Heart-Stopping

by Emilia_Rowan

Summary

Lena comes home late to a heart-stopping surprise.

Or

A short, sweet one-shot with established SuperCorp who are Moms to one fussy baby Lulu Luthor-Danvers.

Notes

As usual, I sat down with the intent of writing something angsty and it hurt my soul so I took a break and wrote something so sweet that I now have cavities. It’s super short but I thought I would share it anyway.

Lena knew, in her rational, scientific mind, that the human heart only stopped beating if a person was dead. A fluttering heart was the result of a medical condition, not an emotional state.

And yet, even after knowing Kara Zor-El Danvers for the better part of a decade—three years of friendship, eighteen months of dating, a six-month engagement, and now three-and-a-half years of marriage—Lena swore that sometimes her heart would actually stop beating in her chest.
Sometimes it was for good things— one of Kara’s megawatt smiles, or a heated look across a crowded room, or the brush of her hand against Lena’s lower back. Other times it wasn’t so good— when Supergirl was being beaten up by some superstrong alien, or when Kara took a particularly dangerous assignment as a reporter. Lena was used to these moments, when her heart felt like it had taken up residence in her throat instead of her chest, when it felt as if her pulse was suspended and her body froze in excitement or fear.

But she wasn’t expecting her heart to stop as soon as she walked into their apartment at eleven-thirty pm, after a late night conference call with Japanese scientists that had lasted far longer than Lena thought necessary. Her exhaustion was immediately replaced by panic as her heart lodged in her throat at the sight that greeted her, only returning to a rapid pace when her fear was partially replaced by frustration.

“Kara!”

“Shh, I just got her to sleep,” her wife whispered. Kara was dressed in her pajamas and floating five feet off the floor in the middle of the living room. She wasn’t in her normal position for flight, but instead was reclined onto her back, body slightly curved to cradle around the bundle she held in her arms.

“I thought we agreed that there was no flying while holding the baby!” Lena whispered accusatorily as she unceremoniously dumped her coat and purse on the foyer table.

“It’s not really flying!” Kara defended in a stage whisper. “More like floating.”

“Do not try to play semantics with me Kara Zor-El Danvers!”

“Oh, are you forgetting it’s Kara Zor-El Luthor-Danvers because you’re mad at me, Lena Luthor-Danvers?” Kara teased as Lena came to stand beside her.

“Don’t try to change the subject,” Lena said, reining in her emotions as she came to stand beside them.

Louisa Grace Luthor-Danvers, their Lulu, was stretched out like a starfish across Kara’s chest, head nestled against the soft swell of her breast, arms and legs dangling over the sides of her torso. Her eyes were closed but even so Lena could tell they were swollen, and her cheeks were still red from crying. Her bow-shaped lips were parted in sleep and a small spot of drool was forming on Kara’s top. Lena ran her fingers lightly across the thin dark curls atop her daughter’s head, reassuring herself that everything was fine. She sighed and pressed a resigned kiss to Kara’s cheek.

“Why are you floating with her?” she asked.

Kara sighed. “I don’t know what got into her. She was fine for dinner and her bath, she seemed content while I was reading her a story and settling her in her crib. But as soon as I left the room she started crying. I tried everything— checked her diaper, soothed her lying down, rocked her in the glider, walked her around the apartment, laid her in the bed with me, sang lullabies, put on the white noise machine— and little miss here was having none of it. She cried for over an hour, Lena, and she was so mad, her face was so red. I know it’s impossible but sometimes she was crying so hard that I swear she wasn’t breathing. Floating was my last resort, I swear.”

Lena nodded. She knew from reading that eight months was when a lot of infants went through a sleep regression, so that didn’t surprise her. Neither did her daughter’s stubborn refusal to be calmed and sleep— she had inherited her stubborness honestly, and it sent a spike of dread through Lena everytime she envisioned what they would have to deal with when Lulu reached adolescence.
“At first I think she was just bewildered,” Kara went on. “But after a minute she stopped crying and just seemed to enjoy the motions. I can move in different directions flying, I think she likes that.”

Lena placed a hand on Lulu’s back, feeling the rise and fall of each breath and the soft pattering of her pulse beneath the elephant-print onesie. “I’m not sure why that’s surprising. Remember when I was pregnant and you would fly me home sometimes? Even if she was kicking away before we took off, she always settled down when we were in the air. I thought it might be a response to my adrenaline”— Lena still hated heights and flying, even if she knew her wife would never let her fall — “but maybe the motion soothed her even then. Figures my child would actually like flying.”

Kara grinned. “I guess she gets that from my side.”

“Mmm,” Lena murmured in agreement. Now that she was over her initial panic, the scene in front of her sent warmth through her chest instead. Lulu wasn’t really any further away from the ground than she was when Kara was standing holding her. “Just as long as you’re close to the ground, no flying through the National City skies with a baby strapped to your chest, Supergirl.”

Kara gave her that smile that made her heart flutter. “Yes, my love.”

“How else could it be possible that a being from another galaxy could come into her world and make everything right? That they could make something so infinitely perfect?
The thought made her heart stop.

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