Heat Wave
by Kendrene

Summary

Nobody expected Kara to present, but when she turns out to be an Omega and loses control of her powers at the same time, Alex has no choice but to have her locked away inside the D.E.O.

However, when it becomes clear that her heat may last longer than a human one without an Alpha to take care of things, Alex's ex-girlfriend, Maggie, comes up with a plan. A plan involving none other than Lena Luthor, Kara's friend, and secret crush.

After all, asking your best friend to knot and mate you so you don't end up killing anybody isn't a big deal, right?

Notes

This is going to be sinful and messy and I'm not sure how many chapters yet. You've been warned.

- Dren

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

The afternoon sky blazed with that kind of burnished copper which was the true herald of Fall. Leaves carpeted the sidewalks - yellow, red and all the shades between - muffling harried footsteps to a whisper. As a result, while National City was bustling with life as usual, there was a subdued air about it - sound didn’t travel quite the way it was supposed to, and people stopped on their tracks more often, the first hints of winter’s frigid winds causing them to pull their coats more tightly around their shoulders.

Not that Kara Danvers could appreciate any of it, buried as deep underground as she was. She was kept into a hastily converted holding cell, tucked away inside the bowels of the D.E.O. headquarters; locked within a box of kryptonite and steel until they figured out what the hell was wrong with her.

The sense of betrayal that had been twisting her stomach into knots since the early morning surged back with a vengeance, and Kara almost choked on it as she pushed herself up on shaking arms to glare at the walls confining her.

What hurt the most was that it had been Alex to put her in here.

She was starting to think her sister’s short-term fix for everything was shutting it away somewhere unseen. Kara had watched her do the same in regards to Maggie, and now it was her turn. Angry tears pricked at her eyes, drying up as soon as they rolled down her flushed cheeks.

Kara was burning with fever, her body consumed by a heat so encompassing that she felt like a piece of kindling in the middle of a bonfire. Her bones rattled with each wrecking shiver snapping through her spine, and she was almost too afraid to move, her skin so dry she thought it would tear if she jerked her limbs too fast.

When she and Alex had been in school, Kara had made gentle fun of her for being sick so often. It was something she sometimes had still trouble wrapping her head around - how fragile humans were compared to her. It had been one of her adoptive father’s first lessons - to be aware of her strength and always keep it under control.

Her eyes were drawn to the deep grooves she’d dug in the steel wall before the kryptonite sapped her of her energy. Kara had trouble keeping her head up now, but it hadn’t been like that an half hour ago.

Alex may have put her in that cage, but she had needed the help of four agents and a kryptonite net to do so.

And despite it all, Kara wished her sister was with her.

Because nevermind all the weird she’d faced since putting that red cape around her shoulders, this was the first time she was truly scared.

“Help,” she croaked, voice broken by thirst, “help me, please.” To their credit they had tried, as soon as she’d come back from an uneventful night spent on patrol just to find herself sprawling at J’onn’s feet, nausea and dizziness making the room around her spin.

The testing had started innocently enough, J’onn himself helping her to a chair as some of the D.E.O staff raced up from the infirmary to take a look at her. But the thing was that Kara never got
sick.

Ever.

And then something had happened, something Kara had witnessed like a prisoner within her body. Trapped as she was in this place, she’d had plenty of time to think about it, and still could not find an explanation.

Perhaps there had been too many people around her, shining lights into her eyes and poking at her skin with specially crafted needles, but something within Kara had snapped - so loud it had made her ears ring painfully - and, before anyone could stop her, she had found her hands closing around a staffer’s throat.

She closed her eyes, the woman’s terrified face filling her mind as her hands tingled with the memory of the frantic pulse beating against her flesh.

Somebody had screamed her name - maybe it had been Alex, but she wasn’t sure - and the rest was a fragmented recollection her mind refused to piece back together.

With a groan she rolled off the hard slab of metal that passed off as a cot. Once she’d been subdued, two agents had brought in blankets and a thin mattress, but trying as they might there was no disguising the room’s real purpose.

The floor seemed to tilt beneath her feet and Kara grit her teeth, taking shaky steps towards the door. Even that was lined in kryptonite, but slumping into the steel door for support was preferable to face planting on the floor.

She was still wearing her suit, and although it was torn in places it felt constricting. Some of the rents had been made as she was taken here, but the one that neatly split the “S” emblazoned on her chest in two she’d done herself, the flesh underneath hot and itchy.

Pressing her cheek to the door Kara let her mouth fall open, lungs expanding until they hurt as she gulped down as much air as she was able. She then exhaled slowly in an attempt to calm the frantic thumping of her heart and concentrated, willing herself to hear past the steel barrier.

For a moment her powers worked despite the kryptonite, and she caught the heavy thread of footfalls a few meters from the door, but then her hearing fizzled out into white noise and she stumbled backwards, failing to hold back a scream while she clamped her hands over her ears.

“Help. Me.” Her voice felt distant to her own ears, muted as if she was speaking underwater, and Kara hissed in pain, knees hitting the floor hard when she collapsed.

The little strength that she’d managed to find deserted her, and Kara was left crawling, clutching at her own sides as shivers so violent she bit her down on her own tongue threatened to break her back in half.

Suddenly her head began to pound, and the neon strip that ran across the ceiling became a line of fire, unbearable to look at.

Kara screwed her eyes tightly shut, averting her gaze. Tears burned behind her eyelids, pushing to come out, but then the prickling changed to that she experienced when using her heat vision, and she choked back a panicked sob.

What if J’onn was right and she’d caught some sort of virus? Or worse, what if someone had found a way to poison her, and screw her powers up in the process?
It had been the right thing to do locking her up Kara realized, stomach plummeting like a stone. She was a danger to everyone.

Her eyes itched furiously and pulsed against her eyelids, slowly forcing them open. Kara gave in with a roar of anguish, because there was nothing else that she could do, and a beam of concentrated energy hit the cot she had been resting on with enough force to shear it clean off the floor it had been bolted to and send it crashing into the far wall.

The mattress and blankets caught like dried wood, but the blaze was so strong that no fire had chance to start, their fabric simply turning into ash.

Her powers went again, the invisible hand that currently commanded her switching her on and off at will, like she had morphed from human to a light bulb. Kara sagged forward and pulled her legs to her chest, wrapping her arms around her knees to keep them from shaking.

Her ribs ached with each ragged breath she drew, the room echoing with every gasp. Icy fear wormed its way into her heart at the thought that her sister would not find a cure for whatever thing was ailing her, and Kara remembered the tight confines of her escape pod, the aeons she had spent floating into space alone with her own thoughts.

Her cell was wide enough to pace around, but she brought a hand to her throat regardless, panic writhing beneath her skin like an army of mites driven to devour her.

She pressed her back to the cell’s wall, welcoming the insidious touch of the kryptonite. It sapped her of strength, and her head lolled forward, chin resting on her chest. Kara welcomed the lethargy it brought, the pervasive lassitude that numbed her limbs, and finally her heart reacquired a sedate pace.

She wondered how much her reprieve would last. Her suit stuck to her slicked flesh like a second skin, and despite the coolness of the metal at her back, Kara felt the fever spike again.

Time passed - she knew because her ass was sore from her sitting on the floor like that - but Kara couldn’t say how much. The neon’s glare never changed, only hurting her eyes more as her fever climbed to the heat of an open furnace, and she soon gave up on counting minutes. Time stretched into centuries of solitude she couldn’t see the end of, and Kara pushed the ticking numbers from her mind, lest they drive her mad.

Her body was so hot it warmed the wall she leant against so she shifted, panting with the effort, and spread herself on the floor, teeth chattering with a chill her burning body welcomed and soaked up with greed.

If the criminals of National City could see her now, they would have such a good laugh.

Kara was so caught up in the workings of a body that had declared war against her, she didn’t hear the cell’s door hiss open, nor the footsteps nearing the spot on which she lay.

But when a voice she’d expected to hear called her name, she twisted her head, torn between relief at not being alone and fear that her powers would start acting up again.

“Kara.”

Maggie Sawyer crouched next to her, close enough to touch her, but she made no move to.

Kara was dimly aware that Alex was standing on the doorstep, a stricken expression twisting her features as she clutched the doorframe in a white-knuckled grip.
But there was something about Maggie, a sense of… *kinship* she’d never felt towards her before, and her eyes turned back to the detective.

“Kara, is it okay for me to touch you?” Maggie’s voice was soothing, her posture relaxed even though Kara could read worry in her eyes. The request made her frown - the two of them weren’t exactly what someone would call good friends - more like acquaintances that tolerated each other for Alex’s sake. Speaking of, she wondered why Maggie was here of all people - after all she and her sister had broken up, hadn’t they?

“Not. Safe.” She managed as another bout of shivers made her teeth click. Her throat was too dry to speak further, the words she wanted to say pasted to her tongue, so Kara jerked her head, shooting a meaningful look towards the half melted lump of metal that had been a bed no more than an half hour before.

“You won’t hurt me.” To Kara’s horror Maggie reached out, placing a hand on her forearm. She wanted to pull back, to shove the woman away for her own safety, but no matter how loudly she screamed those orders into her mind, her limbs refused to move.

Maggie’s hand closed around her arm, and she pulled Kara towards her, lifting her partly off the floor to lean into her chest.

“See?” Maggie cooed, fingers pushing sweat-soaked hair from her brow. “I’ve got you.”

Kara blinked and before she could register what she was doing, she’d buried her face into Maggie’s jacket, inhaling deeply.

The scent spiralled down her throat to settle within her lungs like mist, and she slumped in Maggie’s arms, her mind oddly split between instinctual and analytical. Kara knew that - strictly speaking - she was behaving oddly, although nothing had been normal about her day so far, but the other part of her only urged her to press closer in Maggie’s chest.

Alex’s ex smelled of rain pattering against a windowpane, Earl Grey tea and a book so new its spine still cracked as one turned the pages. They were all things that Kara loved, familiar things that acted like a wall between her and her troubles whenever life’s weight grew overbearing.

“She’s an Omega, like me.” Maggie spoke above her head - to Alex obviously - but Kara didn’t really care. All she could focus on in that moment was the feeling of safety pervading her and, after being so gripped by fear, she really didn’t want to think of anything else.

“Are you sure?” Alex’s scent mingled with Maggie’s as she stepped inside the room and Kara tensed, flashes of what had happened in the morning skidding through her mind.

“She’s been responding to my pheromones from the moment I stepped in here,” Maggie replied, somewhat dryly, “and now she’s reacting to yours.” Kara felt arms tighten more firmly around her and whimpered softly in response, hands weakly fisting at the front of Maggie’s jacket. “You’re an Alpha, and she is too scared to see you as something other than a threat.”

“But how is this possible?” A note of open incredulity had entered Alex’s voice, “she was tested for it when she came to Earth and her blood work lacked the markers.”

“Well if her powers grew with exposure to our sun like you told me, the same could be possible for this. The timing may just be different.” When Kara managed to tear her face from Maggie’s shoulder turning towards her sister, Alex looked for all the world like she wanted to hug her and was afraid to.
It broke her heart a little.

Kara cleared her throat, wincing as she swallowed, and pulled back slightly, so that she could meet their eyes in turn.

“Why didn’t Clark say anything?” She asked to no one in particular. If she was going through this, her cousin must have experienced it too.

“If Maggie is right…” Alex rubbed at her forehead tiredly, “he may not be an Omega.” She blushed and looked away. “When an Alpha presents it’s not…it isn’t…” She gestured helplessly, silently begging Kara to understand without having to spell it out.

“What Alex is trying to say is that Alphas get little more than the embarrassment of an untimely boner when they present.” Alex grumbled at that, and Maggie gave her a long suffering look, “whereas an Omega’s presenting involves a fully fledged heat.”

“Is that what’s happening to me?” Kara plucked at the front of her suit and, when she felt how damp with sweat it was, she grimaced. “Can’t you give me suppressants?”

She had read enough on the topic to know it was common practice for unmated Omegas to be on suppressants, and if she really was one… well, regular doses of the chemical should fix her problem.

“We don’t know your dosage.” Alex shook her head, “and if we get it wrong, it may do more harm than good.”

“So I just have to wait till it wears off then.” The prospect terrified her because there was a good chance her powers would get out of control again, and she could end up doing some real damage despite the kryptonite-imbued walls. If she accidentally hurt anyone, Kara would never forgive herself. “You need to take me somewhere else though.” She added hurriedly, “somewhere where I won’t…I don’t want to…” She clenched her hands and pressed her fists into her lap, hating that she felt so helpless.

“Even if we moved you, we don’t know how long your heat is going to last without running proper tests.” Alex spread her hands apologetically. “And we can’t test you, not when you may lose control again.”

“Then what?” Kara asked, more angrily than she’d meant to. She could feel her temper fray, fear fuelling her rage, and she clasped her hands together, drawing deep breaths in an attempt to keep herself centered.

“There is another way,” Maggie said softly, “but your sister doesn’t like it. And perhaps you won’t either.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Maggie and Alex take Kara out of the D.E.O. but, once they reach Lena, they realize that problems have just started.

Chapter Notes

Back with chapter two! I'm already working on the new content, but in the meantime, I hope you enjoy!

- Dren

Alex had never disobeyed a direct order before.

What she was doing went against everything she’d trained for. Everything she had been taught. Locking Kara away, inside one of the D.E.O holding cells had seemed like the right thing to do when J’onn had suggested it.

On one hand it would keep staff safe while they figured out a way to treat Kara’s unexpected illness, and on the other it’ll save her sister from unnecessary grief.

Kara would never forgive herself for hurting an innocent.

Now, as she watched her ex-girlfriend explain their plan to Kara, all Alex could do was keep still.

“Their” plan, was mostly Maggie’s, Alex having simply supplied the location of what they would need to get Kara safely out of the facility. She wouldn’t have been able to do much else anyhow: her mind still trying to wrap itself around the possibility her little sister was an Omega. So much so that, when Maggie had revealed that bit to a bewildered Kara, she’d felt the need to interrupt and ask again. Just to be sure she’d heard it right the first two thousand times.

As a bio-engineer she should have been the one to figure it out. And, science failing, her nose should have given her an answer. She could sort of smell Kara now, under the pain and the fear. It was a scent Alex didn’t recognize, but that she instinctually associated with those clear, starry skies which had blanketed the summers of her youth.

Stardust must smell the same; cold, and ineffable like the stuff dreams were made of.

As Maggie helped Kara to her feet and out of the holding cell, Alex turned away, pushing both doubt and self-deprecation to the side. She took point without speaking, one hand dropping to the stun-gun at her waist. Technically, the route they would be taking to the vehicle bay should be clear; the D.E.O base had been built with future necessities in mind, and thus was far bigger than they currently needed.

Besides, she’d left specific instructions with Vasquez. To her credit, her fellow agent had listened
to her without batting an eyelid and - while her gaze had been full of questions - she had asked none of them. Alex knew that Vasquez had used her a kindness because of Kara’s situation, but sooner or later she would demand an explanation.

*And so will J’onn, once he figures out what’s happened.*

At least - if everything went according to plan - Kara would be long gone by then. Alex didn’t relish the thought of facing J’onn; he would be well within his rights to revoke her access privileges and suspend her or - worse still - kick her out of the agency altogether, but she’d watched the monitors for hours as Kara’s conditions progressively got worse, and couldn’t stand it any longer.

At first, it had looked like the dampeners they had fitted the cell with would worked. It took six agents excluding herself plus a Kryptonite shock collar to subdue Kara into compliance, but once they’d carried her inside the holding cell, it seemed that both the fever eating at her and her powers were brought under control.

The calm had lasted for about an hour - long enough for the medical team to rule out the most common neurotoxins - but then Kara’s fever had spiked again, and her powers surged, destructive and uncontrollable, despite the Kryptonite.

The situation had grown worse as time went by, and dread had settled heavier than lead around Alex’s heart as more and more tests came back negative.

They were almost at the vehicle bay when the alarm went off, lights switching from white to the amber glow of high-alert.

“Have they found out already?” Maggie called behind her. Alex turned, finding that her ex was supporting almost all of Kara’s weight. They had put Kryptonite shackles around her wrists before exiting the cell and, even though the sight was a painful one, the precaution had been necessary.

Her sister’s eyes were glassy, vacant, and she looked like a sleepwalker. It made Alex’s heart clench, but this sluggish, half-asleep version of Kara was better than the violent alternative.

“I asked Vasquez to make sure the coast was clear, but I guess she took it more literally than I thought.” *Typical, really.*

“Well, let’s use our chance while we have one, yeah?”

Alex nodded, moving up to Kara’s other side to help support her. Together, she and Maggie guided her sister inside the garage and toward the nearest prisoner transport.

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“This.” The kryptonite-wrought chains binding Kara’s wrists together rattled, “is the most insane plan I’ve ever heard.” She shifted trying to find a more comfortable position, not an easy feat considering she was sitting inside a D.E.O. prisoner transport. But it was the only kind of vehicle equipped with kryptonite dampeners, and so it had been the safest way to get her to Lena. She had started to feel better minutes after they’d left the facility, the memory of how she’d gotten to the vehicle a jagged recollection of halls that looked similar enough to make her nauseous. Kara knew it wouldn’t last, and it worried her.

“What makes you think she will agree to this anyway?” She asked, trying to keep rising panic under control. The possibility that she wouldn’t, somehow made things worse in Kara’s mind, but the two of them were just friends weren’t they? And what Maggie had proposed went way beyond
anything even a good friend ought to be willing to do.

Mating was for life.

Not that she hadn’t fantasized about herself and Lena being a couple, but the fact that she’d always thought she didn’t fit within the human hierarchy of things had made Kara believe the Alpha would never find her interesting that way. But if she was an Omega… If she....

Her fever spiked again, slowing her thought process to a crawl.

“Ugh.” The chains were long enough that she could wrap her arms around her midriff, and as the van’s interior dissolved into a wave of nausea she pressed her forearms against her stomach and bent forward, shutting her eyes against the glare of the city’s lights streaking by.

The only thing keeping her from tumbling off her seat and onto the van’s floor was Maggie’s steadying hand around her shoulder.

“Deep breaths.” The other Omega counseled, fingers moving to the nape of Kara’s neck to work some tension away, “we’ll be there soon.”

Ever so slowly the nausea receded and Kara could breathe easier, the crippling pain that had compressed her lungs together dulled if not gone completely. Her shredded suit clung to her like a second skin and her flesh beneath felt scratchy with trails of her own sweat. She was sure she reeked, and wondered how Maggie could bear to sit with her in the back of the van instead of keeping Alex company upfront.

“To answer your question,” Maggie peered into her face and, once she was satisfied Kara wasn’t on the brink of toppling over, she removed her hand, “when Alex reached out to me and I started to suspect what was happening I called Lena. She is expecting us.”

Kara gaped, her tired mind working double time to make sense of Maggie’s words.

“She’s already agreed?” She sputtered finally. She would have gotten up to pace if that didn’t mean smashing her face into the van’s steel reinforced walls. Alex wasn’t being the most careful driver.

Maggie said nothing, evidently waiting for her to get over the initial shock before explaining further, but Kara just couldn’t. That Lena knew she was supposedly in heat was embarrassing enough, but if she showed up on the Alpha’s doorstep dressed like this, she would know.

About her. As in Supergirl.

“She can’t…” Kara plucked at the tatters of her suit and shot Maggie a pleading look, “I mean, I can’t…”

The intercom came to life with a hiss of static, Alex’s voice tinny as it bounced off the van’s sides.

“You really didn’t think a pair of glasses was enough of a disguise, did you? Lena’s obviously guessed already.”

Kara’s mouth worked for a retort that never came, a small whimper building in her chest instead. Her stomach rolled and heaved, and she felt thankful it was empty, or they would have had to clean the van after delivering her to Lena.

“How…” She took a shuddering breath, fingers grasping at the length of chain linking her wrists.
She hissed softly, welcoming the searing pain of kryptonite on skin. “How did you get J’onn to authorize this anyhow?” She could not imagine he’d approve of such a plan in the slightest.

Maggie fidgeted and the intercom - which had been fizzling while Alex listened in - clicked shut.

“He doesn’t know, does he?”

The other Omega studiously avoided her questioning gaze.

“Maggie?”

“He doesn’t.”

At the confirmation Kara stopped worrying about her own condition and started fretting about Alex. J’onn wouldn’t take this lightly and, if he didn’t know, she was clearly going against his orders.

Her sister could lose her job right after her breakup. There was a voice inside Kara that suggested she was overreacting and that, while J’onn would certainly give all of them a lecture once this was over, he’d never do that to Alex.

He knew how much the D.E.O. and protecting Earth meant to Kara’s sister. And his reaction upon finding out that she was missing, along with his best agent and a state-of-the-art alien transport, would be to send a squad after them to bring her back.

Kara couldn’t really blame him if he did - after all she didn’t trust herself with her powers right this minute, so why should anyone else?

Her heart quickened at the prospect of losing control again once she left the relative safety of the van, and lungs that could withstand a nuclear holocaust stuttered within her ribs like a pair of faulty machines in the throes of a short-circuit.

Her bones felt frail and paper-thin, stretched to the point of breaking by the fever. Pain and heat swirled within her guts like a hurricane in full swing and, when she shifted again, Kara realized how soaked she was between her legs.

She pressed her thighs together trying to look nonchalant, and hoped that her flushed cheeks hid the fierce blush she felt rising up her neck.

If Maggie noticed - or if she smelled her arousal - she said nothing and Kara was grateful.

“What if I hurt Lena?” Kara worried a length of chain between her hands, twisting and turning the links and drifting as she watched the outside lights make the metal glint.

“Oh believe me, hurting her will be the last thing on your mind.” Maggie patted her knee, giving her a knowing smile, and Kara blushed so bright she was positive the whole of National City would be able to see her without x-ray vision.

They sat in silence for some time, the van swiveling through traffic as Alex drove them to their destination. Kara lost herself in the soft purr of the engine, and time seemed to extend until it stopped. It felt as if they were part of a self-contained universe, that was standing still while a million other galaxies spun by and out of view, their evolution halted until they reached the crossroad which for her was marked by Lena’s threshold.

Kara only roused herself as the truck slowed, and when she looked out the window she found that
Alex had taken them off the highway, a clear sign they were reaching whatever place Lena had agreed to meet them at.

She tilted her head forward, strands of hair falling across her face in golden shadows. She snuck a glance Maggie’s way, guarded eyes roaming the Omega’s face until they came to a pause on the unmarked curve of the detective’s throat. There were a million things she wanted to ask Maggie, if only to calm her mounting nerves, but it wouldn’t be fair.

It wasn’t proper.

So she bit the inside of her cheek ragged and kept quiet.

“I wanted her to mate me.” Maggie met her gaze briefly before her eyes went to the partition hiding the front of the van. She stared at it as if she could drive a hole through it just by frowning, fingers moving to stroke along the apex of her pulse.

“I really thought she was the one you know.”

The Omega’s eyes were full of hurt rejection, lucid like she was the one burning up with fever, and Kara wanted to give back some of the comfort she’d received.

But her arms were shaking so badly they’d be incapable of holding, and anyway she was too afraid to lose control and crush Maggie involuntarily.

“Alex isn’t a bad person.” The defence came automatic and Kara flinched, for it was not what she had meant to say at all.

“You don’t think I know that?” Maggie’s tone was clipped but, when she took a look at Kara’s horror-stricken face, her tone softened. “It just hurts.”

Kara wetted her lips, and they were fissured like a desert in need of rain. “I also meant to say that she can be stubborn. I think it was the Alpha talking and not the woman,” she continued hinting at the reason of their breakup without voicing it. Somehow leaving it unsaid made it feel less real.

“And sometimes we don’t realize what people really mean to us until they’re no longer around. I saw the way she looked at you back at the D. E. O.”

It had been the longing look of a kicked puppy, and Kara had wanted to scream at her sister she had no right to gaze at Maggie that way, not after some of the words she’d said.

But her sister’s eyes had also been full of the regret someone bestowed upon lost chances, a sentiment Kara knew more than intimately. She had wished her own mother goodnight, only to find herself blinking awake centuries later to a burned world and a lost family.

There were many things Kara wished she could have said to her parents back on Krypton, that would now forever echo in her heart. Words that haunted her on quiet nights in which she couldn’t sleep and watched the conjured ghost of a red sun traverse her ceiling.

“I hope-” The truck came to a stop and Kara was left wondering what it was that Maggie hoped for, although the way her eyes lingered on the metal partition a moment longer was pretty telling.

“We’re here.”

The detective stood, hands gently grasping Kara under each arm to pull her to her feet.

“Can you walk?”
Kara tried to swallow around the knot suddenly constricting her throat and failed, her reply refusing to come out. She settled for a tense nod, her stomach stuffed full with butterflies.

Every beating of their unseen wings was a tide of fresh panic threatening to drown her whole, and the van’s interior became suffocating, a cold, hostile environment of chromed edges she needed to escape.

The rush of cool air that swept the van’s interior as its rear doors were pulled open was a relief and, taking Maggie by surprise she jerked her arms free and tottered forward on legs that burned with the sharp needles of inactivity.

Outside it was artificially glary and Kara squinted against a light so bright her eyes watered from it. She half-hopped, half-fell out of the van, Maggie’s voice at her back going ignored as her ears filled with the sort of buzzing she associated with white noise.

Cooler air slid across her skin, failing to give her the relief that she had hoped for. However it brought her a tantalizing scent that had her turn her head so fast she almost gave herself whiplash. The fever devouring her bones was suddenly an inconsequential thing, easily ignored, the stinging pain inside her belly dwindling down to dull embers.

When her eyes refocused she gasped, realizing she was scenting Lena like a prized bloodhound would. The Alpha simply watched her, a concerned frown turning the green waters of her eyes into a stormy ocean.

Kara sank within the green embrace with barely a sound, feeling herself pulled further and further in. But drowning in the worried depths of Lena’s eyes would be a good way to leave this world she thought, a glorious way akin to the last moments of a meteor colliding with a planet’s atmosphere.

The spell was broken by Maggie joining her, the Omega’s hand laying lightly on her forearm to halt her progress towards Lena. Kara hadn’t realized she was actually walking towards the Alpha until her feet came to a shuffling stop and when she did, she looked away, torn between closing the distance and turning her entire body away in shame.

A low, warning snarl left Lena’s lips, and Maggie jerked her hands away, taking a step back with a look of consternation.

When Alex came around the van to join the group tension only got worse, Maggie seemingly forgetting they weren’t together anymore and slinking instinctively closer to her, while Lena glowered at them both - a reaction that left Kara utterly confused.

“You’re calling to her.” Maggie said eschewing preamble, her tone clipped by the same bout of fear that had driven her to seek some form of refuge in Alex’s shadow.

“How?” Kara thought it was a miracle she could talk at all. Lena’s scent - it must be Lena’s - was everywhere, and it evoked images made blurry by the passing of time, but that she recognized regardless.

Lena smelled like home - but not her apartment downtown, nor her desk at CatCo. The scent was that of a place she only kept alive through efforts of her memory and, when she closed her eyes completely overwhelmed, the neutral light of the overhead neons was replaced by the warm caress of a sun she had not rested under since childhood.

It broke her and at the same time filled her with hope, the present and the past overlapping in her mind until she couldn’t tell one from the other.
Kara started to cry.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

After leaving Kara in Lena’s hands, Alex leads the D.E.O. on a merry chase, attempting to keep them away from her sister.

Chapter Notes

And we're back with chapter 3!

I hope you all enjoy!

- Dren

Impossibly tall spires, wrought from materials yet unknown to men, sparkling red, and gold, and a thousand shades of bronze under a red sun. Kara’s mind flew through time and space and she ran the risk of getting lost among the memory of a place that existed only inside her heart.

She blinked slowly, as if coming awake after a long slumber, and the contrast with the glare of the underground parking lot was so jarring it made her head spin. Images of her native land were superimposed on everything she saw, the silhouettes of buildings that had been ground to dust centuries before this one was built, burning white-hot against her eyelids whenever she tried to clear her vision.

Around her, the others hadn’t moved, reminding Kara of the grandiose Renaissance tableaus one could watch unfold upon the vaulted ceilings of dusty Italian chapels. Lena and Alex had locked stares, each Alpha stubborn in her refusal to look away first. As for Maggie, she appeared torn between stepping even closer to her ex and moving back to Kara.

Eyes clouded by worry darted from each Alpha’s face to Kara’s and back again, Maggie’s thoughts traveling a hundred miles a second as her hands clenched at her sides. Kara wanted to defuse the situation somehow, but she wouldn’t have known where to start.

Any other time she’d have put herself between the Alphas, but all that she could manage right now was to remain upright. The fever seemed to be eating at her bones as if she were made entirely of twigs and, the way she was burning up, Kara had no difficulty believing the comparison.

All she wanted to do was let herself fall into the blue-green depths of Lena’s eyes and in her arms, and the need behind it all had her terrified to even look the Alpha’s way again.

“You’re calling to her, Kara.”

Braving Lena’s wrath, Maggie had moved close to her again, her voice steady, even though her gaze never rested on one of them for long. The detective wasn’t armed that Kara could see, but her stance had changed. She moved with care, legs bent slightly as if she were ready to leap at a
moment’s notice. Whether it’d be out of Lena’s way or in front of Kara, she couldn’t say. It was a weird thought, that of needing someone else’s protection. That was her place, her task, and yet she found comfort in Maggie’s closeness.

“How do I stop?” Her mouth was so dry it hurt to talk, her throat raw as if she’d spent days roaming a desert without water or shelter.

“You can’t.” Maggie took her jacket off, putting it around Kara’s shoulders. Omega scent enveloped her; this time it didn’t evoke the things that comforted her on gloomy days, but it was Maggie distilled into her purest form. A hint of sugar and vanilla, sweet enough that Kara could almost taste it melt over her tongue. She was grateful, not only because it felt like Maggie was visibly putting her under her protection, but because the fever was now making her cold. Considering that her suit was shredded beyond repair, the extra layer helped, but couldn’t stop the shivering completely.

“I know you’re scared Kara.” Maggie’s mouth twisted around the words, and she shook her head ruefully. “Actually, I don’t know how scared you are. We’re told what to expect as soon as Omega markers show up in our blood, and that makes the first time less scary somehow. But you…”

But you can’t possibly know.

Even though Maggie didn’t say the words out loud, she may as well have done so. The first time her adoptive parents had Kara tested, they had explained everything in detail. The fact that they sometimes applied scientific methods to their parenting, meant that they firmly believed she should be given access to all pertinent information. Every child was tested for Alpha and Omega markers regularly and, since those could appear at a variety of ages, childhood was a steady stream of well-intentioned doctors drawing blood.

That much Kara had experienced, at least in part, but once it had seemed clear she would not present - not even as a Beta by human standards - they’d left her pretty much alone. Still, curiosity had prompted her to do some independent research, but nothing she had found to read on the subject had prepared her for the actual thing. She didn’t know how to act, or what her feelings meant. She felt like the unwilling passenger of a body that somebody unseen tugged this way and that, and each time the fever raged, her mind fragmented further.

“I don’t know how not to be.” She confessed quietly, teeth chattering as another set of shivers raced along her spine. Kara had been scared before, but not like this, perhaps because her body had never betrayed her so.

“You don’t need to be strong all the time. And especially not now.” Ignoring Lena’s displeased rumbles, Maggie pulled her close, Kara instinctively hiding her face against the other Omega’s shoulder. If it were up to her, she’d hide there indefinitely, Maggie’s arms around her like a wall keeping her from harm. A small voice whispered that it was alright if she let go, that Maggie wouldn’t hold weakness against her. An irresistible urge mounted inside her; to push the neck of Maggie’s sweatshirt to the side until her cheek found skin, and rest, body curled around the other Omega’s as if they were wolf pups inside their den.

What part of her was still capable of logical thought recoiled in shock, and yet she yearned for it, just as strongly as she wished for Lena’s body pressing into hers. The similarities however ended there: the thought of Lena touching her, sent heat spearing to her core, her inner thighs reduced to a sticky mess by slick.

“You two cut it out.” Maggie called a moment later, her voice growing harsh. “Before you make things worse.”
Kara winced, fearing that the other Omega’s words would not go over well. When she’d started out as Supergirl, she’d had the chance to break out an Alpha brawl or three, quickly learning that logic and threats seldom had the desired effect. If anything, her trying to talk aggression-addled Alphas down had made things worse, ending up with charges for damaged property and a night in jail for some of the parties involved.

Much to her surprise, the atmosphere around them changed almost immediately: air that had been so thick with pheromones to be nigh unbreathable changed, the reek of Alpha rage dissipating so quickly it was easy to believe she had imagined it.

Lifting her head from where she had been resting it on Maggie’s shoulder, Kara discovered that the scene had shifted too. Lena and Alex were studiously avoiding each other’s eyes and, while her sister’s gaze was firmly planted on her scuffed boots, Lena was watching her, worry darkening her face.

Maggie’s closeness had calmed her nerves somewhat, and Kara allowed herself a closer study of the Alpha. Lena had eschewed her signature high heels and pencil skirt for a pair of far more practical grey sweatpants. She wore a matching fleece which - even at a distance - seemed softer than sin Kara’s treacherous imagination filled her head with all sorts of dirty thoughts at the sight, but the one that stuck out the most was how it’d feel to curl on Lena’s lap, wearing the Alpha’s fleece and nothing else.

Before she had a chance to clamp her teeth around it, a small, wistful whimper had left her mouth. If Lena heard her she gave no outward sign yet Kara was sure that, for a moment so fleeting it had been hard to glimpse, something other than worry had filled her eyes, brightening them like the passing of a meteor.

Hunger.

The very same that twisted her lower belly into knots.

Trying not to draw attention, Kara pressed both hands to her midriff, thankful that Maggie’s jacket somewhat hid her movements.

The detective was still staring at both Alphas with reproach, the silence dragging on around them.

“I’m sorry.” When Lena finally spoke, a bubble seemingly burst inside of Kara’s head. The Alpha’s tone was clipped, as if the concession she was making was for Kara’s only sake. Lena’s eyes, which had softened while she spoke, returned to hard chips of jade the moment they flicked back to her sister, confirming Kara’s suspicion.

“May I come closer?”

It shocked Kara that an Alpha – even Lena – was asking for permission to do anything. Alex was the only one she’d seen treat Omegas as equals in and out of the workplace. The times in which Omegas were considered as little more than property had passed, but enough Alphas still treated them with poorly disguised condescension. She was glad she had presented years after being done with school: high school in particular had been prime breeding ground for drama. About half her class had presented by sophomore year – evenly split between Alphas and Omegas – and, considering the backstabbing and pettiness she witnessed, Kara had been more than happy to blend in with the background like Betas did.

Being an Omega back then, while she navigated already perilous waters, would have been a
nightmare, even with Alex’s protection.

And, if anything, the fact Kara could defeat a small army on her own would have made things worse.

“Kara?”

Maggie was peering into her face, concern and a touch of nervousness digging deep lines on her forehead.

“Look.” the detective shifted subtly so that she was standing directly in front of her to afford them the barest privacy. Maggie also lowered her voice, her words clearly meant for Kara only. “This is sudden, and hard, and probably not the greatest idea I’ve ever come up with, but it’s the only one we’ve got going for us. But,” she paused and wet her lips before continuing, “if you don’t want to do it, I’ll find someplace else to hide you that isn’t a cage inside the D.E.O. and stay with you until this is over.” Worry was written all over her face now, but Kara had an inkling Maggie wasn’t fretting about her own safety. Rather, she was trying to figure out a way to keep her safe, should Kara refuse to stay with Lena in the end.

“It’s fine… I mean… It’s not. None of this is.” Kara pulled Maggie’s jacket more tightly around her shoulders. “But you’re right. And… “ She almost lost her nerve then, her cheeks burning so hot her whole face felt as if it had caught fire. “I want this. Her.”

Kara clung to her stubborness for all that she was worth, but her body was almost vibrating from the effort required to keep her gaze trained on Maggie’s face. Yet meeting Lena’s eyes right then would be disastrous: Kara was sure that desire and need were written on her face in bold, scarlet letters. She was sure that she would not survive Lena knowing. How much she craved to be touched, and disrobed - roughly if need be - to be bent over and fucked face first into the mattress. Even the floor would work.

Wetness flowed from her, drenching her far beyond the underwear she wore. The heat burned on, higher and more intense, leaving Kara to sway in place like a sapling whipped around but gale-force winds.

“Whatever we came here to do, we need to hurry.” For the first time since she’d exited the transport Alex spoke, her voice tense. It was obvious that Maggie’s plan still didn’t sit well with her.

When Kara shot a look her way, Alex was clutching a small device in her hand. At first she took it for a smartphone, but the way her sister peered at it told Kara a different story. A smattering of colorful lights blinked back at Alex, bathing her face now in green, now in virulent red. They uncovered what the neon strips above their heads had not; her sister looked haggard, her cheeks hollowed as if she’d aged ten years in a few hours.

“Alex-” Maggie started, only to be cut off.

“Headquarters is trying to re-activate the van’s GPS.” Alex began pacing back and forth, “I don’t exactly know how long it’ll take them, but they will manage eventually. We must hurry… unless you want the entire D.E.O. to track us to her doorstep?” She nodded in Lena’s general direction.

“I’d rather not.” Lena spared a look for the device which had started to emit an insistent, high-pitched beep. “Kara?”

Finding herself as the focal point for everyone’s attention didn’t help chase away the butterflies
that had set up camp inside her stomach. Fear, uncertainty and desire mixed inside her, her throat locked in a way that made it impossible to talk.

Unable to do anything else, Kara nodded.

Having had her assent, Lena approached her slowly, hands held open at her sides. The closer the Alpha drew, the more heady her scent became, and soon enough Kara cared for nothing but the woman staring into her eyes. The D.E.O. could have broken into the parking lot armed to the teeth and she would not have cared.

The moment Lena’s hands closed around hers, it felt as if a jolt of electricity had bolted through her spine. Kara whimpered and stumbled forward, the Alpha’s arms going around her just the way she had imagined.

Maggie squeezed her shoulder one last time, saying something she completely missed.

“I promise.” Lena answered, her arms tightening around Kara. The Alpha held her gently, and Kara slumped against her chest, grateful that - for once - she wasn’t expected to be strong.

She was dimly aware of Maggie stepping back and pulling a rather reluctant Alex along. Her sister may have have fretted about being traced but, when it came to leaving Kara, her feet dragged.

Moments later they were gone, the transport’s engine filling the parking lot with echoes as it roared away.

Kara blinked, just then realizing she was still wrapped in Maggie’s jacket.

“Don’t worry.” Lena placed two fingers under her chin, tilting her head so that their eyes could meet. “I don’t think she’ll mind the loss.”

She smiled, and the curve of her lips was at once kind and filled with darker promises.

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Alone in the D.E.O. transport, it was all too easy for Alex to let her mind wander.

She’d left Maggie a couple of blocks down from L-Corp tower, a black sedan already waiting to take the detective home. Both the sleek ride and the driver’s attitude - the man had acted as if 3 a.m. pick-up behind a coffee-shop was routine - had borne the Luthor signature.

It hurt more than Alex was willing to admit that - even though they had agreed to the precaution - so much of Maggie’s plan had been arranged without her being privy to it. In a way it felt like Lena Luthor had graduated from acquaintance to Maggie’s chosen confidant. Alex knew she was being unreasonable; L-Corp and the city’s police department had a long history of collaboration. The upgrade of the CCTV systems had been possible in no small part thanks to Lena’s donations but, despite what seemed like well intentioned patronage, Alex couldn’t bring herself to fully trust the youngest scion of that family.

But Kara’s safe, and that’s all that matters.

As much as Alex didn’t like the idea of her sister possibly ending up as Lena’s mate, L-Corp was the one place outside the D.E.O. which had the means to hold Kara while she wasn’t in control.

Lena had a brilliant mind and, under her guidance, the company had flourished, becoming one of the most prominent in the medical and technological fields. She routinely diverted part of her
personal wealth to research no other pharmaceutical company was willing to undertake, her ultimate goal that of saving lives.

Or so she’d claimed in the numerous stories CatCo. had run about her.

Alex’s hands tightened around the steering wheel, and she tried to focus on the road ahead. Headquarters had managed to reactivate the GPS twenty minutes after she’d dropped Maggie off, and she’d spent the next hour leading them around the city and its suburbs, without any apparent pattern.

She’d even driven through downtown once or twice, thanking the stars that traffic was lighter at that time of night. Avoiding the area altogether would have made it obvious she had something to hide, so she’d taken the risk and sped through a number of red lights, to shake the one D.E.O. unit that had caught up to her.

The game of cat and mouse she played wouldn’t last much longer, Alex knew. For one thing, she was running low on gas, and for another more and more D.E.O. units had converged on her position.

Every now and then the transport’s radio would crackle to life, other agents trying to contact her. As time went by, their attempts grew frantic, more insistent, but Alex hardened her heart and kept on driving.

The chase ended at the docks.

Alex was driving behind some warehouses, slow and careful with the lights turned off. D.E.O. units had cornered her here, forcing her to abandon the may thoroughways with roadblocks as they converged on her position. It was a sound strategy - one that she would have adopted herself in J’onn’s shoes.

She could hear them now, the throatier, better performing engines of the smaller cruisers filling the deserted wharf with noise.

One such car - a jet-black, compact SUV which had been reinforced at the front - zipped out from a side alley she hadn’t noticed and rammed into the transport’s passenger side, hard enough to jolt her in her seat.

The airbag deployed with a loud bang and Alex grunted, hands forced off the wheel. The transport spun and ended its race up the side of a warehouse wall, metal screaming as it scraped against cement.

When Alex’s vision cleared, the sky she could glimpse past the shattered windshield was a kaleidoscope of blue and red and, behind her, people were forcing their way inside the transport’s rear.

“Clear!” Someone - Vasquez? - announced, shouting to be heard over the din. “Van’s empty.”

“One of you get Danvers out of there.” J’onn ordered, his voice a mix of steel and barely contained fury. “Bring her to me.”
Oh, Rao. What now?

Kara’s heart hammered so hard inside her chest her whole body seemed to vibrate. The silence around her and Lena was absolute, yet it felt like a living creature, poised, waiting for her next move. The handcuffs she still wore jingled softly whenever she shifted, reminding her of her current situation: while she hadn’t lost control since leaving her prison, Kara couldn’t say when their luck would finally run out. Maggie’s jacket – which had felt like a comforting shield around her shoulders - would be no protection at all then.

She could not forget how easily she’d trashed her cell, despite being confined behind Kryptonite-powered dampeners. Those barriers had been strong, fed directly by headquarters main generator, while the shackles around her wrists felt paper-thin in comparison. All it took was - well, Kara wasn’t sure exactly what - but whatever the cause she would never forgive herself if she hurt Lena.

Not knowing what else to do, she took a step away from Lena, the Alpha promptly allowing her to put a little distance between them. Kara couldn’t put it into words but she was grateful: for the first time since her heat had arrived she felt like she was back in control.

Pulling the borrowed jacket as tightly around her shoulders as the handcuffs would allow, Kara buried her nose in the supple leather, inhaling deeply. Maggie’s comforting scent was fading rapidly, all but buried under the thick drafts of her own fear.

Its corruptive touch rushed like an infection along her veins: clammy sweat covered her from head to toe and a persistent tremor caused her teeth to chatter softly.

“Kara… “ Lena’s voice was a soft rumble full of concern, but she made no attempt to close the gap. “You're shaking. Let me at least get you somewhere warm?”

She had not honestly noticed how cold it truly was till Lena mentioned warmth. Between the fever and the stifling confines of the transport Kara had been - if anything - too hot, but the autumn night carried more than a bit of early winter chill, and being underground offered little shelter.

“What if I hurt you?” The words erupted from her sharper than Kara had intended to and she bit
into her cheek, tears softening her vision at the edges. “I don’t want to hurt you Lena!”

She stumbled forward and watched her hands find their way to the front of Lena’s shirt, clutching it in desperation. “I don’t want to hurt you.” She mumbled again, hiding her face into the crook of Lena’s neck when the Alpha pulled her close. Lena’s skin felt warm against her cheek, and when she turned her face, her lips accidentally brushing across the Alpha’s pulse, Kara had to swallow back a groan. She could feel it flutter madly beneath her mouth, its beat as wild as that of her heart. *I could stay here forever. Her resolve began to crumble. Rao, but I’m so tired and she’s so warm.*

“It’s okay.” Lena rumbled, her hands moving in small, comforting circles at the small of Kara’s back “You won’t.”

“You can’t be sure.” Kara protested weakly. She wanted to pull away again, but strength was rapidly deserting her and without Lena’s support she’d crumble to the ground. Lassitude like that she’d normally experience on the edge of sleep pervaded her limbs and - as she drew in more of the Alpha’s heady scent - her eyes slipped shut. *Maybe I could rest here. Just for a while.*

“I’m sure you won’t.” Lena placed a finger under her chin, tipping her head back. Her eyes were pools of serene green that sucked Kara in, almost immediately. “But it’ll be easier if I show you.”

Fingers curled around her forearm, Lena gently guided her to a nearby elevator. Kara was too exhausted to resist, her legs growing more unsteady by the minute. Crossing the short distance left her winded, as if she had been punched in the sternum, shivers of fatigue racing down her back. She was not accustomed to any of it: under normal circumstances her body was impervious to pain and weakness, stronger and more durable than any metal alloy men could make.

Inside the elevator the lights were dimmed: a soft orange glow that gave Kara the impression she was stepping inside a sunset. The color reminded her of the ruddier red of Krypton’s sun and – even though it could not quite compare – the overall effect was calming.

And the warmth of Lena’s body next to hers was like the sun’s, or maybe like the heat of an open furnace. Kara shivered again but, this time, cold had nothing to do with it.

She had dreamt of a similar moment on countless nights, and just as many times she’d laid in bed awake, thoughts awry while she touched herself, wishing it was Lena’s fingers inside her cunt and not her own.

Now that they were alone in the same space, Kara found it might have been easier to gently lie about the truth of one’s affections, than it was to reach for what she desired and run the risk that her fingers may close not around Lena’s heart, but around nothing.

*I wanted you for so long, but never thought you’d want me back. And now, like this…*

One of the elevator’s sides was mirrored from carpet-covered floor to ceiling, and Kara stared at her reflection in horror, watching her lips move. *Oh, no.* She had not realized she was voicing her thoughts until it was too late to keep the words from spilling out.

Lena’s eyes rounded, shock bolting across her face before her expression softened. She had let go of Kara’s arm as soon as the elevator had started ascending and positioned herself behind her, so that Kara could always keep her in her line of sight thanks to the mirror. It was a kind gesture and Kara had appreciated the Alpha’s continued attempts to make her feel in control.

“How could I possibly not want you?”

Lena’s voice was a gentle, soothing purr. It made its way down Kara’s spine like a lover’s caress,
and the images it left behind weakened her knees. A fierce blush rose to her face, and she was thankful that the suffused lights helped mask it. They did nothing, however, to lessen the heat of her cheeks.

“I don’t see anything not to like in you.” Lena continued. Stepping forward, she carefully threaded one arm around Kara’s waist and, leaning in, pressed a kiss to the side of her head. Free hand rising to her jacket’s collar, the Alpha tugged it open and exposed the torn-up S emblazoned on the front of Kara’s suit.

“Look.” She jerked her chin at Kara’s dumbfounded reflection. “Look.”

Kara blinked. Lena was trying to tell her something, but she didn’t understand. All she saw was a pale imitation of the hero she was supposed to be. The eyes of the woman staring back at her were almost too wide for her gaunt face and full of fear: black smudges cast sickly-looking shadows on her cheeks, and her lower lip quavered in a pitiful attempt to hold back tears. Even the flush in her cheeks, as virulently red as it appeared the more she looked, failed to mask her illness. There’s nothing here she can possibly want. This time, Kara managed to keep her thoughts to herself.

“I- I don’t understand.”

Lena shook her head ruefully, the beginning of a smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

“You’re hurt, afraid. Confused.” Her words were deliberately measured, and her kind expression robbed them of any sting. “Even so, you worry for the safety of those around you first.” Kara glimpsed a flash of pain deep in Lena’s eyes, but the Alpha was so quick to hide it she was led to think she had imagined it.

“You’re strong, Kara, even without this.” Lena’s fingers hovered above the symbol of her House, which, in the time she’d spent as Supergirl had come to mean so much to the people of National City. When Kara had chosen to wear it on her chest, she had done it to keep her family’s legacy alive. I thought that if she knew, mother would be proud. But, to be completely honest, there were things she didn’t think Kara could be capable of. Supergirl was her other self – her better half. And losing her whenever my heat comes around? The reassuring weight of Lena’s arm around her waist failed to soothe her.

Kara had just opened her mouth, meaning to voice all of her doubts, when the elevator came to a halt. The doors swished open and she blinked, not believing what her eyes were showing her.

She had expected the brand of tasteful elegance Lena was well known for. After all, she’d been to L-Corp Tower several times on CatCo assignments, to interview Lena herself, or document a new technological breakthrough. The building never failed to impress her: it was a tall, spire-like skyscraper, its polished marble and mirrored glass somehow merging seamlessly with the park that surrounded the structure.

Inside, the offices were elegant without being ostentatious, the company’s considerable wealth put to far more practical uses. But this… this was something different. Lived in.

The elevator opened onto what she guessed was Lena’s private sanctum away from home. It was a spacious, airy living room Kara had never seen before. On one side of the room, a set of double doors led further inside the apartment while another wall was made entirely of reinforced glass, the dazzling view informing her they had reached the tower’s top.

Everything was bathed in the crimson light of a sun she saw only in her dreams. Oh. OH. How?
Knees shaking, Kara tottered forward. She turned her face upward and closed her eyes, tears rolling slowly down her cheeks. The lights - LED lamps discreetly embedded into the ceiling - were the right shade, and radiated the same warmth she remembered from her youth.

“How?” Kara swallowed a painful lump in her throat. “How did you get it so right?” Her voice was thick with tears, and her ribs squeezed around her heart as if her chest had grown too small all of a sudden.

Lena cleared her throat. She joined Kara, but stopped shy of reaching her side. Kara sniffled, trying to bring her inner turmoil under control.

“Your cousin gave me the specifications. He was not...easy to convince.” From the strained note that had wormed its way into Lena’s voice that was the understatement of the year. Kara had heard enough about the bad blood between Clark and Lena’s brother, his reticence was easy to picture. But Lena is different. She knew that in her bones.

“Seems like Clark has been talking to everyone but me about this.” Bitterness left a foul aftertaste in Kara’s mouth.

“I suspect he wouldn’t know what to say.”

When she turned to face her, Lena was watching her closely. The Alpha had folded her arms across her chest and, under the red sun, her eyes were bottomless pools that devoured the light. Her skin was sunset-kissed perfection, and Kara’s gaze kept going back to the curve of Lena’s throat, invitingly calling her back to the safety of the other woman’s arms. She could bury herself in the damp place where Lena’s pulse beat closest to the surface, and forget everything else.

Lena’s lips moved, but all she heard was the roar of her racing heartbeat. Focus, dammit.

Kara curled her nails sharply into her palms, and sound gradually returned.

“He was surprised when he learned you are an Omega,” Lena was saying. “I don’t think he believed me.”

He didn’t care enough to come himself and see, that’s for sure.

Pangs of pain transfixed her, and every gulp of air was a mouthful of broken glass. Metropolis had its own host of villains, just like National City, and it would have been unfair to demand that Clark leave it unguarded. But it hurts. Kara pressed her hands to her stomach, nausea tilting the floor under her feet. It hurts.

Her next breath, she was surprised to find, didn’t hurt as much. Lena wasn’t touching her, but she had stepped closer, and a visible halo surrounded her. Pheromones. Kara couldn’t stop herself from drawing more of the intoxicating scent into her lungs. She’s trying to calm me.

Away from the overbearing smell of car exhaust and asphalt, Lena’s scent was distilled into its purest form. It spread across Kara’s tongue slow and sweet like caramel before it fogged her thoughts. She felt lightheaded, euphoric, as if she’d had just enough wine to teeter on the brink of tipsiness.

She swayed in place, chest heaving, and watched her surroundings dissolve into a wall of solid red. It was tempting to grasp at Lena’s shoulders for support, and seek refuge in her arms. But Kara was afraid that the light the Alpha had recreated just for her wouldn’t be enough: on Earth her hands were better suited to crush, and rend, and hurt, rather than to hold. Especially now that I don’t know how to control myself.
Kara had only one way to find out.

Before Lena could do anything to stop her, she lumbered to the window. Kara gathered all of her strength and, drawing her arms back, she punched the armored glass.

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Maggie watched the sedan merge with the night before retrieving her keys from the back pocket of her jeans. Adrenaline still swarmed her veins, but years of experience had taught her the height wouldn’t last. The sharpness of her senses would fade, replaced by fatigue and yet, with her brain haywire, she’d be lucky if she could catch some shuteye.

Perhaps I should call in sick tomorrow. Maggie discarded the idea almost immediately. Not having anything to do would make things worse: she could not bear the thought of spending the day idle, consumed by worry for Kara. Or thinking of Alex.

She made a disgusted noise in her throat and climbed to her apartment, yearning for the comfort of her home around her. Locking the front door and effectively shutting the rest of the world out helped, but only just. There was nowhere Maggie could go to escape her thoughts.

Around her the house was silent, only the muffled rumble of the garbage truck disrupting the peaceful atmosphere.

“Alexa, turn on the lights.” Maggie dropped the keys on the living room table and winced, her eyes roving to the wall-mounted clock. It was later than she had imagined. She ought to go to bed straight away, but she needed a shower first.

Just as she’d predicted tension was leaking out of her, and her muscles ached the same way they did after a grueling session at the gym. If she went to sleep like this, she wouldn’t be able to move come morning.

Trying to stifle a yawn, Maggie trudged her way to the bedroom, shedding clothing as she went.

“Fuck.”

She paused, one arm trapped inside her shirt: she’d sweated through it and the fabric stuck to her skin like glue. Once she’d freed herself, Maggie balled the garment up and flung it into a corner, tempted to just throw it away. It stank of Kara’s fear just as her skin did and - while she was sure a shower would take care of the latter - the shirt may be ruined beyond repair.

With her skin covered in sweat the room felt colder than it was and Maggie shivered, rubbing at her forearms to warm herself up. When her fingers grazed the spot Alex had touched she paused again then carefully pulled her hand away. The flesh beneath her hand was unmarked. Of course it is, idiot. Were you hoping for a mark? A lump she couldn’t swallow down constricted her throat.

It had happened when Alex had dropped her off at the rendezvous point. Up to that moment, being alone with the Alpha had been awkward. After they left L-Corp they hadn’t really talked - neither of them would know what to say anyway - and Maggie had simply given Alex instructions on where she needed to go. That was one of the things she and Lena had kept from the Alpha: of them all Alex was the more liable to get in trouble if they were caught, and the least she knew before she had to the better.

Of course she hadn’t liked to be kept in the dark, but she’d agreed.

Maggie was about to exit the transport, the driver Lena had sent her showing signs of impatience,
when Alex had stopped her in her tracks. The Alpha hadn’t exactly grabbed her, but she’d reached out across the console to place her fingers on Maggie’s bare wrist.

“Stay safe.”

Maggie was sure Alex had meant to say different words. Her eyes were wide and dark, and full of unsaid things. Unable to talk - nor trusting herself to - she’d simply nodded and hopped out of the van.

She let her hand fall and lifted her gaze, her reflection staring back from the full mirror in the corner. Light and shadow chased across her face, and her image’s lips seemed to twitch into a mocking smile.

_Ugh._ It was a clear sign she needed sleep.

Once she’d discarded the last of her clothes, Maggie padded to the shower. She caught a closer glimpse of her face in the bathroom’s mirror: her eyes were red from lack of sleep, and she looked haggard like she did when she was on a difficult case. *Feels like I’ve been camping at my desk too._

Her shoulders gave a painful twinge and she groaned, hopping from foot to foot as she waited for the water to get sufficiently warm.

When she finally stepped under the powerful jets the water was almost too hot. Maggie hissed, her skin scalded, but she didn’t fiddle with the shower knob. She knew that the heat would help relax her muscles and it wasn’t truly enough to burn her. *But it sure feels that way._

Heat was better anyhow: enclosed in the shower box, vapour so thick around her she barely could see, Maggie was now smelling Alex instead of Kara on her skin. It was a fantasy - there was no way that Alex’s scent could linger after such brief contact - but even lathering herself up with soap wasn’t enough to mask it. It seeped into her pores with the warm fog of the shower, and along with it came guilt. Maggie leaned against the tile and groaned.

It was all too easy to imagine Alex in the shower with her, working out the knots of tension in her back with expert hands. For a moment, it was the Alpha’s fingertips teasing down her spine instead of the hot water and a whimper left Maggie’s lips.

_No._ She shook her head, water spraying everywhere. She had no right to think of Alex that way. Not anymore.

And yet… Something had flashed through the Alpha’s eyes when they’d met hers in the van. Hope? Regret? _Or am I just seeing what I want to see?_ Maggie frowned, too lost in thought to wipe her eyes when they started to burn from the soap. Splitting up when it had become clear they couldn’t reach a compromise had seemed like the best thing for everybody but, as days then weeks went by, Maggie had realized they would not have reached that point if… _if we’d talked about it more in the beginning._ Sometimes - especially when she tossed in bed, unable to fall asleep - she wondered if perhaps there was still time for them to retrace their steps. Usually she’d go as far as to pull Alex’s number up on her phone, but always chickened out before pressing ‘call’.

Quiet, broken sobs shook her chest, and Maggie hung her head and let them out. Tears mixed with the water dripping from her cheeks, but she didn’t care. They were a long time coming. Burying herself in paperwork had worked for a while, as had volunteering for patrol duty whenever the Department was short staffed. That had raised a few eyebrows around the squad, but the other detectives knew her well enough not to get up in her business. She’d come home too tired to do anything else than crawl into bed but, somehow, Alex always found a way into her thoughts.
She’d given up any attempt to date almost immediately: the few women she’d come across that were even remotely interesting simply couldn’t compare to Kara’s sister. As for other Alphas, Maggie had steered well clear - if she wasn’t ready to date again, she certainly couldn’t deal with that… complication.

The water was icy cold now, and she turned it off with a sigh, exiting the shower far more tired than she’d entered it. She felt drained - emotionally and physically - and, after toweling herself dry on autopilot, she dragged her aching bones toward her bed.

Still, she wasn’t tired enough to forego what had become routine. Alex’s face stared back at her from the phone’s screen, and her thumb hovered uncertainly over the dial button. The photo itself was a blow, and one that nearly took the air from her. Maggie ought to replace the picture - she and Alex smiling happily in a selfie, their cheeks touching - or delete the Alpha’s number altogether. She’d come close a bunch of times. *But if I had, Kara would still be locked up in that holding cell.*

A yawn cracked her jaws wide open and she huffed, putting the phone down and rolling onto her other side. Out of sight, out of mind. *Except that isn’t really how it works.*

Time ticked by, but Maggie couldn’t fall asleep despite the silence. Her thoughts kept circling back to Alex and what they had, and how she should have acted differently. Soon enough, she lost herself inside a maze of possibilities but, no matter which route she took, she and Alex always ended up in shambles. Before long she was asleep, face pressed into the pillow.

The dream started innocently enough with Vasquez walking with her down a hallway. She knew the agent from Alex’s stories and, though was holding Maggie’s arm a bit too hard, she seemed amiable enough.

“It’s for your own good,” Vasquez was saying, “we don’t want you getting hurt.”

“Of course, I understand.” Maggie began to nod along, then paused, uneasiness prickling between her shoulder blades as the corridor grew dimmer. “Wait- what is?”

“This.”

Vasquez roughly threw her forward and, as her hands and knees struck concrete, Maggie cried out.

“Wait!”

But the agent was locking a door she had not seen behind her, and she was trapped.

“Wait!” Maggie flung herself at the door handle, but no matter how hard she tugged it wouldn’t give. “Let me out! Alex! ALEX!”

There was no way Alex would let the D.E.O. do this to her, Maggie was sure. All she had to do was try and remain calm, and her girlfriend would get her out of here - wherever *here* was. She could smell her, the familiar scent of juniper and rain seeping through the door, and she screamed the Alpha’s name again, hoping to be heard.

*If I had Kara’s strength I could tear the door down. I could*- She slammed her fists against cold metal until her hands were battered and bruised, and covered in blood. *I could*- Her bones gave with a loud snap, and Maggie howled, the room consumed in a blaze of white.

A warm weight pressed into her chest. *Alex*. Maggie wiggled as close as she could, and wrapped her arms around the Alpha with a grateful sigh. *I knew you’d come for me, Alex. I knew you’d save me.* Maggie rubbed her cheek against the Alpha’s chest, whimpering as the last traces of fear
clawed at her mind.

When Alex didn’t reply, Maggie pulled back, worry creasing her brow. She blinked slowly, her eyes grainy with sleep and - once she had regained her bearings - realized it wasn’t Alex she was clutching to her chest, but the spare pillow.

The grey light of early morning slated inside the room through a gap in the curtains, casting pale shadows on the walls. While sleep hadn’t been restful, Maggie was surprised she had managed to close her eyes at all, considering the circumstances.

Her dreams had made her shift during the night, and she was hugging the spare pillow for dear life, one bronzed leg thrown over it. Maggie hadn’t bothered to put on any clothes after the shower, and there was further surprise when she realized she must have humped into the pillow, leaving a trail of slick behind.

Judging by the sticky smears of arousal she found coating her thighs, she had been at it for some time too.

Her hand automatically moved between her legs, and her clit jumped in anticipation at the first pass of her fingertips. If Maggie didn’t know better, she’d say she was starting her heat. Impossible. If anything it’s late. Her cycle was late too, by a bit more than a week, and she really ought to call her OBGYN about that, even though it was very likely stress. With the breakup, the rise in homicides and Alex calling her in a panic over Kara’s sickness, nobody could say the last month had been kind to her.

Fingers thoroughly coated in the mess she’d made, Maggie set herself to taking care of the pounding need that was making her thighs quaver. She went at it mechanically, wanting to be done as fast as possible. The act was more a bother than anything else, and it held little pleasure: no matter how hard she tried to think of someone else, it was always Alex’s cock she imagined stretching her.

 Think of someone else. Anyone else. Alex briefly morphed into one of the women from the bar, and back again. Fuck.

Hips leaving the bed, Maggie came, throwing her free hand over her mouth and biting down to suffocate a scream. The orgasm scoured her body like a lightning bolt and was gone before she had a chance to catch her breath. It left her shaking and cold, her limbs weighted down as if made of lead.

Afterwards, only guilt remained, and the mix of tears and snot staining her face.

Oh, Alex.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Kara finds out that the red sun lamps Lena prepared really work. Meanwhile, Alex confronts J’onn and makes a terrible discovery.

Chapter Notes

As always I hope you enjoy the chapter! The road is getting bumpier... and steamier!
- Dren

To get Alex out of the transport, Vasquez had to cut the seatbelt out of the way. It had twisted around in the impact, and Alex was unable to disengage it.

She used the little privacy they had to tell the other Alpha she was sorry.

Vasquez lifted her shoulders.

“I told the Director I had no idea what you were planning,” She said, waving off her apology. “Which is true.” She tugged at the seatbelt and Alex grunted, the material digging into her shoulder as Vasquez hacked it to shreds with a tactical knife. “He doesn’t need to know the truth.” The Alpha continued as amiable as if they were discussing their weekend plans during a coffee break. “But you owe me, Danvers.” When Vasquez’s eyes rolled up to meet hers, Alex squirmed: in the greenish glow of the dashboard they appeared as hard as a wolf’s, and just as unforgiving.

“I know.” She hung her head. “I know.”

“Ah! Finally!” The seat belt snapped, and Vasquez half-pulled, half-helped her out of the driver’s seat. The moment Alex’s feet touched the ground the world tilted, and she brought a hand to her forehead, fighting down a wave of dizziness.

“You okay?”

“Fine.” But her lungs burned every time she breathed, and she could feel her shoulder start to bruise.

“Hold still for a minute.”

Vasquez pushed her against the van’s side, and Alex leaned into the cold metal with a grateful sigh. The other Alpha shone a penlight into her eyes to ascertain her condition then – apparently satisfied – turned her around and nudged her feet apart. She made an exaggerated show of frisking her, hands rough as she patted Alex down.

They had gathered quite the audience: some of the agents shoot her uncertain looks, eyes wide in disbelief. Others – the youngest or most excitable – had gone as far as to draw their sidearm, and a
few were keeping her in their sights. Alex’s stomach sank further. She’d imagined many things, but being arrested by her colleagues had not been one of them. What else did you expect? She pressed her face flat against the van to hide a grimace.

When Vasquez noticed the aimed guns, she made a disgusted sound in her throat.

“Lower your weapon!” She barked, practically in the face of the nearest man.

“But Ma’am- She could-“

“Could what? Does it look like she’s going anywhere to you?”

Alex risked a look at the agent’s face. His cheeks burned a bright shade of red and he studiously avoided Vasquez’s steely gaze. Slow enough Alex felt that time had stopped, he holstered his weapon. Following his cue, the rest did the same and her shoulders slumped. A shiver ran and spread to her legs, adrenaline making her muscles tingle. At least the night won’t end with a bullet in my back. But she still may take Kara’s place inside a holding cell.

Vasquez’s question had been rhetorical anyhow: there was nowhere left for her to run.

Without the reassuring weight of the handgun on her hip Alex felt naked, but being disarmed didn’t sting nearly as much as being stripped of her badge.

“Sorry.” The woman’s breath tickled her ear. Her voice was a tense rasp, so low Alex strained to hear it. “Boss’ orders.”

“Spare gun.” Alex supplied, “left leg.” Vasquez had put her job on the line for her, and the least she could do was being cooperative. Besides, she didn’t really expect to make a run for it guns blazing. Everyone around her was so on edge their tension thickened her tongue. It had the stomach-churning taste of something only partially digested – bile that Alex couldn’t swallow down.

“Was just about to ask.” Vasquez didn’t bother hiding her relief.

After one last cursory check, Vasquez cuffed her hands behind her back and pulled her toward a nearby warehouse. Its doors had been shut but that hadn’t stopped the D.E.O. team: someone had sheared the heavy-looking chain holding the padlock in place, and carelessly thrown it to one side in order to throw together some sort of interrogation room.

Alex had run similar operations before: the D.E.O. coal-black fatigues and unmarked vehicles might make people curious, but most had sense enough to recognize a government operation when they saw one and steered well clear. Anonymity is our greatest asset. J’onn’s favorite phrase flashed through her mind.

An asset that her actions seriously jeopardized.

Alex was only a few steps inside the warehouse when she was blinded by the glare of a portable spotlight. Twisting away from the light she shut her eyes, and her jaws clenched around a hiss of pain. Vasquez placed a hand on the middle of her back and gently urged her forward.

Alex had the impression she’d walked onto a stage and – much the same way – whoever lurked beyond the spotlight’s halo was immersed in shadow. But even though she could not see him, she felt the weight of J’on’s hawk-like gaze as he assessed her. He was staring at her face with such intent that it was easy to imagine his eyes boring their way into her skull: a heat-seeking missile aimed directly at her thoughts. Which isn’t that far from the truth. But no - he would never.
She could scent him too, after a fashion. Despite the tension saturating the air, she could have picked J’onn out among a thousand others. His was the same smell she associated with Kara: cold and remote, like starlight. *He must be beside himself to let his cover slip this much.*

Alex swallowed hard and, for the second time that night, fear froze the blood inside her veins.

The day he had revealed himself to her was crystallized in Alex’s mind, impervious to the passing of time like the first time Kara had picked her up and flew them out their bedroom’s window.

J’onn had told her after her first mission as a full-fledged agent. Not that he’d had much of a choice. Eager to prove herself to the man she only knew as Director Henshaw, Alex had tracked down a fugitive and, even though the words “extremely dangerous” were printed in red letters on his dossier, had decided to capture him without waiting for a squad.

As it turned out, the warning had been an understatement.

Alex had read the files carefully, but nothing had prepared her for what she'd found herself facing. The… being - she still could not categorize it in human terms - had cut its way through her defenses as easily as a hot knife could slice through butter. Despite her rigorous training, it wormed its way inside her thoughts, trapping her within an endless nightmare. J’onn had used his own powers to rescue her, just before the alien creature could drive her mad.

Of course, Alex had known that Kara and her cousin weren't the only aliens on Earth, but his revelation had shocked her anyhow. To know that one was leading the D.E.O…..

Yet, she felt as if a puzzle piece had finally snapped into place: up to that point, she hadn't understood why Director Henshaw reminded her so much of Kara.

No one else inside the agency knew, and Alex actively worked to keep it that way, protecting his identity as fiercely as she protected Kara's human one. *Do you, though? J’onn knows Maggie and Lena know. Vasquez... at this point it’s not much of a secret, is it?* But she could do nothing about it now.

“You can leave us, Agent.” J’onn’s voice was edged with frost.

“Sir…” Vasquez cast a worried look at Alex and didn't move. Uneasiness and confusion wafted from the Alpha in waves and she looked lost as if her entire world had been turned upside down. *Which isn't far from the truth.*

“Unless you’d rather stay and explain how we lost more than an hour of security footage, coincidentally while Supergirl escaped?”

Vasquez stiffened and, after one last look in Alex’s direction, she retreated, stately enough it could not be called a rout. She pulled the door shut behind her with a loud bang and the sound echoed with finality inside of Alex’s skull.

*Thought so.*

J’onn’s words skipped across the surface of Alex’s mind like pebbles thrown into a lake. He could easily delve deeper, but he didn't. Instead, he stepped fully into the light, allowing it to catch his eyes. They shone the deep red of a dying sun before returning to their human color, and Alex released the breath she was holding. She had never felt threatened by J’onn before, but it occurred to her that tonight they were on different sides.

She couldn't blame Vasquez for her hasty exit.
Icy as it may be, J’onn’s voice was deceptively calm, but his scent was another story. Normally, he’d smell like any other human Alpha, but fed by his anger a colder, almost reptilian scent surrounded him. It rolled from the walls too, primal and rapacious, and the warehouse turned into the lair of a dangerous beast around her. Deliberately, he dragged a folding chair toward himself and sat down, staring at her in silence. The musky, animal scent grew suffocating, and Alex had to clear her throat. It didn’t help much, and she realized that she’d be able to smell it for days.

He’s doing it on purpose. Nose twitching, Alex let her mouth fall open and breathed through it as shallowly as possible. To unnerve me.

Well, it wouldn't work.

After that near-fatal incident, J’onn had spent months mentally training Alex. He’d taught her how to strengthen her defenses, and resist psychic attacks. They had gone over the interrogation techniques the other species of the galaxy employed, and Alex was confident that - if it came to it - she could resist him.

She hoped she wouldn't have to.

“Where is your sister?”

Alex blinked, entirely wrongfooted. She had expected that they would trade lies as J’onn slowly increased pressure. He would threaten her again, perhaps more overtly, and she’d pretend his tricks were having an effect. After all, they’d practiced a lot during her training. Except this time it’s not an exercise. Meeting his gaze was easier now, Director Henshaw’s familiar eyes staring into hers. Alex would have to choose her next words carefully.

“She’s safe.”

Had she managed to get rid of the van before they tracked it down, Alex could have tried to deny any involvement. That had been the plan, but the D.E.O. technicians worked quicker than she’d estimated. When they reactivated the transport’s tracking system, Alex was still too close to L-Corp to feel comfortable abandoning the vehicle, so she drove on, fully aware that they would capture her.

I’d do anything for Kara. She’s safe and she’s- J’onn shifted and the gleam of the spotlight reflecting off his watch caught Alex’s attention. He was not reading her mind now, but if she broadcasted her thoughts...

Pulling a breath as deep as she could inside her lungs, Alex counted slowly up to four, then let it out in a deliberate exhale. It helped her refocus. Keeping her thoughts hidden away wasn’t easy, but she had had the best teacher one could ask for. Hands relaxed at her sides, Alex closed her eyes and pictured herself in the middle of an empty field. The trick was to let the emptiness fill her up like running water. An easy thing in theory but - in the beginning - it took Alex hours to still her thoughts. Now she could do it almost without thinking, the technique as natural to her as walking.

“She was safe inside the D.E.O. too.” J’onn pointed out. “You agreed the holding cell was the best course until we figure out what is wrong with her. Or do you already know?”

Would he let it go if he knew that Kara was…? It’s not his business. It’s not the agency’s business at all! Her upper lip quivered, wanting to bare her teeth into a snarl and Alex became aware that - despite her efforts at control - her own Alpha scent had exploded outward. It mixed with J’onn’s and overwhelmed it, spreading through the warehouse in oppressive waves full of aggression. She
had been protective of her sister before, but now that Kara had presented, Alex’s brain had rebelled, taken up by ferocious Alpha instinct.

To the D.E.O. Supergirl represented an invaluable asset, but J’onn sometimes forgot she had another life as well: one that didn’t involve being National City’s guardian angel.

“I understand it must have been hard for you to see her behind bars.” J’onn resumed, the sharpness of his words tempered. He was leaning forward, practically balanced on the edge of the chair. His hands rested upon his knees in a semblance of calm, but he looked ready to spring to action any moment. Alex had tensed too, and a low rumble poured out of her chest. Her hands flexed behind her back, balled up into fists, and the handcuffs dug into her skin whenever she moved, the skin chafing underneath the metal. She shrugged her shoulders and hissed when pain stabbed up her forearms. There was no way she could loosen them up: Vasquez had seen to that. I need to calm down. But all she could do was keep herself from pacing in front of J’onn like a caged lioness.

“You don’t.” Her voice was tight, rough. “You really, really don’t.” Sweat beaded her forehead, dripping into her eyes as she tried to retain control of her thoughts. J’onn was doing nothing but, unless Alex could collar her inner Alpha, he wouldn’t have to. The pain that had started in her arms worked its way to her chest and into her heart.

The warehouse faded, replaced in her mind’s eye by the D.E.O. control room. Again, Alex watched Kara writhe on the floor of her prison, the cot melted into nothing by an uncontrolled burst of her heat-vision. Her fists clenched, reflexively. Oh, Kara. I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry. Before she realized what was happening, she’d taken a threatening half-step toward J’onn. She tripped over her own feet and an anguished groan left her lips.

In the beginning, it looked like the dampeners put together by their engineers would work, but Kara’s state had gradually deteriorated. Alex had stood rooted to the spot and watched while her sister was devoured by fever. She’d listened to Kara beg for help and call her name, her voice growing broken and feeble as the hours trickled by.

Alex had forced herself to stay until she couldn’t stand it anymore, horrified at having put Kara there in the first place.

“Alex…” The chair scraped back and J’onn stood, approaching her carefully. He raised his hands, and a wave of neutral, calming pheromones filled her nostrils. “Alex…” J’onn’s mind touched hers again, like a gentle breeze ruffling through her hair. Alex was positive that he wasn’t trying to pry - he wouldn’t, would he? Please, God, tell me I haven’t been wrong about J’onn all this time… - but that was the worst thing he could have done.

Eyes narrowed into slits, Alex surged forward.

“She’s my sister!”

Get out of my head!

Had her hands been free, Alex would have grasped J’onn by his shirt and tackled him onto the ground. As it was, she tried to work her wrists free, fuelled by anger and frustration. If I had Kara’s strength I could- I would- She would have to thank Vasquez when she got the chance. The Alpha’s foresight was keeping her from doing something incredibly, irreparably stupid.

Alex could have laughed if the situation wasn’t so horribly pathetic. Instead, she shook her head and blinked: the heat of the rage swarming her head clouded her eyes in a reddish fog. Eventually,
her vision cleared and Alex let her head drop forward, the sweat that had soaked through her clothes rapidly cooling in the night air. She shivered.

Something soft thudded against her chest. Alex looked down and found herself staring at an open file. Several sheets of paper had spilled out of it and were scattered at her feet, a hi-res, glossy photograph on top of them.

“Stevens was one of my agents. Your friend.”

J’onn’s words buzzed into her ears, but Alex wasn’t listening. Not anymore.

Stevens’ eyes were closed, but she may as well have been staring up at Alex for all the difference that it made. If not for the massive bruise around her neck, the woman would have looked like she was taking a nap. It was jarring: she looked peaceful, but... But she’s dead. Stevens was the agent Kara had grabbed by the neck when they were first trying to figure out what was happening to her.

“Oh no.” Alex moaned, turning her face away. She wished she could cover it with her hands. “No.”

No. No. No. No.

Her legs grew weak but, before she could fall down, J’onn had grabbed her elbow and steered her to the empty chair.

“It’s best if you sit down.”

He crouched in front of her, and his eyes were full of sorrow.

************

Kara swung her still-bound fists with all her might. She gathered all the impotent rage she had accumulated during that night into the blow, and the sense of betrayal still surging through her veins at the failings of her body. She expected the armored glass would shatter outward upon impact, but instead a lance of white-hot pain stabbed into her knuckles. Agony spiked under her skin, racing up her arms to envelop the rest of her body in fire.

Oh.

“Oh.” Dumbfounded, she stared down at her hands. When she flexed her fingers experimentally the throbbing increased, and Kara hissed, unused to the sensation. Her knuckles were already changing color, purple, ugly-looking bruises darkening her skin. She wasn’t a stranger to pain, but this felt different. Intimate. I feel...vulnerable.

“Kara!” Lena bounded to her side and hurriedly pulled her away from the window. Her expression was one of utter shock: her mouth worked soundlessly as if her brain was still deciding whether she should say more, and her eyes had rounded, showing the white in its entirety.

Her scent had changed as well and pricked at Kara’s nose, ripe with tension. Is Lena mad at me? Suddenly she was filled with the urge to make herself smaller and bare her neck. She did so automatically, her eyes slipping shut. What am I doing? But offering her throat to Lena’s teeth felt natural and right.

“Kara…” The name was whispered against the side of Kara’s neck, Lena’s breath hotter than she’d expected as it skated across her skin. The Alpha’s voice was hoarse and sharp as if she’d spent too much time out in the sun, and her closeness sent shivers racing down Kara’s spine. The fear she’d felt moments before melted away, warm desire pooling inside her lower belly in its place.
She took a half-step forward, the Omega inside her aching to flatten herself against her Alpha’s heaving chest.

*My Alpha?* She froze, confusion knitting her eyebrows together even as another, more insistent voice slashed its way through her sluggish, heat-fogged thoughts. *Yes. Mine! My Lena, my Alpha!*

She keened through a throat constricted by need and tried to tug her hands free from the restraints. Had her hands been free, she’d have thrown her arms around Lena’s neck, begging for a touch. A kiss. Lena’s lips ghosted over her pulse, and her whole body quavered in response.

“Kara…”

The Alpha’s voice was dreamy, half-asleep and, when Kara looked up into her eyes, she saw that the black of her pupils had spilled outward, forcing the jade of her irises into a narrow outer ring. Lena’s face had gone slack, and her mouth hung open as she inhaled. Kara peered at her more closely: the Alpha’s eyes were glazed over as if Lena was running a fever as well, but where she’d imagined she’d find a vacant, unseeing stare, she was met by hunger.

Under Lena’s lustful stare she shuddered, and the dread she’d felt back in the holding cell became something remote, a story she’d heard but which had happened to someone else.

This time, she clutched at the front of Lena’s shirt without restraint and rubbed herself against her front. Lena was *hard*, and Kara’s Omega thrilled at the discovery.

The Alpha’s reaction was a low noise - caught between a rumble and a groan - and she raised her hands to cup Kara’s face. *Her lips are so close, so close… I could…* Kara tried and failed to swallow.

They stood, lost inside each other’s eyes for what felt like a lifetime, then Lena’s hands found hers and she leaned her forehead against Kara’s. *Her skin feels hot, or is it mine?*

“Lena?” The Alpha had closed her eyes, and her fingers were shaking as they danced over the handcuffs digital lock. They opened with a snap and thudded to the floor. Kara’s shoulders jumped at the loud, hollow noise. “Lena, what’s going on?” Gently held between Lena’s, her hands looked somehow smaller than they were and as fragile as she felt.

“Oh.” Lena startled back, and Kara realized she was just now hearing her question. A pensive frown shadowing her face, Lena pushed back a lock of Kara’s golden hair. She opened her mouth to reply, then closed it with a click, and her frown deepened.

“Uh.” Her eyes, Kara noticed, were gradually returning to their more familiar green, but it was the darker shade of shifting ocean waters. Somewhere inside Lena’s agile mind, a storm was brewing.

The Alpha’s shirt was now so soaked through with her sweat its color had changed to a darker grey and, from the way her nipples stood out under the fabric - pebbled and almost begging to be sucked - Kara could tell she wasn’t wearing a bra. *Oh, fuck."

“**You’re calling to me.**” Lena wet her lips, and Kara watched her tongue dart out, absolutely mesmerized. *Rao, but I want that tongue in my mouth.* She blushed as fiercely red as Krypton’s sun. *And other places*. The stray thoughts sent electricity crackling through her veins, and she had to resist the need to press her thighs together. Between her legs, her clit jumped eagerly, the friction with her underwear enough to send clear strands of slick dripping down the inside of her thighs.

Almost idly, Kara imagined Lena undressing her and discovering the mess. She pictured the Alpha’s tongue clean her up methodically, and a moan built inside her throat.
“I think…” Lena’s fingers were now circling her wrists, blood slowly flowing back into her extremities after the time she had spent cuffed. The process was a painful one, but Kara’s mind was too caught up in those fantasies for her to care.

“You think…what?” Her voice was almost buried underneath the roar of her blood.

“I think I may be going into rut.”

Lena’s scent grew more pervasive as if incited by her words. It swirled around Kara and enveloped her like the favorite blanket she still spread above her duvet during winter. The one Alex had taken from her own bed and given her on one of the first nights Kara had spent with her adoptive family. It hadn’t filled the loneliness that had seemed to hollow out her heart, but it had been a start.

Lena was safety among all chaos the madness, just like Alex had been during her first months on Earth, and Kara breathed of her as deeply as she could, feeling comforted.

Now that the Alpha had mentioned it out loud, Kara thought that she could smell her rut. It was a pungent whiff, but pleasant to her nose, like incense. And Lena’s pheromones had doubled - no, tripled - around them, razor-edged and strangely intense.

It clicked that she had smelled this particular scent before. Around her sister. Of course, while she could not get enough of Lena’s tantalizing scent, Alex’s had been disgusting.

On the summer before going away to college, Alex had gone through a particularly bad rut. Kara had teased her about a secret crush - something that her sister had fiercely denied - but whatever the cause, they had to live with the windows thrown wide open despite the scorching heat, and scented candles burning in every room for about a week.

Whatever happened here would be much different.

As if reading her thoughts, Lena pulled her hands to her mouth and rained soft kisses atop her battered knuckles.

“Nothing has to happen unless you want to.” Her gaze was clearer now, her eyes serious. The hunger was still visible but tempered by Lena’s force of will. In that moment, Kara knew her words were true and heartfelt - almost like a vow.

Kara worried her lower lip: it was all too easy to remember the solid pressure of Lena’s erect cock against her thigh.

“But I mean… like…” Unable to continue, she shot Lena a pleading look. Would you keep me here, like a princess locked away inside her castle?

“I...uhh… I bought toys. For you.” Lena blushed, and it was the most beautiful thing Kara had ever seen. “You could, you know...” She gestured helplessly and shuffled. She was flustered, obviously, and it made Kara want to laugh. But not at the Alpha, rather in delight at the tenderness, and care, and thoughtfulness Lena must have put in all of this.

“And…” She shifted closer to Lena again and, when the Alpha let out a wistful sigh, she pressed into her firmly. Emboldened, she continued. “And what if I wanted to? If I wanted you?”

“Then I’d take you to bed.” Lena’s words were a lowly snarl, ripped from her chest.

“Then, you should.” Following instinct, Kara released a cloud of her own persuasive pheromones. She brushed into Lena, seductively swaying her hips as best she could, and twined a loose strand of
the Alpha’s dark hair around her fingers. It crossed her mind that she may be looking like a fool, but Lena’s eyes had darkened again, hinting at the contrary. “Take me to bed, Lena.” She crooned, punctuating the sentence with another needy whimper.

Moving so fast that Kara wondered whether she had superpowers of her own, Lena wrapped strong arms around her, and swept her off her feet.

*Oh, Rao, it’s really happening, isn’t it?*

That was her last coherent thought before the Alpha carried her, bridal-style, toward the bedroom.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

While Kara and Lena have a heartfelt talk and get ever closer, J’onn unexpectedly lets Alex go.

Chapter Notes

And the long-awaited chapter six is here! I hope it was worth the wait!

Happy reading!

- Dren

Lena had been very thorough with the red sun lamps. The entire penthouse was bathed in the soft orange-red Kara remembered from her childhood and, under the perpetual sunset, she felt more at home than she had in a long time.

Despite the loss of her family and planet, Kara knew that she was lucky: certainly luckier than Kal-El who had no memory of Krypton except for the scraps guarded by Kelex. Yet, even though Alex’s parents had raised her as her own, she had been accompanied throughout her life by a sense of solitude.

Sometimes Kara thought of it little enough to convince herself she was finally over the loss but, always, the aching emptiness came back as if to remind her that certain ghosts could not be exorcised.

Kara had noticed it was worse in summer, especially during that week or so in June when days were longer and seemed to take forever to bleed out into the night. It was then, with the setting sun glinting off the city’s chrome and glass, that Kara would glimpse a pale echo of her home planet, in the russets and burnt copper of the sky. In those moments the loneliness grew worse, soul-crushing like somebody had decided to hollow out her heart using a tiny coffee spoon.

But, for the first time since her pod had crash-landed on Earth Kara didn’t feel any of it. In Lena’s arms she was at home in a way she had only ever dreamt of and, with the Alpha’s heart thumping steadily against her ear, the night she had lived through was nothing more troubling than a nightmare.

As for Lena, she was most certainly a dream.

That’s it. Kara pressed her face into the crook of the Alpha’s neck and closed her eyes. I’m hallucinating and she’s not real. I’m not really here. I’m not- She fist at the front of Lena’s shirt and a soft rumble started inside the Alpha’s chest in response. Kara desperately clung to the comforting sound.
Her heartbeat, which had spiked on the wake of those intrusive thoughts, quieted down, and Kara let Lena’s closeness chase away her doubts.

It was a slow process, as gradual as the blooming of their friendship had been but, by the time Lena was setting her down onto the bed, Kara had regained a little confidence.

Eyes flying open the moment the Alpha stepped back, Kara tilted her head up, unwilling to let the other woman out of her sight.

Lena stared back, her eyes dark and troubled.

Their moment of shared silence was a heavy, weighted thing. Kara could perceive all the feelings she had never talked about, could see them almost, like a bunch of rocks piled high between them.

“How long have you known?” She plucked at the ruined S on her chest and had to fight to keep her voice steady.

“How could I ever forget?” Kara congratulated herself for the steadiness of her voice. Inside her, it was an entirely different story.

Lena’s invitation had come unexpectedly, a lightning bolt out of a clear sky. She had met the billionaire once before when she and Clark had visited L-Corp and her cousin had not so subtly implied that Lena had something to do with Venture’s disastrous maiden voyage. Kara had been uncomfortable about the whole thing: true, Lena was a Luthor, but that didn’t necessarily mean that she was like the rest of her family. But Clark had seemed so sure, and at the time she’d supposed he would know best, considering his history with Lex. Still, she had left the Alpha’s office feeling like she should have spoken up and the truth, when they had discovered it - had made her feel sick in the stomach.

Kara had spent quite some time analyzing what she felt and finally decided that, based on the little that she knew of her, she admired Lena. Some of Clark’s questions had been tactless, and most of them insinuating but, where any other CEO would have called security on them, Lena had faced each challenge calmly, her answers sharp and to the point. And if her green eyes had been carefully guarded - shadowed almost - well, Clark had given her plenty of reasons to feel that way.

A month or so after the incident when, neck-deep into her first big story, Kara had forgotten almost everything about it, her phone rang.

On the other end of the line was Lena’s personal assistant, who informed her matter-of-factly that Lena had expressed the wish to meet for lunch, and would Kara please tell her what a convenient day for it would be.

“O-of course I’m free!” Recalling how badly she had stammered, Kara blushed and squirmed a little on the bed. At the other end of the line, Lena’s secretary had sighed and asked her to please be more precise.

“I remember everything.” Kara swallowed a desert in her throat. While she was lost inside her memories, Lena had shifted closer, close enough that Kara’s knuckles were brushing against her
thigh. “You were so beautiful.” She added when she could speak again, her cheeks on fire. “I’d noticed already when we’d come to your office, but back then you also looked…” Hurt. Kara’s jaws clenched around the last word. She didn’t want to ruin the mood.

“Hurt?” Lena raised a brow, but she was still smiling - with a little bit of sadness at one corner of her mouth. “I was, by Clark but you-you intrigued me. You were so quiet, but your eyes saw everything. I honestly didn’t know what to make of you.”

“So you invited me to lunch.”

Lena nodded.

“So I invited you to lunch.”

“And that’s when you knew? How?”

Kara leaned forward intently, the embarrassment that had pricked her skin moments before entirely forgotten. How, how could Lena have known that long? She was always so, so careful - Alex had made sure if it by talking her ears off about it.

“Well,” Lena’s fingers skimmed over her knuckles and Kara’s breath hitched. “After I managed to get over how radiant you looked when you talked about your job I started noticing things. Your sleeve was smudged with ash and one of your lenses was cracked. But you didn’t seem to be bothered by it,” Lena’s eyes held a fond light and it was clear to Kara that she cherished the memory just as much as she. It was that day, after all, that their friendship had begun.

“Anyone who actually needed glasses would have been fastidious about it – but you weren’t.”

“That’s awful little to go on guessing somebody’s secret identity.” Somewhat put out, Kara dropped the hand she’d brought to her face. While listening to Lena, she’d absentmindedly lifted it in a gesture she’d performed hundreds of times before – to push her glasses back in place. If she hadn’t known already this would do it. It was just as well she wasn’t wearing them: she was so nervous she’d have ended up twisting the wires of her frames into impromptu modern art.

“True,” Lena gave the tiniest shrug, “but Supergirl had rescued schoolchildren from a fire the same morning and then, after we started to see each other regularly, you’d come up with all sorts of excuses when you were late or had to cancel at the last moment.” Kara hung her head in guilt, and Lena bridged the tiny gap between them taking one of her hands, gently, between hers for a moment.

“It was just a matter of fitting together all the pieces.”

“I’m sorry.” She tried to speak, but her voice came out as a croak. Lena was watching her closely and, her eyes were a trap Kara could only fall into. How the Alpha inclined her head as she listened, the working of her throat every time she swallowed, the unawareness with which she wet her lips every now and then - everything about her set Kara’s blood on fire.

Lena said nothing, simply staring back at her, and that bottomless hunger had Kara dig the fingers of her free hand into her thigh.

She tried again.

“I’m sorry. I should have told you before.”

“Maybe,” Lena spoke slowly, her voice low and careful. “But I don’t need my doctorate from MIT
to understand why you may not have wanted to.”

There it was again. The same, quickly disguised hurt that had bolted through Lena’s face the day Clark had accused her of being behind the Venture’s sabotage.

“No! It’s not like that!” Kara blurted out, grabbing Lena’s hand and squeezing as if her life depended on it. Without the red sun lamps, her grasp would have been enough to crush the fine bones of the Alpha’s hand. “I wanted to tell you, many times. It was the right thing to do - the thing I should have done, but I was afraid of putting you in danger.”

Lena said nothing.

“I know it’s no excuse.” She realized a pleading note had entered her voice and hated how easily she’d let Alex convince her it was vital that she keep the secret, even with her friends. She had no problem telling Maggie though. Perhaps she wasn’t being fair, and Maggie had grown warmer toward her in time - she’d showed up to help Alex get her out of the D.E.O. after all - but with the heat short-circuiting her system, it was hard for Kara to be rational.

“Kara.” Lena scooted even closer so that, as they sat side by side, their outer thighs were touching. The Alpha was bouncing her leg, the first sign of nervousness Kara had ever seen from her, and the restless movement drew her eyes. She couldn’t help but zero in on the front of Lena’s slacks and, as she realized she could see something stir there, rising against the inseam, her brain stopped working.

There was an answering tug in her lower belly and, when Lena spoke again, Kara had to strain to hear her over the blood rushing in her ears.

“It’s alright. We all have... things... we have trouble bringing up.” There had been a labored rasp in Lena’s voice at the word “things” that made Kara understand she was talking about secrets. She didn’t for a moment worry of anything nefarious, because behind the mask Lena put on for the world she had glimpsed warm light: beautiful but jagged like the sun reflecting off the shifting surface of a lake. What Lena hid in the closets of her mind were not skeletons, but pain and broken things she’d rather stayed forgotten.

“I trust you, Lena.” She needed to be absolutely sure that the Alpha knew. “And never, in my wildest dreams I thought I would be here with you right now. Because I wanted to, but you are so out of my league.” She broke into nervous giggles and sniffed, a sudden wave of tears threatening to spill down her cheeks. “Supergirl was just gonna complicate things.” Supergirl is perfect, just like you, and I’m not. Rao, what a bitter truth to swallow.

Lena kept silent still, but she was blinking rapidly and the green of her eyes had fogged to a lucid grey.

“Speaking of our first lunch together.” Kara wanted to stop talking, but the words were bubbling, unbidden to her lips. Admitting I fell in love with her in the space of a lunch. Now she’s really going to think I’m a flaky idiot. “By the time I walked out of the restaurant, I was a little bit in love with you already.”

“Oh, Kara, have you heard nothing of what I said inside the elevator?”

She was still staring like a fool, mouth hanging open when Lena kissed her.

**********

Alex was barely aware of Vasquez uncuffing her.
She stood on shaky legs, unable to tear her eyes off Stevens’ photo. She had tried closing her eyes against the horror but it had not helped. The image was seared into her mind and Alex knew she would have nightmares about it.

J’onn was still talking, but his voice was distorted as if the air around them had turned to water. Alex wouldn’t be surprised: she could barely breathe.

“… You leave me no choice. “ He was saying as Vasquez stepped back. Alex had felt naked without her weapons and badge, but this was ten times worse. Maybe because she’d known it was coming all along.

“You’re suspended, indefinitely. Vasquez, I want Agent- Miss Danvers’ clearance revoked.”

“Yes, sir.”

Indefinitely. Or as he had made abundantly clear, until Alex decided to tell him what he wanted to know. Her fists tightened at her sides. If J’onn thought she would sell Kara to have her job back, he didn’t know her as well as he thought. Alex had her own doubts about the plan they’d hatched, but she couldn’t stomach to see Kara inside a cell again.

Finally, thankfully J’onn picked up the file and tucked the photo away. He was not even looking at her now but his whole body language shouted disappointment. “You can leave. I hope you’ll reconsider.”

Steeling herself, Alex shouldered her way past Vasquez and squeezed through the gap in the warehouse’s doors the other Alpha had left for her. Outside, she had to stop for a moment and shield her eyes, momentarily blinded by sunlight. It was still early enough that the sky retained traces of pink, but the wharf was already animated. Piers that had been deserted when she had been captured now bustled with workers and a few freighters were pulling into port, ponderous like mammoths of shining metal.

Most of the D.E.O. vans had left, which didn’t surprise Alex. An operation that had gone surely unnoticed under the cover of the night would look far too conspicuous in broad daylight.

She spared the few remaining agents a quick glance - that was returned with open hostility by some - then set off, zig-zagging her way through the maze of warehouses and depots that occupied this part of National City’s harbor.

Every couple of meters she would glance over one shoulder and, even though she never saw her tail, Alex knew someone was following. J’onn hoped to have upset her enough she’d go straight to Kara and it took all of her force of will not to.

Have she and Lena already…

Alex tried not to dwell on it: one thing was knowing that eventually, her sister would find someone to spend her heat with, another being aware of all the things that she may be doing right this minute. Ugh. Gross. Stop.

Still, these thoughts were better than what J’onn had revealed to her.

She weaved through the crowds, her steps quick to give the impression she was actually going somewhere with purpose. And, whenever Alex turned a corner, she’d used the few seconds she was out of sight to pat at her clothing. I’m sure he ordered Vasquez to put a tracker on me, just in case. It was what she would have done.

Her fingers found what she was looking for tucked away inside her jacket’s right cuff, but Alex wasted no time trying to remove it. As far as she could tell, the tracker was a small bar of metal so thin that - if she had the time to pull it out of the fabric - it would look like a needle. The D.E.O. had enough funding to afford top of the line equipment and, whatever didn’t match their needs they
developed themselves.

No. Getting rid of the tracker was out of the question. *For all I know, tampering with it could set off an alarm.* What Alex needed was a diversion.

The path she’d taken had brought her right into the heart of National City’s fish market, an open-sided structure that extended for several blocks. It was particularly animated that time of morning: fishermen were busy setting up shop and workers on forklifts treaded through the stalls to cart whatever was purchased to the line of refrigerated trucks waiting to bring the food into the city. Every restaurant manager shopped here and the market was packed with people. With enough luck, Alex would find just the distraction she needed.

Coming up onto a busy intersection she grinned, and deliberately stepped in front of a speeding forklift. The vehicle was staked so high with crates of fish that the driver’s line of sight was partially obstructed: there was no way for him to see her. Before she rolled out of the way, Alex had time to see the driver’s eyes widen in shock, the screech of the forklift’s brakes splitting the air. She saw him lose control out of the corner of her eye and swerve into a pallet of empty wooden boxes. There was a rumble, then wood and fish were spilling everywhere.

Alex didn’t linger any longer than necessary: the driver was already clambering out of his idling vehicle, a bewildered expression on his face. Other workers rushed past her to lend a hand, and she took advantage of the confusion to vanish in between two stalls.

When she was sure that her tail had lost sight of her Alex broke into a run and, soon enough, she had left the harbor behind. Shrugging out of her jacket as she ran she chucked into the back of a construction lorry that sped by and broke off in the opposite direction.

They’d catch on to the trick eventually, but by that time Alex would be long gone. Around her, the city had completely woken up and crowds of sleepy people shuffled along the sidewalks on their way to work. Alex ran until her chest was on fire and only stopped to rest after she had exited the metro, on the opposite side of the city. She ducked into a back alley and after having staggered into a wall, she bent over with her hands on her knees, breath rattling in her chest. J’onn would have her apartment watched, so she couldn’t risk going back there. Just because he’d let her go so readily didn’t mean he couldn’t change her mind.

While she planned how to get away, Alex had managed to avoid thinking about Stevens, but reality caught up to her now with a vengeance. It hit her as hard as if the forklift had run her over and Alex heaved on the concrete.

*How am I going to tell Kara?* Bile burned her lips and she choked back a sob. *How?*

**********

Kara had time for one intake of breath before Lena’s mouth was pressed against her own. She breathed in the scent of Lena’s alpha mingled with her own, and the other subtler fragrances that defined the other woman’s apartment. Roses - Kara thought she’d spotted a vaseful in the living room - and sandalwood. It was surprising how much she enjoyed the mix, Lena’s scent familiar to her nose in a way she was unable to explain. As for her own, she could tell that it had changed: it was a rounder smell, heady like that of wisteria in full bloom.

The thoughts went through her mind at light-speed before her brain caught fire, the feeling of Lena’s lips against hers too overwhelming to focus on anything else.

The Alpha had shifted again, turning her body to face her as if she meant to put her hands on
Kara's shoulders and draw her in. Lena's lips were soft against hers and, when her tongue darted out to demand entrance, Kara gave way readily. She would never have been able to resist, even had she wanted to.

Lena cupped her cheek and Kara kissed her back in what was a mad, inelegant rush. She’d never kissed anyone, let alone like this, and the fear of leaving Lena disappointed made her heart thump almost too painfully against her ribcage. “S-sorry. I’m not-” She tried to pull back and frantically explain that she barely knew what she was doing, but Lena wouldn’t have it.

“Hush.” The Alpha dragged Kara’s mouth back to hers. “You’re perfect.”

“Yeah?” Kara could scarcely recognize her voice. It was breathy and had climbed to yet unexplored heights. But, at Lena’s reassurance, heat raced up her spine. She felt brazen, wild as if her body belonged to someone else entirely.

“Yeah.” Lena’s voice was all gravel and it sent renewed shivers along Kara’s back. They kissed again and after teeth had bumped awkwardly against teeth, settled into a more languid pace. The authority with Lena’s tongue was stroking along hers left Kara breathless, and she melted against the Alpha, almost sobbing in relief when Lena’s arms went around her waist.

Kara wasn’t sure how long they stayed that way, breaking from one another long enough to fill their lungs but, as she regained her bearings, she found herself clinging to Lena, face pressed into her shoulders.

“You’re shaking.” Lena was stroking her hair ever so gently. “What do you think about a shower? Heats can cause flu-like symptom at the start.”

Kara nodded. It embarrassed her to admit that she knew very little of what an Omega went through, and she burrowed more firmly into Lena, to help hide the flush that painted her cheeks.

“Would you, uh, take one with me?” She lifted her face for a quick peek, and relief washed over her. Lena was blushing just as fiercely as her. It was odd in a way: the Alpha was always so collected that to see her affected this deeply was quite the juxtaposition. Yet Kara felt privileged - sure that this was a side of Lena very few people got to see.

“Okay.” Lena coughed and had to clear her throat. “I mean if you want me to. Are you sure, Kara? Because I can-”

“I’m sure.”

“Okay.”

Climbing to her feet showed Kara just how aroused their make-out session had left her. The inside of her thighs was sticky with slick and her clit throbbed a steady rhythm between her legs. A rhythm that picked up whenever Lena moved close to her.

The Alpha took her hand and guided her to the adjacent bathroom. The shower, Kara noted, was three times her tiny one back at home, and images of what they could end up doing under the water jets flooded her mind. What she lacked in experience, she definitely made up in imagination. Oh, Rao.

But nothing could have prepared for what was coming next.

Lena had left her side to turn on the water and the air was misting. The bathroom’s mirror was already fogged and Kara started to disrobe, struggling to calm her a sudden burst of nerves. Her
fingers, as she battled with the suit’s many hidden straps, were shaking badly.

She was so absorbed that she failed to notice Lena was doing the same, except that the Alpha’s clothes did not present much of a challenge.

Finally naked, Kara lifted her gaze and was almost bent double by what her eyes were showing her.

“Fuck.”

The elegant column of Lena’s throat, the perfection of her collarbone. Her breasts, small but firm with nipples pebbled despite the humid heat filling up the bathroom. And then, lower, her cock fully erect, tip bouncing against her lower belly every time she moved.

“Fuck.” Kara turned her face away, the flush that had been inflaming her cheeks spreading to the rest of her.

“It’s okay.” Lena’s voice was close, closer than she expected and, when the Alpha’s lips scattered kisses along her jaw, Kara jumped a little. “I like the way you look at me, actually.”

Kara couldn’t help herself any longer. She stared openly, hungrier than she’d ever been for anyone. All the times she had fantasized of her and Lena making love paled when compared to the actual thing.

Lena pulled her close again, their bodies fitting together naturally, and Kara released a broken moan into the Alpha’s collarbone.

She was led to the shower, the water hitting her skin with a welcome bite, then Lena’s hands were everywhere on her, followed by her mouth.

Kara could feel the hardness of Lena’s cock grind into her thigh and she whimpered, a part of her hoping that the sound would convince her lover to take her right away. She was scared that, if Lena waited too long, her newfound courage would vanish.

Of course, Lena had other plans.

Her mouth danced all over Kara’s chest and shoulders, teeth nipping at the soft flesh of her breasts. Lena gathered salt and water off of Kara’s skin, appreciative noises leaving her mouth whenever she latched on a particular patch of skin. Bruises already marked Lena’s progress.

Mesmerized, Kara watched the Alpha, a line of fire seemingly connecting the spots Lena’s mouth touched with her core. She was dripping, beyond wet, and when Lena’s hand descended between them, fingers brushing against the patch of soaked curls crowning her cunt, Kara’s hips bucked forward.

“Is this alright?”

“Okay.” Kara groaned. She’s somehow found the crook of Lena’s neck again and nodded frenziedly into her pulse. Lena’s scent was stronger there, distilled to its purest form, and she mouthed her skin as hungrily as the Alpha palmed her sex. “Okay, okay, okay…”

She perceived more than saw Lena smirk against her cheek, a smirk that turned into a long, low moan the moment Kara pressed the flat of her tongue to the Alpha’s thundering pulse.

“Kara.” Lena nipped under her jaw and she shuddered. “I’m- hff - I’m going to come all over you if you keep that up.”
The satisfaction that bloomed inside her chest was short lived. A pleased grin had just started to form on Kara's lips that Lena was slipping past her labia, the wet glide of her finger pads ripping a needy moan from her.

“You’re so wet.” As she pushed one, tentative finger inside Kara, Lena’s voice was reverent. “So tight.”

“It’s-” Hand curled around one of Lena’s pale shoulders, she bit at her lower lip. “I’ve never-”

“Hush.” Lena crashed their mouths together, tongue licking the inside of Kara’s mouth. “You’re perfect Kara.”

A second finger found its way inside her, the momentary burn almost immediately forgotten as it dissolved into pleasure. A filthy, uncontrolled whine vibrated up Kara’s throat, but Lena simply swallowed it and pumped her fingers just a little harder.

With her hips jerking in excitement, Kara had some trouble standing upright, and her predicament grew worse when the Alpha located her clit. The hardened bud jumped eagerly at the slightest pressure of Lena’s thumb and Kara hissed, welcoming the friction. That alone was almost enough to throw her over the edge, but then she chanced a downward glance and saw that Lena was stroking herself rapidly. She pumped a fist up and down her cock in short, even bursts, pre-come dripping along the straining shaft. Kara could pick out every detail, despite the momentary lack of her super-sight. Lena was thicker than she had imagined, and a delicate vein traversed her length, beating in time with the Alpha’s heart.

“Oh, Rao Lena.” Kara babbled something else, words that - judging from the answering growl-inflamed Lena’s blood. She fist a handful of the Alpha’s hair in both hands and tried again, with no success. “Lena-”

“I want to be inside you.” Lena rumbled into her ear, her breathing labored. “I love how tight you are.”

That was too much. Kara screamed, throwing her head back so fast she knocked it against the shower wall. Pain mixed with pleasure and white flashed across her vision, but she didn’t care. The orgasm rushed up on her and she was falling, flying, collapsing against Lena all at once.

She felt rather than heard Lena come. Kara was sure that the Alpha screamed too, but the sound was lost underneath the patterning of water. But, even though she’d never experienced another’s orgasm before, she instinctively recognized the tension in Lena’s back, the messy stutter of her hips. And then something wet but heavier than water splattered on her thigh.

“I think that’s enough shower time for now,” Lena spoke into her hair after a while and reached behind her to shut off the water.

Yeah.” The Alpha had come just from touching her and, emboldened by that fact, Kara trailed her fingers down her shivering belly. “Should we go back to bed?”
Caught up in their lust, Kara and Lena forget the rest of the world exist but, eventually the world will catch up to them. Meanwhile, Alex seeks relief at the bottom of a shot glass and Maggie is rudely awakened by police work - and feels sicker by the minute.

The first thought that crossed Maggie’s mind as she slowly blinked awake, was that the light felt wrong.

It pierced her eyes unkindly as it speared through a gap in the blinds, much too strong for the delicate rose that would greet her at 6 a.m. when her alarm went off. She turned her back on the window and buried her face in the pillow, yawning into it until her jaws started to ache. Against her cheek, the fabric was damp with sweat and Maggie muttered fastidiously, rubbing at her eyes. She felt like a bucket of sand had been poured into each.

As the last shreds of sleep fled, she became keenly aware of the rest of her body: her limbs were clammy with old sweat, and her inner thighs messy with slick.

Remembering what she had been doing before exhaustion had claimed her, stained Maggie’s cheeks with a fierce blush and she groaned again, lifting the pillow to hide her head beneath it.

*Perhaps I should just go back to sleep. Pretend that nothing happened.*

The idea was a tempting one. Now that she had come fully awake, it was fair to say she felt like shit. More sweat dripped down her back from the nape of her neck, prickling a spot between her shoulder blades that Maggie knew she would never be able to reach. And her belly was twisted into unpleasant knots, both pain and a coiled sort of tension radiating from it like her body were trying to decide whether or not she was going into heat.

Just like she had done the night before, Maggie discarded the notion. She wasn’t due for months yet. Still, taking a day off work couldn’t hurt. Maybe Kara’s fear had rubbed off on more than just her clothes and honestly, she couldn’t really say she was surprised.

It was not unheard of, after all, Omegas influencing each other’s moods and feelings. *Either that or I’m getting sick,* Maggie had time to think before sneezing into the mattress. *And that would explain why everything is starting to hurt.*

Emerging from her nest of blankets took all of her willpower, but Maggie finally succeeded and reached for her phone.
At the press of a finger, the display lit up cheerfully informing her that it was well past noon. Not only had Maggie overslept, she’d dozed through all of her alarms and several calls from her partner, Garcia. The detective must be in a lather over Maggie being late to have called so many times. Or something really bad has happened.

Maggie’s first thought was for Kara. Maybe their plan had not worked and, despite what precautions Lena had prepared, Alex’s sister was loose in town, her powers completely out of control.

Maggie kicked the blankets away and rolled out of bed, making her way into the living room, While hunting for the remote, she dialed Garcia’s number and mentally readied herself for a dressing down.

He picked up almost immediately.

“Where the fuck have you been?!”

Maggie pulled away from the phone with a grimace and sighed. He sounded way more pissed than she’d anticipated.

Having found the remote she plopped down on the couch and tuned in on the 24h news channel, hoping she’d get a hint of what was happening beyond the walls of her apartment.

“I overslept.”

She expected to be greeted by breaking news about Supergirl gone mad, but on the LED screen the anchor was relaying the latest on national politics, her tone full of false cheerfulness. Maggie zapped through the rest of the news channels quickly but it was the same everywhere.

“Yeah, no shit.”

“Look, I’m sorry, okay? I’ve felt like crap since last night and-”

“Save that for the Captain.” Garcia cut in. “Right now I need you to bring your ass into work stat. We’ve got another homicide.”

“Another one?” Maggie scanned the headlines at the bottom of the TV screen but could find no trace of it. “That’d make it the third in… two weeks?” The department must be keeping a tight lid on this one if the press hadn’t caught wind of it just yet.

“Fourth.” Garcia corrected. “But this one…” He went silent so long Maggie thought the line had dropped. “This one is different.”

“Different? How?”

“Just- just different, okay? You have to see it for yourself.” A strange note had entered the detective’s voice and if Maggie didn’t know better she would say that it was fear.

“Alright.” She gave in, trying to suppress her irritation. It was obvious that she would not get more details out of him - not on the phone. “Give me the scene’s address and-”

“Don’t bother. Forensics already packed it up. Just come to the morgue.”

“Okay then.” Maggie stood and shut the TV off. “I’ll be there in 20.” But she was speaking to empty air: Garcia had already hung up.
“Wow. Asshole.”

Tossing the phone on the coffee table, Maggie hurried to the bathroom. Twenty minutes was plenty of time to make herself presentable and head down to the morgue - but she’d have to sprint through showering and getting dressed like she was running a marathon.

If she were fast enough she may even have time to grab Garcia a cup of make-up coffee. No cop worth their salt would be able to resist that kind of peace offer.

Feeling a tad more optimistic, Maggie stepped under the water jets. Kara was alright, her own aches were just symptoms of a cold and she and Garcia would figure out this homicide in no time.

The day hadn’t started the way she would have wanted, but Maggie would make damn sure it ended on her own terms.

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“Pour me another one.”

Alex pulled a crumpled tenner from her pocket and attempted to smooth it out a little before sliding it across the greasy counter. The bar was a dive only the chronically drunk frequented, but the fact that the other patrons were each self-absorbed in their own drinks afforded her a bit of privacy. The windows which mustn’t have seen a cleaning rag in fifty years added an extra layer of security: the only way for a passerby to see inside was to step into the bar. To anyone else that might not seem like much but for Alex the few seconds it took for the newcomers’ eyes to adjust to the gloom made a world of difference. Plenty of time for her to identify a threat, retreat into the bathroom and, from there, make her way out of the window that led into the back alley. She’d thoroughly scouted the neighborhood before choosing this bar as temporary hideout.

J’onn would be so proud.  She stared glumly into her empty glass.

A booth all to herself would have been best but the seat Alex had picked, the stool furthest from the door, was tucked at the far end of the counter, where the lurid light of the few wall mounted lamps failed to reach.

She’d spent the best part of her morning watching the clientele drift in and out in waves, the numbers increasing whenever a shift in the nearby factories let out. Workers with dirt under their fingernails rubbed elbows with burnt-out cops from the Precinct one block over, while the regulars – men and women who Alex suspected looked tired no matter the hour – clung to their hard-won spots with a jealousy akin to that of guard dogs.

Around noon the bar’s owner had thrust a menu under her nose, a one page, yellowed thing as sticky as the counter under it, and demanded she order something in tone that was like chewed-up stone. “It’s lunch hour.” He’d growled when she’d shot him a blank look. “So you either have lunch or leave the seat for someone that wants to. Can always come back after, though.”

Unwilling to cause a scene, Alex had scanned the menu for the thing that was least likely to give her food poisoning.

“I’ll have a grilled cheese.” There was no way they could fuck that up. “And another scotch.”

Lunch was now long gone, the grilled sandwich so good that Alex had ended up ordering a second. With everything that had happened the night before she had pushed hunger out of her mind, but her body had been more than ready to remind her she was famished. Tired too, and the cash she had on her was dwindling fast. Soon enough she’d have to leave the relative safety of the bar, and risk
heading home for a change of clothes and some more money. That was dangerous as the D.E.O. held detailed files on all of its agents. They knew addresses, routines, every little detail down to favorite foods. It was part of the vetting process but also meant that going rogue, like she was doing, could be extremely hard.

According to everything Alex had been taught during her training, she ought to have jumped on an outbound train the moment she’d lost her tail. Now that several hours had passed from her escape it would be pointless to try: J’onn would have the bus and train stations watched, and the airport as well, just to be on the safe side.

Besides, there was no way she was abandoning her sister.

Kara’s heat wouldn’t last forever and Alex wanted – no, needed – to be around once things returned back to normal. *Because they won’t.* Tears stung her eyes and Alex sniffled.

Lifting the glass the bartender had just refilled, she drained it in one long gulp. The scotch was rough against her tongue and burned a line of fire down her throat, making her cough. She knew that even if she went through the entire bottle, no amount of alcohol would erase Stevens’ dead eyes from her mind.

Wobbling a little, Alex climbed to her feet, the room tilting as she moved before it lurched back into place. She had drunk more than she was used to, far more than was advisable for a fugitive, but it was pointless to regret it.

Some fresh air would help her sober up.

Outside, she was greeted by a late afternoon storm. It was not raining yet but the sky hung low, coal-colored, menacing clouds rolling overhead. A cold wind cut through the back alley like a knife and Alex shivered, exhaustion settling deep into her bones.

Once the rain began to fall in earnest the streets would empty and, in the cool autumn evening, a lone woman walking about without a jacket would stand out like a sore thumb. Alex had to choose quickly: she could try and head back home, or look for another hiding spot. *Somewhere I can sleep for a while, preferably.* The alcohol in her system might help with that.

A flash of lightning reflected off nearby windows, thunder rumbling right above her moments later. The first traces of rain followed: fat, cold drops that splattered on the pavement at her feet with an almost meaty splash. Keeping to the back streets as much as possible, Alex quickened her pace before seamlessly joining the steady stream of people that was heading for the nearby subway station.

While she walked, she went through her options. The CCTV cameras scattered around the city were a potential threat but didn’t bother her as much as what could be waiting for her back at her apartment. It was just a matter of never looking up and hurrying like you were going somewhere instead of running from somebody.

Several trains later Alex came to an abrupt stop, eyes wide. Lost in her worries, she’d let her feet carry her around, trusting that her instincts would alert her of any danger. But she had not taken into account that it may be her heart taking the lead.

Without hesitation, her eyes found Maggie’s living room window. A soft, golden-hued light filtered through the curtains, clear sign that her ex was home. *Perhaps they will not look here.* Since the D.E.O. knew everything about its agents, they must also be aware of how ugly hers and Maggie’s split had been. *They won’t be looking here.* The inner voice telling her she was needlessly putting
the omega in danger – Alex ignored.

Before she could fully dwell on consequences, Alex rang the doorbell.

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As they made their way back to the bedroom, Kara caught a glimpse of her reflection in a mirror. Skin pleasantly flushed, both from the hot water and Lena’s attention, she felt a lifetime away from the frightened mess her sister and Maggie had brought here.

She slowed down, her gaze drawn to the bruises and teeth marks darkening her collarbone and breasts. Raising a hand, Kara traced one with the tip of a finger – a purple-black bite that spanned the curve of her clavicle. Under her touch, the skin felt raised and slightly puffy, and it stung a dull sort of pain when she pressed on it with a bit more force.

The ache spread through the rest of her like a sudden chill vibrating along her bones, and she gasped softly, pulling her hand away.

“Have I hurt you?”

Lena had stopped right behind her and, one arm snaking around her waist, pulled Kara close. Her eyes, when they met hers in the mirror, were shadowed. Apologetic.

“No.” Kara leant into the Alpha’s frame with a pleased sigh. “No. I… I think I like it, actually.”

She was no stranger to pain. As Supergirl, she had been cut by weapons of alien nature, smashed into things by beings with a strength comparable to hers. Crippled by kryptonite poisoning until she’d begun to yearn for death just to escape the burning agony that the green substance inflicted upon her.

The pain coursing through her now was different, more subtle. It wrapped around her bones and slipped between them, making her limbs pleasantly heavy, her body tired and full of unspent energy at the same time, like she felt after she spent an entire afternoon dozing in direct sunlight.

Staring at Lena’s unmarked skin, Kara ached to return the favor. She turned to face the Alpha and, taking her by the hand, continued toward the bedroom. It was all too easy to imagine Lena arching under her at the first sting of her teeth, hips rising desperately until Kara finally took her inside.

The exact mechanics of it all were kinda nebulous: after all Kara’s experience stretched no further than the few porn flicks she’d forced herself to watch to understand why all the girls in high-school had gone suddenly boy-crazed. But Lena seemed like a patient lover and replicating what the Alpha had done to her felt like a good start.

Lena seemed to anticipate her thoughts, however. The moment they made it to bed, the Alpha struck, her strong fingers closing around Kara’s wrists.

She was quick, lightning-fast and to Kara, whose powers had been dulled by the sun lamps, she seemed to have acquired the inhuman speed she and her cousin shared. Even as arousal flooded her, Kara’s mouth fell open in surprise. She was used to being the strongest one in the room, so much so that she gave it little thought. Her adoptive parents had trained her to always be aware of what she could do and, after she’d accidentally destroyed her bedroom door a couple times, controlling her powers had become natural. Like breathing.

Kara had never doubted Lena’s own strength: she had felt it in the shower with their bodies pressed together. And she felt it now, as the Alpha’s long fingers pinned her wrists above her head.
“Keep your hands there.” Lena rasped the words against her neck, the gravel-filled tone of her voice wreaking havoc inside Kara’s lower belly. “Tonight is about you.”

“But.” The rest of her protest was swallowed by Lena’s eager mouth. Not that she was objecting all that hard.

“We have plenty of time.” Forehead resting against her own, Lena gazed into her eyes. “All the time in the world, if you want.”

“Yes.” The Alpha’s eyes were a green abyss into which Kara was willing to get lost. Her stomach fluttered wildly and she let out a sharp exhale, thighs quivering in anticipation. “Yes.”

She wasn’t sure Lena had heard. Her mouth trailed along the curve of Kara’s throat and she nipped at the bruise she’d left on her clavicle, tongue laving at the tender spot. Kara hissed, but her hips were bucking in response and the pain spread like warm honey along her spine.

She went limp underneath Lena, allowing herself to sink into the mattress. The Alpha rumbled her approval and her hands, which had tightened momentarily around Kara’s wrists, slackened.

Kara was tempted to tilt her head back and seek the new bruises Lena’s skillful hands must have left on her pale skin, but the Alpha’s mouth proved too much of a distraction. Lena was sucking, nipping, biting at her breasts and when her hands moved - after a last, meaningful squeeze - Kara couldn’t help a groan.

She was soaked as were the bedsheets beneath her and, when Lena’s hands slid lower than her mouth to grab Kara’s thighs and part them, she began to drip again.

A cry was rising in her throat at the first, gentle caress up her inner thigh.

“Fuck” Expert fingers peeled her labia open and slid past. “Fuck, you are so wet.” Lena had been there before: it should not be much of a surprise. Kara wanted to tease her about it, but her mouth had forgotten how to form words. All she could do was let out a tiny whine and lift partly off the bed to offer herself to Lena.

“Fuck.” Lena growled again, this time against her hip bone. Her voice had dropped lower than Kara thought it could, but it was perfect. A lowly, labored rasp of primal hunger.

She shut her eyes and whined again.

Lena’s hot breath played over her mound and then she was dropping sloppy kisses along her labia. Her hands she moved again, to close like a steel vise on Kara’s hips and hold her still.

Kara could remember each time she’d dreamt of something similar to this; Lena pinning her under her weight and licking at her cunt until she spilled inside the Alpha’s mouth. Sometimes she would be tied to the bed, while others Lena’s hands or a whispered order were all it took to keep her in place.

The first swipe of Lena’s tongue was enough to electrify her. Kara’s thighs shook with tension but, even though a shift in position would ease the deep-seated ache in her muscles, she didn’t dare. After the climax in the shower she had thought it would take longer to wind her up, but her heat had just been simmering under the surface, waiting for the right kind of kindling to burst back into flames.

Lena started with broad strokes, using the flat of her tongue to stroke across Kara’s dripping slit. That was enough to make her breath grow ragged, but it was when the Alpha’s lips closed in eager
suction over her clit that the first, high-pitched moan was torn out of her chest.

It was almost too much, the pleasure of it so sharp it prickled her bones. Without thinking of the consequences, Kara lowered her hands, fingers tangling in Lena’s hair. The action earned the harsh graze of teeth over her swollen clit, but Lena didn’t stop what she was doing. If anything, the circular motions of her tongue increased in strength and pace as if the Alpha was determined to bring her to her peak at record-speed.

Eyes open or closed, Kara realized, made little difference. If she screwed them shut, light blossomed against her eyelids with each liquid flick of Lena’s tongue. If she opened them, the room around her was but a confused blur of softened colors that ran into one another.

She had time for an intake of breath before her limbs went rigid, mouth open to allow a scream that left her throat completely raw.

The orgasms broke over every inch of her like a tsunami leaving only flotsam in its wake but, contrary to what she’d imagined would happen afterwards, Lena didn’t stop.

Her pace slowed, but only long enough for Kara to relax into the bed, and then it was picking up again. Lena’s tongue lashed along her slit until she clenched into a second peak and then a third.

More followed, and the only thing keeping Kara from tumbling off the bed was the hold she had on Lena’s hair.

She screamed again: things that after she would not recall, the words dissolving into broken sobs while her body rocked in the throes of her pleasure. Her hips jerked with enough force that another lover would have been dislodged, but Lena’s grip held true until finally she relented, her tongue slowing, stopping, her face turning to nuzzle against Kara’s slick-streaked thigh.

She did not know if Lena followed her into release but she must have, for when she dragged herself tiredly up Kara’s body more of her seed pooled onto her heaving belly - hot and sticky.

Whatever boundless hunger had possessed Lena it was gone. The Alpha gathered Kara into her arms, and soothed her with slow, tender touches. She was murmuring something into her hair, but Kara could make no sense of what it was, her mind gone as slack as the rest of her body.

With Lena’s body draped over hers, its warmth pleasant like that of a blanket, Kara was an easy prey for exhaustion. Her limbs were sore in all the right places, her sex tender from so much stimulation.

*We have all the time in the world.*

As sleep fogged up her thoughts, her lips stretched in a languid smile. It was true, because Kara had no doubt now that, by the end of the night, she and Lena would be mates.

End Notes

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