All's well that ends well

by leothelittlelion

Summary

Diana and Clark finally tie the knot.... and forget about the small alien who seriously does not like anyone right now. Well Dick. She likes Dick. ALSO Clark and Diana are idiots, Dinah has to fix their problems, Bruce is a better uncle then Clark is father at the moment and Amazons thought it was a good idea to give a ticked off girl a sword.
Kara had the sneaking suspension that her daddy and Diana liked each other. Like, in the gross way she always saw on TV. So, when Diana was over and the three of them were watching some movie with an old person telling a story to his wife, Kara decided to ask. “Are you two in love?” She said out loud. Diana and Clark exchanged a startled look. “Um, yes, we are.” Diana said weakly. Kara nodded, her job was done. “Good. I’m going to bed cause this is boring.” She announced and went to her room.

A few months later, Clark came into Kara’s room and watched her play Nintendogs before asking to talk with her. Kara turned off her pink DS and set it aside. “Kara, how would you feel if Diana and I got married?” “Kay.” Kara turned on her DS again and started up Tamagotchi Corner Store. “That’s it?” Kara shrugged. “Okay?” She guessed. “Do you love her?” She continued. “Yes. Very much.” “Then marry her. It isn’t that hard daddy.” She said in her best I know more then you voice. “Alright then.” Clark left the room, shaking her head. Kara rolled her eyes. She loved her daddy, but he was clueless some times.

After Clark asked Diana to marry him, Kara went to stay with Ma and Pa while Clark and Diana went on a vacation. Ma kept gushing over the wedding while Pa complained about having to wear a monkey suit. Kara spent most of her time in the loft in the barn, playing on her DS, drawing, teasing the rooster and playing with the new chicks. When Kara hadn’t come back to the house in several hours, Martha went to talk to her. She sat on the old couch and pulled Kara onto her lap. “What’s wrong with you?” “Nothing.” Kara turned back to bed she was making for the littlest chick she named Blue. “Well something’s wrong because you haven’t nagged for pie, a horse ride or to go to the lake to swim at all this week.” “Am I going to have to move?” She asked. “I don’t know. Maybe to a bigger apartment. Why?” Kara shrugged and finished sewing a little blanket. Martha suspected something else was bugging her granddaughter but she didn’t want to talk about it.

When Clark and Diana came back from Metropolis, Kara was once again shipped off to someone else’s house. This time, she went to Bruce and Dick’s house. Dick didn’t have much time to play anymore; he was training to be Robin. Kara spent most of her days in Dick’s room, sometimes playing by herself, mainly thinking. Bruce gave Dick a day off to spend with Kara and the two watched movies and played games in a fort they built. “I don’t think Daddy wants me anymore.” Kara told Dick. “Why?” “He keeps sending me to other people’s houses. I haven’t seen him in almost three weeks.” “He has to plan a wedding. He’s probably busy.” Dick said. “Maybe. Maybe he has to find me somewhere else to live.” Kara sounded miserable.

Bruce paused outside the living room door. He heard the exchange between Kara and Dick and went for the phone. “Clark.” He barked. “Come get your daughter.” “Why? Has she done something wrong?” “Just the opposite. She hasn’t done anything in five days. Come get her, take her out and bring her back tonight.” “Bruce, Diana and I were going to go-.” “No. When was the last time you actually saw Kara?” Clark had no answer. “Exactly. You have been neglecting her and she knows it. I’ll see you by noon.” Bruce hung up the phone and went back to the living room. Gnomeo and Juliet was playing on the flat screen TV and Kara and Dick had kids Monopoly set up in front of them. Kara looked distraught, her hair in a messy braid and her shirt was slightly askew. “Hey.” Bruce squatted down to face the kids. “Clark will be here soon to pick you up.” Kara’s face fell a bit more. “Kay.” She toyed with the metal hat in her fingers. Bruce sighed and went back to the Batcave.
Clark parked the car and walked up the driveway to Wayne Manor. He knocked twice on the thick wood door and was greeted by Alfred. Normally when Clark picked Kara up, both her and Dick would come careening out of nowhere and launch themselves at him. “Miss Kara is in the living room.” Alfred said, sensing Clark’s thoughts. Clark nodded and entered the spacious room quietly. A mass of sheets and blankets were in front of the TV and he could hear the familiar sounds of Mario Kart were coming from the fort. “Kara, Dick.” A small scuffle and Dick’s dark head popped out of the fort. “Hi, Uncle Clark.” “Hi Dick.” The boy ran out of the room when Bruce called for him and Clark shifted around the blankets until he found Kara. She was putting her DS and games away in her small backpack and stood up when she was done. Clark hugged her and she half-heartedly returned it. She silently followed Clark out of the manor and into her car seat. She strapped on her seatbelt and set her bag beside her. “Where do you want to go?” Kara shrugged and stared out the window. Clark backed out of the driveway and started down the long, winding road. He watched Kara from the rearview mirror; she was twisting her hands in her lap and biting her lip. She looked terrified and miserable, almost like she would burst into tears at any given moment. Clark drove to a small park and got out. Kara undid her seatbelt and slid out of the car. She slung her backpack over her shoulder and walked beside Clark, her head down. Clark sat on a park bench, secluded from the few people walking around. Kara sat away from him and fixed her braid. Clark gently scooped her up and rested her in his lap. She was nine, but small enough to pass for six or seven, so she fit comfortably on his lap. “I’m sorry Kara. Diana and I have been really busy trying to sort out the wedding, and we thought you would rather be with Ma and Pa and Bruce and Dick then hanging around us.” “You left me.” Kara hugged her backpack closer to her chest. Clark opened his mouth but nothing came out. She was right, in his excitement and hurry to plan the wedding he and Diana had carelessly handed Kara off without a second thought. Clark suspected the others thought he and Diana were neglecting Kara as well, Dinah, Ollie, and a couple other friends had asked where Kara was and if she was going to be in the wedding. Dinah had given Clark a strange and disapproving look when he had said he didn’t know what Kara was doing. He hugged the girl in his lap a bit tighter and placed his cheek on the crown of her head. “Diana was talking about bringing you to Paradise Island to meet her mother and her sisters next week. Kara shrugged and Clark suspected she was more hurt then she let on. “Dinah and Mari are going dress shopping tomorrow and Dinah wants you to come. You need a dress too.” Kara stayed silent. “Kara, please talk to me. I can’t help you unless you tell me what’s going on.” She didn’t answer. “Fine. Will you talk to someone else?” Clark could feel himself getting angry, and when Kara still didn’t talk, he stood up and carried her back to the car and set Kara in her seat. “We’re going back to Bruce’s. You win.”

Chapter End Notes

“some movie with an old person telling a story to his wife” Notebook reference holla
Chapter 2

The ride back to the manor was silent and tense. When Clark had stopped the car, Kara got out, walked inside and up to Dick’s room without a goodbye. Bruce met Clark in the foyer and crossed his arms. “I’d ask you how it went, but by the look on your face not so well.” “She said a total of three words. What did I do?” “Kara is a child with abandonment issues and you’ve pawned her off twice in less than a month. You haven’t called and didn’t make any effort to see how she was doing. I’d be ignoring you if I were in her place.” Clark hung his head. “What do I do?” “Make time for her. Most people in your place actually have their kid’s part of their marriage. She’s a little old to be a flower girl though.” “We were going to have her and Dick be ring bearers together, even though it’s normally a male’s job.” “Go on a vacation together. Do something as a family. It isn’t hard Clark.” “Diana’s taking her to Paradise Island.” “Diana is probably the last person Kara would want to see at the moment. Good luck.” Bruce left and Clark began the drive back to his apartment.

Diana was waiting with takeout Chinese and they sat in the living room to talk and eat. “How did it go?” Diana asked. “Well, if you count Kara completely ignoring me and distancing herself good, it went great.” Diana frowned. “I guess we have been neglecting her.” She said softly. “How am I supposed to make it up to her?” “I honestly don’t know.” Diana admitted. “What did Bruce say?” “I’m an idiot and clearly not a good father.” Clark set his cart on the coffee table and covered his face with his hands. “That isn’t true and you know it.” Diana pushed his hands away and stared him straight in the eye. “Lately it has been. I hate to admit it, but I kind of forgot about Kara in the last couple of weeks.” “Me too.” They were quiet for a few moments until Clark had an idea.

The next day, Dinah, Mari and Diana picked Kara up and drove to a bridal shop in Star City. Kara avoided Diana, choosing to walk with Dinah and Mari, swinging around as she held their hands. A short, plump woman wearing too much makeup met them in the shop and kissed everyone’s cheeks. “Ms. McCabe, sooooo good to see you again darling! Tell me, how is the beau?” “The beau is fine. We need wedding gowns for this lucky bride.” Mari gestured to Diana, and the shop owner came forward and gushed over her as well. “What are the theme colors?” “Blue and white.” Diana answered, slightly overwhelmed. “So, we need one bride’s dress, two bridesmaid dresses and what is this cutie going to be?” “Kara and a nephew are the ring bearers.” “And we need a maid of honor dress, but she couldn’t be here today.” Mari added. The shop owner clapped her hands together. “Lets get started.”

Kara sat on a small couch in the back of the room and played on Dinah’s phone while the grownups talked and tried on dresses. It was boring and it took forever, and Kara started to wonder if she would get in trouble for taking a nap. Diana tried on a million dresses, before deciding on a strapless ivory with dark blue thread. Dinah and Mari had similar dresses, only dark blue instead of white. Then they picked out a couple dresses for Shayera to decide on, she was Diana’s maid of honor. The shop owner, whose name was Jill, grabbed three dresses from the back for Kara, and took her to a dressing room to pick. Kara chose a light blue shift made of shimmery fabric. It had a round neck with short sleeves and an empire waist. Jill helped Kara in it and zipped it up. It fit perfectly and Jill walked her out to show the ladies. “Aww.” Mari squealed. “Kara, it’s perfect.” Dinah smiled. Diana gazed at her soon to be daughter, who looked nervous, as if expecting scorn. “I love it.” Diana said honestly. Kara smiled, albeit a small smile.

They went to Starbucks afterwards and Kara got hot chocolate and a brownie. She sat in Dinah’s lap as the others talked and sipped lattes. Ollie, Bruce, John, Clark and Barry were out getting suits; Dick had to tag along with them. Kara wondered if he was as bored as she was. Finally, they left and Kara curled up as far as possible from Diana, who was sitting in the backseat with her. Mari frowned at the two from the rearview mirror. She had met Kara two years ago and normally, the girl would be
pestering Diana about one thing or another, chattering to no one in particular, sitting on Diana’s lap or playing games on her Nintendo. Today she looked depressed. Dinah had been twisted around in her seat talking to Diana and Mari knew she had noticed Kara’s strange behavior. “Excited for Paradise Island Kara?” Kara shrugged and fished her DS out of her backpack. She flicked on Big Brain Academy, effectively tuning out the rest of the world.

On the other side of town, Clark was seated next to Dick, who was playing a hockey game on his DS. “Are you nervous Uncle Clark?” “Yes, I guess. Why?” “Kara’s nervous.” “Why is that?” “She thinks your gonna give her to someone else after you and Aunt Diana are married. That she has to find another home.” “How do you know that?” Clark swallowed hard. “She told me.” Dick said matter of factly. “She worries about it a lot. That you’ll be like her real parents and send her away so you won’t have to see her again.” “That’s not why they sent her here.” “I know that and Kara knows that but I don’t think she wants to know that.” Dick turned off his game console and went to try on a tux. Clark sighed. Typical Dick to have everything figured out.

Kara handed Diana her bag and hugged Bruce and Dick goodbye. This was the day she went to meet Diana’s mother. Diana got in the front seat of her car and turned the engine on. They had to drive back to Metropolis before transporting on the watchtower to get to Diana’s jet to go to Paradise Island. Thankfully, Kara’s DS was fully charged, her IPod had new episodes of Phineas and Ferb, Gravity Falls and Adventure Time, and Alfred had given her a bag of snacks. She settled in her car seat and used her blanket as a pillow. Diana drove down the streets of Gotham and kept glancing at Kara. Clark had told her what Dick told him. Diana knew Kara had abandonment problems, who wouldn’t after having your parents ship you off? Diana had hoped Kara would realize she wasn’t going anywhere, that her and Clark didn’t mean Kara had to go. Dinah had confronted her about the lack of seeing Kara around in the past couple of weeks. Diana had admitted that she and Clark had a lot to make up for to Kara, and Dinah rolled her eyes. “You’re just realizing this now?” She had asked. Kara had lost so much, not just the last month but her childhood was filled with impromptu sleepovers because daddy wasn’t coming home tonight, or this week, fearing the possibility of being kidnapped of worse by one of her father’s enemies, knowing she had amazing strength but had to hide behind a simple bracelet. Diana wanted to make up for it but didn’t know how. “Welcome to parenting.” Dinah told her. Diana brought herself back to the present and turned the radio on low. Kara was asleep in the back, at least she thought so and the amazon tried to focus on the days ahead of her.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Short chapter. Cassie will be introduced in the next one and the actual wedding will hopefully be soon. This was supposed to be a one shot. Sigh.

She gently shook Kara awake and Kara pushed past her to get inside the apartment. Diana grabbed her bag and followed the petite blonde up to their floor and kissed Clark’s cheek in greeting. Kara went to her room and put more DS games in her bag, as well as another drawing book and colored pencils. Diana and Clark talked quietly in the kitchen and soon, Diana called the Watchtower for pickup. The two arrived on the Watchtower and Kara waved to John before following Diana to the invisible jet. The raven-haired beauty lifted Kara into the jet and was about to get in behind her when a Javelin landed and Diana was swarmed with members offering their congratulations. Shayera flew up inside the jet and greeted Kara. “Hey kid.” “Hi.” Shayera crossed her arms. “What’s your problem?” “Nothin’. I’m fine.” Kara sank lower in her seat. Shayera gently prodded the back of Kara’s head. “Hmpf.” “Come on Kara. Are you unhappy about Diana and Clark getting married?” “No.” “Are you scared?” “No.” “Then what?” “I don’t think daddy and Diana want me anymore.” Kara admitted. “I haven’t spent any time with them in forever.” Shayera sat back on her heels and thought about this. “Well.” She said carefully. “That isn’t true and you know it. Diana and Clark are really busy and just haven’t had the time for you at the moment. Once they’re married, things will go back to normal. Trust me.” Kara bit her lip and looked out the window. Shayera frowned and shook her head. She may be an alien, but no kid Kara’s age worried like this and Shayera suspected the problem stemmed from something deeper. She jumped back out of the jet and waited until the others left to talk to her friend. “I found out what’s wrong with Kara.” “What?” “She thinks you and Clark are going to get rid of her once you’re married.” Shayera re-crossed her arms. Diana’s mouth dropped open slightly. “That isn’t true!” “I know that. But Kara doesn’t. Diana, that kid worries like there’s no tomorrow.” Diana sighed. “She has abandonment problems, and the last few weeks probably haven’t helped.” “No shit. Get in there, go to Themiscryra and talk to her. Kara shouldn’t have to worry about this.” Shayera left and Diana hoisted herself in her jet. Kara was curled in a little ball on the passenger seat with headphones on and watching a cartoon with a talking dog. Diana settled down in the other seat and turned the jet on.

The flight to Themiscryra was silent and Kara fell asleep halfway through. She landed the jet and woke Kara up before opening the hatch and jumping out. Several of her sisters were they to greet her and when Diana turned to lift Kara out, several awed. “She’s so cute!” Someone exclaimed from the back. Diana smiled and took Kara’s hand as they walked up to the castle. Kara was rubbing at her eyes and yawning, and Diana realized it was getting late. She scooped Kara up but the girl protested and said she could walk on her own. She defiantly walked a few paces ahead of her soon to be stepmother and hauled her backpack higher up.

Queen Hippolyta was waiting in the throne room and she dismissed her waiting sisters when she saw Diana. “Mother.” Diana bowed her head. “Diana. I assume the girl hiding behind you is Kara.” Diana smiled gently and ushered Kara out from behind her. “Hiya.” Hippolyta smiled. “Hello Kara. Welcome to Themiscryra.” Kara smiled again and gripped the straps on her bag. “Diana, I have a meal prepared for us in the dining hall and a room ready for Kara.” “Thank you mother.” The three walked to the dining room and Hippolyta kept glancing at her future granddaughter. Diana was right about her looks; Kara had golden blonde hair, sapphire blue eyes and pink cheeks. She looked like
one of the gods had commissioned her themselves. She took her seat at the head of the table, Diana on her right and Kara on her left. Food was served and lively chatter filled the great room. Diana looked across the table to see Kara being helped by Hannah, one of the few Amazons to leave the island to mate. Hannah had a thirteen-year-old girl named Lea who was hard at work training to be a Royal Guard like her mother. Hannah served Kara a small amount of meat, fresh veggies and a goblet of water. Kara talked animatedly to Hannah, who listened intently and smiled at the little girl.

After dinner, a large bonfire had been set up outside, and they gathered around the fire to talk and share stories. Kara sat next to Hippolyta as the queen questioned her. “How old are you Kara?” “I’m nine.” “You look much younger.” The queen said thoughtfully. “I’m small!” Kara said definitely. Hippolyta chuckled and settled down in her chair. “That you are. Tell me about Man’s world.” Kara then proceeded to tell Hippolyta about school, her friends, gymnastic lessons, the field trip she had to the dinosaur museum, Dick, and her cat. Hippolyta listened with interest, and subtly watched Diana watch Kara. Her daughter had been watching Kara all night and she suspected that there was something going on. Hippolyta was broken out of her thoughts by a faint chuckling from Hannah. Kara had fallen asleep leaning on the arm of her chair. “Well I imagine it is quite late.” Hippolyta mused as Diana picked Kara up and bid goodnight to everyone gathered around the dying fire.

Diana carried the slumbering Kara into her own chambers and laid her on the bed. She went to Kara’s temporary room and brought her little leather backpack and overnight bag back and fished Kara’s pajamas out. She dressed Kara in her pjs and pulled back the covers on her bed. She dressed in her own silk slip before getting in bed beside Kara and pulling the covers back up. She kissed the top of Kara’s head and closed her eyes. “Goodnight little one.”

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