### Flying or Falling

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**Flying or Falling**

by **Rx4life**

**Summary**

Lena meets two amazing women with impossible abs who help her figure out who she wants to be.

Kara works out what all these tingly feelings she has around her best friend are about. I mean, she's probably not allergic to pretty ladies, right? No, that doesn't make sense. Stroke?

POV characters-Kara the dancing ray of sunshine frolicking in the sugar fields of life and Lena full of witty, meditative lesbian angst who needs a friend but wants so much more.

**Plot-** First arch is strangers to friends to more and dealing with the secret identity. Second is relationship navigation, Kara's baggage with Krypton, Lena's with Luthors and next steps. To lead in it follows some cannon set up from season 2 up to L-Corp naming ceremony. I couldn't resist the OFFICE FULL OF FLOWERS (so gay). After that the real question is what doesn't this fic have? 😊

Adorkable pining, terrible flirting, Kryptonian clones, solar flares, painfully cute babies, dark knights, sarcastic sisters, kidnapping, tissue time, so many nerd jokes, bodice ripping, Kara sharing donuts, Lena jumping in front of bullets, the Underminer.

and find out.
“Yes Kal, I made sure that the pillar was load-bearing.” Kara Zor-El hovered in front of her cousin, fighting the desire to roll her eyes.

The young blonde woman gestured at the skyscraper they had just rescued from a bomber. “It’s still standing up isn’t it?”

-He’s such a grumpy fusspot in the cape,- Kara thought.

Superman, the perfect emblem of all that a superhero should be, never thought other people could do anything right. Including, unfortunately, Supergirl.

Sometimes she just wished he would be more like family.

“It is,” Kal said brusquely sweeping his X-ray vision over the building, he dove toward it. Kara paused scanning the building with a frown. Her stomach dropped seeing it, and she bolted to follow in his wake.

Punching through a window, the experienced hero swooped in an arch picking up a woman sheltering under a table.

Exiting the roll in an impeccably neat tuck and still moving through the air, he braced the woman against his body, arm carefully cradling her neck and his back shattered through the opposite side window.

Kara grimaced, a tug of guilty nawing at her.

She really thought that everyone had evacuated. She had been doing this for a year and missed something so crucial. Kal always made her feel like this when he came to town.

Lost in thought, and too distracted to control her senses, the young hero’s ears absently picked up on a chopper taking off a half mile across town and an anxious woman’s voice.

Perking up at the thought someone might need a rescue, she focused her hearing to the area and picked up a rapid stream of clipped sentences, “I really don’t want -to do this. It’s nonsensical really. I hate flying. I know they say it’s the safest way t-to travel, but that’s just because more -
idiots are allowed to drive than fly. Lex was crazy. There’s no reason for me to follow through on -umph.”

Figuring the anxiety was from someone’s flight jitters, Kara was about to turn her attention back to her cousin before she caught the sound of a chambered bullet click.

She blasted toward it.

This time she felt Kal behind her making an urgent sound her mind was too busy speeding forward to process.

She reached the drone just as its first bullet smacked into the tail of the helicopter. The next several dozen bounced off her chest.

Her mind plotted out her next step while the bad guy monologued his bad guy plans at her.

-Blah blah, always hit my target. Blah blah you’ll never stop me.- she thought annoyed.

She sized up the situation and shot down the drone in front of her with heat vision, yelling at Kal to get the drones Disembodied-Voice Man had mentioned across the city.

Seeing him follow her command she thought with satisfaction, -I would have totally been a good mentor. Stupid phantom zone.-

That frantic heartbeat pulled her focus back.

The helicopter was now awkwardly flailing in the air next to the young hero. -The helipad's still close,- she eyed the rooftop uncertainly. -Eh it'll be fine.-

She managed a smooth-ish landing, bracing the copter from underneath. The cement was almost intact this time. She bent the metal landing gear back in place and winced hearing a bolt fly off somewhere.

-Still, not bad.- Dusting off her hands with a satisfied smile Kara checked in on the passengers. An unconscious middle-aged pilot.

And a beautiful raven-haired woman with vibrant green eyes and bold red lipstick, stark against alabaster skin.

The dark-haired woman’s hands trembled as she smoothed out the wrinkles in her blue dress. She closed her eyes for a moment before fumbling for the door.

Speeding over, Kara opened the door and lifted her out. The woman gave her a quavering smile of gratitude.

-Golly.- Her mind went blank noticing flecks of gold in the green.

She shook her head when she realized she was staring and opened her mouth to speak. Kal cleared his throat behind her. Kara placed the woman on her feet looking down to hide her blush.

“Welcome to National City Ms Luthor,” her cousin said in an icy tone that Kara didn’t think was particularly welcoming. “I hope your intentions here are -different.”

-Luthor. -She frowned. -Well, he does have that whole nemesis thing with Lex I guess. But this woman didn't look much like a terrorist war criminal.-
This Luthor had such a sweet smile and Kara had seen her checking on the pilot even though she was so scared.

-Also, she has hair,- she thought keeping her giggle on the inside so she could keep up her Supergirl face.

The dark haired woman straightened and turned toward the Man of Steel.

Face unreadable she replied gracefully, “Your efforts are appreciated as always. Please let me know if there is anything I can do to assist in finding the most recent addition to the line of people trying to murder me.”

Turning toward the blonde hero she added a much quieter, more sincere, “Thank you.”

"Anytime!" Kara responded. More excitedly than she should have judging by the tightening of Kal's expression.

She tried to course correct.

Hands on her hips, she deepened her Supergirl voice. "You know, -National City's resident hero and everything. So -eh since your here."

Lena Luthor looked back at her confused, but gave her another of those smiles Kara liked before turning away.

The shaken woman took out her phone and robotically detailed the situation to the person on the other end. Her feet wobbled on high stiletto heels, but her back was straight as she made her way to the elevator.

Floating up to him, Kara made a face at her cousin. “What the heck was that, Superman? You're lucky I'm so much nicer than you are."

“She’s up to something.” Kal replied with an obnoxiously knowing tone. “Luthors-” he ground out, “always are Kara."

Under her breath, fully aware Kal could hear her, Kara muttered, “She seemed nice enough to me if you weren’t such a jerk-face all the time,” as she rocketing off toward the sound of a stranded kitten in severe distress.

--------Lena--------

Someone had spat in Lena Luthor's face this morning.

After her assassination attempt yesterday her secretary Jess had fussed over Lena for hours, trying to get the beleaguered CEO to go home.

The idea brought to mind the image of herself sitting alone in her ostentatious empty penthouse, sifting through the dozens of contacts on her phone. Acquaintances, exes, her adoptive mother. All people who wouldn’t bother pissing on Lena if she were on fire.
That sounded like considerably worse torture than a few policy meetings, even if she did feel a little off her game. Given how today was going she considered whether or not she should just set a bed up in her lab downstairs. Cut out the cumbersome need to venture out under the open sky.

The Luthor looked out at the city from her office window. The outline of a man flying through the air interrupted her contemplation.

Eyes narrowing, she turned away and tapped a button on the side of her desk. White shades closed her away from the world.

The young Luthor had no idea why Superman chose this week to leave his sentry duty in Metropolis to dog her steps. She assumed her brother had a tracer in the Man of Steel at some point, but she doubted the boyscout in blue would sink low enough to tag Luthors for sport. Sanctimonious epitome of virtue that he was.

-The woman though.- she thought. -She seemed..- Lena put the thought away remembering the girl posing next to her super counterpart. -Heroes are all the same.-

Lena had come to National City hoping to distance herself from the Luthor-Super war in Metropolis. After Lex went to jail, the streets around LuthorCorp headquarters were never without a legion of angry protesters.

Metropolis’s would-be heroes. She supposed they hoped to put an end to Luthor corruption by putting the end of some bit of metal through the last Luthor standing. Her security team had amassed an impressive collection of knives and guns taken off the rabble who had tried their luck.

She felt like a naive idiot for thinking it would be different here.

Walking into her office building for the first time, she had been hit in the eye by a wet wad of phlegm.

It was from a man with blue skin and a ridge going up his forehead. Held back by her security team, he yelled into her face about deaths in the Venture explosion. His daughter. Every response she prepared for the press felt meaningless, so she stood silently in the marble lobby under the watchful gaze of her new employees.

Everyone was certain any Luthor would unravel with the slightest provocation, she could understand why her scientists that didn't specialize in engineering murder robots or skull-shaped volcanic architecture might feel a little less than secure in their position with a Luthor at the helm.

It’s not like they didn’t have a point. If Lex could go insane, who's to say her own villainous origin story wasn’t forth coming.

Her heels clicked as she walked across the office and folded her legs to sit in front of her favorite Luthor family heirloom.

~It's hard to believe he was the same person.~ She thought flooded with memories.

Lex had spent an entire summer with his adopted baby sister. They had played chess for hours on end capturing data to get the right logical algorithm. He was bold even then, risking their mother's wrath to sneak the thing out of the family library. They had finished fitting it with robotic components in August. All so a sad friendless twelve year old girl could play a game of chess against her older brother after she was shipped back to her boarding school exile.

Lena watched as black responded to her opener with a Sicilian defense and sighed.
That could have been a mistake. A not so small part of Lena always felt like she was playing this game of life against her brother. She went back to this board again and again like it could teach her something about life she had been missing.

What she had to do now was focus on reality, on the budget proposal she’d spent the week crafting. Being the freshly minted LuthorCorp CEO meant that every move she made had to be strategic.

Her appearance was evidence of that. A black blazer over a form fitting white designer dress, carefully accented with silver. Flat ironed long black hair. Meticulous make up, covering any freckles on her smooth pale face. All sharply contrasted with bright red lipstick. Her presence evoked decisiveness. Power, without sacrificing femininity.

But being a real player wasn't about aesthetics. It was about sacrificing what she needed to in order to keep her real goals in sight.

Playing the long game, she plotted out dismantling the LuthorCorp weapons development departments then siphoning those funds into R & D departments for medical technology and energy renewal. But if she wanted to do any of that she had to maintain their equity turnover for the quarter and that would be impossible without regaining the trust of the public to convince their shareholders of the company's stability.

-Might as well block in world peace and saving the whales while I'm at it.- Lena thought dryly. Her largely dominant cynical side doubted much more than damage control could be effectively accomplished whilst capturing this sinking ship.

She grimaced pushing her hand through her hair in frustration.

Before the Super nightmare, running this organization had never been a goal. She had imagined herself the pioneering bioengineer.

She longed to go back to her cramped lab space and watch neoplasm cell replication under a microscope until her eyes blurred. Her heart ached remembering the sense of purpose and pride she had the last few years. ~I was so god damn close to curing cancer. That would have been something real.~

Now she was stuck spending her hours teaching self-important men in tacky three piece suits the definition of the word ‘no’ was unchanged even when it came from a woman.

It left a bitter taste in her mouth, but it was the kind of politics she was groomed for.

Considering the layout of *that* chessboard was far more complex. Lena didn’t know who the pieces were or on which side they belonged.

Every move she made now rippled out to effect thousands. She was a Luthor. She didn’t even think her brother knew the whole truth of that. And Luthors were not taught to *play* chess. As in life, they learned to study and conquer a board.

Part of her did enjoy the challenge. And she never doubted that she was good at the game. What worried her was that her brother had learned the same lessons.

He had been the golden child, the heir to the empire.

Trusting him like no one else in her life, Lena had ignored so many things she couldn't forgive herself for. Under her brother, LuthorCorp had slowly transformed from the multidimensional
corporate entity their father had groomed them to maintain, into an indiscriminate global arms-dealer providing the means for bioterrorism and drone armies to the highest bidder.

Every step he took down that path pushed Lena to stubbornly throw herself into her work. She felt removed from that idealistic part of herself now, but she had really believed that if a Luthor brought the world the next great panacea in medicine, history wouldn’t remember the name for anything else.

Now, she needed to undo what her brother had done to the world.

The terror, the evil he had inflicted in the name of championing humanity had to have a counterbalance to oppose it and she trusted herself more than any cape. ~Just have to survive long enough.~

She shuddered imagining the thousands of lives LuthorCorp had been responsible for taking. How many would have read her name on the side of a vial of some bioterrorist's virus, or a bomb, or the casing of the bullet.

Behind all of that she saw the fevered look of obsessive mania in her brother's eyes. His descent had been a decade's long slide. The half-truths and all-out lies had kept her complacent until the end.

Until those eyes woke her up.

And that man she barely recognized forced Lena to hate the only person she had ever loved.

Shakily she stood to make her way to the decanter. She poured just enough to let her force the image away from her into a deep corner of her mind.

She felt trapped in this business, trapped in her own name.

She wondered if moving her life to this city was a mistake. It didn’t matter where she was, the entire world knew who the Luthors were. She hadn’t met anyone yet who had been able to convincingly look past that, even before the Luthor brand became synonymous with evil incarnate.

Lena looked down at the budget proposal on her desk with a sigh. -I should probably get familiar with the take-out options nearby. I doubt there’s going to be any reason for me to leave this office for the next decade.-

Chapter End Notes

Little did she know.....Lolz.
It's hard to get the first chapter to represent what you're getting for the rest of the fic. I promise all of the other chapters have way more dialog. Kara chapters tend to be more fun and fluffy. Lena chapters tend to be more deep and sarcastic. They both speak to different bits of my heart and I'm not actually sure which ones readers are liking more. Let me know if you have an opinion.

I really enjoy the Kara/Lena time and there is a lot of it, but there are some really fun side characters that pop up in the next few chapters to give it a little spice and intrigue. The Lena section here in the first chapter is lonely like that for thematic reasons. Make it to somewhere around the middle and you'll see why :D

If you're not sure about a 100k word commitment there is a natural and satisfying breaking off point after the first arch around chapter 15 (55k in or so).

Make it to the end and the title will make all kinds of sense XD

If you're looking for the smuttier bits on purpose hit crt+f ****. If not, I do toss up a warning at the start of chapters so you can fly past the stars with your eyes minimally molested.

Side bar-I think part of me really feels intensely about SuperCorp for all the tasty potential mellow drama. You know Luthor-Super/ Montague-Capulet. Who doesn't want star-crossed lovers who actually cross through the stars, families at war, secret identities, lost civilizations. So much awesome to play with. I've been trying to find a book with the same premise and legits cannot. Let me know if you've found anything close to a supercorp vibe (like with heroes, not basketball).

I'm tempted to lose some money self-publishing one just so it will exist in the world.

If anyone is giving this a reread, when I started writing I was still sweeping out the cobwebs, so I'm going through and taking another pass on the first half of the fic so the quality fits better with the rest of the story. Let me know what you think of the changes.

If you're reading it for the first time and one of the chapters seems not funny or kind of boring (hopefully) that means I haven't gotten to it yet.

I do always appreciate some good faith criticism in the comments if you have any. I've worked in a bunch of suggestions from the comments I think really helped the story get better.

I do a lot more of what people mention liking. Or at least I keep it in when I'm doing edits.

Or you know, let me know how your breakfast was or something. I have so much alone time on quarantine I might pet my puppy's fur off if I don't get to have some interaction with a human every now and again.
Mutual Inspiration

Chapter Notes

Wanted to lay down that chemistry with cannon supercorp scenes, complete with some gratuitous lip bites from Lena and adorkable blushing from Kara. After this chapter things pull away from Season 2 plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

------------Lena-------------

“Mr. Kent,” Lena looked up greeting a familiar tall man with dark hair and broad shoulders. Continuing in a falsely enthusiastic tone, “Senior reporter for the Daily Planet. What brings you away from the Big City?” She rose and smoothed out her black and white dress at the hips before moving to shake his hand.

Glancing to his side the CEO noticed a pretty blonde woman in her early 20s with a ponytail. The girl was wrapped in a bubbly nervous energy. “And you are?” Lena asked addressing the woman.

“I’m Kara, um Kara Danvers.” She said brightly as she strode across the white marble tiles. “I’m with CatCo magazine, -sort of. I’m not actually a reporter though, just tagging along.” She took the CEO’s hand.

Lena commented on the surprising firmness of blonde's handshake. The comment was just meaningless corporate small talk, but the girl touched her glasses and shot a nervous glance at Kent, immediately clamming up.

After that, Kara Danvers took a seat and seemed to fold into herself. More similar to the attitude one might expect coming from someone dressed as she was.

The LuthorCorp CEO saw presentation as a statement more than anything and she didn’t know very many women interested in saying what this girl’s outfit did. Thick yellow cardigan over a pastel button up, pleated knee-length skirt, sensible flats. A scrunchy held back her blonde curls and the exact shade of her blue eyes was hard to tell, muted under the shadow of those thick frames.

The girl looked more ready to sit down with a picture book in front of a gaggle of 5 year olds than for an interview with a Fortune 500 executive.

Something about it didn’t fit which nagged at Lena’s mind. ~It was too...something.~ Distracted, she thought, ~Maybe she's in witness protection or just found Jesus or something.~

~Or maybe I am just looking for a reason to talk with anyone other than this farm boy sniffing for blood.~ Previous interactions she’d had with the intrepid reporter from Kansas certainly didn't inspire confidence.

She shifted her attention from the intriguing girl to the more imposing broad shouldered man.

Well trained Luthor that she was, Lena made sure to preemptively cut off the most obvious attack first.
“I know why you’re here Mr. Kent,” She started, false smile falling from her face. “There is a perfectly reasonable explanation for why I wasn’t aboard the Venture yesterday. I just so happened to be attacked by drones on the way. Ruined my spirit of adventure.”

She grimaced remembering the hour after she’d nearly experienced her nightmare death heaving in her private bathroom while Jess politely tapped on the door. “Call it hysterics if you would like, but after that, it didn’t seem worth it to go through with the asinine PR stunt Lex had planned to do himself months ago. I’m honestly a touch too busy to be conducting my business from space.”

“Lucky Superman was there,” Clark baited.

~Oh good,~ Lena thought sarcastically. ~I was worried I would get one of those unicorn journalists with integrity actually interested in facts. He’s just waiting for a Luthor outburst to spin some quotes.~

Lena considered the man. ~Let’s play.~

The reporter had something of a love affair with the man in blue tights. His articles were almost never about Superman, but Lena hadn’t seen any Daily Planet piece from Kent that didn’t find a way to work him in. She had an inkling what might get under his skin.

“Actually, it was Supergirl that saved the day. She’s much of the reason why I chose National City,” Lena lied. “I have a feeling Supergirl is going to be the new beacon of hope for this country.” Then added in afterthought, “Despite the name being a little juvenile.”

“Right!” Miss Danvers agreed enthusiastically. Her wound coil of energy springing free. The girl shifted her chair forward, nodding vigorously with a spectacular toothy smile. To the CEO’s amusement Kent now sported a sour expression arms crossed behind her.

The young Danvers continued, “When I saw her at first I totally thought it would be Superwoman, - or something just hers, like um, Captain Planet or Blue Commit or- just something, you know?”

“Just hers-“ Lena muttered absently while the young woman continued to ramble. “The name was really Ms Grant’s idea. I guess the Super brand is kind of a thing. I just think it might have been nice for the public to see a lady hero with her own name.”

She continued sounding annoyed, "I mean, she doesn’t even work with Superman, well except this week I guess, but they make her sound like a sidekick.” The blonde paused coloring lightly and settled back in her chair when she noticing her audience.

Kent frowning and Lena with a bemused smile.

“Names are important,” Lena agreed with a smile. One part of her mind starting toying with an idea.

The CEO's lips fell back into a neutral expression as she shifted her gaze back again to the Kansas-bred reporter. ~Lex was so close with him once, but he still just assumes-.~ Tone holding an edge, she commented, “You wouldn’t be here at all if my name was Smith.”

Kent retorted sharply, “Ah, but it’s not. It’s Luthor.”

A broad smile stretched across Lena’s face, incredulous at the audacity. The woman affected an exaggeratedly playful tone and quipped back, “Some steel under that Kansas wheat.”
False humor fell from her face in an instant as she let go of her irritation and went with honesty. A last-ditch effort to persuade him toward neutrality.

“It wasn’t always. I was adopted when I was four. The person who made me feel the most welcome in the family was Lex. You know how he used to be,” the young woman said wistfully, then continued with bitter irony, “He made me proud to be a Luthor. Then he went on his reign of terror in Metropolis. Declared war on Superman.”

Clark Kent’s expression tightened. An accusation in his sapphire eyes that held obvious hostility toward the Luthor in front of him.

Lena noted with a mental eye-roll that he was leaning forward in his chair at a sharp angle, as if ready to physically shield the blonde woman next to him from an unprovoked attack.

Resigned to the inevitable, the CEO sat back and steeled herself. “Just ask me what you want to ask me Mr. Kent. Did I have anything to do with the Venture explosion?”

“Did you?” Kent snapped back. Lena’s jaw clenched.

As her mouth opened for a retort she saw Miss Danvers jump up from her chair and circle around Lena's desk.

The blonde stood next to her until Lena begrudgingly met her eyes. The girl had an earnest expression and matter-of-fact tone that soothed Lena’s flare of temper.

“What he means is well- It’s public knowledge that the part that exploded on the Venture had ties to a LuthorCorp subsidiary.” She smiled reassuringly. “We are just following a lead to find out what happened. We are hoping you can help.”

Appreciating her candor, Lena accepted the olive branch muttering softly, “I’d like to.” Meeting the young woman’s eyes, Lena made a decision. She rose and walked to the far side of the office.

Last night the frustrated engineer had spent hours failing to find any hint of a miscalculation in their work on the Venture. Reaching her bookshelf, she slid open the lid of an obsidian box and took out the flash-drive that housed her evening’s work. The compiled information on every point of data she could find related to that part.

Heels clicking against tile she walked back to the young woman slowly, weighing the drive in her hands. Miss Danvers moved to meet her and Lena offered it up. “This drive contains all that we have on the oscillator.”

“Thank you,” she said sincerely, words echoed in form but not substance by Kent behind her.

Lena reached out to shake the woman’s hand and green met blue. She suddenly felt filled with a surge of energy and couldn’t look away. She bit her lip considering. “I thought you said you weren’t a reporter.”

“I- I’m not,” the blonde agreed repositioning her glasses and glancing guilty at the man beside her.

“You could have fooled me,” Lena said, having enjoyed the interaction despite certain annoyances. Glancing over she saw that Kent was standing stiffly, arms crossed with a carefully schooled expression.

Feeling a touch petty, Lena lead Kara away a few steps, intentionally positioning their bodies to
block the man out.

She leaned in close. “Let me know if I can help you get another scoop,” the dark-haired CEO whispered conspiratorially. "Just don't bring Kansas next time." She touched her arm and winked; wickedly delighted to see the young girl blush and stammer again. Lena had a feeling their next interaction would have a lot more of that. She might even arrange for it.

Immediately after the pair had made their exit, Lena pushed the button of her intercom to let Jess know to reschedule her meeting with the board of directors for tomorrow.

-Supergirl might not get to choose her own moniker, but LuthorCorp can.-Lena thought excitedly. Her mind rushing through rebranding considerations.

There was so much research she’d done for LutherCorp over the years, she needed something that would tie the company to its own history without dragging it down with the Luthor name. She grimaced remembering the time Lex had been practically gleeful at the thought of naming his first personal subsidiary LexCorp.

-A little gauche- she thought. As amazing as she looked in this dress, she hardly felt the need to have her employees genuflect before clocking in. -Something simple with a little less egomaniacal flare might suit better.- Lena fingered her necklace. Nodding she made a decision and started drafting a proposal.

------------------Kara-----------------

Kara sat nervously fidgeting in a well-furnished LutherCorp waiting area. ~White marble floors, white trim, monitors on all the walls, funky futuristic chairs. High-tech, modern, minimalist. Very Apple chic.~ She wondered if she should use that to set the scene for her piece.

She hadn't noticed much about the office coming here with Kal a week ago; too distracted watching sparks fly between her cousin and the young Luthor. And she honestly couldn't imagine a reason she'd be invited back until Lena had made the offer.

She felt like a ball of nerves.

Tagging along with Kal before was a little embarrassing. But today her new promotion made her feel even more self-conscious. Like she was a kid playing at reporter with her press pass and little tape recorder.

Her normal Kara-Danvers-appropriate outfit wasn't exactly boosting her confidence either.

This place held an army of crisp suits and manicured fingers. She toyed with the necklace under her sweater feeling frumpy. Fervently wishing she had gone with that button up she'd discarded three
times getting ready this morning.

~It shouldn't matter.~ She consoled herself and tried to focus on the interview questions she'd prepared for the thousandth time.

There was an odd trilling sound in the air that had Kara adjusting her glasses to scope for a bomb. Following the sound, she saw it came from a pen she was tapping a little too rapidly against her leg.

The Kryptonian shoved the pen in her bag blushing. That third cup of coffee might have been a mistake.

Kara had come in more than an hour early for her meeting with Ms Luthor. Her assistant Jess had taken pity on the overeager girl and showed her into the company break room.

She had her first cup chatting happily with Jess, learning where the girl went to school, about her move from Metropolis. They commiserated over the roller-coaster experience of being the go-fer, midnight nurse, and occasional muse to powerful women.

The next two she had because she knew bad things would happen if she didn't put something inside of her stomach in the next hour. She didn't want the beast to start trying to talk to Ms Luthor. Kara trusted that the woman was smart, but she didn't think it was likely the CEO had picked up any Kryptonian belly languages.

~I wish Kal would let me give him lessons.~ She rolled her eyes remembering her cousin droning on at her in broken Kryptonian after they left this office last week. He would occasionally switch to Kara's native tongue to keep their conversations private or when he thought she wasn't paying attention.

The girl had conveniently never got around to telling him the fault in his security code since her people on comms at the DEO, Winn, J'onn and Alex, could all speak Kryptonian. The change probably did make her pay better attention though. She had to remember all the awkward things he said in stumbling robotic Kryptonian so she could have a giggle fest about it with Winn later.

But that day her cousin had been so annoying she could not find the funny.

It went on for hours. At first, he was just ranting about Luthors being evil and a menace to society, describing all the different ways Lex had tried to kill him, or turn the public against him, or explode cities or drown puppies or whatever over the years.

Yes, super evil guy. Obviously. Not arguing there.

His droning was far more irritating than it was informative, as usual. Particularly annoying that day since they had a fire to put out, the coolest kind of rescue mission, and he had talked through the whole thing! With her stupid super-hearing there was no way for her to get away from Kal when he was being a dink.

She understood -kind of. It was after all the Lex stuff that Kal seemed to get so jaded. The guys had been really good friends for a long time before Lex went off the deep end. She could understand his need to vent.

Kara was absolutely done with it when Kal told her the same thing was going to happen to her with Lena.

She shook her head. It wasn't like Ms Luthor, the most successful scientist, a modern icon would
be interested in being friends. But the comparison didn’t even make sense.

Kara had never heard of Lex trying to do good things. There was a time when he wasn’t actively murdering innocent citizens, but before all that he was still a narcissist bully, more interested in money and power than he was in helping anyone.

Jess confirmed to Kara that Lena had just spent every moment of free time she had over the last 6 years trying to cure cancer. Rao’s breath, how much more good can you get?

Feeling a spike of irritation, the Kryptonian ducked her head removing glasses to rub at her eyes.

Heighten senses flooded through her.

As always, her attention was automatically drawn to the heartbeats around her. She wasn’t sure exactly why her brain compulsively sorted out heartbeats first. Most of them irritated her. Like her neighbor’s that had a weird slurping sound or the new intern at CatCo that had a rub like sandpaper against metal. Her mind cycled through rhythms in the office, one to the next.

Until she noticed a rhythm that was surprisingly pleasant. The pulsing tone soothed her nerves, like when she put her ear against a seashell.

~Why does that sound so familiar?~ She focused and expanded out her senses. Kara didn't realize it was from the person she was there to meet until she caught a snippet of her conversation.

“No Jacob, this is happening if I have to wear a Kevlar vest.”

Wincing at the accidental intrusion she replaced her glasses.

Then actually digested what she had overheard.~Wait, is she going to get shot? Again!~

Kara placated her guilt. ~Hero rules. Safety trumps privacy.~ She positioned a pen behind her ear to covertly pull the frame's dampening lead away.

“Of course not,” Ms Luthor said. "I was being facetious. I absolutely will not do that. Just figure out how to secure a small space for me in the park for 15 minutes.”

Her calm was impressive, heart rate that same even tempo talking about getting shot after everything that happened last week. “I am quite capable of calculating the statistical risk of my death, thank you. And this is a risk we are taking,” The CEO said with clear finality.

Kara heard an echo in two places. "Send in my one o'clock Jess."

The Kryptonian quickly repositioned her glasses and experienced the world muffle and dull around her. She rifled through her bag making sure everything she needed was in place.

Jess came over to lead Kara into the office and gave her a reassuring smile before opening the door for her. Entering the room Kara was close enough to pick up the faint tattoo of the rhythm again.

The woman it belonged to walked in front of her desk leaning back against it, waiting for her to approach.

Kara was struck dumb, staring gobsmacked at the immaculately dressed woman. Tight black pencil skirt and flared red silk blouse that perfectly matched the shade at her lips. Unyielding, confident gaze.

Lena Luthor made her nervous.
The Kryptonian blinked and searched her head for words she could actually say out loud.

A barrage of disjointed thoughts intruded into her mind. ~Of course I’m nervous. This is my first real assignment and she is one of the most impressive minds of a generation. And looks really nice. Should I tell her I read her white paper last year? No Kara Danvers doesn’t know Euclidean geometry. What if she recognizes me? Shoot, I should have brought her a thank you present for the interview. Don’t touch your glasses.~ the blonde thought in the space of a couple of seconds.

The dark-haired woman looked like she was fighting down a smile.

~Sugar sticks! Words, words. I need words.~ Kara broke eye contact looking down and adjusted her glasses nervously.

Finally, the CEO broke the silence. Her tone was teasing. “Are you here to get your parking validated miss?”

Kara responded, distracted with the task of mentally kicking herself for looking like a dork standing in the woman's doorway. “What uh, no. I flew here.” Her eyes widened. "o-on a bus.”


Shaking her head clear, Kara crossed the room and held out her hand saying, “I’m Kara Danvers with CatCo. Thank you so much for meeting with me Ms Luthor.”

Lena interrupted with a dismissive wave, “Call me Lena, please. I was just teasing. Of course, I remember you Miss Danvers. I usually can’t stand reporters.”

Lena began dryly, “Now Miss Danvers. -Sorry, Kara,” Lena corrected herself noticing the girl’s reproachful look. “I assume you’re here to find some connection between the new Luthor in town and the latest string of alien-related atrocities I have nothing to do with.”

Kara winced. -That must happen to her a lot. -

Trying to at least convey some sympathy she said, “No, nothing like that. My cousin K-Clark can be kind of annoying about- well about a lot of things. But he's just, -I'm not.” Looking down she felt at a loss. Kara wished for a moment that she could explain the situation to the young Luthor, so she wouldn't feel like everyone just hated her.

Unsure what else to say she looked up at Lena with a broad reassuring smile. "I’m just here for CatCo, as a reporter this time. You mentioned being open to talking again and I was really hoping to find out more about you, -and -eh about your business of course.”

Lena eyed her speculatively, “Congratulations on the career change, I’m sure you’ll do well.” The girl colored with pleasure remembering Ms Grant's expression when Kara had claimed her status as a reporter. A decision largely inspired by the impressive woman in front of her.

Said woman seemed to enjoy flustering her. She bit her lip before asking, “Did you have any questions?” Then she moved to sit on the edge of her desk very close to Kara’s chair. A lock of dark hair slid forward under her neckline.

The blonde crossed her legs tightly, feeling an unfamiliar intensity in the air around the CEO's frame that made her throat tingle when she got too close. ~Am I allergic to coffee, or to -Lena? No, that doesn't make any sense. Wait, wait not important. Focus Kara, focus. ~

“Right, on the record stuff,” The blonde reporter said excitedly hitting a button on her tape
recorder and mumbling the date and their location into it. Pulling out her notepad of questions she asked, “So, why move LutherCorp to National City.”

“That’s complicated,” Lena said considering. She clicked a button and a screen on the opposite end of the room displayed a logo Kara was unfamiliar with. “Sometimes the weight of a dynasty only serves to drag you down. In the eyes of the public everything connected to the Luthor name, including me unfortunately, is tainted by my brother’s madness.”

Her eyes looked empty as she spoke, like the young woman had gone to a different place and left the CEO here to hold up the burden of losing her brother along with the responsibility for everything he’d done. Kara knew about feelings like that.

Turning to her side to look out the window, the dark-haired woman continued, “I respect the citizens of Metropolis and their need to mourn. Most of what I tried to give back to the communities there, to help rebuild, was refused. Individuals too angry or organizations too worried to be associated with a Luthor. I’d like to think that intentions matter, but sometimes they just – don’t. I feel like the only thing that LutherCorp could do to help was offer apologies for having any part of what happened.”

Lena surprised Kara with her next statement. “LutherCorp as it was doesn’t deserve to exist, but I see all of the people that made up that company. Bright minds, dedicated workers, passionate young idealists, those people together could make the world better and they deserve to feel proud of what they accomplish. As much as can be done, I want to recreate this company to give them that.”

~She’s a hero.~ Kara thought. ~Saving what she can from that mess.~

"So, I moved to National City.” She gave a shy smile. “I should thank you for the idea. I’m planning on renaming. I’m hoping that the citizens here might be able to give me and L-Corp a chance."

Kara’s heart thumped in recognition of her drive and the feelings she described. The empty silence was interrupted by Jess’ voice over the comm, “Ms Luthor, your security chief has requested to meet with you urgently.”

“I’m sorry Kara. It looks like we’ll have to reschedule,” Lena said, her eyes looking sincerely regretful.

Remembering what she had overheard earlier, Kara’s nerves revved. “The ceremony-. Didn’t someone try to kill you last week?” Kara asked urgently feeling dread at the idea of not making it to her in time. “Won’t something like a ceremony be dangerous to do out in the open?” the blonde asked. Blue eyes filled with concern under her thick frames.

“Yes,” Lena said dismissively, “but I’m a Luthor, my life is constantly in danger. I need what I do with it to mean something, and it won’t if I live in fear.” Lena met Kara’s eyes again.

She felt the impulse to stay and be the Kryptonian kevlar vest the woman refused to wear.

“I’ll come with you,” Kara volunteered quickly.

“That’s ridiculous. You said yourself how dangerous it could be,” Lena said with a lilt in the cadence of her words Kara hadn’t noticed before. “And I don’t know if you want to be seen with me.”

“Then we’ll be in danger together,” the blonde said happily. She smiled thinking to she might be
able to make the Luther a little less broody for a while. Kara stood feeling that woozy energy again and held her arm out to help Lena down from her desk.

“Thank you,” Lena said taking the hand; she brushed against her side climbing down.

Kara felt like half her face had gone numb. From her cheeks down to the fingertips that touched Lena’s. She dropped the hand as soon as Lena’s heels touched the floor. The weird tingling went away, but the Kryptonian still couldn't think straight.

“Of course,” Kara said nervously backing away from the very-close woman.

She nearly tripped walking backwards as she waved goodbye with the hand that felt normal.

~Yikes. What the heck?~ She thought making her way to the elevator.~ Is this an Alex fix or a donut fix?~ She was relieved to hear her stomach growl. ~Thank Rao, I thought I was having a stroke.~

Chapter End Notes

It always bugged the crap out of me that Kara didn't actually say anything during that first meeting to show she would be a good reporter. It felt like an empty complement from Lena that Kara decided to take as life inspiration. Thats the only real scene rewrite in this fic and I stand by it. The body placement stuff was not added, that's cannon. Lena likes to get close. So gay.
It had been days since she’d actually been able to see Lena. Kara had shown up at her office to offer moral support, but her secretary Jess had shooed her away. Jess was always nice to Kara. She shared her stash of snacks and pictures of her new kitten. But each time Kara asked about Lena the dutiful woman had claimed Ms Luthor was too busy assuaging her legal team and arguing with her board to chew her own food, let alone talk.

After hearing the same thing from Jess again and again Kara was deeply concerned and could not get the young CEO out of her head.

That was when her mission began.

After all, eating was the absolute best part of any day. If the Kryptonian went so much as a couple of hours without a donut, her body felt like it would start disintegrating organs for nutrients. Someone so nice shouldn’t have their organs disintegrated.

So the next day Kara came prepared. Instead of trying to take Lena out to lunch, she had shown up with the most amazing donuts on the entire planet. She’d checked.

Kara tried to explain to Jess that it was imperative that Lena have the very specific, wonderful experience of blueberry-glazed goodness. Her argument was perfect, concise but impassioned. She felt confident striding in this time.

But in the face of the Kryptonian’s valiant effort to bring Lena some much needed awesomeness, Jess had halted her quest, arguing nonsensically about salads.

Apparently Lena thought salads were her favorite food and Jess had multiple delivered to the office every day. Lena just wasn’t eating them because she was too busy.

Kara felt heartbroken for Lena. Salads! Of course she wasn’t eating anything. That was a food made up entirely of vegetables, which were the worst part of any meal.

Obviously, the CEO was being kept prisoner and was in need of urgent heroic intervention. Kara had considered it before, but she didn’t want to freak Lena out by flying up to her office as Supergirl and knocking at her window. ~I mean,~ the hero thought seriously, ~she could be in serious trouble. Assassins are one thing, but being held captive with cruel and unusual salad-related torture was inconceivable!~

Drifting up to the floor of Lena’s office, cape rustling around her Kara paused and saw the young CEO was in fact furiously typing, eyes flicking over 4 different screens in front of her then returning back to a stack of documents. A large cup of coffee was the only sign of sustenance in the room.

Kara sighed in sympathy and worried the woman might have actually taken root into her fancy black leather office furniture.
Not sure what to do, she floated toward her with the box of baked goods. Seeing her own reflection in Lena’s window, Kara froze mid-air panicking with the realization that she had never actually talked to Lena as Supergirl. And like, how did she explain that Supergirl was aware of Lena’s tragic donut-less existence.

She shied back, dropping down a few floors so Lena wouldn’t notice her. Determined to complete her mission regardless of obstacle making logic, she inched back up slowly and out from the building until she had a clear shot to get the box of donuts to land right on the little table on her balcony.

~Well, most of them,~ the hero conceded. Not sure what Lena might like, the Kryptonian had bought a dozen for her to try. -But it was a really long walk from the corner store to the office and it was a really long flight to get up to her balcony. There were at least 2 of them left in the box, and at least one was blueberry.

~The best kind,~ she remembered regretfully. Feeling herself salivate she flew away quickly before she could be tempted.

Waking up the next morning, excited to finally have plans to see Lena on the day of the L-Corp renaming ceremony, Kara fell 5 feet out of the air crashing from a hover dream when she tried to roll over to hit her alarm clock. She scrambled back onto her feet and hummed along to an N-Sync song that started playing in her head.

Kara loved dancing around her apartment. The far wall was made of huge windows that let light stream in onto the unfinished brick and open expanse of hardwood floors.

Like always, the blonde girl was wearing her blue sports bra and boy shorts as she danced around bouncing with energy. The energetic Kryptonian slid across the hardwood in her socks before stripping them off feeling her feet tingle when the sunrays hit them.

She couldn’t be naked walking around her apartment because, like, what if her cousin was in town and tried to look in on her. He was a fuss-bucket, but she didn’t want him to get hurt falling out of the sky trying to scrape his eyes out like she was sure would happen to her in that position.

But she liked the fuzzy glowing feeling of sunrays fusing into her skin. And wearing as little as possible let her feel more. Topped off on sunshine and vibrating with energy, Kara opened up her senses to the world and smiled as she caught a familiar sound.

Listening to heartbeats was a lot like listening to people walking. After you know someone long enough, you can tell who is walking up behind you by the rhythm of their steps and heaviness of their foot falls. Some hearts had a sharp snapping quality to the closing of valves, some had a tiny whining sound, or a rub right after the close, or pounded out blood against the arteries like a drum.

Lena’s was steady, almost lyrical with the occasional fluttering sound where a heartbeat should be before it came back. Which Kara meant to ask Alex about but figured had something to do with the unhealthy amount of coffee the woman consumed instead of actual meals.

Kara had noticed the heartbeat the last time they met. Over last few days though, she had been worried. She didn’t want to bother the busy CEO, so whenever she was out on patrol she would check in on the sound instead.

After a while, whenever the hero didn’t have somewhere to rush toward she found herself drifting
in the direction of Lena’s office or penthouse the young CEO’s heartbeat playing in her mind like a catchy song that wouldn’t leave her alone until she was close enough to actually hear it in person. Tuning into it so often had increased the radius she could catch it, but from her Loft she could only hear it if she tuned-in and really focused on opening her senses as wide out as they would go.

Needing to get ready, Kara let the sound fade out. She played it from memory instead and made up a song to go with the rhythm while she kicked off the rest of her things and shut the lead-lined bathroom door to take a shower. Drying off with a hyper-speed vibration Kara waked over to her closet, opening it she felt a stab of disappointment.

She didn’t want to be so…Kara, going to go see Lena. ~Cardigans and muted colors were a good disguise and all but…~

She wrinkled her nose at the intruding memory of Kal’s lecture, explaining again how he was a nerd to protect Lois for a decade before they actually got together. That wasn’t the same, obviously, because she was just friends with Lena.

-But Lena is so cool and sophisticated, and- just -gorgeous, like a glamour icon or something. And Kara Danvers is a mousy, awkward, stumbling, puppy reporter with big thick fake glasses,- she thought with a huff, tossing herself on top of her bed with enough force to scrape the bottom against the floor.

-The only badass thing Kara Danvers owns is her supersuit.- She let out a wistful sigh.

Kara zipped into a dozen different outfits, feeling like she was rejecting more than just the clothes. Not entirely satisfied, she decided on her favorite blue button-up with pin-stripe pants. Ready to head out, she remembered why she was going in the first place and that Supergirl would need to be able to get into her suit before saving her.

Kara kicked herself for the thousandth time for not keeping her mouth shut and just showing up as Supergirl. Rummaging through the back of her closet she found a long flowy white skirt that would hide her Supergirl skirt. It took, like, nanoseconds for her to change normally; she was way faster than those suits with the tiny spreading nanobots. But this way she could just rip everything off and run. She nodded at her reflection with satisfaction and headed out the door.

Kara knew there would be security swarming around Lena’s place since that drone attack, so she was sure to actually take a bus this time. Well, she ran half the way there and then got on.

Kara fidgeted on the ripped vinyl seat. Tapping her toe against the metal pole in front of her, she thought about how slow buses were, and cars, and planes. She sighed thinking of the 647 things she could get done in the time it took this metal brick to roll forward one more stop.

Listening to the wheels under her she strained her brain trying to will them to move faster. -I wish I was an Almeracian,- she thought after she’d given herself a headache. Then felt a little silly remembering that Supergirl’s powers were obviously awesome and being able to read people’s minds would be awful.

When the doors opened Kara had to strain her muscles against the urge to speed through and instead helped the lady next to her with her rolling cage-thing full of groceries.

Kara had to mentally remind herself this was supposed to be the first time she had been to Lena’s place. It was just as fancy inside as the architecture, and team of well-groomed valets on the curb, had promised. -Like the New York hotel in that Macaulay Culkin movie. Crystal chandelier and gold trim on everything,- she thought, idly wondering if it would be weird to invite Lena to sister
movie night.

The door man stood like a felt-trimmed stone sentry in front of the personal elevator up to Lena’s place and Kara panicked for a moment wondering if Lena had remembered their plans. What if the statue man didn’t know she was suppose to go up? They hadn’t even exchanged personal numbers so she couldn’t just text her and ask.

Diverting herself from her path to the elevator while she tried to decide what to do, Kara caught that familiar rhythm and looked over with relief. Lena was already waiting for her, sitting in the lobby on a gold-plated bench, scrolling through her phone.

Kara walked up next to her with a broad smile and chirped, “Hi, are you ready to go?”

Lena startled at Kara’s bright greeting, like she hadn’t been expecting anyone.

“Kara-” Lena said catching her breath. “Oh, yes. Of course. I didn’t have any food in the house, but I had my driver go out in case you were hungry. Did you eat already?”

“What do having eaten and being hungry have to do with each other?” Kara asked with a wolfish grin. Bespectacled eyes zeroed in with intensity on the neatly packed bento box Lena was offering, momentarily frustrated at the lead in her glasses before Lena handed her the box.

Kara smiled widely when saw the section of orange chicken and tried not to look disappointed when she noticed that half of the box was filled with vegetables for some unfathomable reason.

-So much space that could have had more orange chicken,- she thought with a pout.

Sliding open a hidden compartment on the bottom of the box Kara made the unilateral decision that Lena was now her favorite person. Alex could be her favorite again the next time she brought her pot-stickers.

Sitting next to her, Lena had made a couple of sounds as if to start speaking, then just watched Kara looking fascinated.

“Um,” Lena started after Kara had finished inhaling the box of food. “I thought you might want to go out to one of the picnic tables in the courtyard or something, but well,- never mind.”

Kara remembered Alex had told her she should feel embarrassed when she did things like that.

Dismissing that thought, she decided to share her decision with Lena instead, “There were pot stickers Lena,” she said as though the woman hadn’t just given them to her.

She continued with solemnity, “As the providing of pot stickers is the greatest act one can do for another, I have decided that you are my favorite person today.”

Kara was curious when she saw Lena trying to hide a blush and played with her glasses so she could listen in on her heartbeat.

It was doing a happy little dance. Taking that as a good sign, she took Lena’s arm walking toward the exit.

Reaching the park, Kara covertly squinted over her glasses. The hero was determined not to miss anything as the Luthor’s self-appointed Kryptonian body guard.

No guns on any of the people, no drones behind the white marble statues or bombs in one of the
neatly manicured bushes spaced regularly on either side of the walkway.

Lena didn’t seem to notice what Kara was doing. She was focusing so intently on the tablet, her hands moving rapidly over it in complex patterns, that she almost tripped on a girl playing with chalk on the sidewalk. Kara jumped over to Lena, moving just a little too fast, hoisting her backward to stop her from accidentally kicking the kid in the head.

The blonde looked around nervously to see if anyone had noticed her speed and sighed in relief. Looking down the Kryptonian realized she still held Lena in a backwards dip balanced on one of her arms.

Lena’s gaze flashed something intense before she quirked an eyebrow. Kara noticed that same patter again. Lena observed wryly, “You’re stronger than you look.”

Kara’s eyes went wide as she straightened Lena upright and readjusted her glasses. Frazzled, she tried to come up with exercise words. Everything she actually did was combat training which wasn't very Kara-Danversy. “Yeah I lift- things and um, do a lot of yoga and- biking.” She finished as a cyclist buzzed past them.

Lena nodded distractedly at as Kara berated herself for that horrendously awkward moment, -Rao! Chahvehd zehtiahr gem Earth, Kara?-

---------translation: [God! First day on Earth, Kara?]---------

They reached the stage and Lena was still focusing intently on what Kara assumed was her speech. Her heart-rate continued to accelerate. Taking her hand Kara squeezed it and said encouragingly, “You got this Lena, go get ‘em.”

Glancing up from her tablet Lena looked at their hands in surprise. “Thank you, darling,” She said with a soft smile, squeezing the girl’s hand back before handing her tablet to Jess and taking a couple of notecards out of her bag.

While Lena got mic’d, Kara did a quick flyover as Supergirl, waving to show L-Corp had a Super's support and checking the perimeter.

She made note of the DEO agents she recognized mixed in the crowd and fanned out at exit points including her sister who was standing off to the side of the stage away from the crowd wearing her serious agent face while talking into her sleeve.

Lena’s speech was surprisingly short, highlighting the same ideas she’d discussed with Kara about National City being a fresh start for L-Corp and herself. Besides her personal introduction, she didn’t mention the Luthor name at all. Instead she chose to focus on her vision for the positive direction of L-Corp into the future. On re-purposing the technology that may have been used to take lives, to instead help in the lives of every day citizens.

Kara had intended to change back before Lena finished her speech and was looking for where Kara Danvers might enter unobtrusively, but then she heard the creaking sound of a finger strained against a trigger.

She shot down out of the sky and landed hard on the stage in front of Lena.

Kara held her heroic posture as a barrage of bullets dropped off her body, several nicking holes in the front of her suit.

Seeing a drone moving to flank her, the hero jumped on top of Lena and flew them both underneath
Several reporters were crouched around them, sheltering in the far corner. Alex followed ducking into the space, calling positions to her team.

Coming out of the tight corkscrew she felt Lenas body tremble on top of her as she held them in a hover under the beams. -This is a terrible time to be hungry.- She thought with a growl feeling that weirdness again. She rolled with Lena so the woman was beneath her and felt a wash of relief hearing Alex’s voice and heartbeat behind her.

The Kryptonian tried to explain the situation concisely, worried Lena might feel abandoned. She fired out words as rapidly as humans could comprehend, “I have to go. Stay with A-Agent Danvers. It should be safe here. Yell if you need me.” Their faces so close in that position, Kara noticed that flicker of intensity again before she threw herself into flight.

Kara tried to settle her nerves slipping into fight mode.

The drones ignored her targeting the stage and surrounding agents with bullets and flame. She took out one with heat vision, which caught the attention of two more that moved to flank her while her attention drawn.

When one of them reached her she snatched it out of the air and spun around, using the momentum to smash it into the drone on her other side. She winced seeing them both crash into the playground below. Kara sped over and used freeze breath to take out the flames.

Distracted she almost missed the bomber that was moving over the stage Lena was sheltering under with Alex. She dove under the drone and caught the bomb before it had a chance to impact.

Blasting back up into the sky she broke through the drone with her outstretched fists.

When she broke through the bank of clouds, the hero cracked the missile over her knee and was enveloped in a ball of wild flames.

"So loud," she mumbled to herself as she floated out of the massive explosion, yawning to get her ears to stop ringing.

Her suit was scorched, one arm completely melted off.

The hero was unaware that her ragged dark figure was much more menacing now as she advanced on the armed assailants below.

Kara pouted -I hate when I don't have time to teach the bad guys a lesson.-

She stacked four men on top of each other and carted them to a nearby pole to tie them around. She couldn't take the time to brawl with so much going on.

She shot up again bashing into a group of three above the clouds that were raining down bullets.

She x-rayed through the white fluff and felt a jolt of panic. She had missed seeing the last drone dive bomb at the stage. She hurtling back to the ground but halted when she saw Agent Ramirez take it out with a grenade. -Go team!-

She drifted in the air surveying the field with satisfaction. No more drones or guys with guns below her.
She checked in on Alex and Lena's heartbeats. The sounds were near each other but not where she'd left them.

Kara sped down a few city blocks. When she spotted Lena she was running next to Alex chasing a man holding a child in his arms. Lena threw something a meter in front of the man, glass shattering on the pavement. Alex shot him in the leg.

The pair went down, but the fall was blocked by an expanding material that had grown out of the vial Lena had thrown.

Kara joined them and was quick to break the material that held the boy captive and happily watched as the man was snugly wrapped up in a slimy burrito prison.

"Coool." The hero said her eyes wide, amazed at the CEOs tech and quick thinking.

-Shoot, shoot. Supergirl time.- Kara chastised herself. Putting her hands on her hips she lowered her voice. "Very impressive Ms Luthor."

Kara was far more excited about Lena’s heroics than her own. -She deserves a trophy or something.- She thought, then had a better idea.

The Kryptonian zipped off and begged a man hiding in a food truck to reopen so she could buy Lena a victory churro.

Tasty treat delivered to a puzzled dark-haired CEO-turned-badass, Kara babbled about how heroic Lena was and how she would love to see her again. For whatever reason she couldn’t make eye contact until she stopped talking. Seeing Lena’s grateful expression at her words, Kara flew off feeling inspired.

Reaching her loft, the blonde reporter started clicking keys on her laptop before her body had even touched down from flight, proudly typing out what would be on the front page of CatCo tomorrow.

---------Lena -------

Lena felt warm inside even when she looked over at the board of magnetized pieces still configured where she’d left them in Metropolis. Feeling it appropriate today, she walked over and slid another white pawn forward into position for her favorite opening sequence, the Queen’s Gambit, then picked up the article on her desk again.

Reading the headline to herself for the fifth time that morning Lena smiled softly.

Lena Luthor Saves Citizens with Supergirl- exclusive by Kara Danvers.

Lena had been praised in a few articles before. Usually for some invention or donation or dress she’d worn better. But she’d never read an article about her just doing good before.

One thought interrupted her internal revelry and Lena chewed on her lip considering her decision to fill Kara’s office with flowers. -That was normal right?- She had made that decision impulsively,
still groggy from sleep, sitting up in the bed with her glasses on reading the news highlights. When she had found had encountered the article in her scroll, she read it in shock, scanning for some ironic insidious spin out of reflex. The second time she appreciated the tone, factual but enthusiastic, brimming with promise and hope that spoke more clearly than the byline who was responsible for every word.

She had never really had very many straight female friends. Or friends for that matter. And she was worried Kara, whose normal demeanor could be described as a frolicking unicorn drunk on sunshine, might be awkward around her if she figured out how attracted Lena was to the impressive vibrant young reporter.

-Crushes be damned,- Lena thought, preparing one of her patented emotional boxes to cram those feelings into. She was a grown woman and absolutely was not going to let anything that trivial get in the way of having a friend like Kara. -I barely know her,- she chided herself. -We’re not friends. She’s just a nice person who did and said nice things.-

-Like how you were her favorite person,- a corner piece of her mind argued popping the lid off of it’s box before she ruthlessly pushed it away.

Regardless, she should have waited to ask Jess about the flowers. Jess seemed to know a lot about Kara for some reason she couldn’t fathom.

Cringing internally, Lena reevaluated the gesture as the setting of a scene in a movie. Some romantic comedy heroine would spinning around in a room, every surface covered in flowers, before she decided to follow her man across the country, or say yes, or not get an abortion, or whatever those movies normally ended with.

Tempted to call Kara to explain herself, Lena heard her phone vibrate. Unlocking the screen, she pulled up a thank you message from Kara. It was a little hard to read written in all caps and containing several more vowels than words typically have followed by an incomprehensible string of emojis.

-Does the peach still mean something about sex?- she thought, frustrated her genius and world-renowned instructors had not prepared her for this moment. She knew five languages for Christ’s sake.

Her phone buzzed several more times in rapid succession, each time describing another of Lena’s qualities before Kara sent one that asked if she could take her out to lunch. Anytime she typed with a winky face, then quickly erased.

-Shit, why was it impossible for me not to flirt with this girl.- She felt like a teenager.

Instead she typed back, that sounds wonderful darling and hit send before her mind processed, now horrified, that she’d used a pet name for a straight woman she’d known for less than a month. -Oh well, going to have to make that normal now, like its a quirk of mine or something,- she thought trying to remember the last time she had called anyone else darling.

Cursing, Lena remembered her meeting with a Japanese syndicate she had at noon, she asked if they could make it breakfast tomorrow instead. Kara replied using a single wide-eyed puppy dog emoji that broke the Luthor’s heart, but agreed to the plan.

Determined to feel like she was a powerful competent woman again, Lena dove back into the mystery that had been filling her mind this last week. Her financial team had tracked down all of the LuthorCorp subsidiaries, shell companies and privately owned Luthor properties. There were a
few that had raised flags for her to check for nefarious operations, but one building in particular had her suspicious of something more.

As always, her brother’s madness complicated the issue and she refused to be complicit in the deaths of anymore people.

Breaking her concentration, Lena heard Jess’ voice, “Ms. Luthor there is a Kathrine Kane here to see you.”

Lena had no idea why the scion of the Hamilton arms fortune would want to enter into a relationship L-Corp now. But, curious, Lena replied “Thank you Jess. Please show in Ms Kane and reschedule my next two meetings.”

Breaking into her business smile Lena approached the tall woman with short dark hair striding forward. She was dressed like a washed out rockstar black blazer layered over a Nirvana t-shirt. The tattoos peaking-out from the collar of her neck and shirt cuffs making Lena wonder just how heavily tattoo the rest of her body might be, but, it was the single earring and the crew-cut that really solidified the look. She appreciated a woman proudly wearing her team's colors.

At the center of the office the two women shook hands. “A pleasure to see you again of course Ms Kane. To what do I owe the honor?”

“Lena, always so formal. I think you greeted me the same way in boarding school. What were you 10?” Kate said in a teasing tone.

“Twelve,” Lena said coolly. She remembered Kate Kane in boarding school. Always brash, getting into fights with anyone over anything. For the most part students at school had left Lena alone, likely not really sure what to do with someone several years their junior. Lena knew from experience that trying to bond with anyone at school was a waste of time, almost everyone she met wanted her as a connection to her father, or, on one occasion, to hack into the school’s server to change a grade. That one she’d done out of boredom, appreciating the novelty.

Kate Kane had been different in an enigmatic way. She spent almost none of her time on campus except during the few classes that she bothered to show up to. She was persistent, trying to talk to Lena on a dozen separate occasions. At another time she might have appreciated the gesture, but Kate always sought her out after she’d come back form long painful weekends trying to placate Lillian. After that she had no emotional energy left to play games.

She couldn’t figure out exactly what Kate wanted. The woman was always so personal, asking about emotions Lena had no interest in sharing or her family, that she had still stubbornly defended no matter how they treated her. Part of her was disappointed that Kate was a year ahead of her, but it was just another reason not to bother investing time into someone who was going to graduate the same year she’d arrived.

“I always meant to ask,” Lena said dryly, “You’re not even Catholic. How many schools did you have to get kicked out of to end up at Our Lady of Perpetually Bitchy Nuns?”

Kane barked out a surprised laugh. “Little Luthor,” she said, shaking her head regretfully. “It’s too bad that one was my last. It was gilded hell-hole make no mistake, but you might have been a good influence on me if we’d actually gotten to know each other.” Kate tilted her head with a lopsided smile, continuing in an ironic tone, “I tried to get the army to straighten me out, but it didn’t really take. I could have sworn for a minute I was making progress with you though. I think the last time we talked I actually got you to respond to me in complete sentences. You, Little Luther, were a tough nut to crack.”
“A feat yet to be accomplished,” Lena responded, appreciating the confirmation that Kane wasn’t actually trying to bully her. With a more genuine tone she asked again, “Seriously Kate, why are you here?”

“You know rich people Lena. Always looking for new ways to divert revenue streams to flow to their vaults. Personally, I’m aiming for a Scrooge McDuck benchmark.”

“They also tend to have a treasured love for the sound of their own voices,” Lena commented dryly, not letting Kate control the conversation despite how charming her ridiculous antics always were.

“Shots fired!” Kate yelled, shutting both eyes with a grimace of pain and grabbing her chest dramatically. Slowly she opened one eye and saw Lena staring back coolly, eyebrow raised.

“Alright, alright. I know you probably have several billion dollars worth of paperwork on this desk calling your name as we speak,” Kate said placatingly. “I’m here on behalf of Wayne Enterprises actually, I started working with my cousin a couple of years ago. Bruce mostly likes to keep things in the family, but with some new developments in National City, we decided to branch out, see if we can bring some other assets into the fold.

“Bruce has had, eh -unfortunate experiences with the Luthor clan in the past. So, as his humble representative, I come to open talks and clasp forearms on some mutual projects.” Leaning back Kate kicked her feet up, Vans crossed, poised on the edge of Lena’s desk before continuing. “I wanted to gauge your interest in a general way before we start pounding out the minutia.”

“If you’re looking to get in bed with the Luthors,” Lena started seeing Kate smirk, “then I’m afraid you wasted the flight. L-Corp is moving out of the murder and world domination game.”

Hearing that, Kate put her feet back on the floor and smiled broadly, “That’s exactly why I’m here actually. We didn’t have much interest in Luthors plural. Never been much into edge play. But, remembering our school days fondly, I looked into Lena Luthor specifically and found someone intriguing. It’s not everyday you see a single woman housing the intellect of a Ravenclaw, the hutzpah to put away her own psychotic murderous brother, and little-people-focused world-saving ideals. And,” Kate said gesturing toward the desk, “if that article there is right, a sharpshooter merit-badge.”

“You certainly know how to turn a girl’s head Kane,” she said with wry amusement.

“I didn’t even mention that I was team Lentara,” Kate interjected, mentioning the shipping name the tabloids had given a short-lived flame Lena had enjoyed with a redheaded French couture model named Tarra Dubois back in Metropolis.

Ignoring that Lena shook her head and surmised, “I take it that means that you’re interested more in teaming with our medical technology division. Any projects in particular capture your interest?”

“A few,” Kate offered noncommittally. “WayneCorp is well outfitted to provide for material needs. Our supply chains for lithium and carbon nanotubes run globally. You seem to have attracted the lion’s share of industry leading experts to your brain-trust, so we would like to support L-Corp’s efforts to make the technology of tomorrow, today,” Kate said seriously finishing in an infomercial impression.

Lena weighed the offer. -It certainly had its merits,- she mused. Bruce Wayne’s lecherous reputation did his company’s PR no favors, but the Wayne Enterprises brand had been a major player in any number of fields for decades with remarkably little real scandal. LutherCorp had played an insular game under Lex, likely to hide his off-the-books projects, L-Corp being seen as a
team player might be helpful.

“Depending on your numbers and where you stand on credit attribution. I think I can say I have an interest in pursuing the venture further,” Lena said diplomatically holding out her hand.

Kate jumped up out of her chair and circled around Lena’s desk looking like she was going to go in for a hug before Lena pivoted her arm between them. Shaking hands with a sarcastically dignified expression for a moment, Kate pulled Lena toward her and pounded her back, lingering for a moment to tell her how excited she was. Moving away, the older woman apologized for Lena’s obvious rigid discomfort, sticking both hands in her jacket pockets to contain them in contrition. “Like old times,” Kate said chucking.

Walking backward toward the door Kate tossed up both of her hands in a wave calling out, “See you soon Little Luthor.”

Lena bent her arm in a half-wave as Kate left and smiled thinking to herself, -Having a business associate like Kate could definitely backfire, but at least it will be an interesting ride.-

Chapter End Notes

Going to miss you Ruby Rose!

Also, I made Lena gay because Lames was upsetting to my happiness.
I have replaced James the weirdly inconsistent with Kate Kane, the consistently awesome.

More Kryptonian coming up. I use this website for it's Kryptonian-English dictionary: http://kryptonian.info/doyle/dictionary.html
The grammar also should be close, but it's not a fully developed language so I did what I could.
Blue eyes opening, the blonde hero rocketed out of bed thrumming with excitement.

She had Lena on the brain and was ready to get this day started.

As always, on this wonderful glorious sunshiny morning the Kryptonian's first stop was a speed trip over to the kitchen.

The women had planned on brunch, but there was no way to actually eat enough food in front of Lena without outing herself as an alien.

So she downed a sleeve of oreos, and a brick of cheddar before brushing her teeth.

Kara was stalwartly set on actually making it on time to one thing this week. Supergirl emergencies had interrupted a disproportionate amount of her friend time lately. That one thing, she decided resolutely, was going to be this thing. She didn’t even let herself second guess the outfit she’d picked out last night and made her way out the door in less than 2 minutes with a hand pump of victory.

Memories of the smelly man she’d sat next to on the bus still fresh in her memory, Kara flew to the park where the ceremony had been instead.

There were still a few spots of upset turf and a couple of scorch marks that hadn’t been painted over yet, but all-in-all the clean-up crew seemed to have successfully turned it back into the a living postcard for National City. Apple trees flowering and neatly manicured gardens in clean rows bursting with new spring life.

Checking her phone, Kara realized she was actually going to be an hour early and worried that might be desperate.

Pursing her lips considering, she decided instead to spend some time working a very serious ongoing investigative project.

Sitting on a bench between a marble statue of a little girl laughing and a blue flowering bush, the Kryptonian sprawled out on the bench and tucked her purse under her head to use as a cushion.

She flipped through the list of notes she'd already compiled and considered the argument Alex might form in response. Kara believed that because Katniss, who was all sad and broody all the time, needed someone who could make her smile and cookies. Alex argued with her after they watched the first movie, calling Peeta a push-over and felt her connection with Gale was deeper. They were both hard because of mutual lived experiences and had similar interests or some other whatever reason.

She can go down with that 'ship if she wants, but I'm a good sister, Kara thought, justly feeling that is was thus her duty to inform Alex of all the reasons she was wrong at feeling.

As she worked on compiling a cross-reference for all the times Peeta made Katniss smile against when he hugged away her nightmares, Kara heard a couple of sirens go off.

The hero smiled brightly and checked her watch. ~How many saves can I make in 10 minutes?~
she considered removing her glasses.

Several successful micro-missions under her belt, Kara flew into a cloud to wash the smoke out of her hair and set her self-drier to vibrate for a few seconds before pulling her hair back with a scrunchy and getting changed in time to walk up to Lena’s building 5 minutes early, grinning in triumph.

This time she’d made a plan with Lena who’d given her name to the elevator guy. The stone statue man had been replaced with a lovable grandfather with a quiet smile. He was very pleasant to ride with and told her about a puppy he’d just gotten for his kids. He looked at her bemused when she made a serious deal to bring the man a chew toy the next time she came to see Lena if he showed her a picture. ~Cute!~ she thought excitedly and tapped his arm to get him to scroll through the rest he’d taken that morning.

Reaching Lena's floor, the man waved at her smiling softly. Seeing her struggle, he stepped forward quickly and was super nice explaining how the weird sliding cage door thing worked.

~Apparently not by yanking the metal bars apart.~ she thought nervously, ~Hope he doesn't notice where it bent.~

Surprised, she stumbled through the gate right in the middle of Lena's apartment.

She’d thought there would be a door or something to knock on. Feeling awkward she stood there, like a child in a china shop, holding her hands behind her back to make sure she didn’t break anything.

~This place was what they were thinking of when they made up the word fancy.~

Furniture was mostly stark black, a post-modern industrial look with sleek lines offset artfully with a couple of weathered wood accent tables. Instead of lamps, the walls and ceiling were covered in tiles that gave off light at different intensities near different spaces. The blonde girl thought of a painting she’d just finished that would look awesome in here, then shook her head thinking she didn’t want to risk ruining Lena’s fancy awesomeness with normal people things.

Too curious to make herself stand still for any longer, Kara peered around the corner and saw a massive professional kitchen with all the cool appliances she’d seen people use on top chef.

Alex had informed her she was a ‘menace to society’ and disconnected her oven from the gas line claiming it was her duty as a civil servant. So, Kara mostly made due with heat vision, the occasional microwaving and took out her little hotplate from college on special occasions. Lena, on the other hand, had all the whosiwhatsits she’d watched contestants scramble around to put things in and -eh, stir or whatever.

Tilting her head down she caught a quick x-ray of Lena’s fridge and her eyes went wide. She thought Lena was kidding about not having food in the house, but there was literally one container full of sad vegetables and a test tube of something in her refrigerator.

~This place is big, ~Kara thought desperately, ~maybe that one’s not her food refrigerator. She could have one for sad vegetables and another one for all the good-tasting food that people need to stay alive.~ Tilting her glasses down she checked around the apartment then-

Curves, long legs and matching green silk.

Her mind went blank.
Coming to Kara slammed the frames back on her face so hard she was worried she might have cracked a lens again.

Her face flamed as she tried to rationalize her horror. She hadn’t meant to see Lena, so it wasn’t a creepy, pervy, terrible thing that she’s just done.

The Kryptonian groaned remembering that she couldn’t even apologize. ~Stupid government and Kal and Alex who all made excellent points about not telling anyone her secret,~ she thought. What was she supposed to do when she had to apologize for accidentally seeing Lena in her underwear sliding into one of those really nice short pencil skirts that Kara thought made her look like a run-way model.

Kara mollified herself. ~Maybe I’ll ask if she wants to go to the beach. Then she’ll see me in not-clothes and it’ll be even.~

She pointedly ignored the part of her brain that tried to remind her about logical fallacies.

Feeling nerves flare up with a vengeance, she subconsciously tuned her heart dial to Lena, which was playing one of the tunes she liked. Then wondered absently whether or not the CEO knew Kara was here.

“Lena,” Kara called out loudly and heard Lena’s heartbeat reply with a heavy thud and a little dancing beat.

“I’m really sorry for just coming in but there wasn’t, -like, a door or anything and I felt weird making the nice elevator guy wait with me. Should I-” Kara got out before she heard before Lena responding, reassuring Kara she was almost ready.

Kara was surprised to see Lena was wearing a blue cocktail dress instead of the skirt, but closed her mouth abruptly before she commented on the change.

"You look amazing. I mean- really nice." Kara recovered.

Lena responded awkwardly complimenting Kara’s much simpler jeans and UNC sweatshirt and nervously fidgeted for a couple of moments before offering to change.

“Don’t be silly, I came prepared.” Kara said starting to take off her sweatshirt. When the shirt was half over her head she accidentally bumped her glasses with her arm.

That must have crank up her senses because the sound of Lena’s heartbeat was distractedly loud before she tuned it out.

Struggling to get her glasses back on her face while the sweatshirt was still over her head, Kara didn’t realize that she inadvertently had her sports-bra on full display for several seconds before she got the thing off. Pulling her shirt back down quickly she remembered her plans for amends, wondering if the top half counted enough if Lena's skirt was half zipped up.

The CEO standing a couple of feet in front of the guilty Kryptonian shook her head and cleared her throat not actually saying anything.

Kara gestured down at the blue strappy silk top saying, “See now we match,” with a grin. She left her sweatshirt on the counter, not wanting to risk Lena seeing the suit she’d stuffed in the bottom of her bag.

Masterfully changing the subject, Kara gestured around the apartment with both hands making
several exclamatory sounds.

“What’s the fun in being rich if you can’t do a few ridiculous things?” Lena asked teasingly.

“You haven’t seen the best part yet,” she said pulling out her phone and tapping a few times before Kara saw one of the walls move into the floor the wall behind it displaying an enormous flat screen and fireplace, after Lena tapped a couple more times Kara looked up seeing a the ceiling recede showing glass paneling. Sun rays dropped down on to them making Kara feel a little giddy from the unexpected boost.

Ready for an adventure, Kara figured Lena must have some secrete room behind a bookcase or a magic wardrobe somewhere in here and took a step in the direction of Lena’s bedroom to find out. Lena grabbed her arm. "Kara, normally, I would give you a tour, but uh, I just left some things out. So, um next time when it’s cleaned up.” She said coloring lightly.

Kara’s stomach gave off a loud gurgling sound.

“The beast has spoken,” Kara said well aware of her stomach’s first warning of impending hostile take-over. Lena looked quizzical in response and Kara explained that she would understand eventually.

This time the elevator felt like it took forever. Standing right next to Lena, Kara could not think of anything to say that wasn’t about how Lena’s perfume smelled really good. The girl's head was swimming with it.

It also didn’t help that Kara’s stomach kept talking on its own, unhappy with how long ago those oreos had been. She should have remembered how flying always made her hungry and eaten again after that fire rescue.

By the time the elevator door opened, Kara had started fantasizing about syrup and breakfast meats. Lena laughed brightly when Kara put her arm in hers and tugged insistently, obviously trying to encourage faster movement from the brunette as they moved toward the exit.

“Um, I should tell my security team where we’re going,” Lena said breathlessly. They'd already made it a few blocks down the street. Kara’s, a soft but immovable force, set a pace her arm on the young CEO's. The only other sound on the street that competed with the rapid clicking of her heels on the pavement, were a couple of doves chirping out a dawn greeting above them.

Kara interrupted the silence after scouting their location and referencing details on her knowledge of the area. "There is a café serving a solid French toast buffet four blocks south. Two blocks North and one East there’s a little mom and pop shop with the best donuts I have ever had in my life."

"Or," She glanced at Lena blue eyes smoldering as the hungry Kryptonian made sure to keep the drool inside of her mouth. "The penultimate experience. Noonan’s maple bacon waffles with marshmallow fluff syrup, three blocks in the direction we are going right now.”

Kara’s voice had slipped into her commanding Supergirl tone. The part of her mind that was normally contentious about that kind of thing while she wore the glasses, had short-circuited trying to keep moving at the intentionally human pace she had worked out with Alex when they used to walk to get ice-cream after school. At the same time, she was also intentionally pushing away a nagging part of her mind that responded to the smell of Lena's shampoo when the wind shifted against her dark hair, or the feeling of her soft hand clinging tightly to Kara arm as Kryptonian moved like a freight-train down the city block.
Reaching Noonan’s, Lena looked at Kara. The girl's face was creased with impatience, standing on tiptoe, head straining to see over the sea of people between them and the reservation desk.

“Noonan’s it is,” Lena said with a breathless laugh. “This is fine, obviously,-darling. But why did you mention any of the other restaurants if we were just coming here?”

Kara already distracted, felt her belly flip-over momentarily only absorbing one of the words Lena said.

Replaying all the other the sounds back, Kara realized Lena had asked her a question. "For, um, later," she answered absently tempted to hover just a couple of inches to see over some lady with a hat. "Tomorrow or next week or -whenever. Food is supposed to be a regular thing. I mean, it doesn’t always have to be something you have with me, but I’m really good at food. Ask anyone,” she finished, dropping down on her toes with a disappointed pout.

Mourning the loss of uneaten waffles, she apologized to Lena for not thinking to make a reservation.

Amused, Lena waved her hand imperiously at the man behind the podium making eye contact, and lifting an expectant eyebrow at him. She man's eyes widened in recognition, and he snapped at a couple of passing servers.

As the men parted the crowd for them Lena asked, “How exactly can you be good at food?” and Kara gaped.

Sitting down, Kara stared at Lena like she had just sprouted wings. In a reverent tone she commented, “You didn’t even have to talk to the guy, the -eh food bouncer.”

Smiling wickedly Lena answered, “I’m kind of a big deal” and laughed when Kara just nodded fervently in agreement.

“I’m kidding. Well, before I was a pariah in Metropolis I probably could have pulled that off. It’ll take a couple of years before my face saturates National City’s gossip rags.” The young Luthor said dryly, then looked at Kara with a smirk, adding “Unless they decide I’m dating a perky young blonde reporter. They’d eat that up.”

Kara blushed furiously looking down. Determined not to be a bumbling mess in front of Lena again, the blonde fought against the dryness in her throat to quip back, “Am I your type then?” Wondering for an instant who she would have been matched with on Krypton.

Masking her own blush with a sip of seltzer, Lena ignored the question answering a previous one. “We actually got in because L-Corp picked up contracts with most of the restaurants in the area. If you did want to do this again- I mean get lunch, or something -when you’re not busy. We shouldn’t have any problem getting in.”

Kara was listening intently with a goofy smile on her face, both at Lena’s word and at the really pretty pattering sound Lena’s heart made when it accelerated.

“Yes! That sounds like six levels of amazing, but then that means that I get to-,” Kara paused deciding not to tell Lena yet, “-well surprises will be provided at regular pseudo-random intervals.”

“Sounds like an algorithm I’d be highly motivated to crack,” Lena responded smiling broadly, leaving Kara feeling regretful again that she couldn’t talk science with Lena.

They passed the next hour talking about Lena’s board members and Kara’s boss. Lena had just
started opening-up about her family when her phone chirped an alarm.

“It’s time,” Lena said smiling at Kara wistfully before standing to head out. Kara not having noticed time pass at all was grateful for Lena’s forethought. Snapper’s reaction the last time she was late was not an experience she’d like to reenact.

As Kara stood Lena stayed seated at the table with a thoughtful, then calculating expression touching Kara’s arm. Her tone more formal than a minute before, Lena asked, “Kara, you mentioned a personal acquaintance with Supergirl. You could, perhaps, get in contact with her directly?” Kara nodded in reply and Lena continued, “If I were to promise a few L-Corp exclusives, would you be willing to set up a meeting with her for me?”

Kara frowned at the idea. “Leeeenaa,” she whined. “Friends don’t trade for favors,” she informed punctuating each word for emphasis, then stealing a sausage off Lena’s plate. “I’m sure she’d be happy to meet with you anytime.” Remembering a promise she had already made to Winn, Kara corrected super-smoothly, “I mean, she told me she was really busy with, um -saving some people the next few days, would Friday night be soon enough?”

“That would be perfect darling. She could be the answer to a problem I’ve been worried about for weeks.” Lena responded brightly jumping to her feet, and hesitating looking unsure. Kara wrapped a patented Danvers hug around Lena’s stiff form reminding her, “That’s what friends are for.”

Thanking Lena for being awesome, Kara walked her out to her driver. She begged off Lena’s offer for a ride, knowing she would be late if she didn’t fly and seeing Lena turn out of sight she rocketed up into the sky.
Lena heard a soft rustle of air behind her and the click of boots. Unsure what to expect, Lena steeled herself against the nerves tingling in her chest, schooling her features into a mask of cool indifference, before turning to greet the hero, “Hello Supergirl.”

“Good evening Ms Luthor, Kara Danvers told me you had an emergency.” Supergirl followed to the balcony rails hands fisted at her hips, watching Lena carefully.

“Thank you for coming on short notice. I haven’t been able to find any other way to do this and I was hoping that it’s relevance to you would make the endeavor sufficiently interesting.” Nerves calming as she slide into a comfortable professionalism the CEO continued, “I’m sure you are intimately familiar with the weapons technology my psychotic brother has developed over the years. More often than not he calibrates his devices with enough power to tear a hole through the moon. Or a Kryptonian as might be more to the point.”

“Sure,” Supergirl responded, I haven’t really seen it up close, but Kal’s mentioned a few things, the warsuit, nuclear man. We were always more concerned about the massive stash of Kryptonite he had stashed somewhere.”

Not a priority for her, Lena considered the hero’s concern regarding kryptonite a perhaps providing the best leverage. “I can’t make any promises, but knowing Lex’s obsessions, it seems infinitely likely that a considerable amount of kryptonite might be recovered. I suspect that I might have found where Lex housed the production of his independent projects until he was incarcerated. And kryptonite was famously one of his preferred catalysts for kinetic energy conversion in the weapons he designed personally.”

The CEO was familiar with the most effective approach for gaining the approval of individuals with limited mental capacity. She knew her plan had holes she would prefer not to address and was hoping that overloading the hero with minutia might distract her from any objections.

We’ve been aware of the location’s connection to the LuthorCorp and now L-Corp for several weeks, but we only recently started the process of shutting down LuthorCorp’s previous munitions projects. This property was one of the few that continued to receive a steady independent revenue stream, sheltered by a suspicious number of shell companies. The disbursement of payroll funds we found currently appears to be consistent with maintaining a ghost crew of minimally skilled personnel, likely security.

The building also pulls a suspicious quantity of power off the grid and is situated in an area with easily controllable access points.
I’m not sure that you’ve really told me much of anything yet. Why me, why now and how are you so sure that Lex is involved.

Lena’s lips turned up in a faint smile feeling caught out in her game. Tackling the easiest to answer first she started “Earlier this week L-Corp was the victim of a targeted hack, looking for files on disbanded LuthorCorp projects. Based on the files they extracted, they seemed particularly interested in the security layout of the building and determining which projects might be housed in the location. So, I’m expecting they may have a plan to move on to investigating the building physically and uncovering technology that would be dangerous in the hands of the public. Particularly with anyone with such apparently sophisticated computing capabilities. I wouldn't typically want someone like Miss Danvers to serve as a go-between in such an operation. But, there is no good that can come of any entity in the world having access to that technology.”

The hero stood silently arms folded nodding for her to continue.

“The security blue prints are the reason why I am reasonably sure of Lex’s involvement. The blueprints themselves are outdated. It was apparently where my father kept his more sensitive projects not for public consumption some years ago, but moved on to more elaborate high security labs in the future. I can’t be positive that it’s there, but I know Lex. The keystone of the security plans was a propriety piece of equipment our father built that has a biometric scanner key to living Luthor DNA. Lex was much more sentimental about issues of heritage than most people might realize. The records we could recover, show that on the same day, 5 years ago, that our father gave Lex the keys to the castle, Lex’s DNA was detected by that scanner. Unfortunately, shortly after that time, data from the scanner was no longer uploaded to the general server, but I am sure that Lex would have kept that for his base of operations. Building his vision for the Luthor legacy in a building built by our father which required a key reminding him everyday of the superiority of his heritage.”

Lena could feel Supergirl’s stare, knowing this was a weak argument. Honestly it was more justification for an intuitive sense Lena had that barely made sure to her. Everything about the place just felt like her brother.

“That’s why I need you to get me in there.”

Supergirl looked surprised as that, nervous. “You. That’s not a good idea. Rao, L-Miss Luthor, this sounds incredibly dangerous. Normally I work with a team for something on this scale, anything with the potential for kryptonite involvement anyway. Let me make a call, I can have a DEO squad there in an hour and we’ll break the door in.”

“No,” the CEO objected, “I can’t let you involve the government in this. Trust me, LuthorCorp has been in bed every government and military organization in the world. If one of them was able to reverse engineer any of Lex’s projects, you would see a unit of kryptonite powered suits in the air within the week.”

“I would have gone in with a team weeks ago, but I can't trust anyone with this. There is always a mercenary that will follow the money. And" the young Luthor said with a tired sigh, “It has to be me, unless you want to pick up Lex from his cell on the flight over.”

“You,” Supergirl mouthed then eye’s widened with realization. “Wait, I thought you said you were adopted. I mean, in the article- in the article that Kara wrote, you mentioned being adopted.”

“I was.” Lena gave an ironic smile. “One thing you learn growing up with the Luthors is that half-truths are always wrapped in layers of lies, and that power is only yours if you’re the only one who holds it.” Lena said gazing out into the city eyes glazed. “With my father’s obsession with
bloodlines, there was always a piece of me that wondered why I was always his favorite. My mother being an insufferable bitch made a lot more sense when the results came back positive for him and negative for her.” Lena looked down at her hands and said, “There’s no getting around my being a Luthor and I’d like for that to be a good thing at least once. Please help me at least not be responsible for the devastation from the weapons in that vault.”

Supergirl looked into Lena’s eyes with concern, then resolve she ripped at the collar of her suit and pulled out a small metal disc, then crushed it in her hands. Lena turned her head, confused and she responded "tracker chip." Then holding herself heroically she met Lena's eyes with confidence and asked “Where are we going?”

“Bludhaven.” Lena replied walking toward the helipad before she felt her feet lift of the ground. Panicking momentarily she clung to Supergirl’s shoulders desperately and yelled out “Wait, wait! Jet! I have a jet.”

Supergirl frowned floating, “but I can fly us there in 20 minutes.” She smiled brightly. “You’ll really like it I promise. We can fly above the clouds and race some planes. It’s really the best feeling in the world.” She continued energetically, "We might even fly near a flock of birds. You do not even understand how funny a goose looks all confused when you fly up next to it.” Clearing her throat, and began again, “It really would be considerably faster Ms Luthor.”

Lena’s brow creased, something about the Krytonian’s enthusiasm nagged at the back of her mind. “You said yourself, this mission is going to be dangerous. I’ve learned a couple of things about Kryptonite extraction and neutralization” she said pulling a couple of vials out of her pocket to show Supergirl, “but if you get seriously injured, I can’t carry you back here on my own.”

Supergirl nodded reluctantly and started walking toward the building. Lena, enjoying herself pulling her tablet out of her bag she silently wondered how long it would take for Supergirl to remember to put her down. She gestured over to the stairs to the helipad and Supergirl floated her over.

“Clever,” Supergirl said, dropping Lena to her feet and circling around the aircraft, touching and moving a couple of components. “I’m assuming you reversed the polarity of the metamaterials to bend light at different directions to help improve the cloaking. A human would probably need to be within 100 feet of the ship before they could detect any irregularity in EM emissions that would give away even a silhouette distortion.”

Lena gaped. “Finish your PhD in engineering between putting out fires and rescuing kittens?” she asked incredulously.

Supergirl smiled wistfully for a moment before she continued teasing, “I would think you of all people Ms Luthor wouldn’t expect just a pretty face. No, on Krypton I was about to join the Science Guild’s physics department. I was thirteen when everything- well I would have been the youngest to join in some time.”

Clearing her throat against a sudden dryness, Lena strode purposefully toward the jet. Opening the loading hatch, she gestured for Supergirl to enter.

Following her up the ramp Lena said carefully, “I’m just, - well my brother always talked about Superman, in well, -a different light.”

“Kal?” The young hero laughed wickedly while taking in her surroundings with a whistle. “He might beat me with English and human-things knowledge since he grew up here, but he can barely figure out enough Kryptonian to operate the fortress. He gets mad at me every time I try to walk
him through the basic equations necessary to keep Kelex calibrated to Earth’s rotation. Poor thing is turned around every time I go up there. You can call Kal if you need to jump-start your tracker, but if you need someone to calculate the insidious rate of change in a vector’s unstable algorithmic progression, then I’m your Kryptonian.” the blonde finished grinning wolfishly.

Losing her grip on formality, the CEO’s tone filled with sultry innuendo, “Kryptonian physics sound fascinating. I’d love to spend some time bent over a drafting table with you. Find where our knowledge intersects.”

Oblivious to the suggestion in her tone, Supergirl went on, “I don’t know how much use I would be to you in engineering, I was more into theoretical physics and sometimes its hard to translate. You’re missing a quarter of the elements on Earth that we had on Krypton and the yellow sun causes all kinds of distortions to the physical properties of matter.”

Shaking her head at herself for trying deliberately to complicate her problem, Lena admitted that she felt a dark need settle inside of her listening to the Kryptonian talk about EM emissions and vectors. Despite that, she reminded herself of the gravity of the situation she was placing them in right now.

Taking another metaphorical box off the shelf, Lena crammed into it her feelings about another blonde woman, this time one she wanted to go to after class for extra credit.

Smoothing her expression into passivity, the CEO settled into the cockpit and tapped several buttons to initiate the launching sequence.

Chapter End Notes

I research the science behind the inventions for a bit so it's not just technobabble. If we have any engineers out there who feel like correcting any verbage I'm always down for pointers.

Also appreciate all the Kudos and comments. Thanks guys.
“How long is this going to take? I’m starving,” Supergirl said with a groan, pacing around the back of the plane and rummaging through storage compartments.

“How long is this going to take? I’m starving,” Supergirl said with a groan, pacing around the back of the plane and rummaging through storage compartments.

“Mary mother of saints,” Lena muttered under her breath. “I should have brought you a bag of Cheerios or something.” Remembering the lunch she had forgotten to eat she pulled out a protein bar from her bag and tossed it in the Kryptonian’s direction.

Lena watched the woman wince reading the label. Seeing Lena was looking at her, the young hero’s expression turned serious, filled with dutiful resolve. She crammed the entire thing into her mouth and closed her eyes concentrating as she chewed and swallowed. “It tastes, um -healthy,” the hero commented cautiously.

“There are rations in the bag on top of that crate.” The words were barely out of her mouth before Lena saw several wrappers drifting in the air and the Kryptonian stacking snickers bars together like a sandwich.

Lena rolled her eyes, “No wonder you get along with Kara. The two of you could probably polish off a candy store and still be tempted to pick up some donuts,” she said.

The young Luthor was starting to find it difficult to remain intimidated by this very human looking woman. Lex had always told her about their dangerous ignorance of humanity and inherent sense of superiority, like Kryptonians viewed the world as a child would playing with a magnifying glass and some anthills.

Pulled from her contemplation by sounds from the instrument panel, Lena informed her passenger, “We’re approaching the coordinates in 15 minutes. I will take you out for anything you want to eat as long as we both get out of this alive.”

Supergirl peered contemplatively out through the cockpit glass, “Lena, do you think your brother has anything that might be able to detect this ship?”

“Jet, Supergirl. If it flies in the air and stays on this planet. It’s a jet, -or a plane,” Lena corrected airily deeply amused by Supergirl’s look of indignation. “I’m helping you be better at human things. And yes, it’s possible, likely probable. There are disrupters for radar and sonar, so thermodynamic detection is probably where we’re most vulnerable. I can do some thermal cloaking on the internals and the engines where designed to leave minimal impression. Hopefully, if I redirect most of that energy internally under the cloak and we’ll just register as a large bird for the scanners.”

Supergirl did some mental calculations, eyes widening. “The redirected heat would probably melt the soles off those expensive shoes Ms Luthor.”

“Do you have a better idea?” Lena asked witheringly.

“Of course,” Supergirl said mimicking Lena’s previously airy tone, “Krytonian things.” Then with a grin, “I was right to start with, I’ll fly you in.”
“We need to keep the jet close for extraction Supergirl. Waiting a few minutes for transportation to get to us if I dock it out of range might mean our lives” Lena said in an exasperated tone.

“Trust me, cut the engines and I’ll take care of it,” Supergirl said with unflinching confidence.

“You want me to cut the engines of my $90 million jet, mid-air, over a bunker full of explosives - while I am inside of it.”

“It would probably be hard to hold onto you and carry the jet at the same time. So yeah, you should probably stay inside. Safety first,” she said grinning and sped out the escape hatch before Lena could respond again.

Lena pulled out the necklace she kept hidden around her neck and kissed it wishing briefly wishing she’d listened to her mam had managed to make her a good Catholic. Mechanically, forcing herself through every movement, the CEO went through the override sequence to disengage autopilot and then her own firewall. Lena briefly thought of where Kara must be right now and felt a pang of regret. She pushed the last button and turned the manual key before shutting her eyes and bracing for impact.

Her stomach heaved with the sudden dip in altitude thoughts rushing at her ~I hate flying. I hate flying. I hate flying. Can this even count as flying? The forces of flight are lift, drag, thrust and weight. What keeps a Kryptonian in the air? Magic? Fucking magic!?~

She buried her face in her hands and focused on feeling the solidness of the chair under her. Coming back to her senses, she noticed the plane was flying smoothly through the air. ~There’s no turbulence, no hum or rattle of the engines, I’ve never flown on anything that’s felt this smooth.~ she thought with some amazement.

It unnerved her thinking about it, the hum of engines and whirling mechanics typically comforted her. When she had to fly she was able to focus on laws of aerodynamics and the function of the mechanisms indicated by the different sounds keeping them in the air. It was a trick Lex had taught her when he noticed her braced against her chair, muscle staining against impending impact, on their first family trip when she was five.

She barely registered her phone ringing, but her hands moved to answer it numbly. “Ms Luthor. Lena, are you okay?” She heard a calm voice coming from her phone muffled by softly whistling wind. She hung onto the sound. “I can hear your heartbeat going crazy. I’m sorry I can’t be there right now. I’ve done this before a dozen times I swear.”

“I know,” Lena gasped, words coming out between gulps of air, “You caught my -helicopter when we met and I- I saw the plane you caught last year. Was that -was that actually the first time?” Lena asked, desperate to hear the hero’s voice again.

Lena felt lightheaded and removed, like her voice was coming from further and further away as she spoke. “No.” The voice that anchored her held a smile. "The first person I saved was actually Kal back on Krypton. He was on a little antigravity playing platform in the living room. Our pet, well he was kind of like a domestic Jaguar. -I called him streaky. Well, he was sleeping a few feet away and Kal glided the platform over toward him. And -eh, bit his tail. He was such a brat," she said with fondness. "Anyway, Streaky jumped so high he tipped Kal’s platform over. I dove and caught him, but crashed my head into the coffee table. I was so worried about Kal that I ran him straight to my mom, crashing into things all over the house. I can’t imagine what she thought. Kal was probably covered in blood and I couldn’t see him because so much got in my eyes. The whole time I just
kept yelling ‘I can’t see him, I can’t see him. Mom, you have to look.’” Supergirl chuckled softly. “He was perfectly fine, still doesn’t have a scar on him come to think of it. I never should have told my sister that story. She likes to blame everything on my obvious brain damage.”

Lena felt something ease in her chest and the voice told her, “Lena it’s okay. We’re touching down now. Without the landing gear, you’ll feel a couple of bumps, but I’ll be careful.”

“Thank -.” Lena said voice choking. Lena felt the light stuttering of the plane touching the ground and lurch as it came to a halt.

Standing on shaky legs, forcing her mind into a meditative calm until she regained her faculties. Lena then began reactivating some of the internals and opened the cargo hatch, before collapsing onto a bench in the cargo bay.

At the top of the stairs she saw Supergirl pacing with anxiety as the doors opened. Not waiting for the ramp to slide down the hero flew next to her. Landing softly she leaned back and narrowed her eyes intently, gaze flicking and sweeping over Lena’s body.

“I think I wore a green set today,” Lena said with a wavering smile. Desperately wanting to avoid talking about what had just happened, the CEO hoped that flirting with the superhero would distract her. Gratified when the blonde started stammering, “I was- bones. I was checking for breaks or bleeds or something. I would never, under clothes, not without permission. I mean not - um on purpose.”

“Well,” Lena said rising to her feet. She slowly closed the distance between them. “I feel like pizza might not be reward enough for tonight. Maybe I’ll extend certain exclusive privileges, say every third Friday of the month.” She finished turning on her heel and brushing her side against the hero’s arm as she walked past toward the storage containers.

“But that’s in 2 weeks,” Supergirl complained then closed her mouth sharply, blushing.

Lena smirked. ~Nothing subtextual about that.~

Opening crates, Lena grabbed out a dozen pieces of propriety tech she’d designed for this and took down the tactile suites she’d engineered for her stealth team.

“The skirt and primary colors might be a little conspicuous. These suits have similar cloaking technology with EM emissions, heat-masking, bullet proof,” she said with a smirk, “fire-proof, solid electrical resistance. I’ve never worked with kryptonite before, so I didn’t know exactly how to block its effects on you. Hopefully the lead mesh I added will do the trick and there’s a rebreather attached that should protect from anything aerosolized. She set it down on the bench and started getting ready. “I even put the S on yours.”

Supergirl turned in Lena’s direction retorting reflexively, “It’s not an S-“

Seeing Lena, the hero’s mouth gaped for a moment before she quickly turned back toward the cockpit, cheeks dusted a light shade of pink.

Lena, enjoying herself, had started unbuttoning her blouse, a flash of green silk and considerably more skin visible while she continued explaining, “The kinetic energy from the heat absorption, is getting converted into electrostatic and will release into the ground.” Zipping up her suit she immediately missed her heels, feeling her ego shrink with her height for a moment. She turned around to grab her pack and felt the breath catch in her throat.

~This might be the best day of my life.~ The CEO thought then angrily forced her brain to stop
mentally cataloging the quality of previous life experiences to not impugn on her fully experiencing the glory of *Supergirl*…

Clad in a matching tight blue boy shorts and sports bra, the fine chain of a necklace draping distractingly over her bouncy cleavage. Her muscles seemed to move in slow motion -stretching and rolling out her shoulders and neck causing a ripple to move across her back as they firmed and relaxed in turn. The hero casually turned to one side as if preparing for a run, her shredded obliques playing over the v of her pelvis, pulling the focus of Lena's gaze to the apex of that v.

Turning to finish her stretch the girl winked mouthing ‘even’ and Lena caught a flash of mouthwatering abs before the Kryptonian sped into the suit and next to Lena.

Lena worried she might have hallucinated the wink when she looked up seeing an abrupt change in *Supergirl*’s expression, intent blue eyes serious and intently scoping out the expanse between them and the warehouse.

Reminding herself of the months she spent worrying about this mission, the young tech genius forced herself to stop responding. She sifted through small gadgets and weapons in the myriad compartments on the craft, holstering a couple for quick access. In her pack she made sure to bring the portable dialysis and surgical kit, grimacing at the idea of needing to use it.

Satisfied with her arsenal, Lena folded her tablet and tucked it into a pocket before nodding to *Supergirl*. She replied with a brief reassuring smile and gestured for them to move out while they activated the cloaking.

---------Kara---------

Kara kept looking nervously for Lena, her mind not wanting to accept that she couldn’t see anyone occupying the space where she clearly heard Lena’s heartbeat.

The superhero felt impatience tug at her, itching to speed over and incapacitate the guard she heard in the watch tower above them. Listening to the bored steady rhythm of their heartbeats assured Kara that they hadn’t been seen. Avoiding confrontation of any kind would be safest for Lena so she let go of her focus on their heartbeats as they approached the building entrance.

Inner fangirl making an appearance, Kara felt like she was in the forbidden section when she saw a disembodied hand remove an invisible glove. The hand clipped a wire and wrapped it around another attached to a small device. The LED readout displayed rapidly changing numbers.

The sequence must have meant something to Lena as her other hand moved quickly across her tablet in response to the readout she was getting from the device.

Kara smiled appreciating Lena’s genius. She had calculated the thickness of the door. With lack of visible hinges and complexity of the locking mechanism and knew she wouldn’t be able to hit it hard enough without ringing the place like a bell. And she didn’t dare use heat vision, remembering Lena’s warning.
The CEO let out a hum of satisfaction as her device flashed green three times and the door’s locking mechanisms shifted. Kara pulled open the door.

~Of course it would be lead-lined.~ Kara thought to herself. Lex obviously would make things as Kryptonian-proof as possible. Kara felt claustrophobic with the unfamiliar restriction in her field of view. Suddenly unsure what might be waiting for them hidden in the walls.

She straightened herself, chest puffed forward with determination.

The Kryptonian refused to let anxiety prevent her from getting Lena out of this safely. Kara knew in her gut that if she had refused, Lena would have ventured here on her own.

She worried that the Luthor’s lack of trust would put her into similar situations in the future. In Kara’s experience there was always something that needed saving and having people was more important than having powers. She felt warm with the thought that Lena trusted her, even as Supergirl, and wanted to earn it. To prove to Lena that there was someone who wouldn’t let her down.

Looking again, Kara found that there were several spots where the lining had oxidized, and readjusting the depth of her vision, she was able to make out a blurry incomplete picture of spaces beyond those spots of rust. Doing a quick scan of the room she saw three adjoining rooms and two exits into corridors coming off from this room. She also noticed nine pressure plates, a laser matrix guarding something in a side room and a half dozen fishlens security cameras.

Taking out her tablet, Lena started a quick sketch of the room and filled in details including a few laser trip wires Kara hadn’t noticed. Kara added to the sketch what she could pick up from her spotty x-ray reconnaissance.

Satisfied with what they had, Lena wrote a message on the bottom, ~No speed, Don’t fly.~ Kara furrowed her brow at that, obviously Lena had noticed some sensor she hadn’t. She also drew an arrow pointing toward one of the corridors.

As they edged around the room, Kara concentrated on minimizing the sound of her footfalls. Not enjoying that she couldn’t cheat by taking the weight off with a hover. Hearing a click she looked up to see a red beam of light near Lena’s heartbeat shoot at the nearest security camera. Then a spray of mist revealed a pattern of lasers connecting to the far wall. Keeping their pattern in her head Kara twisted around the invisible grid.

~Next movie night with Lena should be a Bond marathon,~ she thought excited. Remembering the sketch, Kara executed an awkward asymmetrical pirouette to avoid the lasers and dance around a pressure plate.

She felt silly more than anything, part of her grateful that the nifty invisibility cloak Lena had given her prevented the Luthor from seeing her during that last move. She really hoped that Lena would let her barrow it later so she could mess with Alex, but then Alex would probably want one and there was nothing worse than an invisible sister.

Carefully weighing the risks and benefits of future sneaky adventures, Kara started to have fun with the puzzle as she moved her body through the room. ~They really should set something up like this at the DEO,~ she thought.

Supergirl was technically a secret agent. They didn’t exactly pay her for hero work because that seemed wrong, but her identity was top secret and the DEO gave her snacks and replaced all the suits she ripped apart and stuff.
Even if she was part of a secret government agency or whatever, she didn’t really feel like a spy. She could totally learn how to be super sneaky. Then J’onn couldn’t complain about her being *all muscle and no mind* again. She probably shouldn’t eavesdrop on him, but if he had such a *big brain* maybe he shouldn’t mutter mean stuff to himself in a room only three floors away from her.

She bet Lena had one of these rooms somewhere. *~this is really hard and Lena must be doing it all too while shooting lasers at stuff and everything.~* Kara thought impressed by the human woman. Maybe this is what the Luthor did in her free time, between getting a million degrees and curing cancer.

Lena looked pretty comfortable with a weapon saving that kid, she bet the Luthors used to have little Lena training like an assassin so she could save her own life.

Kara felt proud enough about that tricky bit at the end that the Kryptonian was actually a little disappointed it was over. Her and Lena making it through that first room felt like pulling the flag down after the first Bowser castle.

She walked through a door to the hallway and felt a wave of relief encountering normal walls, allowing the return of her x-ray vision. Feeling more confident about their mission with the Luthor assassin ninja genius spy at her side, Kara caught herself before she started humming the Mario theme and turned to cross the last few steps toward the sound of Lena’s heartbeat.

Chapter End Notes

Kara has a hard time holding up the Supergirl mantel while her organs are disintegrating.
Lena had started to question her own sanity after the last part of Lex's security gauntlet required she pull off a back tuck off of a hand spring. She didn't like admitting to the disappointment she felt remembering she was invisible after that. There was probably no way to impress her superpowered companion anyway. The flying brick with Lazer eyes likely would have preferred more straight forward tactics, like punching a hole from the roof through the basement. Cut out all of the complicating restrictions Lena had insisted on.

But the Luthor knew her brother. He would have assumed a Kryptonian assault would involve just that. And so she had gone with stealth over force in order to save lives and it you wanted to avoid casualties, no one had a reputation like Supergirl.

Supposedly she'd been on a thousand lethal force level missions and never killed anyone. The blonde godlet didn't make the mistakes of mortals and the guilt ridden Luthor appreciated having someone with that kind of sterling record to back her up.

If she could just reach the control room she'd have precise personnel locations, could deactivate communications and automatic security measures and unleash Supergirl to safely and efficiently incapacitate them all at the speed of sound.

In theory.

As much as she'd done to outfit missions like this, the young tech genius felt out of place on a midnight caper.

She did all she could to pass silently through the dimly lit halls.

The hallways were labyrinthine, broad main corridors and several bifurcating side passageways where the innumerable labs were housed. Her instincts, honed to hide from visual rather than auditory detection, yelled at her to sprint to the nearest empty room each time someone approached.

She'd almost given them away the first time they were approached. Her startled flinch backward caused her to land heavily on her foot at an awkward and painful angle behind her. She bit her lip hard and endured the discomfort until the guard was out of ear shot.

At first the same few came back, weapons unholstered signaling to each other frantically, always within inches of their exactly location. It was unnerving to think that someone on their team was likely staring at a schematic that was, quite accurately, tracking the women's exact progress through the building. Of course she knew how.

Glancing down at the floor, the young Luthor smirked appreciating the board her brother had laid out for her.

As soon as they crossed the threshold from that first room Lena had noticed the change in the floor below them. The lightest give under her foot and she could practically feel the sensors gathering data under the sleek slate tiles. She assumed Lex hadn't anticipated and an intruder that couldn't be located with pinpoint accuracy on his floor sensors, that could still hide from his security team.
Luckily for her, most people tend to trust their eyes more than their tech and, after the fourth pass, the guards seemed to go back about their normal rounds.

The choice in security modality was clever. The place was like a maze, so many turns, bifurcations and loops, that it would be impractical to monitor visual approaches at every corner. She also had a suspicion, as with all of Lex’s decisions, there was a Kryptonian-related motivation. If Supergirl were to move too quickly, or lift into the air without returning to them, the sensors under the tiles were likely programmed to raise a more critical alert.

She was frustrated that he had so effectively hamstrung the Kryptonian-advantage she was counting on. Without her speed and flight, Lena supposed the Kryptonian could punch something really hard for her if she asked, maybe melt some robots with her eyes.

Said Kryptonian couldn’t even serve as eye candy for Lena, just as invisible as she was.

Turning down a corridor Lena noticed some machinery bracketing a couple sections of wall and a sign that read *no personal technology beyond this point.*

Lena had a sinking suspicion that whatever was going to come out of those brackets on the walls was not going to be entertaining. She spotted a digital access point on the wall and pulled out her tablet to get connected with the interface. She was game to hack any system Lex could put up, confident she could deactivate whatever it was so they wouldn’t have to deal with it.

Her fingers flew over her tablet, self conscious about the object’s exposure to visual detection.

~Shit.~

Metal mesh walls snapped up 10 feet in either direction. She must have tripped something. ~Or that was a dummy access point for anyone stupid enough to fall for my brother's trap.~

She backed away from the walls uncertain what they might do, then sensed something familiar above her.

It was the spine tensing pressure of radiation. Her mind raced. That meant that they were moments away from being tech-less and exposed.

Her mind stalled in running through the simulations of options.

She froze. Lex had her in checkmate. There was no countermove. The radiation and familiar scent on the air meant EMP. A direct concentrated EMP blast would fry every electronic on them including the environmental adaptation system on their protective suits. With the sensors calibrated specifically to detect Kryptonian powers. They would be immediately exposed and with nothing but their wits an a few chemicals meant to deactivate kryptonite in Lena's pack for weaponry. Out of ideas she just shielded her pack with her body crouching down over it.

The bag was tugged out of her grasp and a moment later painfully cold air blew over her back right as the high-pitched distortion sound of the EMP detonated over their heads.

Looking up, she saw Supergirl’s look of concern as she bent down touching Lena’s shoulder. Straightening Lena raised an eyebrow in amused confusion.

The sportsbra had made a reappearance ~and muscles~ she thought tilting her head in appreciation. Granted not in the context Lena’s fantasies had hoped for after that first time, but she wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.
Embarrassed by Lena's flagrant objectification, the hero moved to cover her stomach making her look shy and just a little shorter, human. The Kryptonian straightened after a moment, placing both hands on her hips as if reminding them where they belonged. Her cheeks were still colored.

Unfortunately, Lena could also see the rest of the hero and herself. She cursed the fact that without the cloaking feature the suits were a silvery color that refracted light like sequins. She didn’t think the guards would need a neon beacon to announce their presence in the halls, but it couldn’t help.

Heart pounding, Lena followed Supergirl quickly. She knew the hero's x-ray vision and hearing would offer some protection from discovery, but felt a desperate urgency to find cover. The Luthor was frankly confused to not hear the sound of jackboots pounding in the halls after they had been so diligent about finding them previously. Supergirl approached the cage wall which now had a neat hole melted in the middle. Using the hole for leverage she ripped through the metal mesh providing an exit.

Walking further down the corridor, Supergirl bent to pick up a bundle and Lena realized what must have happened.

Obviously Kryptonian physics had a fair handle on the particulars of radiation and electromagnetic shielding. The hero had apparently created an effective impromptu Faraway bag by zipping the lead woven suit Lena had given her around the pack to block the EMP’s radiation. She also thought to provide some extra protection by getting it past the metal meshwork through a hole made in the cage wall.

A drop of water falling on her head brought Lena's attention to the EMP mechanics, now covered in frost. Having been exposed to enough radiation to power a nuclear reactor in her life, Lena wasn't sure if the hero's efforts to shield her from more by slowing the rate of ionization with her freeze breath had made much difference, but she appreciated the sentiment.

The hero scooped up the bundle and broke the lock of a door, pulling them into a nearby room filled with several large vertical tanks lit and filled with purple liquid. Closing the door Lena sighed with relief.

Looking down at the bundle in her hands Lena took inventory. Her tablet’s screen was cracked and non-responsive. Putting that aside, alarmed, she quickly extracted a section of the pack attached by Velcro and dropped it on to the floor, careful to keep her shoes away from it.

One of the vials of a rather corrosive acid she had brought had cracked open and the contents were now eating their way through the canvas and tile underneath. Luckily, she’d kept that in a separate compartment and the cushioning around it seemed to have saved the rest of her vials from damage. A small part of her had an impulse to ‘accidentally’ drop the ruined million dollar stealth suit into the fluid. She reasoned, ~if the cloaking and environmental protective features were blown, than there was no necessary reason for the Kryptonian to wear the expensive Kevlar they were left with.~

Smiling wistfully, Lena handed it back to the clearly uncomfortable superhero, and stuck one of the gadgets she had just saved for her onto the wall for soundproofing their conversation. She smiled at the blonde woman, “I always thought you guys just liked to punch bad guys.”

“That’s fun too,” Supergirl admitted with a lopsided grin.

“Kryptonians, a regular bioengineer’s Swiss army knife. What I wouldn’t give to have one of you handy in my lab.” Lena said with a mock-evil glint in her eyes, “Must be a Luthor thing.” Laughing, she felt a new respect for the Kryptonian’s powers and the mind behind them.
The young hero grinned back at her nearly bouncing with excitement, “That would be awesome. I always hated science classes here. It’s like stacking blocks for babies. But I bet you have the coolest things to work with.”

Lena felt her heart race at the prospect of what the Kryptonian had suggested. She had to forcibly shove thoughts of new elements, and new theoretical theorems, and new entertaining positions one could utilize with super-strength and the ability to fly, out of her head to make herself consider their next move.

After a few moments of consideration Lena decided. She sketched out the blueprints from memory and laid out their route. “The control room is close. We'll have to completely alter our route, but this should minimize the time we're exposed in corridors. We can cross from room to room using your superhearing to guide the timing of our movement.”

The hero nodded in agreement to Lena’s plan without question and exited into the hallway. She led the way with her arms awkwardly rigid, chest puffed out with one arm angled backward keeping Lena flush with the wall. Now that they were exposed, the young hero held herself as a sentry and physical barricade against the next assault.

Lena wished she knew what to make of the woman. She started playing the socialite game of names and influence before she learned to ride a bike. Typically, she could discern deception, ingratiating, personal interest at a glance, but something in the Kryptonian’s manor had her questioning herself. It wasn’t that she was untrustworthy, that would feel much more familiar to the Luthor. She knew from long experience that no one was one person all the time. It was just that she was so -well she wasn’t what the Lena had expected.

When they had met, at first, Lena had seen the suit. All of it- the raised chin, the heroic posture, the commanding voice, had reminded her of Superman. Superman always wore his signature air of superiority in every aspect of his presence. Gallant poses in front of adoring audiences. Stalwart speeches to the public about fighting to defend democracy and the American-way. Footage of him flying citizens to safety had always reminded Lena of a lord, mounted on his stead, rescuing the fair damsel-in-distress. Even the several times she'd encountered the man in person she'd never seen a distinction in character.

Lena was prepared as soon as she saw the S emblazoned supersuit to meet with another noble gracing the peasants. But there was something underneath that façade of reserve. It was something she felt almost as soon as she started talking, an energy like a coiled spring that came out in bursts. The Kryptonian was so eager to share things about herself, to talk with her about Lena’s inventions. But then, like she felt guilty for shirking her heroic duty, she would return to that pose hands at her hips pushing back the cape so her frame looked broader. Supergirl in her supersuit. Lena wondered if she resented it and how often the woman got to take off the hero’s mask.

Reaching a bifurcation in the hall Lena signaled they go right. She felt suspicious that they hadn’t encountered any guards while they were exposed and thought there might be an ambush. Lena murmured to Supergirl her plan to throw the vial into the room to knock out the guards. She held up the glass tube and took a deep breath opening the door.

“What the-” Lena breathed out when she saw, sitting in a chair stationed in front of the computer she needed, a set of black latex ears pop out from a mass of bright red hair.
A sharp whirling sound sliced through the air.

Lena felt the sensation of a hand at the nape of her neck before her back was pressed up against
the cold steel of the door, Supergirl’s frame shielding her.

Supergirl grabbed something black out of the air and crush it in her hand, eyes blazing with a flash
of orange.

Lena heard a muttered curse come from across the room as Supergirl stalked forward, hearing the
woman apologize the hero paused, arms folded.

Standing a few inches shorter than the Kryptonian, the woman was covered head to toe in a matte
black bat-suit; the red lipstick and red hair coordinated well with the red bat decorating her chest.

Tails of the woman’s cape flicking over one of their legs, Lena noticed several security guards
littered around the room.

Concerned, the young Luthor started toward them before Supergirl stopped her saying, “they’re
okay, heart rates stable, no internal bleeding.” Lena was impressed and wondered how exactly the
hero’s vision worked. ~On a scale form 1 to Luthor, how sinister would it be to ask?~ she mused.

Palms facing out in front of her, the costumed red-headed rose from her crouch saying, “I didn’t
know she was with you.”

“And I went to all of that effort coordinating our outfits tonight,” Lena retorted sarcastically. ~God
damn it. I feel like I’m at a comic-con.~

She side stepped Supergirl, leaving the heros to their pissing contest, intent on the central monitor
so she could finish the mission she’d just risked her life for. It displayed an error message over the
fields asking for a username a password. “Please tell me you haven’t locked the system down.”

The young genius said with exasperation taking the vacated seat.

Batwoman grunted. A digitizer modifying her voice she said, “Not exactly my jazz. I lost contact
with Oracle when I walked through that last corridor.”

Lena had never actually met any of the Bat Family, but knew them by reputation. Rapidly typing,
she threw over her shoulder, “Why are you here? Gotham not have enough psychopaths to keep
you occupied?”

Supergirl looked indecisive, standing with her hands fisted at her hips she mirrored her question,
“What are you doing here Batwoman?”

The cowled vigilante grinned and gave Lena an appreciative look and responded in a suggestive
tone, “Well I wasn’t really doing much of anything. Just sitting banging at this keyboard hopelessly
out of my depth until Li- Lena Luthor, decked in wonderfully tight silver sparkle pants,” she
paused tilting her head in appreciation “came to my rescue.”
Lena smirked at the exaggerated obviousness, recognizing the game. Something like a social parry and reposte. If I know that she knows that I know what she’s doing, then she could lampshade sincerity under sarcasm.

Reminded of a play-style Lena had recently encountered and that slip on her name, a few things clicked into place. ~That arrogant manipulative shit.~ The Luthor intentionally stowed her irritation, deciding to deal it later.

Instead, she quirked an eyebrow at the woman in black and masked a smile when she noticed Supergirl’s biceps flex as she turned her shoulder slightly, effectively separating the women. The blonde’s expression was cold fire.

Batwoman coughed, then took a breath and explained in a more serious tone, “I caught wind a few months back of a group peddling gestation tubes for aliens to LutherCorp. I didn’t think it would be worth looking into until I came across a warehouse in the Gotham corporate district with a half-dozen pods filled with slime and indestructible mutant alien corpses.”

The sound of keystrokes paused for a moment, Lena feeling a knot of dread settling in her chest. She asked with intensity, “Who? What else do you know?” and resumed her work while listening intently.

Batwoman answered, “Not a lot, Bats dug up a codename - Cadmus Project 13, and we had Oracle hack-“ she paused glancing guilty at Lena “the LutherCorp mainframe. She couldn’t find any description of the project, but this location was connected to development of the pods we found.”

“Like you don’t know it’s L-Corp.” Lena muttered under her breath then turned to Batwoman saying, “My brother is currently in a maximum-security prison where he belongs. But I will allow that does sound like the kind of horror-show he would be part of,” her clear clipped words fading into a dark tone and trailing off.

Lena closed her eyes feeling her stomach turn over at the thought and continued, “There aren’t any other Luthors left, I mean my mother, and she’s no saint, but as far as a I know she hasn’t lost her mind.”

She turned back to the keyboard and pulled up documents she’d noticed in her initial search. They held several images of large tanks and a formula for a fluid she thought would serve to help maintain the development of a lifeform. Her eyes flicking between pages Lena confirmed for her, “You’re right about the connection though. Eight years ago the project was abandoned. LutherCorp cut losses after the FDA made approval contingent on clinical trials that they thought could take decades with the scarcity of the population.”

Lena browsed though the specifics, finding out the tubes were originally developed by a LutherCorp neonatal medical division to improve on survival rates for infants with neural tube defects.

The ever-present knot of guilt and self-loathing ease a little, grateful for any team LutherCorp supported that wasn’t destroying the moon or building a death ray.

Batwoman paced behind them connecting what she knew. “So these things weren’t profitable, but that doesn’t mean they weren’t useful. They must have been repurposed into some kind of alien breeding program.”

“Well, that’s something,” Lena said with some hope. Not able to take the prospect of another
Luthor family plot. “I can’t imagine any Luthor promoting the propagation of new alien species. Lex has been trying to castrate Superman for years.”

Supergirl winced at that. “We can’t really rule anything out at this point,” Batwoman said trying to peer over the broad shoulders of the girl-of-steel who stood sentinel, hands fisted at her hips, between Lena and the masked superhero. “Can you find anything else? We need another lead to follow,” Batwoman said dropping down from her toes and giving the hero an annoyed look.

“Maybe we’ll find something in the vault.” She turned to the hero in silver. “Supergirl, I’ve disabled all of the security linked to this network. There are a couple of suspiciously empty corridors that were silent, but those are down in the basement next to the lab and it looks like the only security personnel here were the ones we passed. Could you gather up all the guards and put them somewhere safe outside until we’re done here?”

“Consider it done,” Supergirl said with a salute before she felt a gust of air and heard the door snap closed.

Batwoman turned to Lena obviously wanting her own explanation for their presence, “She’s… intense. So now that blondie’s not here to stare daggers at me, why don’t we talk about why the two of you decided on this whole Montague-Capulet team up?”

“I don’t know how that’s any of your business Kate, until you explain to me whether or not those projects you proposed where legitimate. I figured you were just flirting going in for that hug, didn’t realize I should have had my security do a cavity search for hacking equipment.” Lena said coolly facial expression foreboding.

Kate Kane removed her cowl grimacing and acknowledged, “I’m sorry about that. I mean, not that I didn’t appreciate the fringe benefits, but I’ll fess to it being shady.” She looked at her with sincerity. “I swear everything I said was true. I do think you’re different and I did ask Bruce about the partnership. The other part was,” she said running fingers through her hair in frustration, before replacing her cowl. “It was just part of the hero gig. Batwoman can’t exactly ask old high school friends for favors.”

“We’ll see Kane. I might be different, but double-crossing a Luthor is never good for one’s health,” Lena threatened holding the vigilante’s gaze.

Supergirl returned, again positioning herself with her arms folded in front of Lena. “Kane, like the weapons manufacturer. Are you here for weapons?” Supergirl asked looking smug but displeased, “Super-hearing.” she explained in response to the Kate’s startled expression. “Also, you really should be more careful about taking them down with head trauma, I had to run one out to a hospital,” she reprimanded.

“No, just the tubes. I didn’t know anything else was here.” “Fuuuck.” Kate swore whining, “Bats is going to be pissed that I got outed twice on the same night.”

“Hey! Unnecessary.” Supergirl looked personally offended by everything about the woman in black.

Turning to Lena and pointedly excluding the dark-clade vigilante in her posture, the young hero said, “Everyone’s been evacuated. We should head down to the vault.”

Lena looked at Kane and then considered Supergirl a frown of concern creasing her brow. “We should bring her with us.”
“You really are a genius,” Kane interjected with a smirk.

“We need someone with fast reflexes to check for Kryptonite,” Lena said with a shrug, clearly indicating a better-her-than-me attitude. “Like those dogs they use for landmines in Argentina.”

As Kate stalked out in front of them grumbling, Lena whispered aloud almost imperceptibly, “You need to bring her after we’re done here,” and saw Supergirl nod in understanding.

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The three women jogged through the hallways down to the basement, no longer worried about detection in the section Lena was able to deactivate.

Lena halted abruptly recognizing the dead space on the active security network.

Supergirl looked into her eyes. “I’ve got this.” The hero said with a confident smile.

It made sense. Impervious Kryptonian in a kryptonite proof suit.

If there was a play to be made in an unknown situation it was her. The Luthor walked over to Supergirl and felt a rile of nerves electrify her as she placed a decryption drive into her hands, trusting the program to get her through any basic security measures.

She stepped in closer taking the girl’s hand. She was very aware of the Kate’s eyes on them and the dryness in her throat so she didn’t bother explaining what she was doing as she manually pulled out the hidden glove extensions and went to her back to release the helmet effectively encasing the hero in lead.

-Sweet Jesus, I hope this works.- Lena thought nervously.

The HUD video display on the suit wouldn’t be functional, but the film of lead on the visor should be thin enough for her to make out a fuzzy impression of the world around her. She wasn’t sure how much her hearing would be effected.

The Kryptonian was careful to keep at a human pace opening the sally port door.

As the door closed Lena felt an uncomfortable sense of apprehension and loss as the hero’s departure. Part of her was surprised to find she didn’t think of the girl as the useful Kryptonian shield she had been prepared to use her as. Despite decades of training, the girl was more than just a piece for her to move.

Seconds felt agonizingly long. Kate stood next to her toying with her utility belt then caught her eye.

The vigilante smirked sauntering over to whisper in Lena’s ear. She smiled at Lena and walked over to whisper in her ear.

“You know Little Luthor. I think I might dream about you playing hero in that piece tonight.”

She rolled her eyes and ignored her body’s reaction to the woman’s breath on her ear.

*crash*

A hole blasted through the wall in front of them, barely missing the tops of their heads.

“Jesus.” Kate yelled, “Over-react much Super Skirt?”
Then Lena saw what the beam had hit behind them. Two machines that appeared to be weaponized now hung off of the walls sparking and unable to move.

Lena opened the door to thank the hero and saw that the visor of the helmet she’d placed lay on the floor next to her twin holes blasted through the material.

The room filled with ominous green glow.

“Fuck.” Kate said sprinting toward the Kryptonian.

Before she reached her, a dozen green bullets slammed into the girl’s chest. Lena felt a wash of cold then shook herself realizing they were bouncing off her suit.

That did not stop the poison from affecting her though. Lena stood glued in the doorway gaping as she took in the effects of kryptonite for the first time.

The irises of Supergirl’s normally sky-blue eyes were corrupted by violent rings of green and the same glowing color crawled up her neck in spider patterns.

Supergirl heaved, her body turned to vomit on the floor then started spasming.

Batwoman flipped over the Kryptonian’s body ad bullets fired out at them from above. The cowled woman knelt to shield herself and the Kryptonian from the emerald barrage under her black cape.

~There’s enough kryptonite in this room to kill her.~

She thought.

Settling on her next three moves she responded to the situation with cool efficiency. First manually engaging her own suit’s protection and removing several small vials from her pocket.

She threw them like darts into the small alcoves in the wall that held the kryptonite and a foamy grey substance quickly smothered the ambient glow. Then grabbed another, striking the bezzle of the gun which was quickly encapsulated in the same material that she had used to trap the kidnapper in the park.

The Luthor side-stepped the vigilante’s black cape and reached for the Kryptonian to check for a pulse at her neck.

She heard an explosion behind her and saw a jagged metal disk attached to a black cord wrap around both of them at the hip before her body was lifted backward with a jerk.

Lena lay on her side, wrapped at odd angle against Supergirl’s pelvis. She felt at Supergirl’s suit, hopeful after finding no ripped material. Searching Supergirl’s face, she was relieved to find the green glow under her skin had dulled. Lena felt the hero’s body shutter in pain.

She noticed the ever-present embers of rage she felt for her brother flare to life, as she saw her body try to shy away from Lena to protect the fragile human from the strength of her thrashing.

Feeling a sharp sudden pang in her chest for this selfless woman, Lena shifted their weight and wrapped her arms around Supergirl's shoulders tightly.

Unsure what to do, the Luthor pulled forward the same memory she always went back to for comfort and murmured soothing words in soft lilting Irish until she felt the woman ease against her before losing consciousness.

She heard an appreciate hum behind her and blushed furiously at Kate’s deliberately slow
approach unable to adjust her intimate position against the girl. With a mocking smile, Kate finally reached down to tap the bat-shaped disk causing their constraints to loosen.

“This place is a laugh riot,” Kane groused helping Lena disentangle herself from Supergirl and the cord around them.

“It’s a little garish I think,” Lena said, taking comfort in sarcasm and not meeting the woman’s eyes. “Lex never did have any appreciation for minimalism.”

“I’d have thought old Lex would have just set off a Kryptonite-laced bomb or something, take out everything and anyone in a blast radius if he caught a Super in his net.”

“My brother would have been expecting Superman, the quintessential personification of hubris.” Lena quoted. “I don’t think it ever would have crossed Lex’s mind that a Kryptonian would be wearing a Kevlar suit. You see the flimsy leotards they walk around in,” she said gesturing to Supergirl prone form.

“Lucky he didn’t go for the head I guess,” Kane commented morbidly.

“He’d want a trophy,” Lena supplied with a shrug. Knowing for a fact that her brother would definitely keep a Kryptonian body on ice. If nothing else just to stare at and reassure himself that the god he had made Superman out to be could actually die.

“That’s disgusting.” Supergirl croaked sitting up next to her. Then turning away, she spat a wad of blood and bile onto the floor. “Please don’t tell me what he would do with it.”

“We should get you out of here,” Lena said looking with a worried expression at the young hero.

“Don’t worry about me,” Supergirl said leaning against the wall to pull herself to her feet. “It was only a couple of minutes of exposure, and I think the lead in the suit might have helped a little. I should be fine in a jiffy,” she finished weakly. Pulling her bones weakly into her signature posture, the injured hero waved them forward and awkwardly led the way down the corridor.

Lena smiled despite herself at the hero’s obviously false bravado.

Finally, they reached the machine consistent with the schematics that had brought them here. The young Luthor placed her hand on the scanner, the other hand feeling for the bump of her necklace under the suit. After a few moments of whistles and whirls, while the machine apparently went through the process of replicating and testing her DNA, she heard a confirmatory trilling sound and saw the large steel vault door in front of her click and open with a creak.

“Stay here,” Batwoman said looking into Supergirl’s eyes, her tone was full of steal, but her expression held a hint of pleading. Sky-blue eyes flicked to Lena looking indecisive, but after squinting toward the room her shoulders fell and she nodded.

“I need one of those vials,” Kane said right before passing beside Lena and covertly pilfering a glass tube jutting out of the young Luthor’s pocket. Sauntering forward into the chamber holding the vial in one hand and a bat-shaped disc in the other.

Lena followed a few paces behind with cowled vigilante, who made a sharp stopping motion with her hands. Pausing to look at the woman momentarily her eyebrow quirked, Lena walked past the woman-in-black waiving another vial in font of her cowl. She threw over her shoulder in a sing-song tone, “Be careful from whom you steal toys. Gas from the vial in your hand would knock you out for at least the next couple of days.”
Batwoman caught up with her briskly and they searched the lab together, finding a dozen pieces of Kryptonite in balls, rods, chunks and shards scattered on work tables around the lab, inside of grizzly looking weapons and packaged carefully in foamed lined boxes in a supply cupboard.

The two women worked quickly, gathering all the chunks of green stone into a containment receptacle at the center of the room. Lena found one piece of Kryptonite shaped like a letter L attached to a long metal pole which she assumed to be a brand, disgusted she whacked the thing against the floor tiles.

With a grim smile, she swept the mess of stones into the bin with the rest of the kryptonite they’d found and cracked open her second vial pouring it into the container and watching the black colloid lead solution mix with the blue foaming agent then rapidly expand, eventually overflowing the container.

Feeling a knot ease in the stomach, Lena whispered that Supergirl could come in, knowing that the hero would be straining her super ears to hear everything they were doing in here.

Before she had finished the sentence, Lena felt the rush of superspeed and saw Supergirl’s face, brilliant smile turned up to 10, peering back at her expectantly.

“I found a room with snacks!” the blonde hero said enthusiastically holding out a fistful of Twizzlers to Lena. Lena shook her head, happy to see the hero was looking more herself than she had a few minutes ago.

“Think this is what the playroom would look like if they had a daycare on the Deathstar?” Supergirl actually bounced when she saw Lena snicker at that, and explained, “Yes! You watch Star Wars? That’s going to be so much fun.” Lena confused by when she was talking about, looked like she was going to say something before Supergirl started flying around the room, picking up armloads of tech before running out the door.

Lena examined the computer in the corner thinking she might hack it but decided it would be better to just bring everything back with them, directing her Kryptonian valet to transport the system.

In a few minutes, Supergirl had finished a couple dozen trips, stripping out nearly everything from the room except the nails on the walls. When Lena saw her pull an air-filtering unit that was bolted into the wall, she called out they probably had enough.

Dropping the unit with a crunch, Supergirl smiled and lifted the dark-haired woman. This time Lena closed her eyes, shivering lightly when she felt Supergirl’s hand bury itself into her hair. When she felt herself stop moving, she was momentarily disappointed to find she was sitting alone in the pilot’s seat, cinnamon and flowers still in the air. Standing to look at the cargo Lena heard a whirl announced her return. Lena grinned and laughed into her hand.

The hero held up a disgruntled Batwoman. The woman looked very much like a petulant goth toddler, trying to twist out of the blonde girl’s immovable grip.

When Kane noticed Lena she made a quip about Supergirl ruining her game to which Supergirl made a sound of annoyance. The hero poked her side in retaliation before placing the woman’s feet on the floor. The maiden-of-might looked to have her rigor renewed, vibrating with excitement. Her playful manor made Lena picture a bouncing golden retriever.

Lena looked at Kate, expression unreadable, and stated with a diplomatic tone, “I appreciate what you’ve done tonight. For that, I will promise to give you everything I find out about Cadmus or Project 13. Now give me everything you took from my brother’s lab.”
Kane hesitated, weighing her options. She sighed deeply, “Fair enough,” she said clicking open a couple of compartments on her belt revealing a flash-drive and ball containing a nanotech swarm. Lena looked at Supergirl and sifted her eyes back to the vigilante.

Squinting for a couple of moments, Supergirl’s expression turned intense. “There’s a box in the compartment on her hip that I can’t see into,” the Kryptonian ground out, a ring of bright orange ringing around her blue irises for an instant.

-Damn it Kane.- Lena thought. She could understand the woman trying to pull one over on her, but the woman who could hear her heart rate, see through her pockets and throw her into space?

-I should look over those contracts again. She might actually be an idiot.-

“Bats warned me you guys were intense about this stuff.” Kate said impressively maintaining her nonchalance in the face of Kryptonian fury. “Superman almost killed him over the stash of kryptonite he kept in reserve.”

She took out a small white box from her pocket. Supergirl took it from her in an agitated movement too fast for the eye. “We agreed to keep the kryptonite we had in a mutually accessible holding area. I just know there are a few things about it he wanted to study. It has more chemical properties than its poisoning effect on Kryptonians.”

“You saw what just happened to me. I thought- I can’t-. I need to be the only one controlling Kryptonite.” Supergirl said thickly.

“I get that you’re scare of it, but we just-“

Supergirl cut her off with a quiet monotone. “I don’t know when I’m going to die. It could have been tonight or three-hundred years for now.”

"But I know how.” Muscles clenching, the hero’s voice filled with dark intensity. “I know exactly how I’m going to die, how my cousin will die, how my parents and all of my people died. Broken apart by pieces of our own planet! You don’t think I’d rather get killed by some bullet. Every time that poison runs through my veins I can hear them.” The girl’s words cut off abruptly but the tension of unspoken pain hung in the air.

“Did you take anymore?” Lena asked softly, looking at the Kryptonian’s form as she turned her back to them. Her clenched fists moved to her hips.

“I’ll destroy it,” Kate said quietly in response.

“I don’t think so.” Supergirl responded coldly still facing away from them. She paused scanning the building. “I see it. I’ll take it to the fortress for disposal. Kal deserves to know what Batman’s team has been doing.”

Supergirl picked up the lead-lined crate containing the kryptonite they’d gathered that night and held out her hand to Lena.

Lena looked into her eyes seeing a haunted look she’d never expected and her brow furrowed reevaluating more false assumptions. Silently she offered the small box which the hero took with a nod and flew away.

Lena let the jet stay on autopilot, feeling bone-tired, and tried to rest unsuccessfully until she touched down at her office helipad.
Supergirl was waiting there, back in her signature blue. The hero gazed up at the stars which were starting to fade into the lightening sky of dawn.

Lena didn’t know what to say, she just walked up to the woman and placed a hand on her shoulder. She nodded at the question in her eyes.

The hero picked Lena up and flew upright, slowly drifting through the city toward Lena’s penthouse.

The CEO was surprised that she wasn’t losing her mind with terror hovering a hundred feet above the streets below, held by a woman that looked all too human. She thought about how they were moving and asked softly, “Is it harder this way? I mean, to fly slowly like this?”

Supergirl gazed forward with a far-away look taking a few moments to reply, “A little. Its like a physics problem. To make things smoother I have to predict changes in pressure before they happen so I can brace enough resistance against little pockets of turbulence. Figuring out the relative difference in drag without an aerodynamic posture, in relation to changes in wind pressure caused by the buildings around us, is calming in a way. It gives my brain somewhere else to be for a few seconds.”

“It’s harder to explain in English than it is for me to actually compute. Kryptonians approach calculations differently, so straight translations never make sense. Never really being able to say what I mean. It's so frustrating.” She said wistfully, “Sometimes I just want to feel like I belong somewhere.” A tear left her as she squinted looking up at the last remaining stars in the sky.

Softly landing on Lena’s penthouse balcony, the hero carefully set the woman down on her feet. Lena recognized that enormous pain, the deep loneliness etched on the woman’s features.

She reached up a hand to wipe away the glistening trail with her thumb and tilted up the hero’s chin. Lena looked into those blue depths until the vacant distant came back to focus on hers here on Earth.

The young woman gave Lena a wavering smile before turning to fly off into the stars. Seeing her leave, the Luthor felt a familiar pang and admitted to the night air, “Me too.”
Jess’s voice interrupted Lena’s focused concentration, as she tried to identify the optimal vantage point to negotiate from with the Japanese ambassador tomorrow morning.

“Ms Luthor, Lillian Luthor, -eh I mean, your mother is here to see you.” Lena’s stomach dropped. Her mind instantly clearing of anything but dread.

Wanting time to collect herself the CEO replied evenly, “Thank you Jess, please let her know that I will be with her shortly.”

Lena paced her office, hand at her forehead feeling at though it was the only thing that was holding her thoughts inside of her head. She didn’t really have a reason to avoid seeing her mother and she knew that she wouldn’t even if she did. There was, unfortunately, that ever-shrinking part of her that held out hope that their relationship would eventually evoke emotions in either of them other than disappointment, fear, or animosity.

Part of this hope came from the fact that her mother hadn’t ever truly ignored Lena. She kept track of her accomplishments diligently in fact, though Lena was never entirely sure why. She always gloried in all that Lex did, even when he was him finding inventive new ways to murder innocents so that he could get the upper hand on Superman for the span of a few seconds. With Lena she simply noted them, tabulated their relative worth and kept that information for future reference. Like instead of measuring Lena against some unknown benchmark, Lena set the benchmark, defining inadequacy.

Lena hated herself for that hope, the hope she felt that with her father gone and Lex in prison for the rest of his life, Lilian and Lena were the only two Luthors left. She wasn’t sure what that might mean, but it might be something.

Lena moved a vase of flowers, restacked the already meticulously organized documents on her desk and checked on the status of the brandy decanter before pressing down the speaker button on the comm at her desk.

“Please show my mother in Jess,” Lena said then straightened to walk to the door. Turning she noticed a photo of her and Kara on a bookshelf. It was of them, tilted sideways, laughing at the camera after Lena had gotten splashed on their paddle boat outing in the park last week. She quickly flipped the frame face-down and pushed it back out of sight.

Lillian Luthor in simple grey business suit and pencil skirt, pearls at her neck, wrist and ears walked in with the confidence of royalty.

Lena stepped forward to greet her and Lillian stopped her with a look.

“You’ve changed your hair.” her mother said noncommitally and Lena remembered, as always, that the game was already in progress.

Lena had opened with a couched offense, stalling instead of outright declining her mother’s unannounced meeting. Black had chosen to respond with a bid for Lena to seek her approval,
giving a factual observation instead of a subjective assessment of Lena’s appearance.

Lena always found that cutting through these games entirely was impossible, but her attempts seemed to irritate her mother, so the effort was well worth it.

“Why are you here, mother?” Lena asked, feeling a simultaneous pang of doubt and satisfaction at her mother’s momentarily narrowed eyes. Lillian had then raised one eyebrow in acknowledgement of the statement without responding, instead sweeping gracefully to side-step Lena and take a seat.

“Of course-, I always appreciate our talks mother.” Then gave an ironic smile. “May I offer you a drink?” Lena asked then moved toward the decanter despite her mother declining the offer. Lena poured a healthy quantity of brandy for herself, then resettled into her chair. Lena liked to give her mother something obvious to complain about, like her drinking that she despised, so the woman didn’t feel the need to search creatively for her insults.

On this occasion, Lillian did not take the bait instead observing, “The company seems to be doing well. Your quarterly projections appear to have reinvigorated the confidence of your shareholders after that stunt you pulled.”

“I am quite pleased with the effects renaming L-Corp has had on the company at large.” Lena said with a false smile, “I’ve always found employees are less productive working for a company associated primarily with the production of fleets of semi-autonomous robots flying toward their homes to murder their children.”

“Always so dramatic Lena. LuthorCorp has been a fixture in global business enterprise for generations out of mind.” She said in rebuke. Lillian then leaned back looking at Lena and offered, “But what’s done is done and engineering the future has always been where the Luthors have proved our worth.”

Lena could taste the angle her mother was preparing, but felt disconcerted at not knowing from which direction to expect the approach. Fishing for a clue to that end Lena asked with measured curiosity, “So what projects have been keeping you engaged recently.”

“Oh, I’m merely a doctor Lena,” Lillian said dismissively, “surely it wouldn’t be of interest to you.”

_Humidity_, Lena thought _never safe waters to tread._ Lena was careful to offer interest without commitment saying, “Please indulge me. I miss hum of a centrifuge and smell of a soldering iron while I’m stuck in board meetings all day.”

“With your background in biogenetic engineering and DNA vector manipulation, there may be a few details of interest to you I’m sure. But that’s all shop talk.” Lillian said casually, laying out her own lure, then continued, “I am much more interested in knowing about your personal life Lena. You know how a mother worries about such things.”

“I assure you my physical trainer and dietitian are more than up to the task of maintaining my well-being, mother, as they have been since boarding school.” Lena said dryly, “But I’m more than touched by your concern.”

Feeling a familiar headache come on, Lena saw her mother start to speak but was interrupted by Jess’s voice, “There is a Ms Katherine Kane here to see you Ms Luthor.”

Muttering back to Jess to keep Kate waiting, Lena noticed Lillian’s eyes look bright.

“Now there’s some good news. Kane may actually be an acquaintance worth cultivating,” she said
with approval. “Certainly an upgrade to your most recent company.”

Lena felt her stomach sink, “I’m assuming you are referring to my friendship with Kara. I assure you mother, she is more than impressive in her own right. There is no need for you to be concerned for my social contacts.”

“Ah yes, the reporter.” Lillian commented disdainfully. “Your dalliances are rarely of concern to me Lena. I simply have an interest in you forming relationships with those who matter. Kate Kane’s idiosyncrasies aside, she would be an asset to our -cause.” Lillian said with a light in her eyes. In a conciliatory tone she reasoned, “You even share similar preferences. You could do worse than making a more personal connection with the heir-apparent to Wayne Enterprises and the largest weapons development company in the world. Perhaps you could influence her attention toward more productive goals. If you’re absolutely insistent on continuing in your current lifestyle-. Well,” Lillian continued in an offhanded tone that made Lena wary, “you may have some interest in our lab’s work in genetic manipulation. We’ve made some advances that may be personally relevant to you,” she finished glancing at the door.

Lena felt ill at the prospect of her mother having any involvement in her reproductive future. Knowing full well her mother would be aware she was lying, Lena said, “I really wish I had known you were coming mother. I have a meeting that I have to prepare for with our partners in Japan and if I am going to take the time to cultivate relations with Kate Kane, then I’m afraid I will need to take a rain check.”

Her mother nodded at her knowingly and responded, “Of course my dear. You will hear from me soon.”

Lillian Luthor stood to walk out, then turned to the bookshelf at Lena’s side and up-righted the frame Lena had moved earlier and made a tisking sound before shaking her head and walking purposefully out of her office.

After she had left, Lena grabbed the photo and shoved it into her purse, chastising herself for having made the mistake of personalizing any area her mother was likely to visit.

After Lillian Luthor, the appearance of Kate Kane’s winsome charm was nearly jarring. She entered, both arms up grabbing on to the door frame and swinging like she was on a trapeze. Making her landing 3 feet in front of the door, Kane took a deep self-congratulatory bow. Then straightened greeting Lena brightly with, “Hello gorgeous.”

“Kane, if you’re going to swing around like that, at least get the black leather back on so I can appreciate it.” Lena said in a wry tone after Kate closed the door. “It’s a wonder you’re able to keep that a secret from anyone who’s met you.”

“Well it does usually take more than a couple of minutes at least.” Kate objected with a self-deprecating smile, “You’re a quick one Little Luthor. -So, what did mommy-dearest want to coerce you into this evening?”

“She just offered to breed our lovechild to ensure the continuation of the Luthor bloodline. That is as long as I agree to use my bedroom wiles to win your shares of Wayne Enterprises of course.” Lena replied with a dry tone, leaning against the front of her desk.

“My father will be thrilled. Though you aren’t exactly the nice Jewish girl he’d imagined.” Kate responded with a smirk plopping herself in a chair in front of Lena’s desk.

Lena, massaging her temples against the migraine she felt coming on, said, “Kate, you of all people
know I am not in a mood to talk after I’ve to deal with my mother. Please tell me what you want or
save it for some other time.”

Kate made no move to leave and propped her Vans up on Lena’s desk again. “I just wanted to
come to talk about our ongoing projects.”

Knowing Kate was likely referring to Cadmus, Lena pushed Kate’s feet off her desk, back on the
floor and circled around to sit in her comfortable leather office chair. Replying in a cool
professional tone she offered, “Excellent, L-Corp has a vested interest in maintaining the contacts
with Wayne Enterprises we’ve developed thus far. Particularly with the success we’ve had in
improving our access to efficient supply chains in India.”

Kane waved a hand dismissively, “You know me Lena, I’ve never been a dollars and numbers
kind of woman. Let the accountants figure all that out. I was thinking a little more about our off-
the-books enterprise.”

“It’s been a month since our little rendezvous. I assumed you’d lost interest.” Lena said chidingly,
“You weren’t answering my calls and National City doesn’t have one of those nightlights to flash
in the sky at you.”

“I’ve been a touch -indisposed the last couple of weeks.” Kate said, tension lining the humor of her
tone. “You know how it is, capture one little terrorist and the whole cell has to come hunting you
down demanding blood and vengeance and first-borns and all that.”

“Sounds like you’ve been involved in some games that should have killed you several times over,”
Lena observed dryly feeling a flash of concern for the young vigilante.

“Oh,” Kate waved dismissively, “Bat-people never die. That’s what we have a Lazarus pit on hand
for, and why we tend to get so dark and broody in our old age. Well, that honestly might just be
Bats. I met him after he’d taken a couple of dips already.”

“Bruce Wayne I’m assuming,” Lena guessed watching Kane’s reaction closely.

Kate shifted in her chair. “Um…No comment. He-of-the-black-moods does not enjoy getting
fingered. And even so much as disabusing you of such an obviously false conclusion may allow
you to narrow down the field as it were.” Her tone changed, “Moving right along. So, Ms Luthor
what information have you managed to uncover?”

Lena sighed and laid out the details of what she had gleaned from Lex’s hard drives. “More a
flushing out of things that we already knew than anything that provides any clear new direction to
look in. I know that Cadmus is connected with alien experimentation, trying to use viral genomic
vectors to insert distinct alien allele sets into a human genome. All of the trials that we uncovered
with that goal were failures at the level of simple cellular replication. Later trials had them
experimenting more with outright cloning but the process led to the production of subjects with
various levels of cognitive dysfunction. What they’re up to with those pods now is anybody’s
guess.”

“That’s creepy enough to know that we need to shut them down, but the question is, where are
they operating out of?” Kate asked absently fingering the pocketknife at her belt.

Lena admitted, “We haven’t had any significant success in that area. Whatever Cadmus is up to,
they’re not interested in their exploits being made public. Cadmus itself may be a name that
they’ve abandoned or only use internally now. Since they’ve gone to ground with no paper-trial to
track them, I don’t really have much more to -.”
Lena felt her head slam down as Kate grabbed her laptop and flipped onto her desk.

“Hmm.. Off target,” Lena hear her mutter, still crouched on top of Lena’s desk holding the laptop out in front of her.

Lena quickly tapped several buttons under her desk which caused electromagnetic shields to spring up around her office, protecting the two women inside.

“Handy,” Kate said, “a little impractical to install in all your boardrooms, but I appreciate a woman who keeps her own stash of defensive weaponry.”

“People try to kill me a lot,” Lena said evenly, rubbing her head where it had hit the desk.

“That, my dear-ray-of-moonlight, was not an assassination attempt.” Kate informed her confidently.

Lena, having survived her first assassination attempt at the age of six, offered sarcastically, “So, someone is shooting projectiles through my office window to check its tensile strength, I’m touched.”

“No,” Kate replied showing her the metal rod sticking through her now destroyed laptop. “This bolt was aimed one foot above you and 10 inches to your left. If you had stood, it’s possible it could have gone through your left arm, but nothing vital. And they would have had time for a second shot before you got those shields activated.” Taking out a knife, Kate cut at the bolt and unfurled a piece of paper that had been wrapped tightly around the shaft.

“I would say this was to send a pretty specific message.” The short-haired woman said holding out a curled photo to Lena with a grimace. Looking at it, Lena immediately realized it was taken the night of their mission to Lex’s lab. In it Lena was looking up at Supergirl with a soft expression as she flew upright, Lena in her arms, between the skyscrapers of National City. Across the photo read the word “LUTHOR” in red written in an aggressive hand.

“Hmm.” Kate said peering down at the photo, “Have you thought about choosing a new super accessory? Maybe something in black? I thought blondie was a little uptight myself.”

“Can you never be serious?” Lena asked with exasperation.

“Sure I can.” Kate said jumping down from the desk. Turning to Lena she grabbed her hand and held her eyes expression soft, “I’m sorry Lena. Are you okay?”

A little too intimate for her taste, Lena silently wished she hadn’t said anything. A flippant ridiculous Kate Kane was at least someone she could predict. And she didn’t need her life complicated by anymore soulful looks.

Lena made an ironic grimace and playfully pushed her consoling hands away, “Ug, I lied be less serious. Of course I’m fine. -Speaking of accessories in crime, who would you say was behind this morbid love note?

“Well,” Kate started in a professorial tone, “The supervillain tactical manual indicates that this would most likely constitute a threat against you based on your connection to Supergirl. Typically, it’s delivered by the bad-guy-of-the-week to your given hero as a threat to give up the McGuffin or from some mentor-turned-evil warning said hero to beware the dangers of happiness and intimacy.” Casually she continued, “I’ve had a couple of equivalent experiences myself, though not one with such on-the-nose dramatic flair. Looks like someone’s been dipping into the back issues.”
Looking thoughtful Kate turned the paper over in her hands, smelled it and said “What’s odd is that I get the feeling it’s not meant for me and I’m not sure exactly why they wouldn’t fling it at blondie’s head instead of yours. Less risk of accidentally murdering their leverage. Maybe she already knows or maybe the bolts keep pinging off of her and little-miss-sunshine is too busy holding up buildings to notice.”

“This is ridiculous.” Lena said snatching the photo out of Kate’s hand irritably and moving to throw it in the trash. “If someone wants to kill me, they can get in line. I had a small army come at me last month and I didn’t even break a heel.”

Kate stopped her hand and took the photo from her. “Not so fast. Your genius brain makes you hot, not indestructible. I’ll take this to the Batcave for analysis and let you know what we find. Besides, it’ll give me another reason to hit up National City,” she finished with a wink.

Lena quirked an eyebrow and shook her head.

-----Kate-----

Kate grimaced leaving the Luthor’s office. She knew broody, genius, tortured-soul types, and there was no way Lena Luthor was going to tell sunshine barbie about that death threat. She doubted this would get the her to overlook that little kryptonite incident, but she took out her phone anyway.

Kate smirked knowing this would probably also have the fringe benefit of being the most effective way to keep super-skirt from poaching her little Irish muffin. Burdened with the weight of heroic responsibility as she was. Kate pulled up the number Oracle had hacked up for her and started, “Hey Blondie there’s something you should know about.”

--------Kara--------

“What’s she doing here?” Kara said confused as she sped over to the door not noticing Alex’s call of “Wait Kara, damnit” but did catch the glasses that Winn threw at her. She quickly placed them on her face as she swept her hair up in a scrunchy, feeling that same pang of guilt she had for
months she took a breath.

It really started when Batwoman had told her about Lena being in danger and the photo. Not being able to tell Lena her secret had made the hero think about it all the time. So far nothing had some of it, so she figured she was doing the right thing. Kara had never really had someone she’d wanted to tell so badly before and she felt her heart crush a little when she opened the door to Lena’s face looking initially anxious and holding up a box full of cupcakes.

Kara’s eyes connected with Lena’s for the space of a few breaths where neither of them noticed the silence they were standing in. Thudding sounds came from the apartment behind her and Kara saw anxiety returned to the CEO’s eyes. Lena started speaking quickly, “Hello Kara, I apologize for intruding. If this isn’t a good time I can make sure to schedule something when it would be more-”

“Oh R- God, Don’t be ridiculous Lena, you’re welcome any time, day or night. Obviously, it’s easier to see you if you come during the day because I’m awake, but you’re definitely welcome at night, even if I’m sleeping or something. I would never mind if you’re here, not at all. Not that you would want to be here at night or anything. I just want you to feel comfortable and…” Kara trailed off.

She then looked over her shoulder and whined, “Alex, what are you even good for? I’m rambling, and I thought you agreed to stop me whenever I was doing that in front of other people.” Kara shook her head muttering about the uselessness of sisters while she gestured Lena inside, hoping she didn’t notice her sister trying to covertly stash some of the takeout boxes in the fridge, hiding the sheer number Kara had just demolished. She was always so careful about everything.

“It’s not my business what time of night you invite over strange women Kara.” Alex yelled out over her shoulder.

“Hey Lena,” Winn said absently having settled back down to his game in front of the TV.

“Not- eh.” Kara tried responding to her sister. Working on finding a more coherent response that she could actually say in front of Lena. She wasn’t strange, Lena was very interesting and smart and pretty and brought her cupcakes, all of which were points Kara thought she should explain to Alex. Lena looked down and smiled at Kara who was busy stumbling over a retort.

“Well, she is to me. You’ve never actually introduced us Kara,” Alex said walking across the kitchen and with a glass of water and extending the other hand, her face holding a quick realization of recognition.

“You’ve been really busy all the time with Maggie, and the whole, you know? Kara said making a gesture over her belly. “Alex, this is Lena the most famous genius- bazillionaire -tech- CEO person in National City, obviously.” Then turning toward Lena she gestured with her thumb over her shoulder at Alex, “Lena this is Alex, my sister. When Alex kept looking at her she added “and a special agent and science nerd or whatever. You know.”

“Of course, I’ve heard so many stories about you I feel like I’ve lived them.” Lena said. “Also, you’re the woman that helped me at the L-Corp renaming ceremony. Thank you, by the way. You’re really very impressive.”

“Hey I was there too!” Winn yelled from the living room grumbling about no one having appreciation for the guy-in-the-van.

“Right, Ms. Luthor. It’s good to finally meet you,” Alex said introducing herself with a handshake.
“That ceremony was a risky move out to do out in public. You’re lucky Supergirl and my team were there.”

Lena placed the cupcakes on the counter in front of Kara and shook Alex’s hand. Kara could smell, chocolate and -caramel and debated whether or not she’d be able to keep talking with Lena if she put two in her mouth at once.

Lena replied, “Being me, waking up in the morning is a risk. Believe me, I calculate them carefully. If I didn’t think I could put more net positive good out into the world, I would have liked nothing better than to sell off LuthorCorp piecemeal. Lex tainted what being a Luthor means, and I’m hoping renaming might allow L-Corp out from that shadow and do some real, meaningful good for the world, like Supergirl.”

Winn walked over smiling at Lena, “So you’re a Supergirl fan?” He asked with a wink, seeing Lena’s face he added, “What you weren’t done with your stump speech?”

Seeing Winn eye the cupcakes, Kara snatched them off of the counter and shot him a dirty look. She liked that Lena and Winn were friends now, but that did not entitle him to cupcakes that literally had her name on them. They’d started hanging out after Kara’s had suggested Frozen for movie night. Groaning, the two of them decided to play Original Sin together. Kara watched for a while before getting bored. Kara’s track record with smashing controllers wasn’t great, so she couldn’t exactly play in front of Lena. Lena noticing Kara looking bored and dejected, had offered that Winn come over and finish at her penthouse. The rest was history.

Responding to the question Kara thought was both annoying and inappropriate, Lena said, “Off the record, because it’s a little embarrassing,” Then glanced at Kara whose mouth turned down in response. “But she’s kind of the reason I moved to National City in the first place. I saw her make her first public save of that plane on the news and I thought, well, it’s silly what I thought, but I’m sure I’m not their first person she’s inspired.”

Kara beamed at Lena, maybe a little too brightly because Lena responded by raising a quizzical eyebrow. “I take it you’re a fan too.” Lena guessed, “Am I going to find a closet full of merch if I look around here?”

“I- wa- no. Supergirl- she’s great. I’m- friends with Supergirl, you know. Really close -good friends and all and I just like when my friends like each other. -Batwoman!” she burst out, “Batwoman is really cool. Your girlfriend like’s her right Alex?” Alex glared at her for a moment, jaw clenched.

Kara grabbed a cupcake, eating half of it in one bite so the chewing would give her time to remember more words and how to put them together into sentences. Instead her brain supplied, But, like, Lena shouldn’t buy Batwoman merch, that wouldn’t match her -um skin very well. What if she likes her more than Supergirl now? She knows her from school and they might be friends, or like friends. Lena’s voice broke her from her rumination.

“If I didn’t know you flew straight as an arrow, Kara, I’d say you had a little crush on National City’s own Maiden of Might,” Lena said teasingly. “Not that I’d blame you, have you seen her biceps? I would empty a couple of my bank vaults to design a suit for her, you know with a less-is-more motif.” Lena said gesturing down at her body and winking expectedly at Alex hoping a little queer bonding might win her over. But Alex just sat brow furrowed watching Kara who had just put an entire cupcake in her mouth choking a little when she swallowed, eyes widening.

Winn then busted out laughing, wiping tears from his eyes and doubling over every time he looked at Kara. Who had now finished swallowing and was blushing deeply and trying to stammer out a
response, alternating between adamant professions of friendship for Supergirl and partial sentences about directions Kara could fly.

Lena watching Kara with sympathetic amusement. She walked over to open the fridge reaching for a water, pausing to take stock of the contents, she said to Alex warmly, “I heard you were eating for two, congratulations.”

Alex responded with a proud goofy smile and touched her stomach.

“Don’t mind me darling,” Lena said handling the bottle Kara. “I’m only teasing. I had a roommate in boarding school that had an obsession with Superman, literally had a second closet just for all of her Superman stuff. Eh- not exactly my thing.”

“Luthors,” Winn said sarcastically, “never able to appreciate a high-quality Super. I mean that thing he does with his cape-.”

“Yes, Schlott,” Lena said with cool reproach. “We are all fully aware of your super-crush on the Man-of-Steel. I’m going to ask Supergirl to x-ray your apartment. See where you’re hiding those action figures of him that I know for a fact have to be in there. You have Green Lantern and Aqua Man on your shelf, but no Superman. Suspicious.” Lena finished dramatically with a raised an eyebrow. Kara turned her head looking at Winn curious. She wasn’t sure if that counted as an abuse of her powers.

“It would be hilarious to find, out and it would make Lena happy, all good things, so it was probably fine.”

“What about you!?” Winn retorted. “Last weekend, I distinctly remember you trying to hide a bag from SuperSuits under your couch. Sporting some Batwoman underwear under that Armani suit?”

“I got over my goth phase in college thank you.” Lena said in a dignified tone masking a smile, “If you must know. I am personally team Supergirl. As much as people like to shoot at me, I’ve had rescues from a few different heroes. But every girl needs to have her favorite I suppose.”

Kara’s mind blazed with an urgent need to speed into her suit, and asked super casually, “So do you have any Supergirl merch then?”

Lena laughed coloring lightly, “I might have bought some lucky unmentionables a while ago. You know just supporting the market for sales in female hero merchandise. Um, did you know it’s not actually an S, it’s from her family crest apparently.”

“You don’t say,” Kara murmured. Unable to process that information in front of her sister, she desperately searched for a way to change the subject. Remembering something Lena said that had bothered her she said, “Lena, you don’t have to worry about me using you for quotes. I take assignments from CatCo when Snapper asks me to but if you don’t want to do an interview or if you don’t want it to be me, it wouldn’t affect our friendship. I mean obviously, you’re my best friend. Anything you say to me when I don’t have a notepad and tape recorder out is 100% just us, always. If you’re uncomfortable with me interviewing you for things. I can ask Snapper to assign them to someone else. Carly or maybe Jessica, they’re really good, I just really like-“

Lena cut her off, “No darling, obviously I’d like to have more reasons to see you. And thank you. I’m not used to having friends who aren’t trying to get the upper hand, you know? Being around a bright ray of sunshine might take me a while to get use to, “ she heard Alex clearing her throat with a laugh, “but I’ll adjust,” she finished putting her hand under Kara’s cheek to get her to meet her eyes.

Feeling Kara’s face relax into her hand, she saw Alex raise an eyebrow and Lena, glancing at sister
pull her hand back quickly and looked over at the empty box of cupcakes. “Those were supposed to be apology cupcakes. You kept inviting me over to your place and I couldn’t make it work last week for movie night. I keep telling you if we do it at my place you could just stay over. I- I mean there are three guest rooms, you could pick one and put Kara things in it.” she said, glancing again at Alex. “And, um, I still want that painting you showed me for the living room.”

“Hey why don’t I get a room?” Winn complained.

Ignoring him Lena changed the subject, “So, I was in the neighborhood today and figured I could swindle my way into your heart again if I told you that those had marshmallows in the middle.”

Kara took Lena by the hand and brought her to display before her sister. “You see Alex! Lena is a shining example of appropriate behavior.” Kara said gesturing toward Lena’s many attributes she continued, “This is how a good friend looks, and talks, and smiles, and walks, and brings one’s friends delicious treats.” Laughing Lena struck a pose and walked across the room like a catwalk. Winn and Kara whooped watching excitedly while Alex jeered at Kara for being ungrateful.

Kara was distracted by Lena moving in new and unexpected ways and stared at various different parts of Lena that were not her face. Watching she asked absently “Are you naturally really good at that or did someone teach you?”

Lena dropped her hip and gave a serious model expression, then giggled, “No my girlfriend in Metropolis taught me. She had this thing with her hip that she did that I can never get right.”

“Your hips look great, I mean you do good things with them, the right things. -Eh -um, sounds like you had fun with her, do you think you guys might get back together?” A little part of Kara wanted to slam lead in her ears and not know the answer.

Seeing her expression, Alex looked at her with one of those sister-looks that said why-are-you-acting-so-weird-and-nervous? Kara respond with the combination of a glance at Lena and a shrug with her look own look flashing 3 expressions meaning well-look-at-her-she-is-very-impressive-and-very-pretty-and-you-better-be-nice-Alex!

Not sure how to take the exchange happening in front of her, Lena ignored it and answered “No, that was years ago. When I left Metropolis I was with a girl named Jill. But we were both more likely to get married to our work than each other. She wanted me to choose between moving here with L-Corp or being with her, and well obviously I’m here.”

Listening to Lena’s story caused an odd jumble off feelings in her belly, like shooting up and coming out into a barrel roll before dodging some annoying goose in the sky. Alex had stopped paying attention to Lena at all and was just staring at Kara which Kara thought was incredibly rude.

Alex brought Lena a drink and asked Kara with an I-need-to-talk-with-you-right-now look before walking over to the sink and starting to rewash some dishes.

Kara, assuring Lena and Winn that she’d be back in a jiffy, joined Alex who gestured toward a mirror over the sink and asked under her breath, “Kara what are you doing?”

Frustrated that Alex was allowed to talk out loud and Kara wasn’t. Kara glance-spoke into the mirror You are being stupid and cutting into my Lena-time and tried to walk back. Alex pulled her back by the arm and Kara glance-answered, What? she’s my friend.

Alex whispered “Kara that is Lena Luthor. I know you spent a little time with her, but I didn’t
realize you guys were close. Kara this is a bad idea. If she finds out, you are going to have kryptonite oozing out of your eyeballs.”

Kara could barely fathom a response to that in actual words, so she settled on covering all of what she was thinking with the hostile glare she used to give Alex when she would borrow her jeans and her enormous butt would stretch them out.

With a softer expression Alex put her hand on Kara’s shoulder in apology, silently letting her know it was a sister thing and she was worried.

Kara sniffed at that and, not wanting Lena to feel awkward or talk with Winn anymore about embarrassing things, ran in her direction crying that her sister was a bully and was angry at Kara for eating all of the cupcakes even though Lena brought them for her. Momentum carrying her run forward, she accidentally-on-purpose, tackled Lena into the couch behind her and they fell down together giggling.

Winn yelled at them to watch out, protectively clutching at the bag of Doritos he had rescued by snatchling it from the table.

Kara decided that since they were all on the couch, that meant that they might as well make it a movie night. Winn groaned, wanting to play against Lena on some nerd game.

Remembering a reference Lena had made once she confidently went with A New Hope and wondered if, once Winn left, they might switch to Project Runway so Lena could show her how to do the hip thing.

Alex, ditching out on movie night again, yelled out that she was late to see Maggie and waved at the couch shaking her head.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote and tried to do the editing for this today, hopefully it's not too rough. Last time someone caught some sentence fragments I missed in editing. Always much appreciated!

Some more -eh, intimate scenes may be forthcoming in the next post. If anyone has a vote on how racy you'd prefer it, let me know. I'm deciding whether or not to bump up the maturity rating level.
Late Night

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Fair warning I changed the rating on this fic because of this chapter. If more mature sexual content is offensive to you, it is safe to read up to the point indicated by ************************ and then skip the rest of the chapter to be on the safe side.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

--------Lena--------

It had been an impossibly long week. Another one of those weeks that Lena Luthor felt more like a machine than a person, fueled by coffee and the occasional protein bar. She had no time for pilates or sleep or even pretty blonde reporters.

Kara’s texts to the young Luthor had gotten increasingly more adorable. The girl, apparently aware of Lena’s personal kryptonite, had actually taken a picture of her own pout and sent it to her when Lena had to bail on movie night for the second time.

The poor president of L-Corp, tech guru to the elite, feminist icon on the top of CatCo’s 30 most impressive business women under thirty, had spent the three seconds of free time she had yesterday looking at it. And she would have sold her patent for the key to alchemy to spend an afternoon watching dancing toddlers with the blonde ray of sunshine, throwing popcorn at the T.V. whenever the craziest pageant mom come on.

Kara was a wonderful surprise that Lena was frankly amazed wanted to spend any time with her. Every day with the girl was like how Christmas morning looked like it felt on postcards. Though the days with the ‘pseudorandom surprises’ were a little extra special, no one had ever brought her homemade cookies before.

Kara was full of life and acceptance. She made her laugh until she cried, until she thought she was doing literal injury to her organs. Lena knew she would actually buy the woman a puppy or a house, or a god-damn donut store to put an end to one of those absolutely devastating pouts.

Kara made her dream about a thousand different futures the Luthor hadn’t let herself think about before. Not because she actually thought they could happen, just for the joy of knowing there was one person in the world that Lena Luthor could imagine living them with. It made her feel a little less broken.

There was something tragically right about the one truly normal thing in the youngest Luthor’s life being a soul-tearing unrequited love affair for the ages. That the leading lady was a passionate reporter, the only group of people her mother ranted about more than aliens, also made her smile.

Feeling heart-sick at the thought of hearing Kara’s voice, the beleaguered CEO looked down at her phone wistfully. She knew it was too late for a polite phone call, so instead Lena stared out over her balcony, sitting as far away from the edge as possible, and kept the company of a Mr. Jack Daniels
that evening.

The young genius knew that she had already had more to drink than her brain calculated appropriate to maintain a reasonable blood alcohol level, but poured out another glass anyway, happy to let her thoughts drift for once staring out over her new home.

National City was beautiful, not nearly as loud and overpopulated as Metropolis or as chaotic and grimy as Gotham. She liked that here the sky seemed bigger, she could make out the constellations she had memorized as a kid. Looking up at the stars she thought about the one person she knew who was from them.

Supergirl was like a dream, a really good dream. The battery-operated devices in her bedside nightstand had been getting some late-night workouts recently when fantasies about one blonde would drift to another. It honestly wasn’t fair for both of them to be so painfully attractive. Lena often enjoyed remembering Kara’s blushing smile and her unreal abs.

The morning, when she’d gained her new favorite sweatshirt, Lena, for few glorious seconds had to yell at her hands to stop literally twitching toward them.

Supergirl she’d seen more of, and every inch was perfection. But biceps and indestructibility aside, Lena really wanted to watch the hero solve quantum differentials on her drafting board and then bend her over it.

She had talked to Supergirl a number of times since their covert adventure together. Usually starting with the girl hovering outside of Lena’s office on the nights she’d stayed past midnight, insisting on flying the overworked CEO home.

Persistent as only a superhero could be, the girl had even sat waiting on the couch for an hour one night while Lena finished up a project. She had felt occasional gust from the balcony, she assumed here the hero zipping in and out on Super calls. But a couple of times the blonde had instead floated back in, eyes intent on swiping her finger across her phone, concentration unbroken when she dropped out of the air onto the couch. The young Luthor wondered idly what level of Candy Crush the blonde hero got to staring at her and felt guilty enough to call it a night.

Her brother was wrong about almost everything he ever told her about aliens. If this was a being of ultimate hubris, she felt like she may have never grasped the definition of that word.

On those nights, Lena didn’t have the heart to tell the pretty young hero that the idea of flying over the city made her want to scream and vomit onto her patent red leather boots.

And, after a few times in the air with her, she had to admit that might have changed.

Being in Supergirl’s arms just felt different. It helped that she always insisted on taking them above the clouds to avoid being seen. The dark-haired CEO felt a little light-headed but between the soft clouds and the silvery moonlight she felt inexplicably calmer and safer than she ever had on a plane.

As if summoned by her thoughts, blonde Kryptonian herself came hovering over in the air next to her. Lena gestured to the balcony commenting, “You know this isn’t really an entrance, right?”

Supergirl ducked her head, “Sorry, your elevator guy is really nice. I just feel weird, you know, with the cape and everything,” gesturing down at herself. Then a worried expression crossed her face. “I heard your heartbeat have a funny rhythm again and I was worried,” the young hero
admitted landing on the far side of the balcony eying Lena’s glass with distaste.

Lena smiled remembering the pretty alien in front of her admitting she felt bad at human things. “I probably should feel concern about a government agent keeping tabs on the inner workings of my vital organs. But right now,” she said raising her glass in a toast, “I don’t really feel much of anything.”

The crease on Supergirl’s brow deepened and Lena noticed the little scar on her forehead that the hero mentioned getting back on Krypton.

Smiling, she set down her glass and walked over to the woman. Standing next to her, Lena realized how much taller than her the hero was when Lena wasn’t wearing her heels.

Reaching her hand up she smiled softly as she traced her fingers over the little divot; the one flaw making her seem so much more human. Finding her skin impossibly smooth, Lena’s fingers moved on their own, tracing down her cheek, thumb running past the corner of her mouth before moving to graze over her neck. This caused the blue-eyed Kryptonian to shiver lightly while the hero’s eyes flicked from Lena’s down to her lips and back.

The Luthor met Supergirl’s gaze, pleased to see her own hunger reflected back in them. The normally brilliant bright sky-blue consumed by dark want.

“Why not?” Lena muttered aloud. Lifting up on her toes, she crashed her mouth against the surprised hero’s lips. Awkward for a moment, their teeth clicking, Lena felt Supergirl hesitate for a breath before her hands moved to burry themselves in Lena’s dark hair.

Opening her mouth to deepen the kiss, Lena moaned when she felt the hero’s hand fist to grasp her head more firmly, reveling in the intensity of the sensation.

Feeling daring, the young Luthor wondered if she could get the Girl of Steel to be rough.

Lena bit a Kryptonian lip, almost expecting to break her teeth against it, but everything about the girl was soft. Her mouth was soft her skin was soft. The soft intrusion of her tongue in Lena’s mouth sent a throb through the CEO’s entire body, making her want to feel it everywhere. The only thing rough beneath her hands was this mother-fucking suit.

Lena held a deep, passionate, unabating hatred for the scrape of blue and red that separated her fingers from the skin underneath. For this one moment she wished for nothing more than to borrow the Kryptonian’s powers for a few seconds to rip the thing off her and then give them back so she could ravish her with them.

Her hands moved from the back of the hero’s neck to graze her sides and, as a personal indulgence, Lena sent both her hands against the hero’s abs, shivering with pleasure when she felt them flex and dance underneath them.

Lena wondered, with intense curiosity, what they would taste like after the hero rescued someone from a fire. Imagining the blonde woman squirm underneath her as she licked off the sweat.

Giving up on finding a zipper, the Luthor pulled the hero forcefully against her body. She grunted at the contact of their bodies, held the Kryptonian’s hips firmly against her own and then trembled at the feeling of the Super’s teeth on her neck. Her body craving friction, the CEO pushed the young woman down into the chair behind her and straddled her lap, hips grinding down violently of their own accord.
The certified young genius finally remembered then the pragmatic benefits of having a skirted superhero.

Lena slid her hand experimentally up Supergirl’s thigh and felt the hero stiffen against her. ~Damn it!~ Lena thought in desperate frustration, ~pressed my luck.~

“W-Wait, oh Rao…mmh. Wait! -Le, Ms. Luthor,” the conflicted hero stammered clearing her throat.

The painfully aroused CEO smiled wickedly at the woman underneath her saying, “Lena is fine,” in her best naughty school mistress’ impression. Then tried to distract the hero again by nipping at her neck.

“Lena- Um, we have to…You, you’ve been drinking and -um, if something um, h-happened then I would need to tell you something. I have to tell you something, but I can’t. You can’t, I can’t. They can’t know. It’s dangerous…I should.. go.”

At that, the superhero’s face held a mixture of regret and guilt and grief that cooled Lena’s ardor enough for her to relent, reluctantly standing and smoothing her skirt.

Supergirl, smiled in remorseful appreciation and turned to fly into the night. Touching her shoulder lightly, Lena asked in a soft small voice, “Maybe one more, so I know you don’t regret everything.” The blue-eyed hero looked at her eye’s full of guilt and shook her head sadly before flying off into the night.

Lena breathed out, pushing her hair back from her forehead with her palms, green eyes wide. She felt as though her hands were holding her head together while she tried to sort out all she was feeling.

Hearing a soft word spoken behind her, she turned, and then was up in the air spiraling around the woman in blue, her cape curled around them both as their mouths locked together first in desperate, then in slow languorous kisses before they floated down, Lena standing on Supergirl’s boots.

“Whatever this thing is.” Lena said between kisses. “Is one of us going to die? Like in the next,” she tilted her head assessing the hero’s body, “-two hours, if I don’t know right now?”

“But the drinking?” Supergirl objected feebly their feet touching the ground.

Lena now felt perfectly sober but thought her point might be made better with another argument. “I’ve fantasized about having you right there,” Lena said head gesturing toward her bedroom window, “for months. I’m sure I was sober at least several dozen of those times.”

The superhero’s eyes searched Lena’s. The dark haired woman leaned in and whispered "All those late night patrols. I bet you heard me moaning at least once." She felt victorious for an instant watching the blonde's threads of restraint unravel, then Supergirl moved like an avalanche.

Before she could process moving, Lena found herself pressed against a wall of her living room, motion-sensored lights dimly flickering on around them.

The eager CEO’s body was held up by the firm pressure of lean muscle and their kissing grew more desperate. The Kryptonian’s hands starting to wander across the CEO’s body. Shifting for better leverage, Lena heard something crash to her side and felt absolutely no curiosity about what they had just broken.

“Golly Lena, I’m sor-“ Supergirl let out, moving as if to clean up the mess.
Lena felt desire rage inside her, wanting nothing more in that moment than to corrupt the innocence of this kind beautiful Adonis.

She regained Supergirl’s undivided attention by wrapping her legs around the hero’s hips and sucking forcefully against her neck. Pulling her head back, her mind was discontented with the lack of evidence on the blonde girl’s smooth white skin. Frustrated, she bit the Kryptonian in the same spot and then ran her lips over the young woman’s earlobe before trapping it between her teeth for her tongue to play with.

The blonde shuddered at the feeling of Lena’s breath in her ear and buried her head into the crook of Lena’s neck, taking the fabric of Lena’s silk dress between her teeth which did little to muffle the breathy keening.

Then Supergirl stopped moving. Body still pressed against the CEO’s, she placed both hands against the wall and closed her eyes breathing heavily.

Muddled though her thoughts were, Lena appreciated the potential risk of pushing a Kryptonian past her limit of control. And rutting on the floor of her living room may not be conducive to success in that goal.

Shifting her feet back to the floor the young Luthor slid down the wall and took the young Kryptonian by the hand, leading them both into the bedroom.

Still holding Supergirl’s hand lightly in hers, Lena sat down on her enormous red plush covered bed and looked up, beaconing silently for the blonde to join her.

Hesitating the young hero admitted, “I don’t really know how-“

Lena stood and kissed the hero sweetly, standing on her tip-toes, hands cupping both cheeks. She intentionally spun them, trading places, and the raven-haired CEO used the momentum to guide the young hero onto the bed. Then kicked off her heels and followed her.

The dark-haired woman propped her head up on an elbow, “Just feel,” she said softly trailing her fingers lightly over the hero’s suit. “Tell me if you want to stop.” The young Luthor was pretty sure her body would rip her apart in retaliation if they stopped right now, but knew that she would for her.

Cheeks coloring, the young Kryptonian sat up divesting herself of the skin-tight suit, leaving a matching set of pink cotton underwear. She laid down on the bed, closing her eyes, hands crossed over her chest. Lena watched the hero’s face closely as her fingers trailed over the now uncovered smooth expanse of the hero’s abdomen, waiting for her to relax. The blonde woman opened her eyes and reached her hand forward touching Lena’s hair and breathed in deeply.

Taking that as a good sign, the raven-haired woman replaced her trailing fingers with her lips, kissing and occasionally tasting the dancing muscles with her tongue. Well that’s one fantasy off the list, Lena thought wryly, as she shifted over the young hero, hips rocking slowly when she straddled her body.

Looking into Supergirl’s eyes the CEO cupped her hand over one of the hero’s still bra-clad breasts. Finding the confirmation she was looking for, she kneaded it while rubbing her thumb in slow circles over her nipple, then took the fabric lightly between her teeth.

The hero moaned loudly and her hips bucked a couple of inches. Lena looked at her with mock-chastisement, turning the attention of her mouth instead to nibble playfully at the hero’s hip as the
blonde closed her eyes again, this time appearing to be in intense concentration.

Her mouth watered at the nearness of the blonde girl’s warm center, which had left a distinct dark trail of wetness on the simple pink cotton. Growling lightly and feeling impatient with want, Lena encouraged the hero to separate her legs and settled her body between them.

Inhaling deeply, Lena felt heady with desire. Leaning over to recapture the girl’s lips, Lena’s finger absently she traced over the small pink bow at the center of the pink lace fringe. The green-eyed CEO then slowly gathered the front section of the material and smiled as she carefully positioned exactly where the fabric made contact. Lena appreciated the feeling of the hero gasping into her mouth and arching her body.

Moving her body down Lena waited for the hero’s blue eyes to open then watched as she moved her head down, then scraped her teeth across the sensitive flesh on either side of the cotton, satisfied when she felt the young woman’s thigh quivering against her cheek.

Lips still working against the delicate flesh, she reached one hand up and pushed it underneath the fabric allowing her to roll a hard nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Who doesn’t appreciate a little multitasking she thought with a grin.

Surprised, in a gust, Lena instantly felt the fabric disappear beneath her and Supergirl’s hands lightly pressing Lena’s hand back to her chest and hooking her legs around Lena’s back to keep her in position. The raven-haired woman smirked and resumed her game.

Suspicious confirmed, Lena appreciated the smoothness of the skin against her lips. She wondered idly if Kryptonians naturally didn’t grow hair there, until she felt Supergirl’s fingers flex against Lena’s dark curls, obviously holding herself back from guiding the CEO’s head where she needed it. So impatient, Lena thought biting her lip, a smile tugging at the corner of her mouth.

Repositioning her body, Lena curled both arms around the hero’s legs, her palms pressing down flatly against the blonde Kryptonian’s hips to prevent them from moving. Meeting the girl’s blue eyes for a moment and only finding a frantic impatient desire, Lena shifted back and dove her tongue into the girl’s center.

The experienced CEO made note of the difference in taste and texture, like silken honey she thought with wonder. She allowed the blonde to grow accustomed to the feeling, resting her tongue flat against the girl’s sex. After a couple of moments she felt Supergirl tilt her pelvis down until Lena’s tongue passed over her hard nub, then shuddered and repeated the motion rhythmically. Catching on to the rhythm, Lena repositioned her mouth and swirled her tongue around the hero’s clît on the next pass. Both of the Kryptonian’s hands shot forward buried deeply into Lena’s hair and holding her in place.

Lena disentangled one of her arms, careful to keep the other hand still firmly pressing down on the girl’s hips as a reminder. She swirled her tongue around one finger and held it in her mouth for a moment. Removing the digit with a pop Lena continued to trace persistent circles around the girl’s sex, as she brought her hand forward and slowly slid one finger into the Kryptonian’s velvety wetness.

After a couple of minutes keeping a deliberate rhythm, she twisted her hand, curling her finger forward.

Lena felt the Kryptonian rise, but instead of her hips bucking, Lena felt the girl’s entire body floating upward, legs quivering on either side of her head as Lena continued her pace relentlessly. With a horse yell, Supergirl’s body flew up to the ceiling tiles for an instant, body arching, then
fell back down onto the pillows.

Lena watched as muscles all over the Kryptonian’s body shuddered in aftershocks, each accompanied by a tiny whimper. Lena sat back on her heels watching for a few moments before she thought to help the girl under the blankets and settled in to joined her.

Turning them both on their sides, Lena wrapped her arms around Supergirl enjoying the feel of her still sporadically quivering body. The quakes would occasionally cause the girl to rub against the frustrated CEO’s center which was still sadly slick with want and she had to reposition the blankets, placing a layer between them to prevent it from driving her to distraction. The young Luthor sighed feeling an odd mixture of desire and contentment. Kissing Supergirl’s shoulder, Lena smiled and closed her eyes.

Chapter End Notes

There you go!

So, I haven't written any fanfiction since high school, which was -well, a few presidents ago.
Since I remember how this works. If anyone if going to flame me in the comments about the sex scene. I mean preferably just don't. But also remember that I am just a poor beleaguered nurse having a little fun with writing between shifts serving the community. And then don't.
Please thanks!
“Alex, Alex, Alex, Alex, Alex,” Kara yelled rapidly banging on her sister’s door trying to be careful not to warp the frame again.

“Jesus Christ! What Kara!? Alex yelled yanking the door open revealing a woman who would probably be fiercely intimidating to anyone else, sweating in white wifebeater and black tactical pants.

Kara took a deep breath and let out in a rush, “Alex I think I might be gay now but I’m in trouble because it’s only as Supergirl and I don’t know how to take kisses back or how I’m going to act all karadanversy around her so I have to tell her now.”

“Kara, I swear to God, if this is a Kryptonian brainteaser,” Alex said massaging her forehead. Seeing Kara shake her head violently, she gestured her in. “No, well then your tongue needs to move slower with spaces between all the sounds.”

Alex, probably worried that a Kryptonian panic attack would break all of her furniture, took Kara into the gym. Tapping the foam mat beside her for Kara to sit, Alex then glanced in the direction of her medical bag with uncertainty, which held enough tranquilizer to take down a small town.

Kara, feeling exasperated that her own sister couldn’t just tell what was obviously going on refused to sit down pacing back and forth across the foam matted floor and wondering if Alex would let her replace the punching bag with her cement bricks. Punching stuff sounded like an awesome idea right now.

Alex continued to stare at her as she paced. The older Danvers sister had used that same expression to get the Kryptonian to spill for years.

And she did. Kara told Alex about all the feelings she had when she met Lena and how she kind of…well stalked Lena’s heartbeat in that way Alex hated.

She told her about the eye looks and feeling embarrassed and tingly all the time and then grudgingly got to the kissing and the other things that made her blush.

Alex stood and opened her arms out in front of her, “Come here Little Sis,” she said wrapping around Kara and kissing her forehead.

Pulling back, Alex held the Kryptonian at arms length by her biceps, and asked irritability, “Well then why were you such a weirdo about me coming out then?”
“I don’t know Alex,” Kara whined dropping her arms and starting to pace again. “Kryptonians aren’t really anything. We get the one perfect, computer generated match and then that’s kind of it. I think my Kryptonian brain got mixed up with Earth rules, because everything about sex and um,” she hesitated gesturing below Alex’s waist, “parts... is a big deal here. Because you have to use them or whatever to make new humans.”

Pausing again in her pacing, she looked Alex in the eyes admitting, “You know how the birthing matrix worked on Krypton, and the matches were always perfect. No one ever got divorced, ever. To be honest, without the matching system, I feel like I’ve just been guessing which guys I should like.”

Alex, heart breaking over her weird little alien sister, admitting to herself that she knew exactly where Kara was coming from and relented in her irritation. “Fine, but does it have to be with Lena Luthor? The owner of the largest pile of kryptonite on the planet, the daughter to the woman who used to enjoy alien torture on her off days, and sister to the man who would happily strut around wearing your cousin’s skin like a mink coat.”

“Allleeexx! First gross, -and second what does Lena have to do!?” The Kryptonian whined poking Alex with her foot and started rattling off, “She saved that kid, got rid of the all that kryptonite, put her own brother in jail AND she gave a Kryptonian,” she said gesturing up and down at herself, “a bunch of kisses. Like really good kisses. Like I didn’t know kisses worked that way.” She said with a far-off look. Alex slapped her on the arm.

“Do. Not. Think about the way Lena worked on you in my presence,” Alex said with mock seriousness.

“Does she know, about…” Kara shook her head and Alex barked out a condescending laugh “Ha! Maggie figured it out in like two minutes and Lena Luthor got under the suit and doesn’t know. Priceless,” Alex finished plopping back down on the mats and slapping her own thigh with amusement.

“Shiznit Alex, I can’t not tell her.” Kara said worried.

“First,” Alex started to which Kara stuck out her tongue, “learn how to swear like a grown up. Second, I mean the woman did get shot at because someone thinks that Lena might know Supergirl,” Alex countered reasonably.

Kara threw her hands up in exasperation and groaned, “Explain to me about how someone knowing information makes the bad guys know that they know the information?” Alex gave her a flat look and Kara continued “I always kind of thought it was stupid but you and Kal have always been nuts about the idea and I honestly didn’t care all the much before now.”

Muscles tight with pent up energy, Kara felt like flying to Lena straight through the wall of Alex’s apartment to make this feeling stop right now. Doors be damned.

“I’m going to go tell her now,” she said, physically preparing herself.

Alex responded lightning fast before Kara had all the way decided, “Wait Kara, don’t. You know as well as I do how it works. You are personally friends with two mind-readers. I bet you a million dollars Lena Luthor could whip something up with Promethium or whatever that does the same thing.”

Kara unclenched but retorted with a pout, “Alex stop saying her name like that.”
“What? Alex asked disingenuously, “I gave her a compliment, that woman is a firecracker. I can only imagine how creative she might get in bed.”

Alex backed away hands held in front of her in surrender and laughing wildly when Kara caught her in a flying tackle and tickled her into submission.

Sitting up breathless Alex told Kara “I cautiously respect your decisions Little Sis and I am not going to be the one in your way with any of this. I’ve been waiting your entire earthlife for you to be vaguely convincing about being romantically interested in anyone.” Standing she dusted off her hands and grabbed Kara’s forearm to pull her up, “J’onn is not going to be happy though. And when he gets not happy enough, he could probably explode the world with his magical Martian might.”

“Alex, you are a doctor,” Kara said in a disapproving tone, “Not everything that is sciency is magic.”

“Yes I’m a doctor and a scientist so I know how science is supposed to work.” Alex said with emphasis and continued flippantly, “And whenever I have to work with alien tech, someone just explains the abracadabra rules to me and I jerry-rig it onto something practical. Half the nonsense we talk about every day is just technobabble wrapped magic. Magic lightning speed, magic dream eating plants, magic Jesus babies sent to Earth to save humanity.

Kara rolled her eyes and pushed her.

Alex countered, “Alright Kryptonian physics prodigy, explain to me how a living being could psychically erase the memories of another living being.”

Kara responded with a wide grin. “Well, Alex there are a few basic premises that must be accepted prior to one being able to adequately comprehend the scientific basis of the particular phenomena required for success in Martian thought disruption or memory extraction….”

--------1 hour later-----

“….and the disabling of glutamate at that point, the primary excitatory neurotransmitter in the human species, interacts with the wave forms at a subatomic level with the previously divested eletr-“

“Stop, for the love of God -or Rao. If I pray to Rao will it stop?” Alex yelled rolling around on the ground grabbing her ears.

Sitting up, she gripped, “It doesn’t even count if you have to slip into Kryptonian to explain it. Different sun different rules.”

Kara retorted in a sing-song voice, “Well if your Kryptonian didn’t suck so bad then it would have made sense." Then laughed. "You're worse than Kal, not that he ever let me give him any lessons.”

“It’s hard Kara,” Alex continued in a lofty tone, “The useless alien garbage is not similar to any language on Earth.”

“You make fun of my English all the time!” Kara exclaimed indignantly then mocking her sister reminded her, “That’s why Eliza made everyone learn Kryptonian. If you weren’t such a jerk face, then you wouldn’t have had so much of my useless alien garbage crowding all the smart things out of your head.”

Not having a good retort, Alex stuck her tongue out at this.
Kara smiled remembering having this same conversation with Alex when they were teenagers.

Mind drifting as they sat in a comfortable silence, Kara remembered their conversation from the other night. “Alex, did you remember to ask Maggie about Batwoman’s deal? I’d personally rather not have to deal with another Supergirl-Dark Lady Knight crossover, if I’m going to have to search her for kryptonite every time.” She noticed her sister’s expression. “I know you don’t want to either, Can’t we make J’onn work with her or something.”

“Oh yeah I forgot to yell at you. Doesn’t your girlfriend like Batwoman,” Alex said hitting Kara on the arm. “Thanks for that sis.” Kara shrugged apologetically and Alex continued, “Maggie said she will work with local PD, but not black suits. Ironic.” She added smirking. “But if she knows something, it might be worth the pain to find out what.”

“Also, Maggie won’t tell me her alter-ego. How am I supposed to compete with Batwoman?” Alex complained.

Kara frowned and said reassuringly, “Alex you’re having babies with the woman.”

“Yeah we’re having kids. Which I’ve always wanted, but she didn’t. What if I talked her into it? What if it’s just too much. I can’t-I can’t lose her,” Alex ended looking worried.

“She loves you Alex. I mean obviously, you are the best person. And I’m pretty sure she’s not going to leave you for some woman just because she has a cooler supersuit than you.”

Kara added teasing, "I mean, to be on the safe side, you could ask Winn, he’d make one for you. Or, I bet Lena could do it. She has all kinds of nifty tech -well, I mean, if Supergirl asked her for you, it would probably be -eh weird for -Kara.”

The blonde woman frowned deeply considering, “Alex, what if Lena only likes Supergirl, because of all the, you know?” she asked nervously holding her Supergirl pose. “What if she doesn’t want to have kisses, and -stuff, with Kara Danvers and her stupid cardigans?”

“That was a disguise we worked out when you were sixteen Kara. You don’t have to wear them all the time,” Alex retorted.

Kara shot her a you’re-missing-the-point-stupid look. Her sister paused and reflected seriously, “You were talking about feelings time between you and Lena for an hour and didn’t tell me the Supergirl stuff until right at the end. Lena likes you, idiot. I don’t make googly eyes at my friends.”

“Yes you do. What about Sarah? You were always staring at her when we went to the pool and….” Kara paused seeing the look on Alex’s face, “Oh.” Her eyes widened, “Oh, her too. Golly Alex how many women do you have sex thoughts about?”

Rubbing at her temples, Alex shushed Kara as she answered the phone. Alex was obviously talking to Maggie, but Kara noticed when her normal Maggie-look turned serious and then pale.

Kara took off her glasses and heard everything Maggie was saying. It was about Lena. Her arrest. Her breakout. The video footage of her getting shot with a syringe in the neck.

Kara felt herself in the air before she even registered taking off. She was annoyed hearing Alex, still in her apartment, yell at her for a lift and circled back to grab her before beelining toward the DEO.
It was noon when Lena woke up. She’d slept poorly. Initially because she had a hard time quieting down her body, then waking when the Kryptonian sat bolt upright in bed. She started apologizing profusely to Lena for waking her and then for prematurely falling asleep. Lena who had just dozed off was in no mood for conversation. Groggily, she sat up, noticing absently that she was still fully dressed, and placed her palm against the hero’s sternum to push her back down to lay on the bed. The tired CEO then settled her head, using the hero’s shoulder for a pillow, and grumbling when it shook from the blonde’s giggling.

She’d woken again a few hours later to the Kryptonian, now decked in her blue and red suit, touching Lena’s shoulder to tell her she was getting a call for a rescue mission. She had left a chocolate croissant with a side of fruit and some now cold coffee at Lena’s bedside table and promised to be back tonight to talk.

Walking across her bedroom the disheveled CEO saw her reflection in the mirror and sat down in front of it to brush out her hair. The pull of the brush brought back a memory and she sat going over the events of last night in her mind, grinning and blushing in turns as different moments filled her mind. Her thoughts drifting to earlier in the night, and a light crease in her brow formed when she remembered how it had almost not happened.

What was it that she needed to tell me? Lena wondered to herself. She looked almost pained, guilty. It might have had something to do with my family. Like the girl had something to do with Superman catching her brother or suspecting her mother of something nefarious. The selfless superhero was always trying to save her from everything all the time.

Or maybe it’s about some ridiculous noble fear of her enemies going after me if we get involved. I mean I guess it’s not ridiculous exactly, Lena admitted silently. It’s the same reason Lena herself had avoided getting involved with anyone, even friends. It was just safer for everyone to be at a distance from her she reasoned, and then frowned again and corrected herself, Except Kara.

That little blonde reporter had barely given her a choice in the matter though. She had flown into her life like a whirlwind with that megawatt smile and seemed to pick up on every detail about her so quickly, instantly becoming the perfect friend. She’d shown up right after a particularly trying board meeting with surprise coffee, black, extra hot with half a sugar and these amazing donuts she never would have been allowed to have when she was a kid. It made her feel a little more Lena and a little less Luthor right when she needed to.

Lena felt a familiar gnawing feeling in the pit of her stomach again. It was ridiculous to feel guilty about being with someone available that she found very attractive just because she had a crush on her best friend. What am I just going to never be involved with anyone again because I like to have dreams about having babies with Kara Danvers? Lena thought shaking her head and remembering why Luthors shouldn’t have feelings.
Putting down the brush Lena glanced at her vanity table and saw with a smile that photo she had rescued from her office. She and Kara had only known each other a couple of months then and Lena already felt more comfortable around the girl than she had around any of her socialite friends. Hell, probably more than she had with most of her girlfriends. They had all wanted Lena for something. Money, influence, sex, just different currency. Kara, wonderful girl, the most she had ever asked from Lena was help finding one of her friends who could have gotten murdered in some alien dog-fighting ring. Kara had looked apologetic for even asking, always so careful to make sure the Luthor understood she didn’t think she would be involved with something like that.

Lena sighed appreciatively and looked closely into the frame. Frowning, she used a corner of her sleeve to wipe at the glass, but the little spot of darkness was still there. Lena’s mind flashed to the memory of a scar highlighted by a concerned brow. She felt the bottom drop out from her stomach, No! Lena scrambled to her phone ripping it off the charger which hit the wall next to her. Pulling up her photos, she went to the gallery of selfies she’d taken with Kara. Looking at every one of them so closely the images pixilated, she saw the spot again and again in any photo that caught Kara at an angle or that upset the placement of her glasses.

Digging through her closet Lena found the bag she had kept Kara’s sweatshirt in, that the blonde had left at her place weeks ago. Opening the plastic bag, she almost immediately identified the scent. It was the same one that Lena could smell on her own body, that still clung to her sheets, that she’d noticed in the air every time Supergirl had sped off away from her.

Her brain stopped working. No thoughts came to her as she listened to the harsh terrible thudding of her own heart.

*Clash*

Lena startled hearing the crashing rattle of someone knocking against the elevator entrance.

“Ms. Luthor, NCPD. We are coming in. Come out with your hands up.”

Turning blankly Lena saw a dark-skinned woman, uniform reading Detective Sawyer, come through the gate of her elevator, flanked by two other officers, all with their tasers trained on Lena.

She swallowed, mouth gone dry and voice no longer operating.

“Are you here alone?” The detective asked.

Lena nodded, heart crushing and mind distracted with the terrible appropriateness of that statement.

Sawyer signaled to a man on her left who pulled out handcuffs. She started “You are under arrest for the theft of kryptonite and for conspiring and aiding a wanted murderer and terrorist. You have the right to remain silent…”

The woman continued speaking and Lena noticed dimly that her mind tried to grab onto the words that the detective was saying. The only thing that had truly struck home for her was the word alone which repeated on a loop in her mind. Again and again.

She didn’t remember anything about the ride to the police station. It was as if she had woken up in the process of being booked. She’d wished fervently that she would have remained checked out during the new and humiliating experience. The CEO was stripped down in a windowless room and women in blue gloves searched every surface and accessible crevasse of her body, before taking all of her belongings and allowing her privacy to change into the orange jump suit for her mug shot.
Her attorney had reached the station before Lena. Once she was garbed in rough orange cotton, he explained to her what charges had actually been filed. She had apparently been framed for the theft of kryptonite loaned to L-Corp for experimentation, and then was supposedly caught on camera delivering that kryptonite to man people called Metallo, who had been terrorizing the city and trying to kill Supergirl this last week. They had a surprisingly well doctored of video her on physical tape personally committing the theft. Without access to her equipment she wasn’t able to determine what methods were used to map and recut the images so seamlessly.

She was frustrated to ask L-Corp’s IT team to do the work for her. Normally, she would call Supergirl on something this big to help gather information from the street. But even sitting a tiny jail cell with her back pressed against the rough concrete, Lena’s mind would not let her consider the idea.

She felt trapped in a spiral of self-loathing she hadn’t experienced quite so completely since she was a teenager coming to grips with her mother’s hatred and her brother’s increasing indifference toward her.

*Oh God, how could I not have put it together. Some genius,* she thought scornfully, *everyone must have been lying to me my entire life. Like her,* she thought blinking back tears as the image of Supergirl’s face swam into her vision

*No wait,* she thought, and it was replaced by Kara’s smiling face for a flash and then back and forth between the two until she felt dizzy and nauseous. Kara tackling her and giggling, Supergirl jumping in front of bullets for her, Kara with ice-cream on her nose, Supergirl talking about Krypton. She felt the memories, some of the happiest of her life, crashing into her like a blow.

Hugging her knees to her chest, Lena’s breathing was tight and harsh until a sob finally escaped her and then her body racked with them. She buried her face feeling the pain of betrayal compound with the shame of admitting how much it made her hurt.

*This is why I have always lived the way I do. I should have never of let her into my life, either of them,* she thought and then forced down bile again, maliciously bitter about having to remind herself that the two people she trusted the most in her life were actually one person which was the one reason she would never be able to trust her…or anyone else, ever again.

In the back of her mind she felt that ever-present dark corner chime in with a thousand plans to make that stain on her pride disappear from her life, her memories, disappear from the world. The lighter part of her mind doubted vaguely, but the darker part fought back harder, vowing that she would make Supergirl pay for this.

Lea grabbed both sides of her head, willing the evil Luthor machinations to stop. That was not her; it was them. She had always taken pride in using the mind the Luthors had given her to work against them, to be good.

*Why?* she thought sardonically to herself, *why bother with all this goodness? Everyone will always see me as a Luthor. That’s why I’m here, isn’t it? Framed for aiding a terrorist in the murder of innocent alien civilians. It fit. How can you be around so much evil for so long without it tainting you? That must be why she didn’t tell me. She was afraid of me. She thought that if she told me I would snap and set National City on fire or something. Join my mother, turn my family business back to the family business again,* Lena thought sickened at the idea.

Unraveling from her ball, she desperately wished for the comfort of her well-stocked liquor cabinet. Her fingers itched to feel the glass in her hand, and the back of her throat convulsed around air where she imagined the feeling of smooth dark liquid burning a trail down her throat and searing
the edges off the sharpness of her mind.

She saw Supergirl’s expression one night she had come to fly her home, worried about how often the hero had found Lena drinking that week. Looking back at the memory, she so clearly saw Kara’s caring eyes shining with concern. Her heart did a feeble flop inside of her chest at the bittersweet memory, the caring that before made her feel so warm now just made her feel -hallow. She could not **would not** think about last night. She was so **stupid**, but so **happy**…

The desperate CEO felt tempted to try her luck with one of the guards. She was a billionaire, there must be someone in here she could bribe for a drink. After all, it was in everyone’s best interest. *They might even win a reward for patriotism,* she thought with self-loathing, *All hail the mighty hero for single-handedly shutting down the greatest threat to mankind, the mind of a Luthor.*

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Lena woke with a start, hearing the sounds of a battlefield coming off the adjacent hallway. Bullets fired and there was the distinctive hum of charging electromagnetic energy before the sound of a cannon and thuds of bodies hitting the wall.

Her sleep-addled, lovesick brain first leapt at the thought that Supergirl had come to rescue her again. The last few months the hero had appeared miraculously almost any time the sound of gunfire was around her. But the rational part of her mind cringed away from the very idea that she would consider the sounds of pain emanating from the other room coming from the actions of the girl who spent half her day rescuing kittens.

Instead of a cape and winsome smile when the door burst open, Lena was met with the grizzled features of a light-skinned man with obvious cyborg enhancements including a robotic hand and an orb visibly glowing green under his shirt.

He pulled off one of the bars of her cell with his hands and yanked Lena through the opening before stabbing her in the neck with a needle.

**Chapter End Notes**

Hey guys, I think this is the first cliff hanger I've left you with. I'll post again soon. Things are going to be dark for a little bit, but I promise not to make Lena go nuts for 17 episodes before she gets back to her girl.

Also if you want to double up on the feels, watch this SuperCorp clip: https://youtu.be/rBacNxjJmVM

Questions, comments, concerns? Still working from home, so human interaction of any kind always appreciated :D
Kara felt disoriented when she touched down with Alex at the DEO and saw that everything around her looked the same as it always did.

The Kryptonian’s brain was on high-alert, rescue-mode and everyone else here was on morning-cup-of-coffee, talking-about-last-nights-episode-of-Game-of-Thrones mode.

She felt her chest and stomach tighten painfully. Her sister looked at Kara for a moment, squeezed her hand, then started getting the attention of the agents around her, commanding the group into immediate action.

The adopted Danvers looked at Alex with gratitude as she pulled rank, yelling at someone who had not immediately turned his attention to the new priority mission.

-She really was the best sister, and she is going to be the best mom.- Kara thought fiercely.

This part of things always made her feel helpless but today she felt paralyzed. Kara wasn’t the person to type codes into a computer until it spit out answers for her.

She honestly got bored whenever people even explained what they were doing to her, but right now she wished she had developed some kind of skill to do something useful with her brain because there was no one here for her to punch.

Kara’s mind raced. -What if this was from the people that had threatened Lena with the picture? Was it Cadmus? What if they hurt her?- Lena had told Supergirl about what Cadmus had done. The genetic experiments on aliens.

-Why would they need Lena for any of that? Was it because she was a scientist? So, they took her to work out the problems they were having with their viral vectors? No, that doesn’t make sense.- She clenched her jaw. Nothing was going to make sense until she had more information.

Kara was still strung bow-tight, but as soon as jackboots started striking the ground in double-time and keystrokes clicked around her, she felt like she could breathe again. She trusted her team. It would just be a few minutes, someone would wave the team over to a monitor zeroed in on a map to Lena’s location. -Breathe-
J’onn came in behind her and touched her shoulder. She reflexively pulled back then looked at him apologetically. -I can’t be mean to space dad.- Kara thought.

“You appear inordinately concerned for the young Luthor’s escape.” Kara stiffened. “I see I have struck a sensitive area. That was not my intent.”

Kara frowned.

He continued “From what I heard she was found to have stolen kryptonite. For your sake, that is not something that we take lightly here.”

She wanted to appreciate him for saying that. Kara knew J’onn felt uncomfortable with her policy of destroying any kryptonite they came across. But she felt an urgent need to defend the Luthor from the reputation of her family.

“Whatever is going on Lena is not part of it. Not like that.” He looked confused.

“She’s my ma- friend and I trust her.” He gazed deeply into Kara’s blue eyes and she felt a light touch at the edge of her mind.

She knew what it was like for Martians. In his culture all thoughts were shared and she normally felt honored that he considered her family, not having anything to hide.

This time however, as soon as she felt the touch, her mind reflexively brought to the surface the memories of little moments she had with Lena over the last few months. Looks and smiles and lip bites. Things that Kara couldn’t stop herself from thinking about since last night.

-No, no, no. Ew.- Kara thought unable to stop the flood of impossibly embarrassing images from crossing her conscious mind.

“I apologize for intruding.” The Martian said, his eyes widening in shock. She felt him rapidly retreat from her mind.

Alex stepped between them and Kara refused to answer the question in her eyes.

J’onn cleared his throat and turned to his second in command. “What do we know?”

No part of her could focus on Alex’s words as her sister relayed details of the break-in and break-out surrounding Lena’s disappearance.

Space dad finding out she had stamped her v-card with the woman they were currently hunting did nothing to sooth the Kryptonian’s nerves. She was, however able to very effectively distract from the mortifying experience by letting her previous anxiety consume her thoughts again.

-There’s got to be a reason. Maybe it’s because she’s a Luthor, but it wouldn’t be a good trap for her family.- Lena was constantly talking about how she didn’t have the kind of family that would save her. -She does now- Kara thought stubbornly. She was not going to let Lena down. She didn’t care what happened. She was going to save her and then sit her down and tell her everything.

She shook her head. -It could be something simple. What if it’s just about money? The would send a ransom.” She looked at the brick walls surrounding her. “I could squish something and bring it to them in diamonds. – The Kryptonian considered if the carbon structure of the bricks would be right for her to compress. Coal would be better, but it would take a lot.

-Mountains! Mountains would have coal and it would only take me a couple of minutes to break
Kara startled when Alex placed her hand on her shoulder and her sister’s gaze looked deep into her eyes, concern etched across her face. Kara looked down and realized that she had taken a pen and crushed into a tiny ball with her hand, ink now staining her palm. Alex cupped Kara’s cheek and told her it was going to be okay. She told Kara she would be right back and had to make a call and gave her a tight fast hug.

The aimless hero felt like a child. There was nowhere for her to put all of the tense energy she had inside. She wanted to just go hit something. Fly as fast as she could in some direction. She was too on edge to respect privacy or even really to control her senses that had already cycled through the heartbeats in the room subconsciously and had moved on to snippets of conversation, breathing patterns, chair squeaks and mapped the locations of different agents by gait pattern.

In the background, Kara felt her brain hunting for Lena’s heartbeat, despite how often she tried to make it stop. Every time she tuned the dial and didn’t find anything, Kara felt like crying in frustration.

Instead, she tuned in to Alex’s smooth comforting rhythm which always made her feel better, and beyond caring, she picked up on her sister’s conversation. “Maggie, I don’t need to know who she is. No I don’t like talking about her. I just-“ Alex let out and explosive breath. “I need her help. Kara needs her help. I wouldn’t ask if it wasn’t important. Can you have her just call me, please?”

Kara heard Alex pace in tight circles in her office, heart rate faster than it had been the time the agent had taken down 17 hostiles single-handedly when Kara was kidnapped last year. After two minutes Alex answered another call on the first ring.

“Thank you for calling. Lena Luthor was taken by known terrorist, code name Metallo, three hours ago from National City jail, cell block D. We believe that she was extracted against her will and are working on finding her location to arrange a rescue. We had no additional leads at this time. -I would like to request, -eh unofficially, for your team’s involvement and I can promise any support you might need. Yes. Thank you. This means a lot to us.”

Alex returned to the operations room scanning for Kara and made her way immediately to her sister’s side. Kara thanked her squeezing her shoulder and reassured her about Maggie. They shared a look and Kara felt how lucky she was to have Alex in her life for the million-and-first time since she crashed onto this planet.

Winn signaled them over. He, normally filled with as much excited optimism as Kara, also looked grim. Kara remembered with a pang that tonight was Lena and Winn’s semi-regular bros night, and how he’d bragged to Kara for an hour the other day that he’d gotten Lena to give him a closet in one of her guest rooms.

He didn’t let his fingers pause from moving over his keyboard as he explained to them what he’d found. “Footage of the parking lot at the jail is digital. It does show the van they used for the getaway.” He said pulling up a video with box encircling and magnifying the image of the large man she’d fought earlier that week, that familiar green glow coming from his chest, holding an unconscious Lena. Winn focused in on her face to ran facial recognition and Kara’s heart twinged. “The van left a tire mark here turning out of the lot, we might be able to get something from that with forensics, but it might take a while for the DEO to get someone with enough pull to hand over jurisdiction of their own jail –“

Kara flew off, feeling a knot inside her ease, liberated by having something to do.
Landing on her knee, cracking the pavement slightly, she stalked toward the place Winn had indicated. Seeing the tire track, she used heat vision to trace a wide outline around it, then a careful stream of freeze breath to separate it. Remembering she had to carry it back, she sped to a nearby hardware store grabbed a large wood panel and left money on the counter. When she came back a few officers were there looking down at the section of pavement she’d cut out. When she used her heat vision to loosen the foundational asphalt, couple of them shot at her.

Kara didn’t have the capacity to reassure the citizens that she wasn’t a Kryptonian gone crazy today. She yelled she’d bring them cement to fill it later and slid the section onto the wood board for transport. The impatient hero cringed when she saw someone was recording her on their phone wondered how Snapper would spin this Supergirl story tomorrow.

She flew straight back to the DEO in a matter of seconds and Winn jumped up eyes-wide then directed her to where the forensics team could make the analysis.

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It had been two days. Two days of nothing. No news. No tell-tale particulates or unique tread patterns or kryptonite ionization trails to follow from that chunk of cement she’d dug up.

Kara had barely slept. Alex just kept bringing her armloads of food every few hours looking increasingly more worried. All she did was pace and pace until she wore a trail into the concrete. She would mindlessly respond to Supergirl emergencies. No brawling no banter, she just dropped the bad guys in the jail pen and then went back to pacing. She felt helpless. All the power in the world and she couldn’t find Lena.

She flew away from a robbery she had successfully stopped, mind already forgetting the details of what had happened.

*sussllllrrcccczzzz*

Then she heard a sound so piercing that she nearly fell out of the sky, desperate to grab onto her ears and hide underneath something. Realizing where it was coming from she took out her earpiece and threw it toward the ground. Super hearing caught when the piercing bone-numbing sound turned into a cackle and Kara swooped down to catch it, hearing a deep contemptuous feminine voice.

“That get your attention Supergirl? Excellent. Because I’m going to need you to listen very closely to what I have to say for the next couple of minutes. Some rather important lives depend on it.”

“You are acquainted of course with my lovely daughter Lena. It has come to my attention that she would rather play hero with space trash than work to ensure her family’s legacy. In the interest of humanity, I won’t kill her. Wasting Luthor blood, no matter how corrupt, is unacceptable. However, I would be more than happy to outfit her with certain neurological enhancements to assist her in maintaining consistent compliance to the realization of our cause.”

“Unless of course she is able to deliver me an alternative solution to my problems in the form of a new Kryptonian test subject. So Supergirl, if you are present at the following coordinates in the next 15 seconds, I will take that as indication that you care about Lena enough to not try and risk her life by contacting your DEO associates.”

A location burned into Kara’s mind.

Kara’s body moved, breaking the sound barrier in nanoseconds. Her mind leafed through plans,
discarding every one that might put Lena in more danger. She wasn't sure how Lillian had contacted her through it, she didn’t dare use her earpiece for fear that the Luthor matriarch would be able to intercept the transmission.

She touched the metal disk in her suit and hoped that it was enough for Alex to find her.

Kara landed with several seconds to spare breathing heavily from a mixture of exertion and anxiety. When she arrived, she sped toward Lena intent on getting them out of there.

Immediately, she felt inhumanly strong arms holding her neck and arms in a headlock. “Now now, Supergirl, make sure not to struggle too aggressively.” That same dark feminine voice said tone dripping with malice. “That one can be temperamental. We’re never exactly sure when he’ll respond by taking someone’s head off.” Stilling her struggles Kara felt the hands slowly ease their grip on her neck and release. She was able to turn and got a look at his face.

She flinched back seeing Kal’s deep blue eyes stare back at her. But not. Younger, a teenager maybe. And his face, which was always so serious, burdened with noble responsibility, was now blank of emotion, flat and featureless. Kara gaped unsure what to do.

“Impressive isn’t he.” "Open.” She said and Not-Kal opened his mouth accepting the tablet the woman put into it. “Another failed experiment I’m afraid, but he does have his uses. Thirteen search her for any tracking devices.” Not-Kal narrowed his eyes at her and she felt a sinking feeling when she realized he must be using x-ray vision. Who was he? What was he? Kryptonian? He looks so much like Kal, but he’s so young. He needs help. He needs -someone. Kara got out a “Wh-“ before she was cut off by Lillian Luthor’s mocking voice.

“Yes, I’m sure you have many questions. But now is not the time I think.”

As she spoke, Not-Kal pulled Kara’s earpiece out of her ear and ripped her suit at the shoulder, taking out the tracking chip. She heard both crunch between fingertips before he let them fall to the floor. Then with a careless motion he swiped around the collar of her suit and, to her horror, she saw her mother’s El necklace, the one she always wore, skidder across the floor.

“Now” Lillian continued. “Be a good girl and we won’t need to resort to any drastic measures. And of course, our dear Lena will be safe.” The Luthor matriarch picked up a device attached to a helmet with a thick metallic plate over the eyes. When Kara looked at her confused, Lillian Luthor provided clinically, “We have observed from previous encounters with your kind, that with sufficient expulsion of energy, the solar power in your Kryptonian cells may be temporarily depleted. For our initial experiments, having invasive access to your physiology will be necessary.” Her words were monotone, but Kara saw a glint of fire in her eyes that looked at the Kryptonian with contempt.

“Lena,” Lillian said in a warmer tone, “make yourself useful dear,” holding out the helmet to her daughter. Lena’s face had completely drained of color making her green eyes seem paler. She looked at Kara without expression.

Feeling confused Kara worried frantically that if Lena didn’t get out of there soon, her mother would change her mind about freeing her. She mouthed “Lena run,” as the young Luthor walked toward Kara with the device and paused standing close enough for Kara to smell her perfume. Right before Kara’s vision went black, she saw the slightest tremor of Lena’s lip.

Kara wanted desperately to speak to Lena, warn her, protect her, remind Lena of how much she cared. But she didn’t dare say something as Kara Danvers or Supergirl in front of Lena’s mother. Pretending to goad Lillian, Kara ground out “people are more important than powers.” And silently
hoped that Lena would understand her message.

Knowing that she would never let Lena down, Kara steeled herself committing to what she was about to do.

Opening her eyes, the Kryptonian screamed as she let loose more raw energy than she had in her life.

Every time the girl from Krypton had solar flared in the past it had been gradual, usually after a long battle, physically and mentally exhausted pushing herself past her own limits for that one last hit. This time she let go of so much power, so quickly, she felt as though she were melting her own eyeballs. It was as if the device pulled the heat vision out of her. To distract from the pain, her brain started to run through the calculations of the kinetic energy the tiny shield on this device was absorbing, and all the numbers fell out of her head like through a sieve. She couldn't hold onto any thoughts, any words. And then there was just blackness.

Chapter 12.2 Pieces of You

-Lena-

"Well my dear. I may be put out with you, but you played our game fairly well, I think." Lillian made a dismissive tisking sound with her tongue. "Supergirl expected to rescue you from your own family?"

She smiled smugly at Lena. "Maybe you are a Luthor after all. To make it up to me, I am going to leave you with Lex's journals which went over details of the technology he created that you decided to destroy. Always so jealous. Couldn't stand the idea of your brother outshining you once again Lena?" Her mother asked mockingly.

"Here, while you work." Lillian said placing a comms device on the table beside her. "I wouldn't want you to miss out on the progress made on the other experiments. Given the intriguing results your brother obtained from her counterpart, I have a feeling that this research may be groundbreaking."

Her mother baited Lena even when she was pleased. Lena had played the long game, not knowing what to expect. Her mother had been furious after Lena opened Lex's vault for her and found it emptied.

Lena had fed her mother some story about L-Corp not standing in the shadow of Lex's accomplishments. Like she had destroyed it all in a jealous temper-tantrum. Lillian was always ready to accept any narrative that involved Lena's petty inferiority complex with Lex.

To gain her trust, the young Luthor had given the woman a radio frequency she could use to contact Supergirl.

Lena had been trying to use her mother's plan, which seemed idiotic and juvenile, to fashion her own escape. She had not anticipated that the hero would get captured and stripped of her powers so neatly. And there no evidence of DEO backup in sight, yet.
Lena remembered the early Luthor lesson. *Non immerito ipsam significandam.*

[translation: Never foreshadow without reason]

Luthors may revel in their own genius once the king had surrendered, but they were never supposed telegraph a move before it was played. And, blood, or no, there was no doubt that Lillian was a Luthor.

Lena had no idea where the lumbering Kryptonian-powered boy that she used to trap Kara had come from and she was having difficulty guessing what other surprises her mother may have held back from her.

So now her mother, dear caretaker that she had always been, was moving onto the second phase of her plan. Obviously hedging her bets to ensure the effective psychological torture of her daughter.

With this masterful move, Lillian had ensured the salt she was rubbing on Lena would reach *some* wound.

First, by forcing her to listen to whatever she was doing to her would-be rescuer in case Lena was lying about her Luthor devotions.

And second, by cutting at her pride. Making Lena her brother's lab assistant. Forcing her to use his notes to recreate those disgusting weapons. With the intention of having Lena present them to him when he was broken out of prison, she was sure. A plan she suspected her mother would not have mentioned unless it was already in motion.

Lena touched the bruise on her arm lightly. Lillian had made no secret of taking blood from her while she was unconscious. She shuddered to think what it might be for.

~*That is tomorrow's problem. Today...*~ Looking over at the comms device, she grimaced.

Lena had no doubt that this was open both ways, so her mother could listen to every move she made, every reaction she had to whatever her mother chose to broadcast. That, coupled with the multiple cameras placed around the room. Lena thought bitterly, ~*Not even Luthors trust a Luthor.*~

She sat down and pretended to actually read Lex's journals, careful to remember to turn pages every few minutes, while she considered her next move.

Taking into consideration the psychotic alien muscle-man her mother had found, Lena needed an advantage. Without Supergirl -Kara.

~*No don't think about that right now.*~ She crammed the lid down on that box so hard she gave herself a headache. Safe in her sad little jail cell, Lena could afford to wallow in self-loathing an betrayal. This was not a place for weakness.

As she was currently a wanted fugitive, her L-Corp team could not use resources to look for her. And without a Kryptonian to count on for a rescue, that meant that Lena had to figure out her own firepower.

She smiled, ~*What better way to achieve that than one of Lex's moon-shattering death-rays?*~

Flipping back several pages Lena started to read the journal in earnest, looking for anything that might give her an edge, allow her to take out muscles long enough to get her -them- out of here.
~Urgh,~ Lena thought, ~No wonder all of Lex's plans to foil or murder Superman had failed for decades.~

The genius engineer couldn't find anything in this journal that would realistically get her out of here. Lex's designs were powerful but not versatile or reliable enough to use and her mother kept checking referenced the notes to make sure she didn't make any changes to Lex's precious toys.

At this point she just wanted to get it over with and surrender to insanity. She had already listened to two days of torture sessions, kindly pipped in to Lena's work area by her considerate mother.

She got to listen to her mother clinically log notes. She would occasionally make comments to her daughter, probably just to let the hero know Lena was listening and didn't care.

Her jaw tightened every time, but she could not allow any more reaction than that. The girl's grunts of pain sounded strangled, like she was trying to hold back.

The woman felt nauseous knowing in her gut that it was for her. That the only best friend Lena Luthor ever had was doubled over in pain, choking down screams to spare Lena the discomfort of hearing it.

She hated herself.

The cruel part of her mind forced her to acknowledge again and again, that Kara's current situation was an ironic granting of her grief-stricken wish; the girl was certainly paying for getting to know Lena.

The young Luthor buried her head in her hands feeling the throbbing headache return.

She had started tinkering with the basic circuitry of Lex's design to distract from it, hoping her mother didn't notice the alterations.

Then the speaker crackled back to life.

She was braced to endure more unintelligible sounds between her mother's observations. But instead it was Kara's voice, more hoarse than she'd ever heard before, but undoubtedly the same voice that had answered her mid-night phone calls, the same soft sweet voice, that sang little songs when she skipped around Lena's penthouse, that comforted her after another of her brother's appeals.

That lied to her hundreds of times…

Lena let go of her thoughts before they brought on tears her mother could misinterpret.

Shaking her head, she focused on the voice, silently hoping this wasn't going to be the last time she heard it.

"It's funny, I would have thought our time together would have at least given me some new nightmares Dr. Luthor. But they're always the same. A flash of green, a planet exploding, imagining a thousand of those shards of green ripping apart my parents and then remembering them chasing me through space in a thousand separate moments of pain."

Supergirl had never talked with Lena about that before. She loved talking about Krypton. But is was always nostalgic. Never her pain.

"You know I get why there are so many aliens that go bad and why you would hate them.
The ones that don't respect Earth, that think they're better than the people here." Kara's hoarse voice filled with sincerity, "But I've always loved Earth. The people here look at things differently. I'm not always good at understanding emotional things, but I want to and I love them. I love this planet."

"For me, Earth was freedom. I've been here for eight years and I'm still grateful every day. It rescued me and gave me something to live for. And I have always wanted to deserve to be here." Lena heard her mother mumble something into her clinical log, obviously paying no attention to the girl.

"I really tried, you know. I thought being human all the time was the answer. I went to school and gave up my powers for years. I just wanted to be normal. It felt selfish not to use my powers, but I was looking for a place to fit. I wanted to be a mom more than anything." She paused. "Being Supergirl I have to be different. I don't really know who I am now and I can't imagine there would be anyone who might be able to accept all the pieces of me."

Lena's heart broke thinking Kara was trying to appeal to the humanity in Lillian Luthor. Humanity she had not seen evidence of in twenty years of being her daughter. It wouldn't work.

She had an awful confirmation of this in the form of another grunt of pain followed by hoarse gasping breath from the young Kryptonian.

"I guess you've figured out Kryptonians bleed and there's not much I can do to get out of this. But that doesn't matter." Kara panted. "I've just have never told anyone before and I want to be honest with someone about who I am."

Kara told Lena it wasn't her mother she was talking to when she started humming her favorite N'Sync song. Lena made the mistake of outing her 90s boyband obsession and Kara dragged her on stage for Karaoke night. Her bright bubbly voice played in her head. ~It's Kara-oke, Lena. Obviously I get to make all the decisions.~

The Luthor moved to hide in a camera blind spot as she failed to stop the tears running down her face.

~Stupid ridiculous amazing idiot. Stop confessing things to me. I am getting you out of here god damn it.~ The woman wiped her eyes. She hardened her mask into stone and dove into her work with a vengeance.

The young Luthor woke still sitting at her table; a steel washer had left an imprint on her face and she had a fuzzy feeling in her mouth. She had slept for a few hours, more than she had intended but the weapon was almost done.

It wasn't enough, but she almost didn't care. Lena had made this thing with her hands and if she was ever going to go down in a blaze of heroic glory she was ready for it to be now. The fate of every idealistic loner.

She stood for the first time in half a day and something ground against the sole of her shoe. She reached down and found the necklace that her mother's alien muscle had pulled off of Kara days ago.

She held it in her palm, the crystal reflecting in the light and thought about that day.

~People are more important than powers.~ Something clicked.
Lena didn't know if this is what she had meant. But Lena knew everything about two people, Kara and Supergirl.

She knew about Alex, about Maggie, the DEO, her cousin.

Kara had showed her a journal she'd written in code to keep it from Alex and Alex told her she cracked it when they were 16 and still read Kara's journal sometimes to try and figure out what kind of hairbrained things her sister was getting up to.

Supergirl had been so excited to explain the special resonance that keyed only into Kryptonian superhearing. She'd given her a watch currently sitting in some police evidence locker.

Supergirl had told her every, frankly insufficient, feature in her supersuit and she had certainly felt her way through the thing enough that one night to know where things where.

Lena might not have anyone else to count on, but Kara's life was bursting at the seams with people who would be desperately looking for her. She would have been one of them.

To mask her movements on the monitors, she started to casually organize her workspace, straightened files, gathered together materials. She took out a broom and dustbin and swept the area, careful to get into the corners and ~yes!~ she found the tracker he had pulled out of her suit that day.

Lena was doing her programming work on a closed network. She had wasted considerable energy trying to find a wormhole to get a message through.

But if you could get a Kryptonian frequency into the air, it couldn't be stopped. The fact that her mother had bred her own Kryptonian would have complicated things, but she could use this transmitter to send out a coded signal. One she was sure would make absolutely no sense to anyone but her favorite government agent.

She was careful to follow the same morning routine as always, and when she settled back down to work, she hid her repair project under the guise of fine tuning her already completed weapon's design.

A wash of relief flooded her at the tiny hum of circuitry coming back to life. Lena keyed in the frequency and her coded coordinates and felt certain about something for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Angst level completed.

Got to say, I went through a lot of chocolate channeling all those angst feelings, but Danvers made it worth it for me in the end.

Next chapter will be a good feels Kara chapter.

If you can think of one, toss out your favorite not-curse word for Kara. So far I've used, golly, gee, dink, fuss-pot, shiznit and jerk-face. I feel like there are a lot of options, but something a little extra innocent would be appreciated. Thanks!
Rescue

---Lena---

The situation was desperate.

Lena felt like every hour she let tick by was risking Kara’s life.

No response from the signal. No way to take out her mother’s two superpowered goons, even with the kryptonite weapon she’d completed.

The only thing she could do was analyze the situation and place herself at the best advantage. Look for an opening.

The last few hours her mother had been distracted handling some situation. That gave Lena the time she needed to covertly rig together some explosives which she had in her trash bin hidden inside empty wrappers and water bottles.

She forced herself to eat a bag of chips and moved into the camera dark spot to squirrel away her latest creation.

She almost jumped out of her skin hearing the door click. Lena flung herself toward the bin, delicately releasing the bag, afraid of what might happen if she tired the throw it in with the half dozen other bombs.

She let out a deep breath and smoothed out her panicked features before turning to face Lillian Luthor.

The satisfied look on her mother’s face made Lena feel nauseous contemplating the horrible outcomes of any of her mother’s plots going well.

“It’s time.” The woman said and looked at her adopted daughter with something close to affection.

“He’s undoubtedly still upset about your performance at his trial.” She walked over to Lena’s worktable and ran her fingers over the weapon Lena had been working on doggedly.

“You should bring him this to make amends.”

Lena pulled back sharply breaking eye contact. ~Lex? Fuck. I do not need this right now.~ There was nothing like her alien-loathing psychotic brother getting broken out of jail to complicate things. There was no way Kara would get out of this alive if Lex replaced their mother as head researcher on this project.

Lena hung her head, letting her hair fall in front of her face, mind racing to figure out her next move.

“It’s- not ready mother.” She had no difficulty affecting embarrassment and shame around this woman. “I haven’t been able to balance the conduit to control the relative power output with the new material.”

That was true enough, granted Lex hadn’t either. But it was unlikely that he cared his weapon could turn into a kryptonite bomb with enough ambient kinetic energy.

She shifted her gaze from the floor back to her work, not meeting her mother’s eyes. A trick her
legion of lawyers taught her. People who were lying actually made more eye contact because they wanted to watch facial expressions for acceptance.

Her mother walked over and tilted her chin up. Lena noticed a flash triumph in her gaze.

“I see.” Lillian said. “Well perhaps you and Lex might appreciate some time together in the lab again. God only knows what you used to get up to when you were kids.”

~Synthesizing uranium and blanketing the estate in surveillance equipment.~ Lena allowed herself to smile at the memory.

That seemed to encourage Lillian who tapped a button at her wrist. The dead-eyed boy gusted into the room and Metallo followed a few moments afterward. “Subject 13 protocol change. New mission. Attend to subject K2 exclusively. Lena may leave if she so chooses.” Lillian pursed her lips considering. “However, she must be taken from the compound by our transport on autopilot with instrument panels dark.”

Lena felt a dizzying burst at the idea of freedom.

The woman looked back at her daughter. “I hope to find you here when I return Lena. You are a Luthor and I want you to accept your place in this family.”

Lena hated herself for the tug she felt in her chest. This woman had literally kidnapped, enslaved and forced her to listen to the torture of the woman she—her best friend. She shook her head, shelving these emotions to unpack with her very expensive therapist once she got them out of this hell hole.

Because her mother was right about one thing.

If Lex was coming than it was definitely time. She didn’t have time to fly home on whatever transport her mother was talking about to collect reinforcements. She didn’t have time to wait for Superman or the DEO to respond to her signal. Kara didn’t have time.

She had to make her move now.

The young Luthor knew this compound like the back of her hand. Every trip to eat or relieve herself from the moment she arrived was a micro-scouting mission. She knew the placement of every camera. Locations of her mother’s lab, the breakroom, the barracks. Security protocols, weapons, kryptonite stashes, all of it.

After the whirl of engines indicated her mother had left the premises, Lena took her waste bin and walked through the halls. The Kryptonian no longer on her scent gave her greater freedom of movement. She was able to distract a couple of guards and covertly place her explosives, camouflaged in garbage, into the bins of strategically important rooms.

Circling back to her workstation, she pocketed the kale chips packet filled with C4 and shouldered her kryptonite ray gun.

Lena checked her watch.

~3, 2, 1.~

She slipped through the hallway just as the guard’s metronomic footsteps turned around the corner and slipped into an empty room. She nervously fingered her detonator. If she played her cards too early they could both be killed, or more likely, enslaved with the same neurological control devices
There was nothing Lena Luthor was more afraid of than being a puppet, her mind responsible for untold destruction.

~This is insane, illogical, irresponsible. I can't do this.~

She squeezed her eyes shut so hard she saw red. She didn't notice her hand was in a fist until the nails bit into her skin.

She felt the ghost of Kara's arms around her.

How many times had the girl comforted Lena when she felt lost, alone? Encouraged her when that facade of confidence slipped? She would always melt into those strong sure arms and feel like she could stand up stronger.

~The world needs Kara.~

Her eyes snapped open and she moved forward with absolute certainty.

Lena passed three rooms, took a left and ran into an errant guard coming back from an unscheduled bathroom trip.

"I need more kryptonite brought to my workstation." She said with an aire of authority.

"Yes boss," He said.

~Good. That means my mother made the rounds to let everyone know I'm not a prisoner.~

He was moving in the wrong direction to pick up what she had asked. "Now." She demanded and saw him startle, turning abruptly toward the weapons room.

Lena walked through the corridors like a Luthor, making eye contact with no one.

Finally she reached the door. The room her imagination had made for her inside her every nightmare this week.

She could almost feel Kara's presence behind it.

With a slow exhale she turned the handle.

For a moment Kara's beautiful blue eyes were the only things in the room. Her heart skipped a beat.

The Luthor used every drop of control she had not to run to her, to scream and cry and apologize for every bruise on her body.

She forced herself to take stock. The blonde was hanging against a steel platform in blue surgical scrubs. Lena couldn't actually spot any visible injuries. She frowned thinking.

The girl had a pale green pallor, but there was no spidering in her veins or rings around her eyes. ~Low dose kryptonite poisoning to keep her contained.~ Lena had a surge of real hope. ~She must have her powers back. If I can just get her out.~

She hadn't realized how little confidence she had in her own plan until that flood of relief. Her white knight back in commission and black's queen was MIA, the board had changed.
Of course, Kara wasn't alone. There was still superpowered zombie boy playing the german shepherd.

"I need a kryptonian test subject of my own," she said to the boy. "Have her brought to my workroom. Unless you'd like to volunteer?"

She approached the platform with confident strides.

The Kryptonian moved. He stood between the two women instantaneously. His vacant eyes followed Lena. She considered him and fought back bile deciding on the necessary course of action to manipulate him.

"Stand down subject 13." Lena grabbed at her box of childhood trauma and changed her posture, her tone, gait, mannerisms, ethics. She became Lillian Luthor in that moment. Her eyes filled with contemptuous hate and she said nothing raising one eyebrow.

His posture went slack and he opened his mouth.

~What the fuck does that mean?~ Lena thought skeeved out.

"No. You worthless piece of garbage. Come here." She repositioned the weapon in her hands as if to hand it to him.

In three steps his position was clear from Kara and Lena took her shot.

The green beam hit him in the shoulder and he turned in pain, arm crashing through the concrete wall. Lena hit him again in the back of the head and he went down.

"Kon!" Kara yelled staring after the unconscious Kryptonian.

Lena pushed her detonator button and little explosions went off around the compound, each targeting specific locations to keep the guards trapped in place.

"I'm sorry. I swear, he'll be fine." Lena said. She ran to computer system on the worktable, hacking into the controls on Kara's restraints. "This thing won't do much more than stun a Kryptonian at full power. I'm just not sure how much time I bought us."

Kara smiled at her brightly. "Get me out of this and I'll have you in Paris for brunch before you can finish a verse of I Want it That Way."

Lena melted into that smile. ~No imagining. Focus.~

The Luthor's fingers flew over the keys, she didn't notice she was holding her breath until her head started to swim. Entering the final sequences one of Kara's arms was freed. ~Where is the kryptonite control? Here? Yes.~

*crash*

The door flew off its hinges and Metallo steped through bear-chested the machinery glowing a sickly green.

~Damn. I thought mother would take at least one of her bodyguards.~ Lena turned her weapon on him, cranking up the power level.

He caught the beam on his chest and gave her a cocky look as the green glow from his power source intensified.
Lena's eyes widened and she moved her hand to disengage the kryptonite keeping Kara's powers suppressed.

"Thanks for the recharge." He said and blasted a beam of green in her direction.

She dove under the desk and heard the sound of metal ripping apart. Then Kara was screaming in pain. She looked up and saw the green beam redirected to the Kryptonian, the force pinning her body back.

Lena grabbed the explosive out of her pocket and threw it in the man's direction.

A blur intercepted the blinking device.

The boy bent over curling his body around the device as it went off.

The concussive force blew the two men back, Metallo landing near Kara.

Kon stood, unphased, his shirt still smoldering on his chest. Lena aimed her weapon at the boy again.

"Not so fast sweetheart." Metallo yelled.

Standing next to the blonde girl he took out a green blade and punched it through her side.

Lena didn't think. The blade went in and she saw red. Her shot hit him directly in the eye. The blade fell from his hands and the stone fractured.

She felt intense satisfaction of seeing him double over in pain.

Then Lena was in a head lock. Her weapon clattered to the ground as steel arms surrounding her fragile human neck.

Kara looked panicked, wrenching a leg free.

"He'll kill her." Metallo said and the hero froze. Grabbing at his face the man stood, resheathed his blade and picked up the helmet they had forced Lena to put on Kara the first day.

"Alright hero." He growled in his thick cockney accent. "You know the drill. Drain your powers or your little friend here gets her neck snapped."

Swallowing heavily Lena said as evenly as she could. "Go. He can't kill me."

"Can't I?" Metallo asked. He removed his hand to reveal the charred side of his face where she had hit him. He turned his face to the Kryptonian. "I knew you would be a worthless cunt. But Luthors and their obsession with family, pathetic. Now you're what? On a rescue mission for this trash?"

Kara reached toward him. He moved out of her reach, offering the helmet forward.

"Hey kid. If she doesn't put this on, you go ahead and squeeze that one into jelly for me eh."

"No!" Lena yelled. *cough* Arms tightened around Lena's neck, she could only breathe in tiny gasps.

Kara grabbed the helmet from his hands and jammed it on her head.

~Damn it woman.~ Lena thought flooding her lungs with oxygen, hating her human flood of relief at the rescue.
Metallo watched as the girl's body arched, he dug his finger in her wound. She started to go slack much faster than last time. Flaring back to back couldn't be healthy.

The man walked over to the edge of the platform then looked over to smirk at Lena. His ruined face made the look that much more sinister. This was revenge.

He grabbed a shard off the ground and rammed into the girl's wound just as the last of her heat vision dribbled out.

She fell limp in her restraints.

He grabbed a larger shard from the ground. Fingers gripping around the blade. Blood ran down his arm as the blade cut into his hand, but he used it to stab into the Kryptonian again.

His eyes looked wild. He pulled the broken green blade back and stared down at it with awe then perverse satisfaction. An evil look in his eye he turned and tore Kara's shirt at the neck.

"Jesus Christ stop!" Lena yelled. "What do you want?" She moved to stumble forward but was caught around the throat again before she could reach them.

He turned to the dark-haired woman holding the kryptonite in his hand like a trophy.

~Oh I am going to mother fucking kill this one. She'll forgive me for one right?~ Lena didn't bother masking the loathing on her face.

He seemed to enjoy it. "Ah, the cunt. She means that much to ya?" He licked his lips eyeing Lena suggestively. "I'm sure we could come to an-

A whirling sound sliced through the air. The green blade clattered to the floor. As Matello went to reach for it, Batwoman entered the room pushing a button on her forearm. The metal object she'd thrown at his hand let out a liquid that caught him in the face.

He yelled as the peppery spray hit his wound.

The vigilante turned to Lena and her Kryptonian captor. "Hello gorgeous." Kate winked. "Fancy running into you in this old gin joint."

Lena tried to give her rescuer a warning; she pointed at up at him and croaking out "Kryptonian - powers," over the vice pressing into her throat.

Kate crooked her head looking into the boy's blank eyes. "Sounds like a party. How 'bout it junior? Care to fill a lady's dance card?" She crooked her finger in a challenge.

Lena gasped in relief, stumbling forward at the sudden freedom of her limbs.

Kon moved to intercept the woman in the bat costume. Kate managed to dance around his first attack but took the second in the abdomen with a grunt of pain. Why wasn't he using any other powers, the heat vision, the freeze breath. She'd seen it from him before.

A grappling hook came out of the shadows spinning around the boy's legs. Batman entered the room crashing down on to the Kryptonian boy with both legs. A pocket opened up and little pills rolled away from him.

Lena grabbed for them. They were labeled. ~Of course. Mother always ensures a fail safe on any unpredictable element.~ She took the one marked X and tossed it to Kate. "Get it in his mouth!"
she yelled.

Metallo shot a beam green of energy at the pair which the bat deflected with his cape.

Lena saw a figure edge around the room as the combatants distracted their jailors. ~Fuck, why is she here?~ Lena thought. Matello slammed into the wall a few feet away from the woman who ducked behind a shelf.

~She is so god damn pregnant.~ Lena thought, seeing the woman awkwardly readjust her tactile gear around her abdomen as she crouched.

~Distraction. Distraction.~ the Luthor thought eyes shifting around the room.

She looked down into her own hand and rolled her eyes. ~C4 might be a little more effective than chucking a stapler at his head Luthor.~ At her command an explosion went off in the room next door.

The intensity of the green light cranked up as Metallo shot his energy beam blindly in the direction of the diversionary explosion. She saw the caped figure make use of those moments to jam the pill into the boy's mouth.

Lena had thought the X tablet would have limited him to X-Ray vision. But the actual effect was unclear because he blurred out of the room leaving Metallo the only one left in the fight. ~That looks like it'll be tomorrow's problem~ she thought.

Matello kept up the energy beam. He started to sweat as green light leaked out of the seams of machinery on his chest.

She noticed Alex get away unseen and let out a breath of relief.

Then Lena sprinted back over to the controls, keying in the final sequences to release the constraints.

Agent Danvers had made it to the platform with Kara and was applying a pressure dressing to the leaking wound on her side. Her sister fell into the woman's arms as Lena finished her work.

Alex sagged under the Kryptonian's weight and Lena moved to the platform to help, supporting the girl from the other side.

"I swear I didn't have anything to do~" Lena started trying to explain as they made their way toward the door.

"Luthor." Alex paused and took Lena's free hand in her own. "I can only imagine what you needed to do to keep her alive. Thank you." Her throat constricted.

Lena opened her mouth to reply but was at a loss. She was prepared for anything but trust. Tears misted her eyes.

The green light filling the room flickered out, Metallo's energy source depleted. The black clade pair closed in around the powerless man. He growled in frustration.

The man backed away from the cowled team pursuing him and stumbled back over Lena's weapon. He smiled scooping it up and turning the barrel toward his own chest, intent to use the weapon as a power source.
"No!" Lena screamed.

The calculations ran through Lena's head in a flash as he pulled down the trigger. The conduit, the raw power, the proximity of the varying frequencies of irradiation, the tensile strength of kryptonite. It meant one less goon to worry about in a second but, ~Shrapnel!~

She dropped Kara, pushed Alex on top of her and stood to shield them both with her body. The man crumpled to the floor, the internal implosion that that killed him sent tiny shards of kryptonite flying around the room.

Lena felt a sharp bite on the back of her neck before her vision went black.
Lena woke to the sound of a helicopter's propellers. She was being carried in a line of stretchers by DEO agents. She saw Alex climb into a helicopter leaning over a stretcher blonde curls hanging over the edge.

The agent behind her said. "We will be providing transport to Luthor Memorial Hospital Ms Luthor."

"No," She said with steel in her tone.

"That is unacceptable. I have to stay with -Supergirl, wherever she's going." She sat up mind scrambling for leverage and played the first card that came to mind. "Unless you believe your superior would appreciate you losing your only link to intel on project Cadmus."

The Luthor warned off any further objections from the government agents around her with glares and thinly veiled threats.

As the field medic picked shards of kryptonite out of her back, she composed a statement, every detail of the experience reigniting her spiral of guilt and self-loathing.

When she did encounter the DEO director, a broadly muscled black man with a gravelly voice, she handed him the document. Without glancing at it the man looked deep into her eyes, unblinking for several moments before nodding his consent and escorting her personally to the medical wing.

Lena peered around the corner awkwardly.

She moved to enter the room when she saw Dr. Danvers leave. She was not ready to confront the woman Kara had described as infinitely kind. Walking through the door she felt overpowered by the complexity of her emotions. She saw Kara laying there in Supergirl's suit.

The usually lively fearless woman looked so broken.

The cuts and bruises on her face were still visible evidence of her mother's work. But before they had changed Kara into a fresh suit, Lena had seen the gaping angry green-tinged wounds. The nurse had just come in to take out her IV after having finished the second round of transfusions.

She felt so stupid. This was exactly what Kara was afraid would happen to Lena if she told her about her identity. That Lena would be tortured for information, forced by one of her enemies to
give her away or killed out of loyalty.

She wasn't upset with Kara anymore, though part of her still had questions and doubts. It was more that she felt so deeply flawed and inferior next to this brave selfless compassionate person. The combination of Kara and Supergirl into one person made her feel like she was so good that Lena didn't deserve to be in the same room as her.

Lena Luthor felt like that kryptonite-laced weapon that had nearly killed Kara in her sleep. Too dangerous to get close to, good intentions or no. She felt her mind reflexively grasping at any reason to force herself away from the woman.

Kate was wrong. It was Lena's demons that had gotten to Supergirl, not the other way around. This was her fault. Maybe Kara was right not to tell her. Maybe the girl was safer not being connected to a Luthor at all.

Lena took out the necklace she'd found on the floor. At first, she'd thought the pendant was just a large gem, but looking into its depths, Lena saw the crest. The one Supergirl had told her belonged to the house of El. She remembered the krinkling of the hero's nose explaining it wasn't an S. So Kara.

Touching her own necklace, the one a four-year-old Lena had begged her real mother to get her on her birthday, recognizing the letter 'L' from her name. Lena wished that she could be more like her sweet kind Irish mother. The one that held Lena and sang her Celtic lullabies.

Kara deserved someone who could comfort her with words, who didn't stiffen reflexively into an embrace. Someone as warm and loving and gentle as she was.

Securing the clasp around the blonde's neck, Lena reached down to take her hand and kissed it before resettling it over the gem.

Tears flowing down her face she turned to leave before noticing Alex, leaning against the door frame, hand resting over her stomach.

Feeling guilt lurch at her again, Lena asked softly, "H-How are they doing?"

Alex nodded smiling appreciatively, "Fetal heartrates are stable, and no complications yet. We'll know in the next few weeks. Thank you, Lena for everything you did." She sighed looking down at Kara. "There's something that she's been wanting to tell you. With everything you two have been through, well I'd rather this be my fault than hers."

"Alex, I know," Lena admitted.

"Damn it, I always told her glasses were a stupid disguise," Alex grumbled.

"I haven't known that long," Lena said narrowing her eyes.

"She's wanted to tell you for months. I had to yank her out of the air twice last week to stop her," Alex said. "She's really never told anyone before, not since she became Supergirl. She doesn't want to be the reason why people get hurt."

"It seems like knowing me might be more dangerous," Lena commented bitterly.

Alex winced. "No Lena. It just happened to be your family this week. She only agrees to keep secrets from nearly everyone in her life because kidnappings, extortion, brain-eating murderous houseplants. It all comes with the Supergirl territory. I've worried about her every day since Clark
"Clark, Clark Kent?!" Lena's eye's widened rapidly recontextualizing the super-reporter's relationship with Lex in her mind. Thinking of her own super-reporter she commented bitterly, "It's no wonder you didn't want a Luthor around Kara. I thought it was just about Lex, but this makes sense."

"I thought your brother-." Color drained from the agents face. "I mean, yeah, he -um a friend of the family you know. Found Kara. Not- eh." Lena was giving Alex a withering look. "If you're thinking what I think you're thinking, -could you avoid talking to J'onn for a while?" Alex asked fingertips rubbing her forehead. "I think I've probably dug myself deep enough for today."

Standing up the pregnant DEO agent stretched and started backing nervously out of the room. "Now that I think, about it, *yawn* I'm actually really exhausted. I should probably stay off my feet for the twins before Maggie straps me to a chair."

Alex paused when she reached the door, looking back at Lena seriously. "Will you stay here with her for me? She doesn't like waking up alone in these sun pods."

Lena smiled and settled back down in her chair next to Kara. The girl had never slept in front of her before. ~Probably to avoid taking off her glasses.~ Lena guessed.

It was good for the young Luthor's mind to be able to see both of them in her features. Things her brain had ignored in one and emphasized in the other all coming together.

She was worried about what the coma meant after spending almost all of the last two days in Kara's room. In that time, she heard what she assumed to be the voice of Clark Kent, using his commanding austere Superman tones to intimidate the peasantry.

Superman apparently had flown off from Kara's rescue effort after he heard about Lex's escape from the Raft and reported back to the DEO to collaborate with the man hunt. When the frustrated hero had heard from Alex that the youngest Luthor was in the building he'd insisted the DEO hold Lena in containment.

Luckily for Lena, Agent Danvers didn't seem to be particularly impressed by it. The Luthor was a bit surprised at the fervent defense the young agent had given Lena. She'd very nearly sent the god-alien to bed without his dinner to think about what he'd said.

Lena had a sneaking suspicion that Kara had talked with Alex on her behalf; a lot of the arguments she made against Lena being another dangerous Luthor were the same ones the blonde had consoled her with after she had to testify at her brother's last appeal.

Kara's adoptive mother was just as kind as Kara had promised. After reassuring the worried CEO of the normal prognostic timeline for Kara's recovery based on her previous injuries, the doctor had hugged Lena tightly and thanked her for the part she played in helping her daughter escape.

While she redressed Lena's wounds, the woman told her about how often Kara had called, ecstatic about an adventure she had with Lena, or agonizing about something awkward she'd let slip during lunch.

The older Danvers had a knowing look in her eye when she told Lena that Kara was having a hard time understanding her own feelings lately.

Excruciating as it was to wait for her eyes to open, the time had been important for Lena. She was able to work on reconciling her memories of the two girls in front of her. Sometimes she smiled
and laughed out loud connecting some little moments to the other identity. She remembered Kara always stuttering when she said God and talking about flying to see her on a bus. Or when Supergirl wore one of Kara's shy sheepish expressions when she corrected an equation on Lena's whiteboard at home. Or a couple of brilliant moves Kara had made the day they had played chess. Lena maintained her undefeated title of course, but there were moments when Kara's expression held that fierce intensity. ~Wait.~

Feeling a spike of frustration, the young Luthor shot out of her chair exclaiming accusingly, "You better not have let me win!"

"Shhh ba-dum, ba-dum." Kara whispered out hoarsely. Still looking like she was asleep, the blonde girl moved to the side of the bed and pressing her ear against Lena's chest smiling contentedly.

Lena touched her hair with a trembling hand and the girl's eyes popped open in surprise.

"Sorry, I thought I was just dreaming-, but I guess I've actually been eh- listening. I mean your heart beat it just sounds really nice. Like it's calm, or it was- but then it got all poundy. But that's not your fault obviously. I just wanted-"

Lena leaned down and kissed Kara on the forehead.

"Oh, Kara. I have no idea how it took me this long." Lena said stroking her blonde curls affectionately. Tears of relief gathered on her eyelashes and her voice came out in a rasp.

The blonde hero looked down at herself then mouthed Kara looking stricken. "I don't really remember everything, but how.. I guess that doesn't matter," she muttered then looked up at Lena with vulnerability in her eyes. "But, um. You d-, you don't sound mad."

"I'm not. I understand-"

Lena suddenly felt Kara's lips against hers and just as quickly the hero pulled away. Lena felt the withdrawal like a void.

"Um. Was that okay?" Kara stammered out nervously, "I mean. I don't know if you, like -just like her because-. Supergirl I mean. I don't know how you feel about-"

Lena responded by pulling the woman back against her. Her mind was awash with feelings, relief, joy, guilt, desire. Maybe she didn't deserve this moment, but she had it, and she didn't want to think about anything but how much she needed to feel Kara alive under her hands.

She groaned into Kara when she felt the girl's tongue flick cautiously against her bottom lip. Lena deepened the kiss and it entered her mouth. She suckled at it playfully and felt Kara sag as her knees buckled. The blonde tripped backward to sit on the edge of the bed, and let out a low whine of discontentment at the separation pulling Lena's face back to her own and wrapping her legs around the woman's hips to keep her in place.

Pleased with her success once Lena was divested of a couple layers of silk, Kara gripped Lena's waist and lifted her onto the bed with a grunt of effort.

~Still so strong,~ Lena thought and raked her fingers ineffectively against the back of the polymesh suit.
Sensing her frustration, the young hero eagerly made fast work of her top, granting access to the demanding CEO.

Seeing the bruises and bandaging on her body again, Lena pulled back her ferocity, but felt increasingly desperate to make the Kryptonian forget about it all for a little while longer.

Lena kissed Kara's lips with passion, then moved to her neck trailing her teeth and tongue. Moistening her lips, she moved her body over Kara's bending over the girl's chest to –

"Lena, you should probably ke-, Oh God, my eyes! Mom, mom, don't come in here. I need your help with-, ov -over there," Lena heard Alex yell, voice trailing down the hallway.

Lena sat back on her heels with a pout.

She felt it replaced by a slow smile, amusement narrowly winning out over her frustrated sexual desires when she saw Kara hide her face under a pillow. Pulling the barrier down, Lena saw the girl's face was red as her cape. Kara kept one arm covering herself as she awkwardly grabbed for the stack of clothes laid out on her nightstand. Avoiding eye contact with the amused CEO she struggled to maintain her modesty as she wiggled into the shirt.

Lena rolled her eyes and hopped off the bed giving her a moments privacy until Kara made a noise indicating she was done.

Lena, not sure how confident she should be in Alex's stalling tactics, wanted to make sure that she wasn't alone in her sexual frustrations.

Turning back around the green-eyed woman pushed her dark disheveled hair up with one hand and bit a finger on the other, striking a pose she knew made an artful display of her cleavage she said, "Puis-je vous aider pour quoi que ce soit, mademoiselle?"

[translation- Can I help you with anything, miss?]

The blonde hero's mouth moved with no sound.

Laughing, Lena put her things back on and pushed the nurse's call light.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Angst level completed.
Got to say, I went through a lot of chocolate channeling all those angst feelings, but Danvers made it worth it for me in the end.
Next chapter will be a good feels Kara chapter.

If you can think of one, toss out your favorite not-curse word for Kara. So far I’ve used, golly, gee, dink, fuss-pot, shiznit and jerk-face. I feel like there are a lot of options, but something a little extra innocent would be appreciated. Thanks!
Book 2: First Date

Chapter Notes

Hello Supercorp fam!

So, my wife gets all fussy when I stare at her while she's reading this, so I don't get to figure out why she's giggling. My brain really REALLY likes knowing.

So if YOU were to tell me your giggle, smirk or aww moments in the comments, I'd be extra happy.

Skip over the warning ******** if lady lovin' fills you with squirms or sadness.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

----------Kara----------

Kara’s powers blown; the sweetly attentive CEO had insisted on giving her a ride home for once. On the way to the loft, Lena made several noises at Kara when the hero had suddenly jumped out of the car (it was only moving a little bit) and ran up to an alleyway to stop a mugging. Normally, she would have been back before Lena could finish the first curse word Kara had cringed at as she rolled onto the pavement. Without her powers though, the bad guys got a couple of lucky thwaps in before the depleted Kryptonian took them down. Kara had refused to go back to the DEO to get checked out again. She had enough of sunlamps and doctors the last couple of days. Instead Lena offered to check her out at her penthouse.

That sounded kinda fun. Like the kind they had before Alex had gotten in the way the other day. This time though, when Kara took off her shirt Lena sucked in air between her teeth and was all business. She muttered to herself cataloging injuries on a clipboard and Kara was frustrated that she couldn’t make out the rest without her super hearing when she caught the words “reckless” and “nonsense” but Lena was nice so the Kryptonian was sure it was something about the bad guys.

Kara flinched back reflexively, and Lena winced, when the raven-haired scientist had placed her cold hands on the large new purple bruise spreading its way down Kara’s side. Telling her she had a badly bruised rib, she then ordered Kara to bed without even giving her a cuddle.

The next day Kara woke up feeling sore but grinned when she saw the small mound of snacks Lena must have left for her last night. Starting in on the treats, the Kryptonian thought about the raven-haired CEO and wondered how long it would take for Kara to stop being such a spaz around her. She had caught herself almost saying the L word a few times yesterday and she was pretty sure Alex had told her rules about that in relationships.

She’d never been in love with anyone and she didn’t exactly understand the idea of love on Earth. It just meant so many different things here and she felt weird using it. On Krypton there was shovuh, which was love for stuff like donuts and ukiem, love for people you considered your
family, and then there was a separate love that was just for your match.

Even matches didn’t always have that kind of special romantic love and it wasn’t weird for Kryptonians to only talk about having family love with the person they were married to. The matches were more about perfect partnerships and romantic attraction wasn’t always part of that. With the birthing matrix, Kara guessed that Kryptonians had evolved away from it. But that was until she met Lena.

Everything about being with Lena was great. Well, except for her brother that kept trying to kill her cousin or her mother that had tortured her for a bit. She wasn’t a very nice lady. But everything about Lena was great.

Lena was so smart that Kara could really talk with her about things without her dramatically rolling around on the ground in agony. And she was so pretty and so nice. And she wasn’t very good at having fun, so Kara got to feel like she was extra fun when she got to show Lena how.

…Those were all things that she loved about Lena. Was that the same thing, or was it about a feeling, and if it was, what was the feeling supposed to be like exactly?

Even before all the kissing stuff, Kara felt different around Lena. Standing next to her was like being out on the beach in the middle of the day. Sometimes she felt like she was floating or vibrating even without her powers. Her head swam, her fingertips tingled, and she missed her as soon as she left the room.

But zhao? Her parents hadn’t had it. The only Kryptonians Kara knew who had zhao had been her uncle and aunt. That’s why they’d given birth to Kal without using the matrix which all of their neighbors thought was bizarre. It couldn’t have been that common if everyone was always talking about them like that. For once, Kara felt like she didn’t understand her people well enough. Being the last real Kryptonian left, she just didn’t know how she could find out.

*It could be possible though, right?* Kara’s head swam with unanswerable questions. There was no algorithm she could apply or metric to use.

Shaking her head clear she decided it didn’t matter right now. Kara might not know what exactly all of it meant, but she did know how she felt, and she decided that was enough with a nod.

Having made her way through all of the snacks, the Kryptonian looked around for somewhere to toss the several dozen wrappers and headed to the kitchen.

She was very surprised to find Lena, blowing at the stream of what Kara was sure was not the CEO’s first cup of coffee, sitting demurely on a stool in front of the oven, reading something on her tablet. Kara noticed how graceful Lena’s legs looked crossed where she sat, and also noticed an amazing smell that made her mouth water.

“Shouldn’t you be running the free world or something?” Kara asked, covertly ditching the evidence of her candy feast, not wanting Lena to think she didn’t also want everything that was making the tasty smells.

“I’m not that kind of president Kara.” Lena said with a smirk. “I’m working from home today and you,” the intimidating CEO said shooting Kara a look accented by her meticulously shaped eyebrows, “are staying with me.”

Lena had gone back to reading her tablet, obviously ignoring Kara’s sounds of protest. The young reporter pointed out reasonably, “Snapper is going to fire me eventually if I just never show up to
work again.”

“Then I will buy the company,” Lena said with an off-handed shrug not looking up.

-She’s probably kidding right? Isn’t that a vampire billionaire thing? - Kara thought uncertainly.

“Leeennnnaaaa, I’ve already been inside since forever. I have to be out in case the city needs me.”

Lena put her things on the kitchen island and stood up, her heels clicking as she walked over to the young Kryptonian. The raven-haired woman took Kara’s hands between hers, look at her, green eyes wide and pouted.

Kara didn’t know what to do. She felt trapped. Rooted on the spot. She couldn’t look away from the pout, and she was desperate, desperate to do anything to make it stop. Continuing to be consumed by the power of the pout she noticed her heart crawl up her throat, threatening to abandon her body to be with Lena.

“O-Okay. I mean of course I’ll stay here with you.” Kara said her voice cracking with relief when Lena smiled back at her. “That’s super nice of you to take the day off and everything Lena.”

She shrugged, “I hired a new CFO to handle some of my day to day particulars, need to see whether or not she’s up to managing things without me. Never know when my mother is going to decide to hold me hostage again.” Lena winced glancing guiltily at Kara for a moment then rushed on. “Also, I wanted to personally make sure that you don’t do anything that’s going to cause lasting dam-“ Lena broke off to smack Kara’s hand away from the oven.

As Lena was talking Kara had inched past her and opened the oven door to see what she was making. “Hence my position in front of this door. You do remember when fire used to burn you, right?” Lena asked then finished muttering. “Should put her in a promethium bubble.”

A timer went off behind her. Lena, wearing oven mitts, took out several muffin tins and set them on the counter before spinning the dial of the timer again.

Kara had solar flared before, she did it intentionally when she was younger to do things like learn how to ride a bike or paint. For some reason if she did things when she didn’t have her powers her body remembered better how to coordinate her movements without crushing things.

But she hated needing to wait for things like perfectly good food to cool. Distracting herself from the steaming trays she pulled Lena into the living room and asked, “So what do you want to do today?”

“Well darling, I can’t image I would have much luck getting you to stay in bed without encouragement that might too vigorous in your current state,” Lena said eyeing Kara with a look. “I thought maybe you might want to go to the new planetarium with me,” she said looking hopeful. Then her eyes widened. “Not that you would necessarily be interested in that kind of thing because you’re an alien or anything.” Lena rushed on, “It’s just they have a particularly impressive telescope, and the star chart room is one of the projects I donated research funds to this year. I mean I’ve been wanting to speak with some of the engineering team behind it.”

Kara cocked her head to the side. “That was almost a me-ramble.” The Kryptonian said smiling with delight. “The planetarium actually sounds really fun. Last time I got to go was on a school trip, but they didn’t let kids touch the equipment.”

Frowning she continued, “Lena, of course I like space because I’m an alien. I don’t usually think of myself as one most of the time.” Kara admitted looking down at her own hand. “It’s just kind of
like I’m from a different place. That’s what it was like for people from off-world on Krypton anyway. There were Kryptonians and there were just other races of people that we sometimes went to see or came to see us.” Eyes suddenly enthusiastic she said, “I wonder whether or not the star charts they have there are more accurate than the ones at the DEO. The ones Winn shows me are always a little off and make the constellations look funny. Oo, they might have some images of some planets I used to visit when I was little!”

She heard a buzzing sound and sprinted back into the kitchen.

Chewing on a muffin, three more cradled in her arm, she walked back to Lena sheepishly holding one out for her, then immediately went back to grab some more. Lena laughed taking the muffin and followed Kara into the kitchen.

The day was bonkers amazing. They started with a normal tour of the planetarium and Lena whispered to Kara more specific theorems involved in developing the telescope and issues the engineers had run into over the last couple of decades that the tour guide had skipped over. Then they were free to walk around, and Lena reserved the star room for them where Kara spent hours spinning between different planets. She found a few that she’d been to and told Lena stories about how she’d gone to Ahch-To and her dad milked a thala, or when she fell off a cliff in Starhaven and they had healed her broken fibula by touching it with a humming crystal that they said accelerated the natural healing process.

Kara felt her stomach knot when she put in the coordinates for Krypton, and it dropped when she saw it. She walked up to the hologram and held out her hand.

The image was less clear than some of the other planets, but she could just make out the outlines of Candor’s Crater and the Xeno River tracing them with wonder in her eyes. “This must have been taken a few years ago.” She whispered. “Krypton -was only 35 light-years from Earth, so if they captured an image now -well even the light reflected back here would be gone. She turned back to the young Luthor tears glistening in her eyes. “Thank you, Lena. I never thought I would see it again.”

Lena smiled and joined Kara’s side appreciating the hologram, then took the young Kryptonian’s hand and bumped her shoulder into Kara’s lightening the mood, “Here I thought I was robbing the cradle. How old are you?”

“I mean I’ll look the same when I’m forty-eight, Kal does. But I didn’t age while I was in the phantom zone.” Lena looked at her quizzically. Kara shifted the start chart over and pointed to the image of a large black void several light-years away from Krypton. “I was in here for 24 years, but time doesn’t pass there.” She continued with a grimace, “It’s where Krypton sent all of the worst prisoners. The time warp kept them from needing to replenish supplies.”

“Pragmatic,” Lena commented.

“Yeah, it’s hard to know what the right answer is dealing with people like that. Kryptonians don’t believe in killing anyone for any reason, but it’s hard to say if never waking up, or waking up on a ship full of terrorists 100 years after everyone you know is gone, is any better. I don’t want to stop bad guys from getting to live their lives.” Kara said sighing. “I just don’t want them to be able to hurt other people.”

Kara spun the chart back to Krypton, and noticed a glint coming off of a unique landmass. The blue-eyed Kryptonian pointed at it bouncing, “Lena, Lena, look, it’s Jrizynj Shahkh! Bah rrosh kav otem vot te ukr vo ahvrig ehflum.”
Lena looked like she was going to say something, but Kara realizing her mouth was shaped to speak Kryptonian rushing on apologizing, “Sorry, Alex hates when I do that. But, it’s Gold Mountain. Going there was the first time I knew I wanted to be a scientist. You know Krypton’s mantel was made of molten gold instead of igneous magma like here? It was a really common building material for us. It’s why I always got excited when I saw the yellow brick road in the Wizard of Oz.” Kara said bubbling.

After Kara had pointed out several more things about Krypton they walked down to the gift shop and Kara got an out-of-this-world sundae. Lena was enjoying her sixth cup of coffee that day when she got a call from Jess. She apologized to Kara saying they needed her at L-Corp to take care of a couple of things and offered to take her back to the penthouse. Kara hadn’t seen Jess in forever and was down to do almost anything that wasn’t laying in bed waiting for her powers to come back.

On their way up in the L-Corp elevator, Kara shuffled her feet and asked, “Was that like, a date?”

“I should hope so. But I didn’t take you out to dinner so I can’t really expect you to put out.” Lena responded teasingly with an arch smile. Lightly brushing her fingers up the side of Kara’s arm she said, “Maybe next time I’ll show off a little more.”

Kara blushed shivering at the feeling on her arm and didn’t really know what to say. She had been distracted by thoughts about *that* when she felt Lena’s breath on her ear whispering about what the developers were planning, or when she had taken them back to the engineers’ lab. Lena had solved the issues they were having with energy conservation by replacing their conduction coil and Kara got to see Lena work on the machine with a power-tool in her hands. The young Kryptonian had several thoughts about *that*.

She bit her lip and hinted “You could maybe, um, show me your lab.”

Lena quirked an eyebrow in curiosity.

The CEO’s attention was pulled away by Jess the moment the doors opened. The assistant provided a rundown of status reports on different projects from meetings Lena had missed the last week. Kara realized Lena must have stayed at the DEO with her the whole time she was in a coma and felt her chest fill up with a warm feeling.

Lena finished giving instructions to Jess and went to her office to sign a few documents. There, Sam Arias, Lena’s new CFO came in and introduced herself to Kara. After Lena passed on the plan she wanted Sam to follow on the management of a small merger, she took Kara over to a different elevator.

This one was less decorative than the regular company elevator. It was more like a wide sleek silver tube, and there weren’t any buttons for floors on the wall, just an LED screen. Lena typed in a long sequence of numbers on the touch screen and a panel in the wall moved revealing a biometric scanner that Lena put her hand on and face near. “This elevator goes directly down to my lab from here. If you want to visit. I could add you to the system.” Lena offered.

Kara winced feeling weird explaining her hesitation. “It’s the whole identity thing.”

Kara always tried to avoid facial recognition programs. She just filled her Facebook galleries with pictures of puppies.

“Right, -I should have done this ages ago. But I probably would have been more upset if my tech
figured it out before I did.” Lena admitted dryly. “Anyway, the metrics are stored in a private closed-loop database which self-destructs if someone not keyed to the system tries to access it. So, either me or Jess, who I very specifically made sure was not a spy or in the league of assassins before I hired her.”

Kara probably should have felt more conflicted, but hearing that, she willingly went over to the thing and held up her hand. The idea of being able to surprise Lena was way too tempting to pass up.

The elevator shot down and gave Kara that familiar feeling of weightlessness for a moment.

Stepping out she whistled in amazement. It was like Jimmy Neutron, Dexter and Barry Allen’s Central City lab all in one. “I’ve got to introduce you to Cisco,” Kara said remembering he’d asked her to get Lena’s autograph.

“Who?” Lena asked distractedly. Kara grinned at the idea of taking Lena to another universe. The scientist-CEO had gone over to a workstation that was displaying descending lines of code. Frowning she typed a few keystrokes, then grabbed a tool belt off the table next to the computer and went over to one of her machines.

“I can show you around in a minute Kara,” the Kryptonian heard Lena, the-tool-belt-wearing engineer person, say as she laid back on a mechanics creeper and slid under the machine with a wrench in her hand. “I’m glad you’re interested actually. There have been a few projects that feel really close to a breakthrough, and.” Lena said tone straining between ratcheting sounds, “I think creative manipulation of some elements might be the answer.”

“Mmhm, what? Yeah totally.” Kara said distractedly, her body seeming to have a corresponding reaction, thudding nearly in time with the metal clanks Lena was making that echoed around the lab.

Hearing her rambling nonsense, Lena slid out from under the machine abruptly eyeing Kara.

She stood and smoothed the fabric at her hips.

Idly playing with the wrench in her hands, she walked with deliberate slowness toward Kara, the swaying of her hips causing the tool belt to rattle in time with the clicking of her heels.

An arm’s reach away, she paused and said in a sultry tone, “So is this a thing for you?”

“Huh, wa-… I mean. No, what kind of thing?” Kara said feeling her mouth water, she couldn’t focus on Lena’s face as she spoke because the rest of her body kept distracting her eyes.

“I think I’ve found my Kryptonian’s first kink.” Lena said mischievously.

Kara wasn’t exactly sure what that meant, but she heard Lena say ‘my Kryptonian’ and her already razor-thin thread of resistance snapped.

She was furious with her body for not having superspeed when she closed the gap between them and lifted Lena into her arms on her way to one of the worktables behind her. Barely registering the angry jab one of her ribs made in protest.
Kara sat Lena on the edge of one of the worktables and captured her mouth with desperation.

She loved the way Lena’s tongue felt, soft and surprising. She drove her own tongue further into Lena’s mouth, feeling like she was claiming the beautiful raven-haired woman as they dueled for dominance.

As they kissed, Kara had worked her hand up Lena’s skirt. Her fingernails left pink streaks behind where she had scraped them against Lena’s thigh in her haste to pull the scrap of green silk down her legs.

As soon as they were gone, the musky scent she’d noticed faintly earlier got stronger, making Kara feel lightheaded.

She dropped on to her knees, drawn to the woman’s center as Lena repositioned herself.

Other hand bracing against Lena’s lower back, Kara dove two fingers into the wetness. After a few strokes she angled her fingers upward. When she saw Lena’s reaction, she felt a part of her mind she’d never accessed before, growl with satisfaction.

Remembering the feeling of Lena’s tongue in her mouth, Kara placed her own tongue on Lena’s flesh and moved it in frantic random patterns, not caring that she occasionally hit her own chin as she continued to thrust rhythmically into Lena with her fingers at that angle she liked.

Too soon, she felt Lena’s body go rigid and the wet velvety walls convulsed around Kara’s fingers. Lena leaned forward and bit Kara on the shoulder hard, muffling a yell.

Kara desperately wanted to make that happen again, so she resumed the same rhythm, mind blank with need.

Lena’s body spasmed and flinched backward, “A, a- Kara, -darling. That’s eh -sensitive, a little too sensitive right now.” She said keeping Kara from her goal by holding her head firmly on either side.

When Kara stood up Lena straightened her skirt. “You’re a natural.” Lena said breathlessly, smiling as her head lolled back in lazy contentment.

Kara gazed at Lena happily, vibrating with joy at the compliment while that back part of her mind told her with a rush of urgency that she could do it again, causing her to look at Lena hungrily.
Kara’s mind desperately grasped at an argument. The new part of her brain seemed to be able to high-jack the rest. "But Lena, when I solar flare there is a change in genetic expression that deactivates the K-twitch muscle fibers responsible for the reactive hypersensitivity and excessive contractile power that makes finely tuned muscular coordination less predictable when my strength is active. Having only type 1 and type 2a and 2b fibers active, similar to typical human physiology, allows for me not only to coordinate these movements more intuitively but also to retain motor memories of skills that I learn during those periods that extends past the duration of the flare." she finished in a breath, 85% sure that’s what Eliza had told her.

"So," She finished coyly, "We really should -eh practice more, for a- science." "-And safety," she added seriously her eyes filled with a light of hope.

Lena glanced at her face and giggled quietly. Hopping off the table and she bent to pick up her underwear and the glasses that had fallen to the floor beside them. “We’ve probably pushed our luck already darling. During the day, Jess comes down here sometimes to check on me.” Then added in a teasing tone, “And if you were doing that when the elevator opened, I’m not sure I would care enough to stop. You get in all kinds of trouble with HR for things like that. Much too much paperwork.” Lena airily discarding her toolbelt after cleaning her own face of a small spot of motor grease and Kara’s of other things, then walked them back to the elevator.

Kara pouted with her arms crossed watching the floor numbers on the LED screen tick up rapidly. Lena turned to look at her and tilted Kara’s chin up toward her, eye’s glittering, she said “I do have another lab at the penthouse though. The entrance is hidden behind the bookcase in my bedroom.”

“I knew it!!” Kara said bouncing with enthusiasm. “I knew there were secret rooms somewhere!” Lena looked at her quizzically. “I don’t use my powers to snoop.” The Kryptonian responded indignantly, then blushed remembering. “I mean there was this one time when I saw you changing. Totally on accident! But I was Kara Danvers so I couldn’t apologize. So, um- sorry.”

Kara was blushing deeply, unable to make eye contact with Lena.

“That’s alright darling. As long as it was the third Friday of the month. I told Supergirl she had special privileges.” Lena teased then frowned continuing softly, “It’s -eh, disconcerting -thinking about times we had before I knew. Did you always feel like you were pretending?”

Kara’s brow crinkled in thought. *No, Lena was one of the only people that didn’t know her secret that she couldn’t keep the act up around. Either of them.*

When they reached Lena’s office Kara tugged the woman over to her couch and tried to explain.

“With you Lena, it didn’t feel like an act. That’s why it hurt me so much every day. Kara Danvers and Supergirl, or before her just human me and alien me. They’ve always kind of felt like two different people, so it didn’t feel the same as lying. Even with most of the people who knew, connecting always felt, I don’t know, awkward or sometimes- hallow I guess.” She said watching Lena look down at their clasped hands. “I really hardwired my brain to keep the secret. Like I would always be wearing one, but when I needed to switch, I would put everything about one of them in a little box for later.” Lena’s face lifted to Kara’s, understanding shining in her eyes.

“With you, the boxes got all jumbled. I wanted to share everything with you, and I messed up all the time. I would get so frustrated when I couldn’t tell you I’d read all your journal articles or ask you why your heartbeat did funny things as Kara Danvers, or tell you stories about Alex and Eliza and show you kitten videos on YouTube as Supergirl.”

“That’s why I always showed up on your balcony on the nights after we had lunch.” Kara
admitted, “I felt like all the Kryptonian or science stuff I wanted to talk to you about was going to make my head explode.”

Kara looked down at her feet and continued quietly, “The Danvers are great. I’m proud to be part of their family and I love being a hero, but I guess for the first time since I left Krypton, I really felt like Kara Zor-El.”

Lena had tears in her eyes, and she walked over to get a tissue to dab at her mascara. Walking slowly back to Kara Lena reached out her hand. When Kara took it, she felt Lena’s arm move quickly, pulling Kara up and crashing their bodies together. Lena hugged her fiercely enough it knocked the wind out of her. It was the kind of hug that claimed her, that forgave her, that let her know that Lena would protect her from anything and didn’t want to ever lose what they had.

In that moment, Kara was happy for the first time not to have her powers, as she stood hanging onto this woman she loved with everything she had.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the reads and the Kudos guys. It provides me with daily smiles.
Chapter Notes

So about 70% of the way through writing this I figured out I kind of wrote one story and then a sequel. The first arch ended with the last chapter and the second one starts here.

It's not a jump forward in time or anything, it just might be better to think of this next part as a sequel for the sake of conceptualizing the story structure.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

--------Lena--------

“Bezhgam i eul, udol Luthor!” [Meet your maker, Luthor scourge!]” Winn yelled as he fired off his rocket launcher.

“Aw, doshai kir Toy Boy. Nahn iovis wai gun rrup gampil?” [Aw, poor little Toy Boy. Is that the biggest gun you brought?] Lena asked executing a masterful combination move commondered from someone’s Reddit on the drive over.

The young Luthor watched with satisfaction as a miniature of Lex whirled in the air, his regular battle suit morphing, power-ranger style, into an upgraded mega version with cannons on either shoulder that were larger than the figure’s entire body. The resulting blast whited-out the screen for a moment and Lex stood with his foot resting on his fallen mangled body.

Enjoying her victory, Lena wondered idly if Winn knew the word for gun in Kryptonian. The nerdy agent had bragged about his space-talk skills the first time they’d hung out and she’d been working on it with him since. She was embarrassed to try it with Kara, often having a hard time wrapping her mouth around the vowel sounds. She avoided going to France for years for the same reason. At least she didn’t have as much trouble with Kryptonian pronunciation and vocabulary as she did with French. In Kryptonian, letters at least tended to make sounds. If a letter didn’t make a pretty enough sound in French, they just ignored it existed.

She looked over at Winn who was pouting and making waving motions of indignation at the screen as the finishing move animation played out. Winn had been absolutely wetting himself with excitement when he called Lena in the middle of a meeting to tell her that he’d found a mod online that reskinned the characters of a popular fighting game with real-world superheroes and villains. When she’d heard that the line up of characters featured her own brother and Winn’s father, complete with individualized move-sets and catchphrases, Lena had excused herself from another pissing contest with her board to meet Winn at his apartment.

On her way there Lena had second thoughts, glumly contemplating the extra couple of hours of paperwork that decision was likely to cost her. But when she saw her brother move from monologuing over the moaning body of his enemy into an awkward white-boy touch down dance her brain admitted, Definitely worth it.
She'd been working to find her fugitive brother for weeks, hoping to prevent him wreaking havoc on humanity like he’d just done on the Toy Maker’s face. Lena noticed Winn bouncing in his chair enthusiastically pointing at the screen. *Oh God,* she thought. The animation had just sent out a legion from the island of broken toys to mourn their fallen father. *Well, got to appreciate their commitment to source material.*

Since loser got snacks, Winn grumped as he moved, mock-groaning at the effort it took for him to open the fridge door to grab Lena’s requested Evian water and lurched over to the counter for her bag of kale chips. Lena had to keep those here because she kept finding Kara innocently throwing them out, and she expected occasionally launching them into space, to save Lena from her fibrous green nemesis.

Tossing them over to her he said, “So when are you finally going to let the master in on your suit designs for Kara?”

Lena wished she hadn’t let that slip one night. She was apologizing for canceling their plans while frustratedly cursing at her monitor which peeked his curiosity. She was unfortunately having trouble with the fabrication layering in her prototype re-superfizing Supergirl suit. *Eh, need to think of a better name.*

Lena had never seen the blonde girl so on-edge before these last few weeks. She was obsessively watching the news, yelling at the screen about saves she could have made like a football tailgater. She’d glare at cereal boxes to test if her powers were back constantly and seemed insecure, more like she was reassuring herself every time she told Lena they would come back. And did not let her lack of powers slow her down at all.

Lena didn't have any problem with Kara's lack of powers, it felt like less to worry about. But she understood how important being a hero was to the girl. Not sure how else to help, Lena had fired up the engines in her lab and got to work on something that might allow her to get some of that Supergirl spunk back.

“I’m probably good. I mean I am a Luthor after all.” She said nodding to the still dancing Lex before flicking the console off. “We are taught from the cradle how to engineer the instruments of humanity’s downfall.” Lena commented dryly. “Lex had a few years head start on me, but I think I worked out how to irradiate uranium sufficiently to create a nuclear warhead when I was nine.”

“Oh mighty Luthor,” Winn said bowing his head in time with his arms. “Let us bask in your awesomeness so that you might, one day, make us in her image. More OP than the world can handle.” He finished in a reverent tone.

Lena raised an eyebrow at him. “Better not let me get used to that genuflection. I might develop a taste.”

Winn scoffed.

“Besides,” Lena said. “You still work for the DEO and nerd-boy-wonder that you are, I am not letting my tech get within a mile of someone smart enough to reverse engineer the propulsion mechanism on my ion-beam cannons.”

Lena smiled at that. The suit didn’t have anything of the sort equipped, but she had been tossing random theoretical gadgetry as Winn since he first start asking about it to bug him.

“So, without the suit, how is Kara handling the whole extended flare thing?” Winn asked seriously.
“It was fine at first, but now I think the girl sleeps less than I do.” Lena admitted sighing, “And believe me there are a couple of tricks I perfected in college to -eh relax a lady into bed when I want to,” Winn made a retching noise.

“But she just gets up and starts scrolling through the Supergirl blogs speculating on why she abandoned the city.” The only good thing that came out of those sleepless nights was that Kara was perfectly happy to sit while Lena played doctor, studying her physiology and cells structure to figure out how she could mimic the mitochondrial solar processing for her suit.

“Do you have any idea when your fearless leader will be back to cover for her?” Lena asked. “Or do you guys have any other Martians up your sleeve to stall for a couple of days. I am seriously so close to finishing the thing.”

“So she hasn’t tried to-” Winn mimed rescuing a baby and slid into Supergirl’s signature heroic pose.

“No Winn. I told you, she promised not to. I haven’t told her about the suit yet. But she doesn’t have any powers and she’s an adult. I trust her not to do anything reckless.”

“Eh-“ Winn said obviously nervous looking across the room. He waved his hands to get her attention and while he fumbled with the remote.

Lena turned confused and saw her.

She saw the woman she had listened to being tortured for two days and cried over while she was in a coma for three. The woman Lena had seen that morning burn herself on the smoking Hot Pocket that had set off Lena’s fire alarms. The woman who had very specifically promised Lena a dozen times over that until her powers came back she absolutely would not, under any circumstances, run into burning buildings or step in front of bullets, literally walk out of house on fire, adorable small child clutching at her shoulders.

It was sweet. It was wonderful and heroic.

And it was so mother-fucking stupid, reckless and arrogant that it made Lena feel like her head was going to explode if she didn’t start breaking things.

There were firefighters already inside the building, in full thermodynamic protective gear designed and donated to the city by L-Corp, standing not 20 feet away from the girl. Who now stood in half of her suit, crest on her chest, brown chinos covering her legs, on national news waving and signing autographs for the crowd who would probably become abundantly curious why Supergirl was hopping the K Line home instead of flying off into the sky.

No, no absolutely not. Lena felt her muscles clench and she grabbed her phone to yell at the Kryptonian until her ears bled.

“Woah, woah, woah. Lena. Wait. You have that look in your eye my dad used to get when Mattel would release some lazy nock-off Barbie.” Winn said with mock-sarcasm obviously trying to get Lena to avoid saying something to Kara she was going to regret.

“Uharg, fine!” She said throwing her phone angrily back in her purse. “Then I am going to go get very very drunk and break expensive things before I go check my girlfriend for carbon monoxide poisoning and plot creative ways to help her kill herself.”

Winn stood between her and the door looking uncertain.
Lena glared, not speaking until Winn moved out of her way hands in surrender in front of him. She nearly drove the points of her stilettos through his linoleum floor stomping her way to the elevator.

Not wanting to deal with seeing Kara right now or letting her staff see her like this, she grabbed the drinks cart from her office, including a full decanter she had just refreshed of her favorite whiskey, and brought it down to the lab with her.

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Lena was livid and the alcohol did nothing more than keep her from rationally thinking her way out of her mood. At first, she had spent some time mixing some chemicals together to make loud explosions, a coping skill that had always satisfied her as a teenager.

Not feeling like that gave her enough physical release, she then walked over to the lab’s safety drain near the entrance and tested her new bioethical disintegratable beakers by smashing synthetic glass filled with chemicals at the wall next to the drain before she sprinkled some powder over the mess leaving a goopy puddle.

Sitting back on her chair, she was intent on starting a new round of experimental trials, when the elevator door opened, unfortunately, right as one of her synthetic beakers hit the wall next to it.

Kara, in glasses and ponytail again, but still wearing those fucking chinos looked startled. “Um, - hey Lena. I was worried when you didn’t text me back. But you look like – um -Well it looks like you’re -alright.”

“Yes Supergirl, I am quite alright. Maybe you should go out and rescue some more citizens. Perhaps stop a couple of bullets by lodging them in your kidneys. I hear the police department has decided to go with human-shields this year instead of Kevlar.” Lena snapped out glaring at the wall, then shifted her eyes to Kara. “You promised me, -you promised me you wouldn’t do this damn it.”

“The fire,” Kara said looking down at her shoes.

“I thought you were intelligent.”

Kara looked hurt and responded heatedly, “Lena this is what I do. This is what Supergirl does. I thought you liked the whole hero thing. You picked her.”

“I can’t deal with this right now Kara. I can’t trust you with- I can’t. Just go Kara.”

Lena turned her back. When she heard the elevator move away from her, her shoulders dropped.

The inebriated and frustrated CEO did not want to deal with the mess she had made right then, either with Kara or in her lab. So, she waited until she saw the woman leave on her security monitors, feeling her throat constrict when the elevator camera showed her girlfriend’s face obviously wet with tears. Feeling raw with too many emotions, she went back up to her office.

Waiting on her office balcony was a caped figure she was not in the mood to deal with.

Lena had met with Kate on a few occasions since she helped get her out of the compound and Lena admitted she might consider the woman a friend. She was just a lot.

The specter that was Batwoman looked odd outlined by afternoon sun rays instead of cloaked in the blackness of night. Probably noticing that, she stood striking the Supergirl pose, then laughed before walking up toward Lena.
“Trouble in paradise Little Luthor?” Kate asked pulling off her cowl looking smug. “I just saw Blondie looking awfully tragic. Nearly got run over by a bus with how distracted she was. I’d put money on her over the bus, but she might crack those stupid glasses she wears.”

“I’m going to put a shield generator around that balcony and watch all of you people bounce off it like bugs, “ Lena said spitefully, wishing she had thought to bring what little whiskey was left back up with her.

“So hostile.” Kate said sarcastically. “What’s a poor bat to do? All the Danvers sisters snatching up the finest eligible women in National City. Had to come and see if you might have reconsidered going black.”

“You could always stay in Gotham.” Lena replied sarcastically rubbing her forehead. “Please leave Kate. Whatever this is about, I cannot help or talk or think right now, so I can’t possibly be of use to whatever fetch quest the bat-brood has you on this time.”

“We’ve always been at our best when you were all down in the dumps. Getting a little drink in you helps me keep up with that quick tongue of yours.” She said ironically with a wink. “Then again, the first time we did this dance, you were ten, so that probably had more to do with you refusing to say more than five words to me at a time.”

“Twelve, and I would rather not say any-“ Lena started before Kate walked forward placing a few tablets on Lena’s desk.

“This time, I thought I would return the favor. We found these at that compound. Each has a unique chemical structure. Oracle has been studying them back at the cave, and she let me – well at least she didn’t notice when I swiped one of each from her chemistry set.”

Lena pushed the tablets off her desk onto a piece of paper and held them up. “These look like what my mother was feeding that, well that boy that looked like-.”

“Yeah Superboy was a trip. Usually the suit takes out most of the concussive trauma in a fight, but he left a few sunrises on my tender bits that took some weeks to heal.” Kate admitted touching her side and wincing in remembered pain. “The rage on that one. We have a few theories, but no one saw a red ring and Bats didn’t think a Luthor would go to the trouble of breaking in for a resurrection dip.”

Kate looked uncomfortable admitting. “Bat Fam isn’t feelin’ our chances at getting him to find his happy place. It’s not our style with people, but with him and all of that,” She said gesturing vaguely. “We’re worried we might need to put him down.”

Lena secretly agreed. She was wary of Kara’s enthusiasm toward the Kryptonian-boy. She knew her family, and the world was probably better off if any alien super-soldier they made was stopped for good. She accepted that her brain solved problems this way. Black had just upgraded a pawn that threatened the king. There might not be another way out.

The index finger of her hand trembled as she remembered her own hesitation at pulling the trigger. Feeling troubled she thought, Kill Frankenstein, her monster, the man with the gun, anyone else in their way? Queens, kings, bishops and pawns.

Feeling uncomfortable with her thoughts, Lena diverted the conversation, “Any idea how my mother is controlling him?”

“Not much about that, but we think we know something of what she’s doing with his powers. It
seems mommy dearest deactivated at least some of his powers and used these,” Kate said nodding to the tabs “to reactivate them at will.”

“Something that interacts with the expression of proteins in specific Kryptonian genetic markers?” Lena asked brow creased with concentrated curiosity.

“That was my guess,” Kate said nodding sagely.

Looking up at the woman with a smirk Lena replied, “It’s a good thing we didn’t have any classes together. I would have enjoyed ratting you out when I caught you cheating off my tests.”

Kate whistled looking innocent. “Anyway, I was hoping you might be better situated to make use of it. Maybe they could be altered somehow to work for humans. I’ve always thought I’d make a pretty good Superbat.”

“Not on your life.” Lena said scoffing.

Kate looked surprised.

“You, or rather your whole Bat Clan, are constantly up to shady nonsense. I personally cleaned up that whole thing Bruce did, appropriating an entire city’s cell phones to get his bad guy without any fail-safes. Reckless idiot. I’ll hack for a good cause. But that programming existing could have facilitated the worst cyberterrorism the world has ever seen. It could have shut down the global financial system in minutes and you people put it out there for anyone to trace. I am not being any part of putting the minds behind that on Kryptonian steroids,” Lena said with conviction.

“Well,” Kate said moving her hand to grab the pills. “then maybe if you wanted to make a trade. We’ve still been having a hard time with Superman allowing us to research the kryptonite, especially after the whole vault incident.”

Lena felt cold. “If I catch you with kryptonite again Kate Kane,” she continued with menace in her voice, “Gotham’s black knights are going to have to contend with the Luthor that’s never lost a game.”

Kate held both palms out in surrender.

“Well, little Luthor, no reason to get all Bruce Willis on me.” Kate said still smiling, “I know you wouldn’t really kill me,” then tilted her head correcting “-probably. But I get your point. Hands off Blondie’s magic green rocks. Scout’s honor. At least from me.” “Bruce” she said with emphasis, “plays by rules I don’t dictate.”

“If you can’t trust him not to support your word, maybe you’re playing for the wrong team,” Lena observed feeling a little softer toward her for the vote of confidence.

Kate was silent for a moment and then slipped the cowl back on. Quietly she said, “He didn’t want me- There’s one more thing you have to know. Little boy sunshine left some blood at the scene where you shot him.” Lena stiffened. “It looks like his DNA is a composite of Superman and - Lex.” Kate looked at her with sympathetic eyes before swinging off the balcony onto a nearby rooftop.

Lena rubbed her temples and walked to sit at her desk. Head in her hands she felt overwhelmed. ~This is stupid. I don’t have time to wallow in self-doubt.~

Lena might be angry, but she was not going to leave Kara defenseless when there was a potentially fully powered Kryptonian on the loose. ~Especially one that might have inherited Lex’s thirst for
vengeance. Sweet Jesus, I need to stop them.~ Then remembered her Kryptonian’s hopeful look whenever someone brought up the boy and felt a pang. ~This is going to hurt her. Kara doesn’t deserve to be involved in all of this.~ Lena dug under her desk for her bag and took out a special tonic. With a grimace, she swallowed the vial and felt herself sober as the elevator took her back down to the lab.

She worked feverously on the suit, finishing in a couple of hours what she’d normally work through in days. As she set it to process for the final fabrication, she noticed another little project sitting on the side that she had intended to give to Kara for her birthday.

~Well if a billionaire tech mogul can’t use a little sentimental jewelry to apologize, then what good is the stuff?~ She thought draping it into a lead-lined jewelry box before putting it into her bag.

She looked up, noticing a sound from the elevator. As the doors opened, she saw Kara. This time the girl was holding what Lena recognized as one of copper pot lids from her kitchen out in front of her, bracing against it like a shield.

Kara smiled shyly when she saw Lena and said, “Safety first,” in a cautiously playful tone before stepping out of the elevator. The girl took a breath and let out in a rush, “I talked to Alex and she yelled at me too and I feel really bad. I mean, I heard a kid and I just moved. I had him in my arms before I even stopped to think. It’s what I do; it’s who I am. But I should have let the firefighters do it this time, but if they weren’t there, I probably would do it again. But I don’t want you to think that it’s because I don’t care. I just have to and-”

Lena walked up to Kara and held on to either shoulder to stop the girl from passing out before she took another breath. “I know Kara. I can’t say I was expecting any of this. But I’m trying to figure it out.”

“What? I mean you picked Supergirl. You kissed her, I mean me as her. That,” Kara said gesturing vaguely toward the city, “It’s what she does. It’s what I do. What did you think dating Supergirl was going to be like?” Kara asked heatedly, then turned to the side and added with more bitterness than Lena could remember ever hearing from the girl, “It’s not like you went for Kara Danvers mild mannered reporter.”

“Kara, I-“

“Alex said people don’t make choices like that, but I might never- I want to know Lena. Why?!! Why did you pick her?” Kara’s voice cracked.

Lena was surprised by the turn. ~This must really have been bothering her.~ Years of experience told her there probably was not a right answer in this kind of emotional minefield. She sighed letting go of her lingering frustration when she saw how vulnerable Kara looked in front of her.

She began cautiously, “I don’t know if this is going to come out the right way. But the first time we were together I felt guilty -about her. For me Supergirl felt safer.” “Not like that.” Lena said. Seeing Kara’s shoulder’s slump, Lena reached out to touch the girl’s face. “You’re very enigmatic as Supergirl, unattainable, obviously attractive but- Well, actually, I lied to you that night now that I think about it. I actually fantasized for months about Kara Danvers and Supergirl would just play the occasional guest appearance.” Kara looked up at her surprised.

Lena continued in matter-of-fact tone, “I mean Kara Danvers is obviously the most impossible lady-thirst-trap crafted by Rao.” Lena made exaggerated motions gesturing at the girl’s body. Kara blushed.
“But it was more than that. I wanted real things. Sometimes I wanted them so much it hurt. I liked that I could see a future with you. You know a house, dog, ki- Lena’s eyes widened and she rushed on, “-netic energy conversion devices. You know -eh save the environment,” she finished awkwardly hoping Kara couldn’t hear the heartbeat Lena felt pounding in her throat.

~I’m so gay sometimes,~ the young Luthor thought silently. She hadn’t intended for that last bit to come out of her mouth,ever. It was just something that drifted through her head before she’d started dating the girl. While the pinning CEO was still drawing Kara hearts in the margins of her budget reports. Their relationship being a reality, she didn’t even let herself fantasize about it now. ~With a mother like mine the kid would probably come out with horns. Or her doting grandmother would stick some promethium up there so baby could make his first ray gun to blast his way out.~

Remembering the ever present threat of her Luthorness, Lena felt like she needed to be honest with the girl.

“Being with Supergirl actually scares me more than a little.” Lena admitted trying to work out the feelings for herself as she spoke. Kara had that guilty noble hero face on. Lena shook her head. “I can deal with the interruptions and constant emergencies and occasional kidnapping. What I’m scared of is what being around that might turn me into.”

“I would do anything to keep you safe.” Lena looked into her eyes. “Today I wasn't really upset because you did it without your powers, or even because you risked your life. It was because when you told me that you wouldn’t, it felt decided and I stopped worrying about it.” She looked away. "Seeing you made me feel like I couldn’t—"

Lena hesitated. "I'm not good at trusting people. And I’ve been working on something that I would need to trust you with.”

Kara tilted her head in confusion.

The young Luthor walked over and folded the completed suit, holding it in both hands against her chest feeling uncertain. “ I didn’t want to make one of Lex’s warsuits. -I want you to understand something Kara." She took a breath, "Luthors are taught to reject normal; exceptional was the standard and I feel like part of what happened to Lex was him getting lost in that. I wouldn’t have focused on weapons manufacturing, but that had more to do with a difference in interests and business strategy than in ethics. My mother’s work in bioengineering is closer to the kind of evil my brain would probably come up with. But with his passion, he just gravitated naturally toward anything that might give him an edge in his self-imposed arms race with an alien demigod. To him, life is a competition, and that part of things is something we share.” Kara made sounds of protests at several points while Lena was talking.

“I know.” Lena held up her hand. “Please just let me finish this. It’s important to me.”

“When you were being tortured, I made a weapon. I was desperate, hell-bent on saving us. I didn’t think about anything other than making something that was strong enough. And I could have- I almost panicked and I don’t know what I would have done. And even though I made it to save us, -you. I-it hurt you..” She closed her eyes getting control of her breathing. Kara stepped behind her wrapping Lena in her strong arms.

“Lena, if that’s why you’re mad at me, you don’t have to be part of the whole Supergirl team. You know I’d never ask you for anything like that, especially with your family. I don’t want her -that to be something that gets in the way of -um us.”

Lena toyed absently with the Kryptonian's fingers. “Not that I want to follow my brother’s example, but you, Kara Zor-El are something of a new passion for me. I wasn’t really all that
interested in it before, but my mind can’t stop itself from running through more effective composites to shield from kryptonite or help with your issue with maneuverability in the air with your heat vision. I would never want to make any of this for anyone else.” Lena smiled cheekily, “Kate actually asked me for a tech upgrade earlier today and I told her to fuck right off.” Lena smiled impishly imaging how to get back at the woman. “I should make some girl-shaped gadgets for our next team up so you can dick with her.”

Lena laughed feeling better when she felt Kara visibly twitch, likely contritely holding herself back from commenting on Lena’s cursing. She turned to hold Kara’s cheek with her hand fondly. Looking into her bright blue eyes she said, “But, I do trust you.” And then handed the Kryptonian the suit feeling an odd mixture of emotions.

Lena let the hero try it on and showed her the flight controls first. Kara smiled with gleeful enthusiasm zipping around the lab, Lena had to remotely override the suit a couple times to keep her from crashing into a few monitors. Hovering next to Lena, Kara’s hand drifted to rest on the crest at the center of her chest. Kara looked down startled and dropped to her feet still staring at it.

Her movement had caused the El sigil to fade into another replaced it. Lena had installed the secondary crest on a whim having spent a considerable amount of time designing the thing for something else. The design was the same red El sigil enmeshed with a stylized blue L, similar to the L-Corp logo.

Seeing where Kara was looking, Lena blushed. “Yes, well. I thought it might be nice if Supergirl was shown to have received some equipment from L-Corp, and” she said nervously fiddling with her necklace then unclasping it.

“And… Well. It’s embarrassing to admit I based L-Corp’s brand on something I got when I was four years old at a corner store. But this always reminds me of my mam. My birthmother. She got it for me in Ireland. Lillian and my father always took it for an adopted child’s desperate token proving she was a Luthor. They had Ls monogrammed on everything they owned,” she said rolling her eyes. “But for me this was just Lena, something separate from them.”

“The Lena family crest?” Kara said with wonder.

“Yes, well. There was something else that I had made for you earlier that gave me the idea,” Lena pulled out the jewelry box from her bag.

Lena pulled out a gem that she had fashioned to look similar to the one that Lena felt had saved them from that compound. It had the same altered design she had styled on the crest of the suit which reflected off the facets of the stone. Lena had hoped it would be a nice reminder of the good that had come out of the horrible experience. Also, Lena didn’t have any other reference for Kryptonian jewelry.

Inside the nth-metal that secured the gem to the chain, she’d added something a little extra she thought might win her a couple of relationship points. Something that might help Kara feel safer, calmer if she was ever trapped without her again. Kara looked at the design on the necklace speechlessly, tearing up and nodding.

Lena was confused at Kara’s reaction. She had expected bouncing and maybe some enthusiastic screams, Kara was looking at the thing like it held of ghost of her dead mother.

Shaking her head Lena tried to explain, “I made this for you so you could always hear my heartbeat when I’m not around. -Even if don’t have your powers,” she amended quickly remembering she wouldn’t be able to hear it now. “It’ll pulse so you can feel it, see.” She said holding it up for Kara
to put on.

“Lena. I don’t think you- I can’t,” Kara said backing away.

Lena felt a stab at the rejection. “Oh, I’m sorry, of course. Silly little thing.” She breezed on speaking rapidly and looking at a computer monitor flicking through notes, “The suit though. It’s powered similarly to your own cells. I made it so it will mimic your super strength and flight of course you saw. The heat vision and freeze breath might be a little different to aim, but the functionality should be similar. Superspeed was trickier, it responds to a neural relay system, so I couldn’t really test it without you. I’m hoping it’s close. Obviously it’s bulletproof and fireproof and absorbs a considerable amount of concussive trauma.” She paused running out of things to say about it, “And um- machine washable darling that a new feature.”

Kara tackled her midair, catching her up in an affectionate kiss that reminded Lena so much of their first night.

“Was that for the suit, the rambling or the Pixar reference?” Lena asked laughing and Kara just snuggled her face into Lena’s hair closing her eyes, hovering contently with Lena’s head on her chest.

While she was distracted, Lena covertly slipped the necklace over Kara’s head. “I just want you to see how it looks on. I know the dimensions are different, but’s really a tasteful size for you I think.”

Kara looked at her, that same mixture of intense expressions crossing her face.

Lena asked nervously, “Do you like it? I can change it if-” Lena started, moving to unclasp it before Kara took her hand and held it to her lips.

“I’ll never take it off.” Kara said voice choking and tears steaming down her face. Lena smiled and snuggled into her chest enjoying the feeling of Kara’s arms around her again.

Chapter End Notes

I personally really enjoy Winn and I’ve been trying to figure out how to use him more. He’ll come up again for you in the next couple of chapters.

Also, I like to keep my plots nice and thick, but there are more endgame clues peppered in from here on out. The big stuff I’ve decided on already. I won’t confirm or deny any of that and some of the holes I left are just questions I’m planning on answering soon. So if it has to do with one of those you may just see a trail of ellipses...

That being said, I’d enjoy hearing in the comments what you think might be coming up next.
Enjoy the hunt!
'A Luthor and a super working together. Who would have thought?'
I feel like show writers are just afraid to have this OP power-couple absolutely stomp whatever badguy of the week they throw at them.

And yes, valid. They would be boss :D

side note- I couldn't bring myself to actually have Lena make her girl-shaped throwing knives, but Kara does wish she had some in this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chap. 13 Nerd Muscle

--------Kara--------

“I am the Underminer!”

Kara rolled her eyes. She hated it when the bad guys made their thing some adorable animal and this one looked like a fat mole rat with awkward sideburns. It was just like that creepy guy from Gotham that ruined penguins for her.

Bad guy # 7624 was sitting in an enormous drill that he had used underneath the streets of National City to get into several bank vaults, then apparently had popped his head out of the ground to monologue at her. Someone like this would be a great starter villain for Kon, she thought, trying to decide what she’d tell him to do first. Kara was absolutely stoked that she might get another chance at being a mentor. It’s part of the reason she got so mad at Kal when he showed no interest in learning what it really meant to be Kryptonian.

She eyed the rat faced man speculatively, doubting he had much in the way of powers. Tag team, I would definitely have him evacuate people first while I incapacitate the drill to minimize damage to the city. She thought excited.

Weird as this particular baddie was, the Kryptonian didn’t really mind. It gave her an excuse to use some of the nifty features Lena had upgraded in this iteration of her amazingly awesome supersuit that muggings and kitten rescue didn’t typically call for.

Winn was obsessed and Alex was crazy jealous, but Kara wouldn’t even go into the DEO wearing it. As soon as Kara realized what it meant to Lena, the blonde hero defended her new suit like a doberman defended his yard from the menace of the mailman. In her head, Kara thought of the supersuit a lot like she thought about kryptonite, not like the eye-melting nails-in-your-blood part, but like no one else could touch it or have it or be near it without Kara watching. She wasn’t going to make Lena feel any more Luthor-y than she had to. I mean maybe she’s not a Luthor anymore. Kara thought her heart skipping, then shook the thought out, getting her head back in the game.
First, Kara circled around the machine her heat-laser beam shooting out from the crest at her chest, effectively taking out the wheels of the thing so he couldn’t move. Now looking a little more frantic, the strange little man, pushed a button on his console and a compact version of his drill popped out of the larger one as he sped down the empty city streets.

Kara was about to go down to scoop him up, when she saw Batwoman landing in the driver’s seat of her Bat-Tank nearby. Kara frowned and moved toward her. “Supergirl, target is moving north by north east on—”

“I know, I know, A-Agent Danvers. I’ll get him. I just want to see what she’s doing here,” Kara informed her sister, wishing she had her x-ray vision for the thousandth time looking at the black behemoth make its way down first avenue.

Kara heard two loud exasperated sighs come through her earpiece simultaneously.

“Wait who was that?” Winn asked curiously.

“Supergirl’s resident guy-in-the-van, obviously.” Lena’s voice said with wry mocking humor.

“No, no, no, no, no. Absolutely not. You cannot do this to me Luthor,” Winn complained loudly.

“Lena Luthor has hacked into our comms system?” J’onn’s gravelly voice pipped in, sounding disgruntled.

“Hacking is such a pedestrian term Director. I prefer to think of my involvement as an unauthorized appropriation of intelligence materials necessary for the realization of my immediate communication requirements.” Lena said quickly. Kara hid a giggle. “I only did this so our girl wouldn’t have to deal with too much chatter in the middle of a fight. Now, since you all know I am currently talking—“

Lena continued sweetly, “Supergirl, do you think now might not be the best time to catch up with our bat friend. I doubt she’s an early morning brunch kind of vigilante, but I’m sure I could arrange a play date. Mole-Man on the other hand will be a lot harder to track if he’s able to get through the constructional foundation of the city with that drill of his.”

“Villain naming too!” Winn protested making sounds of incredulity. Kara could almost hear the exaggerated hand motions of outrage that would have accompanied the sounds.

Kara pouted admitting Lena was probably right. She put her Supergirl face back on and banked a corner turning back toward Mole-Man. Before she reached him, she saw the Bat-Tank shoot a spiky projectile through the back of Mole-Man’s drill-mobile.

The depowered Kryptonian watched as the two vehicles flung weapons back and forth. She paused in the air for a moment remembering the current squishy quality of her head and how many of these very nice suits Lena had needed to fix for her the last few weeks. I should get points for that. Kara thought to herself planning on telling Alex or Lena or J’onn or whoever the next time one of them told her she was never careful. At least five.

The treads on the Bat-Tank shot off sparks as it lurched back and forth behind the drill-mobile. The tank obviously didn’t have enough stopping power, so it disengaged and pulled up next to the drill. Batwoman’s black caped figure leapt though the top exit of her tank taking a knee, then jumped over to the top of the bad guys roof, using her cape to aim wind resistance. Coming out of her controlled fall, she executed a perfect roll stabbing a bat-hook into the top of it for leverage.

Kara gaped when she saw the woman attach a little metal bat to the window, it blinked red a few
times and then exploded shattering the glass. **Rao, how many Bat-shaped toys did this woman have? And why is it so cool?**

Unfortunately for the black-clad vigilante, Mole-Man had positioned a rocket launcher between them. A missile shot out right after the little bomb went off and the woman had to dive to the side, barely able to grab on and avoid being flung to the asphalt.

“**Supergirl, bogey coming back around,**” Winn’s voice commented interrupting Lena’s similar statement. Kara grabbed it out of the air and remembered to activate her helmet, *10 points*, right before she snapped the thing in half causing an explosion.

Kara flew down. Feeling mostly heroic and just a little tiny bit petty, she scooped up the vigilante and left her on top of a roof with no other buildings nearby. She grinned imagining the serious black clad specter-of-the-night making small talk while she used the elevator to get down.

“**Well that was -helpful.**” Winn commented generously while Alex could be heard cackling loudly for a few seconds before she cleared her throat remembering her line was open.

Smirking she flew above Mole-Man and used her heat vision to start melting the enormous drill at the front of the thing so he wouldn’t be able to escape. She sped forward a few blocks and stood within a couple of feet of where she calculated the thing would lose momentum and stop. She stuck a heroic pose staring it down and waited, feeling like she was in an action movie. The girl ignored the annoying sounds coming from her earpiece.

She was sure it was going to stop, and this would look so cool -way cooler than bat toys. 

Pretty sure.

A little bit less sure, she backed up one big step and stood more confidently. Her mind was busy running some additional, probably unnecessary, calculations when she felt her suit forcibly jerk her to the right. Fighting the thing automatically she yanked her body back to the left- in the direction of the several tons of moving metal and her vision went black.

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Kara woke up at the lab in the penthouse, laying in the bed Lena had set up as a makeshift infirmary. She saw Alex and Lena in lab coats standing across the room looking at a monitor displaying a revolving double helix. Lena was wearing her glasses again which made Kara annoyed at her sister's presence despite the fact that Alex was probably the reason Kara could currently move all of her limbs.

Lena commented to Alex. “I got them from -Batwoman.” Kara frowned not knowing they were hanging out. "They’re what my mother used on that boy. These tablets seem to function by shutting off all but one active Kryptonian power. I’ve been hoping to figure out what genetic area it’s deactivating.”

“To help Kara get her powers back?” Her sister asked? Lena furrowed her brow, and glanced nervously as Kara. “That’s a great idea.” Alex enthused.

Kara perked up, intent. The girl bounced out of bed a few cords popping off her and winced in pain. Pain had become an obnoxious new friend of hers over the last few months, one that she was very interested in ditching with a power up.

Older sister and intimidating girlfriend both turned giving her a look. Kara shied back, laying down and pulling the covers up to her neck obediently. She commented cautiously, "It can't be that bad if
you didn’t make me stay at the DEO.”

Alex came over to her, reattaching a blood pressure cuff. “You’ve been out for a few hours.” Her sister said dryly. “Another cracked rib and a concussion. The DEO's sunlamps wouldn't really do you much good right now and I figured Lena would be good for the obvious prescription—” Alex gave her a villainous look “50mL of fresh squeezed kale juice every hour until you stop literally walking in front of steamrollers.” Kara looked around worried, seeing no evidence of the second worst green substance she’d yet encountered.

Alex continued dryly, “You’re luck that suit has the best armor defense I’ve ever seen.”

Lena put in, "It would be even better if you didn't fight me in it when I tried to pull you to safety.” Kara felt a stab of guilt when she saw her wonderful, beautiful suit, which looked like part of it might have melted at some point.

Alex walked over and ruffled Kara's hair. “Lucky for you. Your girlfriend is good with a soldering iron. Weirdly, she seems to find your attempts at showing off endearing and is willing to bust her ass to keep your brains on the inside.”

Lena smiled smugly holding up a new suit. “Prototype number fourteen, now with reinforced concussive force dampening and thermal energy proofing up to three thousand degrees.” “And,” She added with a smirk outlining the crest with her finger which turned the suit black. “Stealth mode. The cloaking we used before can’t withstand the damage you tend to put these things through, but I thought you might enjoy practicing your secret agent skills in style.” Kara's eyes widened in appreciation Ninja.

“So, Lena do you spend all your time now cleaning up my sister’s messes?” Alex asked. “We should start a club.”

“Honestly, I wish I could," The CEO commented regretfully. "As much as I fear working on these suits will wake my latent Luthor tendencies,” Lena said teasing Alex with a wag of her eyebrows. “I’d take being in a lab over a boardroom any day.”

Kara bounced up and down to get their attention and asked impatiently. “What about my powers?”

Lena looked hesitant. Alex responded. “Lena has the tabs Lillian was using on their -eh subjects.”

“Kon.” Kara interrupted correcting. “Kon El.” Maybe Connor could be his alter ego she thought excited.

Lena frowned. “I’m not sure it’s a good idea to give him a name. You know what they say about strays you can’t keep.”

“I can save him Lena. Teach him how to be a hero, we just have to get him away from your mother and whatever drugs she has him on.” Kara said with confident conviction. “Kon was Kal’s great-grandfather’s name. If Kal refuses to acknowledge that he’s family, then I’m going to.”

“Anyway,” Alex continued. “It’s obvious at this point that what we’re not just dealing with a regular flare.”

Lena agreed. “It’s most likely that some particular components of your genetic expression particular to your yellow-sun derived Kryptonian abilities may have been turned off in response to the environmental stress of my mother -well, being a fucking evil psychotic vindictive bitch.”

“Lena,” Kara said feeling like ‘meanie’ or even just the b-word probably would have gotten her
point across just as well. Alex smirked at Lena and she ignored her. “I’ve been focusing a bit more on isolating the genes associated with deactivation. The ones I’ve found are all consolidated around a particular sequence on your 18th chromosome that I believe could be effected by simple histone modification.” Lena said excitedly, then glanced at Alex and the corners of her mouth turned down. "But to get your powers back, we might have more success focusing on the more disparate individual genetic markers for individual abilities.”

Alex reached over and pulled a few hairs out of Kara’s head, “Ouch!” The Kryptonian objected. “Ha! I love when I can do that.” Alex said wickedly. “I need DNA to help isolate the response pattern.” She explained. “Can I play with your toys for a while then Lena? Maggie says I’m only allowed to have a couple of hours of centrifuge time.”

Alex and Lena spent the next couple of hours bent over a table working on their project before Alex winced at a text message. “I have to head out,” She frowned. “I really wish I could use the DEO’s pharmaceutical equipment to finish up production. I know it’s your team, but I hate outsourcing suspiciously Kryptonian products.”

“I might be able to help out with that.” Lena said hesitantly. She walked over to the wall of suits and took down a familiar silver streaked blue one.

“You would like me to disguise myself as a roller disco enthusiast?” Alex asked bemused.

“No, I just- When my mother’s, -Kon,” Lena corrected herself with a glance at Kara. “When he took you down I was scared you might have-“ She said glancing nervously at Alex’s abdomen. “Since the Danvers sisters seem to inexplicably share some epigenetic drive to jump unnecessarily into suicidal missions, I thought you might be a little safer if you had an option to finish some of them more covertly.” Lena showed her the controls.

Wow, Kara thought. I’ve never seen Lena trust anyone else like that. Maybe it’s because she knows. No. Kara rejected the idea. It couldn’t have been on purpose; she would have said something. She played idly with the necklace Lena had given her.

I can’t believe Lena would ever think of herself as just a Luthor. She thought. Kara didn’t know of any other Luthors that would give a pregnant woman a 10 million dollar suit for no other reason than to keep her safe. She would make an awesome mom.

When Alex left, Lena went back to one of her projects. Kara busied herself tinkering the her g-force box she had been working on. Her mind intent on preventing the taco-goop travesty of 2015. That had happened after she had picked up some food in Mexico for her and Alex and responding the the beast’s demands, she had flown the bag of food back to Alex’s place at top speed resulting in a goopy pile of plantains with pulverized burrito, lettuce bits and taste cinnamon pastries. She’d still eaten it obviously, but Alex stared at her the whole time with her judgey face.

Besides, she thought rationally, Kon is going to need as much food as I do and its my mentoring duty to show him all the awesome stuff that mean lady probably isn’t letting him have.

Kara had been having fun with Lena the last few months, learning more about how to apply her calculations to engineering materials and design.

She had always been so bored learning Earth science before. The young Kryptonian couldn’t talk with most people here who knew about real science because there were ways that Kryptonian
physicists looked at things, like taking the multiverse and hyperspace travel and time warps for
granted, that would make Earth scientists suspicious.

Of the people who knew, Eliza and Alex mostly just liked medicine and Alex groaned whenever
Kara slipped into talking about 'space magic.’ Winn loved that kind of thing, but he was so boring
whenever he tried to explain his process and would always just get over-excited about how his new
gadget looked like something out of some nerd show and what he was going to name it.

Lena seemed to really enjoy teaching and talking about her work. Her eyes always lit up when she
got to shift between discussing and connecting different fields of science. And she was always
patient when Kara got lost, hunting for a middle ground in their knowledge and working out from
there until Kara got it. The consistent new intellectual stimulation made the Kryptonian feel like
her brain was getting jacked.

After collaborating on a few things, Kara had started working on some of her own projects
occasionally in Lena’s secret lab. A couple of them had come in handy on her last big mission.

She’d also been considering ways to deprogram Kon, but there was no way to test her hypotheses.
She didn’t know how he was wired in, so an EMP blast might cook his brains. She wasn’t great
with medicine or physiology or whatever, but physics she knew and no two objects could
simultaneously occupy the same space, you know in this dimension. If I could just increase the
pressure in his brain enough without making his head explode. She huffed, maybe I’ll try out
some of this stuff on myself when I get my powers back. “

Not sure how to get any further with that train of thought right now, she focused back on her
project.

Currently Kara was stuck on the critical design conceptualization. If I maintain the vacuum, then
that would keep the contents stable but also aerate whatever I put inside of it. Like a marshmallow
in those infomercials. She thought frowning, frustrated but also a little hungry now. But if I utilize
more stabilizing materials, then the force experienced by the contents would still be relative to my
speed. It might compensate for a few Gs of force, but nothing like I’d need it to. The Kryptonian
wunderkind wrote out calculations for potential modification on her science board until her brain
felt fuzzy.

“Leeenaaa,” Kara projected across the lab in a sing-song voice, “I need that big attractive brain of
yours to help me save the world from annihilation again.” And you know tacos, she added mentally
not thinking that argument would work very well for Lena.

Kara loved her girlfriend and admitted that the salads that formed 90% of the woman's cells had
done a really good job at the whole forming thing, but the Kryptonian could not let her box of joy
get tainted by sad vegetables parties no matter how much her very confused girlfriend thought she
loved them. Eliza was always talking at her about setting boundaries.

“One minute, Kara. I think I figured it out.” Lena said as she moved between her machines rapidly
typing onto several different keyboards which apparently controlled the machinery around her as
each component responded in turn to her commands.

Kara sat and watched, enjoying seeing Lena like this. After a few minutes, the young Luthor
walked to the end of the station smiling in satisfaction as she took something small off of a metal
cooling plate.

Seeing she was done Kara felt impatient with excitement. “Okay, you got to have your brain for a
whole hour, it’s my turn to play.”
“Darling, if you’d like to play,” Lena said taking off her glasses moving the tip of the frames to her lips. She continued in a lower tone, “You don’t need to ask.” Her green eyes looked at Kara through thick lashes making the Kryptonian feel conflicted.

The poor hero’s gaze flickered from Lena’s eyes to her body. She felt her hand move on it’s own, inching toward the hem of Lena’s lab coat. Hey stop that, she thought grabbing that hand with her other one. This is super important. I have to figure it out to help Kon.

Kara felt like the noble self-sacrifice she made just then was an appropriate start in her journey as a mentor to the would-be young hero, valiantly guiding him toward his destiny.

Kara showed Lena what her problem was and the brilliant scientist-in-sexy-glasses connected the engineering issue she was having with one that was more familiar to Kara's background in physics in relations to ionic chemical structure and how it could be altered by compounding materials. That would let her solve the stabilization factor that was holding up her math. Her super nice smart girlfriend also went over how to realize that pragmatically with design changes in circuitry.

Appreciating Lena’s insights Kara wondered momentarily if her match on Krypton would have been like Lena. Could there have been a Kryptonian Lena? Kara wondered, If the system was so perfect, then there must have been. The girl felt a fresh pang at the loss of Krypton and that young woman she never got to meet.

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The next morning Kara sat on the balcony watching for her sister. When she spotted her on the street, Kara jumped up and down waving.

Alex ducked her head, shielding her eyes with her hand to ineffectually pretend she did not know and definitely was not associated with the bouncing blonde woman waving and yelling in the millionaires’ sector of National City.

The Kryptonian then ran over to the elevator door and tapping her foot as she watched the numbers climb. As soon as the harried agent had reached the floor Kara burst out, “Please tell me you’re done. You're done right? Is it ready?” Lena had come out of her room at the noise looking amused.

Alex rolled her eyes and walked up to her sister holding the package just out of the reach of the girl’s outstretched grasping hands. “Stomach acid would neutralist this, so let it dissolve under your tongue.” Kara snatched the packet quickly from her sister and did as instructed, closing her eyes and willing the tablet to dissolve faster.

Both scientists stared at the Kryptonian like she was a kettle that would start steaming.

“Allllleeeexxxx,” Kara complained after a few minutes. “You did it wrong. Didn’t Lena share her smart person notes with you.”

“Mary mother of saints, you two are never going to grow up.” Lena commented watching the two grown women stick their tongues out at each other. Before we go back to the drawing board, there's one thing we could try.

The CEO continued dryly, “Since I made your suit to harness and repurpose solar power, I should be able to use it for this by reversing the output directionality to give you a quick surge of sunshine and hyper-saturate your cells.

Lena made some motions tapping over her tablet and Kara’s suit flew to them. “But we’ll need -ah,
as much surface area as possible exposed to the inside of the suit.” Lena said suggestively. Kara moved to start changing and gave both Lena and Alex a look. Alex her back and Lena stayed arms crossed smirking at Kara. Kara gave her a playful look and unbuttoned her shirt. Alex blindly grabbed at Lena’s arm and turned the CEO to face the wall with her. “Gross.” She heard the agent mumble.

Kara cleared her throat and Lena continued tapping on her tablet distractedly. After a moment Kara’s helmet snapped up and she quickly closed her eyes against the brilliant light. She felt warm and her muscles tensed and then she felt her skin tingle like it used to. When the light faded, the hopeful Kryptonian looked down at her hand frowning for a moment. Then she saw the tremor and a wash of energy coursed through her body.

Kara wooted and jumped flying in circles around Lena. Hanging upside down in the air, she positioned her body to give Lena a kiss like she’d seen other superheroes do in the comics. Alex made a retching sound even though her back was still turned around.

After seeing her blonde curls curtain over Lena’s face as she kissed her, the Kryptonian pulled out one of the strands impulsively. Lena’s science brain is going to explode. Kara thought and looked at the CEO excited, “I’ve been wanting to show you this for weeks.”

Kara thought for a minute considering what the best way to demonstrate it would be. Deciding, she sped over to the kitchen grabbing a block of cheese. Returning in a gust she handed the cheese and the strand of hair to Lena expectedly.

“You have been waiting to get your god-powers back for months and the first thing you want to do with them is have me play with your hair? And, eh- demonstrate your superior abilities in- I’m going to say, digestion of lactose?” Lena asked dryly the corner of her mouth twitching.

Alex sighed and took the items from Lena. She put on her tactical gloves and wrapped the hair around her fingers like floss. “No, she wanted to show you this.” Alex said shaking her head in mock-disgust. “Clark has one of his hairs holding up an anvil in some museum in Metropolis, but this little weirdo always thought she was showing off when she’d do this at dinner.” The agent held the hair against the cheese, applying a little pressure, the hard cheddar cleanly separated.

“Impressive,” Lena said dryly. She laughed seeing Kara’s crestfallen expression at her reaction and kissed the Kryptonian full on the mouth. Kara blushed seeing Alex grimace.

On her way to the door Alex yelled back stepping onto the elevator. “Happy to re-alienafy you sis. Don’t forget to call Mom. She wants us to go to Midvale again before she has to go on that trip.” Once the elevator was several floors below them she heard her sister mumble. “I know you can hear me and still -eww.” Which made Kara grin.

Kara turned to Lena eyes looking determined. “You know? Playing with my hair wasn’t exactly the first thing I wanted to do with my powers…”

Chapter End Notes

So... I did feel a little bit bad leaving you hanging on that last line. 'If I wanted to have the shot fade up to the bedpost, why would I be reading fanfiction?' Right?
I actually did have a NSFW scene there, -and then another one, and well, it was getting
a little long. I've been toying the idea of making the next post be pure fan service for kicks, but I'm almost done with the next real chapter, so we'll see which one pops out of my mind first.
To Do List

Chapter Notes

So- remember how I said I was toying with the idea last time. Well, toys are made to be played with so here you go.

Disclaimer, super NSFW.

To be perfectly honest I wasn't even sure where to put the *******warning stars in here. They're there, but you might want to ctrl+f to find them because you're going to be scrolling for a while.

(also good advice for anyone specifically interested in finding those sections, for -reasons. God knows I get annoyed trying to sift through chapters guessing keywords to make sure my FF is mature as advertised before I get invested)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

....Kara turned to Lena, eyes looking determined. “You know? Playing with my hair wasn’t exactly the first thing I wanted to do with my powers.” Kara trailed off biting her lip.

“Well darling.” Lena replied with a broad seductive smile. “That sounds like a marathon. Let me just take a quick shower and-“

Impatient, Kara sped Lena into the shower and turned on the tap…

Humans were so weird about sex – things. And the Kryptonian was worried her amazing, impressive, successful, experienced girlfriend would get bored or something if Kara just kept doing the same three things when they were together. Her brain was pretty sure those three things were the best three activities available to experience in the entire universe, but still.

The idea of asking her sister, or even worse Maggie who would be talking about her sister, was horrifying. So instead Kara had embarked on the journey of discovery herself. Grabbing a notebook, pens for color coding, and a platter of snacks, the investigative reporter set herself up on the couch in her loft like she was working on any other research assignment.

Opening her laptop, Kara had hesitantly switched the search results safety off diving into the part of the internet totally void of adorable cat videos.

The girl spent the entire experience as red as her cape, sometimes hiding behind a pillow or shutting her laptop closed in a panic. A few times she had to take a walk around the park before her face stopped flaming, but she had always dutifully gone back and completed the self-imposed mandatory section of notes for the evening.

Coded in Kryptonian, obviously, just in case Lena found them.

Without her powers, Kara felt a little less confident in general and also, she wasn’t sure how humans pulled off some of the things she’d seen without super strength or hovering. One time she
saw one lady climb the other one like a rope ladder while she did mouth things, which was just-well very impressive.

Now that the Kryptonian felt her body humming with revitalized power, cracked rib healed instantly, she was ready and determined to try out some of the things on her list that made her blush.

Unfortunately, her impatience to get going on said things might have caused her to trip at the starting line.

...“Jesus fucking Christ! Kara!” Lena sputtered, slipping into her accent, as she shivered under the frigid downpour coming from the showerhead.

“Oh, right.” Kara said nervously forgetting to let it warm up first.

Kara stripped off her own clothes reflexively before climbing in after her, and stood in front of the stream of water to shield Lena’s body from it. She used her heat vision to evaporate steam into the air to warm the room. When she felt the water shift to a comfortable temperature she stepped aside for Lena.

Kara watched her girlfriend’s displeased face anxiously. After a few moments Lena’s lips turned back to their normal red color, but her mouth continued to wear an unhappy grimace.

Kara looked down and realized the problem.

She’d never actually undressed Lena, or really anyone, using superspeed and her brain had just thought shower and went. The bedraggled CEO had now grudgingly moved into the stream of water for warmth as her lab coat and the fancy silk designer dress she had underneath it became progressively more soaked.

Lena braced an arm against the wall as she bent her knee to take off one of her heels. Her eyes remained trained on Kara’s, expression frosty. The Kryptonian gave her a guilty smile. “Oops.”

“Care to give me a hand darling?” Lena asked one corner of her mouth twitching up in reluctant amusement. Now that Lena had removed her heels, she stood several inches shorter than Kara. The dark-haired CEO turned her back to the blonde and started tugging at the sleeve of her lab coat trying to wrench her arm loose from the wet fabric.

Kara helped her remove the long white coat and caught a full view the silk underneath.

The white dress clung to Lena’s form distractingly and the girl’s head tilted realizing she didn’t need her x-ray vision to make out the shadowed outline of her favorite lingerie.

It was a matching black set with lace edges that she liked to run her fingers over and the bottoms were connected to a pair of stocking garters. Seeing evidence of them braced on Lena’s thighs made Kara itch to push her hands under the hem of the white silk.

Kara ripped her eyes away from their playground and looked into Lena’s. She appreciated how attractive her girlfriend was, droplets of water clinging to her face and caught in her eyelashes. She carefully took off the woman’s glasses setting them aside and gazed down at her enraptured.

Lena raised an eyebrow at Kara, then moved to slide open the shower door, likely wanting to find a drier place she could get the clinging garment off.

************************************************************************************
Kara’s arm shot out to catch her.

The hero pulled the woman’s body back against her own and felt a spike of hot desire when Lena’s firm roundness brushed against her groin.

On instinct, Kara’s body performed the most direct, logical action it could in the interest of reclaiming her sanity. Her current mission involved termination of the obstacle that was unjustly separating her skin from the feeling of Lena’s wet slippery body writhing against it.

Reaching around the woman, Kara took hold of either side of the low V neckline and easily ripped the wet material down the center, the tearing sound echoing in the small room. The Kryptonian let out a growl of satisfaction when it was gone and her hands were able to run along the edge of those teasing strips of black cloth and feel the deliciously smooth skin under her fingers.

Lena grunted and spun around pushing Kara back against the wall. The brunette jerked Kara’s head down to hers, hands wrapped around Kara’s hair wringing out water from the golden tresses as she used them for leverage.

When one of Lena’s small hands palmed Kara’s breast, the Kryptonian bit her lip trying to regain her previous determination. Attempts at focusing ineffective, she acknowledged that if Lena did absolutely anything to her body right now, there was a 96% chance she would fall apart instantly. Since the Kryptonian knew she was usually a useless puddle after Lena did that thing with her-

Mmmnnmm, Kara thought when Lena’s mouth went to her ear. Nope. must- stay-

Kara grabbed both of Lena’s hands pinning them up against the wall before harshly claiming the woman’s mouth. Pulling her face away she saw the dark excitement in Lena’s eyes and she felt that little part of her brain click on.

Crossing the brunette’s wrists the blonde Kryptonian kept both of them hostage above her with a firm hand. Kara looked down and appreciated how the position offered up Lena’s breasts for her entertainment. The girl bent her head down to the brunette’s chest and breathed out the tiniest puff of frost. She smiled seeing Lena’s nipple harden instantly before she took it between her teeth. She heard a high-pitched whimper coming from above her.

The trapped CEO rubbed her thighs together as Kara held the hard flesh still with her teeth while her tongue flicked over the tip.

Enjoying herself, Kara ran the palm of her hand up the woman’s inner thighs slowly, parting them as her fingers trialed briefly on the lace band.

Continuing upward with her hand, the flat of her index finger reached the black silk and she rubbed at the material with a firm pressure. Pulling the hand back the pad of her finger briefly rested right above the woman’s swollen nub and she felt Lena’s hips buck against it. As the finger receded too, Lena voiced a whine displeasure and circled her hips around either to catch another moment of friction or to tempt Kara back, she wasn’t sure.

Kara looked into Lena’s eyes as she shredded the lingerie from her body effortlessly. Lena’s excited expression darkened, green eyes now heavy-lidded, deep pools of want. The woman’s head strained forward trying to reach Kara’s lips as the Kryptonian’s hand continued to restrain her wrists against the tiles.

Having little patience for teasing, Kara captured the CEO’s mouth in a possessive, demanding kiss.
At this point Kara’s mind attempted to nag at her, insisting she had started this with the intention of trying different things. Unfortunately, that voice was drowned out completely by the unspeakable urgency she felt to lose herself in the taste of Lena’s essence.

Before her mind finished the thought, Kara found herself exactly where she wanted to be. On her knees, hands grasping Lena’s ass to tilt her pelvis forward as the spray of water flicked droplets onto her face.

When Kara dove in with her mouth Lena’s head rolled to the side. Reveling in the ecstasy, the brunette bit her lip hard.

Hands now freed, one gripped the wall to her side and the other slowly swept over her own face collecting beads of moisture in her palm. Running her hand up and through her long dark hair caused a stream of water to cascade through her sodden locks, between her full round breasts, down the porcelain white of her abdomen, and, caught by the v of her hips, channeled directly into the current focus of Kara’s world.

Kara sputtered, accidentally breathing in the unexpected rush of water. Lena’s hips continued to roll lightly against the Kryptonian's lapping tongue. Kara reangled the position of her chin and her tongue slid forward deeper into Lena’s folds, collecting every drop of nectar she could before the stream of the water took it away from her.

At the change in position, Lena’s foot slipped against the porcelain. The intent girl placed one hand under Lena’s cheeks and supported her weight easily, undeterred in her current competition for Lena against the falling spray.

When Lena’s hips bucked sharply to the side, the angle of Kara’s supporting hand shifted beneath her.

And the pinkie of that hand pushed into somewhere it hadn’t been before.

Lena gasped and let out a breathy mewling sound that caught Kara’s attention. She noticed Lena’s rapt expression and the change in her breathing. Her body had gone stiff, no longer gyrating, but instead pressing backward against the offending digit.

That wasn’t on the list. Kara thought, having previously dismissed it in her research.

Curious, the Kryptonian carefully lowered the brunette back to her feet, then spun her around by the hips to face the wall. Kara’s pinkie stayed where it was and she experimentally flexed it causing Lena to brace her hands against the tile, pushing herself back toward Kara’s still kneeling body.

She circled the finger and Lena moaned reaching a hand back to spread one of her cheeks to the side. Kara hadn’t really paid this area much attention in the past, but now she felt her mind boggle exploring the possibilities while also being upset at herself for not making the discovery sooner.

She pulled her pinkie out and Lena let out a low grunt of complaint, spreading herself open further for Kara with her hand. The blonde briefly diverted a stream going down Lena’s back and ran over the bud with the tip of her finger.

Both of Lena’s hands slammed back against the wall when Kara replaced the circling finger with her tongue first licking back and forth and then in tight circles pressing in.

She pushed past the tight ring of muscles feeling them contract around her exploring tongue for a few moments then relax. Lena’s face was pressed to the side of the tile and her chest heaved,
breathing sporadic, as her breasts crushed rhythmically against the cold tile in time with the thrusting of Kara’s tongue.

Keeping a grip around Lena’s hips for support Kara worked her other hand between the CEO’s thighs and easily slipped one finger into her neglected center.

The woman groaned, reaching a hand down to pinch her own nipple, then panted out “more.”

Kara was confused for a moment.

She withdrew to ask what Lena meant and felt the woman buck back in protest. Concerned, Kara braced her hips on either side to keep her from falling.

Lena growled in frustration.

The woman’s hand reached behind her and grabbed Kara’s head by her hair, roughly repositioning the girl’s face where it was before. The CEO tilted her hips and circled them around tantalizingly pressing herself against Kara’s mouth until the blonde girl resumed the same rhythm of circling and thrusting.

Making a guttural sound of satisfaction, Lena’s hand left the girl’s head and moved to where Kara held her hips. Eyes still closed as her forehead braced against the wall, the brunette grabbed at the hand blindly and circled her delicately manicured fingers around three of Kara’s, repeating the command “more” in a hoarse urgent tone.

Kara twirled her tongue around and hummed her understanding into Lena, smiling when she felt the woman shudder at the vibration it caused.

Kara then gathered slippery wetness along the three requested digits and drove them in deeply causing Lena to moan out loudly with appreciation. As Kara set into a rhythm, the woman stiffened and clenched against Kara as she thrust, making it difficult for the girl to breath until Lena started to met her thrusts.

The blonde twisted her hand around inside Lena, repositioning her fingers to curl forward. She instantly felt Lena’s back arch and arms shake against the intensity of her first orgasm. The girl slowed her movements to allow the woman to ride out the wave.

When her straining muscles gave out, a convulsive spam caused the brunette’s face to hit the wall with a heavy sound and she grabbed Kara’s hair again to make sure she didn’t move.

After a few moments she shuddered and gripped the blonde tresses firmly from the top. The unraveled CEO tugged the girl’s head around in a crisscrossing pattern then ground her ass back to force the tip in, showing the girl what she wanted.

Lena turned her head to the side, cheek crushing against the tile and Kara could see her mouth was opened, tongue pushing forward as her panting increased in tempo.

The girl resumed thrusting her fingers into Lena, filling both of her holes.

In less than a few minutes Kara felt Lena go rigid again. This time the brunette’s entire body trembled. Her muscles strained and arched without relenting.

Kara caught Lena from below as the strength in her legs gave out.

The woman’s thighs trembled like jello as the convulsions finally started, racking her small body
harshly. Kara worried Lena might hit her head against the wall again and stood to hold her. Sensing what she needed, Kara continued to palm Lena’s mound with one hand, providing resistance for her body’s release.

Lena’s exhausted body sagged against her as Kara shut off the stream of water. Carefully, the Kryptonian tilted them back to hover horizontally so she could drape the brunette’s frame over her own.

She slid open the shower door and grabbed for the hanging towel.

While Lena stayed laying on top of her, still silent, and quaking occasionally in the aftershocks, Kara used the terry material to dry the places she could reach without disturbing her. Then tucked the towel around the woman to keep her from getting cold and snuggled against her head, kissing Lena’s dark hair.

When the quivering muscles finally relaxed placidly against her, Kara carefully floated through the halls, bringing Lena to their bed. Feeling awkward just flying around the penthouse naked, the Kryptonian left the bed momentarily to grab her clothes.

Lena sprawled out languidly and did not seem to have any reservations or desire to cover up her body, which Kara very much appreciated.

Too tired to lift her eyelids or speak, the brunette did snuggle against her happily when Kara lifted Lena’s head to rest on the blonde’s chest and let out a contented sigh.

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After several minutes enjoying the afterglow, Lena stretched out lazily and propped her chin on Kara’s sternum looking up at her. “I can’t say I expected that.” She smiled smugly, like a cat that had just caught its own dinner.

The Kryptonian’s mind was drifting, drunk with sensation. She replied absently, “I know. It wasn’t on the list, but I saw it on-“ Kara shut her mouth abruptly, her eye’s going wide. She hid her face under the crook of her elbow and blushed fiercely.

Someone probably needed Supergirl to save the day somewhere, right? Like from a fire, or something, in -eh Uzbecibecistanstanstan. She slowly lowered her arm trying to look casual, thinking hopefully, Maybe she didn’t notice.

Her brilliant girlfriend unfortunately stayed brilliant commenting with deliberate ease, “You know I’ve been looking for some new -cinematic experiences. Do you have any suggestions darling?”

Kara hated wishing for new powers, especially when she had just gotten all of her nice Kryptonian ones back. It felt disrespectful. But invisibility or phasing through the floor sounded awfully handy right now.

“Alternatively,” Lena offered in a reasonable tone. “I feel like I would be abundantly interested in seeing this list you mentioned.”

Kara took the pillow from under her head and pressed it into her face. Stupid super lungs. She thought, bitter that she couldn’t end her embarrassment with the sweet embrace of death.
"I have no conception how you can do that to my body then lose your mind with a little pillow talk." Lena said hands tracing along Kara’s side as she rested on her chest. “It’s adorable, obviously, but baffling.”

Kara shrugged still gripping the pillow to her face and Lena poked her side.

“A o no, mefal mokhez a kes?” Kara responded voice muffled. Lena tugged at the pillow, unable to remove it from Kara’s iron clad grip. She poked several more times until Kara giggled and released it, then threw the thing across the room. Diving for the other pillow on the bed quickly, the genius chess prodigy discarded that too before Kara thought to replace her shame shield.

Lena propped herself on an elbow next to Kara and looked down expectedly, eyebrow raised.

“Little boxes I guess.” Kara repeated looking at the ceiling. She continued complaining, “I didn’t even make that one on purpose. It’s like it got shipped to the wrong address, so someone stuffed it back in storage for forever.” She considered Lena, “I guess it’s yours since it always falls off the shelf when you’re around.”

“Hmm, I like that box.” Lena said bouncing up and swinging her leg over the girl to straddle her hips. “We should take it down and play for a while.”

“Give me that list and I can organize it for you. I have a remarkably efficient filing system, color coded for your convenience.” Lena commented moving her hips rhythmically as she took one of Kara’s fingers in her mouth and sucked.

“I can’t it’s in Kryptonian.” Kara said shivering. Sugar sticks, why did I say that?

Lena continued pulling the digit in deeper and spinning her tongue around it. Mmmmm, that’s nice. Maybe it wouldn’t be such a bad idea.

Releasing Kara’s finger with a pop, Lena leaned down to Kara’s ear whispering, “Well, it just so hap-“

Kara interrupted quickly before she changed her mind, muttering, “I guess I did make those note cards,” then blurred out of the room in a gust.

Kara returned from her loft a few seconds later, wearing her suit, and carrying a short stack of colorful notecards.

“Supergirl!” Lena exclaimed gasping. “I didn’t realize you were such a voyeur.” Lena teased pulling the sheet to her chest to ineffectively cover her body.

“I had a dream start just like that once.” Kara said distractedly, staring. Connecting a thought, Kara bounced into a hover clapping her hands with excitement. “Maybe I’m psychic now!” She exclaimed enthusiastically explaining, “There’s this one race of aliens in the Craydon sector that dreams the future.”

“I am one hundred percent certain I had that particular dream first.” Lena defended ironically. “You have plenty of powers, I get dibs.”

Kara blushed.

Lena sat up curious. “Wait, when was it?” she asked, then flashed a sly smile.

Yawning, she reached an arm up and stretched out her back, then lowered one hand and sensuously
mussed her long dark hair behind her head before looking up at Kara behind thick dark lashes.

Distraction effective, Kara responded. “Right after I rescued you the second time. The thing with Edge.”

Lena snorted her arms dropping, “You mean the time when I nearly pissed myself in terror while my body prepared for my nightmare death of falling down fifty stories.” Lena corrected her sarcastically. “Great.” “Please don’t tell me that’s in your cards.” She commented dryly, “Can’t we just hire someone to shoot me instead?”

Kara frowned, “You mean like blanks or something right?” Kara had no idea how many bullets she’d personally blocked on the way to her girlfriend’s squishy human body, but she didn’t relish the idea of possibility missing one.

Lena commented cavalierly walking over to Kara. “Meh, I have an arrangement with National City’s local hero. I’d give her a good damsel scream to call her if she needed it, but I can’t image she would ever miss my heart rate tick up.” Lena pressed her side against Kara and her fingers outlined the El mark. The brunette smiled fondly when she felt the faceted stone underneath.

The young Luthor casually pulled the necklace out and activating the recording. Resting her cheek on Kara’s shoulder she looked down at it brushing her fingers over the sigil.

Kara’s eyes widened watching Lena play with the blue crystal. I have to say something.

Lena’s other hand had covertly reached around her back and snatched the cards from Kara’s hand, then skipped out of the room.

Returning, Lena wore her glasses and was staring down at the stack of notes muttering to herself. Kara liked those glasses. Was something about that in those cards? Could widget, I should have read them first. She never thought things through when she used her super speed. Having her powers again, she appreciated how much the extra time might have been helpful.

Lena held up a card frowning. “I am not letting you eat food off of me!” Lena objected, looking up at Kara offended. “Watching you get disappointed when you run out of pot stickers to dip in my belly button would ruin my innate sense of superiority to others.” She sniffed. “I need that to run my company.”

The brunette smiled at the next two and threw herself back on the bed, immediately starting to separate the cards into neat stacks in front of her. She looked up and winked at Kara over the frames of her glasses as she bit her finger and lifted a heel.

She’s naked on purpose! Kara thought not sure how she felt about being so easily manipulated. She assessed Lena carefully.

Slytherin. She decided and wondered if they would look too Christmasy together if she got Lena a robe to go with hers.

No, I am not a Hufflepuff. Kara argued with Alex inside of her head.

Kara was busy reaffirming her brave and chivalrous qualities by updating the mental list she gave to her sister every time a new movie came out, and missed that Lena had walked up next to the hero holding one of the cards and looking at her intently.

Lena handed Kara the card.
She then pulled the Kryptonian harshly against her body, capturing her lips in a kiss and jumping up to wrap her legs around Kara’s hips. The woman’s delicate fingers fumbled working at the clasps of her cape.

“This one. -Now please.” Lena got out, her voice intermittently muffled as she continued her attack of Kara’s mouth and work at her zippers.

Kara tried to continue making her mouth move correctly as she held the card over Lena’s shoulder so she could read it.

On this card Kara had actually just drawn a bunch of pictures. Lena in purple and herself in blue, naked but with a red cape. In her research, there was only one video that Kara had any interest in seeing more than once and she had imagined a few things she could add with her powers once they came back.

Kara considered whether or not they might want to move to the gym for the matted floors just in case, but dismissed the idea remembering her super speed.

She floated them to the bed and Lena clung to her like a handsy koala. The Luthor's fear of flying momentarily unimportant, the woman climbed around Kara’s body midair to get into position.

Chapter End Notes

Supes wanted to title this chapter Oral Exam, but I thought that might be a little much.

Other options include: Sexy Time, Super Woman, Mmnmm, To Do List, Super Bodice Ripper, More or Fun Box.

For anyone bold and brave enough (Gryffindors I'm lookin' at you) to comment on the smutty chapter let me know your vote.

Next chapter will be much more family friendly and I apologise for throwing off the pacing of the story. This chapter was legits just for fun because Lena and Kara deserve nice things and so do you 😊
Sanvers time! Other than Maggie arresting Lena while she was in a daze, I haven't been able to work Maggie in until now. But in this chapter I got to pull out the whole superfam. Well, except for Kon, but he's a buzz kill anyway.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

--------Lena --------

“Because I neither want to be melted into goop from the g-force or hang from you on a rope bundled like firewood to three other humans, one of which is pregnant and another of which bites.” Lena said walking up to her jet and shooting a dirty glance at Winn. “Also, I don’t actually like flying, but I built this thing so as long as I get to actually use the engines, it’s acceptable.”

“It was only that one time.” Winn defended himself. “And I do not handle being tickled well,”

“Kara was doing that.” Lena countered. “It’s not my fault I was next to you.”

“I would have broken my teeth on Kara. I figured you would make a good hostage.” Winn and Lena shared their secret, our-parents-are-evil-supervillains look then cackled manically, confusing everyone around them as the group walked onto the L-Corp helipad.

Not wanting to have to deal with Winn’s incessant prodding to share L-Corp’s propriety intellectual property, she had left the jet un cloaked and called their flight plan into air traffic control ahead of time.

Kara looked dejected hovering next to them, them complaining under her breath that she’d never melted anyone before. Then she brightened at a new idea, “Also, you could just make g-force protection suits for everyone.”

Alex commented, “All those suits you made spoiled her. What did those cost a couple hundred million dollars?” Kara looked down and shuffled her feet.

Lena hoped that was a display of guilt over the dozens of theoretically indestructible suits the hero had found a way to shred through. To be fair, at this point the continued destruction was largely Lena’s doing. With her powers back, Supergirl didn’t need the suit most of the time, but it helped ease Lena’s nerves.

Not wanting the group to think she was that irresponsible with her fortune, the L-Corp CEO explained, “Only because you G.I. types will pay absolutely anything to make a bigger boom than the other guy,” Lena smiled winsomely continuing in a bright tone “Coincidentally, I have ensured with several layers of fail-safes the physical suit itself and schematics for this tech absolutely will not end up with them.” “Or you,” Lena commented shooting a look at Winn, “Try it and the thing will explode in your hands then set off a tracker for me to find you.”

She smirked at his disappointed look and continued, “Besides, most of that hundred million usually goes to pay the brain trust for conceptual design. It’s expensive to get that many scientists to sell
their souls. Since I have the fabrication equipment, I can do it for less than a few hundred thousand in materials.” She added cheekily “Also, I’m my own brain trust, well and Kara.”

“We are legion.” Winn interrupted in a robotic voice

God damn pop culture references, Lena thought. She recognized the likely Greco-Roman era origins that fit the context of the statement. In the original Latin, Nomen mihi Legio est quia multi sumus. [My name is legion and we are many] and knew various derivative literary references, but she had a sneaking suspicion this was from his quest to reach the end of Netflix’s infinite scroll. He could probably make a suit that wasn’t just sparkles and spandex if he listened to the ‘are you still alive’ message Netflix flashes at him every four hours.

“Thank you, Winn. I think.” Lena responded.

She turned back to Kara who was still looking pouty, “Darling, I can’t movie montague my way through the fabrication process. If you want several hundred thousand dollars’ worth of equipment designed and machined so you can avoid being bored sitting on my private jet for an hour, you’ll have to give me more than three hours’ notice on our dinner plans.

“But Eliza is making tater tot hotdish and potato skins and poutine. It’s all of the best foods!” Kara exclaimed seriously.

“That sounds like 97% one food.” Lena responded dryly.

“Aren’t you supposed to be Irish?” Winn said shielding himself from Lena thwacking him on the shoulder.

“There’s cheese on poutine Lena, and gravy mmmnmm…” Kara got a far-off look and Lena thought she might have seen a glistening trail at the corner of the girl’s mouth. Remind me why I am inexplicably attracted to this woman-child.

Kara smiled at Lena taking her hand excitedly and pulling them toward the jet. Lena, obviously moving too slow for her, was then effortlessly lifted into the air. The bemused CEO felt the hero’s arms around her and caught that scent of cinnamon and flowers from her hair. Well that does help she thought as Kara deposited her on the pilot’s seat.

Knowing if she didn’t have something to do, Kara would just fly circles around the jet to make sure they were safe Lena suggested, “Well then, Supergirl, we should try and round out the diversity of our nutritional intake for the evening. Why don’t you go pick up some shepherd’s pie for me and meet us there darling?”

She saw Winn approaching the loading ramp and projected, “God forbid a daughter of the Emerald Isles not get her seven daily servings of potatoes.”

Kara smiled looking excited to have mission and took off.

“Wait, don’t actually go to Ireland, Supergirl! Kara!” Lena yelled into the air.

Shaking her head fondly, Lena started her pre-flight check. Winn yelled ‘shot-gun’ sprinted up to her, diving into the co-pilots seat. She noticed he was looking at her expectantly and Lena was certain what he wanted to talk about. Seeing how excited he was to be on the jet she indulged him, “So Winn, was that from a show, comic book or video game?”

“Movie,” he replied excitedly. “This one is legit awesome.” Lena looked skeptical. “No, really it’s
a documentary.” he said in a posh voice, “about the hacktivists that formed Anonymous.” He looked at her hopefully, her responding smirk said maybe.

“You referencing terrible geek flicks does not mean we are watching that next movie night. It’s Alex’s turn to pick.” Maggie commented and tried to take her pregnant girlfriend’s hand to help her up the ramp. Her helping hand was quickly swatted away by the woman who had an indignant look on her face.

_Hm, didn’t take Maggie for the over-anxious dad type_, Lena thought not really sure how to ask things about pregnancy or really anything related to children.

“This is some ritzy shit Little Luthor.” Maggie commented stepping into the cargo bay and covertly peering into a few storage compartments along the walls. Lena had honestly barely registered it was Maggie that arrested her that one time, but she did always feel like the detective was looking for signs of nefarious Luthor plots when she was around her.

“Christ, don’t tell me you’ve been hanging out with Kate Kane?” Lena threw back, really hoping that nickname didn’t catch on with anyone else. She would start biting Winn back if he tried that shit.

“Don’t even start,” Alex mumbled then added irritably, “Aren’t there any cops in Gotham she can tag team those covert missions with?” and shot a withering look at her girlfriend.

Lena activated the jump-seats, and they folded out of the wall. Since she hated watching take off, or landing or -flying, so she engaged the autopilot and alert systems, then turned the cockpit seats back to face the couple.

She ignored Winn whining “Hey!” His chair spinning around, Winn got up on his knees trying to look backward over the headrest. The CEO raised an eyebrow at him until he petulantly sat on the chair and put his seatbelt on.

Grimacing, Lena keyed in the controls on her tablet to engage the take-off sequence. She tried to look casual as she grabbed onto the armrest with a vice-grip as soon as she felt that horrible lifting sensation and said nervously, “So, -um. Are you guys feeling really? March right?”

Maggie showed a flash of anxiety in her eyes before taking Alex’s hand and smiling. “Yeah, well you know Eliza. We’ve got enough machines to run a baby clinic set up in the nursery.”

The detective’s girlfriend amended, “Mom got us a few things from the neonatal unit at her hospital. I’m not sure how she sweet talks people into loaning her so much medical equipment, but we have it at home and she assured me there was a make-shift delivery room at home in case I wanted to extend our stay in Midvale for a while.” Alex said fondly stroking the bump on her abdomen.

“It was after the whole -eh, um thing with your- Lillian Luthor.” Maggie stumbled.

“Don’t worry about it Maggie,” Lena reassured her dryly. “Lillian and I have agreed on almost nothing since I was adopted. Let alone her views on bioterrorism, eugenics and newfound enthusiasm for world domination.”

Maggie nodded at Lena appreciatively and continued, “It was just after that. Even though she kept telling us there weren’t any signs of complications and she just liked to be thorough and everything, but – I don’t know it’s just seems like it was a lot of stuff.” The detective nervously combing back her dark hair with her fingers.
“Doctors are like that. Especially mom doctors.” Alex commented. “But I looked at all the results myself. I mean obstetrics isn’t exactly my specialty, but I checked the imaging and lab work against reference guides, and everything does actually look okay.” Alex squeezed Maggie’s hand and the detective seemed to relax a little.

“You know. If you ever did want to have more kids. I could have my team work on combining your genetic material and-.” Lena paused when she saw Alex shoot her a warning look as the young agent rubbed her thumb over the top of Maggie’s hand soothingly.

“That’s nice of you to offer.” Alex said tightly, “But twins were already a bit of a surprise. When I met this one she didn’t actually know I was trying to get pregnant.”

“It’s a fourth date kind of conversation,” Maggie commented dryly. “If you weren’t so god damn attractive in Kevlar, I probably would have been safe.” Alex smiled fondly at her.

“Besides, she’s stoked about the whole twins thing for questionable reasons.” Alex looked down casually interested in cleaning her nails. “You totally are,” Maggie accused poking Alex in the side playfully and continued, “I’m a little worried what she and her mother might get up to with all their twin study junk.”

Alex complained, “It’s just -somethings are really -em interesting to observe. That’s all. Did you know that twins almost always create their own language that tends to involve a combination of gestures and sounds and evolves in linguistic complexity over the first few years of their lives?” Alex said excited.

Lena, having not known that, appreciated the information and the young doctor’s enthusiasm.

Maggie stroked Alex’s hair, her expression saying with fondness that she definitely was aware of that. Very aware. She commented, “With a kid on the way, at least my family is talking to me again, so that’s something.” The couple shared a smile. “Of course, we told them it was mine or they wouldn’t care, so we might need to pick up some spray tan on the way to the hospital.”

Alex pushed her, “The donor’s baby picture looked exactly like yours.”

“Still babe. You are really white.” Maggie retorted cheekily.

Maggie and Alex then described the process of getting their house ready and some of the books they read and parenting classes they went to. Lena couldn’t image that half of the parents in the world were a quarter as prepared as these two. She felt a little excited with them.

After a while, alerts from the control panel relayed their proximity to Midvale and Lena had everyone strap in again for landing.

She heard a tapping behind her and saw her girlfriend, flying backwards in front of the jet, dressed in her Supergirl suit. The girl tapped on her chest to change the crest briefly to their sigil and waved enthusiastically. Giving Lena a thumbs up she pointed at the flight-container she had designed for herself which Lena assumed held her mostly sarcastic request for shepherd’s pie. The woman had to admit she was looking forward to it a little bit though. It was one of the few meals she remembered her mom making and something she indulged in occasionally between salads.

The CEO smiled at her proud Kryptonian fondly and waved back, and she felt the flight-related knot in her stomach ease, knowing the girl was nearby.

They landed in the field behind Eliza’s house. While everyone was gathering their things, Lena saw Kara was busy opening several small boxes and using her heat vision to warm up the food.
Walking down the ramp Lena asked, “You didn’t actually, did you?”

“What?” Kara replied distractedly working on the last tin.

“Go to Ireland to pick up a dinner order. That’s always very sweet darling, but L-Corp has contracts with almost every restaurant in National City. I don’t actually need you to fly all the way to the isles for me to ensure authenticity.”

“No,” the hero said. “There’s this really nice pub in Oxford that I like to go to sometimes.”

Lena, still feeling a little adrenaline from the flight, had some fun. “British contraband! You brought me the food of the oppressor!” She exclaimed in a lilting tone, dramatically pointing her accusing finger.

Kara tried to hide the box of food behind her back, likely scared Lena would set it on fire. Lena considered it amused. Well, one might be a good symbolic gesture of protest. You know, to keep the revolution alive. Tiocfaidh ár lá! And all that, but she didn’t think anyone else would get the joke.

[Translation: Our day will come (slogan of the IRA)]

Instead, Lena swung her arm over Kara’s shoulder jauntily and whispered into her ear in a thick lilting Irish accent, “Dahn’t be worryin’ yahr sweet ‘ead now luv. I amn’t after takin’ yahr sinful indulgence frem ya.”

Kara’s eyes flashed darkly, and Lena saw Alex notice, rolling her eyes. Lena made note of the reaction for future alone time, but thought, Subtlety has never been Kara’s strong suit. I should probably be more careful about that here. Lena waited until Alex was done making fun of Kara for it before putting on her polite-gracious-guest smile and knocking on the door.

“Hello Eliza, it’s wonderful to see you again. Kara was feeling a touch -restless on the way over so we brought another course to add to the feast. Thank you so much for inviting us.”

“Hi Eliza!” Kara said bouncing up and hugging the Danvers mother tightly.

As soon as they were through the door Kara abruptly focused in on Lena. “Why didn’t you tell me you were like, Irish Irish? With the-

“Pretty sure I did.” Lena interrupted quickly. “I was born there Kara,” She whispered feeling nervous they were being rude to Eliza, but not trusting where this conversation was going. “The accent was a joke. It only really comes back when I’m there.”

Kara looked at Lena in wonder saying, “You have so many little boxes Lena. You would be a great at being superhero!” Lena smiled at her not sure how to respond to that she said sarcastically, “You’re right I almost never vomit on your boots anymore after you fly me around the city. That’s just the first in a long list of my heroic abilities.”

Eliza was a gracious host, spending most of her time asking interested questions about Lena’s and Maggie’s work. Occasionally intervening with Kara and Alex, who were bickering back and forth about whether or not Kara counted as a lesbian because she only liked one person.

“Girls, everyone can be gay if they want to be. This isn’t like when you were competing over who was the biggest Gwen Stefani fan when you were 16.” Then paused amending, “Well, then again, maybe it was like that.” Eliza gave a wry indulgent smile. “In any case, Kara. Go set the table. You can show off your manners for your beautiful girlfriend here and give your sister a rest.”
“Yes Eliza.” Kara said zipping to the kitchen.

“No super speed in the house,” Eliza yelled out quickly.

Kara had just set out the first place hearing her and complained, “But Elliiizaa. I never break things anymore.”

Lena who was fully aware of the several dozen items Kara had broken in her penthouse, including at least half a dozen alarm clocks, toothbrushes, sculptures and kitchen appliances, decided not sharing that information would be better for their relationship.

While Kara grumbled about how humans being slow wasn’t her fault, Winn showed off a gadget he had made. A robot designed specifically to pick up trash around his apartment make him toast.

“Okay, your place is disgusting, so well done. But the only other thing is toast?” Maggie asked looking skeptical. “Or is that a dumb example of it making food in general or washing dishes or something actually useful.”

“Leenaa,” Winn whined. “Tell her how my robot is amazing and will make millions.”

“Oo, Oo,” Kara yelled from the other room and sped over to stand in front of the group. Solemnly she turned to Winn. The blonde girl folded her hands in front of her and stated, “Next into the tank is a young entrepreneur who wants to change the lives of gross lazy men around the country. Now all he needs is a shark.” Kara ignored Winn’s booing sounds of protest. “You have heard his pitch. Sharks, what’s your decision?” She finished turning to Lena, eyes hopeful.

That was one show Lena actually appreciated Kara making her binge one afternoon. She eyed Winn’s robot speculatively and said, “Though the technical components are functionally exceptional, and” she continued looking at the digital heart eyes Winn had given it. “the form is aesthetically pleasing. You seem to have developed this product for a particularly niche market of wealthy, somewhat effeminate, nerdy people who refuse to hire a maid or depress the level of a toaster. If you could expand the capabilities, we would love to see you back, but it’s too early for me.” She finished shaking her head sadly at Winn.

The CEO ducked her head smiling when she saw Kara bounce up and down at Lena’s in-character response and then have obvious difficulty calming herself enough to get back into her serious British announcer role.

Hands folded in front of her again Kara turned. “Maggie?” The detective shook her head looking bemused. Kara turned to her sister, “Alex, this is Mr. Schlott’s last chance for a deal on the dirty-socks toast robot?”

Alex looked at Kara seriously for a moment then turned to Winn saying, “She really isn’t our fault Winn. She came out of the pod like this I swear.”

Kara complained “Alex you ruin everything. And Lena did such a cool response. Why can’t you just be cool one time.” And pouted dramatically floated over to coffee table to sit on Lena’s lap.

Ms. Danvers got up from the armchair and hugged the pouting man around the shoulders reassuring him, “I could use a robot like this Winn.” She commented with a falsely innocently look, “I haven’t actually been to your apartment dear, but I’m sure the doctor’s lounge is just as disgusting. Something about having a doctorate makes some people fundamentally object to any manual labor.”

“E tu, Eliza,” Winn said dramatically holding a hand against his chest like he was pulling out a
Dinner was set out and Lena noticed it did include several items Kara had not mentioned, primarily vegetables. Lena was pleased with the selection but Kara kept as far away from them as possible, like their essence in the air would infect her fries covered in gravy. Eliza, true mother that she was had plated her daughters food for them, likely to make sure Kara ate something green.

Kara had sat down and cleaned off her first plate before Eliza had come back from the kitchen with butter. Alex hadn’t come back from her room yet and Kara got a uncharacteristically villainous look in her eye. Her hand slid, with absolutely no subtlety, toward Alex’s pie.

A stream of water came out of thin air hitting Kara in the face. “Try it and I’ll strangle you with your magic unbreakable hair.” Alex’s voice said as her fork lifted in the air toward Kara.

Kara whined at Eliza and Alex turned the cloaking off on her suit, laughing and rewatching the video she’d taken of Kara getting drenched over and over. “Ha! I’m totally cool.” Alex said pumping her fist in the air.

Everyone sat down and started eating. They were listening to a funny story about one of Eliza’s patients when several phones alarmed simultaneously around the table. After reading the message, the agents and police officer in the room all shared a look.

Alex let the others know what was going on, “A regional APB has been sent out for Lex Luthor who was just reported to have broken into a Wayne Industry vault accompanied by a superpowered Caucasian teenager. Somehow, he got around the fortress of security detail at the location and didn’t set off any alarms until he was actually inside of the vault.”

“What’d they say about Kon?” Kara asked excitedly eliciting confused looks from the room.

Lena sighed thinking to herself sarcastically, Keeping tabs Lex? Do you seriously plot your evil-deed timeline specifically around when it would be the most embarrassing for me?

Lena dabbed lightly at her mouth with a napkin and thought about several different ways she could either try to discuss her family or divert the conversation, all of them were impossibly awkward.

Thankfully, Maggie saved her by breaking the silence. “So, eh- you mentioned being from Ireland, must have been before-. What was it like?”

“Full of leprechaun’s and hobbits,” Lena joked dryly. “Then again I was four when I left so those might have just been the children at my primary school.”

Everyone laughed.

“Do you ever go back?” Eliza asked interested.

“Yes, fairly often. Being a tourist is never really the same experience as being in a place around family. But it’s a wonderful place to visit. Not a lot of sunshine,” Lena conceded glancing at Kara; sure she could give her a detailed weather report from her fly over. “But I like to vacation there when I’m trying to work out the theoretical aspects of a new project. There’s nothing like a place brimming with the fair folk to spend time thinking about impossible things.”

Winn started, “Who are-“

*zztttcrrkkk*

Kara was interrupted by an enormous red-tinged portal opening up above the table. The hero dove
toward it after carefully using the table to quickly push everyone across the room, away from apparition. The thing was shaped like a three-foot two-dimensional disk in the air and glowed a translucent red with angry veins of scattered electrical current.

Lena started to wonder the scientific implications of an apparent tearing in the fabric of space-time. Kara cautiously reached into her hand into it, which caused it to disappear from Lena’s viewpoint, the then girl yelled in pain and dropped out of her hover right as several green bolts shot into the room at odd angles, one striking Kara’s chest.

Lena’s throat clenched in relief seeing the bolt ricochet off the girl’s suit, a large tear now visible on her button up. Lena was lightning fast containing the green rock closest to Kara. Using the nanotech lead net she had developed since their last encounter with kryptonite, the CEO then encircled the other two large rods, and quickly pulled out her Geiger counter to ensure there were no remaining shards. Kara’s complexion was slowly improving, and she gave Lena a weak smile of gratitude.

Her heart thudding with the adrenaline of averting her girlfriend’s assassination attempt. Lena was relieved to see Kara’s quick evasive maneuver had worked, no one having been hit by the projectiles.

Lena felt her stomach drop when she noticed Alex’s expression looking down with concern at the hand covering her abdomen. Lena realized the table push, which was for her simply startling, may have been more dangerous for the young agent who was still supposed to be on bedrest.

Eliza was already at her daughter’s side performing a quick examination to make sure Alex was safe to move. Kara walked shakily over to Alex. She ignored her protesting and lifted her with careful movements like she was made of glass, then followed their mother down the hall. Maggie looked stricken walking behind them.

Lena was surprised at the impressive medical set up Dr. Danvers had for her daughter just in case Alex decided to give birth between courses. The Danvers mother moved around the make-shift clinic with the same speed and professional efficiency Lena had deployed her tech all while maintaining a ready sense of ease and comfort in the room to help dispel the palpable tension in the air.

“There’s no sign of bleeding sweetheart. And everyone’s vitals are stable. You know me. I like to have a line placed just in case. And” she said gesturing to the yellow bag. “There wasn’t enough potassium at dinner tonight, so I thought you might appreciate a banana bag while you rest.”

Alex laughed softly in appreciation of the bad medical humor.

“I feel fine. It was just a little shock to the system. I’m sure it’s nothing. I’m just glad Kara still had that suit on.” Alex smiled looking up at Lena. “You do good work Luthor,” The CEO nodded in appreciation feeling stiff.

“I’m going to go clean up a bit and see if I can collect any useful particulate residue downstairs. If you need me -well Kara you can use speed in the house for today.” She said with a fond smile touching her adopted daughter’s cheek. She turned to Lena, “Let me know if you need me to get rid of that kryptonite for you dear,” then left the room.

Maggie was staring off into nothing with a blank expression. “Babe. I’m fine.” Alex said holding onto her girlfriend’s hand. “Probably not up to sparing right now, but that has more to do with me being a landed whale right now than it has to do with this.” She joked gesturing down at herself.
“Alex.” Maggie began sounding angry, but then looked around the room. “I just need some air.” She commented quietly, kissing her girlfriend’s forehead before leaving the room.

“But-“ Kara started looking upset that Maggie had left her sister while she obviously needed her support. The adopted Danvers sat down at the edge of her sister’s bed and took her hand.

“It’s fine Kara, she- Well, the whole pregnancy thing is hard in general.” Alex said looking worried despite her words. “But we’ve had so many scares now with my job -really both of our jobs are dangerous to have a kid around for.”

Kara pulled back and looked down at her hands. “I’m sorry Alex. Maybe -maybe I shouldn’t be around for a while. All this Supergirl stuff just happens around me.”

Alex said pulling Kara head down to her crest and kissed her forehead. “Don’t be an idiot.” She said to her Kryptonian sister stroking her golden hair.

Lena and Winn left the sisters together in the room uncomfortable with the level of emotion.

They both stepped out on the porch intending to spend a little time on the jet. But Lena paused on the stairs and held out her arm to stop Winn hearing two voices.

“- going to always be like this? Every day of our lives Eliza. I’m a cop, my dad was a cop, my grandfather was a cop. I understand what it feels like not to know if someone might knock on your door one day to tell you one of your parents is -gone. It broke my abuela. It’s part of the reason I never thought I would have kids. I didn’t want to bring an innocent child into all that. But this-“

“I know it’s a lot-“

“No it’s not a lot Eliza, it’s impossible. I can’t even get her to stay in bed for a few days before she tries to find some way to cheat, or mission she absolutely needs to go on to save Kara.” Maggie sounded angry, but her voice softened. “I love Kara. I respect what they do, but if I’d known-. I just- I don’t know.”

“Maggie listen to me.” Eliza said seriously. The detective’s pacing footsteps stopped.

“You’re right,” Eliza agreed in a gentle tone. “Alex is always going to be in danger. With Kara or with anything she would choose to do with her life. That intensity is what drives her.”

“I understand how you’re feeling. I used to be a research oncologist.” Eliza said with a sigh. “But in the last decades-. I suppose since I lost my husband to Cadmus really, I’ve kept myself neck deep in emergency response, surgery, alien physiology anything that might let me save one of them one day.” She added in a wry tone. “If the hospital actually knew how much medical equipment I had in my basement they would probably admit me to psych.” Maggie chuckled weakly. “But it’s for them. To keep them safe. It’s all that I can do.”

“But,” she continued seriously, “that fear that I had when they were younger, that they might lose me too. The fear that I have now, it might drive my actions. It makes everything I do feel more urgent, more important. But the fear doesn’t take away from how grateful I am.” “We are a family Maggie.” Eliza paused, her tone consoling. “I know yours hurt you.”

“Come here sweetheart.” Lena heard the soft rustle of clothing and Eliza’s voice was softer but intense. “You are part of this family now, even if you weren’t with my daughter, I would always be here for you, always. The strength of your family, having people who are part of you. It’s what lets you dream about what you could have. It’s okay to believe in those dreams because even when you can’t catch them, even if you fall, there will always be someone there to hold you up until you can
reach for them again.”

Lena snuck back into the house feeling her heart ache as she heard the soft sounds of Maggie’s weeping.

Feeling a desperate desire to help, Lena started drafting revisions to the pregnant woman's protective equipment in her mind.

Chapter End Notes

*really deep announcer voice*
Next time on LK- What the shit was that portal? What's Kara's deal about Lena's gift? Will Kara ever get to be Kon's mentor? And what happens when the Hatfields and the McCoys clash around our star-crossed lovers?

All of these questions answered in the next chapter of LK.
Little Krypton

Chapter Notes

Hey superfam!
So I know this is the third post this week. I'm terrible at waiting to put these chapters out, but this one has some stuff I've been laying breadcrumbs for, so I was super curious what you guys would think.
Happy weekend!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

--------Kara---------

“Mom, what are the exact legal requirements for a marriage on Krypton?”

Kara had felt like she was losing her mind the last couple of months not being able to talk to Lena about what-, well what she thought might have happened; she had to check. She wasn’t 100% sure that it counted.

The young Kryptonian didn’t like trying to talk to her mother’s hologram about emotional things, hearing her respond so inauthentically was one of the few things that set Kara’s teeth on edge. But she couldn’t take second guessing herself anymore.

“My daughter.” The hologram of Alura Zor-El responded in monotone, “Marriage rights on Krypton have evolved over the last two centuries significantly, largely toward the end of simplification. As the matching system provided for the identification of destined ideal pairs, the process of marriage was largely thought to be a ritual without purpose.”

Kara hung on to her mother's words with rapt attention, listening for any little detail she might have missed. “The binding token consists of an object displaying the hereditary crest of the male partner’s line. It is always cast from crystal and most typically worn around the neck or wrist. This token is accepted by the female partner at such a time that the pair has chosen to leave the houses of their respective families. Openly wearing the token is sufficient to serve as tangible confirmation of the union. Though previously the custom, ritualistic acceptance of the token no longer needs to be witnessed by another Kryptonian in order for the match to be acknowledged as bound under Rao. Previously-

Kara knew all of that. It was the same reason why, when she’d first come to Earth, she was always so creeped out when she saw people around her wearing Superman merchandise. Stuff like that didn’t mean anything. This though--.

Kara interrupted, “What if both partners are female?” Kara leaned her back against the wall in front of the hologram feeling irrationally upset about the living database’s conformation. “What
changes?"

“In a female partnership the only alteration is that choices must be made regarding which hereditary line of descent will be taken by the pair and passed to their children. Most typically the preeminent family line is selected. The other female partner is then recorded as the distaff partner in the annuals, and her name is changed thusly.”

“Well that was unhelpful.” Kara commented sliding her back down the wall to sit on the floor.

“I am sorry that you are displeased my daughter. Is there additional information that would be of use to you?”

“No. Thank you, mom. You were very -informative. I was just looking to see if I had maybe misunderstood something. I don’t know what to do. Nothing, I guess.” Kara said feeling a touch of bitterness at not feeling allowed to share something that made her heart ache with happiness.

“It’s not like anyone from Krypton is going to police the irregularity of my wearing a piece of jewelry.” Kara fingered her necklace, rubbing the pad of her thumb in slow circles over the crest.

She stood, walked over to the projector, and showed it to her mother. The light around her mother’s hologram cast a shadowed relief of the crest onto the wall in front of them. “See mom, Lena made this for me.”

“I am unfamiliar with the heraldry this crest depicts.” Her mother responded in that same monotone voice. “Given that your father and I did not include the matching system’s program within the origin crystals sent in your pod, I can assume a similar convention has now been adopted on Earth. I will update this information into the database regarding Earth customs and that of your recent bond.”

“No mom- that’s okay.” Kara interjected quickly. “Well, thanks.” She said smiling weakly and feeling that familiar unsettling spark of temper. “I should go.” She waved and shut off the hologram.

She needed to find a way to explain this to Lena. She wanted Lena to be excited with her, but finding out you accidentally proposed and got married to the woman you’ve been dating for less than a year felt like something that would maybe make some people -not excited.

Kara had tried to talk to Alex, but she just told her not to worry about it because no one would know. Well, that’s what she said after she’d laughed at her Kryptonian sister for having a billionaire girlfriend with more money than sense, which Kara didn’t think was fair. It wasn’t Lena’s fault.

She just wished she could bring Lena to Krypton like she’d brought her to Midvale. While they were there, she had taken Lena to her old school and talked about breaking the nose of the first guy that tried to kiss her.

They went to the park where she had tried to make her first fuzzy friend on Earth. Kara thought the thing looked just like a cat and wanted to name him streaky because it had a long white streak going down his back. But when she tried to pet him, he sprayed her with stink.

She couldn’t get the stuff off even when she jumped into the ocean and got so frustrated that she heat visioned the cliff. She felt bad at first, but it did make a kind of cool cave that’s been a nice home for a big family of bats over the last decade. Eliza did not let Kara bring any of her classmates to the awesome cave which teenage Kara was pretty sure was the reason she didn’t have
a lot of friends in high school.

The Kryptonian had flown Lena up to her favorite spot overlooking the lighthouse and the ocean. And told her about how her flying was the one power that always felt good to Kara. It helped a lot to just fly around those first few years, see more of Earth, to just drift on the wind and not have to worry about hurting anything.

She felt like being in Midvale made all of those conversations more real.

The only other Kryptonians she could introduce Lena to were a brainwashed teenager and a fusspot cousin who was always mean to her because of her brother. They wouldn't be any help anyway, since neither of them had actually shared any of her experiences on Krypton.

Introducing Lena to the hologram of her mother sounded incredibly awkward, especially if her mom had saved the information Kara had given her about the necklace. Thinking about it, she remembered the other holograms in the Fortress and doubted they would be much better.

*The Fortress.* Kara realized eyes going wide.

The Fortress of Solitude up in the arctic circle was the closest thing Kara had to Krypton. She didn’t have to tell Lena about the necklace, not yet. She just wanted Lena to understand Kara being from Krypton by seeing it. Then someday, if they got married the Earth way, she could explain what the necklace meant to her.

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This time Kara thought to ask Lena to make a flight suit a few days before they actually needed it. She did not enjoy the idea of flying for hundreds of miles with Kara, but Kara pointed out that ships couldn’t come near the Fortress’ defensive system. They compromised and Lena docked her jet in Canada.

“Come on Lena. Fly with me for a while.” Kara said twining figure eights around Lena as she hovered.

“*That* is not happening.” Lena said in her CEO voice, “If you drop me or I become unconscious. An autopilot will engage bringing me back here.”

“I would never drop you,” Kara said pouting.

“I know darling. It’s not a trust thing. It’s a panic thing. The fact that I know it’s irrational doesn’t make it any less real.” Lena looked at Kara apologetically. “I do feel bad not sharing something you love so much.”

“That’s okay Lena.” Kara said, not wanting to make her feel guilty, “I like carrying you too. I can’t smell you through the suit. But you feel nice.”

“I should hope so.” Lena said with a self-satisfied smile. “But no *feeling* while we’re in the air.” After Kara crossed her heart and accidentally activating their crest Lena smiled adding, “Maybe when we get to Little Krypton.”

Kara liked that Lena had decided to call it that. The CEO didn’t like how conceited Fortress of Solitude sounded and agreed that Kara should have dibs on naming it since she helped make the origin crystal. Kara activated her helmet, not because she needed it, but so she could use the HUD to monitor Lena’s temperature and blood pressure and she kept tuned in extra close to her heart rhythm.
The flight was smooth. Kara kept at a pace that was slow for her just to be safe. The hero noticed, like always happened when they flew, that Lena’s heart rhythm evened after they were above the clouds. This time she even opened her eyes, which she didn’t always do, and appreciated the early morning sun with Kara.

Lena’s suit ran on the same solar rays that Kara did, but she knew the CEO wasn’t getting the same adrenaline boost. So the hero was surprised when she heard Lena say with conviction, “I’ll try it.”

“What?” Kara asked unsure.

“For two minutes. Even if it looks like I’m o-okay.” Lena said her voice cracking. “I want you to promise me you’ll catch me in 2 minutes.”

Kara looked down realizing Lena had calculated her time window based on their current altitude, leaving a 10 second margin of error for a straight free fall.

“Do you want to wait until we’re above some clouds again?” Kara asked thinking that might help.

“No, I want to see my death coming.” Lena commented dryly, “Also, it’s cold here. I don’t want the moisture getting into the circuitry and damaging the components when it freezes.”

Kara tilted her head and decided not to comment on the fact that the CEO was wrapped in several million dollars of tech that could probably autopilot its way through an asteroid field in space, and she was treating it like it was a canvas sack. Kara shifted their position so Lena was underneath her, and slowed their pace to a relative crawl.

She heard Lena let out the tiniest, “O-okay.” And slowly moved her arms apart so they were still touching, but Lena was in control of her movements.

Lena shifted position tilting away to the side, breaking off from Kara’s sheltering body. Kara felt a surge of pride and excitement.

The CEO’s heart was doing things Kara hadn’t heard it do before. Lena made a motion like swimming toward Kara and grabbed onto her hand tightly. If Kara wasn’t Kryptonian, the anxious CEO probably would have broken a couple of fingers.

Lena took a few deep breaths squeezing her eyes shut, then shook Kara’s hand getting her attention. “That’s enough, that’s enough.” She said between gasps.

Kara slid Lena back into her arms quickly.

“That was awesome Lena! You did it!” Kara let out several whoops and squeeing sounds making Lena laugh shakily. Her heart was still racing, but her face looked more excited than scared now.

Lena didn’t say anything, but she snuggled into the hero and had a proud satisfied little smile that Kara could see peeking out under the helmet.

Lena fell asleep in Kara’s arms right before they got to Little Krypton. Kara hating waking her. She let the CEO nap for a while flying the perimeter of the arctic circle a couple of times before touching them down.

Lena was surprised waking in Kara’s arms.

“Must have been the adrenaline. I was always jealous of people who could sleep through a flight.” Lena said stretching her arms up.
“I’m very comfy.” Kara replied with a lopsided grin.

“You should put that on the Supergirl promotional materials. Might help expand your market.” Lena commented smirking, “I’ve personally always thought you were the best Kryptonian. We should work more on emphasizing your brand.”

“I know right?” Kara agreed nodding vigorously, “Kal always gets all the attention, but I beat him at arm wrestling every time. Drives him nuts.”

“I cannot imagine him doing that.” Lena admitted.

“Kal isn’t a stick in the mud all the time. -Well mostly.” The hero amended. “But he’d only like that when he wears the cape. I mean I take the Supergirl mantel seriously and everything. We’re just -different about it.”

Kara picked up a thick golden cylinder that was just taller than her with a grunt.

“That thing’s heavy for you? What’s it made out of?” Lena asked curiously.

Kara did some bicep curls with it and twirled the thick bar around like a staff to show off.

“Dwarven star. This piece is about 5000 metric tons. We use it as a key.”

“Guess you wouldn’t need to hide that under the mat.” Lena commented sarcastically.

Kara smiled, fitting the head of the cylinder into the door and watching the crystal slide apart.

Kara looked up and smiled at the familiar white crystalline structure of the walls around them and the vaulting ceiling going up several stories.

When she’d first come to Earth, the place made her feel kind of weird, like the surrealness of having Krypton be on Earth offended part of her brain. That didn’t really bother her anymore, but she still didn’t come up here a lot. She appreciated it more, however, watching Lena’s reaction.

The world-wary billionaire was always appreciative, but notoriously difficulty to impress. Now the woman was unabashedly gawking in wonder and curious about everything she saw. Lena pointed out some things she recognized from stories Kara had told her, like the origin crystal and control console in the center and the statues of Kal’s parents, and asked more questions than when Kara had told her the Kryptonian periodic table had 247 elements.

Going up to the balcony, Kara showed her the alter to Rao and they started talking about Kryptonian holidays. Lena was disappointed there was nothing like Christmas where people exchanged presents, but was very curious to learn about her name day.

Kara told her about getting her first transporter from her uncle for her twelfth name day and how her dad had been mad, saying she could hurt herself with it.

Kara rolled her eyes just like she had back then. “I think he secretly just liked taking me to places with him and didn’t want to miss out on the exploring adventures I would have to do independently once I started working on my own. You know scientists, he didn’t like admitting when his feelings weren’t rational.” Kara said fondly.

Kara was telling Lena what the Kryptonian glyphs around her pod meant when she heard an alarm sound. She looked at the security crystal and it displayed two humanoid objects flying toward them.
Kara sped to close the door, throwing the key further away from the building and keyed in the sequence for the fortress to take non-lethal defensive action.

Once they got close enough, the crystal clearly displayed Lex in his green glowing war suit and a young boy in a t-shirt flying beside him. She felt a thrill to see Kon looked just like Lena had described. Like Kal, chiseled jaw, board shoulders, pitch dark hair, but several years younger than when they had met.

Kara didn’t like Lena being here for this. She knew Kon only had one active power at a time, he shouldn’t be too much of a problem for her, but she didn’t know much about Lex or why he was here.

Kara felt confident she’d be fine in her suit. After the attack last Lena, Lena had layered enough lead into the thing that she could probably roll around in the dirt in Smallville.

Not wanting to take the risk, she sped over to the central console and rapidly entered in a passcode with a series of Kryptonian glyphs.

A section of the floor separated, and a large thick red crystal rose from the ground. Kara broke the lock with burst of strength and pulled out an ornate lead box handing it to Lena.

“Don’t open it!” The blonde Kryptonian said quickly. “I know your suit is probably better than Lex’s, but if I get -stuck, I just don’t want you to be two against one. Kon is Kryptonian so this should keep him down long enough for you to get away.”

Lena took the box looking uneasy. “Kara. Why don’t we just lock down the fortress? There’s no reason-“ She was interrupted by a series of alarms.

The system alerted the pair of an additional approaching presence and the monitors displayed Kal’s familiar form streaking across the sky. For some reason, he was speeding around Lex and Kon heading for the entrance door. Engaging the Fortress’s weaponry, Kara covered her cousin’s movement from the pair that chased him.

“What do you think you’re doing Kara?!” Kal’s voice boomed with anger, echoing around them.

[Protecting an innocent from the threat of violence.] Kara said evenly in Kryptonian, hoping the formality would calm him.

She coolly stood her ground, her own body firmly between Lena and her cousin. She was offended to see his eyes flash a molten gold when he glared past her at Lena.

Kal sped toward the young Luthor and Kara caught him around the middle throwing him back with a grunt.

When he came back flying toward them Kara clashed with him in the air, then they stood grappling. The blond Kryptonian narrowed her eyes at her cousin in challenge. Part of her wanted to annoy him a little, knowing she would win. Twenty points she thought deciding on tact.

[She is part of this, don’t you see that?] Kal said straining. [Her brother is here with that thing on the same day you give a Luthor the keys to our last piece of Krypton. And you give her kryptonite!]

I don’t want to fight him. Rao, why can’t he just trust Lena. Kara thought desperately. She could not deal with this while she had to think about Lex and keeping Lena safe.
Not seeing a faster way out of this Kara thought *well if you want to bring Krypton into this* she thought, and used her Kryptonian trump card.

[Stop this Kal. As a son of the house of El, you owe her your protection or forsake your line.] She said in challenge.

[What are you talking about Kara?] Kal asked, pushing her away but not coming closer.

Kara placed her necklace against an illumination crystal, and it projected a hologram of the symbol into the air.

[By Kryptonian custom we are joined under Rao.] Kara declared in a ringing tone. She heard Lena gasp behind her.

There was a sound of an explosion hitting the wall above them and several crystals shattered against the floor as they fell.

Kal gaped, staring between Kara and Lena in disbelief.

Kara stood physically separating the dark-haired Kryptonian from her Luthor. She used her Supergirl pose intentionally, reminding the fusspot of his honor code. Kal clenched his jaw and then flew toward the exit saying nothing.

“What the- Kara!?” Kara heard Lena exclaim as soon as Kal was gone. The dark-hair CEO’s eyes were wild.

Surprising Kara enough to make her jump back, Lena continued in precise Kryptonian, [What did that mean *joined under Rao*?]

*Oh, Rao. Shoot, shoot, shoot.*

*Also, awww.* Kara thought, eyes going soft at the idea of Lena learning Kryptonian for her.

Seeing the panicky look on Lena’s face Kara wasn’t sure how to respond. Getting down on one knee seemed very wrong. *Why can’t my life have more rom-com moments in it. I feel like I wasted all that time learning how to do proposals in fields of wildflowers and love confessions at airports.*

Kara glanced down at the necklace and then back to Lena’s face. [The -um necklace, making it is kind of the eh- ceremony.] She admitted looking down. [It- it doesn’t have to mean anything. I mean not for you.] Kara said shuffling her feet.

She held the necklace tightly to her chest, afraid Lena would want it back. [I just- It’s a law on Krypton. Kal was being such a snagriff*. I didn’t know what he was going to do.]

*dragon (closest thing to a swear in Kryptonian)*

[Kara language.] Lena chastised joking weakly and sighed. “Kara, I-I don’t know what that means. I’m not-”

The young Kryptonian watched Lena anxiously. She frowned noticing the wild confused look still too quickly as Lena pulled out her professional CEO box. “We don’t have time to think about this right now. Odds are pretty good that Lex was behind the kryptonite at dinner last week. Keep your helmet up. I’ll stay on comms. I can’t hack his Kryptonian, but I might be able to tap something on his suit.” Lena looked coolly confident and Kara would not let her down.
“Supergirl, so good of you to join us. I was just introducing your cousin here to some space trash my mother finished for me while I was away. It has your eyes.” Lex said mockingly to Kal. Kon’s blue eyes looked back at them blankly.

“That isn’t going to work Lex.” Kal responded not even glancing in the direction of the Kryptonian boy flying to the Luthor’s side.

“We’ve made some modifications on Subject 13 recently. Improvements to the formula if you will. We had to compensate with some changes in the basic controls, but the power output has improved markedly. I was thinking of giving it a test run before we change production for the line. Let me know what you think.” Lex said shooting toward the fortress, leaving Kara and Kal to contend with Kon.

Kara felt conflicted about staying until she heard her earpiece pick up Lena whispering, “Don’t interrupt. I have a plan.”

Lena left the line open, so Kara heard when she projected out “Hello Lex. Welcome to our little slice of Krypton. A repeat visit I assume?”

Kara flew hesitantly in the boy’s direction, unsure how to approach the situation.

“Sister dear.” Lex said with false enthusiasm then made a tisking sound with his mouth. “You should have known we wouldn’t ever really let you go. You know how mother worries when you don’t return by curfew. Especially with the company you’ve been keeping recently.”

Kal rammed into the boy, red cape flapping covering them both as he crashed them into the earth, the impact of their bodies creating a small crater in the ice.

“The photo?” Lena asked knowingly and continued “I’m not sure why you two busy yourself over my datebook. It seems like you have been spending time with your fair share of Kryptonians.”

Pinning Kon on the ice below them, Kal hit the Kryptonian boy in the face repeatedly. Kara hung back feeling conflicted.

“Ah, but those I control. Once they complete sufficient neurological development. We fit them with some specialized equipment to ensure compliance. Might lose a little bit of prefrontal cortex growth if we leash them too early but we’ve been able the accelerate growth in extended gestation so that’s less problematic. Had a few -kinks in the mental capabilities from subjects in the first several trials but the reality simulation program took care of that. Such is research I suppose.”

This is too sad, Kara thought upset her cousin would fight his own son like this. Fearing that Kal would seriously hurt the boy, she dropped down to them and tried to pull the two apart.

“You make a wonderful father Lex.” Lena commented with dry sarcasm.

Kal shrugged Kara off and resumed hitting Kon.
“Yes well, I do want them to reach their potential. Mother has always been too cautious. From the sound of things, seems like the boy has been able to hold them both off with his powers unrestrained. Only image what I could accomplish with a few more.”

_I just have get them to stop for a minute so I can figure out what to do._ She turned back to the fighting pair and let out a wide stream of freeze breath. She saw Kal’s fist slow and freeze in place.

“You know Lex.” Lena commented in an interested tone. “I really would be fascinated to know how exactly you managed to pull this off. I’ve invested some time into my own Kryptonian ally, and don’t get me wrong, she’s handy to have around, but a little more muscle often goes a long way.”

Continuing her stream of freeze breath, Kara looked into Kon’s face and noticed a flicker in the boy’s normally flat expression. Confusion, fear, something she hadn’t seen in him before at least.

“I knew you were a Luthor.” Lex said in a satisfied tone. “He is a prototype of sorts, we have a few projects in production, but the next batch is nearly ready for deployment.”

She paused her freeze breath listening to Lena gush at her brother’s accomplishments, effectively distracting the man while he gloated and monologed. She even asked to take a look at his suit which couldn’t possibly be any more awesome than the one she had made for Kara.

_She’s really good at that._ Kara thought appreciatively, _If she won’t be a superhero, maybe she’d be an actress or like a spy or something._

The cold no longer on him, Kon’s face morphed back to his placid expression, the less frozen areas of his body struggling to fight back again. _What, -what._ She thought confused and then realized what might be happening.

Yes! _Thank you bizarre property of molecular polarity that causes water’s solid form to expand!_ Having a thought she desperately hoped would work, Kara flew above them.

_Sorry Kal, this is going to sting for a couple of days,_ Kara apologized silently, remembering the last time she was encased in ice. She worked her way around the pair with her freeze on full blast until she was left with a couple of attached Kryptonian popsicles, then carefully separated the two with her heat vision.

She heard Lena’s voice whisper softly from her earpiece, “Kara, Lex saw you all coming this way and started smiling saying he had a plan. He’s heading toward you now.”

Kara quickly scooped Kon’s block into her arms and flew them out of the crater.

Heading back she set her heat vision on Kal and slowly dethawed him. “Hey, Kal. Sorry, sorry. There you go. Just take a minute.” She said soothingly as the block slowly melted.

The man braced himself on his hands and knees on the ground breathing deeply. His complexion quickly returned back to normal and he rose shooting his cousin a glare. “Just let me deal with him.” Kara requested placatingly.

The Kryptonians both saw Lex heading their way and his softly spoken taunt, “Come and get me.” Kal flew off in his direction and Kara went back to the block of ice she had frozen Kon into.

Using her heat vision, she cut a whole into the ice dunked him in it. _Please work, please work,_
please work. She pulled him out and thawed him with heat visioned and then dunked him to refreeze him, repeating the process three times for luck. She watched his face carefully as he woke up.

The confused face stayed and she smiled in victory.

“I’m sorry Kon. I wasn’t sure whether or not that would work. You might be sore for a couple of days, but we’ll get you under some sun lamps.”

“Who?” Kon said hoarsely

*Thank Rao. They at least taught the boy to speak. Huh, I don’t really know *anything* about him. I wonder when they zombied him or if he gets to have person time in-between.* Kara thought then realized he was still looking at her expectedly.

“Oh, your name. Kon. I heard that mean woman call you thirteen and that didn’t seem right. I’m your aunt Kara, Kara Zor-El. Kon was mine and -Kal’s.” She said tilting her head at the dueling pair above them. “Great-great grandfather.”

The look on his face changed from general confusion to a more hopeful confusion and he reached for her crest.

Kara smiled. “This is the symbol for the house of El. Your house.” He touched it and it morphed into the combination crest of Lena’s.

“Oh, well not that one. That one’s just mine and my-“ Kara paused cringing that she’d almost used the word wife when she knew Lena was listening. “someone.” She finished lamely. Then taped her chest to change it back. “This one is yours. I’ll get you one just like it if you’d like. Well not the suit, Lena might not like that yet, but the crest belongs to you.”

Kon smiled at her tentatively.

----------Lena----------

*Shit, what the hell is Kara doing?* Lena thought desperately, unable to hear what was going on after Kara had gone under the ice with her comms device.

*Knew this language would be more useful than French* the young genius thought congratulating herself smugly as she keyed in Kryptonian on the central crystal console, and started shifting her way through the security images.

She saw Clark Kent fighting her brother above her and Kara sitting down next to the boy. She laughed and jostled his hair affectionately. Lena's mind boggled for a moment before her eyes were pulled away by a glint of metal on the neighboring monitor.

She felt her stomach drop seeing Lex pull out from unknown device.

Lena grabbed her tablet and uploaded the data she’d collected from the only Bluetooth enabled device she was able to covertly connect to on her brother’s suit. She saw a flash of red and her brother holding up Superman by his suit’s shoulder punching him in the face. She glanced back at Kara who hadn’t responded, the girl clearly not noticing what was happening. Her stomach
clenched and she moved.

Mind focused only on her need to make it in time, she caught the broad Kryptonian just as her brother had negligently dropped his unconscious body to the ground. *He’s such an arrogant prick sometimes* she thought.

Lex yelled in rage. He pushed a button on the device and a portal opened behind him. He called down at her, “You missed my rook sister.”

Not responding she tapped the final key stroke and watched his suit respond to the command just as her brother smugly said “Check.”

Lena turned and saw another portal open up below them, facing toward-

No!

Kara and that boy were coming toward them, but long green spears shot out from behind them moving faster than her eye could track.

---------Kara---------

Kon squinted in the direction behind Kara and she followed his gaze. *Lena! I can’t believe Lena flew to save Kal.* She felt a surge of pride at her girlfriend’s heroics, mingled with an anxious need to help her. She gestured for Kon to follow her just as she saw Lex’s the machine gun attached to Lex’ back turn to shoot down at this own hand.

The device he was holding fell to the ground and – *Gross, is that his hand?*

She slowed feeling dizzy and her helmet snapped up over her head. Kon was there beside her and she paused to check on him. With a horrified start she saw a shaft of green puncture his abdomen.

The youngest children of El fell to the earth together, crashing through the barely reformed ice.

Kon reached toward Kara in the water and his hand caught around the necklace she had just showed Kal.

Kara felt the tug of the chain snapping off from her neck and the boy’s body float away from her before her vision went black.

She remembered blurry flashes of Lena’s face above hers, the lilting sound of a woman’s voice far away like a radio dialing in and out of focus “…an not jus mar e an i. o dam it Kara!” and a sharp pounding pain on her chest.

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Opening her eyes, she looked over and saw Lena had brought her into the fortress. She was in her suit, the solar light directed inward failed to make her feel warmer. Kal lay unconscious, Kalex tending to him.

On a crystal platform to her right lay a shrouded form. *Him.* Kara turned her body away feeling an
achy numbness.

On her side, the young Kryptonian, pulled her knees to her chest and curled into a ball.

Her body trembled as words came out of her in painful gasps between sobs [Rao, I-I couldn’t save him. I couldn’t save him. He was just a kid Lena. He wouldn’t have even joined a-a guild yet. I could have been hi-his person. I would have helped him. I would- I would have stayed.]

Kara let out several gasping sobs before she shuddered remembering, [Oh, Rao. Lex said he had clones. I can’t- I can’t fail them. Not again.]

“Shh, shh Kara darling.” Lena said stroking her golden hair

[Lena what are we going to do?]

[ I-I don’t know-. We’ll find him.] Lena responded. The broken girl hadn’t even realized she was speaking Kryptonian until she heard Lena’s voice. Her heart felt achy at the sound of the words from her.

Kara stayed in Lena’s arms for what seemed like moments or hours. Her mind battled with itself. She felt her eyes alternate between burning with tears and the fire of heat vision sting behind her eyelids.

Not being able to take the pent up energy anymore, she held Lena close to her body to keep her safe as she ripped out the pain in her heart through her eyes, blasting a hole through the ceiling of the fortress. Her rage bursting out in a guttural scream into the evening air.

She felt Lena tremble in fear in her arms, gripping onto Kara tightly.

Feeling her reaction, the Kryptonian pulled back into herself, staying quiet for a time.

She felt horrified by how angry she had been, disgusted by herself. She couldn’t be like that. That wasn’t her. That wasn’t Supergirl. She brought those feelings down deep inside of herself where they belonged, to the raw prickly place she never touched -with Krypton.

She let her mind drift until she found Kara.

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Lena was asleep next to her. She must have been meditating for hours.

She saw Lena startle as soon as she moved.

“Kara, darling-“ Lena started.

[When did you-?] Kara asked in Kryptonian.

[After the night I met Supergirl, you looked so sad and I wanted- well, I wanted you to know- I know I can’t be Kryptonian. It’s not the same-] Lena said in a rush. She didn’t seem like Lena. Maybe it’s the Kryptonian.

Kara kissed Lena’s cheek softly, her eyes filled with gratitude. Then she rolled to spoon in front of Lena, feeling like she needed the woman’s arms over Kara’s heart to keep it from breaking into pieces she couldn’t find. [I love you Lena.]

Lena hugged Kara to her fiercely.
Some doors opened. Some doors shut. And some doors feel too scary and messy to even look at. Such is life.

I am hoping that everything tracked alright. The action was supposed to be a little chaotic but I tried to make the necklace thing as clear as I could with mom-the-exposition-robot, but my beta had some confused feelings. It will continue to be important, so scanning back over the hologram part at the beginning might be worth it.

Here on out the chapters will all have some higher stakes, but I’ve never doubted our girls.

Points for any one who can figure out what I was trying to have Lena say while she was reviving Kara. 😺
Hey guys. I've been informed that I do chapters wrong. Which is fair, a couple ran 7k and I didn't think all that much about it but I will endeavor to improve my writing form and style when possible. I'll just post more often instead, :) next one should be up by Tuesday.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

---------Lena----------

Lena woke with a start in the middle of the night, drenched by her own emergency sprinkler system and shivered feeling felt a blast of cold air coming from above her.

Scrambling out of bed, Lena’s sleep-fogged brain didn’t understand what happened until she saw her Kryptonian girlfriend hovering near the ceiling holding her face and blowing at an enormous hole. The black the char around the destruction was now slowly begin covered by frost, and Lena could just make out a few stars through the crack.

“Kara!” Lena called up, “Are you hurt? What can I do?”

The girl floated down to the ground her body turned away from Lena, one arm still over her face. “I’m so sorry Lena. I’ll fix it, I promise.”

Lena felt herself swept up in Kara’s arms for a moment. Then she was underneath the covers in one of her guest bedrooms. On the nightstand next to her sat a glass of water, a plate of cookies and a note that said Kara would be down in the lab.

The CEO had a hard time finding any sheep to count that night. Instead spending most of the hours before dawn trying to decide what to say to the girl in the morning.

Lena felt out of her depth with Kara. When her mother or father had died or when her brother tried to kill her, or when her first girlfriend had broken her heart, Lena had kept to herself. Typically, either throwing herself into work, or renting a private island for a few weeks. She was used to stoically maintaining her own emotional stability, or at least the appearance of it. But that did nothing to prepare her for someone actually needing her.

Everything she did felt wrong. Lena would try and give Kara space at the worst times. Or laid out deep emotional platitudes of love and reassurance, then spend the night going over the conversation in her head, wincing at how stupid she must have sounded.

This would have been so much easier if her family had just done something to break her heart again. This branching out they were doing to the person she loved was a new kind of torture and she missed the simplicity of starving and chemical burns.
The nightmares weren’t new. Kara had talked about them while she was spending quality time meeting Lena’s psychotic mother. The first time Kara didn’t have powers, so they weren’t dangerous to be around, just disturbing.

Thankfully, Eliza had thought to call Lena to talk about them after she found out they were together. The woman was, as always, very understanding and helpful. Dr. Danvers had done a full neurological workup and weeks of polysomnography on Kara when she was 14. Until tonight apparently, Kara always responded in the same way, floating up to the ceiling, and holding her hands rigidly at her sides. Eliza had told her the most helpful thing Lena could do was to wait it out until the girl’s brain moved on to the next sleep stage. Then she wouldn’t have to consciously relive it again.

The young Luthor wasn’t a psychologist, but Kara’s response sounded a lot like the girl was reexperiencing floating away from Krypton in her pod. After what happened, Lena had a suspicion that these new dreams came with new muscle memories and, unfortunately, a desire to blast her psychotic brother out of the sky with her eyes. >>No wonder Romeo and Juliet killed themselves, << Lena thought bitterly.

When sunrays hit the wall she was staring at, Lena gave up on sleep and walked over to assess the damage. She shouldn’t have been surprised to see the hole in the ceiling of the bedroom was already patched. >>I’m going to have to find a very discrete contractor pretty soon<< she thought wryly having done most of the repairs before now herself.

Frowning, walked over to her now scuffed set of drawers and pulled a black jewelry box. She was worried Kara would make the piece of furniture part of some carpentry project on one of her fix-all-the-things missions and did not want to risk the girl stumbling across this. Quietly, Lena padded over to relocate it in her bathroom, which she had Kryptonian-proofed immediately after finding out about Kara’s identity.

Lena sat on the edge of the tub, the lead-lined box in her hands.

Enjoying the feeling of tools in her hands again, the CEO had been so excited to make the thing. She intended to show Kara she appreciated her culture and thought the heartbeat feature might prevent Supergirl from getting distracted by her three dozen flybys over L-Corp every day.

They had not spoken at all about the necklace or what it meant. Lena wondered if Kara’s memory of what happened might have been effected by the boys death. Or if she, like Lena, had no idea what to do about any of it.

Lena opened the box and looked down at the blue gem. The young Luthor had given a couple of rings back before and it was unfailingly the ultimate kiss of death for any relationship. A prospect, for once in her life, Lena felt terrified would happen.

>>This is a mess.<< she thought miserably. She loved Kara, but the woman couldn’t imagine herself as anyone’s wife.

Sure, she’d slipped into a few daydreams, but she didn’t legitimately think Lena Luthor would end up settling down with an adorable optimistic perky blonde superhero. It was a fantasy.

She didn’t know how to begin wrapping her head around the idea. Part of her barely believed she would have Kara tomorrow. One of them would die, Kara would get tired of Lena’s shit, Lena would make some self-sabotaging ultimatum, something.

There were only a few reasons she thought people should ever actually get married and most of it
came down to legacy, which really just meant kids. An idea Lena refused to entertain. Lena shook her head at herself and stowed the jewelry box amidst the dozens of others on the shelf, before walking out to find her wayward girlfriend.

Walking into the kitchen she saw Kara >>Oh, no!<< looking into the oven. Lena’s eyes hunted instinctively for the fire extinguisher. Not smelling anything burning, yet, the CEO approached the kitchen slowly, “Kara? Why don’t we go out for -.”

Kara looked up and smiled broadly, excited to see her. Lena saw she was wearing some blue tinted safety goggles. The girl blushed following Lena’s gaze. “I’m really sorry about that Lena.” She said gesturing vaguely at the bedroom. “It was – well, it’s not important. I made these and I promise I’ll wear them every night.” “Or,” she said softly looking down at her feet. “I can just stay at my loft. I-“

Lena took Kara’s hand, “Don’t be silly darling. I’ve had more dangerous things happen to me over afternoon tea.” “Here,” she said soothingly gesturing toward the couch. “Why don’t you relax, and I’ll scrape the tar off of whatever was on fire in the oven.”

Kara pouted at her, perching on the edge of a kitchen stool in a half-hover. “The rules,” The girl informed her gesturing toward a recipe on the counter, “said that it had to be 375 degrees, but it would be twenty-five minutes. Which is forever, and you deserve to have your favorite muffins with the gross little seeds faster so I just thought I could go a little higher.”

Lena knew full well that the woman was capable of understanding the thermodynamic relationships between the various ingredients involved in baking, but Lena had learned not to try and start conversations about things Kara found aggressively boring.

“Anyway, I didn’t want to just stand and stare at it, so I got you these while I waited.” Lena smiled at the neatly arranged wildflowers. They were beautiful, but Lena didn’t recognize them.

“Thank you darling. Where did you get them?”

“I remembered seeing the blue ones on this mountainside in Peru. I thought they would look nice with the purple ones I picked with Alex when we went to the Rockies.” The hero said looking proudly at her arrangement. Lena shook her head at the adorable romantic. “But, when I got back the oven still wasn’t happy, so I was checking to see if it was broken.”

Lena avoided eye contact. After needing to replace the oven twice, she had taken a cue from Alex and disconnected the gas line. She knew full well the intelligent Kryptonian could figure out what was wrong if motivated. So, Lena kept a steady supply of take-out coming to the penthouse, hoping to head off Kara’s intermittent passing curiosity about the culinary arts for a while.

“Peruvian food sounds wonderful, why don’t we-“ Lena got out before the girl launched off the balcony.

Lena rubbed her brow bemused. The billionaire tech mogul felt almost put out that she didn’t get to throw around money on romantic gestures anymore. But Kara had been over-the-top attentive to her any time the girl thought Lena might be upset for any reason. If Kara thought it was about her, she would probably kidnap the members of N’Sync so she could live out her reunion tour fantasy.

The Kryptonian wasn’t really the mousy Danvers persona she tried to keep up in public, but she still hardly ever so much as raised her voice and obviously had never uttered a real profanity in her girlfriend’s presence.
As unapologetic bitch was one of Lena’s favorite public personas it’s not like a little spice would have phased her. She had never been in a relationship where someone didn’t throw a few dishes around dramatically at some point, usually Lena. But she worried about Kara.

They didn’t really talk about her experience with the Kryptonian boy and Lena was afraid to ask. Any time Kara got upset the girl looked guilty for a second, then would just zip off in her suit on suspiciously timed Supergirl missions.

It was like the girl was allergic to her own temper.

It wasn’t even that she changed all that much after the incident. She was still fun, sweet, thoughtful, caring, ridiculous, and Lena was convinced Rao was much better at giving gifts to humanity than God. She was Kara.

It just seemed like the girl was never really comfortable, which put Lena on edge. Kara jumped at little things and she was always moving, never going more than a few steps without using her speed.

Lena had hoped at some point to channel some of the innocent Kryptonian’s new-found spice into more relaxing pursuits. Wake up that part of the girl’s brain that liked impatiently shredding thousands of dollars of designer clothes off her body every week. >>Mmmm<<. But unfortunately, in the bedroom, Kara seemed to get increasingly more tense no matter what Lena did, and not in a fun way.

Lena sighed. >>It’s not like I haven’t had a few extended dry spells in my life. I’ve just gotten spoiled by that God’s blessed Kryptonian stamina of hers.<<

Honestly, Kara didn’t seem that interested in much of anything. She wasn’t binging shows or scrolling through puppy adoption sites or hopping around the world for snacks. She spent almost all her time at the penthouse working in the lab and Lena had gone over to her loft last week finding a dozen white boards filled with equations. It’s was all about that damn portal generator.

After all the grief the device had caused, she wished she’d left it floating in the arctic. Barely thinking about it at the time, Lena had absently fished it out of the water where she had pulled out Kara and -Kon’s body. A disturbing way to get her accidental engagement necklace back.

Kara had been curious about the device the first time she encountered the thing and immediately tried to get it to open up a portal to wherever Lex had gone. Unfortunately, when the Kryptonian pressed a button, the thing emitted red-sun irradiation, briefly depowering the girl, and then immediately self-destructed.

Lena had a sneaking suspicion Lex’s invention may have been equipped with that alien detection device LuthorCorp had designed and Lena had taken out of development shortly after meeting Kara.

Neither of them could figure out how to fix it after that, which aggravated the Luthor’s sense of pride, but Kara spent dozens of hours every week examining and experimenting on every clearly fried component.

Lena didn’t realize the girl’s work had been affecting anything else in her life until later that week.

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“Leeenaaa!” Kara whined as soon as she got back to the penthouse. “Snapper is a mean stupid idiot
jerk butt and I don’t want to see his dumb face anymore.”

Lena’s response was an unfortunate comingling of concern and amusement that she felt was unlikely to be appropriate. She had never heard the girl use such a combination of almost-expletives, so she decided on concerned and schooled her face to go comfort her girlfriend.

“I told him that I would get it to him this morning, but I got busy in the lab. I was only a couple of hours late with the draft. That’s barely even time. But then he yelled at me and his big dumb face and weird bald head got all purple and angry and it made me feel so -mad,” she said the last word softly. “I might have quit.”

Lena’s brow creased in concern and the girl rushed on, “He as just being really mean, and I get that it’s important that I work and everything, but it’s not like it’s the only thing I have to do you know with the Supergirl stuff and the things I’m working on and everything. But still I was worried you might, well-.” The Kryptonian looked into Lena’s eyes pleadingly and held out a fistful of diamonds.

“What, Kara!” Lena exclaimed startled.

“I’m sorry. I don’t want you to feel like you have to pay for everything until I get a new job. So, I made these.” The hero said placing her handful of diamonds on the counter when Lena didn’t move to take them.


Kara shuffled her feet and opened a drawer in the kitchen that had previously housed her never-used collection of the 16 different forks rich people needed to finish a meal.

The drawer was now, however, half-filled with gems of various sizes and colors, a few facets winking at her in the afternoon sunlight.

“I started a piggy bank last month after -everything.” The Kryptonian muttered looking down at her feet. “I’ve just broken a lot of stuff lately.”

Lena blinked. >>Damn it. Again? << she thought incredulous.

The CEO was going to find something to win at in this relationship. It was going to happen. “Darling, you don’t need to cripple the world’s gem industry to make money.”

“First, if you actually manage to break the penthouse, you could probably commute us from my place in Metropolis or L.A. or Paris in a few minutes.” she said smirking. “Besides,” the CEO reasoned, “breaking a couple houses would probably be a good motivator for me to crush a few of my more obstinate board members under my Louis Vuitton’s next week. I have to keep true to the Lena Luthor brand.”

“Second, you could just patent any one of the dozen different things you keep down in the lab. NASA would take that g-force container off you for enough money to buy yourself some spackle for a patch job, or you know a small private island to demolish on your off days.”

“I guess,” Kara said as she casually took the drawer and upended the contents into a glass vase. She hovered over and set it on the window ledge, so the refracted gems gave off a green crystalline pattern on the wall. Kara frowned at it and turned the vase until the sun caught a red garnet instead and smiled.
Lena’s lips twitched appreciating the Kryptonian’s interpretation of tasteful décor. “You really are learning how to make understated but gratuitous displays of wealth, darling. We should host a fundraiser and see if we can inspire some backhanded complements from National City’s elite.” Lena commented wryly.

As Kara as this particular display was, she still felt uneasy. >>Snapper has always been a tool but she loves that job.<< Lena thought.

“I don’t care whether or not you work darling.” Lena squeezed Kara’s shoulder. “You do. You always said that job helped you feel more grounded.”

The girl shrugged. “It just didn’t feel important to me anymore.” Then unleashed a Kara-pout. “Don’t you like working with me in the lab?”

“Oh course.” Lena said brow furrowing. >>Maybe her priorities are just changing, that’s normal. And it’s not like I haven’t thrown a few apology gems around before.<<

The knot in Lena’s stomach eased looking at the girl’s pout. >>I’m just making a big deal out of nothing. It’s Kara. It’ll be fine.<<

She moved them back into safer territory, “Okay, so how did you get the trace elements to bind to the carbon in the rubies when you compressed them?”

Lena smiled seeing Kara bounce up excited to show Lena her work.

Chapter End Notes

Next time they will talk about the necklace-engagement and Kon.

Can't remember if I've mentioned I work in psych, but if you're looking for a case study in criteria, you can take all those trauma response symptoms to the bank :)
The Problem with Silence

Chapter Notes

Just a few more chapters until the end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The Problem with Silence

The next week, Lena sat in the kitchen casually observing Kara while she mixed batter for cupcakes.

Not supervising, exactly, just enjoying the girl’s company next to one of the several fire extinguishers she had set up around the house.

Her cousin was staying with them and Kara wanted to prove she was, in fact, just as awesome at being human. Lena had worried the idea at first, but the Man-of-Steel was surprisingly sweet.

He had apologized to Lena, citing that infamous Kryptonian tendency to overreact where kryptonite was concerned. He respected how Lena was helping Kara with all of her emotional trouble and wanted to be on hand for a while in case anything got out of hand.

Shifting in her chair, her eyes caught a flicker of movement. She grinned seeing a dark caped figure vault over the rails then was surprised to see another swing in, looming behind her.

Lena went to the wall deactivating her security.

“Sorry to intrude.” Bruce said. “I just needed to talk to Clark, and Kara I suppose.”

Clark sped into the room in a blur.

Bruce glared at the Kryptonian then turned to Lena demanding. “I take it you’re aware of a few things you shouldn’t be then Luthor?”

“She’s family,” Clark defended. Kara sped beside him, crossing her arms.

“Wait, how did you know I was here?” Clark asked the vigilante suspiciously.

Bruce Wayne stood silent and Kate looked uncomfortable. “Jesus, Br- Batman,” Clark said glancing back at Lena who gave him a wry smile. “You didn’t put a tracker in me again?” Clark asked. He took off his glasses and squinted down at his body.

“It’s liquid.” Bruce said brushing past the irritated Kryptonian. Lena remembered something Lex had mentioned.

-Damn it, mother.- The young Luthor felt dirty inside. - I should have known she’d use me to get to Kara again.-
Bruce peered around the corners. “This feels a little open, anywhere we could speak in private?”
Looking at Lena he added, “This concerns you too.”

“Jesus you’re paranoid Bruce.” Kate interjected. He shot the woman a dark look as she took off her cowl. “Hey, I didn’t tell her about either of us. It’s not my fault the woman’s one of the brighter crayons in the box.”

Lena gave her a dull look. “Stars in the heavens? Bulbs in the tanning bed?”

The CEO smirked shaking her head. She led the group to her lab as Kate continued list off things Lena was brighter than.

She was glad Kate was in town. It was hard to get the woman to take anything seriously, but a sympathetic ear who could appreciate her morbid sense of humor and knew about Kara might be really nice to have.

Bruce cut the woman’s antics off with an intense look, “We have new information on Luthor’s projects.”

“Can’t you just say Lex’s?” Kara complained.

Not wanting her brother to pop out of one of those portals in this company. She decided, I’m getting this thing out of me now.-

The young Luthor walked over the a cooler and pulled out several pints of blood receiving some startled looks from the Kryptonians. “Keep talking.” She said.

Kara followed behind her curious as she wheeled her hemodialysis machine over to the group and winced when she placed a line into her radial vein. Clark looked pale and confused.

In contrast, Kate stared at her with a bemused expression, the corners of her mouth twitching.

The still cowled vigilante paid little attention to the young Luthor’s activities continuing his explanation. “We’ve found that Luthor has been working on the development of additional clones, there are at least three that have been seen operating simultaneously.”

The man projected several holograms from the arm of his suit. The images depicted three identical young men displaying the full battery of Kryptonian powers, demolishing everything in their way.

“And they appear to be collecting rare minerals from various safeholds around the globe. Unfortunately targeting substances, argonite, raydon, tachion,” he glaced at Clark, “kryptonite. That all have a known association with incapacitating Earth’s defenders.”

Lena clenched her jaw admiring the boldness of her brother’s offensive strategy, “Go big or go home. I’ll say this for Lex, he does tend to play as big a game as he talks. Having a stockpile of every superhero’s personal Achilles heel would come in handy for any number of nefarious plots.

“Obviously,” Clark said between clenched teeth. “He’s obviously learned how to synthesize kryptonite from whatever he found at Wayne Industries,” He turned to Bruce, expression furious. “I told you what would happen if we didn’t destroy it.”

The man in the cowl remained coolly impassive. “Figuring out what his actual goals are at this point may be unimportant.”

He continued in a monotone pulling up a map of the eastern coast with exed off locations. “Our
primary objective should be finding the location of their base of operations. From there we may be able to destroy the substances and, more importantly, wipe their data files so he can’t make any more of these clones.”

He glanced at Lena saying, “It seems like the neural command devices they have attached are also capable of causing lethal damage internally when activated.” The young Luthor frowned as he turned his attention back to the Kryptonians. “At least that was the case with the one that you were able to take d-“

“We didn’t take Kon down.” Kara interjected hotly, “Lex riddled him full of kryptonite.”

“Some investigations of the body were performed postmortem.” Bruce informed them clinically.

“You cut open his head!?” Kara exclaimed looking sick.

“It was necessary to identify any potentially exploitable weakness,” the vigilante explained unphased. “Utilizing that failsafe may be our best defense.”

“Kill them?” A ring of gold circled Kara’s blue eyes. “Were you why Kal wouldn’t come near me when I got to Earth. Did you want to kill me too Bruce!?”

“No, I simply advised Clark to consider the effect his influence, and those of the criminals frequently entering his life, might have.” He continued eyeing the girl speculatively.

“One fewer super powered anomaly active in the world decreases the risk to the populous at large. Like it or not, the world needs heroes willing to carry out any contingency plans necessary to bring down global threats.” He glared at Kara’s cousin. “Had I been able to complete my research a plan for a Kryptonian option could have already been in place for them.”

“Or me?” Kara asked with cool intensity. Bruce remained impassive.

Kate looked surprised, then shot Lena a guilty look shaking her head.

-He really doesn’t trust her with his plans.- Lena thought surprised that the formidable Kate Kane would allow herself to be a pawn.

Kara stormed off, footsteps splintering the wood floor before she flew off toward the balcony.

Bruce shared a look with Kate, and they walked toward the living room conferring quietly.

Lena went to her study and poured herself a very large glass of whiskey before she heard the door close behind her.

“Lena.” Kate apologized, “Bruce hasn’t been the same since the last time I dragged him out of the Lazarus Pit. He told us not to resurrect him again, but I panicked. I didn’t want to lose him, and it mostly turned out alright. He’s just a little extra on edge and moody.”

“I-I know I talk about blondie a lot.” She reassured her, “But I don’t agree with him. I mean she’s a girl scout, but considering she could squish me with her pinkie, that’s kind of a good thing.” She finished seriously, “I trust her.”

“He did make some good points.” Lena admitted more to herself. Kate tilted her head surprised.

Lena waved her hand, “Not about- everything. Not about her. It’s just- Kara has some blind spots. She wasn’t a baby when she left Krypton. She was the same age I was my sophomore year of undergrad.”
Kate rolled her eyes and Lena smirked. “I just mean Krypton was real for her. She had to deal with losing it, having every single person she ever met die. She lost her family, her home, her work, her culture, everything. And I think there is a part of her that would do anything to get even a little piece of it back. To have a real relationship with Kryptonians she’s related to.”

“Obviously, I don’t think she would hurt anyone.” Lena rushed, “but she might-, well she might indirectly cause a lot more destruction by trying to help them.”

Kate put her arm around Lena’s shoulder and squeezed it reassuringly. Lena hugged her back, appreciating that the woman had cared enough to stay.

The door clicked open and Lena flinched back from the embrace.

Kara looked between the pair, brows furrowed.

The tattooed dark hero smirked and offered Lena an invitation to come visit the cave in Gotham. “Fox just designed me a new bike that spits fire.” She said with a wink, “I’ll take you for a ride.”

The vigilante held her cape up like a skirt stepping past the blonde hero with exaggerated dignity. The Kryptonian’s silent figure stood, arms folded with a concerned pout on her face. Giving the hero an ironic salute, Kate slipped her cowl back on and headed toward the balcony.

Looking agitated again, Kara stepped into the hallway to give Lena some space and started pacing back and forth.

Lena walked over to touch her girlfriend’s shoulder. With a reassuring smile, she took the girl’s hand and lead her into the living room.

Kara gripped her in a tight hug. Breathing in the scent of Lena’s hair, the hero sighed in relief.

“Thank you. My brain feels stuck. I just can’t-. ” Kara said pulling back moving to perch on the edge of the couch. “I mean can you believe him? I saw him. Kon would have been an amazing hero. If I can just get them deprogrammed too. It’s going to be great Lena, I know it.” Kara said, eyes shining with hope.

Lena stayed silent, not sure how to respond. Kara’s bright smile faded, “What? What is it? They don’t have to stay here or anything. I’ve worked that out already.”

“It just sounds like a lot of risk Kara. We don’t really know anything about them.” Kara opened her mouth to protest. “About them Kara. I mean you didn’t really know Kon for more than a few minutes. They could be dangerous even without the brainwashing. And, well- if we’d just taken care of Lex first-“ She left the sentence trailing there, seeing Kara’s expression.

“You agree with him.” Kara said in disbelief, a flash of fear crossing her face.

“No I-“ Lena tried to reassure her.

“You heard what he said.” Kara interrupted, “Dangerous rouge aliens, have to control them. Like we all need to be tagged or caged up. How could you listen to that?” She asked pacing.

The agitated Kryptonian turned to Lena pointing an accusing finger. ”Do you really think the world needs to have a contingency plan to kill me?”

“Of course not.” Lena argued back offended. “You’re different. You’re a good person. But I don’t want you or anyone else to get hurt by another one of my mothers ex-“
“Experiments!” Kara yelled, turning away from Lena, fists clenched.

Staring at the wall Kara shook her head and started pacing, her gait rigid with tension. “That’s all they are to you isn’t it? You just want to get rid of them like we did to all the other weapons in Lex’s vault. You would never really give them a chance, would you? Just because the Luthors” Lena stiffened “make them use their powers to do bad things doesn’t mean that they’ve done anything wrong.”

“It’s like that thing,” Kara continued pacing, “where you can never accept how good you are, like you don’t believe me when I say I trust you. You made that one gun when your mom made you, but you’re not evil Lena.” Her face was pleading. “And they’re not either. They won’t be.”

“Kara I can’t-“ and she fell silent, not even knowing what she wanted to say. She heard Kara’s pacing stop and the silence stretched as the hero waited for Lena to continue.

Kara gave up on patience. “What Lena? What were you going to say?”

The Luthor felt a thousand emotions overwhelm her. She sat on the end of the sofa and put her hands over her face.

Her throat was raw, chest tense, and the hairs at her nape stood, sensing the Kryptonian’s eyes on her.

The pressure too intense, her voice escaped. “It’s just all too much. This is crazy. You’re-” she trailed off scared to say any more.

“Oh-” Kara’s tone was soft and her body drooped. “That makes sense.”

Lena felt a gust and opened her eyes, Kara was standing in front of her holding a small black box loosely in one hand.

A rush of cold filled her.

“I knew you were hiding that from me. I thought, but-“ Kara’s voice cracked, “but you didn’t really want this, any of this. Me, them- We’re not-. “ The young Kryptonian’s voice trailed off and tears rolled down her face.

*Human* Lena thought, her mind finishing Kara’s sentence.

Lena’s mind screamed to move, to say something. But she sat frozen, disconnected from her racing thoughts.

*I don’t care what planet she’s from. I love her. I know that part. It’s just- everything about this situation is insane. I have to- to-. I don’t know. I can’t let them kill her.* - Lena blinked.

*But I don’t know how to say that without-.*

Her throat was raw holding back the words of love she *could* offer her.

Kara expressions rapidly shifted and the arm at her side vibrated. The speed made the girl appear ethereal, reminding Lena how far apart they were.

*I can’t. It’s not enough.* -

The silence was deafening.
Until there were footsteps and Kara’s back slowly moved away from her.

Lena’s mind lurched forward.

She wanted to lie. To tell the girl that she was sure about everything, that she wasn’t scared about what all this met. Tell her she could help her save those boys, about the things she hoped for in the quiet parts of her soul.

She wanted to tell this wonderful woman, this perfect loving beautiful person, *anything* to make her stop walking away.

When Kara reached the balcony, the tension left her and she turned. Her look was soft, pleading. Lena was caught in the tide of those sad blue eyes.

She could save herself, scatter all her boxes out on the floor between them and let this girl judge the Luthor’s fate. Her muscles coiled beneath her.

Dread held her like a vice, playing an image of the hero’s face turning from the Luthor’s darkness in disgust.

She tore her eyes away from the comforting blue depths to stare at the floor. Hating her fear, her weakness.

A cape rustled.

Staring down, droplets fell away from her and burst on impact, scattering wet beads across the wood.

Her head was so heavy.

Lena braced her arms against her knees and held it up with both hands.

A breeze touched her.

The woman's entire body snapped to attention and she felt the echo of strong arms spinning her through the air again.

The wind beat the open door against the wall.

There was a space in front of that door that looked wrong. There should have been a caped figure standing there. It was the last place she’d seen her. The emptiness of the space stretched and reached out to Lena carving a matching hollowness.

Her mind clicked on.

*No*

Skirts bunched around the immaculately dressed woman as she slid from the couch. A trembling hand covered her mouth, a gasp escaped. Horrified she finally realized what had happened, what Kara must think, what it would cost.

Lena choked down the strangled scream that followed, bitterly hating the sound of her own worthless traitorous voice. *Why did I- Why!?-

She doubled over keening, feeling sick and numb and hurt. Her arm grabbed out blindly bringing something soft to her chest.
Lena clung to the pillow with all her strength. Tears streaked with dark makeup stained the fabric. She continued rocking, squeezing the thing to her body like she could force it through her skin.

And she tried to.

Desperate, she listened to the instinctual certainty, the hope, that if she just put enough pressure in the empty place where her heart had been, she could stop the terrible soul-crushing pain.

Chapter End Notes

This one was hard to click post on <3

Legits think I worked through the feels of one my nastier break ups there. Had all the feels.

I promise this is as dark as it gets.

If anyone wants an impromptu therapy session in the comments I'm credentialed and at the ready :)
Chap. 19 Rao’s Hope

*Knock* *Knock*

A familiar voice sounded into her loft. “Kara I know you’re in there. I can hear Meg Ryan.” Kara heard two heartbeats in the hallway, but not the one she wanted.

Kara looked around her and winced.

Evidence of the Kryptonian’s wallowing lay in stacks of cardboard and plastic containers around the loft. She couldn’t find the energy to hide it from her sister.

-She probably wouldn’t shoot down the door.- Kara thought settling back into the couch.

Maggie’s voice pipped in, “Hey Little Danvers, we brought potstickers.”

Kara’s stomach pulled her to the door. Her mind, insistent on not letting Kara have nice things anymore provided, -But Lena’s potstickers were basically magic. They can’t be as good.-

In the last week, the dejected hero felt like all her limbs got ripped off and attached onto a Kara bot. Luckily, Kara bot kept running around doing all the stuff Supergirl was supposed to. So then Kara could keep up her new, very important, occupation of listing things that sucked.

Unable to even consider facing Snapper again to beg for her job back, she didn’t even have CatCo and all the Kara Danvers stuff to distract her.

And she definitely didn’t have any interest in working on her inventions. Science had gone back to being something that was too full of painful good memories for her to enjoy.

-I guess I could just have the mean lady put a chip in my head.- Kara thought glumly, feeling useless.
*Knock* *Knock**Knock**Knock**Knock**Knock**Knock*  

She groaned and rolled off the couch. Reaching the door she slid open the bolt, not bothering to actually open the door and made the best of her expended effort by crossing over to the freezer for another gallon of ice cream.

“Kara.” The door slid open hesitantly. “The last ten text messages you’ve sent me have just been dots, you didn’t even bother putting all three in this morning.

“Too hard.” Kara said falling back onto the couch in a heap.

Not able to find any clean spoons, she’s grabbed a spatula and was making her way around the enormous scoop. -This is brilliant; why did I ever bother with stupid spoons?-  

Alex and Maggie walked around her loft one poking at a heap of clothes and the other at stack of boxes before sharing a look.

“Did something die in here?” Maggie asked, tentatively lifting the couch duster ready to kill any vermin nesting in the piles of candy bar wrappers Kara had shoved under there.

Kara didn’t respond. Trying to fit the spatula into her mouth, she accidentally snapping the plastic in half.

She pouted and stared longingly in the direction of the kitchen. -So far...-  

She perked up seeing Maggie quest in the direction of distant utensil drawer. But Alex crushed the Kryptonian's hope, grabbing her girlfriend by the arm with a shake of her head.

-Ugh, why aren’t sisters ever good for anything?- Kara thought bitterly, rolling over on the couch and hugging a pillow to her chest. Meg Ryan was kissing some guy in the rain and the girl didn’t want to see it.

Alex took the remote, turning it off and tried to move Kara’s feet.

The agent scowled as her muscles strained, eventually tipping the couch rather than moving Kara’s legs. Alex instead decided to just sit on her legs.

At the contact, Kara’s heart tugged at her.

The youngest Danvers spun her body around to rest her head on her sister’s lap. Alex stroked her hair and the emotional wall came down.

The girl wept, tears soaking into the fabric of her sister's jeans.

After a minute, she breathed deeply and mumbled “I messed everything up Alex.”

“You told me about the necklace, but what actually happened?” Her sister asked.

“I don’t know. I just kind of threw it back at her when I got upset. I don’t remember exactly what I said, but I was so-“ She let out an explosive breath. “and then she just stared at me like-.. Like she was afraid of me.” “My eyes burnt once, but I wouldn’t hurt her.” Kara shook her head violently. “I would never.”

Alex squeezed her shoulder.

Maggie came over handing a bottle of water to Kara. “What was the fight about?”
“It kind of started when that Batman guy came over and he was being a jerk face about Kon.” She
screwed up her face in revulsion. “They cut him open Alex, like he was some lab rat. So they can
figure out how to kill the other boys Lex made.”

She hovered up to her feet and started pacing, “It’s not fair! They didn’t do anything. Its not-“

“Kara.” Alex interrupted giving her a dull look. "I know. That’s what you stormed into my
bedroom at midnight yelling about.” She clarified, “What were you fighting about with Lena.”

“Right.” The Kryptonian sat back down and admitted quietly, “She agreed with him.”

“She said that?” Maggie asked with a frown.

Kara pulled at a thread on her sweatshirt. “Not exactly, but she said something about them being
too dangerous to trust or something. I don’t know, it just felt really-“ She looked down at her
hands.

“Kara, you tell me Lena is not like her family every time the Luthors come up.” Kara's mouth
opened to interrupt, but Alex held up her hand. “And you’re right. She’s not. But these clones, we
don’t really know how old they are but they’re not babies and they have powers just like you.”

“I would never-“ Kara started.

Maggie stepped in, “What if you didn’t have the Danvers? What-"

"Probably would have been just as awesome without an-.“ Alex covered the Kryptonian’s mouth to
get her to stop interrupting and grimaced when Kara licked her hand.

The detective eyed the pair until they settled. "What if you didn’t have memories of your family
loving you on Krypton? At best the only memories these kids have are of being used as a living
weapons by people that hate everything about them. At worst...” Kara shuddered remembering the
cold table in Lillian’s compound.

Alex took her hand.

Maggie gave her a sympathetic look. “There is a very real chance that they might not be like you.
When I was 16, I got kicked out of my house.” Alex reached over to squeeze her girlfriend’s knee.
“Twas so angry at the world, I didn’t care what happened. I can’t imagine what I would do in their
situation, with their powers.”

“That’s kind of what Lena said. I think.” Kara mumbled. “Why do all of you have to be right all the
time? I’m smart at things.”

Kara didn’t like anything about this. She could deal with being wrong but she hated feeling
vulnerable. “What do I do Alex? I said really mean things to her. I didn’t even mean them. It was
stupid angry Kara. The one that keeps breaking everything and quit my job and tries to hurt Lena’s
brother in my dreams. It’s her dumb bad decisions that ruin everything.”

Alex’s lips quirked. “Kara. You cannot be three different people. All of those people are you. You
wanted to quit that job. You get angry. You are very stupid.”

Kara threw an empty ice-cream box at Alex. The decorated government agent brushed flecks of
white off her face, expression flat.
Maggie cleared her throat avoiding eye contact with her girlfriend, “We all love you Kara. I’d trust you to do the right thing on just about anything.”

“Except women,” Alex amended earning a glare. “Which is why we’re here.” “You have to talk to her. I’m pretty sure with the enhancement’s Lena made to my suit. I could toss your little Kryptonian ass onto her balcony.” She added rolling her shoulders.

“But Lena-“ Kara started to object.

“Lena trust you too. She wouldn’t have given you that insane supersuit if she thought you would ever hurt someone with it. She loves you Kara. And, if the woman would answer any of my god damn calls, then I could probably find her in that fancy ass penthouse doing whatever the dark angsty version of this is.” Alex finished gesturing around Kara’s apartment.

Kara felt a spark of hope. But she couldn’t talk to Lena until she had an answer. “Maybe,” she said. "But what do I do? I’m not going to hurt them and I can’t just let someone else lock those boys up before they even get a chance.”

“Maybe they need some time to grow up. You certainly did.” Alex tilted her head. “Come to think of it you might not be done cooking yet, maybe we can appropriate one of those gestation tanks.”

Kara thought about it, absently shredding the throw pillow in her lap.

Kal grew up on a remote farm and come into his powers slowly with no real drama or expectations to deal with. And Kara had grown up on Krypton where she didn’t have any powers, which let her really appreciate what it meant to be normal and part of a family. She always thought she had a lot easier time not letting her powers define her like they did Kal.

Kara didn’t feel like the responsibility of holding the powers made her some stiff noble god person, it was more like they connected her to Krypton. A big part of her wished she could be back on Krypton; just be another person with a place and not have to guess what people were thinking all the time. She would give up her powers in a heartbeat to get that and experience Rao’s comforting red light washing over her again. That was the last time she really felt like she belonged.

She wanted the boys to have that.

Rao…

“Rao, Alex Rao!” Kara said excitedly pulling her sister’s arm.

She looked confused. “Umm, praying or cursing?”

“No dumb dumb, the boys.” The Kryptonian explained. “They need to understand what it means to be Kryptonian before they get control over their powers all the time. I can train them so they’re safe when they need to be. But before they can be heroes, they have to understand the world their fighting for. Rao, Krypton can give that to them. I don’t know why I didn’t see it before.”

Alex objected, “Kara, you’re not making any sense. How can Krypton’s- “

“Red sunlight Alex.” She said impatiently to her very dense and slow sister. “I mean Rao wasn’t just our God, Rao was the embodiment of the red sun Krypton orbited around. I could use synthetic red sunlight to deactivate their powers when we need to.”

Kara felt awesome about this idea and she started working out the calculations for the designs
immediately. She felt a pang of guilt at not being able to see before that this was what Lena wanted.

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"Fudge nuggets!- Kara thought. "How does Lena make it look so easy?-

She had been working on these suits for weeks and she couldn’t get everything to work all at the same time. She refused to cheat and look at her own suit. It was wrong and she promised Lena, but it was so frustrating.

Kara had figured out how to make the Rao ray-gun she could use to actually depower them long enough to get them away from Lex, but after that she had started to think about what it would actually mean to take care of them.

She had to figure out how she was going to mentor three teenage Kryptonian boys without burning down a city on accident. Kara didn’t know of any superheros with that many sidekicks. She’d need like a super school or something.

It was a lot to think about, so Kara focused on the things that she had to do first.

If she was responsible for those boys, then the first thing she had to do was make sure that they couldn’t hurt anyone with their angsty teen feelings.

Which is why, after testing out the Rao gun, she had started making them supersuits. The suits were supposed to essentially either repower or depower whoever was in it, equipped with red sun and yellow sun irradiation that she could control from her suit. But she also wanted to be able to have it autopilot to safety in case she had to put someone on a time out while they were in the air and that was really complicated robotics work.

And Kara hated coding.

It was the worst kind of terrible not-fun thing she had to get through to make anything cool. She could ask Winn, but his gadgets never seemed to make it all the way through an episode. She was really counting on these and wanted to make them right.

Kara’s hand twitched reflexively to her neck and felt a stab of disappointment remembering the crystal against her chest was her mother’s El necklace again.

She wished she had the one Lena made for all kinds of reasons, not the least of which was the recording of Lena’s heat beat.

Last week, she woke up on the roof of the penthouse. Apparently she was sleep flying across half the city now. Sleep-Kara apparently instinctively following the sound of Lena’s moving heartbeat leaving for work, only woke her up when she smacked into a brick wall.

But the idea of going to Lena for help made her sweat.

Kara ached every day wanting to talk to her. To apologize and fix things.

Every couple of hours she kicked herself for being so stupid. She’d hurt her and said awful things
about her agreeing with that mean grumbly guy and probably and her feel double Luthory which she hated.

Even if Alex was better at lesbianing than she was, Kara still felt like she'd been too mean just go back and talk to Lena.

-No I'm not using these suits as an excuse- she argued with Alex in her head.

She didn’t think words or flowers or diamonds would be enough; she needed something to show her. To prove that she respected what Lena was feeling even if she couldn’t understand all of it.

The young Kryptonian didn’t actually want to let the boys loose on the world and she should have thought about the situation more like Lena did. Kon seemed like a good kid, but she couldn’t count on really knowing what his brothers would be like. What they might need.

People talking about leasing aliens really freaked her out. She could feel the fire of kryptonite poisoning in her veins whenever the idea came up.

But she was sure Lena just wanted her to be safer. With her Rao suits she could give the boys a human experience like she and Kon had first, so they had time to grow emotionally and trust people.

If they got overwhelmed, they could just shut off their powers for a while and vent like normal teenagers. She had wished a few times she could have done that when she first got here.

Kara sighed admitting to herself she couldn’t finish the work without Lena.

-I can at least show her that I’ve been working on it. It’s not my fault she’s so amazing -and pretty and smart.- Kara lips tugged into a smile as her brain provided her an extensive list of positive adjectives that applied to the woman she still very much wanted to be her girlfriend. She blushed when the list got more descriptive.

Thinking about how much she missed Lena, Kara took off impulsively in the direction of the penthouse. Hitting open air, she halted abruptly and felt her tummy immediately fill up with butterflies.

She remembered all the apology presents she had given Lena the last couple of months.

-Lena really liked those flowers from Peru- She thought turning south in the air. -And maybe, like, a couple of gem stones would- Or a puppy, would Lena like a puppy? She seems like more of a cat person, but I’m not sure if she might have allergies. Or I could pick…-

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Kara came back arms laden with apology gifts from a half dozen countries.

-Maybe I should use the elevator. It feels weird just knocking at her balcony,- she thought nervously shifting the items around.

Kara brightened seeing Lena was already on the balcony and blushed realizing the woman was topless. The hero was about to duck into a side alley so she could change and use the elevator when she noticed a glint from Lena’s chest.

The hero paused midair.
-Is that?- Her heart skipped a beat. -She’s wearing it.-

Kara’s heart soared filling with hope and excitement. She was grinning like an idiot and did a few flips in the air before she laid on a roof, propping up her head to appreciate her match.

Lena looked amazing. -Is it a third Friday?- Gazing she appreciated how the necklace draped around her neck.

How did Lena get that? Kara thought concerned, noticing a bruise. The girl drifted in closer to make it out.

Chapter End Notes

Next few chapters are a lot of pay off for stuff I’ve been building and foreshadowing for a while, both the rough and awesome. I promise I am really trying to make things fit and I hope it'll turn out okay.
Hello all!

Thank you for the support with the comments and guesses.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

--------Lena--------

“Hey, fuck you too pal,” yelled a hulking man in a Guy Fawkes mask.

He kicked the hood of the car honking at him then lifted his spiked bat and smashed it into the hood. A group on the other side of the street, all wearing the same mask, jeered as he joined them and entered a boarded-up pawn shop.

Gotham was grizzly.

Lena hadn’t actually been to the city in the last half decade, but menace now seemed to emanate from the very bricks. There wasn’t a building that wasn’t tagged by some gang sign, announcing the territories they crossed through and she could have sworn she saw a bloody rat pulling a doll’s head filled with cocaine into the sewer.

She rechecked the lock on the door of her Benz and feared for the life of the woman she saw walking down a seemingly empty alleyway.

Pulling out of downtown, there was one brick wall stretching at far as she could see. It was lit up with graffiti and reminded Lena of a border crossing.

The Luthor noted that the most infamous gangs of Gotham, Bane’s boys, the Blackgaters, the Penguin’s Gang, Five Fingers all had their marks closer to the central gate.

Reaching the entrance to the C.R.O.W. district, several armed officers waved them through.

After pulling through the layers of securing they turned a corner and Lena worried for a moment that she had fallen asleep. The sun seemed brighter. No brutalized cars missing wheels and hubcaps, no syringes in the park.

A line of children walked home from school unattended, a gay couple laughed holding hands. Passing by a C.R.O.W. officer he tipped his hat to Lena’s car and offered her assistance.

It was like she had been instantly transported to a suburb of Metropolis.

She was filled with a sense of ease and comfortable safety that conversely made her feel a little sick.

Lena spotted Kate’s spiky hair and classic leather jacket up on the Wayne mansion balcony.
The woman executed a perfect handspring and a series of parkour moves that brought her down to the stones below. Then put her hands in her pockets and whistled innocently on her way to meet Lena.

Lena’s mind almost let her feel amused as she thanked her driver and made her way toward the woman, but the squalor of the city streets she had just come though weighed on her.

She gave the woman a friendly hug in greeting, “Jesus Kate, you called St. Mary’s a hellhole. What happened here?”

“Hard to say.” The heiress said with an uncomfortable shrug. “As in everyone knows but doesn’t want to talk about it. Bruce bailed for a few years. While he was gone my dad stepped in, and well, C.R.O.W.s are for hire. In Gotham that whole ‘it takes money to make money’ thing turned into it takes money to make sure Bane’s boys don’t blow up your house. Hard to get ahead.”

“It’s essentially why I eventually lifted the mantle, but…” Kate stared off in the direction of the perpetually lit bat signal in the sky. “Bruce wants us to let the PD clean up anything that doesn’t scream eminent disaster, get back to real detective work hunting down the worst of the scum or some nonsense. I do what I can.”

She shook her head. “Anyway, I got your message. I’m not really sure that I can offer in way of helping blondie that your legion of Mega Minds can’t.”

Lena’s back straightened. “Luthor family influence reaches too deep into the foundations of L-Corp for me to be certain any department hasn’t been compromised.”

“But you and Super Skirt are basically your own brain trust.” Kate said brow furrowed.

Lena flicked back at the mention of Kara.

Kate caught her chin and forced her to look deeply into honey brown eyes.

The heiress tilted her head toward the door. “Come in.”

Executing a grapevine step along the patterned marble Kate started, “So, to speed this whole dance right along, I’m going to assume this little visit has to do with the K word that shall not be named.”

“What happened between me and Kara.” The Luthor said stiffly. “It was-. Its -it’s not important. This is bigger than that.”

“Woah, woah gorgeous.” The woman held up her hands defensively. “Back up. I was talking about kryptonite, not your lady friend. Figured you felt guilty siding with the whole contingency plan thing. Gotta admit I was a little surprised myself.” She took her hand and asked. “But what happened with your girl?”

Lena twisted out of her grip. “It doesn’t matter.”

The tattooed woman stood blocking her way, arms folded in front of her.

“Fine.” Lena huffed. “Kara and I-. We- we’re not- together anymore.” She trailed off feeling the admission like a blow. She realized she didn’t actually have anyone in her life to tell. Again.

“It wasn’t going to work out anyway.” Lena threw her hands up in the air. “For Christ’s sake, she’s a perfect optimistic chipper little ray of sunshine who spends her Saturdays volunteering at the orphanage flying kids around on her back.” Lena looked away. “And- Well, I’m here to talk to you about kryptonite. So there you go.”
Kate frowned.
Eyes narrowing the CEO said, “Luthors might not have always been evil, but they’ve certainly never been heroes, not like her.”

Kate took her arm and gestured extravagantly as they walked through the halls. “So you came to the cave of the nightmare knights of Gotham, champions of the doomed, they-that-squeak-in-the-darkness-“

“Please stop listing.” Lena said looking for a liquor cabinet. “Yes, there aren’t a lot of people in the world with your particular blend of moral flexibility and heroic intentions that also has a background of working with kryptonite. I doubt Lex would share his notes with me just so I can depower his play toys.”

The vigilante nodded. “So, you want an in with Bruce. That-“

“No.” Lena interrupted sharply. Kate cocked her head.

Lena knew Brue Wayne growing up and hadn’t formed much of an opinion. She’d see him piss the night away hosting obligatory fundraisers and social functions for the wealthy, but she had been too distracted fending off the advances of his persistent ward.

-Christ, that means Dick was Robin doesn’t it.-She refused to let that change her opinion of the cocky little tool. She nicknamed him Tiny which had finally gotten the boy to leave her alone.

Maybe it was just knowing Wayne was Batman, but seeing him at her penthouse last week had raised the hairs on the back of her neck. That was not an instinct she ignored.

“I was hoping you could serve as go between.” When Kate shook her head doubtfully, she added. “Or, I suppose, maybe talk to Oracle.”

“That might be doable. Sorry Lena. I can quote you the tragedies of Euripides or track down a missing child from a tooth fragment for you. But I missed the lecture on advanced molecular intergalactic polyhedrons.”

Lena gave her a flat look.

“Did I technobabble bad?” Kate said tilting her head. “Extraterrestrial polymorphic oncology? Quantum integral epixeneurinography?”

Lena’s eye twitched. “Oracle! Kate, Oracle.”

She sighed. “Can I just know that one’s name too? It’s not like the knowledge of one additional hero identity is going to significantly impact my relative kidnaping-assassination risk ratio at this point.”

“One is never aware when the block taken may be that which Jenga’s the tower of life my son.” Kate said affecting the mannerisms of bad 80’s movie Karate sensei.

“Truly a proverb to pass to generations.” Lena commented dryly.

Kate folded her hands in front of her and walked at a stately pace toward the adjoining room, like a monk arriving to mid-day meditation.

Lena stayed where she was crossing her arms. The corners of her mouth twitched up watching the woman.
She felt at her own face surprised. She hadn’t found humor in anything since the night Kara had flown off her balcony.

Seeing Kate was committed to continuing the bit, she gave a long-suffering sigh and followed her into the exposed secrete elevator.

On their way down, Lena hit Kate on the shoulder with her bag until the woman stopped with the repetitive mantra and opened her eyes.

Kate defended herself from Lena’s assault laughing. “Alright, alright. Jesus woman. What do you have in there, rocks?”

“Oh, obviously.” Lena replied.

The vigilante looked surprised. “You actually got kryptonite, how?”

Lena didn’t want to think about it. The kryptonite was still in the box Kara had given her at the Fortress.

-Little Krypton- her mind corrected reflexively. She felt her insides twist, missing how Kara had colored her life.

“That’s -not important.” The Luthor said with a hand wave.

Kate raised an eyebrow. “I’m sensing a theme.”

-Always prodding- Lena thought, irritated. “I got it from Kara. For protection.”

The vigilante looked stricken.

Lena rolled her eyes. “Not from her. From Kon. -I mean Lex’s clone. I don’t like using it at all. I know how she feels about it.” She gave a shrug that hurt. “She’ll probably never talk to me again anyway. But I can’t let her die just because she’s to God damn heroic to see sense.”

The leather clad woman tilted her head. “You have trust issues Little Luthor.”

-God damn it. I hate that nickname.-

Of course, she had trust issues. Everyone in her life was trying to murder or imprison each other. She, as always, was stuck in the middle, forced to do damage control before the titans clashed and broke the world in half.

“Who do you trust Kate?” Lena demanded.

The tattooed woman considered. “With everything? No one. That’s too complicated.” She shook her head. “But it’s not all or nothing. For all the pieces of the important parts, my life, my identity, my legacy, love, safety, hiding my browser history from my dad if I die. I have people.”

The elevator reached to bottom.

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Lena was pleased with what she had found out and felt confident her research was on the right track.
She had consulted with Oracle but did all of her calculations behind her own impressive firewall and kept one eye on the woman’s fingers just in case.

A paranoid behavior she was grateful for when she made the discovery that the basic molecular structure of different types of kryptonite could be manipulated to produce similar results she had with Alex in modifying Kryptonian DNA, but instead would functionally write Kryptonian DNA into the human genome.

Kryptonian powers granted to a human, or rather humans reforged into Kryptonians.

It was disturbing to consider. The gene alteration likely wouldn’t activate without the kind of additional genetic manipulation she and Alex had completed to reinstate Kara’s powers. As soon as she was done with this project, Lena had every intention of purging every scrap of related data she could find.

She consoled herself knowing Lex or the Bat persons around her wouldn’t be able to make use of it to grant themselves powers. The process of reforging would apply to all of the cells of the body, including neurons, likely wiping the brain of everything from language and memories to basic motor function.

But she shuddered to think what her brother, or anyone else devoid of a moral compass, might do with the information after raiding a maternity ward. An army of human superpowered children would certainly be cheaper to manufacture.

The knowledge was useful in that it could be used to produce the reverse effect. She just had to revisit the SNPs of DNA she’d found for disabled powers and apply a similar technique to alter the kryptonite. In effect she could strip the half-kryptonian boys of their Kryptonian genetic heritage, making them human.

Kara was right. Regardless of how they were gestated, they were people. Or they could be removing her family’s influence. Lena could help them if they were just boys who had to figure out how to live with their scars.

-That does rely on the assumption Kara would be talking to me again.- She thought glumly.

Lena closed her laptop and moved to thank Oracle for her help.

A foreboding caped figure stood behind the woman’s wheelchair giving the Luthor a cold look.

She cloaked herself in the well-refined sense of superiority and entitlement she typically reserved for the douchiest of her business associates.

She smiled graciously and held out her hand. “Mr. Wayne.”

He ignored it.

She lifted an eyebrow then shrugged and resumed gathering her things.

The broad man stepped forward holding out his hand. “The kryptonite.”

Lena glanced at Kate who kept her eyes trained on the man, subtly crouching. Oracle was tense and the woman’s hand casually disappeared into her pocket.

Lena smirked and tapped the center of her chest. Nanotech spread across her body until she was safely encased in a black replica of the suit she had made for Kara.
“I think not Mr. Wayne.”

Not wanting to burn any unnecessary bridges she conceded. “I will inform you of any plans with regards to moves I make against my family in the near future.”

He nodded curtly to her and swept off.

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A couple of weeks later. Lena carefully lifted a specimen container out of her bag. She tried very hard not to have any feelings.

That morning she decided there was no logical reason for her to put it off any longer.

She dug in the back of her closet and pulled out the box she had kept dozens of little sentimental things Kara had given her. The apology note, a blue mountain wildflower, the photo of Krypton from the planetarium.

Her breath caught seeing the glint of reflected light. She pulled the blue gem out and trace her fingers over the crest. Draping the chain around her neck on impulse, she felt something inside of her ease.

Turning her attention back to the box, she spotted the single golden strand.

She saw Kara’s proud expression trying to hand it to her with a block of cheese and gripped the necklace for comfort when her throat clenched.

She had not talked to the girl for a few weeks now, but time did nothing to settle Lena’s internal turmoil.

Lena forced herself spend every free hour she had finding the solution. Determined not to let her perpetual state of mourning affect her work.

In her heart she knew that she was actively destroying her only real chance for happiness using kryptonite like this.

Part of her wanted to see Kara one more time before the girl had a reason to hate her.

Instead, she took out the strand and braced herself as she opened the lead container.

The hair looked exactly the same and her heart did a confused wobble unsure how to feel.

The box closed when she released the hinge and the hair caught in the lid snapping in two.

-I guess that’s that. - She thought regretfully and put the container back in her safe. -Sometimes I hate being right all the time.-

She walked into her study and poured herself four fingers of whiskey. She downed that and brought the decanter with her for easy access.

She saw movement in the corner of her eye.

“Please just kill me.” Lena said flippantly waving her hand as she brought the glass to her mouth. She was drunk enough at that point to only be mildly curious to find if another assassin had managed to slipped in.
“No such luck.” Said a woman’s voice from the shadows. She performed a backflip landing on Lena’s desk with a flourish.

Lena threw her glass and the woman’s head.

She scowled seeing Kane dodge it easily. “You have impossible timing you know that?”

Kate shrugged and crouched to sit down on the desk.

“What? Lena said standing with a wobble to get herself a fresh glass. Come to take advantage of my compromised and emotional vulnerability state?”

“No Little Luthor. Paranoid child.” Kate said to the woman only four years her junior. “I did think maybe you could use a friend in town. What with your super shield in the shop and your murderous brother on the lamb.”

Lena looked skeptical.

“Tell you what. If I throw myself at you. I promise to walk really really slowly. You’re a Luthor, you’ve probably got at least a couple of death rays on your person you could take me down with.” Kate made finger guns and mimed shooting herself repeatedly in the chest.

Lena smiled grudgingly. -I really should be nicer to Kate. Not like anyone else is breaking in through my security system to have a drink with me.-

“You’re going to give me Oracle’s decryption program you used to hack my security, right?” Lena asked. She felt a little put out to have her skills out done by the surprisingly young-looking woman she had met.

“But how will I save you from yourself?” Kate asked jumping into her vacated office chair and spinning around.

Lena took out her tablet, completed several keystrokes then pressed Kate’s hand against it. “There. Happy? Steal all the brandy you want, but this is mine.” Lena said refilling her crystal glass like it was a mug of coffee.

Kate kept looking at her expectedly.

“Urgh, what do you want Kate?”

“I want you to tell me why you’re hiding in here like you’re ashamed of yourself.” The woman replied. “You are Lena God damn Luthor and you haven’t been to work in a week. I know you were upset about Kara before-“

“Its not- Its not just that.” The CEO defended.

-It’s probably mostly that- she thought finishing off she glass and moving to pour herself another.

Kate touched her arm. Lena poured anyway.

“I’m just not a hero. I’m not built like that. Luthor or no, I can’t feel like I’m fighting against all of my instincts all the time. Those stupid fucking instincts are telling me that some kind of sacrifice is inevitable and which sacrifice is made is going to determine the endgame.”

She toasted her nightmare. “Therefore, I am in the middle of actively betraying the most honorable heroic person I know because I think I’m right. That cold calculating darkness, that’s a part of me
that’s not going away.”

Kate said looking into Lena’s eyes, “I can accept that.”

-And she could- Lena admitted to herself.

There were more things about Lena Luthor that Kate could understand and Kara just -couldn’t. The lonely woman ached to have someone to share her darkness.

“I told you not to do that.” Lena said nervously, walking across the room put the whiskey away.

“What?” Kate asked tinting her head.

“Be serious,” she said. She turned back toward the woman leaning against the cabinet. “It’s disturbing and upsets the natural order of the world.”

“I don’t think you understand little Luthor.” Kate replied. Lena’s breath caught seeing the woman’s eyes dark with want. “I am serious.”

A traitorous spark lit inside of her.

The tattooed woman shrugged off her leather jacket and walked very slowly toward Lena, with a question in her eyes.

As she grew closer and Lena didn’t move or look away, her gait became predatory. She met Lena and confidently took hold of the woman’s jaw. Her mouth sensuously eased over Lena’s until the CEO’s lips opened and the kiss became passionate and increasingly more demanding.

Lena could almost sense the woman’s smugness. Her sense of victory at Lena’s acceptance.

Her pride grated at her, the competitive edge mingled with alcohol and a desperate need to feel something drove her to respond.

She plundered the woman’s mouth aggressively with her own. She flicked and suckled on Kate’s tongue with a move she had perfected with her first girlfriend at boarding school and felt a smile pull at the corner of her mouth feeling Kate’s moaning response vibrate against her.

Kate pushed Lena toward the desk behind them and stood back for a moment, looking up and down at Lena’s form appreciatively.

Lena panicked not wanting time to think she pushed Kate against the wall and ripped her shirt open, revealing a black tank top, bat logo across her cleavage.

Too far gone to mock the woman for it, she pressed Kate’s hand against her throat and felt calmer feeling the light pressure on her windpipe.

She was disappointed when the woman’s hand moved, but then felt a sucking sensation at her neck Lena’s that made her head swim. She pulled Lena’s silk blouse up roughly.

The blue crystal.

Kara’s giggle echoed in her mind and she felt achingly cold.

Lena pushed at the woman’s chest with both hands and looked away. “I-I can’t. It’s too soon. Kate,
“Shh, shh Lena.” She stroked Lena’s hair soothingly. “I didn’t come here for this. I came here for you.”

Kate looked down at Lena with an ironic smile, “I can wait a beat until you figure out how awesome I am.”

She stripped off her black tank top and handed it to a confused Lena.

“Something to remember me by,” the vigilante said with a wink, fastening the two remaining buttons on her shirt. Glancing at Lena’s neck she added, “well one more thing.”

“Shit Kate. What did you do?” Lena asked feeling a patch of raised skin on her neck.

“No worries little Luthor. It’s Friday.” The woman said reassuringly backing away. “You have all weekend to buy some decent coverup, or you know just get a matching bat tattoo.”

-What? - Lena pulled out her phone and looked at her reflection. There was a mother-fucking enormous hickey covering up half of her neck in the distinct shape of a bat.

Lena threw a pencil at the back of Kate’s head as the woman walked to the elevator.

-Prick.-

The Luthor grabbed the lead box off the floor, shoving it into her pocket and looked at the shirt in her hands.

It had stupid symbol on it and the smell of the motor grease and burbon wafted off of it.

-Kate Kane.-

She liked Kate. In more ways than she’d like to admit, she was Kate.

Rich, jaded, traumatic back story, grey morals, head-turning fashion style. Kate Kane was who Lena should be with, someone with darkness to rival her own. She was who Lena deserved if she deserved anyone.

Lena knew it would be easier with Kate. She would never need to feel guilty for some errant maniacal thought or feel like she was burdening the woman with her black moods and excessive drinking. She could stay locked away in her office, devoting her life to marshalling her power toward a few positive causes, coming down from her tower for a change of clothes and a quick bang every now and again.

Kate loved catching Lena at her worst and, being with her, she never forgot she was a Luthor. Kate accepted her for it, empathized with what it meant. Lena wouldn’t be scared of Kate rejecting her.

She was Lena Luthor and didn’t have to be anything else.

Lena looked over the National City skyline and suddenly felt the need to be out in the sun.

Hands gripping the balcony railing, the metal was smooth and warm, infused by vibrant solar energy from the mid-summer day.

She walked over to sit down, closed her eyes and tried to capture that feeling in herself.
And found Kara.

The girl’s megawatt smile and unfailing confidence in Lena gave her something she had no reference for. Hope. Belonging. -Maybe family.

If she could hope, then she wanted to be more than another Luthor.

Kara’s faith quieted the skeptic in Lena and made her feel like the world was a bigger place. A place big enough for the Luthor-part of her to get lost for a while.

Lena wanted so much to be whatever alternate universe version of Lena Luthor that the Kryptonian saw.

Her chest clenched and she wondered if this plan was just a way to sabotage herself, take Kara away as an option. Bent over her equipment for days, she told herself it was to protect Kara, to protect the world. But she didn’t feel as sure anymore.

-There is a distinct possibility I hate myself that much.- She ran her hands through her disheveled hair. -Maybe I should tell her.-

Determined to go before she lost her nerve, Lena looked down at herself.

She hoped her neighbors appreciated the show. She moved to cover herself with the tank top but paused to grimace noticing the start of a couple more bruises on her chest. -Damn it Kane. Kiss for two minutes and I look like an SVU victim.-

Pulling it on, Lena considered whether or not putting a little lead powder in her concealer would be worth the brain damage.

Her body strained toward the sense of something familiar.

Confused, she focused on the change.

Cinnamon and flowers.

The woman scrambled out of her chair looking out. This wasn’t the first time she’d hallucinated that scent the last few of weeks.

Then she saw something drifting on the wind and blow through the bars of the guard rail. She picked it up.

A blue wildflower.

Lena thought of what she wasn’t wearing a moment ago and her heart sank.

-I couldn’t look more like I’d just finished fucking someone if I had a cum mustache on my lip. Mother fuck!- She ripped the shirt off and threw it over the balcony growling in frustration.

Lena eyes widened in horror when she realized she still had the box of kryptonite on her.

It was the same lead box Kara had given to her in the fortress. The girl had trusted her with it then, probably assumed her steadfast honorable girlfriend had left it there or destroyed it like she had the kryptonite bolts in Midvale.
Kara wouldn’t have been able to see what was in it, wouldn’t have known the extent of her betrayal, maybe.

Lena worried. There were many things Kara could probably forgive her for, Kate might have been one of them. But kryptonite was another one of those blind spots.

*I guess it doesn’t matter why anymore.* - The Luthor thought resigned to her fate.

----------Kara----------

The Kryptonian’s stomach twisted seeing the shirt Lena was holding matched the pattern of the bruise on her neck.

*Kate.* - she thought miserably.

*But, no… She’s wearing it. My bond gem, our-. Why would she?*

Kara flew up pressing her fists to her eyes, trying to suppress the flare of heat vision. A dozen objects from her arms dropped through the clouds below her.

The Kryptonian threw herself blindly through the air, barely able to see through her tears and afraid to open her eyes. She didn’t know where she was going, or what she was looking for, she just felt drawn by a need for comfort. For someone to tell her it would be okay.

She found herself in the basement of the DEO and walked forward.

Trying to pull her frozen lips into a smile she tapped the crystal.

[Hello mom.] Kara started missing the sound of Kryptonian.

[Kara. How can I assist you my daughter?]

Kara floated over to the hologram.

Seeing Alura Zor-El’s form so clearly in front of her, the last daughter of Krypton could almost smell the fragrance her mother used to wear. She desperately wished to feel the strength of her arms around her again. Kara reached out letting her fingers come close enough that they distorted the image.

[Mom, everything is wrong. I thought- Its stupid. I thought my match was here. Part of me dreamed that you’d sent me here to find her.]

[You were sent to Earth in order to assist Kal El to-] Her mother replied in monotone.

[I know mom] Kara interrupted hotly. [I know. It’s just. When she made me the necklace. It felt. I don’t know, like it was meant to be or something. That wouldn’t just happen.]

[Yes Kara, you previously informed me of a generate match. However I was unable to update the records related to heritage resulting from the union. Has there been a change to your surname or should I extend that of your partner’s onto the line of El?]

The girl felt frustrated. [No mom. We’re not- You wouldn’t understand.]
[I am not clear on the meaning of that response. Was the information previously recorded in error? I will commence in purging data related to the match bond of Kara Zor-El and Lena Luthor]

The girl felt a panicked rush shoot up her chest and dove for the crystal at her feet.

The gem fractured under her hand. The image of her mother for a moment before disappearing.

-No, no.- Kara shook her head violently refusing to believe what had just happened.

“No!” The Kryptonian screamed, cement crushing below her as she fell to her knees.

Opening her eyes everything was in a dull red haze.

Terrified, the girl ran for her life.

She hit the air and flew faster than sound, passing by continents in her desperate search to find shelter from the shards of an exploding planet.

Chapter End Notes

Kara and Lena meet up in the next chapter, promise.

I decided to make the scene with Kate more innocent for narrative reasons and feels. If anyone was hoping for a little bit more: https://rx4everything.livejournal.com/667.html
Chapter Notes

Two in one day. Absolutely could not force myself to wait to post this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chap. 21 Red Sun Rises

--------Lena--------

Lena woke with a throbbing headache and hated the twittering birds she outside her window.

Burying her face in the grey UNC sweatshirt she was using for a pillow, she tried to recapture the last part of her dream that the obnoxious flying vermin had stolen. She huddled under the red comforter on her enormous empty bed.

The sound of Kara’s laugh slipped away from her and she resigned herself to disappointing reality.

She brought her phone under the covers and grunted seeing several voicemails from Alex and Winn. They were deleted before she might be tempted to torture herself. Lena didn’t have the heart to block the numbers but couldn’t take what those two might say about the colossal mess Lena had made of her life.

It had been more than a month since the day on the balcony. Lena had locked herself away from the world, staying in her office until the cleaning crew came to turn off all the lights.

Her penthouse had started to feel haunted by a very friendly sexy ghost. Lena would walk into the lab or their bedroom and feel a sudden sink of disappointment when she wasn’t there. Over and over again, like her brain had a corrupted data file she couldn’t update.

On the bright side, the calculated looks she used to give business associates held a cold fury behind them now. Their cowering had done wonders for her portfolio.

The reason why she was so incredibly hung over this morning was that she had made the mistake of going outside.

A well-timed glare had ended her last meeting early yesterday and she convinced herself sunlight had a purpose. She thought venturing out for a simple stroll near her penthouse could be not-terrible.

Passing by a familiar venue, Lena immediately felt like she’d made a mistake.

This was the place that Supergirl had dubbed the Luthor a hero after handing her a churro. The day Kara started to feel like a friend. And the first time she’d flown in her arms.

-Jesus, I never thought I would miss flying.- She thought frustrated by her inability to deal with anything that reminded her of the woman.
That problem had made being around any of the dozens of places they had been intimate incredibly challenging. The shower, every surface of her lab, her office desk, the Persian rug in the living room.

But it was so much harder remembering the sweet innocent moments that had formed Kara’s character for her when they had first met.

Lena started jogging away from the memories. -Stupid impractical shoes.-

One of the heels of her very expensive pumps snapped under her as she halted abruptly.

Kara was there.

No really, she was actually there.

Wearing her glasses and a yellow sweater, she was laying on the ground, drawing with a piece of chalk on the sidewalk. The blonde woman chatted happily with a little girl in pigtails drawing next to her.

The girl’s father walked over to them as Kara stood. The woman gestured enthusiastically to his daughter’s work and he laughed warmly.

-A little close.- Lena thought, an inappropriate bubble of jealousy in her gut.

Kara dusted off her jeans and Lena glared seeing the man move into help. He swiped a thumb over her cheek and smiled broadly.

Kara blushed and pulled back thanking him.

Adjusting her glasses awkwardly, the woman turned, and Lena met her blue eyes for the first time in weeks.

Then she was gone.

Kara had successfully hidden her powers from Lena for months, and from the world for years.

But the Kryptonian had sped out of sight, risking Kara Danver’s exposure to everyone in the busy park, for fear she might need to breathe the same air as Lena for more than a few seconds.

Panicked, Lena had limped awkwardly up to the frowning man, cursing her broken heel. And proceeded to shamelessly flirt him, trying to hold down the bile in her throat.

-Just do it.- she berated herself and grabbed his arm when he held out a hand to help her walk. She used her other hand to stroke his bicep appreciatively and gave him a demure look. She also bought his daughter an ice cream when she started crying at the loss of her new friend.

Remembering the mortifying experience, the pounding in her head intensified.

She lurched over to solve her problem with a little hair of the dog, when her phone buzzed announcing a visit from Lois Lane.

Her eyes narrowed suspiciously, and she decided to hack the security feed before responding.

The young Luthor was not at all surprised to see the sweet old elevator operator cowering behind the distinct figure of her mother in a striking white suit with matching pearls.
She could not force herself to care about Lillian Luthor’s games today, so she didn’t bother changing. Instead the woman threw the sweatshirt over her head and pulled on a pair of Kara jeans. She glanced in the mirror noting her appearance and felt a mingling of nervous shame and defiant satisfaction.

She walked over to her purse and downed a bitter vial of curative before reluctantly confirming her mother could he admitted.

The crisply dressed Luthor stepped into the penthouse gracefully.

Lena was distracted by a faint hint of distorted movement following behind the woman as she entered. The young woman felt uneasy considering who or what Lillian might have brought with her. -I am not in the mood for a kidnapping today.-

Her mother did not bother taking in the unfamiliar surroundings of her daughter’s home as her heels snapped against the hardwood.

“You look like you crawled out of a sewer.” Her mother commented.

“Don’t you remember mother?” Lena quoted her father, “the initial offensive lob comes after your probing opener.”

Lillian raised an eyebrow looking almost pleased.

“If we are getting right to it.” Lena said not moving to sit. “Why the elevator? Why not just pop in here using one of those portals you and Lex have been using to try and kill me?”

“I’ll admit to placing the tracer.” Her mother looked into her eyes seriously. “But I didn’t know what had happened until after the fact. I have never had any desire to see you dead. There has certainly been ample opportunity if I had.”

-Can’t argue with that.- Lena thought having frequently wondered why the woman hadn’t put Lena out of her misery as a child.

“How about the new hijinks then? Mother and son back together at last.” Lena said expansively. “I would think you would be thick as thieves. Why aren’t you there with him, toasting mimosas over the burning flesh of children?”

Her mother looked uncomfortable.

“I suppose there must have been a reason you two never did really work together when he was out of prison.” Lena mused, “I always assumed it was because Lex was too much of an egomaniac to share credit. But you actually have a soul, don’t you?”

“The facility has become -inhospitable of late.” Lillian replied, face a mask.

Lena amended her conclusion. “Ah, no then. It’s those experiment’s he’s unleashed onto the world. I know what you were doing with those tablets. Keeping the clones leashed. I assume you had a way to make sure that he got his doses. A personal supply in your pocket hardly seems safe. Pumped the stuff into the water supply then? Programmed them to administer a supply themselves?”

Lillian’s mask slipped for a moment. Then hesitantly, for the first time in Lena’s life, she seemed to let it fall completely.
Her mother smiled wistfully. “God how I wish you were mine.” Lena’s mouth gaped.

“You know I always hated your father a little bit.” Lena stiffened. “Not about your mother.” Lillian commented seeing her face. “It started before that.”

She sat on Lena’s couch, legs gracefully crossed in front of her and stared down at her folded hands. “When I was 18 my parents gave me this wonderful puzzle to figure out. The proofs were so delicately balanced, elegant. I gave my answer back to them and didn’t understand the intensity of their reaction. Later that week I was sat in a room full of women and I was convinced I was being recruited for some top secret organization. I held my head high certain whatever it was, I was going to win.”

Her mother grimaced. “The man at the front of the room was ten years older than me. He had a neatly groomed beard and a bored expression. He looked through me when I approached him with my answer sheet, completely indifferent.”

“When I turned to leave, he grabbed my wrist and looked up at me with that smug face I hated. The next week we were married.”

The older woman pulled something out of her bag and Lena tried to mask her flinch.

The woman frowned but continued, “Lionel told me I earned my place as a Luthor. When Lex was born, he had that same expression on his face. Lex wasn’t a child to him; he was a trophy. A part of me needed Lex to be that trophy, he was the proof of my place in the world. And you, you were the confounding variable, the disproof. I couldn’t claim Lex was special because of me, as brilliant as you are. I wish I had given you a different life.”

Lena's brow was furrowed as the information started to recontextualize every memory of her parents. She met her mother's eyes searching. The Luthor matriarch looked away.

“Here.” She placed a small device on the table. “There is something you have to see.”

Lena noticed a steal glint from the wall behind her mother.

- Shi t’s a gun - she thought uneasily, but doubted Lillian wanted to kill her after what she had said and let herself focus on the familiar device in her hand.

It looked just like the one she had fished out of the arctic waters next to Lex’s disembodied hand. “This is programmed as a gate to my private lab in the new compound. There’s something there, -a project. I moved it there to keep him from-.” Lillian rushed on wringing her hands. “I don’t exactly like that you work with her but someone needs to get it out.” Her eyes were pleading. "Just please, don’t hurt Lex.”

Then the woman stood and her mask returned.

Lena released a breath she didn’t know she was holding. “I’ll do what I can.”

With a nod the woman turned on her heel and swept out of Lena's life again.

The young Luthor watched the disembodied weapon rotate, it's bezel trained on her mother.

When the elevator descended a voice rang out from the direction of the weapon. “Shit Luthor. What is up with your family?”

Alex Danvers materialized into the space.
“Alex? What are you doing here?” Lena asked incredulous.

Alex peered around a couple of corners then started pacing as she explained. “Right, um. Well, I none of us have heard from you in weeks. I get you’d need time with me and mom but when Winn started complaining about it. We decided to run facial recognition around the city’s CCTV cams. Jesus, you work a lot. I was worried you’d been kidnapped again and some clone or robot or something was walking around National City as you for a cover.” The agent’s deep brown eyes peered deeply into her own. “You’re not are you?”

The woman continued rambling nervously. She kept pacing and occasionally glanced at the CEO like she thought she would kick her out. Lena was confused.

“No of course not.” She shook her head. "Why the hell haven't you answered any of my calls then woman? I get feeling weird about a few things. Obviously, I will give you shit for them because you don't have an older sister to do it properly for you. I mean, seriously Lena?” She whined. “Anyone but Kate. Gross. But I get it and I promise to play nice with your obnoxious arrogant bat toy on boardgame night."

She pursed her lips then looked at Lena apologetically. “I mean it. I will. Kara’s a basket case obviously, but I'll keep the closet stocked with hostess snacks.” She considered Lena. "I guess I’m not entirely unhappy Kate Kane has some stacked billionaire runway model to keep her distracted from flirting with Maggie.” Alex said looking at the Luthor's body wistfully before her eyes narrowed at her own, very pregnant, belly.

Lena felt her heart swell.

-I guess I was wrong.- she thought with wonder.

Alex wasn’t calling for Kara, she wanted to make sure Lena was safe and wanted her to come with Kate Kane, to boardgame night. She hates Kate.

Alex hesitated in her flood of words. “Sorry -I didn’t mean to hear all of that. Your family is-“

“Atypical.” Lena offered and Alex nodded appreciatively.

Lena heard a scratching sound at her balcony door. Kate, in her batwoman gear, with the hulking batman standing behind her was looking in curiously and scratching at the door like a puppy.

Lena opened the door. “Hello gorgeous.” Kate said stepping in. “What did Cruella want from you today?”

Bruce had stalked forward searched every room holding bat-shaped throwing knife in front of him.

“What's that thing?” Maggie asked curiously gesturing to the device in Lena’s hand.

Lena held up the device. “Dear old mom bequeathed me some toy she left behind in her lab. Unfortunately, Lex has gone off the deep end even for her and needs me to retrieve it.”

Kate whistled. “If there was one woman I had pegged as ride or die.”

Alex nodded. “Lena, all of this is reeks of trap.”

“You don’t know my mother Alex. I’ve never seen her like that. Something has her shaken.” Lena considered her options and grabbed at her nightstand for her nanotech. Thinking better, she went to change. Leaving the group staring after her.
The Luthor came out feeling more confident in a black suit she had specially made to conceal her equipment. “Stay out of this.” She said striding past Kate and Bruce. “This is between me and my family.” Alex frowned at that.

“All right little Luthor. We get it, redemption arch and all that.” Kate said, placing a restraining hand on Bruce’s arm when the man opened his mouth to object.

“Just make sure it’s done.” He said gruffly before swinging off. Kate gave Lena a hug, then a thumbs up before following him.

Alex sat on the floor where she was. “Try it if you want, but no one can move a pregnant woman that doesn’t want to be moved Lena Luthor.” She said with cool certainty. “I don’t care what you say I am absolutely part of this, and they are not the only family you have.”

Lena didn’t know how to respond. She activated the device and approached the angry red portal with confident strides.

Concerned Alex’s material instincts were trying to collect her like a coocoo into her nest, she gave a wave and shrank the portal behind her, cutting off the woman’s ability to follow.

She stepped into dimly lit room. There were several monitors against the wall and worktables hosting an array of weapons. The room was illuminated from the blue glow of a tank standing horizontally in the center. Inside of it was a girl, who looked to be around 3 years old floating placidly in the center with her eyes closed.

Lena hears a familiar tisking sound behind her and her stomach dropped. “Sister, dear. You didn’t actually think you’d get away with spoiling my game?”

“Lex.” Lena said between clench teeth then forced a smile on her face turning. He was wearing the same war suit she’d seen him in last.

“I see you’ve found the upgraded model.” He commented gesturing toward the girl in the tank. “I’ve been waiting to see if mother would come back for the pet project she took from me.”

“A perfect match.” Lex said smugly. “Do you know how rare that is sister? Mother wanted to upgrade the next line of Luthors, but I tested the Kryptonians’ DNA against hundreds, thousands of specimens to find the ideal weapon. All of them failed. At first I was disgusted to find my own stock used for that filth, but Subject 13 happened to be the closest thing we had to viable. Useful enough, but their powers weren’t much stronger than I could make with one of my suits.”

“Knowing the superior compatibility of Luthor blood, I borrowed a touch of yours from mother’s stockpile and it just happened to fit the lock to your little Kryptonian friend perfectly.”

“I know you’ve never felt like a Luthor entirely and I regret ignoring your potential for so long. But I had the same ideals as you once, to be the Luthor to save humanity from it’s own folly. But that was before I met my Kryptonian. It made me think Lena, maybe we’re just at different points in the same story.”

“My story changed when I realized something. With these gods, these alien saviors sent to quell the masses, it’s not truly the power they have that is dangerous. No, its that absolute power attached to beings of freewill but with no respect for humanity. No trust in our abilities, no appreciation of our superior intelligence.”

“My best friend in the world lied to me for years, but I will save you that fate sister.” He paused dramatically “Do you know who your little alien friend is?”
“Thank God he’s such an arrogant prick. I can use this—”

“What are you talking about Lex?” She asked casually. “Of course, everyone knows who they are. Personification of the American Dream and all that. I don’t think I’d go quite that far, but I’ve never felt the need to murder them over some overstated good press.”

Lex let out a satisfied laugh. “Everything about Supergirl and your friend- Kara Danvers is a lie.”

Lena eye’s widened at the words and she pulled on the absolute devastation she has felt the moment she’d actually discovered that truth.

“No.” Her lips trembled her body folded into itself and she sagged against the wall.

Distantly, she heard the sound of an explosion overhead.

“Ah, that will be her I expect.” Lex commented. His expression was smug and he circled around his sister monitoring her reaction.

“What-“ Lena let out numbly as she internally processed what her next move would be.

“Kara brought Clark along with her to try their hands against my superpowered brood.” Lex’s face twisted into a vicious smile. “Idiots. The death of that last little mistake didn’t teach them anything. But Luthors aren’t afraid to sacrifice a few pawns to take out the king.”

“I may need to put a few of my other plans on pause.” He said looking frustrated at the young girl in the tank. “This one is behind schedule in gestation for some reason. I have no idea what mother was doing with it.”

“All I have to do is blast them with another shower of Kryptonite spears. But I need you to deactivate that little suit you gave her and it can be over.” Lex said, handing her tablet back to her.

Lena wiped the false tears from her face and snarled in anger grabbing at it.

She just had to find a way to get his suit to turn against him again. -Damn he closed that backdoor I used last time.- There had to be some component she could overload.

A tiny part of her brain objected. -No, he’s right about one thing. I am a Luthor.-

She found what she was looking for and the edge of the tablet shifted, tapping into the crystal at her chest. She hesitated seeing the symbol flash in front of her eyes.

That person she wanted to be pulled at her. -I can find another way.-

She shifted her body, carefully positioning Lex’s field of vision away from one corner of the room.

Her brother yelled out in fury seeing the pair effectively shoot one of the clones out the sky. Lena covertly reopened the portal to her penthouse while he was distracted, as her brother tried to issue commands to the remaining two.

“Alright brother. I’ll do it.” Lena spat out, hoping she wouldn't have to stall for long. "I'll even help you hunt down that other one, but only if I get to actually finish it myself.”

She took a breath to start a monologue, "You know I've always dreamed of something like this. To really be part-"

She saw silver glint from empty air, and her brother collapsed in a heap in front of her spasming
from the electric current before falling unconscious.

She felt oddly victorious despite knowing, this way, Lex’s return was almost inevitable.

“Thank you for the assistance Agent Danvers,” Lena said holding out her hand.

Lena felt a cuff on the back of her head coming out of thin air. Then the woman materialized capturing the woman in a surprise hug.

Alex looked at the monitors, eyes widening. “That the hell does she think she’s doing?”

The Danvers pulled out her phone. She shot off a text message, then held it to her ear. “Damn it Kara. I can see you. Call me now!”

A blast of red light, then the teenagers and Superman fell out of the sky.

Alex jumped when her phone went off then jogged over to the portal sticking her arm through the opaque ring of light.

Pulling her hand back, it returned clasping a forearm clad in black leather.

Batwoman, then Batman came through the portal.

Kate glance down and whined “Come on Little Luthor. I wanted that one.”

“That was me, thank you very much.” Alex commented dryly.

“Respect.” Kate said with a raised eyebrow.

Lena looked at the pair of vigilantes feeling a stab of remembered anxiety.

The box holding the gold kryptonite weighed heavily in her pocket.

She looked over at the perfect golden-haired little girl suspended in the tank in front of them.

*Kara.*

The girl looked just like Lena had imagined in her daydreams.

She laughed to herself. Lena certainly had to redefine normal being around this girl. Maybe life would always be chaotic. But it was worth it. *-We’ll figure it out. If-

She shook her head determined to sort out what she could with Kara later and pulled a glass tube out of her bag.

“We need to find the central conduit to release the kryptonite.”

“No one's using any fucking kryptonite!” Alex cocked her weapon.

Lena placed a hand on the agent's shoulder.

Taking the box out, she knelt opening the lid and then rapidly upended the tube before letting it drop to the ground. Acid dissolved the fragment of gold stone.

Kate looked concerned under her cowl and Bruce looked furious.

He stormed out of the room, black cape furling behind him.
The Danvers sister looked at Lena curiously.

“Don’t ask.” Lena said.

----------Kara----------

-This is going to work!- Kara thought excited, seeing the boys fall out of the sky.

She winced. -Shoot, accidentally got Kal in that one.-

The hero caught each of the falling bodies in turn and stabbed each of the brothers in the neck with a tranquilizer.

Then she flew her unconscious cousin out of the compound. She wavered deciding to go back and reasoned. -It should be fine to get them on my own, they don’t have any powers.-

Kara was surprised to see the boys were already conscious and standing up.

-Not flying, so that’s a good sign,- she thought anxiously. -But they’re still all zombified.-

Remembering what happened to Kon she decided, -I can figure that out once I get them back home.-

In sync, each of the boys reached to grab something out of a pocket of his jacket, then crammed it in into his mouth.

-Sugarsnit! They can’t have an infinite supply of those, right?- She hoped flying up to dodge the new wave of attacks.

She was debating whether or not to try the ray-gun again, but hearing Lena’s voice in her head decided to be safe and started pulling back.

Kara heard a familiar gravely voice from the ground below. “I’m sorry.”

The girl was confused, but really should help him get out of there looking anxiously at the Kryptonian powered boys behind her. Then she saw a bolt of electricity shoot through all three as they grabbed their heads and dropped out of the sky.

The hero caught them again laying them out next to each other. She didn’t hear any heartbeats. She x-rayed them feeling panicky and saw what had happened. Their flesh was seared around the implants in their heads.

“No!” She cried.

She felt unending pain and rocketing up into the air to run from the images. Flashes- Kon’s smile and kryptonite spears, a planet exploding, her mother flickering, boys falling out of the sky, her father’s tears. Each hit her like the hammer of Rao and she curled into a ball free falling to the ground.

The sense of Kara got fainter, smaller. A girl lost in the vastness of space inside herself.

Her mind focused on the person who had done this. She sensed him under her and halted in the air. The sight of his black cowl, the expressionless face ignited feelings she kept in the deep place, the one too dangerous to touch.

The only part of her that remained was rage.
“What the fuck was that?” Alex asked, eyes going wide as she held her abdomen nervously.

Kate looked sick with guilt. “Shit we talked about this. He agreed with the power stripping plan.” She turned to Lena. “Fuck, I’m sorry. I think Bruce set off the EMP on those clones.” Lena looked down at the girl she had just rescued. Listened to the girl’s even breathing and prayed to Kara’s god for her.

“We have another problem,” Alex said kneeling down. She grunted in pain grabbing her abdomen.

“You two go back now. Take her.” She said handing the sleeping girl to Kate.

“Don’t look at me like that.” Lena chastised the vigilante dryly. “Obviously, Alex is her godmother if Kara loses her mind after she accidentally turns me into soup. Just don’t drop her.”

Alex took Lena’s hand smiling, then nearly broke all of the Luthor’s fingers as she braced against another contraction.

Lena took off the necklace and put it around the girl’s neck.

“You are aware this barely-a-plan is certifiable right?” Kate asked her eyes wild.

“Killing him would destroy her.” Lena objected. She thought of something and laid her phone on the little girl’s chest. The Luthor’s heart clenched hearing the girl made a happy sound in her sleep when Lena brushed a few l out of her face.

Kate searched Lena’s eyes for something then nodded at her regretfully, before moving to help Alex back through the portal.

Lena could smell smoke coming from down the hallway and the sounds of rampant destruction above her.

-Why did I have to fall in love with a superpowered alien?- She thought her certainty from a few moments ago fading as she watched the gateway home close behind them.

-The one my deranged family of terrorists is hell-bent on both emulating and destroying?-

Lena put a hand to her stomach and breathed deeply.

Kara was the paragon of hope and right now she deserved someone Lena wanted to be. She picked out the largest mental box she could find to stuff all of her panic, uncertainty, self-loathing, cynicism, feelings of inadequacy and confusion into. It didn’t all fit. Pieces kept poking out the top of it, causing minor distractions, but it would have to do until she could sort it out. Lena took out her phone pulling up the recording and cleared the dryness from her throat.

She spoke to Kara from her heart, begging every power in the universe that the girl would hear her.

---------Kara---------

There was tiny part of Kara that felt calm as she floated adrift in space, separate from the rage. Distantly, she could tell that the burning from her eyes threatened to scorch a hole straight through the world.
But this part of Kara didn’t feel connected to that.

She was fourteen years old again, the same girl she had been when her world stopped turning. When she saw her home explode out into space and reform as gravity slowly pulled the shimmering shards back together at odd angles. Like a child trying to push together the pieces of a broken toy.

Kara the girl curled into the darkness, huddled in pain and fear, trapped in a tiny pod. Her mind reached out hoping the powerful god might help her look for survivors, hear her mother's voice again. Those wishes only seemed to fuel the vengeful last daughter of Krypton in her destruction.

She frowned sensing something that tugged at her soul, away from the numbness. A familiar rhythm.

It was a heartbeat that she knew better than the sound of her own name. A heartbeat that pulled her and filled her with longing. The Kara part of her uncurled and paid attention, reaching out for the home she had been missing for so long.

She felt out to connect to her senses next to the home-beat she caught the sound of a lighter much faster rhythm and Lena’s voice. [Kara please.] Her voice sounded hoarse, as though she had been yelling for a long time. [Please zhao. The world needs you. I need you. Not Supergirl. Not Kara Danvers. You.] The sound of Kryptonian words filled her. [I need you to be there hovering over me in the morning, to fly donuts to my balcony. I need your smile and your honesty and your hope.] Lena paused for a moment and Kara heard the sleepy giggle of a child. Her heat vision fizzled out. [Our daughter needs to learn about Krypton.]

Kara was suddenly inside her own body. Her breath caught.

A sense of dread and deep shame grabbed at her. -How could I have missed her heartbeat? I could have-. Destruction was everywhere. Half of the buildings were smoldering ruins.

The acrid smell was too much, the clouds of smoke around her were stained blue from chemicals below. Her body was caked in ash and there was a streak deep red running up her torn suit.

In a panic, she scanned for signs of the man that had kindled her rage. Her chest clenched seeing the black form sprawled across the asphalt. She zeroed in and heard his heartbeat, saw his shallow breaths.

Then Lena come out of a building coughing at the smoke as her nanotech helmet receded.

Kara sped to her, almost tripping over her feet as she reined in her body.

Reaching her love she took the woman’s face in trembling hands and kissed her fiercely. She never wanted to leave this woman's arms again. Tears streaked down to her lips and forced her to taste the bitter ash from her face.

The hero felt the tug of duty and leaned their foreheads together reluctantly.

Kara locked her eyes with Lena's and filled the look with a promise.

Nodding, she pulled away and lifted the broken man into her arms to sped him back to the DEO for help.
Chapter End Notes

So, I got some advise to change my story title. The direction of the story changed from the first couple of chapters, so it doesn't really fit anymore and I don't want people to just skim past it thinking its a period piece or anything.

Also, I'm kind of hoping something a little less meta might get a few more people to read it. I went with Flying or Falling. Other contenders were Perfect Match, Trusting Dreams or House of L if anyone has strong feelings about it.

Always appreciate all my commenters. You guys give me all the smiles 😊
Don't Go

Chapter Notes

Since I did a double post on Sunday, this one is short but also cute and fluffy. 😊

About the title change. The direction of the story changed from the first couple of chapters, so Luthor's Knight doesn't really fit the whole theme anymore and I don't want people to just skim past it thinking it's a period piece or something.

Also, I'm kind of hoping something a little less meta might get a few more people interested in reading it.
I went with Flying or Falling.
Other contenders were Perfect Match, Trusting Dreams or House of L if anyone has strong feelings about it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chap. 22 Don’t Go

-------Kara--------

Every step Kara took rescuing the kinda-evil guy felt harder. But it wasn't about him. She'd saved 100% bad guys before. It was just this feeling she had, like she was attached to Lena by a giant rubber band that she each step stretched further. The chance that it might snap if she was too far or took a millisecond longer than she needed to.

She tossed the black knight onto a bed in the med bay, corralled some doctors around him and left a note on his/her forehead detailing the breaks and bleeds.

Heroic duty accomplished, she broke laws of nature speeding back to the woman's side. Infinitely relieved that the moment hadn't snapped and Lena let her have a couple of minutes to snuggle.

The young Kryptonian slowed her flight down once they were above the clouds, letting her arms memorize the feeling of Lena again. A worry nagged at her joy, insisting this magical time might be all they would have once reality was real again. She wanted to find an excuse to hold on to it, but there was another little heartbeat that called to her.

By the time they reached the DEO, Kara was too excited to consider what others would think about her striding down the hallway of the DEO still carrying the woman bridal style in her arms.

The little dancing rhythm was so close. -In the med bay.-

She turned the last corner and froze encountering a black cape.

Kate Kane was standing in front of the room Kara had left the mean man in for medical attention.

The hero reflexively pulled Lena closer to her chest, feeling a drive in her heart to challenge the vigilante to a swordfight or find a glove to slap her with.
-You don’t own her.- Kara thought sadly.

She started to argue with herself. -I know that. But she’s so-

-Perfect for her.-

Maybe Alex was right about relationships. Maybe Lena wanted to be with her Gale. She liked a good rom-com but, it’s not like Kara was an authority on real life choices in love.

But she knew her choice, her destiny. She would stand by Lena in any way that she could and defend the Luthor's happiness no matter how much it hurt.

She let out a breath of air and lowered the woman, placing her carefully on her feet next to her new girlfriend.

“Sorry.” Kara said, worried about Lena’s uncanny ability to read the Kryptonian's mind. The dark-haired woman touched her cheek, brow furrowed.

The black cape turned at the sound of her voice.

Time stopped.

-Our daughter.-

Lena’s words reverberated inside of her mind again and again.

She was so beautiful. The girl had Kara’s nose and hair and Lena’s delicate porcelain features.

On Krypton all those things would have been selected before gestation in the birthing matrix. Kara could not imagine any dream or algorithm reaching this level of perfection.

She stared at the little girl's face unmoving and her mind slipped into a dozen daydreams of what the girl’s life might be. It was hard to believe she was even real.

Clearing her throat, the cowled vigilante offered the sleeping child to Lena. She didn't take her eyes off of the Kryptonian, reflexively hovering a hand over her weapons.

Kara’s high plummeted.

Memories came back in loose disjointed fragments. Details were cloudy but there was no getting around that she had hurt someone. Kara would have killed him if Lena wasn’t there. She wasn’t Supergirl.

She -had fallen.

Her love held the little angel out to Kara and the instinct to protect them both overwhelmed her. She backed away in a panic then turned to bolt down the hall.

She squeezed her eyes shut against the pain and her red cape trailer behind her in her mad dash across the city. But knew she would do anything to keep their daughter safe.

When she reached the harbor and extended her arms to take off the voice that grounded her returned. “Please,” Lena whispered. “Stay.”

Kara was kissing Lena before she even registered making the decision to move.
“I’m sorry.” The hero apologized again, glancing guiltily between her and Kate.

Lena looked at Kate and shook her head then walked over to a bench to lay the sleeping child down, fondly brushing stray locks from her face. The vigilante whistled averting her gaze upward.

Lena turned and sprinted forward, crashing into the Kryptonian with a force that required her powers to keep them upright. Kate slipped into her mentor’s room with a regretful sigh.

The kiss was everything.

The hallow ache that had lived in Kara's chest filled up with Lena. Her head spun as it started to overflow.

The woman’s hands gripped at her shoulders desperately. More to keep her in place than out of passion.

“Don’t go.” Lena leaned her forehead against Kara’s and tears fell between them.

“Please. I can’t take it again. I’m sorry.” She wept in Kara’s arms. Burying her face in the hero’s chest, she punctuated her words with a fist. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry I’ll do anything. Just don’t fly away again.”

Kara stood dumbfounded. -But what? What does she think she did?-  

Kara moved her hand lightly under the Luthor’s chin, wanting to see her eyes. To help her understand.

The dark-haired woman stubbornly huddled her face deeper. Her knuckles were white as she held onto the dense fabric of Kara’s cape and the shoulder of her suit.

Kara tapped on Lena’s feet like she used to, silently asking the woman to stand on her toes; she glided them over to the bench and eased the child’s sleeping form between them.

The hero swayed holding her new little Earth family as she hummed a Kryptonian lullaby.

When her head finally rose, emerald eyes looked down at their daughter with a tenderness that broke Kara's heart.

She admitted something to herself that went beyond her burden as a hero, beyond her identities or morals or anything else that she had understood up to this moment.

Her voice cracked, “I can’t go. I need you too.”

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Later, the three rested together in the sunbed room. The Kryptonian knew what it felt like to come out of cryosleep and hoped yellow sun energy might help the sleeping girl recover.

The child was snuggled up on one side and Lena draped over the other tracing a finger around the pattern of her crest. She activated their sigil with a smile then rested her head on top of it.

Kara impulsively x-rayed under Lena’s shirt and frowned. The necklace wasn’t there anymore.

-But she’s here. Don’t be an idiot. Talk. Like Alex said.-

She didn’t know how to start so she just let words pour out of her. “Lena, I know I said a lot of
mean things and I got all stupid and scared and I didn’t come back in time with you and -
everything. But I don’t know what you think I’m mad about. But I’m not-.” She winced
remembering. “I mean I was. I went kind of crazy. But I had no idea you were even there when I
did -that.” Kara felt a spike of guilt. “Please don’t be scared of me again. I swear I would never
hurt you. I would die first.” Her eyes widened. “But um, I know you hate it when I almost die. So,
I would try really hard to be extra careful and -eh.”

-Shoot. Was that even English? Why am I so bad at talking with words?-

“Maybe it would make more sense if I wrote it down.” Kara said trying to think how she would
extradite herself from the snuggle for a pen.

Lena started vibrating against her and Kara heard a wet giggle.

“How is your sister right all the time? It’s really annoying.” Lena’s beautiful green eyes met hers,
droplets clinging to the lashes.

The bright smiling laugh Lena let out then was the one that always made Kara’s insides flip
around. -I can’t believe I used to think I was just hungry when that happened.-

“What was it this time?” the adopted Danvers asked with wry amusement.

“I had half a dozen reasonable arguments why you, and by extension all your friends, would never
want to talk to me again. I wasn’t particularly interested in having that confirmed so I stopped
responding.” Lena propped her head up to look at Kara and the Kryptonian tried to shoot out love
rays from her eyes so she wouldn’t accidentally interrupt.

The Luthor smiled shyly. “After I ignored a couple dozen text messages from her, Alex gave up on
trying to talk to me and just sent me one every day reminding me that I was terrible at
communicating like an adult and being an idiot about everything.”

Kara scowled, “Hey! She must have just pasted all your messages to me.” She huffed. “What kind
of sister is she? Giving me second-hand sympathy?”

Lena quirked an eyebrow.

“Judgement is her love language.” Kara explained. Lena still looked confused. “No, you can check
the timestamps if you want, but she likes you more. Kept telling me you were going to be the
twin’s godmother because she didn’t want whatever was wrong with me to rub off on them.”

“Aww, I’ll let you have visits, darling.” Her eyes twinkled. “I’ll just have to make them Kara-
proof suits.”

The Kryptonian ticked her, making Lena squeak in surprise. Their daughter turned over in the bed
grumbling.

There was a nock and Kara x-rayed the door.

-Eliza?-
I wanted to give them their own little family time to work through some unresolved feels before Kara learns about Alex being in labor.
Kara didn’t like this whole jumble of emotions thing. She was a one feeling kind of girl.

The hero missed her usual pattern of feeling awesome, then briefly annoyed by something she could punch and then double awesome after she won.

Right now, she felt impossibly anxious learning Alex had gone into labor a month too early after she helped Lena capture Lex. Guilty about going berserk mode on Batman.

And Kara’s tummy was a knot of shame and horror knowing that nothing but luck had stopped her from hurting the two most important people in the world.

-Three.- she corrected herself.

Her mind boggled at that, throwing confusion, excitement, and the happiest feeling she had ever had into the mix. Better than strawberry ice-cream with oreos on top.

Kara felt like she had been dreaming about the little girl without knowing it every night of her life.

She wanted to squish a mountain of diamonds to buy the little blonde angel anything she could ever want, to wrap her in a promethium bubble to keep her safe, to teach her everything she knew and to never put her down.

Unfortunately, Eliza was walking down the hallway toward them and she had her I-must-have-the-cute-thing-in-my-arms-right-now face on. The Kryptonian always hated sharing, but this little girl deserved every ounce of love the world could give her and there was no one better than Eliza at feelings talk and bedtime stories.

The girl was snuggled up to Kara’s chest breathing easily when Eliza came back. “I called in a few favors, so Alex has Metropolis’ finest OB fussing over her now.”

The older Danvers held out her hands to Kara. “Time to share,” she said and boosted the girl up so her head rested on the doctor’s shoulder, a little bit of drool staining her white coat.

“Aww, sweet thing.” Eliza smiled. Then her eyes widened. “Kara she looks like-.”

“Me and Lena.” The Kryptonian said her face splitting into a proud smile.

Eliza cradled the girl in her arms and stroked her hair. “Welcome to the family little one,” she whispered.

“I’ll get her all settled for a few tests. I know cryosleep takes a while to wear off, but we should monitor her vitals.” The Danver’s grandmother said, putting her finger into the girl’s tender grip.

Kara sat in the waiting area vibrating with nerves until Lena climbed up on her lab.

“That always works.” Lena said smugly.

“I’m sorry.” Kara said.
“None of these apologies you’re giving me make any sense. I know how much you hate not being able to do anything. Rao only knows what kind of anxious dad you would make, cobble me together my own hospital to give birth in. Probably have to wade neck deep through the doctor’s you’d round up.”

Kara’s eyes bulged with the idea of Lena pregnant. She’d never thought of that.

-Does that make me a bottom?- Kara wondered. Maggie had tried to vaguely explain the concept once when Kara hadn’t understood one of her jokes. She spent the next hour gagging and refused to look it up in her Lena-time research.

She shook her head. -Focus. Lena was thinking about being pregnant with my baby. On purpose.-

Her girlfriend read her mind. “Better me than you. I can only imagine what I would do if you started craving Kryptonian dragon meat one night. Little Alura simplified things for us.”

Kara unconsciously started hovering while Lena was still on her lap, sniffling at the idea. “Alura Luthor.” she said trying it out.

Lena wrinkled her nose.

Eliza came rushing down the hallway and Kara sped behind her worried, barely noticing Lena’s weight in her arms. “Alex is okay Kara. One of the twins has a pulmonary defect and isn’t oxygenating well. We’re putting her on a ventilator.” Eliza spoke softly, “There’s a less than 1% chance she’ll make it through the week.”

On the other side of the hall Kate stood, then sat back down looking unsure. Then stood again.

Kara impatient picked the woman up and sped her over to the group.

“Um, I need to ask them something.” The vigilante said. Still wearing her cape and cowl, Kate walked with them into Alex’s room.

Maggie was there in the bed next to Alex. Their new baby boy laying on her chest. Both of them looked like that had as many jumbled feelings as Kara did.

“I don’t know if I should say anything.” Kate looked between Alex and Maggie. “But with Bruce out of commission, if you wanted, I could- um. I could take her to the Lazarus Pit.”

Maggie’s eyes went wide, and Alex looked confused.

“It’s how Bats keeps himself immortal between boss battles.” She ran her hand through her red hair awkwardly. “But it’s also why he’s a bit darker after every reboot. It can do things to you, to your mind. I’m not sure how it would affect a baby.”

“No.” Maggie said decisively, glaring at the woman in black. “Get the fuck out of here K-. Just go.”

Then woman nodded in understanding. She looked relieved when she swept out of the room.

“But Maggie.” Alex said weakly.

Maggie handed Alex their son and sat up, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. “You don’t understand. Batman used to be a hero. He comforted the kids he rescued, never tortured, never killed. He had a code. I know he thinks the thing gave him powers, made him a better champion for
Gotham. But it turned him into a monster.” “I love her too Alex.” The new mom said hoarsely. “I love her too much to give her that kind of life.”

Her girlfriend pulled the detective back down and wrapped one arm around her shoulders. Kara stood in the corner feeling helpless as tears streamed down her face.

“Kara.” Lena whispered imperceptible to the others. “I need to talk with you.”

She nodded, confused. “Guys, we -eh need to check on our daughter.” The hero felt a giddy tingle at the word but didn’t let it show.

“Jesus I almost forgot.” Alex said with a gasp. She wiped tears from her eyes and tried for a smile. “Strap in for some alien magic time.”

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Leaving the room, Kara crossed her arms staring at Lena as she paced up and down the hallway muttering parts of sentences. The word trust came up a few times, but nothing made any sense. Then the CEO halted abruptly closing her eyes and walked with intention into the sunroom and opened up Kara's encrypted locker. Kara looked on frowning as her girlfriend divested her person of a half dozen nanotech pods and tech gear from a few places she'd never thought to look with xray vision.

Lena finally acknowledged Kara's presence and asked in a high pitched voice if she could take her flying. Kara was a little confused, unless you counted screaming her way down a 10-story drop, Lena had never actually asked for a ride before.

She’d trained for situations like this. The hero ran through their history and considered different questions only Lena and not a Lena-robot-clone would know. She started with "Why?"

"Just to, um, help me think. Or not think." Lena looked frazzled but x-ray vision confirmed no bits of robot parts or mind control devices.

Kara grinned at her brightly, excited Lena might have changed her mind about flying.

The hero was careful with her speed and climbed up into the sky in stages.

Lena’s heartrate was erratic and every muscle in her body was tense, but she had a determined expression.

“Drop me.” She said clearly.

“What? No!” Kara exclaimed. -She didn’t bring the suit- Her eyes widened. -She didn’t bring it on purpose.-

“Are you going to catch me?” the CEO asked looking down. Her heart rate sped up until she looked back up into Kara’s eyes.

The hero replied without thinking. “Always, but-.“ Kara was worried this was some kind of after school special situation she was not prepared to deal with.

Strands of black hair wiped around her face. “Then just let me do this.”

Kara let Lena slip from her hands.

She felt very proud of herself for letting an entire second pass before she swooped down to scoop
her up again.

“That does not count.” Lena said with a huff.

Kara grimaced and let her fall again.

-One point five-seven seconds.- She thought triumphantly, feeling calm as soon as her arms wrapped around Lena again. Her girlfriend’s gave her a flat look, lips pursed with irritation.

The hero continued the process. Eventually working all the way up to 3 seconds before Kara grumpily refused to do anymore.

Reaching the ground. Lena’s legs were shaky, but she looked calmer.

“Seriously, fifty-four times.” Lena muttered. She laughed staring out into the open sky. “You know that wasn’t exactly the metaphor I was going for. How am I supposed to take a leap of faith or jump off the deep end or whatever?”

She turned to Kara accusingly. “It was absolutely impossible for me to tell whether or not I was flying or falling the whole time.”

“What’s the difference?” the hero defended. “If you’re with me, then you might as well be flying.”

Lena’s eyes softened. She took Kara’s hand and wrapped the Kryptonian’s arms around her. “I know.” She said softly.

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Lena knocked at Alex’s door with that same determined look from earlier.

Maggie opened it for them. The detective shot a glare at Kate who was looking at the group hopefully from her bench.

Maggie woke her girlfriend gently. “Babe. Lena has to tell us something.”

The young Luthor hesitated walking through the door then muttered, “Fifty-four.”

She walked up to Alex and looked deeply into her exhausted eyes. Lena’s shoulders relaxed, “There is another way to save her.”

“Please Lena don’t.” Alex said. “Mom has been talking with every neonatal surgeon in the country. We’ll keep trying to as long as we have. But putting too much hope on one thing just hurts.”

Lena looked at them apologetically. “I know, just hear me out. I swear I’m not trying to make things worse.”

Maggie nodded and held Alex’s hand. Lena started explaining, “When I was trying to figure out how to depower the clones so no one would try to kill them.”

“Hey!” Kara interjected enthusiastically, “That’s what I did!” She ducked her head at Alex’s serious look. She made a motion of locking her mouth with a key and handed the invisible key to Alex.

Lena continued, “I found a version of kryptonite,” she paused looking up Kara and gripping at her sleeve again like she was scared she would leave.
Metaphorical lock on her mouth still in place, Kara took Lena’s hand to reassure her and saw her girlfriend's shoulders loosen with relief. -Silly Lena. I gave her kryptonite. She never gets that I trust her with things. All the things.-

“Well I manipulated a version to alter Kryptonian DNA and deactivate powers, but I only figured it out after I found a version with inverse properties. It would give a human Kryptonian powers, permanently.”

Maggie’s mouth dropped.

“You know how Kara heals. I’m sure it would work.” The Luthor rushed on. “It wouldn’t be much good for anyone wanting powers for themselves. It will rewrite their DNA and cause a complete reconfiguring of cell structure, including neural network.”

“Wiping memories.” Alex muttered. “But for an infant-.” Her eyes looked hopeful.

“So the black cape or the red one.” Maggie said noncommittally. She looked up at Kara, appraising the girl.

-Oh no!- Kara thought. -She won’t go crazy like I did. That was just-. Oh, Rao. What if it’s like the same.-

Kara rambled nervously. “I promise I’ll go to the DEO’s annoying talking feelings guy. I won’t ever do anything like that again and just ‘cause I did doesn’t mean it’s from the powers or a Kryptonian thing or whatever.” She halted abruptly then continued in a soft voice, “I can stay away if you’re scared I’ll rub off on her.”

Maggie and Alex shared a look. “Little Danvers.” Maggie smiled at the blonde hero. “I worked with Batman for a long time and I’ve seen what’s happened to him every time he’s come back. Whatever you did, I am 100% sure he had it coming. Asshole just never learned people tend to start plotting to murder him whenever he rips someone’s heart out to make one of his for-the-greater-good sacrifice plays.”

The detective turned toward Lena. “I’m in.”

Alex smiled broadly and extended her arms out moving to stand.

In a gust, Kara was at her sister’s side pinning her shoulders to the bed. “Don’t make me sit on you.” She said lowering her back onto the bed. The new mother glared at the Kryptonian.

Lena looked relieved. “All my equipment is at the penthouse. I can call you guys as soon as it’s ready.”

“Go.” Alex said as Kara looked after Lena’s retreating form with puppy dog eyes. “Maggie will sit on me if I need it.”

She looked conflicted. “I promise I’ll keep tuned in so I’m just a word away.”

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Kara offered herself as sounding board and occasional engineer’s swiss army knife to speed along the process, but she didn’t really understand most of what was happening for the first couple of hours. So most of that time she spent checking in on her family.

Her sister was sleeping, Eliza was moving between Alura and the sick baby girl’s rooms. Following Eliza’s heartbeat walking down the hall she caught the sound of Maggie’s voice with
another unfortunately familiar voice.

“No I understand Mags. I just didn’t know if I could live with myself if I didn’t say something. I
don’t like to see you hurt like that.” Kate said tenderly. “I’ve missed you.”

Kara frowned hearing the creak of leather and the sound of something thudding. “None of that.”
Maggie admonished.

Maggie projected her voice out. “Bat-brains here was trying to be comforting, not creep on your
sister’s baby mama!”

The Kryptonian felt guilty for listening. -I did warn them.-

“Kara is tuned in.” Maggie explained.

“Shit.” Kate swore. “Thanks for the heads up. I do not need Buttercup freeze-breathing off my
nether bits.” She added a little louder, “Um, superskirt. I was going for a friend-zone appropriate
hug. Not anything weird.”

-Damn straight.- Kara thought with a nod, then smiled remembering.

-Everyone knows Bubbles has freeze breath. Dumb, dumb.-She felt smug beating the vigilante in
such an essential an area of human knowledge and skipped over to Lena’s work station to give her
girlfriend a kiss.

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They kept at it through the night, feeling like every minute they weren’t working toward the cure
was too risky to let pass. The pair was exhausted the next morning, but triumphant.

When the last of Lena’s machines made a happy sound, Kara reacted instantly, whirling them and
their powdered new kryptonite back to the DEO.

They gathered the Danvers brood and walked into the sick room.

It was hard to see the baby girl’s features under the mask of the respirator and the lines placed all
over her body, but her skin had a light blue tinge that didn’t bode well.

Eliza nodded at Lena and took the compound from Lena and moved to prepare it.

Alex had tears in her eyes watching as the she fluid entered her system. “Thank you, Lena. You can
have my life anytime you want it.”

Eliza turned on the yellow sun lamp and everyone stood back. Lena stood staring at the bag of
remaining kryptonite like it was a bomb, hands twitching toward it. Kara rubbers her shoulders and
murmered reassurance that she would dump it into volcano later.

Maggie and Alex held hands tightly. Watching her daughter, she said, “I swear this will follow me
to the grave little Luthor. With all the magic nonsense Alex is constantly exposed to, I’m only
really worried about anyone else figuring out how we did this. But Bats might know too much.”
She set her jaw stubbornly. “In case you need leverage. Kate Kane, Bruce Wayne and Barbra
Gordon.” She turned to Alex smirking. “Happy?”

Alex stuck her tongue out at her girlfriend. “No. That look Kane gave you when we met kind of
tipped me off, than you very much.” She grumbled. “Fucking tattooed leather-daddy millionaire
with a belt of bat toys. Jesus, no way I’m feeling happy about that.” Kara raced to cover the ears of the little boy in Maggie’s arms.

Lena looked taken aback. *She didn’t tell Alex. Why would-?*

“Thank you.” The Luthor said sincerely.

Maggie tipped her chin in acknowledgement. “Family watches out for each other.”

Kara heard Lena’s heartbeat give a happy flutter. *I’m not the only one who would catch you.* Kara thought proudly.

Eliza hung the IV bag and sparkling silver fluid ran into the little girls arms.

Almost immediately the monitors around them gave off beeping alarms indicating the infant’s distress.

The lines in the baby girl’s body fell away and the IV dripped metallic fluid onto the sheet next to her. Eliza hesitated, then moved to disengage the respirator. Alex anxiously removed the little girl’s mask and the room went silent.

The monitors rescanned the little one’s vitals and everything stabilized. Alex picked her up and the girl gave a heathy cry kicking out with her feet until Alex cradled her and gave her a finger to grip.

“She’s perfect.” Alex said in amazement.

Kara felt like she was going to burst. The Kryptonian sped around the wing, scooping up Kal, Winn, J’onn and her daughter. She pulled the group together and sighed appreciating the warmth of a good superfam cuddle.

They all heard a bright giggle from the center.

Kara held up her daughter with Lena. The little girl smiled down at them reaching out to touch Kara’s nose and they saw her bright green eyes for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter until the end... Well unless there's more. I have a third arch in mind for the story. Adventures in parenting and all, but I might need a bit of a break before I dive into it.

If you have any opinions on continuing from here, leave me a message in the comments.
Hey Superfam. So if you're seeing chapter notifications and wondering what's up. I'm doing some rewrites, mostly on the action parts of the first half. I was more into writing relationship dynamics and getting past different plot points the first time around so the fight sequences and some subplots got neglected. I've been adding more content, working on the blocking, adding in some flavor and polishing it up.

If you've been following the fic while I did my first draft, you might have fun with a reread in a couple of months. More cutes, more depth, more spice, trimming off a bit of fat, all kinds of things.

I wrote 100k words in like 6 weeks, so the edits will probably take me at least a few months, but I'm aiming to claim a spot on a few more reader's coveted favorites list. Wish me luck :D

Also, if you liked the fic toss a comment on. It always makes my day when I get a new one in the inbox :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena looked around her and she saw family.

Kara was in the kitchen arguing with Alex about the efficacy of heat vision cooking a turkey.

Eliza was, unsurprisingly, holding little Kendra. With 3 new grandchildren she was never without a baby to cuddle. While the older Danvers counted tiny toes for the thousandth time that morning, Winn told the doctor about alterations he'd made for her to his maid robot to help maintain a sterile field in a surgical room.

Clark and J'onn were on decoration duty, currently floating above the window to hang streamers.

And Maggie was hiding in a corner of the living room, trying to get her son down for a nap.

Sneaking around the sectional, Lena spied an interloper trying to infiltrate the quiet little nook.

Detective Sawyer and Agent Danvers made a formidable team, but they may have met their match in their Kryptonian niece.

Little Alura had earned her nickname, AllyCat. Lena could almost see the supersuit in her future.

The girl was like a little cherub ninja. Try at they might, anytime one of the twins went down for a nap, the adults found the blond little girl curled up around them. Unfortunately, this usually resulted in Nathan waking up from his nap to play with Alura’s hair and they would spend the next hour giggling together. A never ending source of frustration for whichever of the four working moms was on baby duty for the day.

Lena was convinced some of the half-Kryptonian’s powers must have come in already, not able to
fathom how else the girl would have managed to slip past them. But once they were together, there was no power on heaven or Earth that could separate them. It was just too god's cursed cute to even be real.

For a while they only had to worry about it when Ally started yawning and looking for a place to nest for a nap. Until the time Lena tuned into a live Supergirl broadcast.

Ally was sitting on the floor in front of Lena playing with some blocks when she saw the figure in red and blue shoot across the screen. Her green eyes went wide as saucers and she walked up to the TV. Supergirl had landed in front of the reporter, charming as always talking about how to be a hero in every day life while she posed with her hands on her hips.

Ally reached forward to touch her face and Lena cringed internally. When she was at home Kara didn't usually bother with the glasses. Lena didn't know whether or not hiding it from her would be possible.

Kara smiled into the camera and gave an enthusiastic wave. Lena saw Ally wave back at the screen. After Supergirl bolted into the sky, Ally jumped back looking tense. She turned around looking at Lena. "Mama." She said in an amazed tone. "My a hero too."

Since then the girl would not wear anything that wasn’t red and blue, and was absolutely insistent that it was now her job to protect the twins rain or shine, nap time or play time from the terrors of the world.

As their self-appointed bodyguard she stood over her baby cousins, pudgy little hands on her hips and the stubborn Luthor family chin jutting forward as a challenge to anything that might approach them. She bravely jumped to their defense, blocking a breeze from the window or throwing the remote at a loud sound from the television.

At least she would for a few minutes before getting tired from all of her heroic posing and moving in to snuggle between them for a nap or begging whichever mom or aunt was handy for a story.

Ally had just completed a five minute shift of hero duty after she checked on a crash from the other room and gave her best pouting glare to Uncle Kal and Uncle J'onn who had tumbled into one another. "Bad. Wake baby." She scolded them. Kara looked at her daughter proudly and smirked seeing the two men try and stammer out an appology to the three year old.

She nodded with satisfaction and turned around stretching up her arms with a yawn. She walked back in her cousin's direction seemingly intent to rest from her labors using her favorite hug pillow.

Kara walked over to try and head her off. The smile she gave the sleepy blonde girl would have convinced Lena to give up the Maltese Falcon. The Kryptonian's daughter, however, was not so amenable to her mother’s charms and continued walking past her grumbling.

Kara frowned and picked the girl up. Ally started reaching her arms out to Nathan and, when the woman tried to walk her out of the room, she started bawling.

Maggie swore when Nathan woke up whimpering, then crying himself, filling the house with a high pitched cacophony shrill enough to give the adults a migraine.

Hearing Nathan behind them Ally’s struggles got more desperate and she crawled up Kara’s arm to her shoulder to look back.

The Kryptonian placed a hand on her daughter’s back for comfort and to keep her from falling as the girl reached out with both arms in her cousin's direction.
Kara gasped when the girl tugged away from her. The hero spun with inhuman speed kneeling down with her arms outstretched to catch her daughter. Hands empty she looked up confused and saw the tiny blonde girl gliding her way through the air toward Nathan.

Lena’s jaw dropped.

At the sound of a gasp Ally forgot about her mission and looked down, eye’s widening at the floor underneath her. She wobbled in the air.

Kara squeaked with delight floating over, spinning the little one in a cork screw across the living room.

Hearing the sounds of surprise, everyone flooded into the living room watching Kara spin her giggling daughter through the air.

Lena stared at them in numb surprise. The Luthor wasn’t sure how to feel about confirmation of her suspicions. She shook her head smiling broadly when Kara returned in a gust, mother and daughter sporting matching suits El sigil on display.

-So much for the secret identity reveal.- Lena thought dryly. They hadn’t decided when to tell Ally about Supergirl, but they had considered old enough for her to be able to understand the concept of a secret might be a good start.

Lena sighed.

-54 times- Her mantra whenever something would pop up that had the potential for untold ruinous disaster.

The instinct to always be five moves ahead didn’t work well in this family. What do you do with a rook that could phase through the board to come out on any tile or a knight that could float above them all and shoot down the queen with heat vision?

After a couple solid decades of obstinate independence, Lena had concluded that you occasionally had to depend on the people around you. And now, she had good people.

Obviously, that didn’t stop the super genius from considering how she might covertly hide a utility belt of her own and mentally cataloging a few things she might need should any more powers pop up in the near future.

No matter what happened, they all might as well be flying together.

Lena was tempted to tap on her own suit to go buzz around the room with her superfamily, but looked down at the folder in her hand with a sigh. She’d gotten spoiled the last few weeks, eschewing 90% of the L-Corp day-to-day particulars to Sam to take something of an impromptu maternity leave under the radar.

Getting little Alura legally into the system was more complicated than particle physics even with her small legion of lawyers. Most of them were carry overs from LuthorCorp and one had been with the family long enough to have personally arranged the adoption of Clark Kent in Smallville for her father before Lena was born.

He wanted to do something similar given that the girl seemed to be around the age of 3, but Lena was having none of that nonsense.
Alura was biologically hers and Kara’s, and there was no way the patriarchy was taking away that victory for queer ladies everywhere. But if they wanted to earn that inexorbinant amount of money Lena paid them, that was their problem. And not complicated by half compared to Lena’s.

How do you keep any kind of surprise from a girlfriend with superhearing who could burst in on you at any second of the day?

After the disastrous trip to little Krypton, Lena had called in some favors at the planetarium and had their team working out Krypton’s relative solar cycles around Rao, covertly pulled some information from Kent on the Kryptonian calendar and figured out Kara’s name day.

She had abandoned hope the information would be useful to her, or you know, hope the sun would come up again while she was wallowing during their breakup, but now she was determined.

The plan was theoretically perfect. Lena had suggested the day to invite a few people over to perform the ceremony for Alura. She could surprise Kara with her name day, present their daughter officially for hers and conveniently have everyone together for Lena to ask a particular question that had been on her mind.

Part of the reason Alura’s legal processing had been delayed was the poor girl’s lack of a last name. Lena hated the idea of saddling her daughter with the complications that came with being a Luthor, but there was that deep instinctual part of herself that wanted to claim the child in every way she could. Kara was being just as difficult about it. A week earlier Lena had tried to have the conversation with her.

“Alura Mary Luthor-Zor-El.” Kara said happily bouncing the girl on her knee.

“Oof. That’s a little gay even for me darling. We can’t double hyphenate her name. We might as well start weaving her clothes out of hemp and all go vegan now.”

The Kryptonian looked devastated at the prospect. Lena shook her head. With the girl’s insistence on the poisonous qualities of kale, she could only imagine how much worse her diet would get if the only thing left to her was sugar.

“Luthor then.” Kara said. She didn’t appear to give it much thought, like it was something she had been considering for a while.

“No sane person wants to be a Luthor.” Lena said dryly.

Lena heard the Kryptonian mumble under her breath, “I did.” and she felt that familiar pang of regret.

The CEO rushed on, not wanting to touch that particular topic with a ten-foot pole. “Alura Danvers?”

Kara was hovering with the girl, log rolling in the air for her amusement.

She landed into a chair near Lena and snuggled Alura with her nose. “But she’s mine though. Ours I mean. Getting her information into the Kryptonian archive is going to be tricky enough with us not being-.” She winced and trailed off awkwardly. “But a bloodline has to be recorded.”

Kara looked sad. “Besides, what if she wants to be a hero? If being a Luthor gave you a complex, having three different identities probably gave me one.”

The Kryptonian was still coming to terms with everything that happened. Never one to go back on
her word, Kara had started working with the DEO therapist and now occasionally surprised Lena with emotional insights that helped the Luthor feel like she had a better handle on what was really important to her.

Lena appreciated the rainbow-bright bunny rabbit of a girl she’d fallen in love with, but everything with Kara felt so much deeper now. Kara trusted their relationship enough to actually show Lena some of those emotions she’d locked away for so long.

Which was why after that conversation Lena had started working on a new gem for Kara and she was determined to do it right this time.

The sadness that crept into the blonde woman’s eyes every so often were inevitably tied to memories of Krypton. Lena knew how important Alura understanding her heritage and participating in the ceremony was. Lena wanted to give her more, to give her as much of what she lost as possible.

So the young engineering genius had devised a plan to make use of the most ostentatious features of the penthouse to make their own little Kryptonian corner.

Kara’s ridiculous jar of gemstones had given her the idea, but Lena had gone all out and developed and chemical solution that formed rapid growing crystals onto static surfaces. She knew how much Kara loved playing with the sliding walls in her living room and she had set it up so that Kara could make a Kryptonian transformation whenever she was feeling homesick. The effect was something akin to Little Krypton’s ice palace, but sky blue like Kara had described her home on Krypton. And she had put in a surprise for Kara on the sunroof.

She fiddled with the remote ready to unveil everything and took a deep breath. She felt confident. She felt ready. This was it.

Lena stepped up on the platform.

She grabbed a glass of champaign and tapped against the side to get everyone's attention. "Super friends, super family," Lena started nodding in the direction of the group. "Thank you for coming today to celebrate Krypton and the wonderful Kryptonians in our lives."

Kara flew over to her side and added with uncharacteristic formality, "There is nothing more sacred to Rao than the ceremony of naming, when the youngest member of a family is officially accepted into a house and their name is recorded."

"If we were on Krypton-" Kara started and Lena pushed a button.

The woman jumped back startled, and the outer walls slid away to reveal the room sheathed in blue crystal. "Raaoo." Kara said in wonder, "Lena this is amazing."

"To do this whole naming thing right, I have to check on something." Lena muttered. She pulled up the settings on her tablet and a wash of red light came down from the skylight above them. She got down on one knee.

[Kara Zor-El. In front of the family of our line and hearts. I would claim you as my match.] Lena opened a lead-lined box and a familiar gem shown in the light.

Kara’s eye’s bulged. Lena smirked wondering how long it had been since anyone had spoken those words. "Who would have thought conjugation in ancient Kryptonian would be the same as Latin?"
The unbridled confidence she felt wavered when she saw Kara pout.

She shifted on her knee. “Um, Kara.” She said awkwardly sweating under the intensity of the room’s undivided attention.

Kara reappeared in a gust. When she came back Lena saw a trail of gems behind her, negligently discarded, each etched with a similar pattern.

Reaching out between them the Kryptonian opened her hand and held out a binding necklace of her own.

“Lesbians.” Maggie muttered into her glass. Lena felt her heart start beating again.

Hands shaking with relief, Lena tried to reach for the necklace. Kara's vibrating excitement was having none of her human limitations, securing the necklaces around them both in a blur. The hero winked at Lena and stood looking out at their family, proudly puffing out her chest to put it on display.

Winn held up his glass. “To the lesbians!” he called out and the room responded with a cheer.

Kara wrinkled her nose. “That would be a terrible house name.”

“Not really much worse than Luthor.” Lena commented dryly, fingering both of the necklaces at her neck.

Kara had a thought.

“You know how you decided LuthorCorp needed to be more than the name allowed it to be?”

Lena’s eyes widened in realization and she smiled nodding in agreement.

"I am smart at things!” Kara said triumphantly then blushed when the crowd around them laughed. Lena walked down to Eliza and took the girl from her arms. She tapped the crest on her daughter’s suit replacing the sigil of El.

They took the little blonde girl up on the stage with them, under the warm red glow and brought her little hand to the origin crystal to have her recorded in the annuals.

The newly bonded pair declared together in a ringing tone, [Under the light of Rao, we present. **Alura Mary L.**]

Chapter End Notes

And they lived happily ever after. :D

Sorry this took me so long to put out. I started writing a new story the other week and yanking the words to finish this one out of my head got weirdly hard. It probably could use another pass with the editing wand, but having it out in the world makes me feel
Also fun fact, L was how they spelled El in some of the original Superman comics. I just thought it would be fun if Lena and Kara could find a way to continue the house of L without giving away Kara's identity. And I definitely didn't want to use Zor-El. That's Kara's last name because it was her father's name Zor El. Wives and daughters take their father's full name on Krypton for some reason.

And Lena's mom isn't named canonically, so I cheated. Mary is Katie McGrath's mom's name.

Thank you so much for reading and all your comments and support. I don't think I understood how much I missed this until I started writing again.

For my next one I'm thinking of setting up a kind of Lena-Arrow, dual secret identities, enemies to lovers plotline.

I have a feeling I lost some of the SuperCorp fandom with how far I pulled Kara's character from the show version and the abrupt changes in tone. It was fun for me to write the way I did, but rereading it helped me see where I might course correct. IDK, some of my favorite moments were the most ridiculous, maybe correcting on the melodrama side would be better instead. If you have thoughts let me know.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!