To Fall Asleep with Roses

by AliasQuicksilver

Summary

The whys and aftermath of a missing hero.

Notes

It's been years since I've last written a fic, so do consider this as my first time. I'd like to thank danvers-grant and karas-adorable-smile with the editing. Comments and suggestions are much welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Supergirl is nowhere to be found.

National City seems to have been abandoned, but Carter Grant knows otherwise.

As he stands on a patch of freshly-mown grass, he reads the inscriptions neatly engraved on the black granite once more, as if his heart hasn’t already memorized those haunting words.

Kara Zor-El (Danvers)

1991- 2017

“Friend, sister, hero”

He tilts his head upwards when a particular gust of wind passes through the isolated graveyard. The wind ruffles through his hair softly, and if he closes his eyes he can feel her gentle caress. It seems like a perfect day. In the sky, the sun is particularly bright without any cloud in sight. Kara would’ve found the irony amusing. In fact if Carter lets his mind wander, he could’ve heard the faint sound of his second favorite person’s laughter. A sigh escapes his lips as he turns to leave. His footsteps stop just below the tiny hill. And as he glances past his right shoulder, the view of what the grave looks from afar burns deep behind his misty eyes.

Two headstones. Two Danvers.

He knows Kara would’ve appreciated being placed beside her adoptive father.

---

Parks aren’t numerous especially in cities like National City. With towering skyscrapers crammed in almost every inch, busy streets sewn in between, one would wonder how a park could’ve been placed in the middle of all the urban confusion.

Upon stepping out of the Grants’ private car, Carter surveys the memorial park and trudges towards a great bronze statue, past a few small crowds.

Supergirl’s image was sculpted to appear as if she was in mid-flight. The artist his mother had paid to create the 8 ft. piece had been excellent at her job. She flawlessly captured Kara’s soft features and toned body even down to the lining of her boots. The similarity is both soothing and distressful to the young man. He reads the commemorative plaque and wonders what Alex would think if she saw her sister’s statue instead of her.

It has been over a year since it all happened, but Alex has yet to wake up.

Carter constantly visits her whenever he has time after school. The flowers and ‘get well soon’ cards gradually vanished. Nevertheless, people still dropped by from time to time. Limited visiting hours have done nothing to prevent them from doing so. Winn mostly pays his visits accompanied by Carter, but James and Lucy constantly stop by to clean her room and put things in order. Every so often, Eliza would read Alex’s favorite books to her or describe the current alien affairs of the world, as if her daughter may be able hear beyond the plane of consciousness and would miraculously get up to go to work.
As for J’onn, he doesn’t know how he would break the news to Alex by the time she wakes up.

He tries to strike imaginary conversations with her whenever he has time off, yet he knows he would fail no matter how much he practiced. If anyone asks him, he would deny having a soft spot for the Danvers sisters. Caring never came easy for him. He was always afraid of the consequences should he let himself feel even remotely anything more than professional respect for them.

Still, he did and even though J’onn knows first-hand the crippling pain of losing someone, he could never regret any of it. His only wish was for Alex to be able to let the past go.

---

CatCo. is still CatCo. Online articles and magazines are continuously published and printed.

The empire simply didn’t stop to see the wilted roses.

To everyone’s surprise, there wasn’t a single coverage of Supergirl’s sudden demise. Reporters continually swarmed the building for a few weeks, asking why Cat Grant was utterly silent ever since the shocking news hit the emergency broadcast back in 2017. The Queen of All of Media had momentarily stepped down from her throne.

She had also stepped out and away from her main office.

The board was the first to be informed that she had moved to her home office and would stay there permanently, no questions asked. She had stated that her main purpose for leaving was to be closer to her son since he was transitioning into high school and needed a much stricter parental guidance. In doing so, she realized that she had no need for an assistant anymore and could be beneficial in the company’s expenditures. Nobody complained.

Only three people in the world knew that Cat visited Alex in National City Hospital: Carter, her chauffeur, and Alex’s on-call doctor.

The first time she visited, it had been three weeks after the incident and just before midnight. Darkness covered the room and only the bedside lamp gave off an amber light. A rhythmic beeping sound could be heard as Alex’s heart continued to pump. Cat was always grateful of that fact every time she thought to visit.

That first night, she walked towards the bed and stood at Alex’s left. If anyone else came in to check, they would only discern a slim woman staring at the patient, unmoving from where she stood.

This would then occur regularly whenever she visited for the next few months. Occasionally, she would sit on the plush two-seater sofa near the wall, body virtually still, expression void of any emotion.

One quiet evening, when the city slept under a full moon surrounded by a bed of stars, Cat tentatively touched an unmoving hand. Hardly a minute passed before her grip tightened. She couldn’t stop her trembling shoulders, her whole frame bending inward as if to close herself from everything else. Whispered words echo around the room.

“I don’t know what to do. God.”

“Tell me how to stop missing your sister. Tell me how to stop feeling like this”, she pleaded as her eyes searched the other woman’s closed lids. Maybe if Cat kept trying she’d hear her. Maybe they’d move.
“Alex... wake up. I can't do this alone. Wake up!”

She mourned softly. Her tears didn’t reach her expensive gray coat, yet her agony reached every aspect of her life.

“What had become of Cat Grant?

---

2017

Supergirl Wreaks Havoc!

“What fresh incompetence is this? Whoever idiotic moron came up with this, I want them to leave the building immediately. They’re fired. Don’t let them pack. Call security if you have to.”

Winn faltered, shared a surprised look with James, then stared at his boss again. One stern glare later, and James found himself alone with the fuming woman. He planted his feet on the ground as if to brace himself for Cat’s next words.

“Send this back to the layout department and have them rewrite the title or I swear I will come down there and throw my latte at the first unlucky bastard I see. Chop chop, Olsen!”

As James rode the elevator, he couldn’t help but feel sorry for Cat. He never saw her as angry as she’s been. He, Winn, and the rest of the world knew why, of course. It was all over the news. The young photographer felt helpless and hopeful at the same time. Her sister will be able to contain the situation, he thought. They knew each other more than anyone else in the entire universe. It only made sense that she would be the one to stop Kara.

She had to, because even Clark had failed.

Superman had been no match for--thanks to Lord Industries-- Supergirl’s enhanced powers.

James loathed the fact that Maxwell finally managed to outplay them all. Sure the man was famous for being a genius, but never for being an evil genius. He might as well have been Lex Luthor’s twin brother.

It was found out later that Lord had been studying Supergirl, from her unique genetic structure to her inhuman powers.

The DEO retrieved her one day in an abandoned warehouse with no memory of what had happened. Alex grew suspicious because Kara called her the day before to tell her she would be visiting Clark and would not come back until tomorrow morning.

She pleaded her sister to stay until every test they could do to Kara proved her wrong. Her younger sister suggested that it may have been her “off day” and that she was just glad that her powers were back. She added that her boss would kill her if she was late. Alex couldn’t do anything to stop her stubborn sister.

A week had passed before the symptoms started to manifest.

It had been a quiet busy morning in the office. As Winn began to type a new line, a look of amusement passed over his face as he caught Kara's cheery humming under her breath. It abruptly
stopped, but still he continued working on the new project Cat had given him yesterday. *She'll fire you, man,* his mind scolded right before he heard Kara's keyboard shattering, fragments flying across the room. A hush fell over the whole floor. Winn tried to approach her, but her eyes were somehow different from her normally bright blue, They were piercing and with a hint of red that seemed to watch his every move.

For the first time in his life, he was afraid of Kara. More so when Cat hurriedly walked out of her office to apprehend her assistant. Only two words left her lips before Kara clenched her fists in anger. Her nostrils flared and as her hand reached her glasses, her whole demeanor gradually changed. Both her hands covered her mouth. *What am I doing?*

In an attempt to save face, Kara fled towards the elevator at an almost in-human speed, leaving a wide-eyed Cat and a floor of very confused employees.

---

“What happened?”

“I don’t know, Alex. One minute I was organizing Cat’s schedule for next week, the next I was in a fit of rage. I think I scared everyone. What’s happening to me?”

“Kara, listen to me. You need to come back here and get checked again. We might have overlooked something. I’ll talk to Hank.”

“No, no don’t tell him. It’s probably just the after effect of losing my powers for a day.”

“We both know that’s not true. This may have happened before, but not after losing your powers. You could hurt yourself or worse—“

“I could hurt someone. I don’t want to hurt anyone, Alex. Oh no. Oh my Rao.”

“What? What is it? Did something happen?”

“I wanted—oh Rao—I wanted to hurt Cat. I felt this… this blinding anger and I wanted so, so badly to hurt her and everyone else.”

“Calm down, Kara. We can figure this out together.”

“No! You don’t understand. I wanted to hurt people. I wanted to hit Cat! Why would I want something like that? I…”

“Kara?”

“I have to leave. I have to get away before I hurt someone.”

“Wait, Kara. That’s n—“

*click.*

---

“Wick!”

Winn knew better than to pretend that Cat Grant was calling someone else. Halfway to the office, he tripped and almost hit Kara’s desk.
“Yes, Miss Gr--”

“Where’s Kiera?”

“I, uhh… I don’t… well, maybe James knows, I mean I should, but--”

Cat standing up was definitely not a good sign. He took one step back.

“Stop yapping like a dying fish in a wet market and just answer my question. Where. is. Kiera.”

“I don’t know, Miss Grant.”

“She hasn’t returned my emails, my texts and even my calls for the past two days. I had to check with the phone company to make sure my messages were getting sent. I want answers, Wit.”

“She hasn’t contacted me either, and I don’t think James had any luck so far. He said he’d tell me if he talked to her or maybe even just saw...”

“Let me get this straight,”

“... her?”

After taking off her glasses, Cat jabbed them stiffly in Winn’s direction.

“nobody has seen Supergirl for 2 days?”

“Miss Grant, how did you know she’s--”

Cat’s words were about to cut in on Winn’s train of thought (How stupid does he think I am?) when the sound of vibration coming from her work table interrupted them both. She stalked back to her desk and hastily grabbed her phone. She did not like being interrupted.

“Who’s this?”

“Cat Grant? This is Alex Danvers.”

“Why are you calling me in my private number? Is Kiera there?”

Winn didn’t know what to do with himself when he saw Cat suddenly sitting down as if her knees gave out from the weight of her phone. He noticed the lines between her eyebrows deepened as the silence stretched on. Winn was torn between leaving the room for her privacy and finding out about Kara’s whereabouts.

As the call ended and judging by the death grip his boss had on her desk, he knew something was definitely wrong. Cat stood abruptly without adjusting her skirt and paced the room. It came as a surprise to Winn that she hadn’t reached for her sweets the way she normally did when she was in distress. Of course everybody knew that. Her office walls were made of glass.

“Miss… Miss Grant?”

He couldn’t believe he’s going to do it, especially to the Queen of All Media. Winn could not fathom the idea of touching Cat on her shoulder to stop her from pacing, but getting some answers was more important.

“Miss Grant, are you okay? Was that about Kara?”
James had to burst through the doors for Cat to register Winn’s hand and instantly brushed the revolting thing away. She eyed him like he just told her Lois Lane looked better in high heels.

“Miss Grant, the DEO’s downstairs. They’re waiting for you.”

She tried to walk like nothing was wrong, like the day was as boring as it usually was, but an image of Kara ignited her feet into a running frenzy.

“Kara didn’t save anyone inside. There were… children found in the rubble. It was a hospital, Cat. She let them die.”

---

Cat, Winn, and James arrived just as the large screen on the wall flashed a close-up image of Supergirl looking over the local prison, her face smudged with soot, her eyes glowing bright red again. Surrounded with totaled police cars and prison guards at her feet, the whole scene radiated a disturbing aura.

“We received a live feed from one of the police officers before he was knocked ten feet into the air. The only thing Hank and I heard before the video died was Kara speaking a word in Kryptonese.”

Alex turned to J’onn. Her head started to hurt. She was confused because the Kara on the screen was not the Kara she knew. Cat’s tapping foot brought back her wandering mind.

“Well? We’re waiting Miss Danvers.”

“It’s Agent Danvers, Miss Grant. And from our interpretations, she said Justice.”

“Justice? You mean the “American way” justice? I don’t think Superman would agree on that.”

“Wait wait, hold up. Does Superman know about this?”

Everyone turned to James. Cat looked him over, as if slightly impressed for the first time with what came out of his mouth.

“We already called him. We thought he knew what was happening since he tried to speak to her first.”

J’onn moved to press a few buttons on the control panel. A new image was displayed on the screen.

“As you can see, diplomacy was not an effective solution.”

James could not believe that one of his closest friends, the one who was made into a comic book character, the one with all those powers, laid unconscious in the middle of a colossal crater.

“That’s not possible. I thought Superman was stronger than Kara. He lived on Earth longer than she did. He should’ve absorbed more powers from the sun than Supergirl.”

“Our previous data showed that that was the case, but when we analyzed her energy output while fighting Superman, it was off the charts. She was 120% stronger than she was before all of this happened.”

Winn couldn’t wrap his head around what he was hearing.

“How?”, he asked.
“Does the name Maxwell Lord sound familiar?”

This time Cat was the one who stepped forward and met Alex’s eyes.

“Let me reiterate what Will said, Miss Danvers. How?”

“Look, we took him in yesterday”, she vaguely answered.

J’onn was suddenly on Alex’s side, dismay etched on his face.

“You took him in yesterday? You know that is against my orders not to--”

“The only information he could tell us is that they took Kara away that day she disappeared to test his synthetic kryptonite or what he called ‘Silver Kryptonite’”, Alex interjected.

“He just gave that information willingly? That is not the Maxwell I know.”

“Miss Grant, this is the DEO. We have,” Alex paused and turned her head slightly in J’onn’s general direction.

“our own ways.”

Confusion briefly passed on Cat’s face.“What exactly does this Silver Kryptonite do? Make Supergirl go on a rampage spree?”

“No, not exactly. We believe the synthesized kryptonite is the diluted form of Black kryptonite, which separates a kryptonian into two entities, the good and the evil. Since it’s not a true Black kryptonite, it only made Supergirl’s evil side surface.”

“Hank, my sister is still in there. She’ll stop herself.”

“Alex--”

“No! I have faith that she’ll figure out how to fight... this.”

J’onn stepped in front of Alex and gripped her shoulders tightly.

“You heard what Lord said. He’s the only who knew what his experiments can do and he was proud of it. Alex, he was proud of what he turned her into. He said he enjoyed watching her defeat Superman. Superman could not stop her, but we don’t need superpowers to do that. We could stop her. You could and you need to because she has already endangered human lives. It’s the DEO’s job-- your job-- to put her down.”

Alex looked away from Hank’s pleading eyes. She was meant to protect her sister, not hurt her.

“I can’t.”

“How many lives do you want to be on Kara’s hands?”

“I don’t… I don’t care. She’s my baby sister, Hank. How can I hurt the girl who called us her family even when she had lost her whole planet, her whole life twice? Please, don’t ask me to do this.”

“As your commanding officer, I should be telling you this as an order, but I won’t, Danvers. I’m asking you as someone who cares about Kara. You know as well as I do that if she was here, she would ask you do to the right thing.”
When Alex looked around, three faces look baffled. J’onn was right, but still, she clinged to the hope that maybe there could be another way, an alternative to what Kara had once trusted her to do when the time came. She didn’t think it would ever come true, let alone in their lifetime. Her sister was one of the best people she ever knew and would probably ever know. Nobody was better at being human than Kara.

Alex turned away and walked with purpose to cell number 19, Maxwell Lord’s second home.

---

“What did you do to my sister?”

“Agent Danvers, what a pleasant, but unsurprising visit.”

“Answer me!”

There’s wasn’t much space to move around in a cylindrical prison, but Maxwell Lord walked like he was strolling in a park.

“I let the world see who she truly is. Aliens can never be trusted, Alex. You and the DEO know that more than anyone on the planet. I simply exposed the truth, something that people had already forgotten.”

“She is not one of them. She’s not a monster.”

“She came from the same planet that Astra came from. She lived like her. What makes you so sure that she won’t abuse her powers and turn into another Astra? Hmm?”

Alex’s stomping boots echoed around the room, her eyes reflected the lights around them. She could almost feel the cool glass from where she stood.

“The life she grew up from was taken away from her. Astra, her husband Non, and all those who follow her had a choice. She didn’t!”

“Isn’t that worse? All those anger, resentment, and disappointment; those emotions can change anyone, even Supergirl. She should thank me, you know.”

She scoffed in disbelief.

“Thank you?”

“I just helped ease her suffering by releasing all those unwanted emotions she was too scared to let go.”

“Don’t you dare talk about Kara like that. She is a thousand times better than you, better than anyone you know.”

“That’s your opinion.”

Maxwell Lord loved to taunt people with a stone-quiet demeanor. The calm tone he used made it all the more effective to get a rise out of the now seething woman outside his cell. Her hands balled to a fist.

He wanted her to suffer, to feel the betrayal he had felt when he found out she was hiding the biggest secret in National City. Against his better judgement, he let her foot in just outside his doors. He naively believed that maybe this person would help him get in touch with his humanity again. His
judgement was flawed and the consequences left him bitter and even more of a shell than he already was, hollow in the dark.

Disappointment was evident on his face as she turned away. What a shame, he thought she was playing his game.

“How do we stop this?”

“I made sure you can’t, Agent Danvers.”

Alex’s whole body became rigid and then turned around so quickly that Maxwell, caught by surprise, unconsciously took one step back. Her eyes fixed on his. The darkness he saw contrasted the glassy white surrounding them. Her brow sloped slightly downward and her lips in a thin, tight line. He saw her jaw clenching underneath her skin. If he weren’t imprisoned in a sealed glass chamber, he knew he would hear her heavy breathing. One more thing to seal the deal.

“Kara is never coming back home to you.”

J’on and a few agents burst in when they heard the gunshots. The sound of a firing gun continued even when there were no more bullets bouncing off the glass. Alex’s arms were still shaking as J’on gently took away her pistol.

Even the great Martian Manhunter was helpless as Alex broke apart in his arms.
Part II

Chapter Notes

I suggest you play *High Hopes by Kodaline* on loop (like I did while I was writing this). Thanks again for the beta, @karas-adorable-smile.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

*But if you loved me,*

*Why'd you leave me?*

*Take my body.*

*Take my body.*

2017

A gloved hand gripped the hilt tighter. *I can do this. I can do this.*

The scene looked surreal to Carter. Alex stood in the middle of what’s normally considered as a battlefield. Agents, almost at the brink of unconsciousness, groaned in pain, while others who weren’t so lucky lay motionless.

Supergirl stood in front of her older sister, fists steady on her sides and feet wide apart. Her cape billowed from the silent breeze of the cold night. Alex hesitantly inched one foot forward, which caused Kara’s eyes to glow brighter. Her eyes fixed on Alex’s trembling right hand.

“Do it.”

“Kara, it doesn’t have to be like this. Fight that thing inside you. Come back to us.”

“That thing? ‘That ‘thing’ is a part of me.” Kara regarded her with disdain. “And come back to you? Why would I ever come back to you?”

“You’re family, Kara.”

A tower crashed on a nearby building as Kara released a beam of her heat-vision just off Alex’s left.

“You’re not my family. My family is dead! You killed one of them, Alex. What kind of family kills another?”, Kara asked as she furiously wiped away the tears that streaked down her ashen face.

“I had to! I was only protecti--”

“And now you’re going to kill me too.”

Alex stammered incoherently, taken aback by the truthfulness of her sister’s words. The glow from
her knife reached the corner of her eye. Reality felt overwhelming in those numbered moments. Kara kept her eyes steady on Alex’s, ready for anything that would happen.

J’onn’s words echoed in her mind.

“Because you’re Supergirl’s hero and I don’t want her to see you as anything other than that.”

Her gloved hand lost the tightness of its grip.

*I can’t do this. I can’t do this.*

---

2016

“This is ridiculous.”

“Come on, Alex. Take it.”

“This is-- stop whining -- this is stealing, Kara.”

Kara grabbed the sheathed knife from the weapon wall. Her sister immediately pounced on her hand. “Don’t touch that! That’s dangerous for you”, she reproached.

“And that’s why you need to take that and keep it. It’s small enough to carry everyday. Look here’s Hank. Hank, tell her.”

Alex, in surprise, twisted her body to effectively hide the blade. “I know it’s behind you”, J’onn deadpanned. “I already gave my approval to Kara, Alex. We may need to use that when the time comes.”

“But it won’t. She’s Supergirl. She can handle herself.”

A few moments after Alex’s words left her lips, Kara fell dejectedly on the steel chair near the door. She patted the seat beside her, her eyes never leaving Alex’s as the other woman finally lumbered towards her. Nothing was said as Kara continued to stare at her sister. Alex looked away, unable to hold Kara’s gaze. It was too much responsibility, she thought. Her eyes roamed the blade’s hilt. It matched the color of her work jacket.

As silence became unbearable, she chanced a glimpse at her sister’s face. Alex put down the knife on her other side and reached to grip Kara’s hand as she noticed the tears at the brim of her sister’s eyes, aching to spill out.

“You’re the one I trust more than anyone else in this world. Do it for me. Please?”

Alex’s gaze leaped from Kara’s hair to her ocean eyes, down to her nose and glossed lips, then finally to her family crest. Hope. Everything that she did was for the sister she never thought she’d come to love. If her 17 year old self was the girl sitting beside Kara, she would’ve dismissed the whole plan altogether. Kara had taught her to be someone better, kinder. She could never lose Kara. It was not a matter of choice but of principle. *Hope.* She will hold on to it, so the end will never come.

Kara continued to observe her sister’s faraway look, breaking only when she tightened her grip.

To convince Kara that she was making the right choice, Alex visibly softened her features, the way
she always did when she's trying to hide the bane of truth from her joyous sister. The corner of Kara's eyes crinkled as she realized that Alex had ultimately caved.

“For you.”

Before J’onn completely left the room to give the two women some privacy, he glanced past his right shoulder and smiled softly as he saw their embrace, tight and full of promises.

---

2017

They say time crawls when something unpleasant is about to occur. Our brain adjusts what our eyes see to warp everything in slow motion.

First, the knife slipped from slender fingers like the hilt was made of glass. Second, as the glowing, malachite-green blade descended, Alex saw Kara’s lips forming words. When they reached her ears, they seeped in slowly like poison, goosebumps blooming on her neck. (“Wrong) The impact of the blade as it hit the ground came next. (move. ”) The rush of adrenaline made the sound five times more vibrant and so momentarily disoriented Alex’s internal balance. Fourth, for Alex’s one step backward was Supergirl’s ten steps forward. Her arm muscles pushed themselves to the limit as they tried to help her gloves chase the incoming fist moving closer and closer. Sixth, a connection was made, from skin to skin, pressing onto muscles, then muscles colliding onto bone. The last memory she had kept from that night was Kara’s face contorting into a wicked expression. Eighth, a swift plummet to darkness.

Carter, from where he was crouching, saw the way Alex fell limp on the damp floor. He looked up in time to see Supergirl’s crazed look morph into confusion. He saw how her eyes wandered around then gradually downward, the way her knees buckled and collapsed as a gasp left her breath. He’s had nightmares of how Kara’s hand hovered above her sister’s body, not knowing what to do with them, the way her scream of anguish diminished into a muffled cry as her lips kept chanting “no” and “Alex”.

All of a sudden, a thin figure blocked his view. Mom.

“Supergirl!”

Carter craned his head to the right and saw Kara’s watery eyes looking up at his mother. Her voice, a whisper, echoed to him like they scratched her throat on the way out. “Cat.”

“Stay back.”

A hand blindly gripped Carter’s shoulder and squeezed as the girl started to stand. He knew he wasn’t supposed to be there, but his stubborn blood quelled the cries of his voice of reason when he saw on tv a footage of his mother and Alex heading toward Supergirl’s location in a military truck. Carter drove his bike in haste as his mind imagined the danger they were all about to face. Kara might see reason if she saw Carter. Those game nights with the three of them laughing, throwing food (mostly it was Kara's fault) at each other, falling asleep on the couch then waking up covered in a warm blanket were not wasted time.

“Stay back, Kara,” he heard her say loud enough to echo, but both Kara and Carter knew it shook out of fear. As Supergirl took a step forward, Cat repeated the same words in warning, but this time they boomed and formed completely.
He wondered what his mother thought as the blade slid to her feet when Kara kicked the blade in their direction.

“You have to stop me. I killed my sister. She’s dead. Alex is dead because me.”

Cat, without leaving Kara’s gaze, bent and took the glowing knife.

“Mom, no!” Carter heard himself plead without thinking. He held his mother’s arm as he begun to stand. At full height, he overshadowed Cat, his development catching up to his age too quickly. Her arm slipped from Carter’s grip easily and cautiously strode towards Kara. He noticed her hand trembling, the shadows dancing across Cat’s clothes and Kara’s suit.

“Kara…”

Without warning, Kara’s two hands buried in her hair. With teeth bared and shoulders hunched, Kara grunts in pain as her eyes changed back and forth from blue to red.

“I will never stop”, Kara hissed.

“Do it now!” The blue now returning to Kara’s eyes.

As if the words were gunshot at the start of a race, Cat ran with the blade pointing forward.

Just as the beginning of a scream fired from Carter’s throat, the older woman abruptly stopped two feet in front of Kara.

Her eyes searched for the sunny girl who succeeded in surprising her when nobody had for years, her assistant who’s angry outburst gave way to Cat seeing through her disgustingly, perpetual happy disposition to recognize a troubled soul, the acquaintance who gave her the strength to finally speak up to her emotionally distant mother, the friend she taught how heroes were never perfect, and the woman who wormed her way to Carter’s heart (and maybe even to hers).

In that moment--and maybe it was only for a moment-- she found her and she was looking back at Cat. Her eyes were beautiful and wretched. She caught Kara’s smile, bright and radiant for the first time in ages. That sickeningly sweet smile, Cat remarked to herself.

The next thing she saw was Kara’s cape enveloping them both. She felt Kara’s arms holding her tightly as if she’d push her away any second. The younger woman’s warmth radiated and Cat thought she was being gently smothered by the sun. Contentment was the word that kept bouncing around Cat’s head before Kara’s sharp intake of breath spun her mind back.

Carter watched in horror as a drop of blood slid down Kara’s mouth. And even though her eyes were scrunching, he saw the corner of her lips curl upward. Moments later and Cat’s hand let go of the only visible part of the blade. At this Kara opened her eyes to to gaze at Carter.

Kara wheezed trying to find her words.

“I’m tired.”

“I think I’m gonna g-go to sleep now”, she added as she weakly tapped Cat’s back.

The older woman could do nothing but help her remain standing even as Cat’s knees were starting to become uncomfortably bent.

“Don’t cry, Miss G- Miss Grant. I’m just really tired. I hope y- you don’t mind if I take the day off
tomorrow,” the last sentence coming off as a question. A wracked sob escapes before Cat managed to answer.

“Of course, Kara. I expect you to come back the next day. We need to work on my schedule. You’re getting sloppy.”

At this, Kara chuckled, her breath parting some of Cat’s hair near her ear. Their proximity allowed the smell of Kara’s hair to grace her nose. She inhaled sharply as she felt lips lightly touching the exposed skin on her shoulder.

“Good,” she started as her eyes begun to close, “night… Cat.”

From Carter’s point of view, he saw them crash on the floor just after Kara’s hands fell slack on Cat’s back.

“Mom! Mom, are you okay?”, he said as he rushed to Cat’s side. However, before he was able to kneel down and inspect both his mother and Kara, a sound reached his ears. When his eyes caught up with the source of the sound, he noticed Cat’s eyes searching her face, speaking to her as if she’d laugh, open her eyes, and say it was all a joke.

“Don’t leave me.”

Carter could only watch as Cat tightened her embrace to cradle her back and forth.

“Don’t leave me. Kara, please. You can’t do this to me.”

Cat’s hands shifted to Kara’s arms. “Wake up. Wake up, damn it, wake up!”, she demanded as Kara’s limp body shook.

Two soft hands gripped Cat’s hands. “Mom. Mom, stop! She’s not… she’s not coming back.”

Cat finally looked at her son, eyes wide and pupils dilated. No, her mind yelled. To Carter, a stare down with his mother would’ve made him extremely uncomfortable, but in that moment, everything was at a stand-still. He felt tears marking his face like it was a city and they were flooding the streets.

Eventually, it was Carter’s uncommon gesture that stopped Cat from her futile attempts. As tight as he could, he hugged them both. Comfort was the only thing they could afford in that moment.

Unknown to them both, Maxwell saw everything across the room. And when Supergirl fell towards death, he finally found the satisfaction he was looking for.

“Supergirl is no more”, he whispered dramatically before smiling in triumph.

A hand gripped his shoulder so tightly that it became painful, but before he could turn around, his hands were seized inside a handcuff-like cylinder. “You won’t be getting out of jail this time, Lord”, Hank roared to his face as he was violently spun around. The martian shoved him towards his companions, ordering the others to search for those who were still alive.

Hank trudged towards Alex, sidestepping the two people on the floor enveloping Supergirl’s form.

He was afraid of touching Alex. He didn’t want his own two fingers to confirm that she’s dead as well, but Hank knew it was his duty and promise to Kara, to save her sister no matter the consequences. Tentatively, he placed them on her neck’s pulse point.

“She’s alive”, he mumbled.
Hank checked again, this time his hand hovered above her chest.

He turned around to find two sets of eyes looking back at him.

“Alex is alive.”

Chapter End Notes

The song quote in the beginning is from *All I Want by Kodaline*. Listen to their music, if you can. They've got a number of songs that should be used for movies/tv shows. Also, you can consider this chapter as an ending since the last one would only be a short epilogue.

End Notes

Inspired (mostly) by John Meyer's *Dreaming with a Broken Heart*. I made this before the Red K episode, hence the similarities are purely coincidental. Hope you enjoyed it and let me know what you think will happen next. Tumblr name: dudeitsmercury.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](http://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!