine when she felt Lena’s long fingers begin to weave and stroke through her short hair slowly. Running over her scalp and massaging every so softly. Kara’s breath hitched slightly when she hit one of the hidden tattoos based at the crown of her head, but her fingers moved on, and Kara was able to let it out of her lungs.

She revelled in the feeling, more relaxed then she could remember being. And despite her doubts, her fears, the sickness and the desire to run that all still lingered, at that moment Kara couldn’t picture being anywhere else.

“You’re not going to leave me either, are you?” She whispered vulnerably.

“No,” Lena’s fingers didn’t even pause their ministrations. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Kara smiled, sinking further into the calm.

“Good,” she hummed out. “I like it when you do that.”

Kara felt herself falling slowly into sleep as Lena still traced endless patterns on her scalp. She could feel her breaths deepen, and she was almost ready to drift off totally when Lena’s fingers stopped abruptly. Kara’s brow furrowed and her eyes blinked open, staring into Lena’s eyes as the other woman now leaned over her. Her dark hair was falling and enveloping them both into a private world.

The mood seemed to shift once more, and Kara found herself caught between her dreams and reality in a place where Lena might just be willing to drop her guard. Just an inch, so Kara could no longer pretend that she wasn’t alone, shaking in naked in the dark with nothing between her and a ring of fire.

“Why did you kiss me, Lena?” She asked softly.
The other woman left out a soft breath.

“Because I…”

The worlds trailed off, and if Kara was naive, she might be able to fool herself into thinking that the words that were sitting on the tip of her tongue had been said. Instead, she just reached up sadly and with something akin to awe, tracing one of Lena’s cheeks at her strange angle.

“You’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” she whispered, her eyes taking it all in once more.

Lena didn’t look like she believed her, and that made Kara sad.

“Modest enough not to look at mirrors, I see,” she replied instead, deflecting the compliment.

Kara tutted, but allowed herself to smile.

“Very smooth,” she replied.

Lena shrugged slightly, but not enough to remove Kara’s touch.

“I try.”

The back of her fingers still on Lena’s cheek, Kara tilted her head so she could watch them fall slowly down her face, neck and dance over her collarbone as lightly as the wind. She listened as Lena’s heart picked up, feeling it pounding under her fingers. She could smell once more the adrenaline, serotonin and dopamine that Lena released, alongside a light musk that could only mean one thing.

Kara arched an eyebrow at that and Lena almost heard her thoughts, her legs shifting and rubbing together barely. Kara imagined what it would be like to trail her fingers lower, down Lena’s chest and ribs and hip and stomach and every single part of her until she could finally have her gasping
Kara’s name.

Kara wondered a lot of things.

*a dangerous line you’re walking with her*

The thin and weak warning was all Poison could give, before Kara felt her all but collapse and fall into the farthest reaches of herself. Kara’s eyes darted back to Lena’s as if asking for permission for the dynamic between them to shift just a bit more, letting it fall over the edge. She knew that this might be the only chance she had to do this without Poison pressing in on her as she had been.

This one time, she didn’t want it to be tainted or shared.

“Things rarely turn out the way we want them to,” Her fingers still hovered at Lena’s collarbone, on the edge of fantasy.

Lena’s heart peaked once more, and with a courage that surprised Kara, she reached up to guide Kara’s fingers off her collarbone and to her side. Then she herself reached up and arched into the touch as she placed Kara’s hand on her breast.

“Yes, but the way they turn out isn’t always without its perks,” Lena replied shakily.

Kara shuddered suddenly, and her whole body flared with dark fire, strength and panic. With a rush of movement and strength, Kara contorted them both in the blink of an eye so that Lena was pinned beneath her, with one hand gripping a wrist over her head while her other braced so hard against the bed-frame that it cracked under her fingers.

Blinking in the adrenaline rush of her own movement, Kara growled when Lena’s eyes darkened and let her out a low pant. A rush of feelings filled her, and Kara had to restrain herself and use the limited control she had to stop herself from ripping off Kara’s shirt with her teeth. Lowering herself with tortured slowness, Kara pressed her forehead against Lena’s, feeling the low groan that rumbled through Lena’s chest.

“I need… I need to be in control,” she hissed out, almost pained through her teeth. “Do you know what that feels like?”
Lena’s eyes, a centimetre from her own, flickered with understanding.

“Yes,” she whispered back. “I know what that feels like.”

Kara let her control slip slightly, and she could feel the heat building in her eyes. She captured Lena’s mouth in a raw and hard kiss. It was messy, fast and Kara’s teeth pulled hard at Lena’s lower lip. Lena’s breath hitched and changed to harsh pants. Kara snarled, breaking the kiss with a harsh pop so she could start nipping her way along Lena’s jawline and neck, purring when Lena stretched to allow her more access. Letting go of the headboard, Kara grabbed at Lena’s hip and jerked her upwards so they could slot with her own. Listening to Lena’s gasp, Kara pressed her thigh forward and down revelling as the gasp changed to a groan and Lena’s head arched back.

She was pushing; she was ready. Kara could feel her whole body thrumming with it; in a way, she had never felt it before. It was almost as if her very blood demanded that she take Lena. She wanted to bite her; she wanted to soothe the hurt skin with kisses. She wanted to make Lena feel everything until she drove her into the oblivion that Kara had been living in. She wanted to feel whole again. She wanted to feel like herself again.

But she couldn’t, so she pulled back minutely with a start, her breath ragged.

“Is this… Are you... Going to be ok with her being in…”

Her voice stuttered, and she swallowed. Feeling guilty.

“She’s drifted off now,” Kara continued. “But she’s still here. I can’t get rid of her. I wish I could, for this.”

Kara felt a vibration run through her. Pressing her forehead to Lena’s, raising her hand from Lena’s hip and gently running it up her arm until she reached her neck. Feeling the goosebumps caused by her ministrations, Kara felt her hand start to shake.

Rao, she wanted her more than anything.

“I don’t want to share you with anybody,” she growled, annoyed at her own obsession. “Not for this.”
Lena writhed when Kara’s fingers reached the hollow of her throat.

“I don’t care,” she groaned.

It took all of Kara’s strength to stop herself and pull away.

“Lena.” Deadly serious. “I need you to understand. Are you ok with that?”

Without a pause, Lena nodded.

“Yes.” The truth in her voice obvious. “I’m sure.”

Kara groaned again and felt her head get cloudy with a need for more and more until she had Lena arching beneath her. She regained some semblance of sense; it hit her like a splash of cold water. Pulling back again, noting the frustration on Lena’s face, she stared down at her, a sudden nervousness clawing in her.

“It doesn’t have to mean anything if you don’t want it to,” she insisted weakly. “I can push everything else outside this door.”

Lena’s seemed slightly dazed, but she still quirked her head.

“That’s a lie, isn’t it?” She questioned.

Kara hesitated before nodding gently.

“Yes,” she admitted.

Waiting for the inevitable rejection that would come from her words, Kara was surprised when she had to let go of Lena’s hip in order to grab her hand before Lena could touch her again. Lena’s face softened at the hard grip, and she smiled softly.
“I want it to mean something,” she answered honestly and quietly.

Kara stared into her eyes, searching for a lie before her spine finally relaxed, and she smiled in turn. Nodding, she accepted the words. Kara watched as Lena swallowed and frowned at the uncertainty in her eyes as she flexed her hand against Kara’s grip.

“Can I... touch you?” She asked gently.

Kara reeled back slightly, releasing her Lena’s wrist and swallowing the uncomfortable feeling that sprung up at the idea. Hesitating, she kept Lena’s gaze as she shook her head slowly.

“No... not like that,” she answered, drawing her terms. “Not...”

Lena didn’t even frown, just accepted the answer with understanding and short nod.

“Ok,” she replied.

But still, Kara hesitated. She pulled away even further, waiting a few long seconds for Lena’s heartbeat to calm, so she would know that Lena was listening to her properly.

“I find it hard,” she admitted tightly, avoiding Lena’s gaze. “To let go of the control. I’m afraid that if I do, I might hurt you.”

Lena didn’t reply quickly, Kara risking the chance by looking back at her and taking in Lena’s passive face, her eyes gentle.

It struck Kara suddenly, how much their roles had shifted now. Lena was the one asking forgiveness, her walls lowered, at least in this room. She was willing to let Kara in. But the other way around, Kara just couldn’t.

A year changes everything.
Lena’s fingers reached out as if to pull her back down, but stopped. Seemingly remembering Kara’s previous request.

“I trust you,” she finally answered Kara.

That felt uncomfortable in Kara’s mind. Making her grimace slightly.

“It’s not just that, Lena.” Taking a long breath, dreading the reaction that might come.

“I’m not sure I trust you.”

Lena’s eyes flickered with something, but before Kara could catch their meaning, she closed them. Almost as if she knew how Kara would play out what she was thinking.

She stayed still after that. Silently still, unmoving beneath Kara and just breathing. It must have only been a few seconds until she reopened her eyes, but to Kara, it felt like an eternity.

“Ok.”

That was the word, and it caused a satisfying shift in Kara. Almost as if a broken bone in her had suddenly been sewn back together and healed in a matter of seconds.

She couldn’t stop herself from feeling pleased. So monumentally pleased and happy with it, she couldn’t stop herself from letting out a groan. Kara felt her control slip once more, and her fingers itched to grip Lena’s wrists once more, splay her fingers against the headboard and demand that she did not move them no matter what Kara made her feel. But instead, she let her need soften and reached out with gentler fingers entwining them with Lena’s and lifting them so that Lena could weave her fingers into her hair.

Lena seemed surprised at the allowance, and Kara smiled, leaning forward to press one final sweet kiss to her mouth. Her fingers flexed when Kara sucked at her lower lip, and she deepened the kiss herself as best she could. Pleasure swirled through Kara at the feeling, until she pulled away slightly breathless.
As Kara stared down at Lena, she frowned with concern at the single tear that slid down Lena’s cheek.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt you,” she said suddenly, but as she tensed to move away Lena’s fingers tightened in her hair.

“No, stay,” Lena whispered quickly, the tear still lingering on her skin. “I just…”

Kara halted, waiting in limbo while Lena took another breath.

“Kara… I. The thing is, I just…”

The worlds halted once more, and Kara’s tight muscles and panic faded at the sudden confusion and turmoil in Lena’s eyes.

Leaning in, with more gentleness filling her heart then she thought she still possessed, Kara tenderly kissed away the tear. Bringing her mouth next to Lena’s neck, she sprinkled soft feathery kisses down her chest, until she reached the fabric of Lena’s shirt. She itched to apply more pressure, to move lower, but she let her lips ghost back up her path.

“I like it when your fingers are in my hair, and it’s ok if you want to stop” she whispered in Lena’s ear, her breath lightly hitting Lena’s skin before she turned her head away until her gaze was all but an inch from Lena’s eyes.

Lena shuddered, and the speared fingers in Kara’s hair tightened once more.

“I don’t want to… and I like the cut,” Lena murmured. “It suits you.”

Kara shuddered at once, her body reacting to Lena’s words. Darkly, she ran a hand down the buttons of Lena’s shirt, ripping the three bottom buttons off so she could press her hand against Lena’s bare stomach.

“Are you really sure you want to do this?” She growled, pressing a hard kiss to Lena’s throat, feeling her pulse jump under her lips.
“Yes,” Lena breathed out.

Kara’s muscles nearly spasmed, but she pulled back once more so she could stare into Lena’s eyes.

“Ok… you tell me if… if you want to stop, ok?” Kara insisted fiercely. “You say it. You say ‘stop’. I’ll do the same.”

Lena looked back at her with half-lidded eyes.

“Ok.” Breathy and wanting.

Kara waited a few more seconds, to make sure that Lena understood her, before her eyes filled with heat once more. Jerking Lena’s hips up once more, Kara then ran her hands up her side under, and shirt, the slightest hint of purple electricity danced over her fingers and set goosebumps across Lena’s pale skin.

Lena lurched upwards at the feeling, and Kara let out a low laugh in preparation of what she was about to do to her.

“Are you still afraid that you’ll like it?” Kara purred against Lena’s throat, her teeth slowly biting down between Lena’s breasts, following a single finger that ripped the buttons ripping away as she went.

“Are you actually afraid I’ll lose control?”

Lena sucked in a breath when Kara ripped the front of her bra apart too.

“Right now,” she hissed as Lena peeled open her shirt, finally allowed to look at Lena’s bare front. “I think I might want you to.”

Kara laughed at that, appreciatively raking her eyes over Lena’s form. Taking in the pale skin, quelling, for now, the sudden urge to bite and press hard the way she had been dreaming of from the
minute they had first met. Instead, she leaned down and took Lena’s nipple in her mouth and sucked, relishing in Lena’s shudder and the way her fingers trembled in Kara’s hair, clearly straining at the challenge not to move them.

Breaking away, Kara grinned up at Lena’s flushed face.

“Oh, Lena…” She husked out darkly. “What you want… frightens you to death.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Keep a weather eye on the horizon for part two :)

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